The Living age ...
New York [etc.], The Living age co. inc. [etc.]

https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586

Public Domain
http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

We have determined this work to be in the public domain, meaning that it is not subject to copyright. Users are free to copy, use, and redistribute the work in part or in whole. It is possible that current copyright holders, heirs or the estate of the authors of individual portions of the work, such as illustrations or photographs, assert copyrights over these portions. Depending on the nature of subsequent use that is made, additional rights may need to be obtained independently of anything we can address.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Production Note

Cornell University Library produced this volume to preserve the informational content of the deteriorated original. The best available copy of the original has been used to create this digital copy. It was scanned bitonally at 600 dots per inch resolution and compressed prior to storage using ITU Group 4 compression. Conversion of this material to digital files was supported by the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation. Digital file copyright by Cornell University Library 1995.

This volume has been scanned as part of The Making of America Project, a cooperative endeavor undertaken to preserve and enhance access to historical material from the nineteenth century.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

LITTELL'S

LIVING AGE.

E Pluribus Unum.

"These publications of the day should from time to time be winnowed, the wheat carefully preserved, and the chaff thrown away."

"Made up of every creature's best."

"Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."

FIFTH SERIES, VOLUME XXI.

FROM THE BEGINNING, VOL. CXXXVI.

JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH,

1878.

BOSTON:
LITTELL AND GAY.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

AP
2
L79+

A 238687

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

TABLE OF THE PRINCIPAL CONTENTS

THE LIVING AGE, VOLUME CXXXVI.

THE TWENTY-FIRST QUARTERLY VOLUME OF THE FIFTH SERIES.

JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH, 1878.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Ulfilas, the Apostle of the Goths, . . . 195
Dr. Schliemann's Exploration of Mycenæ, ... 643

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Lord Melbourne, ... 387
A French Critic on Goethe, ... 451
March of an English Generation through Life, ... 515

BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Precious Stones, ... 707

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

Charles Sumner, ... 579
The Education of Girls: Their Admissibility to Universities, ... 685
The Telephone, ... 761

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

On the Hygienic Value of Plants in Rooms and in the Open Air, . 47
Russian Aggression, as Specially Affecting Austro-Hungary and Turkey, 94
The Ninety Years' Agony of France, . 131
The Greek Mind in the Presence of Death, Interpreted from Reliefs and Inscriptions on Athenian Tombs, ... 280
The Little Health of Ladies, ... 302

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

Humming-Birds, ... 3
Florence and the Medici, ... 67
The Dutch in Java, ... 323

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Hydrophobia and Rabies, ... 220
France as a Military Power in 1870 and in 1878, ... 259
An Oxford Lecture by Ruskin, . . 502
Shakespeare in France, ... 533
Benedict de Spinoza, ... 771
How the Turks Rule Armenia, . . 809

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

Schools of Mind and Manners, . . . 352
French Home Life. Religion, . . . 559
A Ride for Life, ... 631
Above the Clouds: a Reverie on the Bel Alp, ... 678

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

Murder of Commissioner Fraser, . . 440
The Great Fourfold Waterfall, . . 493

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Quevedo, ... 736

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

Charlotte Brontë, ... 23
The Celt of Wales and the Celt of Ireland, ... 151
The Czar's Clemency: a Polish Priest's Story, ... 294
Will o' the Mill, ... 366
Congregational Singing, ... 419
A Ring of Worlds, ... 797

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

Heligoland, ... 58
Modern Life and Insanity, ... 178
Dulcissima! Dilectissima! 445
Natural Religion, ... 477
Docteur Lavardin: a Sketch, . . . 525
Constantinople, ... 619

GOOD WORDS.

Doris Barugh, ... 34, 76, 241

EXAMINER.

Irrigation in India, ... 189
The Vice of Talking Shop, ... 380
Lay-Figures, ... 818

SPECTATOR.

The Prince Consort's Savings, . . . 55
Forgetfulness, ... 62
Smith's Poor Kin, ... 186
Pepperiness, ... 191
Charles Dickens's Verse, ... 237

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The Decay of the Monarchical Principle, ... 315
Short-Sight, ... 320
The Death of Victor Emanuel, . . 378
Baron Munchausen's Frozen Words, . 381
The Cruelty of Pecuniary Crime, . . 508
The Emotions Due to Christmas Bills, . 510
The Mobility of Asiatics, ... 821

SATURDAY REVIEW.

French Dinners, ... 317
Pleasant People, ... 570

PALL MALL GAZETTE.

Milk Supply, ... 383
Walking in Winter, ... 573

CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

Charles Dickens's Manuscripts, . . 252

NATURE.

Fetichism in Animals, ... 254
Ruhmkorff, ... 256
Antoine César Becquerel, ... 574
Liquefaction of Oxygen, ... 640
The Salaries of the Officers in the British Museum, ... 823

TATLER.

Rugby Football, ... 127

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

INDEX TO VOLUME CXXXVI.

ALBERT'S, Prince, Savings, ... 55
Above the Clouds, ... 678
Armenia, How the Turks Rule . . 809
Asiatics, The Mobility of . . . 821

BRONTE, Charlotte 23
Becquerel, Antoine César . . . 574
Bel Alp, a Reverie on the . . . 678
British Museum, Salaries of Officers in . 823

CELT, The, of Wales and of Ireland, . 151
Czar's Clemency, The: a Polish Priest's Story, ... 294
Congregational Singing, . . . 419
Christmas Bills, The Emotions Due to . 510
Constantinople, ... 619

DORIS Barugh, ... 34, 76, 241
Dickens's Verse, ... 237
Dickens's Manuscripts, ... 252
Death, The Greek Mind in the Presence of 280
Dutch in Java, The 323
Dulcissima! Dilectissima! . . . 445
Docteur Lavardin: a Sketch, . . . 525

ERICA, 14, 108, 143, 271, 338, 410, 546, 606, 663, 785
English Generation, March of a, through Life, ... 515

FORGETFULNESS, ... 62
Florence and the Medici, ... 67
Football, Rugby 127
France, The Ninety Years' Agony of . 131
Fetichism in Animals, ... 254
France as a Military Power, . . . 259
French Dinners, ... 317
Fraser, Commissioner, Murder of . . 440
Fourfold Waterfall, The Great . . 493
French Home Life, ... 559

GOTHS, The, Ulfilas the Apostle of . 195
Greek Mind, The, in the Presence of Death, ... 280
Goethe, A French Critic on . . . 451
Garsoppa, The Falls of 493
Girls, The Education of 685

HUMMING-BIRDS, ... 3
Hygienic Value of Plants in Rooms and in the Open Air, ... 47
Heligoland, ... 58
Hydrophobia and Rabies, ... 220
Health of Ladies, ... 302

IRELAND, The Celt of, and of Wales, . 151
Insanity and Modern Life, ... 178
Irrigation in India, ... 189

JAVA, The Dutch in 323

LADIES, The Little Health of . . 302
Lay-Figures, ... 818

MEDICI, The, and Florence, ... 67
Macleod of Dare, . 163, 213, 428, 489, 721
Maximilian at Miramar and at Queretaro, ... 171
Modern Life and Insanity, . . . 178
Monarchical Principle, The Decay of the 315
Mind and Manners, Schools of . . 352
Munchausen's Frozen Words, . . . 381
Milk Supply, ... 383
Melbourne, Lord 387
Mycenæ, Schliemann's Exploration of . 643

NATURAL Religion, ... 477

OXFORD Lecture, An 502
Oxygen, Liquefaction of 640

PLANTS, Hygienic Value of, in Rooms and in the Open Air, ... 47
Pepperiness, ... 191
Pecuniary Crime, The Cruelty of . . 508
Pleasant People, ... 570
Precious Stones, ... 707

QUEVEDO, ... 736

RUSSIAN Aggression, ... 94
Rugby Football, ... 127
Rabies and Hydrophobia, ... 220
Ruhmkorff, Henry Daniel, Death of . 256
Religion, Natural 477
Ruskin, John, An Oxford Lecture by . 502

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Ride for Life, A 631
Ring, A, of Worlds, ... 797

SMITH'S Poor Kin, ... 186
Short-Sight, ... 320
Shop, Talking, The Vice of . . . 380
Singing, Congregational 419
Shakespeare in France, ... 533
Sumner, Charles 579
Schliemann's Exploration of Mycenæ, . 643
Stones, Precious 707
Spinoza, Benedict de 771

TELEPHONE, The 761
Turks, The, How they Rule Armenia, . 809

ULFILAS, The Apostle of the Goths, . 195

VICTOR Emanuel, The Death of . . 378

WITHIN the Precincts, . 118, 231, 462, 746
Wales, The Celt of, and of Ireland, . 151
Will o' the Mill, ... 366
Waterfall, The Great Fourfold . . 493
Walking in Winter, ... 573
Worlds, A Ring of 797

POETRY

AUTUMN, ... 2
Autumn Song, ... 2
At her Door, ... 66
Arran, A Song of 322
At the Last, ... 578

Beguiling of Merlin, The 194
Bloom of the Heart, The 386
Before the Snow, ... 770

Cassandra's Speech, ... 258
"Child! it would be your undoing," . 578

Fons Bandusiæ, ... 2
Florentine Carnival Song, A 450
Farewell, ... 450
Fiat Justitia, ... 514
Flower of the Field, The 578
"Fey," 706

Greek Mother's Song, ... 578

Honest Farmer, The 66
Holy Communion, ... 194
How Long? 642
Heine, Verses by 642

Japanese Love-Song, A 386

Let Bygones be Bygones, ... 130

Man's Regret, A 66
Moment, A 66
Motherhood, ... 386
Miserere, ... 770

Northern Lights, The 130

October Garden, An 2
One Dread, ... 642

Picture, A 322
Poet's Proem, A 322

Rouen, ... 258

Summer Evening, A 66
Sleep, ... 194
Sonnet, ... 450
Still is the Night, ... 706
Sleep, and in Peace? 770

Unequal Game, An 2

Vixi Puellis, ... 2
Valentine's Day, 1873, ... 130

Whittier, ... 322
Wanted, a Secretary of State, . . . 514

TALES

DORIS Barugh, ... 34, 76, 241
Dulcissima! Dilectissima! 445
Docteur Lavardin, ... 525

Erica, 14, 108, 143, 271, 338, 410, 546, 606, 663, 785

Macleod of Dare, . 163, 213, 428, 489, 721

Within the Precincts, . 118, 231, 462, 746
Will o' the Mill, ... 366

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume XXI. | No. 1751.—January 5, 1878. | From Beginning, Vol. CXXXVI.

CONTENTS.

I.	HUMMING-BIRDS. By Alfred Russell Wallace,	*Fortnightly Review,*	3
II.	ERICA. Part VII. Translated for THE LIVING AGE, from the German of	*Frau von Ingersleben,*	14
III.	CHARLOTTE BRONTE,	*Cornhill Magazine,*	23
IV.	DORIS BARUGH. A Yorkshire Story. By Katharine S. Macquoid, author of "Patty." Part X.,	*Good Words,*	34
V.	ON THE HYGIENIC VALUE OF PLANTS IN ROOMS AND THE OPEN AIR. By Prof. Max von Pettenkofer,	*Contemporary Review,*	47
VI.	THE PRINCE CONSORT'S SAVINGS,	*Spectator,*	55
VII.	HELIOGOLAND,	*Macmillan's Magazine,*	58
VIII.	FORGETFULNESS,	*Spectator,*	62

POETRY.

AUTUMN,	2	AN OCTOBER GARDEN,	2
VIXI PUELLIS,	2	FONS BANDUSIÆ,	2
AN UNEQUAL GAME,	2	AN AUTUMN SONG,	2

MISCELLANY, ... 64

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage.*

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

AUTUMN.

THE dying leaves fall fast,
Chestnut, willow, oak, and beech,
All brown and withered lie.
Now swirling in the cutting blast,
Now sodden under foot — they teach
That one and all must die.

This autumn of the year
Comes sadly home to my poor heart,
Whose youthful hopes are fled.
The darkening days are drear,
Each love once mine I see depart
As withered leaves and dead.

But is it all decay?
All present loss? — no gain remote?
Monotony of pain?
Ah no! I hear a lay
The robin sings — how sweet the note,
A pure unearthly strain.

And, of all flowers the first,
Beneath these leaves in spring shall blow
Sweet violets blue and white.
So all lost loves shall burst,
In springlike beauty, summer glow,
In Heaven upon our sight.

Macmillan's Magazine. M. C. C.

VIXI PUELLIS. (Hor. iii. 26.)

WE loved of yore, in warfare bold
Nor laurelless. Now all must go;
Let this left wall of Venus show
The arms, the tuneless lyre of old.

Here let them hang, the torches cold,
The portal-bursting bar, the bow,
We loved of yore.

But thou, who Cyprus sweet dost hold,
And Memphis free from Thracian snow,
Goddess and queen, with vengeful blow,
Smite, — smite but once that pretty scold
We loved of yore.

Spectator. AUSTIN DOBSON.

AN UNEQUAL GAME.

A MOMENT of loving and laughter,
A jest and a gay good-bye.
If you one short week after
Forget, why may not I?

To you but a moment's feeling,
A touch and a tender tone;
A wound that knows no healing
To me who am left alone.

A wound, and an aching wonder
That lightly you go from me,
That we must be kept asunder
By the cold abiding sea.

Blackwood's Magazine.

AN OCTOBER GARDEN.

IN my autumn garden I was fain
To mourn among my scattered roses:
Alas for that last rosebud which uncloses
To autumn's languid sun and rain,
When all the world is on the wane!
Which has not felt the sweet constraint of June,
Nor heard the nightingale in tune.

Broad-faced asters by my garden walk,
You are but coarse compared with roses:
More choice, more dear that rosebud which uncloses
Faint-scented, pinched, upon its stalk,
That least and last which cold winds balk;
A rose it is tho' least and last of all,
A rose to me tho' at the fall.

Athenæum. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

FONS BANDUSIÆ. (Hor. iii. 13.)

O BABBLING spring! than glass more clear,
Worthy of wine, and wreath not sere,
To-morrow shall a kid be thine
With swelled and sprouting brows for sign,
Sure sign! of loves and battles near.

Child of the race that butt and rear!
Not less, alas! his life-blood dear
Shall tinge thy cold wave crystalline,
O babbling spring!

Thee Sirius knows not. Thou dost cheer
With pleasant cool the plough-worn steer,
The wandering flock. This verse of mine
Shall rank thee one with founts divine;
Men shall thy rock and tree revere,
O babbling spring!

Spectator.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

THE wind is sighing,
The rose is dying,
The swallow is flying
Over the sea;
The leaf is yellow,
The fruit hangs mellow,
The summer's knell, low,
Sounds o'er the lea.

Winter is coming,
East winds are dumbing,
The golden bee's humming,
The reaper's at rest;
Young Love, a rover
'Mong corn and clover,
His wanderings over,
Flies to my breast.

HORACE L. NICHOLSON.
St. James's Magazine.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

From The Fortnightly Review.

HUMMING-BIRDS.

THERE are now about ten thousand different kinds of birds known to naturalists, and these are classed in one hundred and thirty families which vary greatly in extent, some containing a single species only, while others comprise many hundreds. The two largest families are those of the warblers, with more than six hundred, and the finches, with more than five hundred species spread over the whole globe; the hawks and the pigeons, also spread over the whole globe, number about three hundred and thirty and three hundred and sixty species respectively; while the diminutive humming-birds, confined to one hemisphere, consist of about four hundred different species. They are thus, as regards the number of distinct kinds collected in a limited area, the most remarkable of all the families of birds. It may, however, very reasonably be asked, whether the four hundred species of humming-birds above alluded to are really all distinct — as distinct on the average as the ten thousand species of birds are from each other. We reply that they certainly are perfectly distinct species which never intermingle; and their differences do not consist in color only, but in peculiarities of form, of structure, and of habits, so that they have to be classed in more than a hundred distinct genera or systematic groups of species, these genera being really as unlike each other as stonechats and nightingales, or as partridges and blackcocks. The figures we have quoted, as showing the proportion of birds in general to humming-birds, thus represent real facts; and they teach us that these small and in some respects insignificant birds constitute an important item in the animal life of the globe.

Humming-birds are, in many respects, unusually interesting and instructive. They are highly peculiar in form, in structure, and in habits, and are quite unrivalled as regards variety and beauty. Though the name is familiar to every one, few but naturalists are acquainted with the many curious facts in their history, or know how much material they afford for admiration and study. I propose, therefore, to give a brief and popular account of the form, structure, habits, distribution, and affinities of this remarkable family of birds.

The humming-birds form one compact family, named *Trochilidæ*. They are all small birds, the largest known being about the size of a swallow, while the smallest are minute creatures whose bodies are hardly larger than a humble-bee. Their distinguishing features are, excessively short legs and feet, very long and pointed wings, a long and slender bill, and a long extensible tubular tongue; and these characters are found combined in no other birds. The feet are exceedingly small and delicate, often beautifully tufted with down, and so short as to be hardly visible beyond the plumage. The toes are placed as in most birds, three in front and one behind, and have very strong and sharply curved claws; and the feet serve probably to cling to their perch rather than to support the weight of the body. The wings are long and narrow, but strongly formed, and the first quill is the longest, a peculiarity found in hardly any other birds but a few of the swifts. The bill varies greatly in length, but is always long, slender, and pointed, the upper mandible being the widest and lapping over the lower at each side, thus affording complete protection to the delicate tongue, the perfect action of which is essential to the bird's existence. The humming-bird's tongue is very long, and is capable of being greatly extended beyond the beak and rapidly drawn back, by means of muscles which are attached to the hyoid or tongue bones and bend round over the back and top of the head to the very forehead, just as in the woodpeckers. The two blades or laminæ, of which the tongues of birds usually seem to be formed, are here greatly lengthened, broadened out, and each rolled up; so as to form a complete double tube connected down the middle, and with the outer edges in contact but not united. The extremities of the tubes are, however, flat and fibrous. This tubular and retractile tongue enables the bird to suck up honey from the nectaries of flowers and also to capture small insects, but whether the latter pass down the tubes or are entangled in the fibrous tips and thus drawn

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

back into the gullet is not known. The only other birds with a similar tubular tongue are the sun-birds of the East, which, however, as we shall presently explain, have no affinity whatever with the humming-birds.

The colors of these small birds are exceedingly varied and exquisitely beautiful. The basis of the coloring may be said to be green, as in parrots; but, whereas in the latter it is a silky green, in humming-birds it is always metallic. The majority of the species have some green about them, especially on the back; but in a considerable number rich blues, purples, and various shades of red are the prevailing tints. The greater part of the plumage has more or less of a metallic gloss, but there is almost always some part which has an intense lustre as if actually formed of scales of burnished metal. A gorget covering the greater part of the neck and breast most commonly displays this vivid color, but it also frequently occurs on the head, on the back, on the tail-coverts above or below, on the upper surface of the tail, on the shoulders or even the quills. The hue of every precious stone and the lustre of every metal is here represented; and such terms as topaz, amethyst, beryl, emerald, garnet, ruby, sapphire, golden, golden-green, coppery, fiery, glowing, iridescent, refulgent, celestial, glittering, shining, are constantly used to name or describe the different species. No less remarkable than the colors are the varied developments of plumage with which these birds are adorned. The head is often crested in a variety of ways; either a simple flat crest, or with radiating feathers, or diverging into two horns, or spreading laterally like wings, or erect and bushy, or recurved and pointed like that of a plover. The throat and breast are usually adorned with broad, scale-like feathers, or these diverge into a tippet, or send out pointed collars, or elegant frills of long and narrow plumes tipped with metallic spots of various colors. But the tail is even a more varied and beautiful ornament, either short and rounded, but pure white or some other strongly contrasted tint, or with short pointed feathers forming a star, or with the three outer feathers on each side long and tapering to a point; or larger, and either square or round, or deeply forked, or acutely pointed; or with two middle feathers excessively long and narrow; or with the tail very long and deeply forked, with broad and richly-colored feathers; or with the two outer feathers wire-like and having broad spoon-shaped tips. All these ornaments, whether of the head, neck, breast, or tail, are invariably colored in some effective or brilliant manner, and often contrast strikingly with the rest of the plumage. Again, these colors often vary in tint according to the direction in which they are seen. In some species they must be looked at from above, in others from below, in some from the front, in others from behind, in order to catch the full glow of the metallic lustre. Hence when the birds are seen in their native haunts, the colors come and go and change with their motions, so as to produce a startling and beautiful effect.

It is a well-known fact that, when male birds possess any unusual ornaments, they take such positions or perform such evolutions as to exhibit them to the best advantage while endeavoring to attract or charm the females or in rivalry with other males. It is therefore probable that the wonderfully varied decorations of humming-birds, whether burnished breast-shields, resplendent tail, crested head, or glittering back, are thus exhibited; but almost the only actual observation of this kind is that of Mr. Belt, who describes how two males of the *Florisuga mellivora* displayed their ornaments before a female bird. One would shoot up like a rocket, then suddenly expanding the snow-white tail like an inverted parachute, slowly descend in front of her, turning round gradually to show off both back and front. The expanded white tail covered more space than all the rest of the bird, and was evidently the grand feature of the performance. Whilst one was descending, the other would shoot up and come slowly down expanded.*

The bill differs greatly in length and shape, being either straight or gently

* The Naturalist in Nicaragua, p. 112.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

curved, in some species bent like a sickle, in others turned up like the bill of the avoset. It is usually long and slender, but in one group is so enormously developed that it is nearly the same length as the rest of the bird. The legs, usually little seen, are in some groups adorned with globular tufts of white, brown, or black down, a peculiarity possessed by no other birds. The reader will now be in a position to understand how the four hundred species of humming-birds may be easily distinguished, by the varied combinations of the characters here briefly enumerated, together with many others of less importance. One group of birds will have a short round tail, with crest and long neck-frill; another group a deeply-forked broad tail, combined with glowing crown and gorget; one is both bearded and crested; others have a luminous back and pendent neck-plumes; and in each of these groups the species will vary in combinations of color, in size, and in the proportions of the ornamental plumes, so as to produce an unmistakable distinctness; while, without any new developments of form or structure, there is room for the discovery of hundreds more of distinct kinds of humming-birds.

The name we usually give to the birds of this family is derived from the sound of their rapidly-moving wings, a sound which is produced by the largest as well as by the smallest member of the family. The Creoles of Guiana similarly call them *bourdons* or hummers. The French term, *oiseau-mouche*, refers to their small size; while *colibri* is a native name which has come down from the Carib inhabitants of the West Indies. The Spaniards and Portuguese call them by more poetical names, such as flower-peckers, flower-kissers, myrtle-suckers, — while the Mexican and Peruvian names showed a still higher appreciation of their beauties, their meaning being rays of the sun, tresses of the day-star, and other such appellations. Even our modern naturalists, while studying the structure and noting the peculiarities of these living gems, have been so struck by their inimitable beauties that they have endeavored to invent appropriate English names for the more beautiful and remarkable genera. Hence we find in common use such terms as sun-gems, sun-stars, hill-stars, wood-stars, sun-angels, star-throats, comets, coquettes, flame-bearers, sylphs, and fairies; together with many others derived from the character of the tail or the crests.

The Motions and Habits of Humming-birds. — Let us now consider briefly the peculiarities of flight, the motions, the food, the nests, and general habits of the humming-birds, quoting the descriptions of those modern naturalists who have personally observed them. Their appearance, remarks Professor Alfred Newton, is entirely unlike that of any other bird. "One is admiring some brilliant and beautiful flower, when between the blossom and one's eye suddenly appears a small dark object, suspended as it were between four short black threads meeting each other in a cross. For an instant it shows in front of the flower; again another instant, and emitting a momentary flash of emerald and sapphire light, it is vanishing, lessening in the distance, as it shoots away, to a speck that the eye cannot take note of." Audubon observes that the ruby humming-birds pass through the air in long undulations, but the smallness of their size precludes the possibility of following them with the eye farther than fifty or sixty yards, without great difficulty. A person standing in a garden by the side of a common althæa in bloom, will hear the humming of their wings and see the little birds themselves within a few feet of him one moment, while the next they will be out of sight and hearing. Mr. Gould, who visited North America in order to see living humming-birds while preparing his great work on the family, remarks that the action of the wings reminded him of a piece of machinery acted upon by a powerful spring. When poised before a flower, the motion is so rapid that a hazy semicircle of indistinctness on each side of the bird is all that is perceptible. Although many short intermissions of rest are taken, the bird may be said to live in the air — an element in which it performs every kind of evolution with the utmost ease, frequently rising perpendicularly, flying backward, pirouetting or dancing off,

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

as it were, from place to place, or from one part of a tree to another, sometimes descending, at others ascending. It often mounts up above the towering trees, and then shoots off like a little meteor at a right angle. At other times it gently buzzes away among the little flowers near the ground; at one moment it is poised over a diminutive weed, at the next it is seen at a distance of forty yards, whither it has vanished with the quickness of thought.

The rufous flame-bearer, an exquisite species found on the west coast of North America, is thus described by Mr. Nuttall: "When engaged in collecting its accustomed sweets, in all the energy of life, it seemed like a breathing gem, a magic carbuncle of flaming fire, stretching out its glorious ruff as if to emulate the sun itself in splendor." The Sappho comet, whose long forked tail barred with crimson and black renders it one of the most imposing of humming-birds, is abundant in many parts of the Andes; and Mr. Bonelli tells us that the difficulty of shooting them is very great, from the extraordinary turns and evolutions they make when on the wing; at one instant darting headlong into a flower, at the next describing a circle in the air with such rapidity that the eye, unable to follow the movement, loses sight of the bird until it again returns to the flower which at first attracted its attention. Of the little vervain humming-bird of Jamaica, Mr. Gosse writes: "I have sometimes watched with much delight the evolutions of this little species at the moringa tree.* When only one is present, he pursues the round of the blossoms soberly enough. But if two are at the tree, one will fly off, and suspend himself in the air a few yards distant; the other presently starts off to him, and then, without touching each other, they mount upwards with strong rushing wings, perhaps for five hundred feet. They then separate, and each starts diagonally towards the ground like a ball from a rifle, and wheeling round comes up to the blossoms again as if it had not moved away at all. The figure of the smaller humming-birds on the wing, their rapidity, their wavering course, and their whole manner of flight are entirely those of an insect." Mr. Bates remarks that on the Amazons during the cooler hours of the morning and from four to six in the afternoon humming-birds are to be seen whirring about the trees by scores; their motions being unlike those of any other birds. They dart to and fro so swiftly that the eye can scarcely follow them, and when they stop before a flower it is only for a few moments. They poise themselves in an unsteady manner, their wings moving with inconceivable rapidity, probe the flower, and then shoot off to another part of the tree. They do not proceed in that methodical manner which bees follow, taking the flowers seriatim, but skip about from one part of the tree to another in the most capricious way. Mr. Belt remarks on the excessive rapidity of the flight of the humming-bird giving it a sense of security from danger, so that it will approach a person nearer than any other bird, often hovering within two or three yards (or even one or two feet) of one's face. He watched them bathing in a small pool in the forest, hovering over the water, turning from side to side by quick jerks of the tail, now showing a throat of gleaming emerald, now shoulders of glistening amethyst, then darting beneath the water, and rising instantly, throw off a shower of spray from its quivering wings, and again fly up to an overhanging bough and commence to preen its feathers. All humming-birds bathe on the wing, and generally take three or four dips, hovering between times about three or four inches above the surface. Mr. Belt also remarks on the immense numbers of humming-birds in the forests, and the great difficulty of seeing them; and his conclusion is, that in the part of Nicaragua where he was living they equalled in number all the rest of the birds together, if they did not greatly exceed them.

The extreme pugnacity of humming-birds has been noticed by all observers. Mr. Gosse describes two meeting and chasing each other through the labyrinths of twigs and flowers, till, an opportunity occurring, the one would dart with seeming fury upon the other, and then, with a loud rustling of their wings, they would twirl together, round and round, till they nearly came to the earth. Then they parted, and after a time another tussle took place. Two of the same species can hardly meet without an encounter, while in many cases distinct species attack each other with equal fury. Mr. Salvin describes the splendid *Eugenes fulgens* attacking two other species with as much ferocity as its own fellows. One will knock another off its perch, and the two will go fighting and screaming away at a pace hardly to be followed by the eye. Audubon says they

* Sometimes called the horse-radish tree. It is the *Moringa pterygosperma*, a native of the East Indies, but commonly cultivated in Jamaica. It has yellow flowers.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

attack any other birds that approach them, and think nothing of assaulting tyrant-shrikes and even birds of prey that come too near to their home.

The food of humming-birds has been a matter of much controversy. All the early writers down to Buffon believed that they lived solely on the nectar of flowers; but since that time every close observer of their habits maintains that they feed largely, and in some cases, wholly, on insects. Azara observed them on the La Plata in winter, taking insects out of the webs of spiders at a time and place where there were no flowers. Bullock, in Mexico, declares that he saw them catch small butterflies, and that he found many kinds of insects in their stomachs. Waterton made a similar statement. Hundreds and perhaps thousands of specimens have since been dissected by collecting naturalists, and in almost every instance their stomachs have been found full of insects, sometimes, but not generally, mixed with a proportion of honey. Many of them in fact may be seen catching gnats and other small insects just like fly-catchers, sitting on a dead twig over water, darting off for a time in the air, and then returning to the twig. Others come out just at dusk, and remain on the wing, now stationary, now darting about with the greatest rapidity, imitating in a limited space the evolutions of the goatsuckers, and evidently for the same end and purpose. Mr. Gosse also remarks: "All the humming-birds have more or less the habit, when in flight, of pausing in the air and throwing the body and tail into rapid and odd contortions. This is most observable in the *Polytmus*, from the effect that such motions have on the long feathers of the tail. That the object of these quick turns is the capture of insects, I am sure, having watched one thus engaged pretty close to me. I observed it carefully, and distinctly saw the minute flies in the air which it pursued and caught, and heard repeatedly the snapping of the beak. My presence scarcely disturbed it, if at all."

There is also an extensive group of small brown humming-birds, forming the sub-family *Phaëthornithinæ*, which rarely or never visit flowers, but frequent the shady recesses of the forest, where they hunt for minute insects. They dart about among the foliage, and visit in rapid succession every leaf upon a branch, balancing themselves vertically in the air, passing their beaks closely over the under surface of each leaf, and thus capturing, no doubt, any small insects that may lurk there. While doing this, the two long feathers of the tail have a vibrating motion, serving apparently as a rudder to assist them in performing the delicate operation. Others search up and down stems and dead sticks in the same manner, every now and then picking off something, exactly as a bush-shrike or a tree-creeper does, with the difference that the humming-bird is constantly on the wing; while the remarkable sickle-bill is said to probe the scale-covered stems of palms and tree-ferns to obtain its insect food. It has also been often stated that, although humming-birds are very bold and easily tamed, they cannot be preserved long in captivity, even in their own country, when fed only on syrup. Audubon states that when thus fed they only live a month or two and die apparently starved; while if kept in a room whose open windows are covered with a fine net, so as to allow small insects to enter, they have been kept for a whole year without any ill effects. Another writer, Mr. Webber, captured and tamed a number of the ruby-throat in the United States. He found that when fed for three weeks on syrup they drooped, but after being let free for a day or two they would return to the open cage for more of the syrup. Some which had been thus tamed and set free, returned the following year, and at once flew straight to the remembered little cup of sweets. Mr. Gosse in Jamaica also kept some in captivity, and found the necessity of giving them insect food; and he remarks that they were fond of a small ant that swarmed on the syrup with which they were fed. It is strange that, with all this previous experience and information, those who have attempted to bring live humming-birds to this country have fed them exclusively on syrup; and the weakness produced by this insufficient food has no doubt been the chief cause of their death on, or very soon after, arrival. A box of ants would not be difficult to bring as food for them, but even finely-chopped meat or yolk of egg would probably serve, in the absence of insects, to supply the necessary proportion of animal food.

The nests of the humming-birds are, as might be expected, beautiful objects, some being no larger inside than the half of a walnut-shell. These small cup-shaped nests are often placed in the fork of a branch, and the outside is sometimes beautifully decorated with pieces of lichen, the body of the nest being formed of cottony substances and the inside lined with the finest and most silky fibres. Others suspend

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

their nests to creepers hanging over water, or even over the sea; and the Pichincha humming-bird once attached its nest to a straw rope hanging from the roof of a shed. Others again build nests of a hammock form attached to the face of rocks by spider's web: while the little forest-haunting species fasten their nests to the points or to the under sides of palm-leaves or other suitable foliage. They lay only one or two white eggs.

Geographical Distribution and Variation. — Most persons know that humming-birds are found only in America; but it is not so generally known that they are almost exclusively tropical birds, and that the few species that are found in the temperate (northern and southern) parts of the continent are migrants, which retire in the winter to the warmer lands near or within the tropics. In the extreme north of America two species are regular summer visitants, one on the east and the other on the west of the Rocky Mountains. On the east the common North American or ruby-throated humming-bird extends through the United States and Canada, and as far as 57° north latitude, or considerably north of Lake Winnipeg; while the milder climate of the west coast allows the rufous flame-bearer to extend its range to beyond Sitka to the parallel of 61°. Here they spend the whole summer, and breed, being found on the Columbia River in the latter end of April, but retire to Mexico in the winter. Supposing that those which go furthest north do not return further south than the borders of the tropics, these little birds must make a journey of full three thousand miles each spring and autumn. The Antarctic humming-bird visits the inhospitable shores of Tierra del Fuego, where it has been seen visiting the flowers of fuchsias in a snow-storm, while it spends the winter in the warmer parts of Chili and Bolivia. In the southern parts of California and the central United States three or four other species are found in summer; but it is only when we enter the tropics that the number of different kinds becomes considerable. In Mexico there are more than thirty species, while in the southern parts of Central America there are more than double that number. As we go on towards the equator they become still more numerous, till they reach their maximum in the equatorial Andes. They especially abound in the mountainous regions; while the luxuriant forest plains of the Amazons, in which so many other forms of life reach their maximum, are very poor in humming-birds. Brazil, being more hilly and with more variety of vegetation, is richer, but does not equal the Andean valleys, plateaux, and volcanic peaks. Each separate district of the Andes has its peculiar species and often its peculiar genera, and many of the great volcanic mountains possess kinds which are confined to them. Thus, on the great mountain of Pichincha there is a peculiar species found at an elevation of about fourteen thousand feet only; while an allied species on Chimborazo ranges from fourteen thousand feet to the limits of perpetual snow at sixteen thousand feet elevation. It frequents a beautiful yellow-flowered alpine shrub belonging to the *Asteraceæ*. On the extinct volcano of Chiriqui in Veragua a minute humming-bird, called the little flame-bearer, has been only found inside the crater. Its scaled gorget is of such a flaming crimson that, as Mr. Gould remarks, it seems to have caught the last spark from the volcano before it was extinguished.

Not only are humming-birds found over the whole extent of America, from Sitka to Tierra del Fuego, and from the level of the sea to the snow-line on the Andes, but they inhabit many of the islands at a great distance from the mainland. The West Indian islands possess fifteen distinct species belonging to eight different genera, and these are so unlike any found on the continent that five of these genera are peculiar to the Antilles. Even the Bahamas, so close to Florida, possess two peculiar species. The small group of islands called Tres Marias, about sixty miles from the west coast of Mexico, has a peculiar species. More remarkable are the two humming-birds of Juan Fernandez, situated in the Pacific Ocean four hundred miles west of Valparaiso in Chili, one of these being peculiar; while another species inhabits the little island Mas-a-fuera, ninety miles further west. The Galapagos, though very little further from the mainland and much more extensive, have no humming-birds, neither have the Falkland Islands; and the reason seems to be that both these groups are deficient in forest, and in fact have hardly any trees or large shrubs, while there is a great paucity of flowers and of insect life.

The three species which inhabit Juan Fernandez and Mas-a-fuera present certain peculiarities of great interest. They form a distinct genus, *Eustephanus*, one species of which inhabits Chili as well as the island of Juan Fernandez. This, which may be termed the Chilian species, is greenish in both sexes, whereas in the two

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

species peculiar to the islands the males are red or reddish-brown, and the females green. The two red males differ very slightly from each other, but the three green females differ considerably; and the curious point is, that the female in the smaller and more distant island somewhat resembles the same sex in Chili, while the female of the Juan Fernandez species is very distinct, although the males of the two islands are so much alike. As this forms a comparatively simple case of the action of the laws of variation and natural selection, it will be instructive to see if we can picture to ourselves the process by which the changes have been brought about. We must first go back to an unknown but rather remote period, just before any humming-birds had reached these islands. At that time a species of this peculiar genus, *Eustephanus*, must have inhabited Chili; but we must not be sure that it was identically the same as that which is now found there, because we know that species are always undergoing change to a greater or less degree. After perhaps many failures, one or more pairs of the Chilian bird got blown across to Juan Fernandez, and finding the country favorable, with plenty of forests and a fair abundance of flowers and insects, they rapidly increased and permanently established themselves on the island. They soon began to change color, however, the male getting a tinge of reddish-brown, which gradually deepened into the fine color now exhibited by the two insular species, while the female, more slowly, changed to white on the under surface and on the tail, while the breast-spots became more brilliant. When the change of color was completed in the male, but only partially so in the female, a further emigration westward took place to the small island Mas-a-fuera, where they also established themselves. Here, however, the change begun in the larger island appears to have been checked, for the female remains to this day intermediate between the Juan Fernandez and the Chilian forms. More recently, the parent form has again migrated from Chili to Juan Fernandez, where it still lives side by side with its greatly changed descendant.* Let us now see how far these facts are in accordance with the general laws of variation, and with those other laws which I have endeavored to show regulate the development of color.* The amount of variation which is likely to occur in a species will be greatly influenced by two factors — the occurrence of a change in the physical conditions, and the average abundance or scarcity of the individuals composing the species. When from these or other causes variation occurs, it may become fixed as a variety or a race, or may go on increasing to a certain extent, either from a tendency to vary along certain special lines induced by local or physiological causes, or by the continued survival and propagation of all such varieties as are beneficial to the race. After a certain time a balance will be arrived at, either by the limits of useful variation in this one direction having been reached, or by the species becoming harmoniously adapted to all the surrounding conditions; and without some change in these conditions the specific form may then remain unaltered for a very long time, whence arises the common impression of the fixity of species. Now in a country like Chili, forming part of a great continent very well stocked with all forms of organic life, the majority of the species would be in a state of stable equilibrium, the most favorable variations would have been long ago selected, and the numbers of individuals in each species would be tolerably constant, being limited by the numerous other forms whose food and habits were similar, or which in any way impinged upon its sphere of existence. We may, therefore, assume that the Chilian humming-bird which migrated to Juan Fernandez was a stable form, hardly if at all different from the existing species which is termed *Eustephanus galeritus*. On the island it met with very changed but highly favorable conditions. An abundant shrubby vegetation and a tolerably rich flora; less extremes of climate than on the mainland; and, most important of all, absolute freedom from the competition of rival species. The flowers and their insect inhabitants were all its own; there were no snakes or mammalia to plunder its nests; nothing to prevent the full enjoyment of existence. The consequence would be, rapid increase and a large permanent population, which still maintains itself; for Mr. Moseley, of the "Challenger" expedition, has informed the writer that humming-birds are extraordinarily abundant in Juan Fernandez, every bush or tree having

* In the preceding account of the probable course of events in peopling these islands with humming-birds, I follow Mr. Sclater's paper on the Land-birds of Juan Fernandez, — Ibis, 1871, p. 183. In what follows, I give my own explanation of the probable causes of the change.

* See *Macmillan's Magazine*, Sept., 1877, "On the Colors of Animals and Plants."

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

one or two darting about it. Here, then, we have one of the special conditions which have always been held to favor variation — a great increase in the number of individuals; but, as there was no struggle with allied creatures, there was no need for any modification in form or structure, and we accordingly find that the only important variations which have become permanent are those of size and of color. The increased size would naturally arise from greater abundance of food with a more equable climate throughout the year, the healthier, stronger, and larger individuals being preserved. The change of color would depend on molecular changes in the plumage accompanying the increase of size; and the superior energy and vitality in the male, aided by the favorable change in conditions and rapid increase of population, would lead to an increased intensity of colór, the special tint being determined either by local conditions or by inherited tendencies in the race. It is to be noted that the change from green to red is in the direction of the less refrangible rays of the spectrum, and is in accordance with the law of change which has been shown to accompany expansion in inorganic, and growth and development in organic, forms.* The change of color in the female, not being urged on by such intense vital activity as in the case of the male, would be much slower, and, owing probably to inherited tendencies, in a different direction. The under surface of the Chilian bird is ashy with bronzy-green spots on the breast, while the tail is entirely bronze-green. In the Juan Fernandez species the under surface has become pure white, the breast-spots larger and of a purer golden-green, while the whole inner web of the tail-feathers has become pure white, producing a most elegant effect when the tail is expanded.

We may now follow the two sexes to the remoter island, at a period when the male had acquired his permanent style of coloring, but was not quite so large as he subsequently became; while the change of the female bird had not been half completed. In this small and comparatively barren island (a mere rock, as it is described by some authors) there would be no such constant abundance of food, and therefore no possibility of a large permanent population; while the climate would not differ materially from that of the larger island; variation would therefore be checked, or might be stopped altogether; and we find the facts exactly correspond to this view. The male, which had already acquired his color, remains almost undistinguishable; but he is a little smaller than his immediate ancestral form, indicating either that the full size of that form had not been acquired at the period of migration, or that a slight diminution of size has since occurred owing to a deficiency of food. The female shows also a slight diminution of size, but in other respects is almost exactly intermediate between the Chilian and Juan Fernandez females. The color beneath is light ashy, the breast-spots are intermediate in size and color, and the tail-feathers have a large ill-defined white spot on the end of the inner web, which has only to be extended along the whole web to produce the exact character which has been acquired in Juan Fernandez. It has probably remained since its migration nearly or quite stationary, while its Juan Fernandez relative has gone on steadily changing in the direction already begun; and the more distant species geographically thus appears to be more nearly related to its Chilian ancestor.

Coming down to a more recent period, we find that the comparatively small and dull-colored Chilian bird has again migrated to Juan Fernandez, but it at once came into competition with its red descendant, which had firm possession of the soil and had probably undergone slight constitutional changes exactly fitting it to its insular abode. The new comer, accordingly, only just manages to maintain its footing; for we are told by Mr. Reed, of Santiago, that it is by no means common; whereas, as we have seen, the red species is excessively abundant. We may further suspect that the Chilian birds now pass over pretty frequently to Juan Fernandez, and thus keep up the stock; for it must be remembered that whereas, at a first migration, both a male and a female are necessary for colonization, yet, after a colony is formed, any stray bird which may come over adds to the numbers, and checks permanent variation by cross-breeding.

We find, then, that all the chief peculiarities of the three allied species of humming-birds which inhabit the Juan Fernandez group of islands, may be fairly traced to the action of those general laws which Mr. Darwin and others have shown to determine the variations of animals and the perpetuation of those variations. It is also instructive to note that the greater variations of color and size have been accompanied by several lesser variations

* See "Colors of Animals;" *Macmillan's Magazine*, Sept., 1877, pp. 394-398.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

in other characters. In the Juan Fernandez bird the bill has become a little shorter, the tail-feathers somewhat broader, and the fiery cap on the head somewhat smaller; all these peculiarities being less developed or absent in the birds inhabiting Mas-a-fuera. These may be due, either to what Mr. Darwin has termed correlation of growth, or to the partial reappearance of ancestral characters under more favorable conditions, or to the direct action of changes of climate and of food; but they show us how varied and unaccountable are the changes in specific forms that may be effected in a comparatively short time, and through very slight changes of locality.

If now we consider the enormously varied conditions presented by the whole continent of America — the hot, moist, and uniform forest-plains of the Amazon; the open llanos of the Orinoco; the dry uplands of Brazil; the sheltered valleys and forest slopes of the eastern Andes; the verdant plateaus, the barren paramos, the countless volcanic cones with their peculiar alpine vegetation; the contrasts of the east and west coasts; the isolation of the West Indian islands, and to a less extent of Central America and Mexico, which we know have been several times separated from South America; and when we further consider that all these characteristically distinct areas have been subject to cosmical and local changes, to elevations and depressions, to diminution and increase of size, to greater extremes and greater uniformity of temperature, to increase or decrease of rainfall, and that with these changes there have been coincident changes of vegetation and of animal life, all affecting in countless ways the growth and development, the forms and colors, of these wonderful little birds — if we consider all these varied and complex influences, we shall be less surprised at their strange forms, their infinite variety, their wondrous beauty. For how many ages the causes above enumerated may have acted upon them we cannot say; but their extreme isolation from all other birds, no less than the abundance and variety of their generic and specific forms, clearly point to a very high antiquity.

The Relations and Affinities of Humming-birds.— The subject of the position of this family in the class of birds and its affinities or resemblances to other groups, is so interesting, and affords such good opportunities for explaining some of the best-established principles of classification in natural history in a popular way, that we propose to discuss it at some length, but without entering into technical details.

There is in the eastern hemisphere, especially in tropical Africa and Asia, a family of small birds called sun-birds, which are adorned with brilliant metallic colors, and which, in shape and general appearance, much resemble humming-birds. They frequent flowers in the same way, feeding on honey and insects; and all the older naturalists placed the two families side by side as undoubtedly allied. In the year 1850, in a general catalogue of birds, Prince Lucien Bonaparte, a learned ornithologist, placed the humming-birds next to the swifts, and far removed from the *Nectarinidæ* or sun-birds; and this view of their position has gained ground with increasing knowledge, till now all the more advanced ornithologists have adopted it. Before proceeding to point out the reasons for this change of view, it will be well to discuss a few of the general principles which guide naturalists in the solution of such problems.

It is now generally admitted that, for the purpose of determining obscure and doubtful affinities, we must examine by preference those parts of an animal which have little or no direct influence on its habits and general economy. The value of an organ, or of any detail of structure, for purposes of classification, is generally in inverse proportion to its adaptability to special uses. And the reason of this is apparent when we consider that similarities of food and habits are often accompanied by similarities of external form or of special organs, in totally distinct animals. Porpoises, for example, are modified externally so as to resemble fishes, yet they are really mammalia. Some marsupials are carnivorous, and are so like true carnivora that it is only by minute peculiarities of structure that the skeleton of the one can be distinguished from that of the other. Many of the hornbills and toucans have the same general form, and resemble each other in habits, in food, and in their enormous bills; yet peculiarities in the structure of the feet, in the form of the breast-bone, in the cranium, and in the texture and arrangement of the plumage, show that they have no real affinity, the former approaching the kingfishers, the latter the cuckoos. These last-mentioned peculiarities have no direct relation to habits, and they are therefore little liable to change, when from any cause a portion of the group may have been driven to adopt a new mode of life. Thus all the Old World apes, however much they may

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

differ in size or habits, and whether we class them as baboons, monkeys, or gorillas, have the same number of teeth; while the American monkeys all have an additional premolar tooth. This difference can have no relation to the habits of the two groups, because each group exhibits differences of habits greater than often occur between American and Asiatic species; and it thus becomes a valuable character, indicating the radical distinctness of the two groups, distinctness confirmed by other anatomical peculiarities.

On the other hand, details of organization which seem specially adapted to certain modes of life, are often diminished or altogether lost in a few species of the group, showing their essential unimportance to the type as well as their small value for classification. Thus, the woodpeckers are most strikingly characterized by a very long and highly extensible tongue, with the muscles attached to the tongue-bone prolonged backward over the head so as to enable the tongue to be suddenly darted out, and also by the rigid and pointed tail, which is a great help in climbing up the vertical trunks of trees. But in one group (the *Picumni*), the tail becomes quite soft, while the tongue remains fully developed; and in another (*Meiglyptes*) the characteristic tail remains, while the prolonged hyoid muscles have almost entirely disappeared, and the tongue has consequently lost its peculiar extensile power. Yet in both these cases the form of the breast-bone and the character of the feet, the skeleton, and the plumage, show that the birds are really woodpeckers, while even the habits and the food are very little altered. In like manner the bill may undergo great changes, as from the short crow-like bill of the true birds-of-paradise to the long slender bills of the *Epimachinæ* which latter were on that account long classed apart in the tribe of *Tenuirostres*, or slender-billed birds, but whose entire structure shows them to be closely allied to the paradise-birds. So, the long feathery tongue of the toucans differs from that of every other bird, yet it is not held to overbalance the weight of anatomical peculiarities which show that these birds are allied to the barbets and the cuckoos.

The skeleton, therefore, and especially the sternum or breast-bone, affords us an almost infallible guide in doubtful cases, because it appears to change its form with extreme slowness, and thus indicates deeper-seated affinities than those shown by organs which are in direct connection with the outside world, and are readily modified in accordance with varying conditions of existence. Another, though less valuable guide, is afforded, in the case of birds, by the eggs. These often have a characteristic form and color, and a peculiar texture of surface, running unchanged through whole genera and families which are nearly related to each other, however much they may differ in outward form and habits. Another detail of structure which has no direct connection with habits and economy is the manner in which the plumage is arranged on the body. The feathers of birds are by no means set uniformly over their skin, but grow in certain definite lines and patches, which vary considerably in shape and size in the more important orders and tribes, while the mode of arrangement agrees in all which are known to be closely related to each other; and thus the form of the feather-tracts, or the "pterylography" as it is termed, of a bird is a valuable aid in doubtful cases of affinity.

Now, if we apply these three tests to the humming-birds, we find them all pointing in the same direction. The sternum or breast-bone is not notched behind; and this agrees with the swifts, and not with the sun-birds, whose sternum has two deep notches behind, as in all the families of the vast order of *Passeres*, to which the latter belong. The eggs of both swifts and humming-birds are white, only two in number, and resembling each other in texture. And in the arrangement of the feather-tracts the humming-birds approach more nearly to the swifts than they do to any other birds; and altogether differ from the sun-birds, which, in this respect as in so many others, resemble the honey-suckers of Australia and other true passerine birds.

Having this clue to their affinities, we shall find other peculiarities common to these two groups, the swifts and the humming-birds. They have both ten tail-feathers, while the sun-birds have twelve. They have both only sixteen true quill-feathers, and they are the only birds which have so small a number. The humming-birds are remarkable for having, in almost all the species, the first quill the longest of all, the only other birds resembling them in this respect being a few species of swifts; and lastly, in both groups the plumage is remarkably compact and closely pressed to the body. Yet with all these points of agreement, we find an extreme diversity in the bills and tongues of the two groups. The

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

swifts have a short, broad, flat bill, with a flat, horny-tipped tongue of the usual character; while the humming-birds have a very long, narrow, almost cylindrical bill, containing a tubular and highly extensible tongue. The essential point however is, that whereas hardly any of the other characters we have adduced are adaptive, or strictly correlated with habits and economy, this character is pre-eminently so; for the swifts are pure aërial insect-hunters, and their short, broad bills, and wide gape, are essential to their mode of life. The humming-birds, on the other hand, are floral insect-hunters, and for this purpose their peculiarly long bills and extinsile tongues are especially adapted; while they are at the same time honey-suckers, and for this purpose have acquired the tubular tongue. The formation of such a tubular tongue out of one of the ordinary kind is easily conceivable, as it only requires to be lengthened, and the two laminæ of which it is composed curled in at the sides; and these changes it probably goes through in the young birds. When on the Amazon I once had a nest brought me containing two little unfledged humming-birds, apparently not long hatched. Their beaks were not at all like those of their parents, but short, triangular, and broad at the base, just the form of the beak of a swallow or swift slightly lengthened. Thinking (erroneously) that the young birds were fed by their parents on honey, I tried to feed them with a syrup made of honey and water, but though they kept their mouths constantly open as if ravenously hungry, they would not swallow the liquid, but threw it out again and sometimes nearly choked themselves in the effort. At length I caught some minute flies, and on dropping one of these into the open mouth it instantly closed, the fly was gulped down, and the mouth opened again for more; and each took in this way fifteen or twenty little flies in succession before it was satisfied. They lived thus three or four days, but required more constant care than I could give them. These little birds were in the "swift" stage; they were pure insect-eaters, with a bill and mouth adapted for insect-eating only. At that time I was not aware of the importance of the observation of the tongue, but as the bill was so short and the tubular tongue not required, there can be little doubt that the organ was, at that early stage of growth, short and flat, as it is in the birds most nearly allied to them.

In respect of all the essential and deep-seated points of structure, which have been shown to offer such remarkable similarities between the swifts and the humming-birds, the sun-birds of the eastern hemisphere differ totally from the latter, while they agree with the passerine birds generally, or more particularly with the creepers and honeysuckers. They have a deeply-notched sternum; they have twelve tail-feathers in place of ten; they have nineteen quills in place of sixteen; and the first quill, instead of being the longest, is the very shortest of all; while the wings are short and round, instead of being excessively long and pointed. Their plumage is arranged differently; and their feet are long and strong, instead of being excessively short and weak. There remain only the superficial characters of small size and brilliant metallic colors to assimilate them with the humming-birds, and one structural feature — a tubular and somewhat extensile tongue. This however is a strictly adaptive character, the sun-birds feeding on small insects and the nectar of flowers, just as do the humming-birds; and it is a remarkable instance of a highly peculiar modification of an organ occurring independently in two widely separated groups. In the sun-birds the hyoid or tongue muscles do not extend so completely over the head as they do in the humming-birds, so that the tongue is less extensible; but it is constructed in exactly the same way by the inrolling of the two laminæ of which it is composed. The tubular tongue of the sun-birds is a special adaptive modification acquired within the family itself, and not inherited from a remote ancestral form. This is shown by the amount of variation this organ exhibits in different members of what is undoubtedly one family. It is most highly developed in the *Arachnotheræ*, or spider-hunters of Asia, which are sun-birds without any metallic or other brilliant coloring. These have the longest bills and tongues, and the most developed hyoid muscles; they hunt much about the blossoms of palm-trees, and may frequently be seen probing the flowers while fluttering clumsily in the air, just as if they had seen and attempted to imitate the aërial gambols of the American humming-birds. The true metallic sun-birds generally cling about the flowers with their strong feet; and they feed chiefly on minute hard insects, as do many humming-birds. There is, however, one species (*Chalcoparia phœnicotis*) always classed as a sun-bird, which differs entirely from the rest of the species in having the tongue flat, horny, and forked

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

at the tip; and its food seems to differ correspondingly, for small caterpillars were found in its stomach. More remotely allied, but yet belonging to the same family, are the little flower-peckers of the genus *Diceum*, which have a short bill and a tongue twice split at the end; and these feed on small fruits, and perhaps on buds and on the pollen of flowers. The little white-eyes (*Zosterops*), which are probably allied to the last, eat soft fruits and minute insects. We have here a whole group of birds considerably varied in external form, yet undoubtedly closely allied to each other, one division of which is specially adapted to feed on the juices secreted by flowers and the minute insects that harbor in them; and these alone have a lengthened bill and double tubular tongue, just as in the humming birds. We can hardly have a more striking example of the necessity of discriminating between adaptive and purely structural characters. The same adaptive character may coexist in two groups which have a similar mode of life, without indicating any affinity between them, because it may have been acquired by each independently to enable it to fill a similar place in nature. In such cases it is found to be an almost isolated character, connecting apparently two groups which otherwise differ radically. Non-adaptive, or purely structural characters, on the other hand, are such as have, probably, been transmitted from a remote ancestor, and thus indicate fundamental peculiarities of growth and development. The changes of structure rendered necessary by modifications of the habits or instincts of the different species have been made, to a great extent, independently of such characters, and as several of these may always be found in the same animal, their value becomes cumulative. We thus arrive at the seeming paradox, that the *less* of direct use is apparent in any peculiarity of structure, the *greater* is its value in indicating true, though perhaps remote, affinities; while any peculiarity of an organ which seems essential to its possessor's well-being is often of very little value in indicating affinity for other creatures.

This somewhat technical discussion will, it is hoped, enable the general reader to understand some of the more important principles of the modern or natural classification of animals, as distinguished from the artificial system which long prevailed. It will also afford him an easily remembered example of those principles, in the radical distinctness of two families of birds often confounded together, — the sun-birds of the eastern hemisphere and the humming-birds of America; and in the interesting fact that the latter are essentially swifts — profoundly modified, it is true, for an aërial and flower-haunting existence, but still bearing in many important peculiarities of structure the unmistakable evidences of a common origin.

ALFRED R. WALLACE.

ERICA.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE GERMAN OF

FRAU VON INGERSLEBEN.

XI.

THE ABDUCTION.

THE next day brought equally bright sunlight, and the guests at the watering-place all went out on the sea. The princess' yawl appeared garlanded with flowers and adorned with tiny flags, and the lovely woman felt so much flattered by the attention she attracted, that she even bestowed a patronizing smile on Caroline Sternau, who, with her family, had joined the party.

Erica had only seen the gay throng from a distance. Seated on the steps of her veranda, she watched for the return of the little flotilla. The distance was too great for her to be able to distinguish individuals, but she knew that the first boat contained the princess, Elmar, and Caroline, and endeavored to make her imagination complete the picture. Absorbed in her fancies, she remained on the steps for some time longer. Evening was closing in, the bright colors in the western sky were fading, and one star after another appeared. Erica knew that the princess had accepted an invitation to spend the evening with a neighboring family, and therefore paid no attention to Christine, who called her as she carried the lamp into the little parlor, whose glass doors opened upon the veranda.

At last she saw a large party come up the street in the twilight. The figure of the princess, in a gleaming white cloak, was clearly visible, and to her surprise she perceived little Carlos beside his mother. True, she knew that the latter rarely left the boy, but the hour seemed somewhat late for the little fellow. In spite of her efforts, she could not distinguish the persons who followed, but she heard Caroline's

* Copyright 1877, by Littell & Gay.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

musical laugh, and recognized the deep voice of Herr von Wehlen, who seemed absorbed in an animated conversation.

When the party had ascended the hill to the neighboring house — whose lighted windows gleamed brightly in the darkness — she at last rose and went in. Christine had already set the table, and Erica, who always made tea for her mother, approached it to perform her duties. The invalid was lying in an armchair with half-closed eyes, in a sort of lethargy, a condition that frequently overpowered her, and which she was no longer able to shake off as before by her strength of will. She therefore took no notice of Erica's restless manner, and indeed could scarcely hold the cup her daughter handed to her.

After the meal was over, the latter, as usual, took a book to read aloud to her mother for an hour. Her mind was not fixed upon what she was reading, and it therefore not only lacked expression, but often distinctness. The listener, who usually criticised everything very subtly, and considered the hour devoted to reading aloud more as a lesson than a time of recreation, seemed, however, perfectly satisfied, for she made no remark, and Erica went on and on, occasionally glancing at the clock to see whether the appointed time had expired.

At last Christine entered the room. She made a pretext of some errand, and then with the familiarity of an old servant, instantly commenced a conversation.

"Nobody would believe what kind of doings are going on in Waldbad. Every day there is some new amusement, and to-day, when they have all been out on the sea for hours, they might surely spend the evening quietly at home. But no, our neighbor — who would be much better employed if he kept his children's rabbits in order — is giving a great party to-night. All the rooms are crowded with people, who are laughing and making such a noise that one can hear it in our garden through the open windows, and they're playing on the piano and dancing besides. Our well is half empty, for of course everybody wants some water to drink, and none will do except ours. What is to come of it, I'm sure I don't know."

Her mistress, who slowly rose from her chair, put a stop to Christine's eloquence. "I am tired and will go to bed," said the invalid in a low tone. "You would probably like to go out this beautiful evening, Erica, and convince yourself of the truth of Christine's story, so you will be glad to shorten the hour for reading. Good night, my child," and the bowed figure, leaning on the old servant's arm, tottered out of the room.

Erica scarcely found herself alone, ere she pushed open the glass doors and went out on the veranda. A soft breeze was blowing, that gently fanned her cheeks and seemed to lure her forward. At first she found herself surrounded by impenetrable darkness, which appeared all the deeper when contrasted with the bright glow that streamed from the little windows of the drawing-room upon a narrow space in the immediate vicinity of the house. But when she had left this circle of light and entered the gloom, the dark outlines of the bushes, the houses, and all solid substances gradually became relieved against the lighter atmosphere, and she could clearly distinguish her surroundings.

The sky had outspread its majestic mantle of stars, thousands upon thousands sparkled and twinkled above her. Near the horizon, amid the multitude of lesser heavenly lamps, a single star shone forth brightly and majestically, as if it were ruler and the others only vassals. But the illusion could last only a short time, for its changeful light contrasted strangely with the eternal repose of the glimmering little points, and marked it as the fire that blazed in the lighthouse at Swienemünd, as a guiding star to the distant mariners.

Proximity alone gave the little shining spot, in the eyes of short-sighted mortals, its superiority to all the radiant lamps of heaven. Worlds, whose grandeur the human mind can scarcely realize, receded into the background before the tiny, insignificant light kindled by human hands. What pride, and yet what deep humility, should be inspired by the sight! the boundlessness of the intellect and the narrow limits of the senses placed in such direct contrast with each other.

Erica's eyes rested on the bright shining star; its radiant, changeful light was dear and familiar to her. Ever since her childhood it had shone every night, often alone, and she had fancied she could not go to sleep without casting a last glance at it. But this evening her eyes soon wandered dreamily away and roved over the dark surface of the sea, whose low murmur sounded like a gentle lullaby. A soft breeze swept gently over the waves, caressed her hair, and sighed itself into silence amid the branches of the neighboring forest.

A spicy odor of rosin exhaled from the pines; even the bushes, grass, and ferns around sent forth a faint perfume, which

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

blended with the pure, soft air, and produced a most invigorating atmosphere, as if all nature were intoxicated by the magic of the night. The leaves rustled softly, as though exchanging loving words, and a low, mysterious murmur ran through the boughs as if they were telling each other the most wondrous tales. The faint twitter of a sleepy bird sometimes echoed through the woods, and the monotonous chirping of the cricket blended with the low rustling of the tree-tops, the distant murmur of the waves, into a solemn, divine, and yet sometimes sweet earthly harmony.

The enchanting beauty of the night so completely engrossed the thoughts and senses of the young girl, that she scarcely thought of the real object of her walk. She listened to the soft yet distinct melodies that echoed around her, and in so doing forgot the louder sounds she had come to hear. When, however, she advanced a little farther, memory was again aroused, for the lighted windows of the next house gleamed brightly through the darkness as if they wished to wage a victorious battle against the gloom. Here also the loud confusion of voices that echoed from the dwelling drowned the sweet, eloquent silence of the night.

The discord thus created was so great that Erica felt inclined to turn back, but lingered a moment longer and glanced in at the open windows. The distance was still too great, or her keen eyes were not sufficiently eager, for she recognized no one, and perceiving groups of people promenading near the house she turned and went back to her former solitude. Evidently the guests were not all incapable of feeling the magic that pervaded the outside world, and had left the noisy rooms to enjoy the delightful evening.

Erica now wandered up and down the enclosure she called her garden, and at last sat down on the turf near the yew hedge. From this spot she could neither see the lighted windows, nor hear the murmur of voices, she was once more alone. The melancholy chirp of the cricket sounded close beside her, and the soft breeze sighed through the boughs over her head. She turned towards the sea and eagerly inhaled the delicious freshness borne from its surface by the light wind, but started in terror, for the mischievous zephyr brought at the same time the unmistakable odor of an excellent cigar.

If she had previously felt the light and noise in the next house as a discord, the artificial odor might well appear in striking contrast with the perfumed breath o nature. The dreamy reveries disappeared as if by magic, and she was thrown into such a tumult of agitation that her heart beat stormily.

One of the company had entered her garden, that was certain; but it appeared less evident whether the intruder had encroached upon a stranger's grounds by design or accident, though the latter was scarcely credible, since a low fence enclosed the patch of land. Had the lighted windows attracted him, and he merely wished to satisfy his curiosity, or did he know that this was her home?

Erica paused; she was becoming too bold in her conclusions. Yet amid the numerous doubts that assailed her mind, she felt no uncertainty in regard to one thing and indeed the most important, namely that the possessor of the cigar was no other than Elmar. True, she could give no reason for this assurance, but she did not even think of asking for one.

Meantime the light breeze, like a mischievous kobold, brought the pungent odor of the cigar nearer and nearer. At last the young girl rose and glided slowly away into the shadow of the dark bushes, that she might not be seen by the smoker. When, on reaching her hiding-place, she again looked around, she saw his retreating figure moving over the grass, and suddenly heard Christine's shrill voice pierce the silence of the night.

Erica was so startled by this unexpected annoyance that at first she did not even understand what Christine was screaming so loudly, but Elmar's laugh and musical voice were all the more distinct as he replied.

"My good woman, I'm not meditating any attack on your well. Is water so precious in Waldbad that you are obliged to watch and defend the pump?"

"You talk according to what you know about it, sir," replied Christine, not very politely. "If you have been in Waldbad even a few days, you ought to know that our well has the best water in the whole place."

"Are you Frau von Hohenstadt's servant?"

"Of course I am, I——"

"You see I have heard of the well, though I did not know exactly where it was. I shall ask you for a glass of water from it soon. Good-night," and Elmar walked towards the lighted windows of the next house.

Erica would gladly have hurried forward to check Christine's incivility, but

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

she could not make up her mind to leave her hiding-place. Meantime Elmar had disappeared in the gloom, and she now saw Christine enter the house. She was again alone, but unfortunately her mind was no longer in harmony with the solitude, and she prepared to go in, but instantly paused again for she distinctly perceived a figure moving near the house. So Elmar had not left the garden, had perhaps merely waited till Christine entered. This conclusion seemed to be confirmed by the conduct of the wanderer, for he approached so near the house that he was plainly visible in the lamplight, boldly gazing into the open windows, and then walked back so near her hiding-place, that she feared she should be discovered.

Crouching almost to the ground, in order to remain concealed under the shadow of the bushes, Erica glided nearer the forest and remained standing beside the light fence that enclosed the garden. Her keen ear caught the sound of footsteps echoing along the path through the woods. She stood under the shadow of a little group of pines, perfectly secure from discovery, straining her eyes to distinguish the advancing figure.

The steps approached quickly, but with a smothered sound, as if the pedestrian wished to make as little noise as possible. Not far from the spot where Erica stood, the path descended the hill and led close by the garden fence. She could therefore distinctly perceive that the approaching figure carried some dark object. Just as the man passed her, she thought she heard a cry issue from the large cloth that was fastened over the bundle. It sounded like the low wailing of a child, and she now distinctly heard a faint moan.

She recognized the voice, and the knowledge flashed upon her mind like lightning. Herr von Wehlen's secret suddenly appeared like a solved enigma. He had come to steal little Carlos, and was just carrying him away from the lighted house.

"Carlos!" she cried, "Carlos! is it you, do you hear me?"

The man started violently at the loud exclamation which sounded so suddenly close beside him, muttered a half-smothered curse between his teeth, and then hurried along the path with redoubled speed, while a louder wail came from the bundle.

"Help!" Erica screamed through the darkness. "Help! help!"

But her voice died away unheard, the north wind had risen, and the loud rustling of the trees drowned her words.

What should she do? If she pursued the fugitive alone, it would probably result only in her own destruction without securing little Carlos's freedom. If she ran across the long distance that separated her from the next house, the robber would obtain a start which would render any pursuit impossible. Stop! another expedient now occurred to her.

She darted back to her house like an arrow from the bow. Elmar could not be far away, with his help the little fellow might be rescued. In spite of her headlong speed, his name echoed clearly and loudly through the night, and she soon heard his reply. With trembling limbs she flew in the direction of the sound, saw his figure, hurried towards him, and, grasping his hand, drew him resistlessly forward.

"Come — we have not a moment — they are stealing little Carlos. He will be carried off on that ship, I know it! Hurry, hurry, or we shall not save him."

Although Elmar did not understand the affair, and could scarcely comprehend the incoherent words, he perceived that some extraordinary event was taking place. The darkness, together with his ignorance of the locality, made him utterly helpless without the aid of his companion, so he held her hand firmly in his own, allowed her to guide him, and promised any assistance she desired.

They soon found themselves in the same path along which the man had just passed with his burden. Erica darted over the ground with perfect ease, she knew every obstacle, and understood how to render it harmless to her companion. In broken sentences — for the speed with which they were running did not permit any other mode of speech — but with perfect calmness, she now explained the object of her pursuit. Elmar did not understand the cause of the abduction, but Erica's positive assurances convinced him of the truth of her statement, and he exerted all his strength to reach the desired goal as quickly as possible.

They now heard rapid footsteps on the path before them.

"There he is!" cried Erica.

But the words had scarcely died away, when a bright flash blazed close before them, and at the same moment a loud report echoed through the silent forest.

"Are you hurt, Erica?" asked Elmar anxiously.

"Not at all. How can he see to aim in this darkness?"

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Stay here, I can follow alone now," and the young man tried to release his hand from his companion's.

But she clung to him anxiously. "Come, come. The robber has gained another start."

A second flash gleamed through the darkness, and again a loud report roused the echoes of the forest. Once more Elmar tried to release himself, and again Erica prevented the attempt, and now the path ran through a glade where the fugitive's figure was distinctly visible. But the forms of the pursuers also appeared, and the robber turned, paused, raised his hand, took aim, and the bullet whizzed by and entered the trunk of a neighboring tree.

"Let us keep back a little," murmured Erica, "we will go round the glade, I have a plan, perhaps it will succeed."

"Guide me wherever you please," whispered Elmar, "I am only a tool in your hands."

Both retreated into the shadow, while the fugitive darted swiftly across the glade. The path now turned aside towards the beach, and when he plunged into the forest again he found his pursuers close at his heels. Again he fired his revolver into the darkness, without avail, as he supposed from the hasty whispers exchanged behind him.

"Let us give him a little start again," said Erica softly, "in this way he will soon fire all his shots harmlessly into the darkness, and I hope will get no time to load again."

The fresh sea-breeze blew into their faces, and the grey dusk that brooded over the sea seemed almost light in contrast with the gloom of the forest. The robber must have had the same feeling, for he looked back towards his pursuers as if he now hoped to be able to take a sure aim.

"Let us show ourselves a moment, and then vanish in the darkness."

The moment was enough to bring another bullet, which splintered the branch of a tree.

"He still has quite a long distance to go before he reaches the boat," whispered Erica, "it is that little black speck on the beach. Stay under the shade of the trees. You can make your way undisturbed in a straight line to the edge of the forest. I must leave you now; a woodcutter's hut is close by, I will call him to our assistance."

She waited for no reply, but drew her hand away, and darted off through the trees amid the dense gloom. Elmar had no time to think of her design, for he was obliged to exert himself to the utmost to find his way and keep in sight of the fugitive. Both had advanced a long distance, when Erica's hand was suddenly put into Elmar's and her voice whispered,—

"The woodcutter had gone to bed, but he will come soon. Here is an axe for a weapon."

He thanked her by a pressure of the hand, took the axe, and weighed it in his grasp.

"It is high time, Erica. See, yonder black spot is quite near. I must face the danger now, but I insist that you remain in the shelter of the forest."

It seemed as if she were conquered by his resolute tone, for she made no remonstrance when he hurried down the little hill to the strand. The fugitive evidently perceived his approach, and perhaps saw the gleam of the axe in his pursuer's hand, for he prepared for a struggle. Once more he raised his arm to fire his revolver, but he did not aim at Elmar, but turned the muzzle of the pistol towards the boat and discharged two shots in quick succession. It was a signal to his confederates, and Elmar knew that he must conquer speedily or perish.

The robber stood quietly in the spot where he had paused, threw the useless revolver on the sand, and tried to draw the sword that hung at his side, but as the bundle in his arms impeded him, and moreover would have made a successful defence impossible, he laid it carefully on the ground close beside him. When the pursuer approached with upraised axe, the sharp sword flashed forth to meet it, and the clash of the two metals striking against each other rang loudly on the silent night. Blow followed blow, but the assailant unfortunately found himself at a disadvantage, for with his strange weapon he was soon compelled to limit his efforts to warding off the strokes of the sword.

Just at that moment a dark object glided out of the woods, and with supple ease moved down the slope close beside the two combatants; and ere either of them noticed it or had the slightest suspicion of its design, the apparition with a hasty gesture snatched the bundle from the ground, and, in spite of its weight, darted swiftly back to the protecting forest.

A fierce imprecation burst from the robber's lips; he attempted to rush after his prey, thereby neglected to be on his guard, and only a hasty movement backward saved him from the death-dealing

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

blow of the axe. With a cry of fury, he now threw himself upon Elmar, who, defending himself with great difficulty, slowly retreated towards the forest. He felt that he was wounded in the shoulder, and could only offer a feeble resistance, but he held the robber in check; Erica could fly with the child.

He now received unexpected assistance. A gigantic man emerged from the trees and hastily approached the combatants. The huge axe on his shoulder and his herculean limbs must have excited the fears of the wearied robber, for he shrank back and gave Elmar time to reach the shelter of the forest.

Several men, however, were now hastily running up from the boat; the fugitive looked first at them and then at the gigantic figure of his enemy, at whose side Elmar, seeing the approaching foes, had placed himself. If a conflict took place, the men from the boat would doubtless conquer, for there were three of them armed with revolvers. Notwithstanding this, the robber seemed irresolute, glanced into the forest as if looking for the person who had stolen his prey, and then retreated a few steps towards the new-comers.

"Go! I want no fight, the plan has failed. Let us return to the ship."

He himself retired with the others, and as neither Elmar nor the woodcutter felt the slightest inclination to pursue them, their retreating figures soon vanished in the darkness.

"Come, sir," said his ally, "and if you are wounded lean on me. I'll take you to my hut."

XII.

THE RETURN.

Erica's first act, when she knew that she was safe in the protecting forest, was to unfasten the cloth in which the poor boy was closely bound. She heard no sound, perceived no movement, and the terrible fear that the child was suffocated took possession of her soul. When she at last succeeded in unwinding the numerous folds, and little Carlos appeared, his eyes were closed, and no sign of life was visible. Erica screamed aloud in her grief and terror, and placing him on the ground threw herself sobbing beside him.

Life must have just fled, for the little body still felt soft and warm, and as she now covered his face with passionate tears and kisses, it seemed as if he breathed faintly. At this discovery her heart throbbed so violently that she was almost unable to ascertain the truth of her hope. But when she had regained some degree of composure, she distinctly felt his low, regular breathing, exultantly raised him from the ground, and hurried towards the woodcutter's hut.

On reaching it, she pushed the door open and entered the little room, whose sole furniture consisted of a straw bed, a table, a chair without a back, and a fireplace where a few coals were glimmering, by means of which she hastily lighted a pine knot, and fastened the primitive torch in a recess, which the woodcutter probably used for this purpose. She then sprinkled water from the pitcher that stood on the table into the face of the senseless child, and soon saw him move and at last open his great blue eyes.

"Carlos!" she exclaimed joyously; "Carlos, don't be afraid; I am with you, I will take care of you. Don't you know me, Carlos?" she asked, bending over him, as she received no reply.

"Erica!" cried a voice from the door at the same moment, and Elmar entered with his guide.

"Here is our little fugitive, safe and sound," said Erica gayly, approaching Elmar with the child in her arms. "Kiss your uncle, little Carlos, and thank him for having saved you."

"Kiss the good fairy Erica, Carlos, and thank *her* for having saved you," replied Elmar.

"I certainly frightened the robber terribly," laughed Erica.

"No, but you alone wrested his prey from him."

"Well, we won't quarrel about it. I think we all did the best we could, and good Andreas also deserves a share of little Carlos' gratitude."

"He does indeed deserve gratitude; his appearance probably saved my life, for wounded as I was ——"

"You are wounded?" Erica's cheeks lost their rosy hue so suddenly, that her pallor was visible even by the flickering light of the pine knot.

"Probably a mere scratch," cried Elmar hastily, "but it was painful enough for the time to be a drawback in the fight."

"Let me look at it, sir," said the giant Andreas, approaching Elmar.

On examination Elmar's coat was found to be completely soaked with blood, and as it was impossible to roll up the sleeve to reach the wound, Andreas ripped it with his knife. The cut instantly began to bleed profusely again; the woodcutter, who knew something about such injuries,

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

and had some bandages in his table-drawer, prepared to dress the wound, murmuring incoherent sentences like a conjuration.

Elmar smiled, but made no objection, especially as the blood really soon ceased to flow, and Andreas, spite of his huge hands, understood how to fasten the bandage firmly and painlessly. The sleeve of the coat was then sewed together with a few long stitches, and the little party now thought of returning.

"Andreas will accompany us with his axe," said Erica. "The robbers might return, or some other danger threaten us."

"And if possible carry a lantern to light the way," added Elmar.

Andreas laughed. "I have no lantern, sir. What use should it be? A lantern would only attract danger, if there were any."

"So I am taught a lesson from both sides," replied Elmar. "Well, you wise foresters, do exactly as you choose. Carlos and I will follow blindly."

Unfortunately, however, the little nephew did not fulfil his uncle's promise, for when the huge woodcutter approached to take him in his arms, he began to scream violently, and insisted upon staying with Erica. He even refused to let Elmar carry him, and with the obstinacy peculiar to spoiled children, would let no one touch him except Erica.

As the child could not possibly walk in the darkness, Erica was obliged to lift him in her arms, though with a faint sigh, while Elmar muttered between his teeth remarks by no means flattering to his nephew.

In this way the little procession moved slowly through the forest. Andreas went first, bearing his axe, and Elmar walked beside Erica. When they had moved on in silence for a short distance, Erica suddenly asked, —

"Did you recognize Herr von Wehlen in the robber?"

Elmar stood still in amazement. "Herr von Wehlen? What a strange idea, little fairy! Does he still hover before your mind as a bird of prey?"

"Yes, as a very dangerous and spiteful one, and I am sure that he alone is the originator of the plot."

"But I saw the man quite distinctly, and I assure you that there is not a shadow of resemblance between him and Wehlen."

"It may be so, then he did not perform the work himself, but engaged some one else."

"Little heather-blossom, you will surely vie with my nephew in obstinacy."

Erica, without entering into the joke, answered gravely, "First hear what I can tell you about the matter, and then judge for yourself." She then related the adventure of the double meeting, her second encounter with Wehlen in the churchyard, after which she had seen Wilms' wife approach the spot; and finally the long distance from home that little Carlos had been taken the day before, and in which the fisherman's wife evidently had some share, while the boat which was to take him away to-day waited at the same point on the shore, and Wehlen, coming from that direction, passed by them.

A short pause ensued, while Elmar was reflecting upon what he had heard. At last he said, "It certainly seems like adding link after link to a chain, but still I do not understand what motive could have induced Wehlen to steal the child. Was he in the father's service? I might suppose that the latter had instigated the boy's abduction, not through any love for the child, but for the sake of revenging himself upon the mother."

Erica made no reply, and Elmar was also silent, absorbed in his own thoughts. After a second pause, he exclaimed, "It may be so, Wehlen has the appearance of a clever adventurer, and the prince throws away his money with lavish hands when the point in question is the gratification of his passions. However," and the speaker's voice sank so low that his companion could scarcely distinguish the words, "I beg you not to inform my sister of your suspicions at present. Her conduct cannot be calculated upon, and unfortunately in moments of excitement she is not disposed to listen to reason. Wehlen is a clever, or let us say cunning, man; he will be on his guard, and thus we should only do harm instead of good. And one thing more, Erica. Don't go to the fairy castle with us. Carlos has fallen asleep and will not notice if we change places. I should like to protect you from the sight of Katharina's wild excitement, and besides, your mother will be anxious about your long absence."

"My mother had already retired, but old Christine will be frightened. We have taken a nearer way to the village, and shall pass close by our house. If I don't go with you, I must turn down this cross street. Hark, what is that? The village seems to be in an uproar. There is a confusion of voices, and now lights are gleaming everywhere."

"They seem to have lighted pine torches. Probably the boy's absence has

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

been discovered and the whole place alarmed."

Little Carlos, as if suspecting the excitement he had caused, suddenly awoke and gazed in astonishment at the approaching flames, but at the same time baffled all hope of Erica's escape, for she had scarcely attempted to put him out of her arms when he clung to her and began to cry.

"It was really hardly worth the trouble we took to bring the obstinate boy back," muttered Elmar indignantly, but made no farther effort to prevent Erica's accompanying him.

They soon approached the torch-bearers, and the shout of the giant Andreas, whose lungs seemed to be in proportion to his body, guided their steps towards the little party. They were surrounded, and as soon as the boy was seen, a loud exultant cheer echoed far and wide, then the torch-bearers ranged themselves around the group and escorted them in triumph through the village, while everywhere new-comers rushed out of the houses to join the procession, which at last advanced very slowly and with considerable difficulty.

Meantime, people returning from all directions brought in their reports, though somewhat vague ones, since everybody spoke principally of the alarm he had himself experienced. In spite of the confusion of voices, the little party only learned that the princess, on hearing of the child's disappearance, had fainted, and been carried home in an almost unconscious condition.

The lighted windows of the little fairy castle cast their radiance far into the darkness, various shadows moved to and fro, and it was evident that numerous sympathizing acquaintances had accompanied the princess home.

A crowd of people thronged the entrance hall and surrounded the new-comers with loud expressions of delight. It was scarcely possible to open the door leading into the room, and when Elmar, pushing forward, at last succeeded in doing so, he stood almost face to face with Herr von Wehlen. Both started back, but the latter quickly regained his composure, and said, cordially, —

"How glad I am to see you! Well, since you are here, you doubtless bring good news of the missing child. Whatever the others might say, I always believed that your disappearance was connected solely with the pursuit of the robber."

"I don't know what people could or might say concerning my disappearance; any sensible person, however, must certainly be of *your* opinion."

"And you bring good news?" asked Wehlen, eagerly.

"The best, the little fugitive himself," replied Elmar, looking his companion steadily in the face.

An expression of anger or suspicion flashed over Wehlen's features; but the next moment he controlled himself, and said with every token of joy, —

"Thank God for it. Where is the much-lamented Carlos?"

"If he has not been completely crushed by the good people in the hall, his bearer will, I think, at last succeed in entering the room."

At this moment the crowd of people at the door drew back, and gave Erica room enough to slip through with the boy. Wehlen had stepped forward, as if he wished to look at the child, and it seemed to the young girl as if his eyes expressed such furious hatred that she trembled and turned pale. Perhaps, however, it was an illusion caused by her own excitement, for the next instant his face was so radiant with joy that Erica began to doubt the evidence of her own senses.

A figure now rose from the sofa at the back of the room, which, as she approached nearer, revealed the agitated features of Fräulein Molly. This agitation, together with her disordered hair and dress, made her almost unrecognizable. She gazed at the boy with a stony stare, and when he bent towards her affectionately, shrank back and said coldly, —

"Go! I hate you!"

Erica was surprised and indignant at this conduct, but she had no time to give it any farther thought, for Elmar requested her to put down the boy, and taking him by the hand walked rapidly towards one of the doors, motioning to her to follow him. The large apartment which they entered was also filled with people, and from the midst of the throng came low sobs, pitiful wails, and sometimes a loud cry of agony, and when at the sight of Elmar the crowd involuntarily made way, they saw the princess lying on a divan. Her clothes were torn, her hair fell in disorder over her shoulders, and her hands were clenched convulsively.

Her eyes were closed, or she was unconscious, for she made no sign of recognition when Elmar and the child approached, and did not seem to notice the loud exclamations of surprise and joy that echoed

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

around her. Elmar, leading the boy by the hand, stood close beside the couch, but she still made no movement, and he at last exclaimed, —

"Kathinka! don't you see, don't you know us?"

She sprang up so suddenly that her dishevelled hair streamed wildly around her, gazed into her brother's face with a look of hatred, and cried in a tone that only too distinctly revealed the same feeling, —

"Robber, how dare you appear in my presence?"

Elmar laid his hand firmly on her shoulder, and bending over her said calmly, but with resolute decision, —

"Your excitement borders on insanity, Katharina. I have brought Carlos to you, but by Heaven you shall not touch him until you look less like a maniac."

"Carlos! Carlos!" shrieked Katharina, in a tone so piercing that the cry reached the ears of the throng assembled before the house; then starting up she tried to clasp the boy in her arms, but he fled screaming from his mother, whom he no longer recognized in this condition. Elmar instantly stepped between them, and prevented Katharina's progress. The restless eyes roved around as if seeking aid against her brother, but she felt his steady gaze fixed upon her, and at last, against her will, was forced to let her own uneasy glance meet his. Then she closed her eyes, and two large tears rolled down her cheeks as she said in a gentle, plaintive tone, —

"Why do you keep me from my child? don't you see how I am suffering?"

"Come, Carlos! go to your mother," cried Elmar; and the child, though somewhat reluctantly, obeyed the call. The princess clasped him passionately in her arms, but no longer showed the frantic agitation she had previously exhibited. She sat down on the divan, took the boy on her lap, and covered him with tears and kisses.

Elmar remained standing before the group, while relating to his sister and the assembled guests the events of the night. Scarcely mentioning his own share in the pursuit of the robber, he made Erica's services in saving the boy especially prominent, and also claimed the princess' gratitude in behalf of the gigantic Andreas and his axe.

Katharina rose, and taking the boy in her arms, went towards Andreas, who was very awkward in his embarrassment. Her features now wore a gentle, touching expression, joy over the boy's restoration was struggling with the effects of her former anguish. She held out her soft white hand to the laborer and thanked him in a few heartfelt words, while tears dimmed her eyes. Andreas also passed his hand over his eyes, and stammered a reply, which perhaps fortunately for him nobody understood and therefore elicited a universal murmur of applause. But when search was now made for the principal heroine, Erica, it was all in vain, she had disappeared in the crowd.

Katharina seemed so exhausted with grief and joy that she sank back upon her divan, half fainting. Elmar therefore requested all present — whom at the same time he thanked, in his sister's name, for their sympathy — to leave the princess alone, as she was greatly in need of repose. The room was soon empty, and Elmar went in search of the maid, who most unaccountably had not been in the apartment. When he entered the adjoining room, he saw Herr von Wehlen just gliding out of the door, while Fräulein Molly sat at a table, covering her face with her hands.

"Where is the princess' maid?" asked Elmar, in a sterner tone than he had ever used towards the young lady. "How does it happen that my sister is deserted by all her servants just at the moment she most needs their help?"

Fräulein Molly removed her hands, and stared at the speaker.

"Do you include me among the servants, Baron von Altenborn?" she asked with a scornful curl of the lip.

"I spoke of the maid, Fräulein Molly," replied Elmar in his former harsh tone. "I saw you walking in the garden with Herr von Wehlen this evening, and therefore know that *you* cannot venture to appear before my sister, so my remark could have no reference to you."

"And did I hire myself out as a nurse," Molly passionately exclaimed, "that I must watch a sleeping child? Oh, how that woman has treated me, how she insulted and abused me before those people! And all because, for a moment, I forgot the shameful service imposed upon me, and went to walk in the garden a few minutes instead of sitting by the sleeping child. He was lying quietly on the sofa, carefully covered up — what harm could befall him in a friend's house? Could I have any suspicion of the accident that has happened?"

"Perhaps not. But as you promised to stay with the boy —— "

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Promised?" interrupted Molly violently. "Say, rather, I was ordered to do so."

"Very well. As you had submitted to the command, you ought to have executed the commission."

"And if you recognized me in the garden," exclaimed Molly scornfully, "why did you not bestow this lecture upon me then, and frighten me back to my duty?"

"I have made amends for my neglect by restoring the boy to his mother, although perhaps I have thereby destroyed the dowry which was to have established the new household."

"What?" shrieked Molly approaching the speaker, her eyes flashing with angry excitement. "You dare to believe I aided this plot, I"—she faltered, and after a pause, during which she covered her eyes with her hand, continued, "That is a hard punishment for a slight error."

"Forgive me, Fräulein Molly," said Elmar, now moved in his turn; "I have not spoken truly, you were only the unconscious tool of this scoundrel."

Molly's eyes dilated to an almost terrible size, and she gazed into her companion's face with a fixed, stony stare. "Wehlen?" she murmured in a scarcely audible tone. "Is Wehlen said to be implicated in this deed?"

"I fear so, and I fear his attentions to you had no other object than to accomplish it. I seriously warn you to beware of him."

Molly had sunk into a chair, and again covered her face with her hands. Elmar bent over her and said cordially: "Forgive me, Fräulein, if I have caused you pain, but it could not be spared you. And now help me to look for the princess' servants, it is high time for her to go to rest."

She rose mechanically and followed him; they passed through the empty rooms, and at last found the people they sought, who were discussing what had happened with such eager interest that they had forgotten their duties. When Elmar knew his sister was safe in her maid's care, he retired to his own room, as his wound, which no one had noticed, was beginning to be excessively painful. Molly also went to her chamber, but not to rest; she paced up and down the room, murmuring broken sentences. Not until morning dawned did she throw herself upon a sofa, and fall into an uneasy slumber.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

THE well-known phrase as to critics being made of poets who have failed, requires to be supplemented. The best critics are often the poets who have succeeded; a truth which has been more than once illustrated by Mr. Swinburne. I shall not ask whether this can be said unreservedly in reference to his recent essay upon Miss Brontë. As usual, he bestows the most enthusiastic and generous praise with a lavish hand, and bestows it upon worthy objects. And, as usual, he seems to be a little too much impressed with the necessary connection between illuminating in honor of a hero and breaking the windows or burning the effigies of the hero's rivals. I do not wish to examine the justice of his assaults, and still less to limp on halting and prosaic feet after his bounding rhetoric. I propose only to follow an inquiry suggested by a part of his argument. After all, though criticism cannot boast of being a science, it ought to aim at something like a scientific basis, or at least to proceed in a scientific spirit. The critic, therefore, before abandoning himself to the oratorical impulse, should endeavor to classify the phenomena with which he is dealing as calmly as if he were ticketing a fossil in a museum. The most glowing eulogy, the most bitter denunciation, have their proper place; but they belong to the art of persuasion, and form no part of scientific method. Our literary, if not our religious, creed should rest upon a purely rational ground, and be exposed to logical tests. Our faith in an author must in the first instance be the product of instinctive sympathy, instead of deliberate reason. It may be propagated by the contagion of enthusiasm, and preached with all the fervor of proselytism. But when we are seeking to justify our emotions, we must endeavor to get for the time into the position of an independent spectator, applying with rigid impartiality such methods as are best calculated to free us from the influence of personal bias.

Undoubtedly it is a very difficult task to be alternately witness and judge; to feel strongly, and yet to analyze coolly; to love every feature in a familiar face, and yet to decide calmly upon its intrinsic ugliness or beauty. To be an adequate critic is almost to be a contradiction in terms; to be susceptible to a force, and yet free from its influence; to be moving with the stream, and yet to be standing on the bank. It is especially difficult in the case of writers like Miss

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Brontë, and of critics who were in the most enthusiastic age when her fame was in its early freshness. It is almost impossible not to have overpowering prejudices in regard to a character so intense, original, and full of special idiosyncrasy. If you did not love her, you must hate her; or, since hatred for so noble a sufferer would imply unreasonable brutality, we may say, feel strongly a hopeless uncongeniality of temperament. The power of exciting such feelings is, indeed, some testimony to an author's intrinsic force; and it may explain the assertion of her latest biographer. If it be true, as he says, that she has been comparatively neglected of late years, that is what may easily happen in the case of writers more remarkable for intensity than comprehensive power. Their real audience must always be the comparatively small number who are in sympathy with their peculiar moods. But their vigor begins by impressing and overawing a large number of persons who do not feel this spontaneous sympathy. They conquer by sheer force minds whom they do not attract by milder methods. In literature, at any rate, violent conquests are generally transitory; and, after a time, those who have obeyed the rule against their natural inclination fall away, and leave an audience composed of those alone who have been swayed by a deeper attraction. Charlotte Brontë, and perhaps her sister Emily in an even higher degree, must have a certain interest for all intelligent observers of character. But only a minority will thoroughly and unreservedly enjoy the writings which embody so peculiar an essence. Some scenery — rich pasturage and abounding rivers and forest-clad hills — appeals more or less to everybody. It is only a few who really love the lonely cairn on a wind-swept moor. An accident may make it the fashion to affect admiration for such peculiar aspects of nature; but, like all affectations, it will die away after a time, and the faithful lovers be reduced to a narrow band.

The comparative eclipse then — if eclipse there be — of Charlotte Brontë's fame does not imply want of power, but want of comprehensiveness. There is a certain *primâ facie* presumption against a writer who appeals only to a few, though it may be amply rebutted by showing that the few are also fit. The two problems must go together; why is the charm so powerful, and why is it so limited? Any intense personality has so far a kind of double-edged influence. Shakespeare sympathizes with everybody, and therefore every one with him. Swift scorns and loathes a great part of the world, and therefore if people in general read Swift, or said honestly what they felt, most readers would confess to a simple feeling of aversion to his writings. There is, however, a further distinction. One may dislike such a man as Swift, but one cannot set him aside. His amazing intellectual vigor, the power with which he states some of the great problems of life, and the trenchant decision of his answer, give him a right to be heard. We may shudder, but we are forced to listen. If with equal force of character his intellectual power had been less, we should feel the shock without the mysterious attraction. He would be an unpleasant phenomenon, and one which might be simply neglected. It is because he brings his peculiar views to bear upon problems of universal interest that we cannot afford simply to drop him out of mind. The power of grasping general truths is necessary to give a broad base to a writer's fame, though his capacity for tender and deep emotion is that which makes us love or hate him.

Mr. Swinburne takes Miss Brontë to illustrate the distinction between "genius" and "intellect." Genius, he says, as the most potent faculty, can most safely dispense with its ally. If genius be taken to mean the poetic as distinguished from the scientific type of mind — that which sees intuitively, prefers synthesis to analysis, and embodies ideas in concrete symbols instead of proceeding by rule and measure, and constructing diagrams in preference to drawing pictures — the truth is undeniable and important. The reasoner gives us mechanism and constructs automata, where the seer creates living and feeling beings. The contrast used to be illustrated by the cases of Jonson and Shakespeare — by the difference between the imaginative vigor of "Antony and Cleopatra," and the elaborate construction of "Sejanus." We must add, however, that the two qualities of mind are not mutually exclusive. The most analytic mind has some spark of creative power, and the great creators are capable of deliberate dissection. Shakespeare could reflect, and Jonson could see. The ideally perfect mind would be capable of applying each method with equal facility in its proper place.

Genius, therefore, manifested in any high degree, must be taken to include intellect, if the words are to be used in this sense. Genius begins where intellect ends; or takes by storm where in-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

tellect has to make elaborate approaches according to the rules of scientific strategy. One sees where the other demonstrates, but the same principles are common to both. To say that a writer shows more genius than intellect may mean simply that, as an artist, he proceeds by the true artistic method, and does not put us off with scientific formulæ galvanized into an internal semblance of life. But it may mean that his reflective powers are weak, that he has not assimilated the seminal ideas of his time, and is at a loss in the higher regions of philosophic thought. If so, you are setting limits to the sphere of his influence, and show that he is incapable of uttering the loftiest aspirations and the deepest emo tions of his fellows. A great religious teacher may prefer a parable to a theory, but the parable is impressive because it gives the most vivid embodiment of a truly philosophical theory.

Miss Brontë, as her warmest admirers would grant, was not and did not in the least affect to be a philosophical thinker. And because a great writer to whom she has been gratuitously compared, is strong just where she is weak, her friends have an injudicious desire to make out that the matter is of no importance, and that her comparative poverty of thought is no injury to her work. There is no difficulty in following them so far as to admit that her work is none the worse for containing no theological or philosophical disquisitions, or for showing no familiarity with the technicalities of modern science and metaphysics. But the admission by no means follows that her work does not suffer very materially by the comparative narrowness of the circle of ideas in which her mind habitually revolved. Perhaps if she had been familiar with Hegel or Sir W. Hamilton, she would have intruded undigested lumps of metaphysics, and introduced vexatious allusions to the philosophy of identity or to the principle of the excluded middle. But it is possible, also, that her conceptions of life and the world would have been enriched and harmonized, and that, without giving us more scientific dogmas, her characters would have embodied more fully the dominating ideas of the time. There is no province of inquiry — historical, scientific, or philosophical — from which the artist may not derive useful material; the sole question is whether it has been properly assimilated and transformed by the action of the poetic imagination. By attempting to define how far Miss Brontë's powers were in fact thus bounded, we shall approximately decide her place in the great hierarchy of imaginative thinkers. That it was a very high one, I take to be undeniable. Putting aside living writers, the only female novelist whom one can put distinctly above her is George Sand; for Miss Austen, whom some fanatics place upon a still higher level, differs so widely in every way that "comparison" is absurd. It is almost silly to draw a parallel between writers when every great quality in one is "conspicuous by its absence" in the other.

The most obvious of all remarks about Miss Brontë is the close connection between her life and her writings. Nobody ever put so much of themselves into their work. She is the heroine of her two most powerful novels; for Lucy Snowe is avowedly her own likeness, and Lucy Snowe differs only by accidents from Jane Eyre; whilst her sister is the heroine of the third. All the minor characters, with scarcely an exception, are simply portraits, and the more successful in proportion to their fidelity. The scenery and even the incidents are, for the most part, equally direct transcripts from reality. And, as this is almost too palpable a peculiarity to be expressly mentioned, it seems to be an identical proposition that the study of her life is the study of her novels. More or less true of all imaginable writers, this must be pre-eminently true of Miss Brontë. Her experience, we would say, has been scarcely transformed in passing through her mind. She has written down not only her feelings, but the more superficial accidents of her life. She has simply given fictitious names and dates, with a more or less imaginary thread of narrative, to her own experience at school, as a governess, at home, and in Brussels. "Shirley" contains a continuous series of photographs of Haworth and its neighborhood, as "Villette" does of Brussels; and if "Jane Eyre" is not so literal, except in the opening account of the school-life, much of it is almost as strictly autobiographical. It is one of the oddest cases of an author's self-delusion that Miss Brontë should have imagined that she could remain anonymous after the publication of "Shirley," and the introduction of such whole-length portraits from the life as the Yorke family. She does not appear to have been herself conscious of the closeness of her adherence to facts. "You are not to suppose," she says in a letter given by Mrs. Gaskell, "any of the characters in 'Shirley' intended as real portraits.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

It would not suit the rules of art, nor of my own feelings, to write in that style. We only suffer reality to *suggest*, never to *dictate*." She seems to be thinking chiefly of her "heroes and heroines," and would perhaps have admitted that the minor personages were less idealized. But we must suppose also that she failed to appreciate fully the singularity of characters which, in her seclusion, she had taken for average specimens of the world at large. If I take my village for the world, I cannot distinguish the particular from the universal; and must assume that the most distinctive peculiarities are unnoticeably commonplace. The amazing vividness of her portrait-painting is the quality which more than any other makes her work unique amongst modern fiction. Her realism is something peculiar to herself; and only the crudest of critics could depreciate its merits on the ground of its fidelity to facts. The hardest of all feats is to see what is before our eyes. What is called the creative power of genius is much more the power of insight into commonplace things and characters. The realism of the De Foe variety produces an illusion, by describing the most obvious aspects of everyday life, and introducing the irrelevant and accidental. A finer kind of realism is that which, like Miss Austen's, combines exquisite powers of minute perception with a skill which can light up the most delicate miniatures with a delicate play of humor. A more impressive kind is that of Balzac, where the most detailed reproduction of realities is used to give additional force to the social tragedies which are being enacted at our doors. The specific peculiarity of Miss Brontë seems to be the power of revealing to us the potentiality of intense passions lurking behind the scenery of everyday life. Except in the most melodramatic — which is also the weakest — part of "Jane Eyre," we have lives almost as uneventful as those of Miss Austen, and yet charged to the utmost with latent power. A parson at the head of a school-feast somehow shows himself as a "Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood;" a professor lecturing a governess on composition is revealed as a potential Napoleon; a mischievous schoolboy is obviously capable of developing into a Columbus or a Nelson; even the most commonplace natural objects, such as a row of beds in a dormitory, are associated and naturally associated with the most intense emotions. Miss Austen makes you feel that a tea-party in a country parsonage may be as amusing as the most brilliant meeting of cosmopolitan celebrities; and Miss Brontë that it may display characters capable of shaking empires and discovering new worlds. The whole machinery is in a state of the highest electric tension, though there is no display of thunder and lightning to amaze us.

The power of producing this effect without stepping one hand's-breadth beyond the most literal and unmistakable fidelity to ordinary facts is explicable, one would say, so far as genius is explicable at all, only in one way. A mind of extraordinary activity within a narrow sphere has been brooding constantly upon a small stock of materials, and a sensitive nature has been enforced to an unusual pressure from the hard facts of life. The surroundings must surely have been exceptional, and the receptive faculties impressible even to morbidness, to produce so startling a result, and the key seemed to be given by Mrs. Gaskell's touching biography, which, with certain minor faults, is still one of the most pathetic records of a heroic life in our literature. Charlotte Brontë and her sister, according to this account, resembled the sensitive plant exposed to the cutting breezes of the West Riding moors. Their writings were the cry of pain and of only half-triumphant faith, produced by a lifelong martyrdom, tempered by mutual sympathy, but embittered by family sorrows and the trials of a dependent life. It is one more exemplification of the common theory, that great art is produced by taking an exceptionally delicate nature and mangling it slowly under the grinding wheels of the world.

A recent biographer has given us to understand that this is in great part a misconception, and, whilst paying high compliments to Mrs. Gaskell, he virtually accuses her of unintentionally substituting a fiction for a biography. Mr. Wemyss Reid's intention is excellent; and one can well believe that Mrs. Gaskell did in fact err by carrying into the earlier period the gloom of later years. Most certainly one would gladly believe this to be the case. Only when Mr. Reid seems to think that Charlotte Brontë was thoroughly a gay and high-spirited girl, and that the people of Haworth were commonplace, we begin to fear that we are in the presence of one of those well-meant attempts at whitewashing which "do justice" to a marked character by obliterating all its most prominent features. If Boswell had written in such a spirit, Johnson would have been a Chesterfield, and Goldsmith never have blundered in his talk. When we look at them

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

fairly, Mr. Reid's proofs seem to be curiously inadequate for his conclusions, though calculated to correct some very important misconceptions. He quotes, for example, a couple of letters, in one of which Miss Brontë ends a little outburst of Tory politics by saying, "Now, Ellen, laugh heartily at all that rhodomontade!" This sentence, omittted by Mrs. Gaskell, is taken to prove that Charlotte's interest in politics was "not unmingled with the happy levity of youth." Surely it is just a phrase from the schoolgirl's "Complete Letter-Writer." It would be as sensible to quote from an orator the phrase, "but I fear that I am wearying the House," to prove that he was conscious of being an intolerable bore. The next letter is said to illustrate the "infinite variety of moods" of her true character, and its rapid transitions from grave to gay, because, whilst expressing very strongly some morbid feelings, she admits that they would be contemptible to common sense, and says that she had been "in one of her sentimental humors." Did anybody ever express a morbid feeling without some such qualification? And is not "infinite," even in the least mathematical sense, rather a strong expression for two? A sentimental mood and a reaction are mentioned in one letter. That scarcely proves much gaiety of heart or variety of mood. If, indeed, Charlotte had always been at her worst, she would have been mad: and we need not doubt that she too had some taste of the gladness as of the sorrows of childhood. The plain truth is, that Miss Brontë's letters, read without reference to the disputes of rival biographers, are disappointing. The most striking thing about them is that they are young-ladyish. Here and there a passage revealing the writer's literary power shines through the more commonplace matter, but, as a whole, they give a curious impression of immaturity. The explanation seems to be, in the first place, that Miss Brontë, with all her genius, was still a young lady. Her mind, with its exceptional powers in certain directions, never broke the fetters by which the parson's daughter of the last generation was restricted. Trifling indications of this are common in her novels. The idealized portrait of Emily, the daring and unconventional Shirley, shows her utmost courage by hinting a slight reluctance to repeat certain clauses in the Athanasian Creed; and the energy with which the unlucky curates are satirized shows the state of mind to which even a young clergyman is still invested with more or less superhuman attributes. The warmth is generated by the previous assumption that a young gentleman who dons a white neckcloth must, in the normal state of things, put off the schoolboy and develop a hidden pair of wings. The wrath excited by their failure to fulfil this expectation strikes one as oddly disproportionate. And, in the next place, it seems that, even in writing to her best friends, Miss Brontë habitually dreaded any vivid expression of feeling, and perhaps observed that her sentiments when spread upon letter-paper had a morbid appearance. There are many people who can confide in the public more freely than in the most intimate friends. The mask of anonymous authorship and fictitious personages has a delusive appearance of security. The most sacred emotions are for ourselves or for the invisible public rather than for the intermediate sphere of concrete spectators. The letters may dissipate some of Mrs. Gaskell's romantic gloom, but they do not persuade us that the Brontës were ever like their neighbors. The doctrine that the people of Haworth were really commonplace mortals, may be accepted with a similar reserve. Undoubtedly every Scotch peasant is not a Davie Deans, nor every Irishman a Captain Costigan. There are natives of the mining districts who do not throw half-bricks at every stranger they see; there are Yankees who do not chew tobacco, and Englishmen who do not eat raw beef-steaks. And so one may well believe that many inhabitants of Haworth would have passed muster at Charing Cross; and one may hope and believe that a man like Heathcliff was an exaggeration even of the most extravagant of the squires in Craven. If there were many such people in any corner of this world, it would be greatly in want of a thorough clearing out. And, therefore, one may understand why the good people of Haworth should be amazed when Mrs. Gaskell set forth as common types the gentleman who fired small shot from his parlor window at any one who came within convenient range, and the man who chuckled over his luck at dying just after insuring his life.

But, for all this, it is permissible also to suppose that there was a strongly marked provincial character in that region, even if Miss Brontë's lifelike portraits were not their own sufficient evidence. All people seem to be commonplace to the commonplace observer. Genius reveals the difference; it does not invent it. In one sense, doubtless, the people were commonplace

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

enough, and in that fact lay part of their offensiveness. Many of the upper classes, one may guess, were hard, crabbed men of business, with even less than the average of English toleration for sentiment or æsthetic fancies; and their inferiors were sturdy workmen, capable of taking a pride in their own brutality, which would have shocked gentler races. But the precise degree in which these characteristics were manifested must be left to the decision of local observers. We cannot affect to know accurately in what proportion the charge of originality is to be shared between the Brontës and their neighbors; how far the surroundings were unusually harsh and the surrounded abnormally tender. In any case, one may assume that Miss Brontë and her sisters were at once even morbidly sensitive and exposed to the contact of persons emphatically intolerant of morbid sentiment. Their ordinary relation to the outside world seems to be indicated by one peculiarity of Miss Brontë's writing. When young Mark Yorke sees that Moore has been flattered by hearing a lady describe him as "not sentimental," that offensive lad gets down a dictionary and endeavors to dash Moore's pleasure by proving that "not sentimental" must mean destitute of ideas. The trait is very probably from life, and is at any rate lifelike. There are many amiable people who take a keen pleasure in dashing cold water upon any little manifestation of self-complacency in their neighbors. To find out a man's tenderest corn, and then to bring your heel down upon it with a good rasping scrunch, is somehow gratifying to corrupt human nature. A kindly wit contrives to convey a compliment in affected satire. But the whole aim of a humorist of this variety is to convey the most mortifying truths in the most brutal plain-speaking. Now speeches modelled upon this plan are curiously frequent in Miss Brontë's conversations. Hunsden, the first sketch of the Yorke family in "The Professor," composes his whole talk of a string of brutal home-truths. The worse characters, like Miss Fanshawe in "Villette," thoroughly enjoy telling a friendless governess that she is poor, plain, and sickly. And even her favorites, Rochester and Shirley and Paul Emanuel, have just a leaning to the same trick of speech, though with them it is an occasional bitter to heighten the flavor of their substantial kindness. Miss Brontë has as little sense of humor as Milton or Wordsworth; but her nearest approach to it is in some of those shrewd, bitter sayings which are rather more of a jibe than a compliment. When one remembers that the originals of the Yorkes were amongst her most cherished and cultivated friends, and that they are admittedly painted to the life, one may fancy that she had received a good many of those left-handed compliments which seem to have done duty for pleasant jests in the district.

The soliloquies in which her heroines indulge proceed upon the same plan. Jane Eyre sits in judgment upon herself and listens to the evidence of Memory and Reason, accusing her of rejecting the real and "rabidly devouring the ideal." And she decides in accordance with her witnesses. "Listen, Jane Eyre, to your sentence; to-morrow place the glass before you and draw in chalk your own picture, faithfully, without softening one defect; omit no harsh line; smooth away no displeasing irregularity: write under it, 'Portrait of a governess, disconnected, poor, and plain!'"

Similar passages occur in "Shirley" and "Villette," and obviously represent a familiar mood. The original of this portrait was frequently engaged, it would seem, in forcing herself to hear such unpalatable truths. When other people snubbed her, after the fashion of the Yorkes, she might be vexed by their harshness, but her own thoughts echoed their opinion. Lucy Snowe is rather gratified than otherwise when Miss Fanshawe treats her to one of those pleasing fits of frank thinking aloud. She pardons the want of feeling for the sake of the honesty.

Sensitive natures brought into contact with those of coarser grain may relieve themselves in various ways. Some might have been driven into revolt against the proprieties which found so harsh an expression. Poor Branwell Brontë took the unluckily commonplace path of escape from a too frigid code of external morality which leads to the public-house. His sisters followed the more characteristically feminine method. They learnt to be proud of the fetters by which they were bound. Instead of fretting against the stern law of repression, they identified it with the eternal code of duty, and rejoiced in trampling on their own weakness. The current thus restrained ran all the more powerfully in its narrow channel. What might have been bright and genial sentiment was transformed and chastened into a kind of austere enthusiasm. They became recluses in spirit, sternly enforcing a self-imposed rule, though, in

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

their case, the convent walls were invisible and the objects of their devotion not those which dominate the ascetic imagination.

Theorists who trace the inheritance of rare characteristics might be interested in the curious development thus effected. The father of the family was an Irishman, and the mother a Cornish woman; the aunt, who succeeded her in the management of the household, had a persistent dislike for the character of her northern neighbors; even Charlotte herself, we are told, spake in her childhood with a strong Irish accent. And yet, as we find her saying in reference to the troubles of 1848, she has "no sympathy" with French or Irish. She had been spiritually annexed by the people with whom she lived. She was obtrusively and emphatically a Yorkshire woman, though only by adoption; she is never tired of proclaiming or implying her hearty preference of rough Yorkshire people to cockneys, sentimentalists, and that large part of the human race which we describe contemptuously as "foreigners." She is a typical example of the "patriotism of the steeple." She loved with her whole heart the narrowest insular type. She idolized the Duke of Wellington, with his grand contempt for humbug and ideas, terms synonymous — perhaps rightly synonymous — with many people. When she came in contact with fine foreigners and Papists, it only increased her hearty contempt for forms of character and religion, which one might have fancied *à priori* would have had many attractions for her. If at times she felt the æsthetic charm of parts of the Catholic system, she was but the more convinced that it was a poison, dangerous in proportion to its sweetness. The habit of trampling on some of her own impulses had become a religion for her. She had learnt to make a shield of reserve and self-repression, and could not be tempted to lay it aside when gentle persuasion took the place of rougher intimidation. Much is said by her biographers of the heroic force of will of her sister Emily, who presents the same type in an intensified form. Undoubtedly both sisters had powerful wills; but their natures had not less been moulded, and their characters, so to speak, turned inward by the early influence of surrounding circumstances. The force was not of that kind which resists the pressure from without, but of the kind which accepts and intensifies it, and makes a rigid inward law for itself of the law embodied in external conditions.

The sisters, indeed, differed widely, though with a strong resemblance. The iron had not entered so deeply into Charlotte's nature. Emily's naturally subjective mode of thought — to use the unpleasant technical phrase — found its most appropriate utterance in lyrical poetry. She represents, that is, the mood of pure passion, and is rather encumbered than otherwise by the necessity of using the more indirect method of concrete symbols. She feels, rather than observes; whereas Charlotte feels in observing. Charlotte had not that strange self-concentration which made the external world unreal to her sister. Her powers of observation, though restricted by circumstances and narrowed by limitations of her intellect, showed amazing penetration within her proper province. The greatest of all her triumphs in this direction is the character of Paul Emanuel, which has tasked Mr. Swinburne's powers of expressing admiration, and which one feels to be, in its way, inimitable. A more charming hero was never drawn, or one whose reality is more vivid and unmistakable. We know him as we know a familiar friend, or rather as we should know a friend whose character had been explained for us by a common acquaintance of unusual acuteness and opportunity of observation. Perhaps we might venture to add, that it is hardly explicable, except as a portrait drawn by a skilful hand guided by love, and by love intensified by the consciousness of some impassable barrier.

Mr. Swinburne compares this masterpiece of Miss Brontë's art with the famous heroes of fiction, Don Quixote, Uncle Toby, and Colonel Newcome. Don Quixote admittedly stands apart as one of the greatest creations of poetic imagination. Of Colonel Newcome I will not speak; but the comparison with Uncle Toby is enough to suggest what is the great secret both of Miss Brontë's success and its limitations. In one sense Paul Emanuel is superior even to such characters as these. He is more real: he is so real that we feel at once that he must have been drawn from a living model, though we may leave some indefinable margin of idealization. If the merit of fiction were simply its approach to producing illusion, we might infer that Paul Emanuel was one of the first characters in the world of fiction. But such a test implies an erroneous theory of art; and, in fact, the intense individuality of Paul Emanuel is, in a different sense, the most serious objection to him. He is a real human being who gave

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

lectures at a particular date in a *pension* at Brussels. We are as much convinced of that fact as we are of the reality of Miss Brontë herself; but the fact is also a presumption that he is not one of those great typical characters, the creation of which is the highest triumph of the dramatist or novelist. There is too much of the temporary and accidental — too little of the permanent and essential.

We all know and love Uncle Toby, but we feel quite sure that no such man ever existed except in Sterne's brain. There may have been some real being who vaguely suggested him; but he is, we assume, the creation of Sterne, and the projection into concrete form of certain ideas which had affected Sterne's imagination. He is not, indeed, nor is any fictitious character, a creation out of nothing. Partly, no doubt, he is Sterne himself, or Sterne in a particular mood; but Uncle Toby's soul, that which makes him live and excite our sympathy and love, is something which might be expressed by the philosopher as a theory, and which has been expressed in an outward symbol by an artist of extraordinary skill. Don Quixote is of perennial interest, because he is the most powerful type ever set forth of the contrast between the ideal and the commonplace, and his figure comes before us whenever we are forced to meditate upon some of the most vital and most melancholy truths about human life. Uncle Toby, in a far less degree, is a great creation, because he is the embodiment of one answer to a profound and enduring problem. He represents, it has been said, the wisdom of love, as Mr. Shandy exemplifies the love of wisdom. More precisely he is an incarnation of the sentimentalism of the eighteenth century. It is a phenomenon which has its bad and its good side, and which may be analyzed and explained by historians of the time. Sterne, in describing Uncle Toby, gave a concrete symbol for one of the most important currents of thought of the time, which took religious, moral, and political, as well as artistic, shapes. In many ways the sentiment has lost much of its interest for us; but, though an utterance of an imperfect doctrine, we may infer that Uncle Toby's soul will transmigrate into new shapes, and perhaps develop into higher forms.

When we measure M. Paul Emanuel by this test, we feel instinctively that there is something wanting. The most obvious contrast is that M. Emanuel is no humorist himself, nor even a product of humor. The imperfections, the lovable absurdities, of Uncle Toby are imbedded in the structure of character. His whims and oddities always leave us in the appropriate mood of blended smiles and tears. Many people, especially "earnest" young ladies, will prefer M. Paul Emanuel, who, like his creator, is always in deadly earnest. At bottom he is always (like all ladies' heroes) a true woman, simple, pure, heroic, and loving — a real Joan of Arc, as Mr. Thackeray said of his creator, in the beard and blouse of a French professor. He attaches extravagant importance to trifles, indeed, for his irascible and impetuous temperament is always converting him into an Æolus of the duck-pond. So far there is, we may admit, a kind of pseudo-humorous element in his composition; but the humor, such as it is, lies entirely on the surface. He is perfectly sane and sensible, though a trifle choleric. Give him a larger sphere of action, and his impetuosity will be imposing instead of absurd. It is the mere accident of situation which gives, even for a moment, a ludicrous tinge to his proceedings.

Uncle Toby, on the contrary, would be even more of a humorist as a general on the battle-field than in his mimic sieges on the bowling-green. The humor is in his very marrow, not in his surroundings; and the reason is that Sterne feels what every genuine humorist feels, and what, indeed, it is his main function to express — a strong sense of the irony of fate, of the queer mixture of good and bad, of the heroic and the ludicrous, of this world of ours, and of what we may call the perversity of things in general. Whether such a treatment is altogether right and healthy is another question; and most certainly Sterne's view of life is in many respects not only unworthy, but positively base. But it remains true that the deep humorist is finding a voice for one of the most pervading and profound of the sentiments raised in a philosophical observer who is struck by the discords of the universe. Sensitiveness to such discords is one of the marks of a truly reflective intellect, though a humorist suggests one mode of escape from the pain which they cause, whilst a philosophic and religious mind may find another and perhaps a more profound solution.

Now M. Paul Emanuel, admirable and amiable as he is, never carries us into the higher regions of thought. We are told, even ostentatiously, of the narrow prejudices which he shares, though they do not make him harsh and uncharitable. The prejudices were obvious in this case to the

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

creator, because her own happened to be of a different kind. The "Tory and clergyman's daughter" was rather puzzled by finding that a bigoted Papist with a Jesuit education might still be a good man, and points out conscientiously the defects which she ascribes to his early training. But the mere fact of the narrowness, the want of familiarity with a wider sphere of thought, the acceptance of a narrow code of belief and morality, does not strike her as in itself having either a comic or a melancholy side. M. Paul has the wrong set of prejudices, but is not as wrong as prejudiced; and therefore we feel that a Sterne, or, say, a George Sand, whilst doing equal justice to M. Emanuel's excellent qualities, would have had a feeling (which in her was altogether wanting) of his limitation and his incongruity with the great system of the world. Seen from an intellectual point of view, placed in his due relation to the great currents of thought and feeling of the time, we should have been made to feel the pathetic and humorous aspects of M. Emanuel's character, and he might have been equally a living individual and yet a type of some more general idea. The philosopher might ask, for example, what is the exact value of unselfish heroism guided by narrow theories or employed on unworthy tasks; and the philosophic humorist or artist might embody the answer in a portrait of M. Emanuel considered from a cosmic or a cosmopolitan point of view. From the lower standpoint accessible to Miss Brontë he is still most attractive; but we see only his relations to the little scholastic circle, and have no such perception as the greatest writers would give us of his relations to the universe, or, as the next order would give, of his relations to the great world without.

Although the secret of Miss Brontë's power lies, to a great extent, in the singular force with which she can reproduce acute observations of character from without, her most esoteric teaching, the most accurate reflex from her familiar idiosyncrasy, is of course to be found in the characters painted from within. We may infer her personality more or less accurately from the mode in which she contemplates her neighbors, but it is directly manifested in various avatars of her own spirit. Among the characters who are more or less mouthpieces of her peculiar sentiment we may reckon not only Lucy Snowe and Jane Eyre, but, to some extent, Shirley, and, even more decidedly, Rochester. When they speak we are really listening to her own voice, though it is more or less disguised in conformity to dramatic necessity. There are great differences between them; but they are such differences as would exist between members of the same family, or might be explained by change of health or internal circumstances. Jane Eyre has not had such bitter experience as Lucy Snowe; Shirley is generally Jane Eyre in high spirits, and freed from harassing anxiety; and Rochester is really a spirited sister of Shirley's, though he does his very best to be a man, and even an unusually masculine specimen of his sex.

Mr. Rochester, indeed, has imposed upon a good many people; and he is probably responsible in part for some of the muscular heroes who have appeared since his time in the world of fiction. I must, however, admit that, in spite of some opposing authority, he does not appear to me to be a real character at all, except as a reflection of a certain side of his creator. He is in reality the personification of a true woman's longing (may one say it now?) for a strong master. But the knowledge is wanting. He is a very bold but necessarily unsuccessful attempt at an impossibility. The parson's daughter did not really know anything about the class of which he is supposed to be a type, and he remains vague and inconsistent in spite of all his vigor. He is intended to be a person who has surfeited from the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and addresses the inexperienced governess from the height — or depth — of his worldly wisdom. And he really knows just as little of the world as she does. He has to impose upon her by giving an account of his adventures taken from the first novel at hand of the early Bulwer school, or a diluted recollection of Byron. There is not a trace of real cynicism — of the strong nature turned sour by experience — in his whole conversation. He is supposed to be specially simple and masculine, and yet he is as self-conscious as a young lady on her first appearance in society, and can do nothing but discourse about his feelings, and his looks, and his phrenological symptoms, to his admiring hearer. Set him beside any man's character of a man, and one feels at once that he has no real solidity or vitality in him. He has, of course, strong nerves and muscles, but they are articles which can be supplied in unlimited quantities with little expense to the imagination. Nor can one deny that his conduct to Miss Eyre is abominable. If he had proposed to her to ignore the existence of the mad Mrs. Rochester, he would have acted like a

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

rake, but not like a sneak. But the attempt to entrap Jane into a bigamous connection by concealing the wife's existence, is a piece of treachery for which it is hard to forgive him. When he challenges the lawyer and the clergyman to condemn him after putting themselves in his place, their answer is surely obvious. One may take a lenient view of a man who chooses by his own will to annul his marriage with a filthy lunatic; but he was a knave for trying to entrap a defenseless girl by a mock ceremony. He puts himself in a position in which the contemptible Mr. Mason has a moral advantage.

This is by far the worst blot in Miss Brontë's work, and may partly explain, though it cannot justify, the harsh criticisms made at the time. It is easy now to win a cheap reputation for generosity by trampling upon the dead bodies of the luckless critics who blundered so hopelessly. The time for anger is past; and mere oblivion is the fittest doom for such offenders. Inexperience, and consequently inadequate appreciation of the demands of the situation, was Miss Brontë's chief fault in this matter, and most certainly not any want of true purity and moral elevation. But the fact that she, in whom an instinctive nobility of spirit is, perhaps, the most marked characteristic, should have given scandal to the respectable, is suggestive of another inference. What, in fact, is the true significance of this singular strain of thought and feeling, which puts on various and yet closely allied forms in the three remarkable novels we have been considering? It displays itself at one moment in some vivid description, or — for "description" seems too faint a word — some forcible presentation to our mind's eye of a fragment of moorland scenery; at another it appears as an ardently sympathetic portrayal of some trait of character at once vigorous and tender; then it utters itself in a passionate soliloquy, which establishes the fact that its author possessed the proverbial claim to knowledge of the heavenly powers; or again, it produces one of those singular little prose-poems — such as Shirley's description of Eve — which, with all their force, have just enough flavor of the *devoirs* at M. Heger's establishment to suggest that they are the work of an inspired schoolgirl. To gather up into a single formula the meaning of such a character as Lucy Snowe, or in other words of Charlotte Brontë, is, of course, impossible. But at least such utterances always give us the impression of a fiery soul imprisoned in too narrow and too frail a tenement. The fire is pure and intense. It is kindled in a nature intensely emotional, and yet aided by a heroic sense of duty. The imprisonment is not merely that of a feeble body in uncongenial regions, but that of a narrow circle of thought, and consequently of a mind which has never worked itself clear by reflection, or developed a harmónious and consistent view of life. There is a certain feverish disquiet which is marked by the peculiar manner of the style. At its best, we have admirable flashes of vivid expression, where the material of language is the incarnation of keen intuitive thought. At its worst, it is strangely contorted, crowded by rather awkward personifications, and degenerates towards a rather unpleasant Ossianesque. More severity of taste would increase the power by restraining the abuse. We feel an aspiration after more than can be accomplished, an unsatisfied yearning for potent excitement, which is sometimes more fretful than forcible.

The symptoms are significant of the pervading flaw in otherwise most effective workmanship. They imply what, in a scientific sense, would be an inconsistent theory, and, in an æsthetic sense, an inharmonious representation of life. One great aim of the writing, explained in the preface to the second edition of "Jane Eyre," is a protest against conventionality. But the protest is combined with a most unflinching adherence to the proper conventions of society; and we are left in great doubt as to where the line ought to be drawn. Where does the unlawful pressure of society upon the individual begin, and what are the demands which it may rightfully make upon our respect? At one moment in "Jane Eyre" we seem to be drifting towards the solution that strong passion is the one really good thing in the world, and that all human conventions which oppose it should be disregarded. This was the tendency which shocked the respectable reviewers of the time. Of course they should have seen that the strongest sympathy of the author goes with the heroic self-conquest of the heroine under temptation. She triumphs at the cost of a determined self-sacrifice, and undoubtedly we are meant to sympathize with the martyr. Yet it is also true that we are left with the sense of an unsolved discord. Sheer stoical regard for duty is represented as something repulsive, however imposing, in the figure of St. John Rivers, and virtue is rewarded by the arbitrary removal of the obstacles

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

which made it unpleasant. What would Jane Eyre have done, and what would our sympathies have been, had she found that Mrs. Rochester had not been burnt in the fire at Thornfield? That is rather an awkward question. Duty is supreme, seems to be the moral of the story; but duty sometimes involves a strain almost too hard for mortal faculties.

If in the conflict between duty and passion the good so often borders upon the impracticable, the greatest blessing in the world should be a will powerful enough to be an inflexible law for itself under all pressure of circumstances. Even a will directed to evil purposes has a kind of royal prerogative, and we may rightly do it homage. That seems to be the seminal thought in "Wuthering Heights," that strange book to which we can hardly find a parallel in our literature, unless in such works as "The Revenger's Tragedy," and some other crude but startling productions of the Elizabethan dramatists. But Emily Brontë's feeble grasp of external facts makes her book a kind of baseless nightmare, which we read with wonder and with distressing curiosity, but with far more pain than pleasure or profit. Charlotte's mode of conceiving the problem is given most fully in "Villette," the book of which one can hardly say, with a recent critic, that it represents her "ripest wisdom," but which seems to give her best solution of the great problem of life. Wisdom, in fact, is not the word to apply to a state of mind which seems to be radically inconsistent and tentative. The spontaneous and intense affection of kindred and noble natures is the one really precious thing in life, it seems to say, and, so far, the thought is true or a partial aspect of the truth, and the high feeling undeniable. But then, the author seems to add, such happiness is all but chimerical. It falls to the lot only of a few exceptional people, upon whom fortune or providence has delighted to shower its gifts. To all others life is either a wretched grovelling business, an affair of making money and gratifying sensuality, or else it is a prolonged martyrdom. Yield to your feelings, and the chances are enormously great that you are trampled upon by the selfish, or that you come into collision with some of those conventions which must be venerated, for they are the only barriers against moral degradation, and which yet somehow seem to make in favor of the cruel and the self-seeking. The only safe plan is that of the lady in the ballad, to "lock your heart in a case of gold, and pin it with a silver pin." Mortify your affections, scourge yourself with rods, and sit in sackcloth and ashes; stamp vigorously upon the cruel thorns that strew your pathway, and learn not to shrink when they lacerate the most tender flesh. Be an ascetic, in brief, and yet without the true aim of the ascetic. For, unlike him, you must admit that these affections are precisely the best part of you, and that the offers of the Church, which proposes to wean you from the world, and reward you by a loftier prize, are a delusion and a snare. They are the lessons of a designing priesthood, and imply a blasphemy against the most divine instincts of human nature.

This is the unhappy discord which runs through Miss Brontë's conceptions of life, and, whilst it gives an indescribable pathos to many pages, leaves us with a sense of something morbid and unsatisfactory. She seems to be turning for relief alternately to different teachers, to the promptings of her own heart, to the precepts of those whom she has been taught to revere, and occasionally, though timidly and tentatively, to alien schools of thought. The attitude of mind is, indeed, best indicated by the story (a true story, like most of her incidents) of her visit to the confessional in Brussels. Had she been a Catholic, or a positivist, or a rebel against all the creeds, she might have reached some consistency of doctrine, and therefore some harmony of design. As it is, she seems to be under a desire which makes her restless and unhappy, because her best impulses are continually warring against each other. She is between the opposite poles of duty and happiness, and cannot see how to reconcile their claims, or even — for perhaps no one can solve that, or any other great problem exhaustively — how distinctly to state the question at issue. She pursues one path energetically, till she feels herself to be in danger, and then shrinks with a kind of instinctive dread, and resolves not only that life is a mystery, but that happiness must be sought by courting misery. Undoubtedly such a position speaks of a mind diseased, and a more powerful intellect would even under her conditions have worked out some more comprehensible and harmonious solution.

For us, however, it is allowable to interpret her complaints in our own fashion, whatever it may be. We may give our own answer to the dark problem, or at least indicate the path by which an answer must be reached. For a poor soul so grievously beset within and without by troubles in which we all have a share, we can but

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

feel the strongest sympathy. We cannot sit at her feet as a great teacher, nor admit that her view of life is satisfactory or even intelligible. But we feel for her as for a fellow-sufferer who has at least felt with extraordinary keenness the sorrows and disappointments which torture most cruelly the most noble virtues, and has clung throughout her troubles to beliefs which must in some form or other be the guiding lights of all worthy actions. She is not in the highest rank amongst those who have fought their way to a clearer atmosphere, and can help us to clearer conceptions; but she is amongst the first of those who have felt the necessity of consolation, and therefore stimulated to more successful efforts.

From Good Words.

DORIS BARUGH.

A YORKSHIRE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

CHAPTER XLI.

PLOTTING.

Doris despatched her letter, and then she sat in troubled thought.

It had been a severe wrench to yield her hopes about George, but she felt that they were groundless; and as she must give them up, she did it at once, without looking back or spending more time in regret.

This was not the cause of her trouble.

She was thinking of her child, and how baneful Faith's influence would be as little Phil's rapid development progressed. Would it not be safest and wisest at once to send the housekeeper away? and yet Doris shrank from proposing this to her husband. She believed that he would agree to her wish, but still she shrank from making the request. Mr. Burneston had told her more than once that she disliked Faith because the housekeeper petted Ralph.

"If he would only go away and never come back again!" burst from her impetuously. "He blights my life; he makes me unhappy, for he makes me wicked; he makes me feel hard to myself. Till he came home I was as happy as I could wish, except"—she paused, as a vision of her mother, and a shrinking from her mother's hints that she would like to see Burneston Hall, rose in her mind—"except for one or two things, and now I always feel wrong and vexed. I am hurt if Philip even speaks about Ralph, and no wonder. I have never told of his conduct to Rose; if his father knew all, he would not be so lenient to him. I only dislike him because he is bad and contemptible. No, I am not hard on him." She had begun to walk up and down as she argued with herself, and she stopped short now as if she were answering a suggestion. "If he were good—good as my Phil will be, I think I should like him; if he were good he would like me—and—and——" She resumed her rapid walk. "It is useless to struggle," she said. "I've struggled till I am tired. I hate Ralph! He always makes me feel that I am low-born. I lose my self-possession. I seem not to believe in myself when he is present. I never disliked any one before, unless it was Rose Duncombe. I am determined he shall not make Rica fond of him. She is very impulsive still, and he might set her against me. I cannot give up Rica's friendship; it is more necessary to me than I thought it was. I can tell her things which I could not talk of to Philip; besides, I want to tell her of my doubts about Ralph."

She went to the window and looked out. Ralph and Rica were walking up and down the terrace. She was talking eagerly, and his eyes were fixed admiringly on her flushed, enthusiastic face.

A spasm of sudden jealousy brought the blood springing to Doris's cheeks. She leaned forward, and as she leaned she saw that she was not the only gazer. Faith Emmett was also looking from Ralph's window at the young pair as they moved slowly along beside the grey flower and fern wreathed wall that bordered the river. Faith was smiling in most unusual fashion, and Doris felt yet more irritated.

"That woman *shall* go if she thwarts me at every turn," she said haughtily. "I suppose she thinks Rica is an amusement brought here to occupy Ralph as long as he chooses—but how foolish I am! Her opinion is of no consequence."

Just then, as if she read her friend's thoughts, Rica looked up, and Doris beckoned with unwonted eagerness.

"There's something the matter, I think," said Rica; "I must go to Mrs. Burneston."

"Never mind Mrs. Burneston; she can wait, she can have you any time, and I want you now." Ralph spoke imperiously, and Rica laughed.

"You are nobodv beside Doris," she

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

said smilingly, and nodding up at her friend's window, she ran indoors.

At the foot of the stairs she met Mr. Burneston.

"Are you going to Doris?" he said; "then will you tell her that I expect my cousin, Mr. Raine, this evening? I asked him some days ago, and as there's no answer, he's sure to come." He looked at her carelessly, but it seemed to Rica that he wanted to see the effect of his words, and she tried so hard to keep an unmoved face that Mr. Burneston thought she was vexed.

"Dear me!" he thought, as he went on to the library; "I fancied we should be more cheerful with Raine here, but it seems I am mistaken. Rica looked quite disconcerted at the idea. I'd better ask Doris why she dislikes him — dear me, what strange creatures women are!" and the soft-hearted squire sat down to finish his newspaper with a disappointed face.

Meantime Ralph had gone to his room, and had found Faith there. He sat down without speaking.

"She's a nice young lady, is Miss Masham, Maister Ralph. She's a real lady." She looked at him keenly between her half-closed lids.

"Yes, old woman, but never mind ladies now. Is there a good dinner? I shall have to give Mrs. Hazelgrave a few lessons in cooking if she sends up such a fricandeau as she did yesterday; it was so tough I could hardly set my teeth in it, and I actually could taste the onions. She really must be less coarse in her notions of flavoring. She wants to go to France for a few months."

"Ah, well, I'll tell her what you say, my dear. Do you know Mr. and Mrs. Boothroyd an' Mr. Raine's coming to-night? then mebbe we'll give you something else to think about besides cooking. He's got an eye in his head, tho' he is so crammed wi' nossions."

"To-night is it? I did not know he was coming; I can amuse myself without him, you old goose."

Faith looked mysterious. She went over to the drawers which she had been putting neat, but presently she closed them and turned round.

"Mebbe two is better than three, Maister Ralph; an' Master Raine's ower maisterful, yu kens."

Ralph stared. "I don't know what you mean, you dear old stupid," he said. "You know I hate hints, Faith; but Gilbert has too much sense to interfere with me. I should like to see any one master me in my own house."

He had been lighting a cigar while he spoke, and he seated himself with his back to the housekeeper, and began to smoke in silence.

Faith stood gazing — at first vacantly, with her unpleasant smile; then, as her yellow eyes rested on her darling's curly head, her straight lip softened, and her eyes grew dark and sweet.

"He's nowt to fear," she said to herself. "Miss Masham 'll not look twice at an awd stick like Mr. Raine wiv that bonny face beside her. Nae, nae, if my lad hes fair play it's all reet; but it's t' missis I'm freeten'd on. She'll do any mortal thing to spite Ralph and tak t' lass frev him. She didn't guess I saw her at yon window froonin' as she looked at t' two on 'em — just as I was gladdenin' my eyes by t' sight o' sich a bonny pair; an' then to call her away when t' poor lass, mebbe, nivver had t' chance afore o' speakin' to such a fine gentleman as my lad. She's nut a match for t' likes o' him, is Miss Masham, but she'll serve to pass time, an' she shannot be taken frev him."

She went out of the room with her usual catlike tread, her eyes and cheeks glowing with the new interest brought into her daily life. Faith Emmett had missed her vocation, she should have been an actress or a police agent, and not having legitimate scope for her talent for intrigue, she was always ready to snatch at and exaggerate every incident of domestic life which could be twisted out of a direct course. It is strange how sensitive such natures are to atmosphere. Doris had only been reawakened to a dread of Faith's mischief-making power by her child's appeal, but Faith knew intuitively that Doris disliked her, and she had decided that the young stepmother would hate Ralph long before his first return from school, and her constant depreciation and innuendoes had strengthened and kept alive the strong prejudice the lad had formed against his father's wife; but for this it is possible that the easy temperament inherited from his father (and before he went to France Ralph's chief characteristic was this easiness) would have softened this dislike and left him open to her influence.

Doris's jealous dislike to the lad had been fostered by Ralph's coldness, and the barrier it raised against all her attempts at cordiality. To Doris government was a necessity. Spite of her father's strong will she had always had power to sway

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

him; her husband yielded implicitly to her judgment; perhaps the secret of her childish disputes with George was that his will had been as strong as her own, and that he would only yield to a principle which he did not find in his sister. She was large-minded enough to tolerate his resistance, but although she never analyzed her dislike to Ralph, she felt keenly the mortification inflicted by his resistance to her influence, for on this last visit he never lost an opportunity of contradicting her.

"Why on earth," he said to himself as he sat smoking — a practice forbidden in any part of the house but the billiard-room, but connived at by the housekeeper — "why should Gilbert come just now? He's well enough when there's no one else, but he has taken to lecturing lately. I expect Mrs. Burneston's had a hand in this; I owe her one, already, on another score. By Jove, she'd better let me alone in future!"

CHAPTER XLI.

"FIRST IMPRESSIONS."

Doris never showed to so much advantage as when she was receiving her guests. Her natural calm self-possession so helped the sweetness and grace which education had developed that at such times her manner was enchanting. She had long ago conquered her old enemy Mrs. Boothroyd, who was now her slave. Perfection in a woman, according to Mrs. Boothroyd, lay in the possession of some charming accomplishments — playing and singing, for instance, like Mrs. Burneston — and also in the strict observance of all the duties inculcated by society. During Doris's first visit to London, Mrs. Boothroyd had watched her behavior narrowly, and had been so satisfied by the result that on the return of the squire and his wife to Yorkshire she had received her young neighbor with much increased cordiality, and when little Phil was born her attentions had become devoted.

She was a valuable friend to Doris, for being one of those women who announce opinion and insist on its adoption by others, utterly regardless whether offence is given or taken, Mrs. Boothroyd had far more influence in her part of the county than she really merited; so apt are people to be allowed the position they claim boldly for themselves. With all her assumption and hardness she had a love of the beautiful, and she had an affectionate nature; and after a while she craved for the love of this beautiful bit of porcelain, as she called Mrs. Burneston, and came often to see her. Perhaps if Doris had met her advances with any show of warmth there might have been an end of the friendship, but the complete absence of "gush" in the girl's nature increased Mrs. Boothroyd's attempts to overcome her coldness; and these seemed to Doris only a part of the almost universal homage that she had met with in her school life, and also since her marriage.

She had grown to consider Mrs. Boothroyd a sort of motherly friend, to whom she could talk about little Phil and also household plans; and she was really glad to see her this evening.

"Ah, Mrs. Burneston" — Mr. Boothroyd puffed out his words as pompously as ever — "you look as blooming as a rose." The good gentleman's similes were always of the simplest nature.

Doris smiled. "Am I blooming?" she said. "I fancy I am too colorless to deserve the name."

"Yes, indeed, Melville," — his wife had long withdrawn her prohibition against compliments paid to the mistress of Burneston, — "blooming is not refined enough for Mrs. Burneston. Blooming means a rosy color, a dairymaid beauty, a —— "

"I beg your pardon, my dear, but youth and good health will sometimes give a high color, even to young ladies. You can't help it, you know, and what suits one doesn't suit another."

Rica's rosy cheeks were deep red by this time. "I suppose not. I've always been rosy," she said with a sigh which set Gilbert Raine and Mr. Burneston off laughing.

Just then they paired off to go to dinner. Doris forced a smile as she spoke to Ralph. "I am very sorry," she said, "that there is no one for you, but I did not know till too late that your cousin was coming to-day." Then she looked at Raine as he gave his arm to Rica.

Ralph looked savage, but he managed nevertheless to get next Rica at dinner, and to keep her from talking much to Raine.

Rica could not tell how it was. In the morning she had certainly thought Ralph flippant, but still very amusing; now he seemed to her pert and sarcastic. She wondered at Mr. Raine's patience with him, for more than once Ralph spoke rudely to his cousin. "However," she thought as she looked at Raine's intellectual face, eager with interest, now as he combated an argument of Mr. Boothroyd's, now as he uttered one of his dry, quaint

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

sayings, "I do not suppose he notices; he has no heart or much interest for anything but those horrible old blocks of stone. I believe he is half a stone himself." She turned her thoughts resolutely away from her unconscious *vis-à-vis*, and began to talk to Ralph with more vivacity than she had shown since the beginning of dinner.

At last these two laughed so heartily over one of Rica's stories that Mrs. Boothroyd turned round with a lofty rebuke on her face. Rica met the look, and although she braved it she felt very sick at heart, lest Doris should also disapprove. She had observed the coldness between her friend and Ralph, but her hopeful nature attached little importance to this. "It will all come right in time," she thought, but for all that she wished to avoid any collision on the subject of Ralph. She loved Doris, and thought her almost perfect, but she knew that if she found her friend hard on Ralph she should certainly take his part against his stepmother. She lowered her voice as she went on talking.

Raine was puzzled and vexed. He had not met Miss Masham for three years, and their intimacy had been ended abruptly by his sudden journey to Eton. In the interval Gilbert had learned that it was possible to think again about a woman, all the while despising himself for wasting his thoughts on such an unworthy object. When the squire's letter of invitation reached him he had caught himself wondering whether he should meet Rica at Burneston again, and when he found her sitting with Doris on his first arrival something very like delight came to him, a sensation of keener, warmer pleasure than any he had felt since his first romance ended.

But Rica's manner wounded Mr. Raine. She seemed flurried and excited, vexed, he thought, to have her *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Burneston disturbed; and now, as he sat opposite her and caught glimpses of her bright face full of laughing enjoyment, he felt sure that he had been wrong, and that Miss Masham had no more heart or ballast than any ordinary woman.

And yet as she rose from table and followed Mrs. Boothroyd from the room, his eyes instantly followed the young girl with admiration. She had none of the statuesque grace of Mrs. Burneston; her movements, and words too, were sometimes abrupt; but there was a freshness and simplicity in Rica, an almost startling vivacity, that suited Raine's taste better than the finish and repose of her friend. She laughed saucily as she went out, and Raine followed the direction of her eyes to Ralph across the table. It seemed to him that these two young creatures exchanged a look of mischievous intelligence.

He frowned, not at them but at his own folly.

"I wonder," he thought, "at what period of their lives men become safe — impervious to woman's will. I fancied it impossible I would ever risk being again deceived. That sudden summons to Eton came just in time, and yet if I had seen more of her then, I should no doubt have discovered imperfections. I should have found out her real self. This Rica Masham I have been dreaming about, when I have thought of such folly at all" — a flush of annoyance rose on his cheek — "was a creature of my own making, quite unlike the true woman."

"Come, Ralph," he said, as the two squires drew close together and began to talk agricultural matters, "shall we take a turn by the river? it's long since you and I were together at Burneston."

Ralph hesitated; he had been surprised and annoyed to hear of his cousin's arrival; he thought he had been sent for to lecture him about Rose, "spoiling my game, too, with Rica — an old fossil!"

"Very well, but let's have a smoke afterwards," he said; "but I mean to go to the drawing-room now — that poor little girl will get bored to death with the dowagers."

For the first time in his life Gilbert Raine felt very angry with Ralph. He had always felt it a kind of duty to take the lad's part against his father, for he considered that even before his second marriage Philip Burneston had neglected his son, but this speech of Ralph's was so puppy-like that Gilbert felt as if he had suddenly awakened, and was taking a new reading of his *protégé*.

"Young coxcomb!" he said to himself as he walked rather stiffly into the drawing-room and left Ralph to close the door, "but perhaps I should say, deluded young fool! Very likely he thinks, poor boy, that Miss Masham really cares to talk to him."

It seemed as if Ralph held this opinion, for he walked straight up to the bow-window in which Rica was, and sat down beside her. Gilbert fumed inwardly against Mrs. Boothroyd, who had stopped him as he came in.

"You care for art, I believe, Mr. Raine, and I want you so much to come over and

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

see us. I can offer you quite a treat in Mr. Boothroyd's drawings; he copies things in pen and ink so beautifully you could not tell them from the originals — things from the *Penny Magazine*, you know, and other prints."

"I don't care for copies of things," said Gilbert almost savagely, "there's nothing original in it; it is a waste of time."

Mrs. Boothroyd stared. "Ah, but you never saw anything like Mr. Boothroyd's drawings; he does them line for line. He gives up his winter evenings entirely to it, never has time to read a book, or hardly a newspaper; it is such important, all-absorbing work."

Raine shrugged his shoulders. "My dear madam, I'm sorry I can't agree with you; nothing, I think, can be so important in the way of personal pursuit as reading, and it is especially necessary to us country residents — to all, in fact, who live in a small circle." He said this, much as if he had added, "My dear madam, consider yourself in the wrong."

Mrs. Boothroyd smiled loftily, but Doris looked so interested that for the moment Raine forgot Ralph and Rica.

"That may be for some people" — Mrs. Boothroyd gave Gilbert a compassionate glance. "But you see Mr. Boothroyd's mind is so large and comprehensive, and then he has such a store of past reading to go on, that I don't think he requires to read as some do; he did it all as a boy; no fiction or poetry or rubbish of that kind, you know, but solid stuff — Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall,' Alison's 'History of Europe,' and as to 'Lardner's Cyclopædia' — those puce-colored calico books, you know — I fancy he has them by heart. Mr. Boothroyd is very solid; no froth about him, I assure you."

Ralph had been annoyed to find that instead of listening to him, Rica's ears had been strained to follow this conversation; and now, as Doris sat silent, her eyes fixed on the opposite wall, Miss Masham broke in suddenly with glowing eyes and cheeks.

"My father says it's all nonsense not to read novels, and a great mistake. He says people often get ideas and hints and things — in good ones, I mean — not in the way of lectures or advice, but unconsciously given. Oh, will it bore you if I explain myself?" — she looked imploringly at Mrs. Boothroyd, while Raine wondered whether she was acting or whether her freshness was real. "He says people are so apt to go on wrapt up in themselves and their pursuits till they absorb their own sympathies, or rather neglect to cultivate their own powers of appreciation, and that often a character in a story will act like a fairy mirror, showing one the distortion one is aiming after, or else reminding one of the qualities one lacks by seeing those qualities in action — oh, I am so sorry, I've talked too much!" She flushed deeply as Ralph laughed. "You should have stopped me," she said to Doris.

Mrs. Boothroyd smiled benignly. "People's words carry them away, unless they think," she said; "but I like to hear young people's ideas; they're fresh, at any rate," she said in a condoning voice.

At which remark Doris stiffened her neck.

"Rica's words are worth listening to," she said, and Gilbert Raine smiled at her, and took the first opportunity he could find of snubbing Mrs. Boothroyd.

Doris went to the piano and sang; but she was not in good voice; there was something oppressive in Ralph's presence that told even on her singing. The two squires appeared, and her husband came up and spoke to her. Mr. Boothroyd began to talk to Ralph, and, to the young man's extreme annoyance, carried him off to the other end of the room, to question him minutely upon French shooting and French farming. Ralph looked over his shoulder as he followed his tormentor, and he saw Raine take the seat he had left beside Rica.

She looked up shyly as Gilbert placed himself beside her.

"I am ashamed of what I said just now," she said; "I did not mean to preach, but I am afraid it sounded like preaching."

"Of course it did," he said mischievously, "only you forgot to give out the text." Then seeing her disturbed face, "Yes, yes, it was all right," he said abruptly; "but I don't agree with you. I think a man who lives much to himself, or who at any rate moves round in a small circle, gets entirely deadened by self-complacency; he is far too thick-skinned to believe that anything he meets with in a book, especially so trifling a book as a novel, can benefit him; if you were even to describe him to the life, as he appears to you, he would not recognize your portrait."

"I don't agree with you," she said, her eyes growing dark with excitement. "I'm sure you're wrong. People are not so hard-hearted as you think them. It will

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

sound rude, but I sometimes wonder whether it is yourself that you judge from, for I suppose one gets into the way of judging other people by one's self."

Raine laughed.

"I hard-hearted! I am a perfect sucking dove. Indeed, Miss Masham, I thought you a better judge. I am so tender-hearted that I am constantly imposed on. What can make you think me hard-hearted?"

He laughed, but he looked uneasy and troubled.

"I don't know; you are cleverer than I am, Mr. Raine, and you ought to know better than I do what gives us our first impressions of people."

"But our 'first impressions' are so often wrong. How about 'second thoughts' being best?"

"A great many of those musty old proverbs are wrong. I believe in first everythings," said Rica decidedly. "First impressions, first love, first — first — well, the first sight of any beautiful thing; all these are quite different from any that come after. There is no rapture in second impressions or feelings." Then she looked up alarmed again at her own impulsiveness, but Raine's earnest listening, his dark face full of eager interest, reassured her; he sighed, but he did not speak. It seemed strange to Rica that she liked to sit beside him in silence.

"First love," he said presently in a dreamy voice; "ah, I don't know whether that is best. I sometimes think it is not."

"Well then, I do," said Rica; "there can be nothing so delightful. A man who disbelieves in first love must be a thorough sceptic."

Raine started, but he did not answer; looked sadly at Rica, and then his eyes wandered to the fireplace, where he knew Ralph was standing.

There was such a scowl on the lad's face that Raine looked surprised. He got up and went across to him.

"Shall I come to your room to-night for a smoke, old fellow," Gilbert said, "or will you come to mine?"

"I'm going to bed," Ralph muttered sullenly; "and if those cursed people don't take themselves off I shall go at once."

CHAPTER XLIII.

FRIENDSHIP NOT LOVE.

YOUNG people and impatient people are apt to confound rapidity with certain success. In some of their moods of mind half an hour's delay will suffice, such people think, to destroy the plans of a life; and so they force open the buds of promise and snatch at half-ripened fruit, metaphorically as well as actually. Ralph had watched Rica's face till he could no longer endure what seemed to him her preference for Raine. Certainly she had listened to his own talk at dinner, but then she had laughed and bandied words with him — "chaffed" as it would be called nowadays — but he had not succeeded in getting her to listen with the earnest, half-reverent look she fixed on Raine; nor had she, when talking to him, dropped her eyelids in that lovely pensive fashion till the long dark lashes rested on the glowing cheek.

He was very angry and scornful too. "What could his old dried-up cousin find to say to a lively girl that did not bore her?" He had watched Rica so eagerly, ready at the first sign of weariness to release her from Gilbert's prosing, as in his present mood he called his cousin's talk, and she had only looked more and more interested. He lay awake half the night, tossing and kicking about, and he wakened early next morning with that despondent view of all things with which we are apt to review matters in the grey dawn, and in which we sometimes persuade ourselves that everything will go crooked.

Ralph was much too disturbed to go to sleep again. He rose, and determined before the day was much older he would know the truth about Rica.

"If she prefers to me that crack-brained cousin of mine, a man who doesn't even know how to dress, I shall, of course, have nothing more to say to her. I was a fool to expect any discernment from a friend of Mrs. Burneston's — confound her!"

But as the sun rose higher and poured into his room, and the fresh morning air cooled his hot head, he saw things differently, especially before his looking-glass.

"I'm not at all a bad-looking fellow" — he smiled and showed his white, even teeth — "and beside that brown, shrivelled old Gilbert I'm an Adonis. He's got good eyes, and he's an inch or so taller than I am, but I fancy he has really no chance with a girl if I choose to go in for her. I know he's trying it on with little Rica. I never saw him look at a girl like that before."

He stopped and mused, staring at his own handsome face meanwhile.

"What a fool I am! Why don't I

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

leave them alone? What on earth do I want with her? What do I want to tie myself by the leg for? I like her — better, perhaps — yes, certainly better than any girl I ever saw. She amuses me awfully, and if Gilbert had kept away we should always have been excellent friends. It's a devil of a shame for him to cut in. But I'm not going to see her snapped up under my eyes. By Jove, I'll just spoil his manœuvres and make sure of my little girl."

He looked at his watch. Rica was not likely to appear for an hour, and Ralph's impatience grew as the minutes passed slowly away. He went down to the terrace to wait for her, and little Phil spied him from the window.

"Ralphie, Ralphie! I want you. Phil wants you welly-welly much."

Ralph waved his hand, and passed on whistling.

"Bother the brat!" he said. Then as he turned at the end of the terrace he caught a glimpse of the sweet little wistful face gazing down at him. "He's not a bad little chap, though," he said. "I wonder my precious stepmother produced anything so like a Burneston. I should have thought any child of hers must have been born red-haired and high-shouldered, like that terrible old Barugh. I suppose the fellow is not much older than my father, either. Confound Rica, why don't she come?"

Coming down to the terrace from the flower-garden was Slater, the gardener.

"Aye, Maister Ralph," he smiled genially at his young master, "bud yu begins t' day betahmes. Ah expec's it's t' French manners. Ah mahnds 'at yu war a rare yan at lossin' t' mornin' when yu war a lahtle lad."

Ralph had been staring up at Rica's window while Slater spoke.

"Look here, Slater," he said; "give me the key of the conservatory; I want to get a few flowers."

Slater screwed up his eyes, and put his head on one side.

"Flooers, Maister Ralph? Ther's flooers an' plenty i' t' hoose, an' if theer's mair needed ah'll gi' 'em. Nae need fer yu ta gan for 'em yersel'."

"Yes, yes, I want some special ones," Ralph spoke emphatically; "let's have the key. I know the door is locked; don't you trouble your head about it; I'll get my own flowers."

Slater looked hard at him with one eye screwed up, but he did not attempt further remonstrance. Not one of the servants ever attempted to question Ralph's will; he had reigned absolutely among them ever since his babyhood. But still Slater prized his choice flowers.

"Ye'll mebbe nut be wantin' monny on 'em," he said deprecatingly, as he handed him the key.

"All right."

The gardener screwed up both his pale blue eyes as he stared after the young man, till they were almost hidden under his red eyebrows.

"Woonkers!" he said, "that's t' fost tahme 'at ivver Maister Ralph hes aks'd mey fer flooers. I' t' neame uv Awd Soss, what can he be oop tiv' noo? Theer mun be a lass if he wants flooers, an' it's nobbut a week sin' Sukey Swaddles seyd 'at t' yung squire waaz littin an' lattin efter Rase Duncombe. Weel, mebbe he thinks yan bird i' t' hand is woth twae i' t' bush: eh, eh, I kens hoo t' wind sits, an' he's rich, an' this lass is as bonny as Rase is, an' sheea's a laady. Ah dizzent lahke tu see t' quality laendering aboot wiv sike as wursels."

He made a sudden wry face, and put his hand over his mouth.

"Zookerins! Ah mun tak' tent o' what ah sehs. Ah forgits t' squire an' t' missis. Nobbut theer's nae sayin' 'at t' Barughs waaz sike as wursels; mebbe t' farmer waaz, bud t' missis mun ha' been a born laady."

He turned away, muttering to himself, "A born laady." Just as he disappeared on his way to the fruit-garden, he murmured, "Nobbut, sheea's ower fond o' meddlin' wiv t' flooer-beds. We's yalways at odds ower 'em."

Ralph came back with some exquisite flowers, and sat down under the cedar-tree to arrange them; but it was a new experiment and he was not skilful, and as he changed the delicate blossoms impatiently from hand to hand the ground at his feet was soon strewn with bright geranium petals.

"Confound it!" he said.

A merry peal of laughter answered him.

"Those poor flowers are not used to be so roughly handled," said Rica mischievously, as she picked up a lovely spray of begonia and gave it to him.

Ralph bit his lips, and made one more effort to group his flowers effectively.

"There, I can't do it any better," he said; "but it's your fault, if you had not come and startled me it would have been first-rate; but you will have the flowers any way, if" — his tone grew graver — "you will make me happy by accepting them."

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Rica took the flowers. "Thank you so very much. I love flowers, and I hardly ever get rare ones. There is a special charm to me about wild flowers, and also about these sheltered ones which never breathe outside air — there is just the difference between these and ordinary garden flowers that one finds in people."

Ralph felt inclined to gape; he wished Rica would not take such flights in her talk, and give him the trouble of thinking. "She's too pretty for it; pretty women shouldn't do it," he said, looking at her as she bent over the flowers. "I hate to have to think while I'm looking at a pretty girl;" he pulled his soft beard, and looked and smiled mischievously at Rica.

"I don't quite understand," he said aloud, more for the sake of making her raise her eyes, than because he cared to know what she meant.

As he expected, she looked up, her great grey eyes luminous.

"Well, as a rule, unless we live quite in open country, we see far more ordinary garden flowers than either delicate wild flowers or greenhouse plants. I don't mean buttercups and daisies, and so on, though they are full of beauty. It is just the same with people; for one rare or refined and cultivated person, you see fifty who are educated, perhaps sensible and comfortable in their ideas; but oh, how alike, and how commonplace! — people with whom you can talk by the hour — just surface conversation, like a cat purring — if you are self-controlled. I put that in, because of — dear me, I beg your pardon, I bore you, I'm sure," she broke off abruptly and looked ashamed.

"You needn't mind me," Ralph was secretly getting impatient lest the prayer-bell should ring before he had spoken. "I like to hear you talk, you know, you're so amusing. But I see what you mean, Mr. and Mrs. Boothroyd are purrers. Yes, I know they are a commonplace pair, according to your ideas; but then they're rich and thought a good deal of, and a woman must be like other women; it don't do for her to be eccentric, you know."

"Oh, you would like us all one pattern, like a wall-paper, would you? I hardly see then what would become of likes and dislikes."

"I don't mean that at all," he said abruptly; "you are quite unlike any one I ever saw, and I like you better than any one."

Her eyes opened widely, but her color did not deepen.

"You're very kind; must I make you a curtsy?" Then she said gravely, "Thank you for your good opinion. I should think you often want a sister, don't you? My brothers say they don't know what they should do without a sister."

Between his teeth Ralph cursed all sisters.

"No," he said impetuously, "I don't want a sister, but I do want some one to care for me and think of me — I want you, Rica. Don't you understand?"

Still she did not understand. She thought he was in some sudden trouble which he could not tell his father of, and a sympathy for his loneliness shone in her eyes as she looked in his face, flushed just now with unusual earnestness.

"I am listening," she said sweetly; "what is your trouble? I should like to help you if I can."

"You can if you choose," he said. "Say you like me as much as I like you, and it will be all I want."

She raised her eyes to his in sudden doubt, and then she saw his meaning. While he spoke he had drawn nearer, bending almost over her. His ardent glance brought a burning flush to her face, and instinctively she drew away from him. He thought she was only shy.

"I love you, dearest Rica," he said, "and you love me too, don't you — don't you?" He tried to take her hand, but she drew it away and rose up from the bench beneath the cedar-tree.

"Oh, please don't, Mr. Burneston. I don't know what to say to you."

But her shyness only spurred Ralph's eagerness.

"You are surprised; I've been in a hurry, perhaps," he said; "but you do see how much I care for you — and I'm sure you love me, Rica, though you don't know it, you dear girl."

He certainly was not shy, he took her hand and held it while she stood confounded, wondering how she could make him leave her without being rude.

"I am very sorry," she began, "you are quite mistaken, Mr. Burneston."

But her fear of giving pain made her confused and deceived Ralph.

"No, oh no," he said fondly, "I am not mistaken. I love you with all my heart and soul." He pressed her hand tightly, but Rica drew it suddenly away; his last words had brought back her courage.

"I am still very sorry. I like you very much as a friend; but that is all. I could never think of anything else."

Every word made Ralph more determined.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

"Tell me," he said, "have you ever been in love?"

"No." Rica was carried away for a moment by his eager tone; then she flushed suddenly. "And if I had, I scarcely think you ought to ask me."

"My love gives me the right;" but he spoke less confidently. "If love is new to you, you may love me without knowing it. Trust me, it will be all right."

She did not turn away or look confused now, and Ralph felt deeply mortified. His assurance vexed Rica, and took away from her fear of wounding him.

"It is better to be quite plain with you," she said. "I think I am so much older than you that such a thought could not come to me; and listen, please"—for Ralph turned angrily away—"I think, too, that you mistake your own feelings. I had got to consider you as a new brother."

A smothered oath burst from Ralph, and she drew back, fear and disgust showing plainly in her face.

"You had better say you can't bear the sight of me, and be honest at once. I suppose you think that I don't see through all these shams. Just take care of yourself, that's all. Just see that long-tongued cousin of mine doesn't lead you on as you've led me, and leave you in the lurch—and it will serve you right—you've used me shamefully!"

He went away at once, while Rica stood looking after him, all her senses dazed by his words.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE RISING OF THE STORM.

Ralph hurried away to the house in mad anger—for the anger of a vain man wounded in his supremest vanity is a sort of insanity—he had resolved that Rica should care for him, and that she should confess him irresistible, and he had never doubted his power till he saw her listening to his cousin, and even then the notion that Gilbert could prove a successful rival had seemed too absurd. Instead of confessing love she had pitied him. His eyes blazed with angry light, his face was red with passion, and he carried his hands tightly clenched on each side of him as he met Faith Emmett at the foot of the great staircase.

The sight of her boy always brought a rare sweetness to the housekeeper's lips—her eyes opened widely without any of the yellow light that sometimes flashed between their dark lashes; but at the sight of his troubled face Faith's smile vanished, her forehead wrinkled, and her eyelids drooped.

"What ails ye, mah bairn?" she said, and she laid her brown hand on his arm.

He shook her off angrily.

"Confound you! don't stop me. Can't you see I'm in a hurry?" He pushed past her, and went on up the stairs and along the gallery.

But Faith was not disturbed by his rudeness, she knew her power over him. She followed quickly, and when she too reached the gallery—"Whisht, whisht, mah lad," she said softly, "ye've been crossed, an' mebbe if ye comes along wiv me ye'll find t' reason why. Come, mah honey, ye'll nut be going in to breakfast yonder; ye can have all ye wishes for in t' housekeeper's room."

Ralph shook his head, but his manner was irresolute.

"I don't want breakfast. I want to be left quiet."

Faith turned, looked at him resolutely over her shoulder, and said, "Come," and he followed her down-stairs.

The housekeeper's breakfast was on the table untouched. She had been far too deeply interested in watching Ralph's interview with Rica, and then in trying to know the rights of her darling's discomfiture, to think about eating, though she had a great liking for dainty dishes. "Yey'll be quiet in here, honey." She opened the door of her den, saw Ralph fling himself into a huge armchair, and then bustled off to the still-room in search of some hot coffee and toast for her darling.

When she came back with a tray laden with a fragrant and appetizing breakfast she looked still graver, for Ralph, instead of having attacked, as she expected he would, the cold partridge on the table, sat scowling in the easy-chair, looking far more ready for a fray than a feast.

"Come and take some breakfast, honey," said Faith; "there's cream cakes and kidneys, and an omelette I made o' puppose—ye sud nivver fast on trouble, Master Ralph."

Ralph looked round at the table, but he refused to be tempted.

"Give me a cup of coffee and a bit of bread," he said, "and if you've got anything to tell me, for heaven's sake tell it and have done with it, instead of winking and pursing up your lips and making an old fool of yourself."

Faith winced, but she did not look angry She shook her head sorrowfully at Ralph.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

"Eh, eh, it's been allays t' same fra yur cradle uppards; you spiles all by wantin' it ower soon. How could ye think, honey, to ask a lass her mind afore she'd broke her fast? an' mebbe if ye'd left her a week or mair she'd have smiled on ye."

"Do mind your own business," Ralph broke in furiously, stamping his foot. "Say what you have to tell me and have done with it — that is," he rose and moved towards the door, "if you have anything to tell. I don't want to be jawed as if I was six."

Faith's hands clasped themselves tightly together. She had that wonderful power of forbearance so often linked with a strong, passionate nature. Ralph never guessed how deeply she felt his taunts.

"Master Ralph," she began in a deprecating voice, "many's t' time I've told ye that Mrs. Burneston 'ud do you a bad turn, an' see, for all your scaum, she's done it now."

"What has she done? Make haste." He stamped on the floor in his impatience.

"Sit ye doon an' I'll tell ye. Nobbut you are ower good for t' likes o' a poor parson's lass."

He frowned angrily.

"You're talking nonsense, Faith, and you know it; if I want anything, it doesn't matter whether it's good enough for me, I must have it; and I should have thought," a slight flush spread over his face, "that you would prefer Miss Masham to Rose Duncombe."

"Rose!" Faith tossed her head, and the corners of her mouth went down into her chin; "it cud nivver be seemly fer you to speak with such as Rose, nobbut in the way of kindness. But, Master Ralph, you sud look higher than Miss Masham; you may wed with a duke's daughter fer t' asking."

"I shall wed, as you call it, whom I please;" then he flushed angrily at the remembrance of Rica's refusal. "But never mind all this; what has Mrs Burneston done? say it and do be quick."

"I sud ha' thowt you might have guessed; it's clear as daylight — mickle wad hae muckle, an' muckle wad hae mair; t' mistress has getten mickle, but what's that sae long as her fooalks is nut t' same as hersel. Hes not Miss Masham telled ye that she visits at t' Cairn, takes up wiv such as t' Barughs? Nae, nae, Master Ralph, Mrs. Burneston's fain t' wed her friend wiv her brother, an' she'd do it twice as much noo just for to spite you."

Ralph stood still; he leant against the wall thinking and frowning, but at last a smile spread over his face.

"Do you know, Faith, you think you're deuced clever, but you're an extremely foolish old woman? To begin with: such a thing as an attachment between Miss Masham and that lout George Barugh is impossible; and next, how can Mrs. Burneston know anything about me and Rica?"

"Eh, lad, if ye'd allays keep a smile on your bonny face like that, ye looks my ain bairn 'at seemed gone away, an' Satan's hoof 'at had just dinted yer forehead is smoothed out 'o sight now. Eh, lad," she went up to him and laid her hand pleadingly on his shoulder, "I'm not blamin' yu, honey." The soft tenderness that had made her eyes dark and liquid changed into sudden hate. "It's not yur fault if ye're changed, it's she 'at has driven ye fra yur ain home into wicked ways, an' noo that she sees a chance o' your comin' round she tries to step atween you an' ivvery pleasure yey fancy."

The last words renewed Ralph's anger. His resentment against Doris had slumbered in the amusement afforded by his pursuit of Rica, but there came back suddenly his meeting with his stepmother outside the stone cottage, and also Rose's sudden removal from Burneston.

"Curse her!" he said fiercely; "yes, you're right, Faith, there must be an end to this at once;" then as the thought came, "By Jove, she has set Rica against me."

Faith nodded her head eagerly. This was just the mood she had been striving to evoke, and yet, knowing her boy's contradiction, she had begun to feel hopeless of success.

"What did I say to ye; an' did yey mind, when yu an' t' lass were talking beside t' river? I was takin' tent on ye, an' sae was Mrs. Burneston. I saw miss turn her head to t' house, an' I looks, an' theer was t' mistress a' frownin' an' a beckonin', an' I kenned 'at she was oop to keepin' her fra you. When I knows a thing, Master Ralph, I knows it, an' I reads Mrs. Burneston like a book, for a' t' scaum in her face; she hates you an' she hates mey, an' she'll nivver rest till she sees our backs turned on t' Hall."

There was real passion in Faith's voice, but there was not the fierce glance and violent manner she often used to overawe her inferiors. She looked calm and very pale, but her hand trembled as it rested on Ralph's arm.

He stood a moment musing.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

"Look here," he said sternly; "I've been wrong all this time. I've never asserted myself, and she thinks she can override me as she pleases. I have taken her insolence too quietly; but we'll see who's master here. My father" — he hesitated, a lingering touch of right feeling reminding him that he had a listener; then the remembrance of Rica's refusal came back with the new aspect of being caused by Doris, and he forgot all restraint.

"The low-born, presuming upstart!" he said; "she to dare to judge and control my conduct — she! Does she think I'm as great a fool as my father, I wonder? If I'd been older when he was duped into that marriage, I should have been justified in shutting him up. He lost his senses, and they've never come back."

By this time Faith had seen the danger of going too far.

"Whisht, whisht, you mustn't blame t' squire, dear," she spoke soothingly, "he's nowt to do with such ways. I heard him tell Mrs. Burneston 'at Miss Masham were not for t' likes o' her brother George."

Ralph stared in utter surprise. Till now he had looked on Faith's assertion about George and Rica as a mere effort of imagination. It was too daring for Doris to dream of such a project.

"You heard! — how?"

"I was in Master Phil's room, and they war speaking out."

"And you listened?" he sneered, and Faith reddened. "Well, of course, that explains everything, and also explains what happened this morning. Well, I'm off."

He nodded and left the room, eager to find Rica. Of course she cared nothing for George Barugh, but he was sure now that she had been prejudiced against him. If his stepmother were determined to marry Miss Masham to her brother George, Doris, he thought, would stick at nothing. If Rica knew how Doris had upset his whole life he was quite sure she would not be guided by her. "After all, Rica's a lady," he said, "and she must have some class prejudice; it is far more natural she should side with me than with a farmer's daughter. They must have finished breakfast by now."

CHAPTER XLIV.

GEORGE'S QUEST.

When George left his sister he rode away slowly up the avenue; he had no heart to go through the village or to pass by the farm and Rose Duncombe's cottage, and, as has been said, the road through the avenue curved round into the Steersley road above the church. As he passed the churchyard gate so many memories crowded over George that he gave his horse the whip, and galloped on till Burneston was fairly left behind him.

"Mother says it hes been a grand thing for Doris to have married t' squire," he said sadly, "but I can't see it. She's not taken happiness to t' Hall, an' she looks worried an' sore-hearted; except when I spoke of t' little lad she scarce smiled. Mebbe it's true that happiness is not so unequal as fooalks says. Mother's nivver tasted the sort o' pleasures that Doris lives among, but, for all that, mother's younger and fresher in spirit than Doris'll ivver be now; it must be sad to hate, as I fear she hates Ralph Burneston, her own husband's son, too."

He sighed at this. He had spoken positively about Rose to Doris, but he felt that marriage was over for him, for it seemed as if his love for Rose had grown hopeless. He knew he could never love any other girl, and, therefore, however despairing her attachment might be to Ralph Burneston, he thought it must like his own surely prove undying. But he was not sighing now for himself or for Rose Duncombe; he was only thinking how completely the practical experience offered by life contradicts the theories of youth and hope. The squire's love for Doris had seemed perfect, and although hers had not equalled it, still George had hoped that her husband's great love would have sufficed for his sister's happiness, would, at least, have drawn her love forth in return.

"But she cannot truly love her husband," he thought sadly; "her own self an' little Phil comes first, an' t' squire last of all. 'Twas plain to me whiles I talked to Mr. Burneston how he loves t' lad; tho' he sees Ralph's been to blame, yet he longs to keep him at home; an' how can Doris set herself against him? I don't like him, but then he's not t' flesh and blood of one that's dear to me. I'm very sorry for him. I thowt Doris 'd be so large-minded, so different to most stepmothers. I'm sadly feared 'tis her pride; she'd like t' set him aside fer t' sake o' her own bairn."

His thoughts went on to Ralph and Rica, and he felt a tender pity lest the girl should fix her affections on such a changeable, unstable character as Ralph Burneston's.

"She's worth better than he, nobbut she

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

may steady him an' lead him up to higher things. Aye, there 'tis, I kenned I'd stumble on't at last. There 'tis — it's at the root of Doris' troubles. She tries t' deal wi' 'em herself. She don't cast 'em on Him that careth for her. Why, if she did she'd rise up fresh and bright, instead of having her young face clouded and grave."

So much thought and sympathy for others had put his own trial aside; but as he drew near to the parsonage at Steersley his trouble came back, and he felt heavy-hearted again.

"Well," he smiled, "I'm not practising my own doctrine; I munnot trust to myself; I mun do what Mr. Hawnby says is best fer t' poor lass."

His mind turned slowly from one idea to another, and he had been so bent on finding Rose at Burneston, that at first he had scarcely entertained the squire's idea that she would be found at Steersley; but when he came in sight of the low grey house a sudden glow of hope warmed his heart. Something told him that Rose was near at hand.

The parsonage stood some way back from the road, screened very much from sight by clumps of Portugal laurel, the garden itself being divided from the highway by a low wooden park paling, grey with the lovely opal tints of time, which had covered much of it with hoary lichen. Behind the house, far away, was the open country; to the right of the parsonage were tall trees, and from these came the peaceful sound of rooks, as the huge black birds sailed solemnly forth from their nests to take their evening gossip overhead.

The grey wooden palings were continued up each side of the grounds to the low stone wall which shut in the back yard and out-buildings. George rode round to the back gate, and as he looked over the palings through the alley of apple-trees, which bordered this side of the garden, he saw a sight which brought the blood to his cheeks and made his pulses quiver. Surely it was Rose who was pacing up and down this sequestered alley quite out of sight, as she thought, for only a tall man on horseback could have seen over the fence into the walk below. She was unconscious of his presence; she walked past him down the alley, her hands clasped together, and it seemed to George in his hurried glance at her, with a sad, stricken look on her face.

He rode on fast, opened the gate for himself, and had put his horse under a shed, before the parson's lad, an old, decrepit man with a hump on his back, found out there was some one in the yard.

George nodded, and asked if the parson was at home.

The old man shook his head. "Nae, nae, mah lad, an' he'll nut com yam mebbe till night. There's a awd lass atween life an' death mebbe three miles aff, an' ye'll not fine t' parson leavin' till his wark's done ov her. Fooalks tell 'at she's been a witch, an' t' awd deevil's feersome noo sheea's deein', she cries out on Awd Soss, an' says he's waitin' fer her soul."

"Poor old creature!" Then George hesitated. "I'll go in an' wait a while," he said, "I want t' speak wi' t' parson."

Bill stared after him.

"Parson he sehd ah war nut tu let onnybody gan in, but yon lad's sae maisterful. Weel, weel, ah'v telled him nowt, an' if t' lass keeps weel oot o' sight, mebbe he'll nut get a sight o' her."

George went rapidly past the house, he scarcely felt his lameness now, the moorland air had so invigorated him. He was anxious to escape the observation of Mr. Hawnby's housekeeper. Fortunately he met Rose at the near end of the apple-tree walk; his fear had been that she would escape at the first glimpse of him.

She looked stupefied as she saw him coming towards her; then, as he held out his hand, she tried to turn away; but it was too late. George caught first one hand and then the other, and held her fast.

"Whisht, lass!" He saw the bright color fly into her face, and he feared a sudden gust of passion. "Nobbut ye'll stand still, I'll loose ye soon enough. Rose, honey, I'se so fain to see ye safe, 'at I's no mind to flout ye fer t' fright ye gave me yon. Tell me, lass" — he loosed one hand; but, spite of her twitching fingers, he kept the other firmly grasped — "what's ye doin' here?"

"I don't know." She looked sullen, and there was such despair in her voice that his heart ached for her.

"I mean, how did you get here, lass?"

He spoke in a soothing voice as he gazed at the girl; her scared, wan look, the hopeless misery in her face, wrung his heart. He saw, as he took in every bit of her tired, drooping figure, that she wore the same gown she had worn that fatal day on the moor; it was soiled and draggled, and George's heart was full of fear as he waited for her answer.

Rose gave him a hasty look; then she turned her head away.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

"On my legs, foolish lad; how else d'ye think?" She gave a short laugh.

"My poor lass, 'd'ye mean," he said tenderly, "'at you walked all the way from t' Cairn to Steersley?"

There was the old scornful light in her eyes as she turned round and looked in his face.

"My mercy! you're not changed, lad; ye're as fond as ivver ye was, nae doubt. I walked a' t' way from t' Cairn; easy walking for such as me," she said bitterly. Then she saw tears in his loving brown eyes, and turned away.

"I'll not freeat ye, lass," he said. "I'm onny thankful to find you here safe, an' in such good keeping. T' parson's reeght good, Rose."

"Yes, he's very kind." She spoke carelessly and stopped for a while; then, finding George did not break the silence, she resumed her walk under the apple-trees.

He paced silently beside her. Presently he saw first one tear and then another fall and leave its trace on the bosom of her travel-stained gown. She did not sob or sigh; the tears started to his own eyes, and he dared not speak; his love was too reverent in its nature to force itself on her sorrow. At last she spoke without looking at him.

"Ye're a kind, good lad, an' may ye nivver know t' bitterness of such a lot as mine. D'ye mind, lad, how ye read to me yance o' t' Slough o' Despond an' t' pilgrims flounderin' and strugglin' i' t' mire an' foul water, till they couldn't sae much as see t' land on t' other side? Well, lad, ah was gone further still; ah left strugglin' an' flounderin'. Ah was just sinking." She looked up sharply; the intense pity in his face irritated her, and roused the old defiant spirit. "An' why not, ah'd like to know? No one wad be a bogle t' warse if ah had sunk an' gone out o' mind forivver."

"Rose, Rose! whisht, honey! Ah tells ye ye munnut speak untruths; ye kens there was more than yan 'at wad ha' gone sorrowin' fer yu their lives long."

"More than yan! Ah likes that, ah diz." She laughed harshly, and George winced. "More than yan means two at t' outside, an' that's yersel an' mebbe gran'-mother. Yance ah'd hev made a bigger hole i' life when ah left it, but now"—she looked round wildly, then the sight of the house seemed to recall her straying wits. "God help me!" she said, "ah've laughed at yu, George, fer yur sermons, but ah's learned to trust i' God sin he helped me on t' moor, an' ah knaws he'll have pity on such a wretched thing as a girl which loves a man wivout a heart in his body."

She dried her eyes and kept walking on beside her companion, but George did not speak. His lips moved as he prayed fervently for help and guidance, both for himself and for poor Rose, but he could not find anything to say. He feared to comfort her; if he tried it would most likely set her contradiction in a blaze; for he saw that she was in too overwrought a mood to endure any topic disconnected with her present trouble. He was conscious of some change in Rose. Formerly he had thought that only his exceeding love for her made him sometimes distrustful of his power to convince her, but now there was a dignity in her despair of self that kept him hushed. He felt that the nature he thought he knew so thoroughly had secrets beyond his ken.

All at once she began to speak again, in a quiet, calm voice, and looking straight before her, so as to avoid George's eyes.

"Thank you, lad, for all your kindness. Ah knaws more then you thinks. You came here last night, an' t' rector was away, an' t' housekeeper 'd been told t' haud her tongue, an' so ye went on to t' inn tired an' worn out. If ye'd not started sae early t' mornin' fer Burneston ye'd hev kenned t' truth; but ye'd flitted be time t' rector got to t' Black Eagle."

"But how came they not t' say a word at t' inn? They must know you're here."

Rose shook her head. "Not they. Ah was miles from Steersley when Mr. Hawnby saw me fost. Ah cannot tell ye how ah'd getten so far. Ah got lifts in carts; an' yance a lady—she mun be good, whoever she be—took me on a bit in her carriage. It was night-time, an' she was going post-haste to see a dyin' daughter. Ah telled her ah would fain die, so as her daughter might live, life was nowt to me, ah said; and she cried, poor soul, an' patted me on t' shoulder, and sehd ah was to live for t' sake o' Him who died that ah might live—not for mysel'. 'Tis strange how t' words spoken in darkness sank into mah heart. Ah could scarce make out her face in t' glimmer, but ah knew it must be sweet; her words had a teary sound, but they warmed me as a smile wad ha' done. Ah, she war good. Mebbe if ah'd not travelled along wiv *her*, ah'd not have come away so quiet wiv t' parson."

"Where did you meet him?"

He saw at once he had better have kept silence. The interruption to her flow of

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

recollections jarred the nerves of the unhappy girl. She tossed her head and gave George a derisive smile.

"Just t' same — same as ivver — poor doited lad!"

But as she found that he kept silence, the longing to tell her story to the end grew too strong to resist. She looked straight before her again and went on.

"T' lady made me stay wiv her till t' daylight came; but then ah would go. She urged me to go on wiv her to her journey's end, but no, that was not fer t' likes o' me; 't was enough for me to see t' fine lady's maid, as soon as 't was light, toss her head at me. T' lady said t' next town was Steersley, so ah said ah'd friends in a village near, an' she was too kind t' ask questions. Then t' parson found me sitting under a hedge. Ah was faint an' weary — t' lady gave me biscuits, but ah'd no heart to eat — an' he bid me get up beside him, an' he took me to an awd lass in a cottage near an' left me all day; an' i' t' evenin', when ah lay sleepin' on t' bed, he came an' fetched me here."

"Thank God!" said George involuntarily.

Rose gave him a smile, but it made her face look old and dreary; it was but the ghost of the saucy, happy smiles that used to be a part of her beauty. It faded into a look of deep sadness.

"Fare ye well, lad," she said gravely; "go back to your ain fooalks, an' nivver trouble more about Rose Duncombe; she's not worthy for yu to think on. Ah dizn't say, forget me. Ah'd like to feel ah had yan true friend to count on; but ye mun change yur way o' thinkin'. Ye mun always mind ah's not t' Rose 'at ye loved yance, but a misguided lass that hes cast herself away. Yur words hes come truer than ye thowt for; George, lad, ah hev ventured too near the flame, an' my wings is singed forivver more" — her voice broke into a sob.

She waved her hand quickly, and darted from him as suddenly as she had left him at the Cairn.

With her went the weight which kept down his power of thinking, and a flood of questions rose to his lips which the very sight of her woeful face, and the hearing of her sad story, had for the time stifled. He looked wistfully up the apple walk, and then shook his head.

"It's mah ain fault, ah'm unready," he said, "but 'tis impish to me, an' it's useless to repine against one's ownself for aught beside sin — it's no sin, Mr. Hawnby says, to be unready and awkward-like, so long as it don't come from being ower full o' wersels, an' only God knows," he said reverently, "how truly ah was taken up wi' t' poor lass. Well, it would be selfish to cross her will, an' ah'll not seek her for this time. Maybe he'll order it different one day."

It was getting too late to return to the Cairn, and he so longed to see the rector that he resolved to sleep at the Steersley inn. As he led out his horse, Mr. Hawnby came hurriedly out of the parsonage. He looked much pleased to see George.

"I'm glad I've met you, my lad. You will find a letter from me when you reach home," he said. "I met Rose as she left you just now. Poor child, she is not fit to talk yet; you must leave her alone. She will not take comfort from you in her present state."

"What is to become of her, sir? It's past bearing —— "

The rector put his hand kindly on George's shoulder.

"Come, come, this is not like you; I thought you would be quite cheered to find she was safe. Leave her alone with me. I am seeking a quiet home for her, for Mr. Burneston will of course agree with me that she cannot return to her grandmother. When she is more like herself I will write and tell you, but depend upon it she is far better among strangers just now. Now I shall send you away, and you had better not try to see Rose again for some time to come."

"You are very good, sir, I've no words to thank you," but George looked sadly downcast.

"Cheer up, my lad," the rector said. "Time is a wonderful healer, and you are both very young, you know, so be hopeful. Now good-bye. God bless you."

He squeezed the lad's hand warmly. "Poor lad," he said, as he watched him trot out of the yard. "He will win her yet, I hope; he deserves to, and she'll come right in time."

From The Contemporary Review.

ON THE HYGIENIC VALUE OF PLANTS IN ROOMS AND THE OPEN AIR.

THE animal kingdom is, as we know, dependent on the vegetable kingdom, which must have existed on the earth before men and animals could live upon it. We may therefore rightly call plants children of the earth. But in so doing we use the language of metaphor, as when we

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

speak of "mother earth." The earth does not directly bring forth either plants or animals. Every plant is the child of a mother plant, descends from one of its own kind like ourselves; but plants derive their nourishment directly from earth, air, and water, and, although generated by plants, are nourished directly by the inorganic breasts of nature, and imply no other organic life but their own. Had plants a voice, they would more correctly speak of "mother earth" than ourselves.

Plants live directly on the lifeless products of earth, and we live directly on the products of plants or on animals which live on them; our existence implies other organic life, and our nourishment is not derived so directly from the earth as that of plants. Since the vegetable world comes between us, *we* should rather call earth our grandmother than our mother. At all events it is an affectionate relationship.

We have a natural feeling of close affinity with the vegetable world, which expresses itself not only in our love of foliage and flowers, but in our fondness for metaphors derived from the vegetable world and its processes. If we were to reckon up how many metaphors in everyday life and in poetry are derived from the vegetable world, and how many from other spheres of nature, we should find a great excess of the former.

Our material relations to plants are also very numerous. The question we are now concerned with is not what food or what medicinal remedies plants provide us with, but the value of plants and plantations in dwellings and in the open air in conducing to health or preventing disease. We have given the subject very little consideration until quite recently, just as we have thought very little of the way in which the pleasures of the table, fine raiment, comfortable dwellings, and many other things, conduce to our well-being. Meanwhile we have been guided by our instincts, which, like nature in general, have, on the whole, guided us rightly. Even now there is not much scientific knowledge on the subject; still there is a little, and something is gained when we begin seriously to reflect on anything, for knowledge is sure then to increase. All that man has ever aspired to and attained, has always existed much earlier in idea than in reality. Ideas are never fully realized, as we all know, and it is only very gradually that they are realized at all.

It is generally asserted that vegetation purifies the air, and chiefly by three functions: firstly, because plants absorb carbonic acid; secondly, because under the influence of sunlight they exhale an equivalent in oxygen; and lastly, because they produce ozone. These facts I need not demonstrate, as they have been placed beyond doubt by vegetable physiologists, chemists, and meteorologists. My task is to show what the direct sanitary effect of these three functions is.

I must at once state that none whatever can be proved to exist. And as this assertion will contradict the prepossessions of many readers, I feel bound to prove my proposition.

As to carbonic acid, the first question is, what is the proper and normal proportion of this gas in the air, next how much more carbonic acid is contained in air which is notoriously bad, and, lastly, whether the air on a surface without vegetation contains essentially more carbonic acid than one having vegetation upon it.

The amount of carbonic acid in the open air has been often determined, and is confined within very narrow limits. It may be said — leaving severe storms or very thick fogs out of the question — to vary between three and four parts in each ten thousand of the volume of the air.

Experiments have also been made on the quantity of carbonic acid in apartments occupied by man, and it is generally taken as the criterion of the quality of the air, ventilation being regulated by it. In very bad air which is undoubtedly deleterious, it has been found to amount to from three to five per mille. One per mille marks the boundary line between good and bad air in a room.

We next inquire whether the atmosphere over a vast tract of country destitute of vegetation contains more carbonic acid than one abounding in vegetation, whether in the former case the amount of carbonic acid approaches one per mille. In 1830, De Saussure began to make researches into the variations in the quantity of carbonic acid in Geneva, and they were continued about ten years later by Verver in Holland, and Boussingault in Paris; in more recent, and very recent times, a great number of experiments have been made on the subject by Roscoe in Manchester, Schufze at Rostock, and myself and my pupils, particularly Dr. Wolffhügel, at Munich. The result is, in the main, that the variations — very small from the first — have been found to be still smaller as the methods of determining carbonic acid have been perfected.

Saussure, who worked by a method

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

liable to give an excess, found from 3·7 to 6·2 parts in ten thousand. He considered that there were also slight variations between summer and winter, day and night, town and country, land and sea, mountains and valleys, which might be ascribed to vegetation. Boussingault, however, found the carbonic acid in the air to be rather less, and the same on an average in Paris and St Cloud; in Paris 4·13 and at St. Cloud 4·14 in ten thousand, which surprised him the more as he had reckoned that in Paris at least 2,944,000,000 litres of carbonic acid were exhaled by men, animals, and fuel.

Roscoe made experiments on the air at a station in the middle of Manchester, and at two stations in the country. He was originally of opinion that the vast manufactures of Manchester, chiefly dependent on the consumption of coal, must produce a perceptible effect on the carbonic acid in the air; but he also discovered that the air in the space in front of Owen's College contained no more than the air at the country stations. He also observed occasional variations; but when the carbonic acid increased or diminished in the city, it was generally just the same in the country. Roscoe found the greatest amount of carbonic acid in the air during one of the thick fogs prevalent in England.

Schulze found the amount of carbonic acid in the air at Rostock to be between two and a half and four parts in ten thousand. On an average it was somewhat higher when the wind blew off shore than off the sea.

In Munich, Wolffhügel found the carbonic acid to between three and four parts in ten thousand. Now and then, but very seldom, he observed variations, the maximum being 6·9 parts in ten thousand in a very thick fog, the minimum 1·5 parts in a heavy snow-storm, when the mercury was very low in the barometer.

It may be asked how the immense production of carbonic acid in cities like Paris or Manchester can thus vanish in the air. The answer is very simple: by rarefaction in the currents of the atmosphere. We are apt not to take this factor into account, but think rather of the air as stagnant. The average velocity of the air with us is three metres per second, and even in apparently absolute calm it is more than half a metre. If we therefore assume a column of air one hundred feet high and of average velocity, it may be reckoned that the carbonic acid from all the lungs and chimneys of Paris or Manchester is not sufficient to increase its amount so as to be detected by our methods.

From this fact it may be logically concluded that if no increase in the carbonic acid in the air is observable, no diminution will be observable from vegetation.

It is a universally recognized and incontrovertible fact that the carbonic acid contained in all the vegetable life on earth is derived from the carbonic acid in the air, in water, and the soil. Many conclude, therefore, that the air in a green wood must contain less carbonic acid than that in a city or that of an extensive tract of waste land. But I can assure them that the air in the Sahara, so called, of Munich, formerly called the Dultplatz, contains no more carbonic acid than the neighboring Eschen grounds. Of this I can give incontestible proof, an argument *ad hominem*. Dr. Zittel brought me several specimens of air in hermetically sealed glass tubes, from his travels in the Libyan desert, from sandy wastes, and from oases, on which I could conveniently make experiments at Munich. The amount of carbonic acid does not differ in the least in the air from the barren waste and the greenest oasis. The case is just the same with the amount of oxygen in the air. It was formerly thought, when imperfect methods were employed, that perceptible variations could be proved. Thus, for example, the outbreak of cholera in 1831 was attributed to a diminution of oxygen in the air, and here and there experiments were made which seemed to confirm the opinion. The hypothesis did not seem improbable, for it was concluded with certainty that in tropical swamps, which are the home of cholera, the oxygen in the air might have been in course of time diminished by the vast masses of decaying matter. But since the method of gas analysis has been arranged by Von Bunsen, the amount of oxygen in the air on the summit of Mont Blanc has not been found to differ from that in a city or in the swamps of Bengal. Neither is it greater in forest or sea air than in the air of the desert.

This absence of demonstrable variation, in spite of the production of oxygen by living plants and the absorption of it by the processes of combustion and decay, becomes intelligible when we consider first the mobility, and then the mass of the air encompassing our earth. The weight of this mass is, as the barometer tells us, equal to that of a layer of mercury which would cover the surface of the earth to the depth of seven hundred and sixty millimetres (more than three-quarters of a

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

metre). From the weight of this, several billion kilos, some idea can be formed of the volume of the air, when we consider that air, even beneath a pressure of seven hundred and sixty millimetres of mercury is yet 10,395 times lighter than mercury. In masses like these, variations such as those we speak of go for nothing. The amount of carbonic acid and oxygen might perhaps be essentially changed in Paris or Manchester if all organic matter on and in the earth were burning at once.

Even if it is granted, however, in face of these incontrovertible facts, that vegetation exercises no perceptible influence upon the composition of the atmosphere in the open air, many persons will not be disposed to give up the idea that the air in rooms can be improved by plants, because, as is well known, every green leaf absorbs carbonic acid and gives out oxygen under the influence of light. This idea may seem the more justifiable, because, although the production of carbonic acid is not perceptible in the greatest assemblages of human beings in the open air, it is always observed in confined spaces, although the actual production is but small. In the air of a closed apartment, every person and every light burning makes a perceptible difference in the increase of carbonic acid in the air. Must not, therefore, every plant in a pot, every spray, any plant with leaves, make a perceptible difference in a room? Every lover of flowers may be pardoned for wishing to see this question answered in the affirmative. Have not even medical men proposed to adorn schoolrooms with plants in pots instead of ventilating them better, in order that their leaves and stems might absorb carbonic acid from the mouths of the children, and give out oxygen in its stead? But hygiene cannot agree even to this. Hygiene is a science of economics, and every such science has to ask not only what exists and whether it exists, but how much there is and whether enough. The power of twenty pots of plants would not be nearly sufficient to neutralize the carbonic acid exhaled by a single child in a given time. If children were dependent on the oxygen given off by flowers, they would soon be suffocated. It must not be forgotten what a slow process the production of matter by plants is,—matter which the animal organism absorbs and again decomposes in a very short time, whereby as much oxygen is used up as has been set tree in the production of it. It is for this reason that such great extents of vegetation are required for the sustenance of animals and man. The grass or hay consumed by a cow in a cowhouse grows upon a space of ground on which a thousand head of cattle could stand. How slow is the process of the growth of wheat before it can be eaten as bread, which a man will eat, digest, and decompose in twenty-four hours! The animal and human organism consumes and decomposes food as quickly as a stove burns the wood which took so many thousand times longer to grow in the forest.

It would scarcely be intelligible if I were to calculate how much carbonic acid and oxygen a rose, a geranium, or a bignonia would absorb and give out in a room in a day, and to what extent the air might be changed by it, taking into account the inevitable change of air always going on. I will draw attention to a concrete case which every one can understand.

When the Royal Winter Garden in Munich was completed and in use, it occurred to me to make experiments on the effect of the whole garden on the air within it. There could not be a more favorable opportunity for experimenting on the air in a space full of vegetation. This green and blooming space was not exposed to the free currents of air which at once immensely rarefy all gaseous exhalations, but was kept warm under a dome of glass, through which only the light of heaven penetrated. Although not hermetically sealed, the circulation of air in such a building, compared with that in the open air, is reduced over a hundred-thousand-fold.

I asked permission to make experiments for several days at various hours of the day and night, which was readily granted. Now, what was the result? The proportion of carbonic acid in the air in the winter garden was almost as high as in the open air. This greatly surprised me, but I hoped at any rate to have one of my traditional ideas confirmed: I hoped to find less carbonic acid in the day than in the night, supported by the fact that the green portions of plants under the influence of light decompose carbonic acid and develop oxygen. But even here I was disappointed. I generally found carbonic acid increasing from morning till evening, and decreasing from night till morning. As this seemed really paradoxical, I doubled my tests and care, but the result remained the same. At that time I knew nothing of the large amount of carbonic acid of the air, in the soil, the air of the ground, or I should probably have been less surprised.

One day it suddenly became clear to

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

me why there was always more carbonic acid by day than by night. I had been thinking only of the turf, the shrubs, and trees which consume carbonic acid and produce oxygen, and not of the men and birds in the winter garden. One day, when there were considerably more men at work there than usual, the carbonic acid rose to the highest point, and sank again to the average during the night. The production of carbonic acid by the working and breathing human beings was so much greater than that consumed by the plants in the same time.

The oxygen in the winter garden was rather higher than in the open air; there it was about twenty-one per cent., and in the winter garden twenty-two to twenty-three per cent.

I did not make any experiments on ozone, for reasons which I will give by-and-by.

The amount of carbonic acid in the air in the winter garden cannot be reckoned as telling for or against the hygienic value of vegetation in an enclosed space. Let us inquire, then, into the value of the slight increase of oxygen.

There is a widespread opinion that the breathing of air rich in oxygen effects a more rapid transformation of matter, a more rapid combustion, as we say, in the body. Even great inquirers and thinkers have considered that we only eat and imbibe nourishment to satiate the oxygen streaming through us, which would otherwise consume us. We know now well enough that the quantity of oxygen which we imbibe does not depend on the quantity in the air we breathe, but far more on previous changes in and the amount of transformation of matter in the body, which are regulated by the requirements of breathing. The inhalation of oxygen is not a primary but a secondary thing. When we inhale air at every breath richer than usual in oxygen — for example, when breathing highly compressed air, as divers do, or laborers on the pneumatic foundations of bridge piers — the result is not a larger consumption of matter and an increased production of carbonic acid, but merely a decrease in the number of inhalations. If in air of ordinary density we make about sixteen respirations in a minute, in air of greater density we should involuntarily make only twelve, ten, or eight, according to the density and our need of oxygen; all else remains the same.

Lavoisier, and half a century later Regnault and Reiset, placed animals for twenty-four hours in air very rich in oxygen, but they did not consume more of it than in the ordinary air. An increase of oxygen in the air, therefore, or pure oxygen gas, only produces an effect in certain morbid conditions, in cases of difficulty of breathing, or where breathing has been for some time suspended, because an inspiration communicates more oxygen to the blood than breathing ordinary air. A healthy person can, however, without difficulty or injury, compensate for considerable differences, and an increase or decrease of one or two per cent. of oxygen does no harm, for under ordinary circumstances we only inhale one-fourth of the oxygen in the air we breathe; we inhale it with twenty-one per cent., and exhale it with sixteen per cent.

So far, therefore, as we feel ill or well in a winter garden, it does not depend on the quantity of oxygen in the air, and there is no greater appreciable quantity of oxygen in a wood of thick foliage than in a desert or on the open sea.

Let us, also, for a moment consider the ozone in the air, which may be looked upon as polarized or agitated oxygen. After its discovery, which has immortalized the name of Schönbein, was made known, it was thought for a time that the key had been found for the appearance and disappearance of various diseases, in the quantity of ozone in the air. But one fact, which was observed from the first, shows that it cannot be so; for the presence of ozone can never be detected in our dwellings, not even in the cleanest and best ventilated. Now, as it is a fact that we spend the greater part of our lives in our houses, and are better than if we lived in the open air, the hygienic value of ozone does not seem so very great. Added to this, the medical men of Königsberg long had several ozone stations there, during which time various diseases came and went, without, as appears from the reports of Dr. Schiefferdecker, ozone having the slightest connection with the appearance or disappearance of any of them.

Dr. Wolffhügel, assistant at the Hygienic Institute at Munich, has lately been occupied with the question of the sanitary value of ozone, but has arrived at only negative results.

But in saying this I have no intention of denying that ozone is of great importance in the atmosphere, for I am of opinion that it is. It is the constant purifier of the atmosphere from all organic matter, which passes into it and might accumulate. The air would have been long ago filled

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

with the vapors of decomposition if it were not for ozone, which oxidizes all that is oxidizable, if only time enough is allowed for it, and too much is not expected at once; for, generally, the amount of ozone in the air is so small, that it is consumed in making its way into our houses, without disinfecting them, and we can no more dispense with the greatest cleanliness and best ventilation in our homes than we can essentially change the air in our rooms by means of plants in pots and foliage.

Some of my readers will perhaps ask in some disappointment, in what, then, does the hygienic value of plants and plantations consist? Or do I mean to say that all the money spent by one and another on a parterre of flowers in his house or on a garden, or by a community for beautiful grounds, or by a State for the preservation of forests, with the idea of promoting health, is mere luxury, without any hygienic value? These questions alter our standpoint, and I believe I shall be able to show that even hygiene does recognize a sanitary value in plants and flowers, in the laying out of grounds and plantations, only it offers a different explanation from the ordinary one.

I consider the impression which plants and plantations make upon our minds and senses to be of hygienic value; further, their influence on the conformation of the soil, with which health is in many respects connected; and, finally, their influence upon other qualities of the air than carbonic acid, oxygen, and ozone: among these may be mentioned, in passing, shade in summer, and decrease of wind and dust.

It is an old observation, needing no demonstration, that the cheerful and happy man lives not only an easier, but, on the average, a more healthy life than the depressed and morose man. Medical men, and especially "mad doctors," could tell us much of the great value of a certain relative proportion of pleasurable and painful impressions upon health, and how frequently some unfortunate position, an absence of pleasure, or too much of painful impression, are the causes of serious illness. Man always tries, and has an irresistible need, to balance painful sensations by some kind of pleasure or other, so that often, in order to get himself into a tolerable frame of mind, or to deaden his feelings for a time, he will have recourse to wine, beer, or spirits, though he knows well enough that he will be worse afterwards than before. A certain amount of change and recreation is indispensable, and, failing others, we seek them by injurious means. There are, doubtless, some unhappy and morbid natures who are always discontented, to whom everything comes amiss, and whom it is impossible to help; but the majority of men are easily pleased, find pleasure in little things, though it is but a sorry life they lead. It is something the same with the pleasures of life as with the pleasures of the table; we must relish our food if it is to do us good. What good will the most nourishing diet do me if it creates disgust? Professor C. Voit has clearly pointed out, in his experimental researches into diet, the great value of palatable food, as well as nourishment, and how indispensable a certain variety in our meals is. We think we are only tickling the palate, and that it is nothing to the stomach and intestines whether food is agreeable to the palate or not, since they will digest it, if it is digestible at all. But it is not so indifferent, after all; for the nerves of the tongue are connected with other nerves and with the nerve centres, so that the pleasures of the palate or some pleasure, at any rate, even if is only imagination, which can only originate in the central organ, the brain, often has an active effect on other organs. This is a matter of daily experience. If you put your finger down your throat, you produce retching; many people have only to think of anything disgusting to produce the effect of an emetic, just as the thought of something nice makes the mouth water just as much as tasting the most dainty morsel. Voit showed me one of his dogs with a fistula in the stomach. So long as this dog is not thinking of food, his stomach secretes no gastric juice, but no sooner does he catch sight of a bit of meat, even at a distance, than the stomach prepares for digestion and secretes gastric juice in abundance. Without this secretion the assimilation of nourishment would be impossible. If therefore some provocatives induce and increase certain sensations and useful processes, they are of essential value to health, and it is no bad economy to spend something on them.

I consider flowers in a room, for all to whom they give pleasure, to be one of the enjoyments of life, like condiments in food. It is certainly one of the most harmless and refined. We cannot live on pleasure alone; but to those who have something to put up with in life, their beloved flowers perform good service.

The same may be said of private gardens and public grounds, and of the artistic perfecting of them. The more tastefully laid out, the better the effect. Though

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

tastes differ, there is a general standard of taste which lasts for several generations, though it varies from time to time and is subject to fashion. As their object is to give pleasure, public grounds should accord with the taste of the age, or aim at cultivating it. This is a justification for going to some expense for æsthetic ends.

The influence of vegetation on the soil is much more easy to determine than on the mind of man. Space fails me to go into all the aspects of this subject, and I will confine myself to some of the most obvious. The difference is most apparent on comparing the soil of a tract of land covered with wood with the soil outside, in other respects alike. The Bavarian Forest Department deserves great credit for having established meteorological stations with special reference to forest culture, under the superintendence of Professor Ebermayer of Aschaffenburg. He has published his first year's observations in a work on "The Influence of Forests on the Air and Soil, and their Climatic and Hygienic Importance," * which may be recommended to every one who wishes to study the subject.

Modern hygiene has observed that certain variations in the moisture of the soil have a great influence on the origin and spread of certain epidemic diseases, as for instance cholera and typhoid fever — that these diseases do not become epidemic when the moisture in the soil is not above or below a certain level, and has remained so for a time. These variations can be measured with greater accuracy by the ground-water of the soil than by the rainfall, because in the latter case we have to determine how much water penetrates the ground, how much runs off the surface, and how much evaporates at once. The amount of moisture in the soil of a forest is subject to considerably less variation than that outside. Ebermayer has deduced the following result from his meteorological observations on forestry: "If from the soil of an open space one hundred parts of water evaporate, then from the soil of a forest free from underwood thirty-eight parts would evaporate, and from a soil covered with underwood only fifteen parts would evaporate." This simple fact explains clearly why the cutting down of wood over tracts of country is always followed by the drying up of wells and springs.

In India, the home of cholera, much importance has been attached in recent times to plantations as preventives of it. It has been always observed that the villages in wooded districts suffer less than those in treeless plains. Many instances of this are given in the reports of Dr. Bryden, president of the statistical office in Calcutta, and Dr. Murray, inspector of hospitals. For instance, Bryden * compares the district of the Mahanadda, one of the northern tributaries of the Ganges, the almost treeless district of Rajpoor, with the forest district of Sambalpoor. It is stated that in the villages in the plain of Rajpoor, sixty or seventy per cent. of the inhabitants are sometimes swept away by cholera in three or four days, while the wooded district of Sambalpoor is often free from it, or it is much less severe. The district commissioner who had to make a tour in the district on account of the occurrence of cholera reports, among other things, as follows: —

> The road to Sambalpoor runs for sixty or seventy miles through the forest, which round Petorah and Jenkfluss is very dense. Now, it is a remarkable fact, but it is a fact nevertheless, that on this route, traversed daily by hundreds of travellers, vehicles, and baggage trains, the cholera rarely appears in this extent of sixty miles, and when it does appear it is in a mild form; but when we come to the road from Arang, westward to Chicholee Bungalow, which runs for about ninety miles through a barren, treeless plain, we find the cholera every year in its more severe form, the dead and dying lying by the wayside, and trains of vehicles half of whose conductors are dead.

In the same report Dr. Bryden continues: —

> I will mention one other fact as a result of my observations, namely, that places surrounded by those vast and splendid groves which are occasionally seen, lying in low and probably marshy situations, surrounded by hills, and which, from the mass of decaying vegetation, are very subject to fever in September, October, and November, are seldom visited by cholera, and if it occurs there are but few deaths, while places on high ground, or in what are called fine, airy situations, free from trees and without hills near, so that they are thoroughly ventilated, suffer very much from cholera.

Murray gives a number of instances showing the influence of trees on the spread of cholera. One of these may find a place here: —

> The fact is generally believed, and not long ago the medical officer of Jatisgar, in Central

* Die physikalischen Wirkungen des Waldes auf Luft und Boden, und seine klimatologische und hygienische Bedeutung.

* Epidemic Cholera in the Bengal Presidency, 1869, p. 225.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

India, offered a striking proof of it. During the widespread epidemic of cholera in Allahabad, in 1859, those parts of the garrison whose barracks had the advantage of having trees near them enjoyed an indisputable exemption, and precisely in proportion to the thickness and nearness of the shelter. Thus the European Cavalry in the Wellington Barracks, which stand between four rows of mango-trees, but are yet to a certain extent open, suffered much less than the Fourth European Regiment whose quarters were on a hill exposed to the full force of the wind; while the Bengal Horse Artillery, who were in a thicket of mango-trees, had not a single case of sickness; and the exemption cannot be regarded as accidental, as the next year the comparative immunity was precisely the same.*

We need not, however, go to India to observe similar instances of the influence of a certain degree of moisture in the soil favored by woods or other conditions; we can find them much nearer home. In the cholera epidemic of 1854, in Bavaria, it was generally observed that the places in the moors were spared, in spite of the otherwise bad condition of the inhabitants. The great plain of the Danube from Neuburg to Ingolstadt was surrounded by places where it was epidemic, while in the plain itself there were but a few scattered cases. The same thing has been demonstrated by Reinhard, president of the Saxon Medical College. Cholera has visited Saxony eight times since 1836, and every time it spared the northerly district between Pleisse and Spree, where ague is endemic.

In the English Garden at Munich there are several buildings, not sparsely tenantted — the Diana Baths, the Chinese Tower, with a tavern and outbuildings, the Gendarmerie Station, and the Kleinkessellohe. In the three outbreaks of cholera at Munich none of these places have been affected by it. This fact is the more surprising, as three of them comprise public taverns into which the disease germs must have been occasionally introduced by the public; yet there was no epidemic in these houses, although it prevailed largely immediately beyond the English Garden and close to the Diana Baths in 1854 and 1873. It must have been accidental that no isolated cases occurred, as the inmates of the Chinese Tower, or the Kleinkessellohe, might have caught it in Munich as others did who came from a distance, but had there been single cases, probably no epidemic would have occurred in these houses.

* Report on the Treatment of Epidemic Cholera, 1869, p. 4.

Even if these deductions must be accepted with caution from an etiological point of view, still, on the whole, they indisputably tell in favor of trees and woods.

Surface vegetation has also other advantages, besides its use in regulating the moisture in the soil; it purifies it from the drainage of human habitations, whereby it is contaminated and impregnated. If this refuse matter remains in soil destitute of growing vegetation, further decomposition sets in, and other processes are induced, not always of a salubrious nature, but often deleterious, the products of which reach us by means of air or water, and may penetrate into our houses. But from this indisputable fact, false conclusions are sometimes drawn. Many people imagine that if a few old trees are left standing in an open space their roots will absorb all the impurities from the houses around, and render the refuse which accumulates beneath them innocuous. This idea is not only false in a sanitary point of view, but very injurious, as it prevents people from taking the measures which alone can keep the ground under our houses pure.

We will now explain why the shade of gardens and woods is at certain seasons so beneficial. The human race during its pilgrimage on earth and wanderings over it has many difficult tasks to perform. One of the most difficult is involved in the necessity that all our internal organs, and the blood, whether at the equator or the north pole, should retain an equable temperature of 37·5° Centigrade (98° Fahr.). Deviations of but one degree are signs of serious illness. The blood of the negro and that of the Esquimaux is of the same temperature, while the one lives in a temperature of 40° above and the other 40° below zero (Centigrade). A difference of 80° has therefore to be equalized.

Our organism, doubtless, possesses a special apparatus for the performance of this colossal task, self-acting sluices so to speak, by means of which more or less of the heat generated in the body passes off: these consist mainly in the increase or diminution of the peripheric circulation, and the action of the pores of the skin. But we soon come to the end of our natural regulating apparatus, and have to resort to artificial means. Against cold we have excellent methods in clothing, dwellings, and fires; but at present our precautions against heat are very limited. This is doubtless the reason why higher civilization has extended so much farther towards the polar regions than towards the equa-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

tor. The Germanic races, particularly, inevitably degenerate after living for a few generations in the tropics, and must be continually renewed by immigration if they desire to retain supremacy, as is proved by the case of the English in India. They will not be able to settle there and maintain the characteristics which have made them dominant, until means have been found of diminishing the heat of the body at pleasure, as we are able to maintain it in the north. At present our remedies against heat are baths, fans, and shade.

We lose the heat of our bodies in three different ways — by the medium in which we are,— generally the air,— and which can be warmed; by the evaporation of perspiration; and by radiation from bodies of a lower temperature, not taking into account a small portion of heat which goes off in mechanical labor. Under ordinary circumstances in temperate climates, we lose half the heat generated by radiation, one-fourth by evaporation, and one-fourth by the conducting medium in which we are. In proportion as any of these methods is diminished, one or both the others must be increased. As long as possible, our organisms are so obliging as to open and close the sluices themselves without our cognizance, provided that our regulating apparatus is in order, that we are not ill. It is only when our good servant the skin, under certain conditions, has come to an end of its powers, that we begin to feel that we must lend our aid. And thus we have found by experience that in hot weather shade helps the body to keep cool to the needful extent. The chief effect of shelter is to prevent the sun's rays from striking us directly; but if this were all, it would be as cool in the height of summer indoors, or even under the leaden roofs of Venice — which have driven many to frenzy and desperation — as under the shade of a tree or in a wood. It also makes a great difference whether the sun's rays fall on thick foliage or on a roof of slate or metal. A great deal of heat is neutralized by evaporation from the leaves; another portion by the decomposition of carbonic acid, just so much as is set free when we burn the wood and other organic combinations into the composition of which it enters. The heat produced by burning wood in a stove is derived from the sun; it is but the captured rays of the sun again set free by combustion. We learn from Ebermayer's work that the temperature of the trees in a forest and even in the tops of them, is always lower than the air in the forest.

Besides this, shade in the open air always causes a certain draught which acts as a kind of fan. All must have noticed when walking in oppressive heat, when the air seems still as death, that a refreshing breeze arises as soon as a cloud casts a shade. The same thing may often be observed in summer in walking through a street with close rows of houses, when the air is still, and one side is sunny, the other in shade. On the sunny side there is not a breath of air, while on the other there may be a light breeze. This is easily explained; so far as the shade extends the air is cooler than in the sun; layers of air of unequal warmth are of different gravity, and this difference of temperature is the cause of the motion in the air.

The shade of a single tree, therefore, cools not only by intercepting the sun's rays, but also by the effect of gentle fanning. The shelter of a thick wood, however, is much more agreeable than that of a single tree. The air in a wood is cooler than that of an open space exposed to the sun. The air from outside is drawn into the wood, is cooled by it and cools us again. And it is not only the air that cools us, but the trees themselves. Observation has shown that the trunks of trees in a wood breast high, even at the hottest time of day, are 5° Cent. cooler than the air. We therefore lose considerable heat by radiation to these cooler objects, and can cool ourselves more easily at a temperature of 25° Cent. in a wood than at a much lower temperature in an open space. When the objects around us are as warm as ourselves we lose nothing by radiation; what is radiated from us is radiated back by them. This is why we are so uncomfortable in heated and overcrowded rooms. It is generally set down to bad air, and this does certainly contribute to it, but it is chiefly the result of disturbed distribution of heat, as has been plainly shown by experiments on the composition of such air, which makes many people feel ill.

MAX VON PETTENKOFER.

From The Spectator.

THE PRINCE CONSORT'S SAVINGS.

THE court has thought it wise — very justly thought it wise — to take advantage of the publication of the third volume of the "Life of the Prince Consort" to deny

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

one of the commonest, most widely diffused, and most generally believed of the charges against his memory. It is, perhaps, the only one which has obtained credence among the educated. They, however, as well as the masses, have been possessed by the notion that the prince, who was an admirable manager of affairs — he completely restored the finances of his son's property, the duchy of Cornwall — and who was personally not extravagant, left behind him a large fortune, which was invested in land in South Kensington, and was bequeathed at his death to the queen. His will, it was said, was proved before the archbishop instead of in the ordinary probate office, in order to conceal the truth, and the money was silently added by the queen to her already "vast" possessions. So inveterate was this story that, as Mr. Martin says, it imposed on statesmen of mark, and it exercised, not once, but repeatedly, a very decided political effect. It was one cause, at all events, of the extraordinary fuss made about the dower to the Princess Louise, and has helped repeatedly to embitter speeches against grants demanded on behalf of the South Kensington Museum and the department of Science and Art. The court, it was said, was always jobbing to bring up South Kensington rents. Mr. Martin declares, in the most explicit and definite way, that the story is an invention from beginning to end, that the prince consort spent his whole income, and that he left absolutely no fortune whatever. Mr. Martin's words, which are evidently intended to be unusually vehement, are as follows: —

It may be convenient here once for all to dispose of, perhaps, the only calumny of the many to which the prince was subjected, which, so far as we are aware, keeps any hold upon the public mind, viz., that he had amassed large sums of money out of the income allowed him by the nation, part of which had been invested in the purchase of land at South Kensington, adjoining the property of the exhibition commissioners. The prince never purchased any land at South Kensington, either for himself or his family. Connected as he was with the acquisition of ground there for purely national purposes, the thought of acquiring property in the same locality for personal purposes would never have entered his mind, or the mind, indeed, of any honorable man. But in truth, the prince never had the means to make purchases of this nature. His whole income was no more than sufficient to meet the salaries of his secretaries and other officials and servants, his public subscriptions, and such purchases of works of art as were expected from him. He was often blamed because these purchases were not on a larger scale. The fault was not with him, but in the very limited means at his disposal, and as to these, his only regret was that they did not enable him to do for art and science all that he would have wished. It was only by strict economy that the year's current expenditure was made to square with the year's income, and the prince died, *leaving absolutely no fortune;* indeed, barely enough to meet his personal liabilities. And yet even recently we were assured, upon the authority of an eminent statesman, who survived the prince many years, and who professed to speak from personal knowledge, that he left behind in one of his investments no less a sum than £600,000! The statesman in question was not always exact in his statements, and he was never less exact, or more inexcusably so, than in this instance. But if a man whose position gave weight to his words could propagate so mere a fable, it becomes necessary to give it, and all stories of the same kind, an emphatic denial.

It is impossible for language to be more explicit, and this slander will now, we presume, disappear, like a thousand others. The odd thing about the original story of the savings is not that the public should have believed it — for the public will believe anything, when the figures get beyond £100,000 — but that it should be considered a slander, and a slander so serious that a most reluctant court should, years after the victim's decease, feel it expedient to give it an explicit and as it were detailed denial. Why is it disgraceful to save one's cash? There always will be unkind stories circulating about the royal family. They seldom or never share in the popularity which the occupant of the throne, if only decently attentive to English peculiarities of feeling, can always secure, and they are all slightly injured as well as protected by that kind of twilight in which, ever since the days of the regency, the British court has succeeded in enveloping its proceedings. Something must be said about the central subject for gossip, and as there is nothing true to be said, the story which is most like ascertained truth is repeated in its place. The prince was known to be thrifty, and had stopped much foolish waste at Windsor arising from a ludicrous conflict of authorities, and consequently it was reported that he was making a great fortune. The queen has never asked her subjects for money and was known to be rich, and consequently she was declared to be most parsimonious and to be heaping up wealth so great that any application for dower or appanage for

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

her children was an injustice to the country. The truth about the latter point was explained by Mr. Gladstone, who said that the queen, a widow and fond of retirement, had saved a fortune, which was not at all unusual in amount, and for which she had many uses; and the truth about the former point is, that it is poor scandal, originally begotten of the vexation felt by employés of the palace when the excessive and wanton waste which in one or two departments had existed in previous reigns was brought under regulation. It will be found, in all human probability, when the queen's memoir is written by some successor to Mr. Martin, that she was exactly as liberal and as careful as most English châtelaines, and that the popular belief to the contrary has arisen solely from her love for quietness, which has disinclined her to play hostess, and to the overcrowding sometimes unavoidable at Balmoral and Osborne. So inveterate, however, is the determination that the queen shall not be faultless, that any story, however absurd, which can be explained on the theory of parsimony receives at once a certain credence. Two years ago, for example, half London "society" believed for some days that the empress of Austria, one of the very greatest ladies in Europe, and moreover, one of the most influential persons, had travelled to Windsor to see the queen, and had been suffered to depart without being offered lunch. The truth was that the empress was in a hurry, and although pressed to stay to a lunch already prepared, went away as she had arranged, but out of this simple incident grew rumor upon rumor. The case is the same, however, in all capitals, and the slanders, though annoying, do not much matter; but it is odd that in this country they should so persistently take this particular direction. Why should not the prince consort have saved his money, if he liked? Nobody in this country, once out of church, thinks saving improper; everybody professes to despise extravagance, and nobody outside a limited circle of tradesmen expects to get anything out of the court expenditure. Why, then, should not the prince have saved, and invested in South Kensington ground rents too, if he knew enough of business to do it? As a matter of fact, he never had the means. He can never have had £40,000 a year clear, and a prince in his position, with a household of his own to pay, arts to encourage, and dependants to protect, very soon finds that an income of that kind, large as it seems to the professional classes, requires to be husbanded with some care. It is not the kitchen which drains the pocket of an English noble. Supposing the prince consort, however, to have had the means, wherein lay such an objection to his saving them that the mere statement that he had saved became a slander and added grievously to his unpopularity? We are absolutely unable to find a reason, except a certain unreasonableness in the temper of the English people. They did not think his allowance enormous. They did not want him to keep up any state separate from that of the queen. They would have been savage if he had spent money in any way which brought him popularity, or influence, or even social esteem. They wanted him to efface himself into the queen's private secretary, which alone among the prince consorts of history he did, and then they scolded because they thought that in his seclusion he had saved a fortune. It was mere unreasoning prejudice, fostered by annoyance at the very slight opening for comment which the prince gave anybody, and dislike of his imaginary tendencies in politics.

We wonder whether the etiquette which at present almost forbids the court either to refute or to punish slander is, in the interests of the monarchy, a wise one. We suspect it is. The statesmen of the Continent do not think so, and are always most jealous to preserve the power of restricting personal comment, but as a matter of fact, they usually fail, the most patent result of their efforts being to make the slanders much more bitter and unscrupulous. Napoleon was libelled everywhere at a time when a libeller was liable to Cayenne, and our own regent got nothing out of his prosecutions except a more accentuated hatred and contempt. The extraordinary sensitiveness of the German emperor, or it may be, of his ministers, does not shield him half so well as the quiescence of the queen, who in most cases of course never sees a libel, and it has not nearly the same effect of dignity. The right assumed by all royal personages on the Continent of refusing a challenge unless it comes from a royal prince, a right never surrendered — for the Duke de Montpensier's opponent was of his own blood — has never injured their reputation for courage, and a certain fortitude or indifference under obloquy does not deteriorate their character in the eyes of the multitude. It is very doubtful if Napoleon III.'s character, properly so called, was injured in Belgium or Switzerland by the literature of libel on him which grew

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

up in those countries, and quite certain that all the random stories about the Prince of Wales never stopped during his illness the popular prayer for his recovery. We suspect, indeed, that slander on royal persons, so long as they do not make themselves politically offensive to their people, goes very little way. It is not really credited. The people are tickled by it, just as they are by any other romances about the great, but they do not, while perhaps repeating the ill-natured story, believe it to be more than an expression of momentary dislike. If Marie Antoinette, who of all human beings was the one most foully libelled, had been on the popular side, neither the malice of her enemies nor her own indiscretion would have diminished her popularity one tittle, while her one grand prosecution did her more harm than all the inventions of the libellers. Extreme cases might, no doubt, occur, but as a rule, slanderous stories against royal personages are best refuted after they are dead, and in books like Mr. Martin's. Every Democrat in America used to read every day that General Grant was a drunkard, and a horse jockey, and a plunderer, and worse; but the Democrat who would not dine with General Grant, or who judged him differently on account of all these stories, might be sought in vain. He read in them expressions of an opinion that the general should not be re-elected, and that was all.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

HELIOGOLAND.

THERE are few places in Europe where the traveller may feel so secure from the companionship of the ordinary British tourist as in Heliogoland. And yet it is a British possession, and has been one ever since 1814. Up to that date the steep rock in the North Sea, whose name is sometimes spent Helgoland, or Heilgeland, but which we call Heliogoland, had remained in uncoveted and undesired possession of the Danes. Early in the beginning of the present century, however, when strange acts of appropriation were committed under the influence of panic, and justified by the rough-and-ready laws of self-defence, we seized upon this little group of islands lying in the German Ocean, right opposite the mouths of the great rivers Elbe and Weser. It consists of Heliogoland, Sandy Island, and several reefs and rocks, of which only two have been given the distinctive names of the Monk and the Steen. Heliogoland itself is barely a mile long, and its average breadth is only the third of a mile. Even these moderate dimensions are said to be subjected to a steady reduction by the encroachments of the sea. There is every reason to believe that the whole group of islets, which bear distinct traces of change in their physical geography, once formed a single island — large compared to the size of any of its existing fragments.

A bit of old Frisian doggerel describes vividly enough the impression of the traveller who first sees Heliogoland in its summer dress: —

Road es det Lunn,
Grön es de Kaut,
Witt es de Sunn;
Deet es de woaper vant, Helligeland.

Red is the land,
Green is the grass,
White is the sand;
These are the colors of Heliogoland.

And very bright and pretty these colors looked to our eyes, when we dropped the "Sunbeam's" anchor in the harbor last August, after a swift and safe run across — under sail — from Margate in forty-eight hours. The ordinary route is by way of Hamburg, and from thence by steamers making an eight hours' voyage three times a week. Only a couple of these hours, however, are spent at sea, the other five being occupied by a slow progress down the Elbe. Heliogoland is a favorite resort of Austrian and German families, who flock here during the summer months to enjoy the delicious sea-bathing, and the inexpensive, pleasant, *sans-façon* out-of-door life.

Indeed, the *coup d'œil* which first presented itself reminded me of nothing so much as one of the scenes from the opera of "The Flying Dutchman." There was the same bright sea, the dark cliffs, and the sandy shore. The same sort of long wooden pier straggled out into the blue water, and was crowded with groups of sturdy, fair, North Sea fishermen. They were idling about, too, in true theatrical fashion, dressed in loose trousers, light-blue striped sailor shirts, and blue or red woollen caps. Nor did the women look less picturesque in their bright scarlet or yellow bordered petticoats, light over-dresses, and black or chintz sun-bonnets.

Small as is the principal island, it yet boasts of two towns — one on the high land, and one on the low land. There is as much as one hundred and seventy

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

feet of difference between the two "lands," and the visitor must climb two hundred and three steps, if he would reach the upper town from the seashore. On this "Ober-land" stands the Government House, the church, the batteries and their magazine, and, higher than all, the splendid lighthouse, the lantern of which is two hundred and fifty-seven feet above the sea-level. This lighthouse not only serves as a warning from the rock on which it is built, but is of use to vessels entering the Elbe or the Weser, the Eyder or the Jade. There are about three hundred and fifty houses on this high ground, and eighty on the lower portion of the island, called the "Unter land," holding between them a couple of thousand inhabitants. These dwellings are so neat and clean, that their wooden walls and red roofs help to produce an indescribably comic effect of the whole place having been just taken out of a box of children's toys, and neatly arranged in squares and rows. But the combination of English comfort with Dutch cleanliness and German propriety is very agreeable to the eye.

The church is a curious building, and contains, suspended from the ceiling, several models of ships under full sail, presented, *ex voto*, from time to time. The women sit by themselves down-stairs, in pews marked with their family names; the men sit in a gallery up-stairs, round which has been painted, by no mean artist, a series of scenes from the Old and New Testaments. Some years ago the clergyman wished to paint these pictures out, which would have been a great pity; for, although the mode of treating the subjects has not been perhaps strictly ecclesiastical, they deserve to be retained as relics of a past age. It is to be hoped that some loving hand may even yet be found to copy or photograph these quaint old designs, ere time or progress deals still more hardly with them. The font, too, is especially curious. It is held up by figures so ancient that *cognoscenti* declare they must be the remaining supports of some ancient altar to a heathen deity. When a christening takes place there is a preliminary ceremony of filling this font, and it is pretty to see fifty or a hundred children advancing up the aisle in a procession, each bearing a little mug of water. The service is Lutheran. The clergyman reads from the communion-table, and above it is placed a little box from which he preaches. Besides this he possesses a pew of his own, exactly opposite that appropriated to the governor's use, with the communion-table between. Both these pews are precisely like opera-boxes, and have windows to open and shut. It is not so long ago since prayers used to be offered up in this very church for wrecks; and it was an established custom, if the rumor of one arrived whilst service was being performed, for the clergyman to shut his book, seize the long hatchet-like pike placed in readiness for such an emergency, and lead his flock to their boats. But the mission was scarcely a Christian one, for no survivers were ever permitted to return and tell the tale of what sort of welcome they had received on these inhospitable rocks.

We must remember, however, in mitigation of such hard and cruel facts, that from father to son for many and many a bygone generation the trade and profession of each male inhabitant of Heliogoland had been that of a wrecker, with a very little exercise of the pilot's or fisherman's more gentle craft during the brief summer months. Indeed it has taken the strong repressive measures insisted on and strictly carried out by the present governor, to at all subdue this inborn ten dency to act on the saying of what is one man's extremity being another man's opportunity. The great improvement in wrecking morals and manners which has been accomplished with so much difficulty is, however, but skin deep, and will even now collapse on the smallest chance of escaping detection. Whilst the "Sunbeam" lay in one of the two good harbors of these islands, she was the object of much curiosity and interest. Amongst her numerous visitors were some of the coastguard. They had been duly shown round the yacht, and during this process some wag inquired of the coxswain of their gig what he would like to take first if the vessel were "sitting on the rocks." This is a euphemistic equivalent in Heliogoland for a vessel being cast away. A half-regretful gleam came into his bright blue eyes as the man answered wistfully, "I hardly know, sir; but there is a good deal of copper about." As a matter of fact, we had already observed that the ventilators and bright brasswork of our little ship attracted special notice and many expressions of half-envious admiration. But it is only fair to add that we had other more peaceful and less professional visitors from among the islanders and the *Bāde-gäste*, and I often found beautiful bouquets of flowers and graceful messages of thanks awaiting me on board when we returned from a long day on shore.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The present governor of Heliogoland has indeed made enormous reforms in the system of legalized wreckage which he found in practice on the islands. He has established a volunteer corps of native coast-guards, superintended by eight picked coast-guardsmen from England. *Now*, therefore, when a wreck takes place on the shore, the errand of those battling with the beating surf, the howling wind, and the blinding storms of sleet and snow, to where the poor ship lies stranded on the rocks, is one of succor and not of heartless villany. Formerly the very same men would have only hastened to the spot with their pikes and hatchets, to cut down the bulkheads, force open the hatches, take out the cargo, and break up the ship as quickly as might be for the sake of appropriating her timbers, copper, and ballast. As for the unhappy crew, their fate would probably be similar to that of some passengers by coach to "Frisco" in its earliest days, of whom Artemus Ward makes mention as being the objects of the driver's special attention. This worthy used to make his rounds, kingbolt in hand, as soon as possible after an accident, and proceed to act on his avowed principle that "dead men don't sue; they ain't on it." But in these more civilized days, if rescue has come too late, gentle hands have laid the unfortunate mariners to rest in this bleak spot, and, through the kindness of the governor's wife, each grave in the pretty cemetery in Sandy Island, even though nameless, has been marked by a small black cross, bearing the name of the shipwrecked vessel and the date of its loss, whenever it was possible to ascertain them. The rocket apparatus has been used on many occasions, too, with the best results.

In spite, however, of the utmost vigilance, it sometimes happens that the old trade is still plied, and the governor told me the following story himself: —

He was one day lately caught in a thick fog when out in a boat shooting wild seabirds, and whilst waiting for the mist to lift, he heard a sound of hammering in the direction of a distant reef. His practised ears soon told him what it meant, and in spite of the difficulties raised on the spot by the crew of his boat, and the earnest efforts they made to dissuade him, he persisted in steering towards where he knew the reef lay. Just before reaching it, the fog lifted slightly, disclosing to some sentinel wrecker the swiftly coming boat. In a moment the most absurd stampede took place. Out of the cabin and hold of the unfortunate ship the disturbed pillagers swarmed like bees, hoping to reach their own boats and escape unrecognized. So rapid were their movements, that only two or three of the least agile were captured, but those who succeeded in getting away left behind them their large axes and other ship-breaking implements, on most of which their names had been branded, and which thus furnished the means by which the owners were captured and punished. Since this adventure the wreckers have had to acknowledge that, like Othello, "their occupation's gone," and they have taken every opportunity of enlisting themselves on the side of law and order.

There has been great difficulty too in inducing the natives to use the life-boats brought from England. On more than one occasion the coast-guard men have found the air-boxes broken and the linings cut by the natives, whilst they have themselves been absent on a life-saving expedition. But these obstacles lessen every day, under the firm yet kindly rule of the present governor, who takes the liveliest personal interest in every detail of his administration.

The Waal Channel separates the Downs or Sandy Island from Heliogoland, and both islands are but thinly covered with soil, which is hardly anywhere more than four feet deep. Still there is pasture for cattle and sheep; and fair crops of barley and oats can be raised in summer. The principal revenue of the islands is derived from fish, which are sent to London *viâ* Hamburg, and from a large oyster-bed. For the last fifty years it has also been the favorite summer bathing-place of Austrians and Germans, who come over in great numbers between June and September. The life led by these visitors is a very simple and informal one. Nobody seems to think it necessary to walk up and down at certain hours, or to do any particular thing at regular and stated periods. You may even if you like dig sand-holes with the children, whilst you listen to lovely music played twice a day by a band from Carlsbad.

To enjoy Heliogoland you must be a good walker, for there are no horses on the island, and every place has to be visited on foot. There is a nice breezy walk across the highest point of the island to the north end, where a curious rock stands boldly out, almost separate from the mainland. The cliffs are full of caves and grottoes, which are illuminated twice a year. A reckless expenditure of blue lights and rockets takes place on these occasions, producing, I am assured, a very enchanting and magical effect. We were

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

so unfortunate in the weather during our short stay, that one of these illuminations which was impending, and formed the staple subject of conversation during many weeks, had to be postponed over and over again, and we never beheld it.

The system of bathing at Sandy Island is organized to perfection, and it was impossible to help contrasting it with the seaside manners of Ramsgate, where we had last bathed. The *Bāde-gäste* are taken across to Sandy Island in private boats or in omnibus boats, which run every five minutes, from 6 A M. to 2 P.M. The bather provides himself with a ticket before starting, and has no more trouble. Ladies and gentlemen bathe on different sides of the island, and in different places, according to the wind and tide. We landed in our own boat, and I was much amused at the respectful distance at which the old pilot, who was carrying my bathing-gown, stopped. In his dread of approaching too closely to the forbidden precincts, he made the *Bāde-frau* walk at least a quarter of a mile to meet us. It certainly was a treat to bathe in such pure and clear water beneath so lovely and bright a sky. One feels like a different being afterwards. Part of the programme consists in taking a *Sonne-bad*, and basking in the balmy air on the little sand-hills, sheltered by the rocks from too much wind or sun. The bather has no trouble or anxiety on his mind about machines or towels. They are all provided for him, and the price is included in his original ticket. After the bath it is *de rigueur* to go and breakfast at the restaurant pavilion on the beach, where you feel exactly as if you were sitting on the glazed-in deck of a ship. The food is excellent, and Heliogoland lobsters fresh out of the water are as different from the familiar lobster smothered in salad and sauce, as caviare, newly taken from the sturgeon and eaten on the banks of the Volga, is from caviare eaten on the banks of the Thames out of a china jar. Then after this excellent breakfast, if the *Bāde-gast* is inclined for exercise, he may stroll about very pleasantly to the point of the reef, where he will hardly be able to turn his head without seeing the ribs of some unfortunate vessel sticking up out of the sea-sand; or he may return to the mainland and listen to the sweet music of the Carlsbad band, and even do a little mild shopping. The *specialities* of the island consist of hats, muffs, tippets, and many pretty things made from the plumage of the grey gull and other wild sea-birds which nest among the rocks. Besides these there are various ingenious little articles manufactured by the inhabitants during the long, cold, dark winter evenings.

The " Ober-land," or upper part of the town, can boast of several good hotels and restaurants, and in summer some two or three hundred guests sit down daily at the principal *table d'hôte*. For evening amusement, there is a bright, cheery little theatre, where a really good company plays nightly the most sparkling and pretty pieces with a *verve* and finish which reminds one of a French play-house. An occasional ball at Government House is a great treat, and warmly appreciated by the fortunate guests.

There is a generally received fable to the effect that Heliogoland is overrun with rabbits, which are rapidly and surely undermining the whole of Sandy Island, and will eventually cause it to disappear beneath the sea. But, as a matter of fact, there is not a single rabbit on the island, nor has there been one in the memory of the present generation. The wild-fowl afford excellent sport. The guillemots breed in immense quantities among the picturesque rocks of the west coast, and in the autumn large numbers of woodcock land here on their way south in search of summer climes. In the town itself two large poles are erected at the corner of every street, and between them a net is suspended, by means of which many birds are caught during their flight. Mr. Gätke, the permanent secretary to the government, has a most interesting ornithological collection, consisting entirely of birds that have been shot *on* the islands, but embracing specimens of numerous foreign varieties. Many of those we saw must have found their way hither from Africa, from the Himalayas, and even from Australia, besides a peculiar kind of gull (Ross's gull) from the arctic regions, of which even the British Museum does not possess a specimen. Mr. Gätke talks of publishing a book on this collection of feathered wanderers whose flight has ended here.

During the winter the rocks swarm with wild-fowl of all kinds — swans, geese, and ducks, but only two of the species breed there, the razor-hawk and the guillemot. In the spring, when the rocks are literally covered with these birds, the effect must be inexpressibly droll, and the noise tremendous.

Insignificant as the place seems to most of us, Heliogoland has given a great deal of trouble in her day. Barely ten years ago she was the bugbear of insurance

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

offices and shipowners, and a well-known refuge for masters desirous of getting rid of their vessels in a comfortable manner. No vessel once on the neighboring reefs, or on the main island, was ever allowed to depart, while those wrecked in the Elbe or the neighboring rivers were simply plundered by the Heliogoland fishermen and pilots under the plea of salvage. The renumeration for discharging or pilfering a cargo used to be settled in full assembly of the *Vorsteherschaft*, whose members, being principally pilot officers and wreckers themselves, were naturally interested in the amount of the reward received for salvage.

No debts could be recovered in the island, no legal decrees enforced, and a creditor had to wait for the death of an obstinate debtor, on the chance of his property coming before the court. The credit of the island, until lately, was at a very low ebb indeed, and, in order to increase its funds, contracts for public gambling were entered into between the *Vorsteherschaft* and some German lessees, which had the desired effect for the moment. It is difficult to imagine that so small a place could, in the few years between 1815 and 1868, have involved itself in a public debt to the extent of 7,000*l*. At present, in spite of the abolition of the gaming-tables and a great outlay on public works, this sum has been reduced to somewhere about 3,000*l*. To the wise and prudent administration of the present governor, this, as well as every other improvement, is due. Under his beneficent rule, Heliogoland has changed so much that the visitor of even fifteen years ago would not recognize, in the orderly, neat, thriving little settlement, the ruinous, lawless, bankrupt island of those comparatively recent days. ANNIE BRASSEY.

From The Spectator.

FORGETFULNESS.

IN the October number of *Mind*,— which keeps up its high standard of scholarly thoroughness in all its papers, though it might, we think, give at times rather more space than it does to subjects of general interest, without sacrificing anything in that direction, — there is a thoughtful paper on "Forgetfulness," by Mr. Verdon, in which the writer argues with a good deal of force against the now rather prevalent notion that there is no such thing as total forgetfulness, that under adequate conditions every modification the mind has passed through may be restored, and recognized as the representative in memory of what had once before been presented in direct experience. Sometimes people will tell you that in the process of losing consciousness by drowning, they have, in a moment or two, passed through, in vision, the whole of the experience of their previous lives, including incidents which, so far as they knew, they had completely and absolutely forgotten. Now, of course, statements of this kind are necessarily very vague, and hardly capable of verification. Those who give such evidence, if cross-examined, would not probably maintain that they really passed through in vision the long line of all the purely mechanical actions of their lives, all the times they had yawned, or coughed, or sneezed, or hummed a tune, every crossing of a *t* and dotting of an *i* in every line written by them from childhood to the date of the drowning,— that all the motes that they had once seen in a sunbeam had been seen again in the same order as before; they can hardly mean all this. What they do probably mean is simply that all the more stirring incidents of their life which had become deeply engraved on their memory before by their association with some grave action or strong passion, some deep emotion, or some serious pang of remorse, recur at such a time in due order. If they mean more than this, there is this great difficulty about the statement,— that we are all of us absolutely incompetent to say of the greater part of our least interesting experiences, whether they are faithfully represented in memory or not. Let any man walk down two or three yards of a busy street. Of course a vast number of impressions are made on his retina and on his ears; probably a good many associated ideas pass rapidly through his mind; one or two odors will be perceived; he will feel the pavement with his feet and his stick in two or three different places; and he will have some sort of notion of the warmth or coldness of the air through which he passes or, at least, of the changes of temperature. Now, within (say) three minutes, let him repeat the very same walk, and take all the pains in the world to note the similarities and differences in what he experiences. We are very certain that even though the person in question were a Charles Dickens himself, he will simply not be able to assure himself whether or not he saw before many things that he sees now, and heard before many things

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

that he hears now. He will not know whether or not he treads on precisely the same spots on the pavement as before, and places his stick on the same; he will not know whether the currents of air meet him in precisely the same places; and he will not know whether or not the same associations pass through his mind in precisely the same order. Now, if this be so when a man repeats, as nearly as the changes of the external world admit, the same experiences within three minutes, for the very purpose of recognizing all that is recognizable, and discriminating what is different,—it stands to reason that in a review of life, however vivid it may be, occurring many years after most of the events reviewed, it would be simply impossible to say whether all the images which pass in vision before you are or are not real memorial pictures of your former experience. If your original perceptions are so vague, — as in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred of half-attentive perception they are, — that within the next five minutes you are unable to say whether they are repeated accurately or not, how is it conceivable that under any spell whatever you can be quite sure that they have been repeated accurately at the interval of many years? We can only remember distinctly what we have vividly experienced. If the first experience is blurred and faint, the best conceivable return of it to memory must be blurred and faint also; nor can we usually, in the case of a blurred and faint first-hand experience, recall, even immediately, the degree in which each part of the image was thus blurred and faint. We confess, therefore, that we agree with Mr. Verdon in entertaining the profoundest doubt of the truth of the now rather common assumption that memory may one day restore to our recognition *every* experience of our past life. We should say that a very large part of life is consumed in experiences so little unique and so very like thousands of other experiences, that even if they did recur to our mind's eye in precisely the same form as before, we should be unable to affirm with confidence that they were the same. If the twenty thousand dinners that a middle-aged man had eaten were all to be paraded with the most faithful accuracy before his imagination, how is he, who probably hesitates in the witness-box whether or not the claimant before him be his own old friend or an impostor who closely resembles him, to swear to their identity? There are no doubt such things as infallible attestations of memory. If five minutes ago I were meditating a great crime or a great deed of any sort, I know that this was so, as well as I know where I am now. But as to ninety-nine hundredths of the minutiæ of human existence, memory, even when fresh, refuses to attest anything with absolute certainty. And it is at least exceedingly difficult, even if not quite impossible, to suppose that what memory could not attest at all when the event on which it was questioned was quite fresh, it could infallibly attest when that event was the vanishing point of a long past.

We hold, then, with Mr. Verdon that there is no real ground for supposing that *all* past states of consciousness must be recoverable and identifiable by us as the veritable states through which we actually passed. As a general rule, it is only moments of somewhat vividly concentrated life that we can positively attest in memory at any great distance of time; while common and commonplace experiences can hardly be discriminated clearly from each other even at the shortest intervals. We believe that in every man's life there are not only many experiences which have not been distinct enough when they occurred to be clearly and faithfully remembered, but also many which are so often partially repeated without critical and momentous differences, that even the most complete restoration of some of them in consciousness could not be identified individually, but only as types.

But nothing that we have said must be interpreted as throwing any doubt on the well-established fact that what has once been thoroughly well known, though since apparently quite forgotten, in consequence of the displacing power of new associations and new habits, may be brought back into full recollection again by any circumstances, — such, for instance, as those of a fever, — which in their turn obliterate the more immediate present, and set the mind working again in the old grooves. Nobody can doubt the truth of some of the stories of people who in illness have repeated sentences from a language quite unknown to them in their ordinary state, but which, as is subsequently ascertained, were impressed on their ear in childhood or youth, by hearing them constantly repeated, till at last these sentences had become as familiar to them as the inarticulate cries of London are to one who has long lived in the London streets, cries which, in like manner, disappear from the memory, so soon as the ear ceases to be familiar with them. And these stories certainly prove that anything which has

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

once been thoroughly familiar may be revived again in the memory, by striking the proper key-note in the music of old association, — at least if it be struck at a time when the mind is shut out from the disturbing influence of immediate practical interests, and temporarily imprisoned in the past. All this is in no way inconsistent with what we have been maintaining, — namely, that it is impossible to distinguish clearly in memory what you have never distinguished clearly even in direct knowledge, that you cannot surely recognize what you have never surely known. You may certainly have the most vivid recognition of things very long indeed forgotten, and as you would suppose, absolutely forgotten, supposing always that they were once thoroughly familiar, as almost every one must have experienced at times even in dreams. But then what is it that has apparently obliterated these familiar things from memory? It is the claim on the attention of a long succession of other duties and interests, and if these for a time be excluded, even though only by the images of a dream which diverts the mind into long-deserted tracks, there is no reason at all why the old attitude of mind should not be resumed, and when resumed, should not appear as fresh and natural as ever. Moreover, nothing is more likely to be suddenly revived in this way than a long-disused mechanical habit, with some old link in the chain of which the eye or ear suddenly finds itself again in contact. All experience shows that as nothing is so easy as to forget mere words and names, even when the things they represent are quite clearly before the mind, so the only way to recollect them is not so much to dwell on them, as to get into some well-worn groove of habit, by the help of which you come upon them unawares, in the midst of equally familiar words. Thus it has been noted that even people who suffer from that very serious disease of the brain called aphasia, almost always *swear* correctly, indeed say anything correctly which they are not *trying* to say, but which just completes a chain of old associations. Aphasic patients can scold the servants — an operation in which they are started, as it were, by a habit, rather than by a set purpose — when they cannot even get nearer to the word "moon" than to call it "that public light," or to the word "card" than "cigar." Carried back into an old groove of habit, they will run straight, though if they were to pick their own way, they would go blundering from side to side. Thus the man who forgot his most intimate friend's name, when he wanted to introduce him, recovered it at once in the mere swing of the familiar imprecation with which he said, "Confound you, Robinson, what *is* your name?" But the ease of the process of recovering such a dropped stitch in the memory, if you can only go back a few stitches and come upon it with the momentum of an old habit, is no argument at all in favor of the proposition that complete forgetfulness is impossible. For the truth is, that a very great proportion of our lives is made up, not of habitual actions which come quite pat, but of half-perceived, half-discriminated, half-grasped circumstances, which we could not clearly recall the next instant, for the very excellent reason that they were not clearly presented to us when they were presented. Anything which the mind has once really made its own, it may recur to, even long after it had seemed to be obliterated; but what has never been its own when it was first in contact with our thought, cannot become so in memory. You may disinter a long-buried train of associations, as you may disinter an old Roman road long hidden by the superincumbent dust of ages. But then the train of associations must have been there, and must have been firmly welded together once, before it can be possible to disinter it. Great portions of our lives are unrememberable simply because they have never been vividly lived, and indeed, in all the minutiæ of their detail, hardly could have been vividly lived at all. If you don't know what you see at the time you see it, it is no great fault of the memory if you cannot remember it when you see it no longer.

DETERMINATION OF THE HEIGHTS OF CLOUDS. — Mr. Alexander Ringwood, of Adelaide, has sent home a short paper on this subject, which appears to have been privately printed. He proposes to carry out the observations with a small simple altazimuth instrument. The principle is intelligible enough. The sun's altitude being known, and the edges of the projections of cloud shadows being parallel to the sun's rays: if we have a map of the country round the station, and mark on it the spots where the sun's rays strike through clouds, or where the shadows of clouds fall, the determination of the height of the cloud stratum is effected by plane trigonometry, if we observe the altitude of the precise points in the cloud.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume XXI. | No. 1752.—January 12, 1878. | From Beginning, Vol. CXXXVI.

CONTENTS.

I. FLORENCE AND THE MEDICI, ... *Fortnightly Review*, ... 67
II. DORIS BARUGH. A Yorkshire Story. By Katharine S. Macquoid, author of "Patty." Part XI., ... *Good Words*, ... 76
III. RUSSIAN AGGRESSION, AS SPECIALLY AFFECTING AUSTRIA-HUNGARY AND TURKEY. By Louis Kossuth, ... *Contemporary Review*, ... 94
IV. ERICA. Part VIII. Translated for THE LIVING AGE, from the German of . . *Frau von Ingersleben*, ... 108
V. WITHIN THE PRECINCTS. By Mrs. Oliphant, ... *Advance Sheets*, ... 118
VI. RUGBY FOOTBALL, ... *Tatler*, ... 127

POETRY.

A SUMMER EVENING, ... 66
THE HONEST FARMER, ... 66
A MAN'S REGRET, ... 66
AT HER DOOR, ... 66
A MOMENT, ... 66

MISCELLANY, ... 128

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

A SUMMER EVENING.

I.

THE summer sun is setting,
The sky is red in the west,
And over all hangs silence,
And a feeling of peace and rest.

II.

The sultry day is over,
The light begins to fade,
The farmer's weary horses
Are standing in the shade.

III.

The golden light of sunset
Shines on the corn-fields round,
And the breeze, as it passes over,
Makes a sweet, rippling sound.

IV.

The range of distant mountains
Looks dark against the sky;
And right across the river,
A path of light doth lie.

V.

I gazed till my eyes were dazzled,
At the slowly sinking sun,—
Till the stars peeped out above me,
Telling the day was done.

Spectator. ANON.

THE HONEST FARMER.

(TO AN OLD TUNE.)

HAPPY I count the farmer's life,
Its various round of wholesome toil;
An honest man with loving wife,
And offspring native to the soil.

Thrice happy, surely!—in his breast
Plain wisdom and the trust in God;
His path more straight from east to west
Than politician ever trod.

His gain's no loss to other men;
His stalwart blows inflict no wound;
Not busy with his tongue or pen,
He questions truthful sky and ground.

Partner with seasons and the sun,
Nature's co-worker; all his skill
Obedience, ev'n as waters run,
Winds blow, herb, beast their laws fulfil.

A vigorous youthhood, clean and bold;
A manly manhood; cheerful age;
His comely children proudly hold
Their parentage best heritage.

Unhealthy work, false mirth, chicane,
Guilt,—needless woe, and useless strife,—
O cities, vain, inane, insane!—
How happy is the farmer's life!

Fraser's Magazine.

A MAN'S REGRET.

O MY child-love, my love of long ago,
How great was life when you and I were young!
The world was boundless for we did not know;
And life a poem for we had not sung.

Now is the world grown small, and we thereon
Fill with wise toil and woe each flying day;
Elves from the wood, dreams from my heart are gone,
And heaven is bare, for God is far away.

O my child-love, cannot you come again,
And I look on you with grave innocent eyes?
Your God has many angels; I would fain
Woo for one hour one angel from the skies.

O my child-love, come back, come back to me,
And laughing lead me from the care and din;
Lay on my heart those small hands tenderly
And lovingly to let the whole world in.

Blackwood's Magazine.

AT HER DOOR.

A FOOL for my doubting and dreaming
And following up and down!
Shall I fill my life with scheming
For a touch of my lady's gown?

Shall I plot from night to morning
For the glance of a woman's eye?
And take the wage of scorning,
And wear shame's livery?

O footman, O wonder of whiteness
And diplomatic cockade,
O footman of much politeness
For my lady's lady's-maid,—

As you open the door of the carriage,
Just tell her I've gone away,
But will come to dance at her marriage
On somebody's happy day.

Blackwood's Magazine. J. R. S.

A MOMENT.

WHEN the lightning flashes by night,
The raindrops seem
A million jewels of light
In the moment's gleam.

And often in gathering fears,
A moment of love
To jewels will turn the tears
That it cannot remove.

Spectator. F. W. B.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

From The Fortnightly Review.

FLORENCE AND THE MEDICI.

"Di Firenze in prima si divisono intra loro i nobili, dipoi i nobili e il popolo, e in ultimo il popolo e la plebe; e molte volte occorse che una di queste parti rimasa superiore, si divise in due." — MACHIAVELLI.

I.

FLORENCE, like all Italian cities, owed her independence to the duel of the papacy and empire. The transference of the imperial authority beyond the Alps had enabled the burghs of Lombardy and Tuscany to establish a form of self-government. This government was based upon the old municipal organization of duumvirs and decemvirs. It was, in fact, nothing more or less than a survival from the ancient Roman system. The proof of this was, that while vindicating their rights as towns, the free cities never questioned the validity of the imperial title. Even after the peace of Constance in 1183, when Frederick Barbarossa acknowledged their autonomy, they received within their walls a supreme magistrate, with power of life and death and ultimate appeal in all decisive questions, whose title of *potestà* indicated that he represented the imperial power — *potestas*. It was not by the assertion of any right, so much as by the growth of custom, and by the weakness of the emperors, that in course of time each city became a sovereign state. The theoretical supremacy of the empire prevented any other authority from taking the first place in Italy. On the other hand, the practical inefficiency of the emperors to play their part encouraged the establishment of numerous minor powers amenable to no controlling discipline.

The free cities derived their strength from industry, and had nothing in common with the nobles of the surrounding country. Broadly speaking, the population of the towns included what remained in Italy of the old Roman people. This Roman stock was nowhere stronger than in Florence and Venice — Florence defended from barbarian incursions by her mountains and marshes, Venice by the isolation of her lagoons. The nobles, on the contrary, were mostly of foreign origin — Germans, Franks, and Lombards — who had established themselves as feudal lords in castles apart from the cities. The force which the burghs acquired as industrial communities was soon turned against these nobles. The larger cities, like Milan and Florence, began to make war upon the lords of castles, and to absorb into their own territory the small towns and villages around them. Thus in the social economy of the Italians there were two antagonistic elements, ready to range themselves beneath any banners that should give the form of legitimate warfare to their mutual hostility. It was the policy of the Church in the twelfth century to support the cause of the cities, using them as a weapon against the empire, and stimulating the growing ambition of the burghers. In this way Italy came to be divided into the two world-famous factions known as Guelf and Ghibelline. The struggle between Guelf and Ghibelline was the struggle of the papacy for the depression of the empire, the struggle of the great burghs face to face with feudalism, the struggle of the old Italic stock enclosed in cities with the foreign nobles established in fortresses. When the Church had finally triumphed by the extirpation of the house of Hohenstauffen, this conflict of Guelf and Ghibelline was really ended. Until the reign of Charles V. no emperor interfered to any purpose in Italian affairs. At the same time the popes ceased to wield a formidable power. Having won the battle by calling in the French, they suffered the consequences of this policy by losing their hold on Italy during the long period of their exile at Avignon. The Italians, left without either pope or emperor, were free to pursue their course of internal development, and to prosecute their quarrels among themselves. But though the names of Guelf and Ghibelline lost their old significance after the year 1266 (the date of King Manfred's death), these two factions had so divided Italy that they continued to play a prominent part in her annals. Guelf still meant constitutional autonomy, meant the burgher as against the noble, meant industry as opposed to feudal lordship. Ghibelline meant the rule of the few over the many, meant tyranny, meant

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the interest of the noble as against the merchant and the citizen. These broad distinctions must be borne in mind, if we seek to understand how it was that a city like Florence continued to be governed by parties, the European force of which had passed away.

Florence first rose into importance during the papacy of Innocent III. Up to this date she had been a town of second-rate distinction even in Tuscany. Pisa was more powerful by arms and commerce. Lucca was the old seat of the dukes and marquises of Tuscany. But between the years 1200 and 1250 Florence assumed the place she was to hold thenceforward, by heading the league of Tuscan cities formed to support the Guelf party against the Ghibellines. Formally adopting the Guelf cause, the Florentines made themselves the champions of municipal liberty in central Italy; and while they declared war against the Ghibelline cities, they endeavored to stamp out the very name of noble in their state. It is not needful to describe the varying fortunes of the Guelfs and Ghibellines, the burghers and the nobles, during the thirteenth and the first half of the fourteenth centuries. Suffice it to say that through all the vicissitudes of that stormy period the name Guelf became more and more associated with republican freedom in Florence. At last, after the final triumph of that party in 1321, the Guelfs remained victors in the city. Associating the glory of their independence with Guelf principles, the citizens of Florence perpetuated within their State a faction that, in its turn, was destined to prove perilous to liberty.

When it became clear that the republic was to rule itself henceforth untrammelled by imperial interference, the people divided themselves into six districts, and chose for each district two ancients, who administered the government in concert with the potestà and the captain of the people. The ancients were a relic of the old Roman municipal organization. The potestà, who was invariably a noble foreigner selected by the people, represented the extinct imperial right, and exercised the power of life and death within the city. The captain of the people, who was also a foreigner, headed the burghers in their military capacity, for at that period the troops were levied from the citizens themselves in twenty companies. The body of the citizens, or the *popolo*, were ultimately sovereigns in the State. Assembled under the banners of their several companies, they formed a *parlamento* for delegating their own power to each successive government. Their representatives, again, arranged in two councils, called the Council of the People and the Council of the Commune, under the presidency of the captain of the people and the potestà, ratified the measures which had previously been proposed and carried by the executive authority or *signoria*. Under this simple State system the Florentines placed themselves at the head of the Tuscan League, fought the battles of the Church, asserted their sovereignty by issuing the golden florin of the republic, and flourished until 1266.

In that year an important change was effected in the constitution. The whole population of Florence consisted, on the one hand, of nobles or *grandi*, as they were called in Tuscany, and on the other hand of working-people. The latter, divided into traders and handicraftsmen, were distributed in guilds called *arti;* and at that time there were seven greater and five lesser arti, the most influential of all being the guild of the wool-merchants. These guilds had their halls for meeting, their colleges of chief officers, their heads, called *consoli* or priors, and their flags. In 1266 it was decided that the administration of the commonwealth should be placed simply and wholly in the hands of the arti, and the priors of these industrial companies became the lords or Signory of Florence. No inhabitant of the city who had not enrolled himself as a craftsman in one of the guilds could exercise any function of burghership. To be *scioperato*, or without industry, was to be without power, without rank or place of honor in the State. The revolution which placed the arts at the head of the republic had the practical effect of excluding the grandi altogether from the government. Violent efforts were made by these noble families, potent through their territorial possessions

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

and foreign connections, and trained from boyhood in the use of arms, to recover the place from which the new laws thrust them; but their menacing attitude, instead of intimidating the burghers, roused their anger and drove them to the passing of still more stringent laws. In 1293, after the Ghibellines had been defeated in the great battle of Campaldino, a series of severe enactments, called the Ordinances of Justice, were decreed against the unruly grandi. All civic rights were taken from them; the severest penalties were attached to their slightest infringement of municipal law; their titles to land were limited; the privilege of living within the city walls was allowed them only under galling restrictions; and, last not least, a supreme magistrate, named the gonfalonier of justice, was created for the special purpose of watching them and carrying out the penal code against them. Henceforward Florence was governed exclusively by merchants and artisans. The grandi hastened to enrol themselves in the guilds, exchanging their former titles and dignities for the solid privilege of burghership. The exact parallel to this industrial constitution for a commonwealth, carrying on wars with emperors and princes, holding haughty captains in its pay, and dictating laws to subject cities, cannot, I think, be elsewhere found in history. It is as unique as the Florence of Dante and Giotto is unique. While the people was guarding itself thus stringently against the grandi, a separate body was created for the special purpose of extirpating the Ghibellines. A permanent committee of vigilance, called the college or the captains of the Guelf party, was established. It was their function to administer the forfeited possessions of Ghibelline rebels, to hunt out suspected citizens, to prosecute them for Ghibellinism, to judge them, and to punish them as traitors to the commonwealth. This body, like a little State within the State, proved formidable to the republic itself through the unlimited and undefined sway it exercised over burghers whom it chose to tax with treason. In course of time it became the oligarchical element within the Florentine democracy, and threatened to change the free constitution of the city into a government conducted by a few powerful families.

There is no need to dwell in detail on the internal difficulties of Florence during the first half of the fourteenth century. Two main circumstances, however, require to be briefly noticed. These are (i.) the contest of the Blacks and Whites, so famous through the part played in it by Dante; and (ii.) the tyranny of the Duke of Athens, Walter de Brienne. The feuds of the Blacks and Whites broke up the city into factions, and produced such anarchy that at last it was found necessary to place the republic under the protection of foreign potentates. Charles of Valois was first chosen, and after him the Duke of Athens, who took up his residence in the city. Entrusted with dictatorial authority, he used his power to form a military despotism. Though his reign of violence lasted rather less than a year, it bore important fruits; for the tyrant, seeking to support himself upon the favor of the common people, gave political power to the lesser arts at the expense of the greater, and confused the old State system by enlarging the democracy. The net result of these events for Florence was, first, that the city became habituated to rancorous party strife involving exiles and proscriptions; and secondly, that it lost its primitive social hierarchy of classes.

After the Guelfs had conquered the Ghibellines, and the people had absorbed the grandi in their guilds, the next chapter in the troubled history of Florence was the division of the *popolo* against itself. Civil strife now declared itself as a conflict between labor and capital. The members of the lesser arts, craftsmen who plied trades subordinate to those of the greater arts, rose up against their social and political superiors, demanding a larger share in the government, a more equal distribution of profits, higher wages, and privileges that should place them on an absolute equality with the wealthy merchants. It was in the year 1378 that the proletariate broke out into rebellion. Previous events had prepared the way for this revolt. First of all, the republic had been democratized through the destruction of the grandi and

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

through the popular policy pursued to gain his own ends by the Duke of Athens. Secondly, society had been shaken to its very foundation by the great plague of 1348. Both Boccaccio and Matteo Villani draw lively pictures of the relaxed morality and loss of order consequent upon this terrible disaster; nor had thirty years sufficed to restore their relative position to grades and ranks confounded by an overwhelming calamity. We may, therefore, reckon the great plague of 1348 among the causes which produced the anarchy of 1378. Rising in a mass to claim their privileges, the artisans ejected the Signory from the public palace, and for a while Florence was at the mercy of the mob. It is worthy of notice that the Medici, whose name is scarcely known before this epoch, now come for one moment to the front. Salvestro de' Medici was gonfalonier of justice at the time when the tumult first broke out. He followed the faction of the handicraftsmen, and became the hero of the day. I cannot discover that he did more than extend a sort of passive protection to their cause. Yet there is no doubt that the attachment of the working-classes to the house of Medici dates from this period. The rebellion of 1378 is known in Florentine history as the tumult of the *ciompi*. The name ciompi strictly means the wool-carders. One set of operatives in the city, and that the largest, gave its title to the whole body of the laborers. For some months these craftsmen governed the republic, appointing their own Signory and passing laws in their own interest; but, as is usual, the proletariate found itself incapable of sustained government. The ambition and discontent of the ciompi foamed themselves away, and industrious working-men began to see that trade was languishing and credit on the wane. By their own act at last they restored the government to the priors of the greater arti. Still the movement had not been without grave consequences. It completed the levelling of classes, which had been steadily advancing from the first in Florence. After the ciompi riot there was no longer not only any distinction between noble and burgher, but the distinction between greater and lesser guilds was practically swept away. The classes, parties, and degrees in the republic were so broken up, ground down, and mingled, that thenceforth the true source of power in the State was wealth combined with personal ability. In other words, the proper political *milieu* had been formed for unscrupulous adventurers. Florence had become a democracy without social organization, which might fall a prey to oligarchs or despots. What remained of deeply rooted feuds or factions — animosities against the grandi, hatred for the Ghibellines, jealousy of labor and capital — offered so many points of leverage for stirring the passions of the people and for covering personal ambition with a cloak of public zeal. The time was come for the Albizzi to attempt an oligarchy, and for the Medici to begin the enslavement of the State.

The constitution of Florence offered many points of weakness to the attacks of such intriguers. In the first place it was in its origin not a political but an industrial organization — a simple group of guilds invested with the sovereign authority. Its two most powerful engines, the gonfalonier of justice and the Guelf College, had been formed, not with a view to the preservation of the government, but with the purpose of quelling the nobles and excluding a detested faction. It had no permanent head like the doge of Venice, no fixed senate like the Venetian Grand Council; its chief magistrates, the Signory, were elected for short periods of two months, and their mode of election was open to the gravest criticism. Supposed to be chosen by lot, they were really selected from lists drawn up by the factions in power from time to time. These factions contrived to exclude the names of all but their adherents from the bags, or *borse*, in which the burghers eligible for election had to be inscribed. Furthermore, it was not possible for this shifting Signory to conduct affairs requiring sustained effort and secret deliberation; therefore recourse was being continually had to dictatorial commissions. The people, summoned in parliament upon the great square, were asked to confer plenipotentiary authority upon a committee called *balia*, who proceeded to do what they chose in the State, and who retained power after the emergency for which they were created passed away. The same instability in the supreme magistracy led to the appointment of special commissioners for war, and special councils, or *pratiche*, for the management of each department. Such supplementary commissions not only proved the weakness of the central authority, but they were always liable to be made the instruments of party warfare. The Guelf College was another and a different source of danger to the State. Not acting under the control of the Signory, but using its own initiative, this

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

powerful body could proscribe and punish burghers on the mere suspicion of Ghibellinism. Though the Ghibelline faction had become an empty name, the Guelf College excluded from the franchise all and every whom they chose on any pretext to admonish. Under this mild phrase, *to admonish*, was concealed a cruel exercise of tyranny — it meant to warn a man that he was suspected of treason, and that he had better relinquish the exercise of his burghership. By free use of this engine of admonition, the Guelf College rendered their enemies voiceless in the State, and were able to pack the Signory and the councils with their own creatures. Another important defect in the Florentine constitution was the method of imposing taxes. This was done by no regular system. The party in power made what estimate it chose of a man's capacity to bear taxation, and called upon him for extraordinary loans. In this way citizens were frequently driven into bankruptcy and exile; and since to be a debtor to the State deprived a burgher of his civic rights, severe taxation was one of the best ways of silencing and neutralizing a dissentient. I have enumerated these several causes of weakness in the Florentine State system, partly because they show how irregularly the constitution had been formed by the patching and extension of a simple industrial machine to suit the needs of a great commonwealth; partly because it was through these defects that the democracy merged gradually into a despotism. The art of the Medici consisted in a scientific comprehension of these very imperfections, a methodic use of them for their own purposes, and a steady opposition to any attempts made to substitute a stricter system. The Florentines had determined to be an industrial community, governing themselves on the co-operative principle, dividing profits, sharing losses, and exposing their magistrates to rigid scrutiny. All this in theory was excellent. Had they remained an unambitious and peaceful commonwealth, engaged in the wool and silk trade, it might have answered. Modern Europe might have admired the model of a truly communistic and commercial democracy. But when they engaged in aggressive wars, and sought to enslave sister cities like Pisa and Lucca, it was soon found that their simple trading constitution would not serve. They had to piece it out with subordinate machinery, cumbrous, difficult to manage, ill-adapted to the original structure. Each limb of this subordinate machinery, moreover, was a *point d'appui* for insidious and self-seeking party leaders.

Florence, in the middle of the fourteenth century, was a vast beehive of industry. Distinctions of rank among burghers, qualified to vote and hold office, were theoretically unknown. Highly educated men, of more than princely wealth, spent their time in shops and counting-houses, and trained their sons to follow trades. Military service at this period was abandoned by the citizens; they preferred to pay mercenary troops for the conduct of their wars. Nor was there, as in Venice, any outlet for their energies upon the seas. Florence had no navy, no great port — she only kept a small fleet for the protection of her commerce. Thus the vigor of the commonwealth was concentrated on itself; while the influence of the citizens, through their affiliated trading-houses, correspondents, and agents, extended like a network over Europe. In a community of this kind it was natural that wealth — rank and titles being absent — should alone confer distinction. Accordingly we find that out of the very bosom of the people a new plutocratic aristocracy begins to rise. The grandi are no more; but certain families achieve distinction by their riches, their numbers, their high spirit, and their ancient place of honor in the State. These nobles of the purse obtained the name of *popolani nobili;* and it was they who now began to play at high stakes for the supreme power. In all the subsequent vicissitudes of Florence, every change takes place by intrigue and by clever manipulation of the political machine. Recourse is rarely had to violence of any kind, and the leaders of revolutions are men of the yard-measure, never of the sword. The despotism to which the republic eventually succumbed was no less commercial than the democracy had been. Florence in the days of her slavery remained a *popolo.*

The opening of the second half of the fourteenth century had been signalized by the feuds of two great houses, both risen from the people. These were the Albizzi and the Ricci. At this epoch there had been a formal closing of the lists of burghers; henceforth no new families who might settle in the city could claim the franchise, vote in the assemblies, or hold magistracies. The Guelf College used their old engine of admonition to persecute *novi homines*, whom they dreaded as opponents. At the head of this formidable organization the Albizzi placed themselves, and worked it with such skill that

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

they succeeded in driving the Ricci out of all participation in the government. The tumult of the ciompi formed but an episode in their career toward oligarchy; indeed, that revolution only rendered the political material of the Florentine republic more plastic in the hands of intriguers by removing the last vestiges of class distinctions, and by confusing the old parties of the State.

When the Florentines in 1387 engaged in their long duel with Gian Galeazzo Visconti, the difficulty of conducting this war without some permanent central authority still further confirmed the power of the rising oligarchs. The Albizzi became daily more autocratic, until in 1393 their chief, Maso degli Albizzi, a man of strong will and prudent policy, was chosen gonfalonier of justice. Assuming the sway of a dictator, he revised the list of burghers capable of holding office, struck out the private opponents of his house, and excluded all names but those of powerful families who were well affected towards an aristocratic government. The great house of the Alberti were exiled in a body, declared rebels, and deprived of their possessions, for no reason except that they seemed dangerous to the Albizzi. It was in vain that the people murmured against these arbitrary acts. The new rulers were omnipotent in the Signory, which they packed with their own men, in the great guilds, and in the Guelf College. All the machinery invented by the industrial community for its self-management and self-defence, was controlled and manipulated by a close body of aristocrats with the Albizzi at their head. It seemed as though Florence, without any visible alteration in her forms of government, was rapidly becoming an oligarchy even less open than the Venetian republic. Meanwhile, the affairs of the State were most flourishing. The strong-handed masters of the city not only held the duke of Milan in check, and prevented him from turning Italy into a kingdom, they furthermore acquired the cities of Pisa, Livorno, Arezzo, Montepulciano, and Cortona, for Florence, making her the mistress of all Tuscany, with the exception of Siena, Lucca, and Volterra. Maso degli Albizzi was the ruling spirit of the commonwealth, spending the enormous sum of eleven million five hundred thousand golden florins on war, raising sumptuous edifices, protecting the arts, and acting in general like a powerful and irresponsible prince.

In spite of public prosperity, there were signs, however, that this rule of a few families could not last. Their government was only maintained by continual revision of the lists of burghers, by elimination of the disaffected, and by unremitting personal industry. They introduced no new machinery into the constitution, whereby the people might be deprived of its titular sovereignty, or their own dictatorship might be continued with a semblance of legality. Again, they neglected to win over the new nobles (*nobili popolani*) in a body to their cause; and thus they were surrounded by rivals ready to spring upon them when a false step should be made. The Albizzi oligarchy was a masterpiece of art, without any force to sustain it but the craft and energy of its constructors. It had not grown up like the Venetian oligarchy, by the gradual assimilation to itself of all the vigor in the State. It was bound, sooner or later, to yield to the renascent impulse of democracy inherent in Florentine institutions.

Maso degli Albizzi died in 1417. He was succeeded in the goverment by his old friend, Niccolo da Uzzano, a man of great eloquence and wisdom, whose single word swayed the councils of the people as he listed. Together with him acted Maso's son, Rinaldo, a youth of even more brilliant talents than his father, frank, noble, and high-spirited, but far less cautious. The oligarchy, which these two men undertook to manage, had accumulated against itself the discontent of overtaxed, disfranchised, jealous burghers. The times, too, were bad. Pursuing the policy of Maso, the Albizzi engaged the city in a tedious and unsuccessful war with Filippo Maria Visconti, which cost three hundred and fifty thousand golden florins, and brought no credit. In order to meet extraordinary expenses, they raised new public loans, thereby depreciating the value of the old Florentine funds. What was worse, they imposed forced subsidies with grievous inequality upon the burghers, passing over their friends and adherents, and burdening their opponents with more than could be borne. This imprudent financial policy began the ruin of the Albizzi. It caused a clamor in the city for a new system of more just taxation, which was too powerful to be resisted. The voice of the people made itself loudly heard; and with the people on this occasion sided Giovanni de' Medici. This was in 1427.

It is here that the Medici appear upon that memorable scene, where in the future they are to play the first part. Giovanni

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

de' Medici did not belong to the same branch of his family as the Salvestro who favored the people at the time of the ciompi tumult. But he adopted the same popular policy. To his sons, Cosimo and Lorenzo, he bequeathed on his death-bed the rule that they should invariably adhere to the cause of the multitude, found their influence on that, and avoid the arts of factious and ambitious leaders. In his own life he had pursued this course of conduct, acquiring a reputation for civic moderation and impartiality that endeared him to the people, and stood his children in good stead. Early in his youth Giovanni found himself almost destitute by reason of the imposts charged upon him by the oligarchs. He possessed, however, the genius for money-making to a rare degree, and passed his manhood as a banker, amassing the largest fortune of any private citizen in Italy. In his old age he devoted himself to the organization of his colossal trading business, and abstained, as far as possible, from political intrigues. Men observed that they rarely met him in the public palace or on the great square.

Cosimo de' Medici was thirty years old when his father Giovanni died in 1429. During his youth he had devoted all his time and energy to business, mastering the complicated affairs of Giovanni's banking-house, and travelling far and wide through Europe to extend its connections. This education made him a consummate financier; and those who knew him best were convinced that his ambition was set on great things. However quietly he might begin, it was clear that he intended to match himself as a leader of the plebeians against the Albizzi. The foundations he prepared for future action were equally characteristic of the man, of Florence, and of the age. Commanding the enormous capital of the Medicean bank, he contrived, at any sacrifice of temporary convenience, to lend money to the State for war expenses, engrossing in his own hands a large portion of the public debt of Florence. At the same time his agencies in various European capitals enabled him to keep his own wealth floating, far beyond the reach of foes within the city. A few years of this system ended in so complete a confusion between Cosimo's trade and the finances of Florence, that the bankruptcy of the Medici, however caused, would have compromised the credit of the State and the fortunes of the fundholders. Cosimo, in a word, made himself necessary to Florence by the wise use of his riches. Furthermore, he kept his eye upon the list of burghers, lending money to needy citizens, putting good things in the way of struggling traders, building up the fortunes of men who were disposed to favor his party in the State, ruining his opponents by the legitimate process of commercial competition, and, when occasion offered, introducing new voters into the Florentine council by paying off the debts of those who were disqualified by poverty from using the franchise. While his capital was continually increasing he lived frugally, and employed his wealth solely for the consolidation of his political influence. By these arts Cosimo became formidable to the oligarchs and beloved by the people. His supporters were numerous, and held together by the bonds of immediate necessity or personal cupidity. The plebeians and the merchants were all on his side. The grandi and the *ammoniti*, excluded from the State by the practices of the Albizzi, had more to hope from the Medicean party than from the few families who still contrived to hold the reins of government. It was clear that a conflict to the death must soon commence between the oligarchy and this new faction.

At last in 1433 war was declared. The first blow was struck by Rinaldo degli Albizzi, who put himself in the wrong by attacking a citizen indispensable to the people at large, and guilty of no unconstitutional act. On September 7th of that year, a year decisive for the future destinies of Florence, he summoned Cosimo to the public palace, which he had previously occupied with troops at his command. There he declared him a rebel to the State, and had him imprisoned in a little square room in the central tower. The tocsin was sounded; the people were assembled in parliament upon the piazza. The Albizzi held the main streets with armed men, and forced the Florentines to place plenipotentiary power for the administration of the commonwealth at this crisis in the hands of a *balia*, or committee selected by themselves. It was always thus that acts of high tyranny were effected in Florence. A show of legality was secured by gaining the compulsory sanction of the people, driven by soldiery into the public square, and hastily ordered to recognize the authority of their oppressors.

The bill of indictment against the Medici accused them of sedition in the year 1378, that is in the year of the ciompi tumult, and of treasonable practice during

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

the whole course of the Albizzi administration. It also strove to fix upon them the odium of the unsuccessful war against the town of Lucca. As soon as the Albizzi had unmasked their batteries, Lorenzo de' Medici managed to escape from the city, and took with him his brother Cosimo's children to Venice. Cosimo remained shut up within the little room called Barberia in Arnolfo's tower. From that high eagle's nest the sight can range Valdarno far and wide. Florence with her towers and domes lies below; and the blue peaks of Carrara close a prospect westward than which, with its villa-jewelled slopes and fertile gardens, there is nought more beautiful upon the face of earth. The prisoner can have paid but little heed to this fair landscape. He heard the frequent ringing of the great bell that called the Florentines to council, the tramp of armed men on the piazza, the coming and going of the burghers in the palace halls beneath. On all sides lurked anxiety and fear of death. Each mouthful he tasted might be poisoned. For many days he partook of only bread and water, till his gaoler restored his confidence by sharing all his meals. In this peril he abode twenty-four days. The Albizzi, in concert with the balia they had formed, were consulting what they might venture to do with him. Some voted for his execution. Others feared the popular favor, and thought that, if they killed Cosimo, this act would ruin their own power. The nobler natures among them determined to proceed by constitutional measures. At last, upon the 29th of September, it was settled that Cosimo should be exiled to Padua for ten years. The Medici were declared grandi, by way of excluding them from political rights. But their property remained untouched; and on the 3rd of October Cosimo was released.

On the same day Cosimo took his departure. His journey northward resembled a triumphant progress. He left Florence a simple burgher; he entered Venice a powerful prince. Though the Albizzi seemed to have gained the day, they had really cut away the ground beneath their feet. They committed the fatal mistake of doing both too much and too little — too much because they declared war against an innocent man, and roused the sympathies of the whole people in his behalf; too little, because they had not the nerve to complete their act by killing him outright and extirpating his party. Machiavelli, in one of his profoundest and most cynical critiques, remarks that few men know how to be thoroughly bad with honor to themselves. Their will is evil; but the grain of good in them — some fear of public opinion, some repugnance to committing a signal crime — paralyzes their arm at the moment when it ought to have been raised to strike. He instances Gian Paolo Baglioni's omission to murder Julius II. when that pope placed himself within his clutches at Perugia. He might also have instanced Rinaldo degli Albizzi's refusal to push things to extremities by murdering Cosimo. It was the combination of despotic violence in the exile of Cosimo with constitutional moderation in the preservation of his life, that betrayed the weakness of the oligarchs, and restored confidence to the Medicean party.

In the course of the year 1434 this party began to hold up its head. Powerful as the Albizzi were, they only retained the government by artifice; and now they had done a deed which put at nought their former arts and intrigues. A Signory favorable to the Medici came into office, and on the 26th of September, 1434, Rinaldo in his turn was summoned to the palace and declared a rebel. He strove to raise the forces of his party, and entered the piazza at the head of eight hundred men. The menacing attitude of the people, however, made resistance perilous. Rinaldo disbanded his troops, and placed himself under the protection of Pope Eugenius IV., who was then resident in Florence. This act of submission proved that Rinaldo had not the courage or the cruelty to try the chance of civil war. Whatever his motives may have been, he lost his hold upon the State beyond recovery. On the 29th of September a new parliament was summoned; on the 2nd of October, Cosimo was recalled from exile and the Albizzi were banished. The intercession of the pope procured for them nothing but the liberty to leave Florence unmolested. Rinaldo turned his back upon the city he had governed, never to set foot in it again. On the 6th of October, Cosimo, having passed through Padua, Ferrara, and Modena like a conqueror, re-entered the town amid the plaudits of the people, and took up his dwelling as an honored guest in the palace of the republic. The subsequent history of Florence is the history of his family. In after years the Medici loved to remember this return of Cosimo. His triumphal reception was painted in fresco on the walls of their villa at Cajano under the transparent allegory of Cicero's entrance into Rome.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

By their brief exile the Medici had gained the credit of injured innocence, the fame of martyrdom in the popular cause. Their foes had struck the first blow, and in striking at them had seemed to aim against the liberties of the republic. The mere failure of their adversaries to hold the power they had acquired, handed over this power to the Medici; and the reprisals which the Medici began to take had the show of justice, not of personal hatred, or of petty vengeance. Cosimo was a true Florentine. He disliked violence, because he knew that blood spilt cries for blood. His passions, too, were cool and temperate. No gust of anger, no intoxication of success, destroyed his balance. His one object, the consolidation of power for his family on the basis of popular favor, was kept steadily in view; and he would do nothing that might compromise that end. Yet he was neither generous nor merciful. We therefore find that from the first moment of his return to Florence he instituted a system of pitiless and unforgiving persecution against his old opponents. The Albizzi were banished, root and branch, with all their followers, consigned to lonely and often to unwholesome stations through the length and breadth of Italy. If they broke the bonds assigned them, they were forthwith declared traitors, and their property was confiscated. After a long series of years, by merely keeping in force the first sentence pronounced upon them, Cosimo had the cruel satisfaction of seeing the whole of that proud oligarchy die out by slow degrees in the insufferable tedium of solitude and exile. Even the high-souled Palla degli Strozzi, who had striven to remain neutral, and whose wealth and talents were devoted to the revival of classical studies, was proscribed because to Cosimo he seemed too powerful. Separated from his children, he died in banishment at Padua. In this way the return of the Medici involved the loss to Florence of some noble citizens, who might perchance have checked the Medicean tyranny if they had stayed to guide the State. The plebeians, raised to wealth and influence by Cosimo before his exile, now took the lead in the republic. He used these men as cat's-paws, rarely putting himself forward or allowing his own name to appear, but pulling the wires of government in privacy by means of intermediate agents. The Medicean party was called at first *Puccini* from a certain Puccio, whose name was better known in caucus or committee than that of his real master. To rule through these creatures of his own making taxed all the ingenuity of Cosimo; but his profound and subtle intellect was suited to the task, and he found unlimited pleasure in the exercise of his consummate craft. We have already seen to what extent he used his riches for the acquisition of political influence. Now that he had come to power, he continued the same method, packing the Signory and the councils with men whom he could hold by debt between his thumb and finger. His command of the public moneys enabled him to wink at peculation in State offices; it was part of his system to bind magistrates and secretaries to his interest by their consciousness of guilt condoned but not forgotten. Not a few, moreover, owed their living to the appointments he procured for them. While he thus controlled the wheel-work of the commonwealth by means of organized corruption, he borrowed the arts of his old enemies to oppress dissentient citizens. If a man took an independent line in voting, and refused allegiance to the Medicean party, he was marked out for persecution. No violence was used; but he found himself hampered in his commerce — money, plentiful for others, became scarce for him; his competitors in trade were subsidized to undersell him. And while the avenues of industry were closed, his fortune was taxed above its value, until he had to sell at a loss in order to discharge his public obligations. In the first twenty years of the Medicean rule, seventy families had to pay four million eight hundred and seventy-five thousand golden florins of extraordinary imposts, fixed by arbitrary assessment.

The more patriotic members of his party looked with dread and loathing on this system of corruption and exclusion. To their remonstrances Cosimo replied in four memorable sayings: "Better the State spoiled than the State not ours." "Governments cannot be carried on with paternosters." "An ell of scarlet makes a burgher." "I aim at finite aims." These maxims represent the whole man, — first, in his egotism, eager to gain Florence for his family, at any risk of her ruin; secondly, in his cynical acceptance of base means to selfish ends; thirdly, in his bourgeois belief that money makes a man, and fine clothes suffice for a citizen; fourthly, in his worldly ambition bent on positive success. It was, in fact, his policy to reduce Florence to the condition of a rotten borough: nor did this policy fail. One notable sign of the influence he exercised was the change which now came over the

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

foreign relations of the republic. Up to the date of his dictatorship, Florence had uniformly fought the battle of freedom in Italy. It was the chief merit of the Albizzi oligarchy that they continued the traditions of the mediæval State, and by their vigorous action checked the growth of the Visconti. Though they engrossed the government, they never forgot that they were first of all things Florentines, and only in the second place men who owed their power and influence to office. In a word, they acted like patriotic Tories, like republican patricians. Therefore they would not ally themselves with tyrants or countenance the enslavement of free cities by armed despots. Their subjugation of the Tuscan burghs to Florence was itself part of a grand republican policy. Cosimo changed all this. When the Visconti dynasty ended by the death of Filippo Maria in 1447, there was a chance of restoring the independence of Lombardy. Milan in effect declared herself a republic, and by the aid of Florence she might at this moment have maintained her liberty. Cosimo, however, entered into treaty with Francesco Sforza, supplied him with money, guaranteed him against Florentine interference, and saw with satisfaction how he reduced the duchy to his military tyranny. The Medici were conscious that they, selfishly, had most to gain by supporting despots who in time of need might help them to confirm their own authority. With the same end in view, when the legitimate line of the Bentivogli were extinguished, Cosimo hunted out a bastard pretender of that family, presented him to the chiefs of the Bentivogli faction, and had him placed upon the seat of his supposed ancestors at Bologna. This young man, a certain Santi da Cascese, presumed to be the son of Ercole de' Bentivogli, was an artisan in a wool-factory when Cosimo set eyes upon him. At first Santi refused the dangerous honor of governing a proud republic; but the intrigues of Cosimo prevailed, and the obscure craftsman ended his days a powerful prince.

By the arts I have attempted to describe, Cosimo in the course of his long life absorbed the forces of the republic into himself. While he shunned the external signs of despotic power, he made himself the master of the State. His complexion was of a pale olive; his stature short; abstemious and simple in his habits, affable in conversation, sparing of speech, he knew how to combine that burgher-like civility for which the Romans praised Augustus, with the reality of a despotism all the more difficult to combat because it seemed nowhere and was everywhere. When he died at the age of seventy-five, in 1464, the people whom he had enslaved, but whom he had neither injured nor insulted, honored him with the title of *Pater Patriæ*. This was inscribed upon his tomb in S. Lorenzo. He left to posterity the fame of a great and generous patron, the infamy of a cynical, self-seeking, bourgeois tyrant. Such combinations of contradictory qualities were common enough at the time of the Renaissance. Did not Machiavelli spend his days in tavern-brawls and low amours, his nights among the mighty spirits of the dead, with whom, when he had changed his country suit of homespun for the habit of the court, he found himself an honored equal?

J. A. SYMONDS.

From Good Words.

DORIS BARUGH.

A YORKSHIRE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

CHAPTER XLVI.

HATE.

DORIS had also seen the abrupt parting between Ralph and Rica, and she guessed they had quarrelled.

Mr. Burneston frowned and grumbled at his son's absence from the breakfast table.

"Late rising is a very bad habit," he said to Rica; "I hope, my dear, you don't indulge in it."

"I? oh no, I'm always up early," she said abruptly; "but indeed, Mr. Burneston, your son is not late this morning, he was in — in the garden before I came down."

The squire had looked at her in his usual easy, careless fashion, but as she went on speaking his gaze became earnest, for she grew crimson, hesitated, and ended by looking down into her plate, wishing she could get anywhere out of sight.

Raine had been reading a letter, but the pause that followed made him conscious that something was happening. He looked up and saw the squire's puzzled face, and Rica's guilty confusion. He had been very happy this morning, and his absorption had been caused by a resolve, spite of the letters, which urged his return home, to spend another week at Burnes-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ton. He had heard Ralph's name, and some instinct told him that his cousin was being discussed, and now Rica's face showed him that her interest in the young fellow was much warmer than he had supposed. He felt all at once irritable and cynical.

"Where's Ralph this morning?" he said impatiently. He looked first at Mr. Burneston, then at Rica, and ended with Doris.

"He will be here directly, I dare say," Mrs. Burneston answered calmly. Then she looked on to Rica, "Have you finished, Rica?" she said. "I want to show you some songs that have come up from London; we can try them presently, if you like."

"Very well, I'll come now," and Rica rose to follow her friend.

"What would ladies do in the country, I wonder, without parcels from London?" Raine said. "They are about the only outside help you have in getting through the day." He looked directly at Rica.

"I don't think educated women need outside help of that sort," she said so seriously that Mr. Burneston looked astonished. "It seems to me that women as a rule waste fewer minutes than men do; they have so many small duties to fill up little corners of life with."

"Or they think so," Raine said, so bitterly that even the squire wondered at his tone. "One thing is certain, they can always flirt in any corner of life, and then they can talk — that is the inestimable advantage they possess over the slower, dumber animals. They have nimbler and better-balanced tongues."

"Come, come, Gilbert, I thought love of dress and tidiness used to be the chief feminine defects in your catalogue; you are growing spiteful, old fellow."

"I've no doubt," Rica said, "that Mr. Raine would like our tongue tips to be burnt as they used to be by the Inquisition."

Doris laughed. "He is incorrigible; Philip, you had better read him a lecture." She moved to the door. "Come, Rica, are you ready?"

Mrs. Burneston had noticed Rica's confusion, and then Gilbert's vexed manner; but she did not look at him as she rose to open the door, or she would have seen that he was frowning at her.

"Rica cannot care for that unfledged boy," he thought. "I can't do her the injustice to think that she cares for him seriously — but why does she flirt? Why need she notice him in the way she does? She's but an ordinary woman, after all. How right I've been all through these years; women can't be trusted. That girl only encourages Ralph because she sees he must be a rich man some day, and she is a poor clergyman's daughter, so she keeps him in tow. I believe it's half of it Mrs. Burneston's doing. She is charming to look at and pleasant to talk to, and so on, but she is thoroughly worldly and scheming, the worst possible adviser such a girl as Rica Masham could have, and yet" — he closed the door on the two ladies — "I thought Mrs. Burneston disliked her stepson too much to wish to marry him to her friend. I can't make her out, she's a sphinx. They are all sphinxes. But what a fool I am to worry about it! I'll go back to Austin's End."

The sphinx leads the way to her sitting-room, but when they reached the book landing facing the Clytie, Rica stopped.

"I'll not come with you now, Doris; I'll come presently."

Her friend turned round and gave her a long, searching glance, then she smiled.

"Shall I tell you what you mean, Rica?" Then seeing a vexed look in her friend's face, "I know you want to avoid me just now; but don't be afraid, dear, I'm not going to tease you," she said gravely; "but I do earnestly wish to ask you a question at once."

"Very well; I'll come now. I don't pledge myself to answer your question, you know," she said saucily.

She said to herself as she followed Doris, —

"I shall not tell her; she is not Ralph's own mother, and I don't think she judges him fairly. I should hate her if she had the stiff, polite manner with me she has with that boy. If I had not been a coward I might have told her how unkind she is, and so have helped the poor fellow."

Like all impulsive people, Rica was full of quick contrition, and her anger at Ralph's vehemence to her had soon melted into self-condemnation. Her manner must have deceived him, and led him on, she thought, or he would not have spoken as he had done. She gave a little sigh. Why had it been natural to feel at her ease with Ralph — almost a stranger — and yet with Mr. Raine, whom she had met before at Burneston, she had each day, so it seemed to her, to begin the acquaintance afresh? Life was a great puzzle.

"I am not going to stay long with you this morning," she said to Doris. "I have

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

to write to my father and tell him when to expect me."

Doris gave her one of the sweet rare smiles which little Phil had inherited.

"You may as well sit down and listen instead of standing," she said. "And Rica, dear, you must not talk of going home, I want you so much. I cannot part with you yet. Is it your quarrel this morning that makes you talk of going away? I think you have quarrelled with Ralph, have you not?"

"Doris!" said Rica impetuously, "I told you I should not answer questions; there are several reasons why I must go home."

Doris fixed another of her long, searching glances on her friend; at first Rica stood it bravely, but at Doris's next question her cheeks burned and her hands grew cold all at once.

"Do you like Mr. Raine, Rica?"

Rica struggled angrily with her confusion. She forced a laugh, and looked up at her friend saucily.

"I really don't know. What does it matter? Why do you ask me? Perhaps I do a little."

"A good deal, I think. Come, Rica, am I your friend or am I not? Friends should have no secrets."

"I really do not know how to answer you. Sometimes I think I like him, and then, when we have parted quite good friends, he says, next time we meet, something so very rude, so horribly unkind about women. Did you hear what he said just now? I could hardly keep the tears out of my eyes, I was so angry."

Doris smiled. "You are too sensitive. He is only teasing you. However, dear, you have answered my question. You would not care for the opinion of a man you dislike — it would not bring you to tears."

She bent down and gave her friend a warm kiss.

This was so unlike Doris that Rica felt puzzled. Very rosy she returned the kiss, but did not know what to say next.

"I mean this" — Doris saw the question in her eyes — "I was beginning to be really afraid that you cared for Ralph, and this troubled me. Mr. Raine is so much better suited to you than that boy——"

Rica colored violently, and rose up to go away.

"Oh, please don't!" she said, "I know I shall displease you some day, for all your love and goodness to me; but I can't talk this kind of talk — only, yes — stop an instant; there is something I will say out to you." Her eyes brightened with sudden energy, and she went hurriedly on. "I know I ought to have said it sooner. Doris dear, why are you always so unkind to Ralph Burneston?"

More than once at Pelican House, Rica, in her abrupt, frank remonstrances, had taken her friend's proud reserve by storm; but since Doris's marriage a barrier had come between these two which even Rica's playful fearlessness had shrunk from overleaping.

At this direct question Doris first flushed deeply; then, as the color fled away, leaving her paler than before it came, she looked coldly and proudly at her friend.

"In what way am I unkind? A general charge is vague, and means really nothing."

Rica started; a cold chill fell on her glowing mood. She could not have believed that Doris could have spoken to her so haughtily. For a moment she hesitated. It seemed to her that any further urging must certainly produce a quarrel, and she could not bear to quarrel with Doris. Against this hesitation her independent spirit rose. She had a right as Doris's chosen friend to tell her of her faults; she was quite willing to take advice about her own, and she resented the tone in which Doris had spoken; it stung her and set her temper on edge.

"It seems to me you never speak really kindly to him — your manner is forced. You treat him like a stranger. Why, I am much more intimate with him than you are."

"I could justify my coldness towards Ralph by telling you of his misconduct; but that would really be unkind. He is a very unsatisfactory person. Do not let us talk of him."

She turned away deeply wounded; she was utterly disappointed in Rica. Ralph must have gained great influence to make the girl take his part against her own friend.

"Ah, but, Doris, look at me now, and don't be angry." She took both her friend's hands; but Mrs. Burneston did not smile. "Years ago, when I was here, you always spoke of him in the same cold, severe way, as if he were a sort of criminal, when he was really only a boy; and he's only a boy still — only a year older than our Egbert, and you can't think how indulgent my father is to Egbert; he says it is the greatest mistake to be unloving to boys."

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

"Your father doubtless knows how to manage his own son, but you do not know how he would behave in my place," said Doris. She spoke very coldly, but so quietly that Rica had no idea of the storm she had raised.

It had come to this, then, Doris thought. The hateful tie of caste obliterated all memories of past affection and of present kindness; for to her practical mind, with its ever-increasing worldly views, these visits to Burneston were for Rica steps in the social scale not to be attained by other means. Rica considered Ralph her equal, and had towards him a fellow-feeling, a sympathy, which could not exist between her and a farmer's daughter.

"My own folly for taking her to the Cairn, and asking her to my wedding!" She had said this to herself with whitening lips while she listened to Rica.

"Oh, Doris, you are angry still!" the girl said eagerly, "and it's all my fault. Say you forgive me. Perhaps I should not interfere; indeed I do it in love, and of course I might have done it better; I am sure to blunder at things. If I could only be father for five minutes! I believe I mean this; you, who are so clever and so perfect in your ways, can get so much power over people. Oh, Doris! remember how you could make the girls love you, even without trying, at Pelican House; couldn't you, if you chose, still make this boy love you, and be guided by you — worship you almost? Remember he's never had a mother to teach him since he's been any age. When I saw him on your wedding-day I thought, ah, how he will improve! for, indeed, it seemed to me you would be an angel in the house."

Doris's lips relaxed their unpleasant tension.

"Rica, you forget one thing," she said sadly. "I never was what you fancied me; I am not an angel — far from one. You are so very enthusiastic that you exaggerate both the bad and the good in me. If Ralph Burneston had been different to me I might have been different to him. Now it is too late."

"Oh, Doris! and he so loves your boy, and Phil dotes on his brother."

A dark shadow, the darkest Rica had ever seen there, fell on the lovely face.

"I am very sorry for it, for as he grows older I cannot possibly allow them to associate. Ralph's example would ruin his brother. Rica, once for all, you do not know this young fellow as I do."

There was such intense bitterness in her tones that Rica recoiled. It seemed to her that some other woman had usurped the lovely shape of her friend, Doris was so entirely transformed when she spoke of Ralph Burneston.

Should she cease speaking, and pray all the more earnestly that Doris's heart might soften? and yet that longing to finish our work which so often mars it made Rica's tongue restless.

"Only just this," she said pleadingly, "and I will not return to the subject. You are such a loving, devoted mother, that I can't help thinking if you would try and look on Ralph as really your own son, you would end by loving him; and I firmly believe in the power of love; it is a transforming power, it unlocks all hearts; only love must be shown by acts, not kept within us as a theory."

"And you have been trying to win Ralph's love. You foolish girl! you have been making your own misery." Doris gave way to her anger at last. "Ralph is only amusing himself with you, he will not marry you; and if he did he could not make you happy; he is vicious and good-for-nothing, while Gilbert Raine is in every way a suitable match for you."

Rica's face was as red as fire.

"It is you who exaggerate now, Doris. What have I done to gain Ralph's love? You misjudge me; and besides, I do not think it is nice to speak to me in that way of a man who seeks every opportunity to quarrel with me, as Mr. Raine does. Why should I look on men in the light of possible husbands? The very idea is a restraint, and besides it is quite uncalled for."

She was so deeply mortified that the tears filled her eyes, and she turned to go away, and Doris did not try to prevent her.

She was very much disappointed in Rica. It was arrogant beyond belief that a young girl living in such seclusion should presume to judge her, and above all should refuse to be guided by her.

"It shows" — Mrs. Burneston drew herself up proudly — "the extreme ignorance and narrow-mindedness of these people who live out of the world; just like all religious people," she sneered, "unless you agree with them you are wrong."

She was very forlorn in that moment. Only yesterday her husband had shown her a letter from George announcing Rose's safety; and while he urged that the news should for the present be kept from Ralph, he also said that it would be wise to keep the lad, if possible, for some months under home influence.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

And Mr. Burneston had said to his wife, —

"You will try and help me to make home as pleasant as we can for poor Ralph?"

Everybody on the side of Ralph, and now even Rica.

Doris asked herself how she could get through these months with her present feelings towards Ralph.

"He is so deceitful," she said. "If he were just to speak out his feelings for me, his father would never forgive him. I know he loathes and despises me." She sat down and began to think. Somehow her power seemed to have lost its firm foundations. Her husband was as fond of her as ever, but on the subject of Ralph she saw he doubted her judgment, and in the first year of their marriage he had relied on her implicitly.

"He has been more with Ralph since then," she said, "and I know Philip thoroughly; he is very good, I suppose better than any one else is, because he makes no profession of goodness; but he is weak, and those who see him daily gain a daily increasing influence. Who knows that Ralph will not gradually bring him to think less of me? It is not a question of whether I could bear it or not" — Doris looked strangely good and earnest, for she really thought she was right — "but it must be quite wrong to let any influence come between man and wife, and I know that Ralph's is a bad influence." And then came the thought of little Phil; it would be a cruel wrong to expose her darling to his brother's teaching; and already the child was too fond of Ralph.

"And there is no weakness in Phil, baby as he is; it is easy to see that. He might, as he grows older, insist that Ralph should always stay here, and then what should I do?'

Such a writhe of uncontrollable hatred rose against the enforced calmness of these last minutes, that she clenched her hands in a physical effort against it.

Then she stood still, holding her forehead with both hands, in deep thought.

"Why do I struggle so? I have tried not to hate him, and I can't help it; I will hate him, he is bad and hateful; and he shall not live here to spoil all my life and to ruin my child."

CHAPTER XLVII.

AT LAST.

THE afternoon sun was shining on the river, a broad golden stretch spread from the stone bridge on the right to the frail wooden bridge of planks leading from the foot of the village to the meadows across the water, and besides this a golden radiance painted the trunks and branches of the trees, and came through the leaves in chequered patterns on the yellow road that led from the Hall to the wooden bridge — a radiance that was rather metallic than genial, for the nipping touch of autumn was in the air, so that it was but a worldly kind of sunshine, after all, dazzling to the eye, but bringing no heart-glow with it.

Doris and Rica Masham were coming back from Mrs. Duncombe's cottage. The girl had expressed a wish to visit some of the villagers. Mrs. Burneston had taken her up to the stone cottages, but as Mrs. Duncombe was fast asleep, and Joseph Sunley was rheumatic, cross, and averse to conversation, they were coming home at a brisk pace beside the river.

The previous day had worn away slowly and uncomfortably — as days do that hold in them the weight of a dispute — and to-day, except to Mr. Burneston, had been full of uneasy constraint. Ralph had been dogged and sullen towards his stepmother and silent to Miss Masham, except that he had tried more than once to speak to her alone, and when he found she avoided this he had looked angry. Doris had been unusually silent and stately to all. While Gilbert Raine had been sometimes cynical and bitter in speech, and then ashamed of his own harshness, as he remarked Rica's avoidance of his young cousin; and then again, as he felt how stiff and cold her manner had become to himself, he lapsed into his old belief, and cursed the caprice of a woman.

Rica was sure she ought to go home. She longed to get away from the unspoken strife which existed between Doris and her stepson. When she met her friend at luncheon, after their quarrel, she had felt shy, and Mrs. Burneston had at first been very silent; but in the long afternoon's drive she had recovered herself, and joined in the talk between Rica and her husband. Miss Masham knew that it would be worse than useless to try for any decided spoken reconciliation with Doris, and besides, she felt that it would be difficult for her friend to excuse her own words about Gilbert Raine. The color came rushing to the girl's face when she met Mr. Raine, it was so very humbling to think that Doris had really intended to make up a match in her friend's presence.

"To throw me in fact at the head of a

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

man who already has a low opinion of women; and I thought Doris so high-minded. Oh, how could she do it?"

She had been busy with these thoughts as she walked up through the village with her friend; and Doris too walked on silently. They had exchanged a few words with Mrs. Crewe standing at her gate, and now walking back to the Hall beside the sun-lit river, they were each again busy with their own thoughts.

Rica was trying to say she must go home without offending Doris. Ralph had spoken to her again in so marked a manner, that she feared he meant to renew his proposal. She did not wish to betray him to Doris, and yet if she stayed on at Burneston it might be difficult to keep the matter from her. And in regard to her feelings towards Mr. Raine, Rica was puzzled. She knew that, for a time at least, she should be glad to part from Doris till the memory of so many years of love had swept away the new and painful impression she had lately received. She was sure she should be very glad to get away from Ralph's admiration, and yet she was not glad to leave Burneston; the thought even of going was keenly painful. Her cheeks glowed as she walked beside her friend, and she hung her head a little. It began to dawn on her that after all she did care for this rude cynic, who lost no chance of mortifying her; last night she had learned that his silence wounded her more than his words did, and she had found herself at breakfast-time this morning longing for and yet shrinking from his coming.

And yet when, after luncheon, she had turned markedly away from Ralph, and had come up to Mr. Raine, who was examining an old picture at the other end of the room, though for a moment he had smiled and seemed ready to speak, he suddenly turned his back upon her, and became absorbed in studying the picture.

Her color grew yet deeper as she thought of these things, and there was anger mixed with it now against Gilbert Raine.

All at once a bright idea came to release Rica from this humiliation, for it was terribly humbling to find her thoughts engrossed by a man who was not only rude and contradictory, but who actually avoided her as much as he could.

"I do not care for him as a man," she smiled at her own fear, "it is only his talk that interests me — it is so brilliant, so very different to any I have ever heard; there is nothing in it that sounds stereotyped or commonplace; yes, it is only his talk, and I have the chance of hearing so little good talk except my father's!"

"Doris," she said abruptly, as they walked side by side, "you won't be vexed with me, will you? but I must go home the day after to-morrow."

Mrs. Burneston's delicate eyebrows rounded with surprise, but she looked very sad.

"So soon? I am sorry." She tried to speak very courteously. "You have quickly tired of Burneston this time, Rica."

"No, indeed I have not; and I will come again if you will kindly give me a chance; but I believe for several reasons that I ought to go home now."

Doris did not answer; they had nearly reached the stone bridge, and there came bounding towards them Mr. Burneston's collie-dog.

Next moment Ralph Burneston appeared advancing to meet them.

"I should like to know, dear," Doris spoke very quietly, "whether this decision of yours has anything to do with Ralph; I don't think you really care for him, but your manner towards him puzzles me."

"Does it? Well then, listen: I shrink from him so much, that unless you wish me to stay with you now, I shall hurry on to the Hall alone directly he joins us."

Doris gave her such a grateful glance that Rica felt puzzled too.

"I do not think he will walk with us," Mrs. Burneston said calmly; "if you were alone it might be different."

But Ralph was hastening towards them; he was beside them in a moment, and he turned at once and walked by Rica, making some remark on the glow which the walk had given her.

"I must hurry on," she said to Doris, "I want to ask Jane to do something for me before dinner."

Ralph quickened his steps too, and walked on with her. Rica looked over her shoulder at Doris — it seemed to her that Mrs. Burneston could so easily make an excuse for keeping her stepson beside her.

But Doris never thought of seeking such an excuse; she rejoiced in this chance of showing Ralph that Miss Masham disliked his attentions.

"Ralph, you had better stay with me," she said; "Rica does not want company."

Ralph looked very angry.

"Will she always treat me like a boy?" he muttered. Then aloud he said, "Miss Masham can speak for herself. Say I

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

may come with you," he whispered low to Rica.

His manner showed the girl that her fear was well founded.

"No, indeed," she said kindly, "I will go alone. I prefer it. Good-bye," she nodded, and went on hurriedly.

But Ralph kept close beside her.

"At least, you will let me say three words?" He was eager and determined, and Rica saw that she must speak out.

"No, indeed, Mr. Burneston, indeed I cannot; I will not listen to another word from you." She had stopped as she began to speak, and stood facing him. She wished Doris would come up and help her instead of standing a few yards off beside the collie-dog, like a picture framed in by the glowing sunshine.

"That is because you have been set against me," he said angrily, "because I have been slandered. You have been listening to Mrs. Burneston, you *shall* listen to me," and he snatched at Rica's wrist.

She was not taken by surprise, and she twisted herself free in an instant, and went back to Mrs. Burneston — only for an instant; before Ralph had recovered himself the two ladies had come up with him, his stepmother looking very proud and pale. Rica kept her face turned away.

"You seem to forget yourself, sir, altogether," Doris said, "and what is due to a lady and my visitor."

She spoke with intense haughtiness; in her heart she triumphed that Ralph should have so far forgotten himself in her presence. Her face grew very set and hard.

"Miss Masham is my friend and my visitor, and she shall not be annoyed."

"Annoyed!" he laughed scornfully. "I like that! Pray, how do you know she is annoyed? I know rather more about women than you do, Mrs. Burneston, though you do know everything. Miss Masham listened to me fast enough till you tried to set her against me. It was bad enough before; but I said nothing then. This time I tell you plainly I won't have it. I am almost of age, and I won't be interfered with. I'll not be treated like a boy by you."

Doris looked at him for a moment before she answered, "You behave so like a man" — her lip quivered with scorn — "and you consider yourself a gentleman, both in conduct and manner!"

Her contempt stung him out of all reticence.

"Look here!" he said fiercely. "So far I have treated you much better than you could have expected; but don't try any of your airs on me — they don't impose on me. I will not be interfered with by you. I am my own master, and if I choose to talk to Miss Masham, nothing you can tell her against me shall prevent it."

Doris stood stupefied; the insult to her own pride effaced all thought of Rica, and her perfect blanched silence subdued Ralph spite of himself. "You had better go on," he said more quietly, "and overtake Miss Masham; tell her I was quite in earnest in my proposal yesterday morning. She will listen to me all right; she was quite ready till you came between us."

Doris forced her white lips open; her surprise at this avowal roused her.

"Is it possible," she said coldly, "that you do not see? She will not listen to you at all! She considers you only a boy. If she loves any one, it is Gilbert Raine."

"And this is your work, too. It may have been part of your breeding to go prying and interfering into other people's affairs, but I tell you, once for all, to leave me alone. Because my father was weak enough to take you out of your proper station, do you imagine for one moment he has made you his equal, or that you can have the slightest influence with me? I tell you again, I'll not submit to it. You have made mischief enough. Keep your proper place. I don't interfere with you. I believe, if you could, you'd make my father disinherit me. You can't do that, try as you will; but I tell you what you can do, you may make things very unpleasant for yourself in the future."

He stopped from sheer want of breath, his face and voice alike full of passion.

Doris could not have interrupted, even if she had tried; his very words had stunned her; they had struck at her like a shower of stones or a blinding storm of hail.

Now that he paused, expecting a torrent of angry words, there was a dead silence.

The collie-dog had grown impatient, and came bounding back to see what was happening, but the two figures stood motionless on the yellow road. At last Doris forced herself to speak.

"You are a coward!"

That was all she said, and she smiled; but Ralph felt as if some one had struck him on the face.

"Coward or not," he said fiercely, "we'll see who's master yet at Burneston."

He hurried recklessly away, the dog bounding on in front, past the village, past the plank bridge; hurried on without tak-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ing any heed where he was going till he ran right up against Gilbert Raine.

"Hulloa, my lad! do you want to send me spinning into the river? You should look ahead."

Gilbert spoke irritably. He was standing taking a sketch of the bridge and the tree-shaded river-bank, and the shock of Ralph's onset had almost upset him.

"Why do you stand in the way?" — Ralph spoke savagely. "I'm in a humor to quarrel with any one — with you especially!"

"*Ergo*, you are in want of the doctor; you can have no possible reason to quarrel with me — you are simply bilious."

"Simply don't be a fool, Gilbert. But I recollect I do want to speak to you. Is it true or is it not true that Miss Masham cares for you?"

The dark, wrinkled face was bent down over his drawing.

"Who said this?" He did not look up.

Ralph was too full of passion to discriminate nicely, and, indeed, Raine's manner might have deceived a cooler observer. He was so afraid of believing that he seemed to be concealing his real thoughts.

"Then it's true — oh, confound you all!" he said. "I believe from first to last you're all against me."

Gilbert Raine had recovered himself. "Be quiet, my boy!" he said. "I have no right to think Miss Masham cares for me, but ——"

Ralph stopped him angrily.

"You are going to say you care for her — for a girl half your age. I wonder you're not ashamed to think of her — you, a wrinkled, middle-aged man, who've lived three parts of your life among musty old books! How dare you think of a bright, fresh young creature like Miss Masham, and what have you to offer her?" he said contemptuously, for he saw a change in Raine's face, and he resolved to make the most of his selfishness.

Raine's manner had changed; he was calm and cold as he answered.

"You don't know what you are talking about, you silly fellow! But I'll tell you one thing, my boy; I am sure that for five years at least you are not fit to be trusted with the happiness of any woman."

Ralph glared at him for an instant, muttered something, and then he turned sullenly back towards the Hall.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE STEPMOTHER.

Is time something abstract, something that can be measured? There may be souls to whom hours and minutes, weeks and days, may seem equal in length; but there are, no doubt, happy mortals whose existence moves serenely and in measured paces along the level roads of commonplace life. The roads turn sometimes to avoid a morass or a river, or even a hill that might expend breath in the climbing, though a boundless prospect is to be gazed on from its topmost height. Nothing that should not come there ever does come to alarm or even surprise the very ordinary and tranquil-pulsed wayfarers who journey along the level monotony.

It was very hard on Doris that, being placed by destiny in a position guaranteed to be commonplace and uneventful by all the outward keys of such existences, life should have become for her as eventful as if she had lived on moderate means in a city, with a daily struggle to earn her daily bread there. And these excitements and heart-burnings, and now this tremendous uprising of her whole nature, had all one origin — the presence, the existence even of Ralph Burneston.

She had been alone, by the clock, about an hour; her feelings would have told her that half a day had passed since she reached her own room. She had gone home mechanically, and then, having put off her things, she went to her sitting-room.

She had not rung for her maid; it seemed to her that the humbling she had received must be painted on her face; her mortification left no room for anger — a dull ache was over heart and brain.

Ralph had only said the truth. And now came another thought: when Phil knew the truth would not he judge her as Ralph did?

"He will never tell me so in words," the pale, proud lips quivered as this thought came, "but he will grow to look on me as — as" — she was walking up and down the little room, her gown gathered in one hand; as she turned she stopped with a scared face. She saw a form advancing towards her — tall and broad, his red hair glowing as he reached the stream of light, so level now that it only lit the middle of the room. Her heart seemed to stand still, but in an instant the vision was gone — the place where it had stood was empty.

Doris shivered from head to foot. She felt herself suddenly brought to judgment. Phil might never look on her as she looked on her mother, that would be impossible, and for an instant her pride took comfort in this thought of her own superiority;

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

but her father — no, Doris felt to the very bottom of her soul that her father was her superior. Spite of his broad speech, his rough, red hands, his homely, unpolished ways, he had one noble quality for which she honored him, honored him all the more that she felt incapable of attaining it, and that quality was self-respect. He was neither ashamed of himself nor of his belongings.

How well she remembered what had happened during her last visit to the Cairn! Walking one day with her father on the moor, a carriage had passed near them in the road below, in which she thought she had recognized Mrs. Boothroyd. Even now she shrank at the remembrance of the shame that had seized on her at the dread of recognition; and although some weeks later she had learned her mistake, Mrs. Boothroyd being still in London, she had never forgotten her terror.

But Doris knew that if her father had been well born, all these outward blemishes would not have troubled her. It was from his homely station, and, above all, his calling as a farmer that she shrank; and although Phil would never shrink from her personally, yet he had just the same right to be ashamed of her origin.

"Ashamed of me!" She stood like a statue. It seemed to her she could not live through such an agony as this. She tried to throw herself back a few years. When she left Pelican House she had come home resolved to be true to herself, and she had been true till she married. How she had sunk since then!

The thought of Ralph came back, and she rose from her despairing humiliation with desperate energy. "I was raw and ignorant then," she said. "After all, the world teaches us wisdom. Why should Phil ever know the truth, at least till he is old enough to be free from prejudice?"

When this precise period was to arrive Doris did not determine, but she believed firmly that if her boy could only be kept free from low, corrupting influences, especially the influence of Ralph, he would grow to be a perfect man, godlike in his large and generous views of life. This was to be the outcome of his natural goodness, for Doris did not believe in the help afforded by religious training against human infirmity.

"It is so all through life," she said bitterly. "However false the insult or accusation, the insult remains; it can never be washed out."

Yes, the time had come for decided action. She resolved that she would not see Ralph Burneston again — that as long as she was its mistress the Hall should be closed against him. But still she hesitated as to the means. She could only obtain his banishment by an appeal to his father, and she shrank from making this appeal. She did not shrink from the sight of her husband's sorrow; her hatred to Ralph blinded her to the right he had to his father's love, a right, indeed, which, if remembered, would have sharpened her purpose; she only feared Mr. Burneston's weakness of will, for, after all, he might not have courage to carry out her wishes.

"I have been a fool!" There was a new expression in her eyes, a dire, vengeful look that drove womanhood from the delicate face, leaving it a mask of sharply-cut features so pale that her long eyelashes looked intensely black as they touched the white cheeks. "Why did I interfere when I saw he had begun again with Rose? If he had really disgraced himself Philip would then have banished him at once, and I should have been held blameless. Well, that is over. It was an opportunity given me, and I let it pass. I must trust now to my power over Philip. If that fails ——" She stopped and put her hand to her forehead.

Her head ached sorely, she felt bruised all over; but she had no feeling for herself; her heart swelled almost to suffocation, for she had not shed one tear since she and Ralph parted. She dared not give way for a moment, for she had only herself to depend on. Even Rica was ready to take Ralph's part against her! each time she had spoken of him to her husband, he had asked her to be less hard in her judgment. Doris hated strife, not because of its sin, but because her fastidious nature shrank from its pettiness and discourtesy, and she knew that she must have angry words with her husband before she should get him to see with her eyes.

"It used not to be so," she said. "Once he thought my judgment perfect — he never questioned my wishes — and so he will again when he is separated from Ralph; his daily influence destroys mine. Yes, he was right when he said I should see who was master at Burneston. I must see Philip at once, for" — she hesitated — "I am not sure, but I must make sure."

She rang the bell. Now that she had decided she was eager to act. She must give no chance to Ralph to get a hearing before she did.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

"Has Mr. Burneston come in?" she said to Benjamin.

"Yes, ma'am, t' master's in the study."

He looked hard at her, for she was strangely pale; there was a forced, unusual sound in her voice.

"Tell him I wish to speak to him, either here or in the study."

CHAPTER XLIX.

DORIS SPEAKS.

MR. BURNESTON was very busy examining papers that had arrived from his agent at Steersley during his absence. He had nearly finished his work, and this unusual summons disturbed him.

"Tell your mistress I am very busy, and say I should like her to come here if she is in a hurry," he said, "or say I will be with her in about half an hour."

Doris thought this message a proof of her declining influence. She made no answer, but as soon as Benjamin had departed she went down to the study. Her heart beat so violently as she reached the door that a tinge of color rose on her face.

"How can I be so foolish?" she said. "What can I be afraid of?"

"Come in." But Mr. Burneston went on writing, his back was to the door, so he did not see her face.

"If you really cannot spare me a few minutes I will go," she said in a hard, strained voice, "but I have something to say which requires your whole attention."

Mr. Burneston frowned and bit his lips, then he cleared off his annoyance and smiled as he turned round to his wife.

"Well, what is this wonderful something that will not wait? What is it? You look quite ill! Sit down here, darling. But I would have come up if you had only had a little patience."

Plainly he had not seen Ralph. Doris felt relieved; he took her hand, and made her sit beside him.

"Philip, I want to ask you first to listen patiently and with all your attention. You do not always take my part now."

His fair, serene face grew troubled. He guessed that the "something" related either to Faith or Ralph.

"I think there is no need to have any question of the kind," he said sadly. "It seems to me that a husband and wife should take the same view of matters."

"I fear in this case it is quite impossible." He looked at her, and the set stiffness of her face annoyed him.

"You pique yourself on your justice," he said, "and yet though I am always ready to care for all that you love, Doris, you refuse to share my feelings in this way."

"I must speak out, Philip. It may be hard for you to hear; but it is no question of feeling now. Ralph has insulted me — has spoken to me in a way which makes it impossible for us to live together any longer." She paused. "I have come to ask you to send him away from this house."

As she went on her courage came back; it seemed to her that he could not refuse her request.

Mr. Burneston's face was full of pain.

"My dear, you take offence so easily, just like all women; you make so much of words." He stopped in surprise and some alarm too, for Doris rose from her chair and stood facing him like a Fate, her arms hanging stiffly beside her, her face fixed, but with a dark storm in her eyes. Mr. Burneston finished his sentence. "I thought you so much grander and nobler than any ordinary woman. I am afraid I have mistaken you."

"You can think so, of course; possibly you agree with your son, and consider that no insolence can be too great towards a person who is not born a lady; it is for you to decide. Please let me tell all. He has told me to-day that I am an upstart; he has said — well," she went on proudly, "he has only said the truth about my origin and the folly of my marriage; and he has asserted that his power over you is greater than mine is. Stay, Philip, I have not done. You must act as you choose; but if Ralph is to stay here I go away at once and I take Phil with me. He shall not be ruined by his brother's teaching, nor shall he learn to despise his mother by hearing her insulted."

Her eyes flashed, for once she let passion have its way; she looked a splendid picture of wrath as she stood quivering before her astonished husband.

"You are mad," he said, and then he stopped; but Doris did not speak. She stood waiting his decision.

"Doris," he said, "I do not for a moment excuse Ralph's conduct, but I never saw you like this before. You know I can't bear exaggeration. Remember you are speaking of only a boy. It is — well, it is not at all like you to speak in such a manner."

It is singular how a crisis of feeling brings out the salient points of contrasted natures at their superlative degree.

"I only say what I mean," she answered.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Mr. Burneston shook his head, and a fretful look passed over his face.

"If you would only use your own good sense," he said, "you must see that what you propose would be, perhaps, the boy's ruin. Consider the great advantage Ralph gains by staying here. I don't take his part for a moment. I am grieved and surprised that he should so far forget himself and what is due to you, and to me also. I could not have believed it if any one else had told me. You are quite sure, my dear, you have made no mistake?"

He looked at her with a feeling of relief; this new hope, feeble as it was, was something to cling to.

She moved her head disdainfully.

"If you had been present, even you would say I have been merciful. No, Philip, do not lessen my respect for you. For once assert your own authority, or I must do as I say, I must remove Phil from his brother's influence."

Mr. Burneston shook his head. There was a painful flush on his forehead.

"If you would sit down and keep yourself quiet it would be so much better. I am going to find Ralph. I shall speak to him as severely as even you," there was a sorrowful emphasis on the words, "can wish; and I am sure he will make you as humble an apology as you can desire. It may be," he said impressively, out of the longing of his heart, "that you will both go on together better; after this there will be no concealed bitterness between you."

There was a beseeching anxiety in his eyes as he looked at his wife; but Doris was not in a mood to bear this. She might have been quelled by a will stronger than her own. His weakness only increased her anger.

"There are some offences which cannot be pardoned," she said haughtily. "Cannot you see that this breach is beyond healing? I cannot live with a person I hate, and Ralph has made me hate him. Some day, Philip, your eyes will be open to your own injustice. You know your son's vices, and yet you expect me not only to tolerate his daily companionship, but to submit meekly to gross insult; and because I refuse, you are angry. Well, you must choose between him and me, and I expect he will offer you the same choice."

His wife's rudeness wounded Mr. Burneston sorely.

"You are as self-willed as he is, Doris. Why, even your brother George, who has more cause of quarrel with Ralph than any of us have, says it will do wonders for the lad if we can only manage to keep him at home a year or so. If he goes away angry he will most likely go back to his old habits and companions, and be utterly ruined."

Doris had stood thinking during these words.

"Do you mean to say that, let Ralph disgrace himself ever so much, you have no power to leave any of your land away from him?"

There was a keen eagerness in her voice and manner that jarred on her husband.

"Certainly not, unless" — he stopped abruptly.

"Unless he brings himself within the penalties of the law, you mean; and a man may be a most infamous scoundrel, and yet escape punishment. Ralph is a scoundrel already, and he will have all, and Phil —— "

Her husband's eyes had opened in wide wonder. This was the first time she had really let him see the truth.

"Stop, Doris." He spoke very coldly. It seemed to her with disgust. "Phil is as well provided for as he can be; and now do not let us recur to this subject. I will try to forget it, and you, my dear, must, for my sake, receive Ralph's apology. No, I really cannot hear any more."

He retreated hastily, fearing another attack, while Doris sank exhausted on a chair, sight blurred and hearing deadened by the force she had been putting on herself.

Mr. Burneston too felt blinded. It seemed to him, as he crossed the hall on his way to Ralph's room, that he had got a shock. His whole nature had revolted against his wife's manner, and above all against her last words. She who had seemed incapable of the slightest meanness or calculation — had she then cherished hatred against Ralph because he was the heir of Burneston? It was incredible, and spite of his grief the loyal gentleman strove against the thought as against a positive injury to Doris.

He had found his way mechanically to Ralph's room, and to his surprise his son's voice said "Come in" when he knocked.

Ralph sate moodily in a chair near one of the windows; his pipe lay beside him, but he had not been smoking. He nodded when his father came in, and pushed a chair towards him. But Mr. Burneston stood still, looking at his son with real sternness on his gentle face.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

"I thought you were a gentleman," he said, "and I find I am mistaken. You will come with me at once and apologize to Mrs. Burneston."

"I can't do that, father! I am sorry for you, but you must have known this sort of thing would happen some day. Why need you worry about it? Leave me to settle it with Mrs. Burneston."

"You seem to forget, sir, that you are talking of my wife! I insist on an apology."

His father's anger quieted Ralph.

"I can only say again I'm very sorry for you. I can't be sorry I've spoken out. If you knew how I've been used, you'd ——"

"Hold your tongue, sir!" said his father savagely.

"But you shall listen to me!" the boy said desperately. "I've no quarrel with you, and never will have. You and I would have been fast friends if no mischief had been stirred up between us. There, I'm not going to vex you any more! Remember I am your own son, and you owe me some love." His blue eyes looked so pleading that his father turned away. "I'd made up my mind, dull as this place is, to stay here with you a few months, but I see it can't be. If you like, I'll go away for a bit; it's just as unpleasant for me as it is for any one."

"No!" Mr. Burneston tried to speak. "I do not wish to send you away. You have behaved very ill and for my sake as well as for your own you must apologize. If you consider the matter you will see there is no other way."

Ralph shook his head, and put his hands in his pockets.

"Can't do it! I wouldn't if I could." He muttered the last words.

Mr. Burneston took no notice. He was worn and weary with all this strife.

"You are excited now," he said; "you will come to your senses presently, and then, Ralph, I shall be grievously disappointed if you don't see things differently. You owe a full apology; you have insulted a lady, and that lady your father's wife. You had better keep to your rooms till you are more reasonable; and understand distinctly, I forbid you to leave Burneston without my permission. Good-night! Faith will bring you all you want."

CHAPTER L.

AT CROSS-PURPOSES.

Gilbert Raine tried to go on with his sketch; but it grew more and more difficult for him to draw, and he grew more and more impatient. He closed his sketch-book.

"Who on earth has been talking to Ralph about Miss Masham?"

If he had hazarded a guess he might have hit on the truth; but Mr. Raine's mind was apt to be hazy on matters of real life, and he disdained hasty conjectures. The longer he thought the more certain he felt that Miss Masham liked Ralph Burneston better than she liked him.

"I don't profess to understand women," he said uneasily. "I have not had much to do with them; but surely a girl would never snub and tease a man she cares for, and Rica has often snubbed me."

He walked slowly towards the Hall, trying to recollect exactly what Ralph had said, and suddenly he got a clue to the young fellow's meaning.

He stopped short in his walk.

"He meant Mrs. Burneston when he said 'that woman.' She certainly is in Miss Masham's confidence; I might sound her." He put both hands in his pockets and went on again very slowly, his head bent forward. "What has come to me?" he said. "More than fifteen years ago I swore I would never trust a woman again, and actually I am thinking of putting myself in the power of two of them — for of course Mrs. Burneston will go straight to her friend and tell her everything. Yes, I can fancy their jokes and laughter over the queer old bachelor's love."

The color rose brightly in his face. He tried to think of something else. But it was no use; in the midst of his calculations of time and expense about some alterations at Austin's End, Rica's blooming face and merry laugh came unsummoned.

"Nonsense!" he said testily; "it's not true. I have not paid her marked attention, nothing that any one could notice. I have really avoided her lately. What could have made that mad boy talk in such a way?"

This time he smiled; a little lingering hope helped to curve his lips.

"I am not kind to her; I have not treated her well all day," he said. "I'll try another tack, and see if I can get her to smile at me as she smiles at Ralph — at least, as she did smile at him; she was cross to him at luncheon. I'll ask her if they have quarrelled."

Rica's favorite nook, when she was not with Doris, was in a low window of the library; but lately Raine had observed

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

that she always got up and went out of the room when he entered it.

The library was a large room, rarely occupied except by Gilbert Raine and Miss Masham. It looked empty to-day as he came into it; but going along to its farther end he saw Rica, as he expected, curled up in a low chair, reading. She looked absorbed in her book, and Raine smiled.

"She is not taking anything very deeply to heart," he said cynically; "I might have been sure of that. When a girl shows her feelings so easily on the surface, there is little depth in them."

The Persian carpet only covered the centre of the room, and his footsteps on the oak floor roused her. She uncurled herself and sat upright.

"Pray don't let me disturb you." He thought she looked vexed. "You seem very much interested in that paper book. Is it a French novel?"

"No; I never read French novels." She looked saucy and satirical.

Raine bent down over the book. "May I look? Alfieri, 'The Filippo.' Well, yes, that is exciting — rather beyond Alfieri's usual mark, I think. Are you a great admirer of this poet?"

"No; he is so cold-blooded, so very uninteresting, I think; but Gomez is a finely-drawn character."

"Ah! you like villains, do you?"

"No, I don't," Rica felt that she was being teased, "but I like decided characters, really good people or really bad ones." She spoke with the irritation Raine seemed now always to create in her.

"Then you like very few people. Hardly any one is wholly good or wholly bad."

"How wilful you are! I did not say that. I like people who have good qualities, I mean qualities out of which goodness may spring. I like people who are not cold and cynical."

"And yet you do not like my cousin, Ralph; he is not cold."

Rica looked up startled. Raine had put more meaning into his words than he intended.

"When did I say I disliked Mr. Ralph Burneston?" she said hastily. "I do not dislike him."

Raine stood looking at her with a very puzzled face, then he went on recklessly.

"I have offended you somehow or other, I am always offending you, and I really did not mean to vex you."

Rica laughed, but she was vexed too.

"I am glad to hear it," she said gravely, and then she took up her book, as much as to say, "Do not interrupt me any more," and she wished Mr. Raine would go away.

"I must really set myself right with you, Miss Masham. I will not keep you a minute." He was hurt, but he was determined there should be no more misunderstanding between them. "Perhaps I have no right to speak of it, but Ralph seemed to think I have had something to do with your — your — well, he certainly gave me the impression that you had quarrelled."

"And if we had," Rica grew crimson, "what could you have to do with it?"

She looked so scornful that Raine hesitated. "I beg your pardon," he said, "I believe it was something Mrs. Burneston told him."

He stopped; he had blundered on without considering that Ralph's words might sound to Rica as he wished them to sound for himself, and till he came to Doris's name she had listened, but this was too much. She could not realize his meaning. She felt dazed and foolish; a feeling that Doris had spoken openly about her to Mr. Raine, and that she must leave him at once, was all she could grasp.

She got up hastily, but she could not raise her eyes; her face was scorched with shame and anger.

"You are entirely mistaken," she said. "Mrs. Burneston would not discuss me with your cousin, and certainly not with such a stranger as you are to me."

Raine was surprised at her haughtiness.

"She has been copying Mrs. Burneston," he said, and then he put himself in Rica's way as she moved towards the door.

"What have I done now?" he said earnestly. "I have offended you again. I beg your pardon, do forgive me, and for heaven's sake let me try and explain. I never was so far from wishing to vex you; perhaps I am incapable of pleasing you; won't you sit down again and let me try?" he said imploringly.

But Rica was so upset, so deeply mortified, that she read him all wrong. She only saw in this unusual wish to please her an assurance founded on the belief that she really cared for him. Her eyes smarted with unshed tears, and her heart ached painfully, it was so full of righteous wrath against Doris. She shook her head.

"There are things best left unexplained, and this is one," she forced herself to smile, and then in her natural manner she said, "Talking things over is often apt to show

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

the worst side of them; let me pass, please."

Without waiting she walked round him, and was out of the room before her disturbed listener had collected his wits.

"Good heavens!" he said, when at last he could grasp the subject again, "I am an ass! I have made a precious fool of myself, too, just when there was something in her face; by Jove, I'm an ass, a consummate ass."

He stood there overwhelmed with confusion.

He was by far the cleverest person at Burneston Hall; he had read more and seen more than most men, and yet he felt so helpless, so thoroughly ignorant how to get out of this scrape in which he had plunged himself, that when the door opened and in came little Phil calling for Ralph, the tall, keen-witted man felt as if even that babe were wiser than he was.

The little fellow ran up to him, "Where's Ralphie?"

"Ralph's not here, my dear," he said. "Ralph never comes into the library, Phil."

The child shook his head and looked up, his little face was very sad.

"Me can't find him," he said; "me's been everywhere, in mamma's room, and Faith's room, and in study, me can't find Ralph."

There was a despairing sound in the sweet childish voice. Gilbert looked at him more attentively, and saw that Phil had been crying.

"Ralph's out, my boy," he said, soothingly.

Phil shook his head.

"No, no! Me saw him come in."

Just then the door opened softly, and Phil's nurse appeared with a scared face.

She looked much relieved to see her charge.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she curtsied to Raine, "but I couldn't tell what had happened to Master Phil; he's wild to find Mr. Ralph, and just now he slipped away from me and I couldn't think what could have become of him."

"Do you know where Mr. Ralph is?"

"I don't know, sir." There was a confused look in the woman's eyes that puzzled Raine.

"Come along, old fellow." He stooped down and lifted Phil on to his shoulder. "We'll see if we can find papa."

"Me doesn't want papa — me wants Ralph."

Not even the ride on a tall shoulder, usually one of the delights of his life, could chase the sadness from the child's voice, and earnest dark eyes. "Help me find Ralphie," he half sobbed.

"What is Ralph about?" Gilbert said to himself, and then, with his usual directness, he went straight to his cousin's study.

CHAPTER LI.

BITTERNESS.

DIRECTLY his interview with Ralph was over, Mr. Burneston went to the housekeeper's room. He said a few words to Faith, and bade her keep the matter entirely to herself.

"You can say Mr. Ralph is not well," he said carelessly, and then he went out and across the meadows beyond the river — a sort of aimless wandering to get rid of the time, and to avoid the chance of another talk with his wife.

He would have been wiser if he had sought out Rica or Raine, and asked them to bear him company. His thoughts went with him, and they would be listened to. He could not tell what had happened, or how it had been effected, but it seemed to him that all at once a gulf had come between him and Doris — a space that could not be bridged over. He could not specify the feeling, but it seemed suddenly possible that he had only been married for the position he could give his wife and her children, and also — and this was the thought he tried hardest to flee from — that nature had triumphed at last, and that, spite of all her training and seeming refinement, Doris was different to himself, and looked on things in a lower and coarser way than he did.

Well, and if she did? He had married her with his eyes open. He could not expect a miracle.

"But she has been a miracle," he said earnestly. "No other woman in such a position would have behaved so well. It is only this shock rousing me up rudely from my dream of perfection that has disgusted me. I must force myself to forget this afternoon."

Easier to say than to do. He could not close his eyes and ears to the memory of his wife's flushed face and contemptuous looks, and her angry, defiant words.

"How harshly she spoke! She was like a creature transformed," he said sadly.

Was this the true Doris — forced out of all the artificial restraints of her education and her position — a Doris likely to reappear whenever her will was set aside or her dislikes thwarted? He could not lay

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

this terrible doubt; and when he came down to dinner, so late that it had been announced before he reached the drawing-room, he found himself looking at his wife with new eyes, wondering at her coldness and silence. No one remarked on Ralph's absence, and Doris imagined he had left the Hall.

When dinner was over she went away to her room, leaving Rica to amuse herself alone.

Little Phil always came to help his mother dress for dinner, but to-day he had not come, and Doris, busy with her own thoughts, had not sent for him.

She was very angry with her husband. It seemed to her that he had put her claims and Ralph's on the same level. Her whole being dilated with immeasurable haughtiness.

What had she ever done to Ralph that could be weighed against the coarseness of his insult to her? and yet his father thought Ralph's conduct such a trifle that he asked her to remember the lad's age.

"If any one had so spoken to mother father would have horsewhipped him," she said bitterly. Her heart went out in a kind of longing anguish to the Cairn. If she could only have her father's sympathy just now and could listen to his righteous indignation, she should be soothed. She never thought of asking his counsel. It would have seemed extraordinary to Doris to ask advice from any one; that would have been a tacit acknowledgment that she herself was wrong.

"Ralph even sees it as I do," she said bitterly. "He sees that we cannot live in the same house."

She rang her bell as soon as she reached her room.

"Tell nurse if Master Phil is not in bed to bring him here."

"Yes, ma'am."

The maid went, but the nurse did not bring little Phil. Doris waited, and then she went up to the night nursery. She longed to ease her troubled heart by the sight of her darling.

The tiny bed was empty, and she went back to her own room; at the door she met the nurse.

"Where is Master Phil? he should be in bed," she said rebukingly, for it was long past the child's bedtime.

"I'm very sorry, ma'am." The nurse's confused, hurried manner frightened Doris. "He — he won't come away, ma'am."

"Come away from where. What do you mean, nurse?"

"He's there, ma'am," she jerked her head backwards, "sitting outside Mr. Ralph's door, and he says he won't come away; nor he won't eat his bread-and-butter neither."

"Won't? — nonsense! Light me along the gallery."

The nurse hurried on — her mistress's imperious manner alarmed her.

CHAPTER LII.

RALPH'S VIGIL.

The storm that had swept over Doris, rending away all self-control and gentleness, was raging yet more fiercely in the bosom of the housekeeper.

Mr. Burneston's announcement that Ralph would keep his room that evening had filled her with lofty contempt.

"He's a poor creature, t' squire is," she said; "he cannot guide his own bairn athoot shutting him up."

But there was a certain solace in feeling that she should have her boy all to herself; and when she carried up Ralph's dinner she was full of smiles. He took little notice of her, and did not condescend in any way to satisfy her curiosity.

Later, when she came again, she brought in little Phil, and then to her surprise Ralph turned on her in fierce anger.

"Take away that brat," he said; "how dare you bring him into my room without leave? He and his cursed mother are the plagues of my life."

"Whisht, whisht!" Faith frowned and shook her head. "How can an innocent bairn like yon plague ye? See, he wants to kiss you, poor little lad."

"Where has you been? Me wants you, Ralphie." The child put his hand confidingly on his brother's knee, and looked up in his face.

Ralph jumped up abruptly, and went away to the window, turning his back completely on the room. The child did not cry, but looked frightened and appealingly at Faith.

Her spirit rose against Ralph's harshness.

"Poor wee bairn!" she said. "Mr. Ralph, you're not setting your brother much of an example as to manners."

"Take that child away, I tell you, and keep him out of my sight," he said angrily, as Phil tried once more to clasp his hand with his tiny fingers. He pushed him away, and the child burst out crying.

The young fellow's heart was really softening towards the child, and if he had been alone he would probably have submitted to Phil's coaxing ways, but the

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

child's likeness to his mother had maddened him.

Phil shrunk away and clung to Faith's apron.

"For shame of yourself!" she said, as she raised the little fellow in her arms. "I couldn't hev thowt ye'd be so cowardly."

It was an unlucky word. It brought the memory of his discomfiture back keenly, and he turned round furiously on Faith.

"Take that child away, and don't show your face here again unless you can hold your tongue — or, stay, you can bring me some brandy, and be quick, d'ye hear?"

His manner cowed Faith. There was a wild excitement in it that made her shrink from answering him. As she closed the door behind her she heard the key turn in the lock.

Phil struggled in her arms till she set him down, and then he began to cry. "Ralph's angry with me," he sobbed, "an' me's not naughty."

The nurse was waiting in the gallery, and she tried to quiet and lead the child away.

But Phil would not be pacified. He left off sobbing, and seated himself on the mat outside his brother's door.

"Me stay here," he said decidedly. "Ralph come out presently and say me's not naughty."

Faith stood still. Ralph's words had stupefied her. This was Mrs. Burneston's doing then. No one would have guessed at the tempest that had risen in the tall, slender woman as she stood there rigid.

The nurse's voice entreating Phil to come away irritated her.

"You'll disturb Mr. Ralph next," she said. "Leave the child awhile, an' he'll tire of himself. I'll see he takes no harm."

And the nurse had left him till she heard that her mistress had gone up-stairs.

Meanwhile Faith stood so wrapt in her own anger that she would scarcely have noticed the child's departure if little Phil had followed his nurse.

But there was no feebleness in her wrath — through it she went on forecasting what the end of this struggle might be.

It was, she saw plainly, a struggle for power between Mrs. Burneston and Ralph and herself, represented by the squire. In less than a year Ralph would be of age, and then he would have a home perhaps of his own, where she felt sure she could, if she chose, be mistress, but to wait for this would be yielding up a right. Both she and Ralph had lived at the Hall much longer than Mrs. Burneston had, and if they left there would be no one to check her pride.

"The squire 'ud not dare say his soul was his own if he was left to that woman. She's ruined my boy, body an' soul," Faith said sternly. "She's driven him to drink an' wicked ways, an' she'll do as she likes wi' t' squire, poor fond hoit."

She looked down at the child; he was still sitting against the door, but his head had drooped on his cheek; he was asleep.

"God help ye, poor ill-starred bairn!" She stooped and laid him down on the sheepskin rug. "Sleep while ye may; wiv such a mother ye've a fitful life afore ye."

She went off to do Ralph's bidding, leaving the sleeping child alone. She had not gone many minutes when Doris came along the gallery, and saw Phil lying like a faithful dog beside his brother's door.

A spasm of pain twisted her face. She silenced the nurse's exclamation by a hasty gesture, and then she stooped and tenderly raised the sleeping child.

His weight was almost beyond her strength, but she never paused till she reached her bedroom, then she sat down, and still holding little Phil in her arms, she undressed him and laid him in her own bed.

Then she walked into the outer room, and beckoned the nurse to follow her.

"How did this happen?" Mrs. Burneston said sternly.

"I'm sure I don't know, ma'am; it's really Mrs. Emmett's fault, not mine at all."

Doris's eyes were full of anger, but she kept it out of her words.

"When I engaged you to take charge of Master Philip, I told you he was never to be left in Mrs. Emmett's care."

"Yes, ma'am," there was a tearful sound as the nurse answered, "but Master Phil has been fretting for his brother all the afternoon; and at last Mrs. Emmett comes suddenly into the gallery out of Mr. Ralph's room, and she takes Master Phil by the hand away from me and into the room and shuts the door."

"Well, what else?"

"He didn't stay long with Mr. Ralph, but when he came out he wouldn't stir from the door. I asked him to come and help you dress, but nothing would move him. I stayed with him, ma'am, till I was tired out, and then Mrs. Emmett said she'd stay while I fetched his supper from the nur-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

sery; but it wasn't a bit of good, ma'am, so I waited till I thought you had come up from dinner, and that's just as it happened, ma'am."

Doris stood still, trying to think: it was very difficult to shape out any plan in the wild anger that mastered her. Her husband evidently refused to do what she asked; Ralph was to stay at the Hall to defy her and to rob her of her child's love.

"We will see who conquers," she said contemptuously. Aloud she bade the nurse go away and send her maid to her.

She sat down at her writing-table and wrote these words to her husband: —

"Phil is not well. I shall not leave him this evening. Will you therefore sleep in your dressing-room? I do not wish to have any further discussion about your son. I hear he is still in the house.

"DORIS BURNESTON."

She went to the window and threw it open; she was almost stifled with the intensity of pent-up feeling.

She might conquer; her own heart told her that she would conquer, but at what a price! She could never forget that her husband had taken his son's part against her, and that if he yielded it would be for the sake of peace, not from conviction or love of her.

"I must always despise him. I must always feel ——" Even to herself she could not say it. A huge overleaping wave of pride stifled the thought, and tried to hide even from her remote consciousness the thought that her husband did not consider her his equal. Her sitting-room windows looked westward, and the sky was full of yellow light this evening, though under the trees it had grown dusk. It was oppressively warm, and as Doris leaned out the evening air brought no refreshment to her hot forehead. Presently, close beneath the window, came a murmur of voices, and then she saw figures disappear round the angle of the house.

She went back into her bedroom, which occupied the end of the opposite wing to Ralph's, and had windows on two sides. She looked out, watching the two figures.

Yes; she was right; it was Rica's white dress that she had seen. Her friend and her husband were walking slowly, side-by-side, along the terrace.

This was a relief; she had so feared Mr. Burneston would come to seek her.

She opened her note again and added a postscript, —

"Do not come to my room. Phil is now asleep."

And then she desired her maid to give the note to Mr. Burneston when he came indoors.

"I shall not want you to-night, Burnell," she said; "I am anxious not to awaken the child."

A strange fascination drew her back to the window. She looked across at Ralph's room; there were lights within, but the curtains were drawn, and the branches of the huge weeping beech, already mentioned, surrounded this end of the house, and made it indistinct in the failing light. A slight breeze was rising, moving the branches gently to and fro.

Rica was still pacing up and down the terrace with Mr. Burneston; but while Doris watched, Gilbert Raine came out of the house from the garden entrance and joined them in their walk.

Doris had not been thinking of them while she looked, but now a new idea came to her in connection with Rica. She thought she would go home with her for a time till Ralph had left Burneston.

"She is vexed with me, but that is simply her own folly and prejudice. If she had heard Ralph Burneston's words to-day beside the river, she must have changed her opinion of him."

She thought Rica's vexation would quickly yield to delight when she told her her project of paying her a visit; her schoolfellow owed her so very much, Doris argued, that she would surely be glad to discharge some part of the obligation. Just now in the distorted state of her mind, she thought of this more than of the love that had been between them.

Doris had threatened her husband that if Ralph stayed at the Hall she would leave it, but she cared far too much for the opinion of the world to do this in a way likely to compromise Mr. Burneston and herself. She would not go to the Cairn. Her father and George would ask questions, and her mother would fuss, and just now she could not endure interference of any sort. This quiet parsonage, where she would be treated as an honored guest, was the retreat she longed for; and her visit there would show her husband that she was in earnest.

Little tenderness mingled with the stern sadness with which she looked from the window at her husband. At last the sound of his laughter reached her, and she closed the window and turned away.

If she had stayed a moment longer, she

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

would have seen Mr. Burneston come into the house in search of her.

Rica was following him, but Gilbert Raine stopped her.

"Miss Masham, will you listen to me for a minute?" he said. "I often find fault with you, but have I ever accused you of being unjust?"

In the half-light Rica felt more at her ease with him; even if she did look foolish she knew he could not see it.

"I never said you did."

There was more of her old brightness in the tone, and Gilbert took courage.

"Ah, but I thought you very unjust — and not long ago, either."

"I suppose you want me to ask why, just to give you a chance of teasing."

"I am not in a teasing humor, and whether you ask or not I shall tell you; you refused to hear my excuse for having offended you. Now, this was more than unjust; it was ungenerous — it was putting me in the wrong without appeal."

Something — a deep undertone — in his voice quieted her pride. Her heart throbbed strangely, but not with the pain it had suffered in the library. What it was she did not know; but something made her half shrink from, and yet drew her on strongly, irresistibly, to trust in Gilbert Raine. She felt sure he would not misjudge her, and once more she spoke naturally.

"I am glad you allow me some generosity."

She looked up smiling, but the tender, serious look that met hers quenched her sprightliness, and made her shy again.

"I want you to listen to me seriously." He began to walk faster, as if the movement helped him. "I did not mean to speak so soon; I fear you are not prepared for what I want to tell you. I have no choice. Did I not hear you tell my cousin just now that you are going to leave us?"

"Yes."

"Well, then," he went on hurriedly, "I must tell you something before you go. I had meant you to find it out for yourself, but it can't be helped. Do you remember that talk on the staircase years ago?"

Her large round eyes opened widely.

"Yes, I remember — about Clytie, and some other things; but why do you want to know?"

"Ah!" — he drew a long breath — "it is something to me that you do remember. Well, ever since that day I have been trying to forget that talk."

There was a pause. Rica's heart was loosed of such a mighty restraint that her sauciness came back.

"You have been trying ever since? You have not tried very hard then."

She laughed, and he laughed too — hardly so naturally as Rica did, for his fear that she would not listen to what he wanted to say had made him strangely nervous.

"Yes; and besides that, I refused more than one invitation to Burneston lest I should meet you here. I thought you were like other women, and I did not want to be reminded of you. Are you angry at this confession?"

"Why should I be angry? — and yet I am. Why do you speak always so scornfully of women?"

"I will tell you some day; I am not sure enough yet. You are, perhaps, after all only an ordinary woman."

"I am quite sure I am a very ordinary woman." She laughed, but not easily; his manner puzzled her. "But, Mr. Raine, tell me if I offend you so much as to make you avoid me, why do you tell me all this?"

He smiled, though he had grown very earnest. It seemed to him no girl who was merely trifling with him could be so frank.

"I want to know," he said hurriedly, "whether I have done wisely in coming here after all. Tell me candidly whether I should not have spared myself a disappointment by staying away altogether?"

Rica was blushing deeply, but he could not see this in the dying light.

"I hardly know how to answer," she said at last.

"Shall I put a plainer question? When you go away from Burneston, will you forget me, or will you feel as I do, that there must be no question of parting between us two?" He waited impatiently. "Are you, or are you not sorry to leave Burneston?" he said angrily, for he thought he was again deceived.

"I am glad for most things," she said frankly; then all at once she understood the pain his silence expressed, "but I am sorry for others."

"One question more — have I anything to do with your sorrow?"

"Well — yes!"

He took her hand in his, and drew her under the cedar-tree.

"I am not used to young ladies," he said, "and I am an awkward old bachelor; but I do love you as well as I can love. Rica, will you be my wife? Tell me at once."

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Rica shook her head.

"You are making a mistake," she said earnestly. "If you knew more of me you would never ask me. You can't think how full of faults I am. And then I never can help teasing. I should offend you altogether perhaps."

He drew her closer to him, and put his arm round her.

"My child," he said tenderly, "you have made me very happy. It is I who ought to fear for my worthiness; but I will not be satisfied, old as I am, unless yon can give me your whole heart. Do you think you can do this, Rica?"

She hesitated. "Yes, I think I can," she whispered, and in that moment father and mother and all the merry home party were completely forgotten; new and sudden as it was, it seemed to Rica that she had never known what the word love meant before.

Presently they came out from under the cedar-tree, and walked up and down, sometimes talking, but chiefly silent in that unspeakable newness of bliss which no words can render — the glimpse of perfection which is given us for a brief space on earth, for each seems to the other so perfect in those first unreal moments of union — a bliss that does not stray an inch beyond the lover and his beloved, they are so wrapped in it they have no thought but for each other — a bliss which is selfish to all the world besides, and yet unselfish to the being which shares it.

Gilbert Raine could rouse himself from this first taste of happiness to feel the wind blowing keenly across the river, and to take Rica indoors lest it should chill her; but he never roused to remember how he had stood holding Rica's hands in his, and listening to her simple confessions beneath his young cousin's window.

Ever since his meeting with Rica in the library he had been so bent on winning her, that he had had no thought for aught else, and Ralph's absence during the evening had been altogether unheeded by him.

And all this time, while these two hearts had been pouring joy into one another's lives, Ralph had stood watching them, or rather divining their presence, betrayed even in the gloom by the white dress of Rica.

Faith had returned to his room with the brandy. He asked her where his father was; and she told him that the squire was walking up and down the terrace with Miss Masham.

Ralph went to the window and saw Gilbert join them. Then he watched his father's departure, and all that followed.

It was the bitter end of all. But for the hope of winning Rica, and thus triumphing over his stepmother, he would have defied his father, and left Burneston at once; as it had proved, he had only stayed to witness Gilbert's triumph. He could not see Raine and Rica distinctly, but he felt sure enough from their movements that no ordinary talk was passing between these two.

When they disappeared under the cedar-tree, he uttered a heartfelt curse.

"It is that woman's doing — all of it," he said. "She could not marry her to her brother, so she puts Gilbert in his place. I'll not stay here like a caged bird, to see their love-making. No, my friends, when you come to look for me to-morrow, the cage will be empty."

He drank off some brandy, and then he went again to the window.

His cousin and Miss Masham stood beneath it, and even in the gloom he could see that Raine held the girl's hands in his.

"The old fool!" he said furiously, "but I'll spoil his game yet."

He set the door open between his rooms, and kept walking up and down, stopping now and then to drink, and then resuming his walk, his hands thrust deeply into his pockets.

It seemed as if he could not stop for a moment. Twelve o'clock struck by the clock over the stables, and still he walked quickly up and down.

The wind had by this time become furious, and the huge branches of the beech-tree rattled against one of his windows, but he seemed unconscious of time or sound — he kept walking up and down.

From The Contemporary Review.

RUSSIAN AGGRESSION,

AS SPECIALLY AFFECTING AUSTRIA-HUNGARY AND TURKEY.

BY LOUIS KOSSUTH.

It will not be amiss to ventilate a little the Eastern question. Not as if I could say anything new, but because purified notions may consolidate instinctive aspirations into convictions, and longings into purposes.

The Eastern question is a European question. There is no power in Europe

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

that would not feel that the phases of that question are connected more or less, mediately or immediately, with its own interests.

Whence comes the importance of this question?

How and when did the Eastern question become a European question?

By the increase of the Russian power and since the time when Russia — by the diminution of the Turkish empire, and the dismemberment of Poland — *increased to formidable proportions, and thus became dangerous to the freedom of Europe.*

I feel thankfully indebted to the Porte. And I do not, like many people, consider gratitude to be a burden, but to be a dear obligation. I learned to esteem highly the noble qualities of the Turkish national character. And I learned it the more from the admirable phenomenon, that this people of tenacious morals could not be corrupted in their rich social virtues even by the pestiferous air which has floated over them from Constantinople through a period of several centuries, during which this capital has been converted into a witch-kettle of European intrigues, fighting for the maintenance of the equilibrium. This corrupt influence has found among the higher circles around that kettle individuals accessible to bribery; but the country people remain attached to the moral feelings and to the holy relics of social virtues, in the same way as in Hungary the eternal holy flame of nationality has been kept burning around the hearths of our people, whilst it has been extinguished in the palaces. It is true that the Turkish people remain still far behind in what we call civilization. This is not the fault of their susceptibilities, nor of their willingness. But it is quite certain that only national morality can supply a good soil for the roots of liberal institutions, and that they decay or become false without it. Quite as certain is it that the world would admiringly contemplate how easily the most liberal institutions would take root, how naturally they would become acclimatized among the Turkish people if Europe would but prevent the hereditary foe of the Turkish empire from interfering with the spread of endeavors inspired by the warnings of time.

But these are my personal views, my individual sympathies. Sympathies, however, are no centre of attraction for the politics of the world; but self-interest is. And though for a long time the conservation of the Turkish empire was a dogma of the politics of the European equilibrium, and is still so *in foro conscientiæ*, it does not follow that Europe is in love with the Turks, but only that it *abhors the increase of Russian preponderance.* And rightly so.

The Eastern question is a question of Russian power. "*Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum.*" This is the summary of European interests, considered from the European point of view. Every policy is either a cheat or a fallacy which does not take this fact as a starting-point.

The Eastern question is a question of Russian power. If this line be struck out, the Eastern question ceases, *ipso facto*, to be a European question. It descends at once to the level of internal questions, whose changing phases may be followed sympathetically or antipathetically, according to the inspiration of political principles or instinctive feelings; but they will never disturb the sleep of any European power. The Turkish Porte may succeed (and I wish from my innermost soul that she may succeed) in conciliating all her nationalities, of diverse races and creeds, either on the ground of equality of rights, surrounded by constitutional institutions, or by personal union, or on the ground of a strict federative system; or if she does not succeed, and on the ruins of her fallen power the nationalities of her empire should rise to autonomy, asserting their national individuality, all this will not threaten the peace or the liberty of Europe — all this will never be converted by anybody into a European question.

On the contrary, the Eastern question lies in the actual situation. Every aggression, either on the integrity of the Turkish empire or on her sovereignty, will always threaten the peace of Europe, because every direct or indirect increase of Russian preponderance in Europe will be a step to the fulfilment of that prophecy of Napoleon, that "*Europe will become Cossack.*"

They speak of humanity. Good God! where is the *Christian* power in Europe that has not unscrupulously disowned human feelings, not only when its own interests were concerned, but very often from mere revenge? What bitter feelings and remembrances crowd into my brains with feverish heat when I think that I am a Hungarian! and how many other terrible examples could I quote, through the long line of historical atrocities, down to the insane brutality of the French Commune, and to the subsequent reprisals of loosened fury! And I ask, where and when

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

has the trampling down of humanity, the traces of which are visible all over the world, been made a European question?

But it is impossible not to feel indignation in our human bosoms when we see that the very same power which rose by trampling down the freedom of its people, from the Vistula to the Behring Strait, from the Euxine to the glacial sea, covers its dangerous schemes with the veil of humanity, and increases continually the giant stature of its power by such systematic consistency and pitiless cruelty as stand unequalled in history.

There is no question of humanity here, but simply of the increase of Russian preponderance. The one is only dust thrown into the eyes of mankind that they may not see the other.

And they speak of freedom, of self-government! But the thing stands thus, that whilst Russian power presses upon the south-eastern part of Europe, the Christian nationalities of the Turkish empire will never be reconciled to the suzerainty of the Porte, nor can they become free and independent. They can only be instruments of Russian policy — sometimes by force, sometimes willingly, but always serviceable instruments.

Look at Servia. As far as the Porte is concerned Servia was a free country, quite as much so as any other European nation, and she wanted nothing but the mere title to be entirely independent. She was more independent than Hungary is at present with respect to her political, financial, and economical administration, in every point of view, even as regards the tribute payable to the Porte. But she was not free, she was not independent, with respect to Russia; she could not be so. Whoever has a protector, has a master too. Not that the Servians would not prefer to be free Servians, rather than vassals under Russian rule; but because they are unable to resist Russian pressure. This is the fatal necessity of the situation. The dust of verbal assurances was thrown into the eyes of Europe from St. Petersburg. It was said that the czar kept back Prince Milan from waging war. But Russian agents stirred up the fire of war; the easily inflammable passions of the Servian people were fanned by the prospect of securing Bosnia, and by the phantasmagoria of a "great Servia." Russian money overflowed Servia, a Russian general was placed at the head of the Servian army; Russian officers, and even such as were in active military service, were sent expressly on furlough; and thousands of Russian soldiers crowded to Servia. And thus under the Servian mask it was that Russia began war against the Turks, in order to get a pretext to continue the war unmasked. The Servians were intoxicated with the war-cry of Slavonian liberty (which liberty blooms of course in Russia very nicely!) without perceiving that they fought, bled, and died, not for freedom, but in the interests of Russian preponderance. And what has become of "free" Servia? There she hangs on Russia's pleasure. She is at present a vassal of Russia. Russian military patrols keep the Servians "in order" at Belgrade. These are very edifying things, and very instructive too.

Or, let us look at Roumania. I have here no room to draw up an epitome of history, but it would be very advisable if the diplomatists would do so and study it a little. They would learn therefrom what is meant when Russia guarantees "self-governmental reforms" by "occupation of territory." I wish only to recall to mind, that since the time of the capitulation between Mircea and the sultan Bajazet on the part of Wallachia, and between Bogdan II. and Selim I. on the part of Moldavia, the Porte has always respected the liberty and self-government of Roumania. She has respected them in such an unheard-of liberal way, that the mighty Porte, the sovereign power, conceded to her vassals the most unbounded religious liberty, excluding even from these vassal provinces her own creed, and did not grant to her own Mohammedan subjects even the right of possessing there any landed property. The Turks have never violated that treaty. *Never!* Roumania was free; she is indebted for all her troubles and misfortunes (and, alas, how much has she suffered!) to the meddling of Russia. And every Roumanian patriot feels that if Russian power surrounds Roumania — this island in the midst of a Slavonian sea — his fatherland will be broken to pieces by the folds of the boa-constrictor. Every Roumanian dog knows it! And it was Europe that guaranteed the freedom and neutrality of Roumania!

And still Roumania is the high-road by which Russia marches to wage war against Turkey. Roumania is still the basis of the Russian war operations against the Porte, as it was in the year 1849 of those against the Hungarians. The Roumanian government prayed with clasped hands to the guaranteeing powers that they would protect her neutrality. But the Russians are very clever politicians; they chose the

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

right moment in which to stir up anew the Eastern question.

England is powerful. She can defend Constantinople and sweep the Russian flag from the seas. But she is not a Continental power. She *alone* cannot send an army of some hundred thousand men to Roumania.

France is still maimed; she begins to recover, but she suffers from her past losses. If she were not maimed, Russia would not dare what she dares now.

The German imperial government has polite words for every one, but it is its policy not to allow an alliance of any European power with Turkey against Russia, in order to localize the war. If this succeeds, it will be of the greatest service to Russia, as she will thus have an opportunity of preparing for the occupation of additional territory by raising internal convulsions in the Turkish provinces. And she will do it at the given time as well in Hungary as in Austria. And what is the key to this policy of Prince Bismarck? Nothing else but that he is afraid to offend Russia, as she might think of giving to France an aiding hand to procure revenge.

Lucky Italy, who deserves her luck for her constancy centuries ago, and who wins provinces by losing battles, is on the lookout to see whether there is visible on the horizon a completing ray of light for the "*stella d'Italia*."

In the councils of Austria the traditional demon of "rapine" goes about, and where he does not appear, the paralysis of irresolution "hums and haws" from one day to the other.

Hungary is a province, and not a State; she cannot follow an independent policy. She has given up herself. She is treatied to death.

They counted on all this at St. Petersburg, ere the "pacific" czar Alexander became such a resolute "champion."

For Roumania the end will be that the free Roumania whose neutrality has been guaranteed by the powers will be held in dependence by Russia, as she has been so many times before. The Roumanian-Russian alliance is an accomplished fact, and by it Roumania has become the auxiliary of Russia. What could the Roumanians have done? Could they, left alone to themselves, have resisted the Russian pressure? Could they, wolf-like, have shown their teeth to her whom the European powers regard with lamb-like patience? The situation coerced them.

This is the philosophy of the Eastern question. As long as Russia is conscious of her overwhelming power, and knows that she may press with all her might upon the Turkish empire, nobody can there become free or independent. They may change masters, get a new patron, but the new patron's vital power consists in an autocracy in whose outspread arms freedom dies, and only the weeds of the *Nihilismus* pullulate secretly. Such a "patron" they may get, but nobody can become free under "Russian protectorship."

And it is right that I should mention here what misconceptions there are as to the meaning of the tide of feelings and apprehensions that shakes the nerves of the Hungarian nation. They say the Hungarians are afraid of the freedom of their neighbors, the Slavonians. This is not true. It is only intrigue that can say so, only blindness or silliness that can believe it.

Hungary and the Hungarians' love of liberty are "twins born the same day." They have lived together a thousand years. The Hungarians nowhere and never feared, and do not fear liberty. And they were never exclusive in their love of liberty; they never accommodated even their privileges to certain races. And we are the less afraid of the liberty of our Eastern neighbors, since I feel thoroughly convinced that if these nations were to become free,—really free, not Russian serfs,—then Hungary (if she may still keep the mastership of her own destiny) would be quite ready to inaugurate with them such defensive combinations as, though in the interest of the European equilibrium, would also uphold and secure *their individual national independence*.

And I am convinced also that such a combination, in which the Turkish nation may very naturally join, is one of the chief necessities of the logic of history. Only in this order of ideas can be found security for the independence of minor nations against the pressure of the greater aggrandizing powers.

We are not afraid of liberty, but of the increase of Russian power. That is what we Hungarians are afraid of. We fear that if the Turkish empire should be dismembered, if its sovereignty should be undermined previous to the removal of this danger, and if this dismemberment and undermining should be provoked by Russia, and turned to her profit, the result would not be that free nations would rise out of the ruins of the Turkish empire, but rather the result would be Rus-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

sian occupation, or else (which is the same thing, though more dangerous) Russian servitude, accompanied, as a compensation, by the "grand idea" of affinity of race as a honeyed cake; and the Slavonian nations would be fettered to the Russian yoke. This would, in some inevitable way, have a tendency to enslave Hungary as well, and we should finally, after many and great struggles, be brought to perdition, as Poland was a century ago.

And I must observe that the danger that threatens us, threatens still more the Austrian empire. There is between us such a community of interests as gives the power to secure the removal of this danger; and the government can thus count on the whole nation, which would rise as if her millions were only one man, not merely in blind obedience, but with all the power which a nation can exert when it defends its existence, its very life.

This is the danger that shakes the heart-strings of the Hungarian nation. This makes it ready for every exertion, for every sacrifice, in order that the integrity of the Turkish empire and the sovereignty of the Porte may not become a prey to Russian tyranny and aggrandisement.

Remove this danger, and we shall always approve the regenerational endeavors of the Turkish nationalities, and shall feel great pleasure if this regeneration succeed without destruction of races, language, or creed,— the old internal hatreds being superseded by equal laws and equal freedom. We Hungarians shall thus acquire in the Turkish empire such friends as could not be found elsewhere on the surface of the whole earth. But if fate, whose skein is composed of the thread of the immutable past, should decide that all these endeavors shall be fruitless, owing to so many impediments being thrown in the way of their fulfilment by foreign intrigues, egotism, meddling, and passion, then we are very much afraid of the liberty of our neighbors. If the contrary happen, however, we will welcome them at the round table of free and independent nations; we will offer them our hands, and aid them so that their liberty and independence may be secured against every external aggression.

Far from my fatherland I live in solitary seclusion, and shall die there. But if I am forced to forget much, there is something I can never forget; it is that I know the Hungarian heart, on whose throbbing my hand has so often rested.

I shall now state why I think that Hungarian public opinion should occupy a determinate position on this Eastern question.

It was diplomatically acknowledged during the crisis of 1854, how dangerous Russian power had become to the liberty of Europe, and it was then seen that the future could only be secured against the renewal of this question by that power being reduced to lesser proportions, such as would not endanger Europe.

This was what England aimed at in the Crimean war of 1854. But her programme could not be carried out then in consequence of the *attitude of Austria*, as may be seen from some of the articles in the French *Moniteur*, containing those official revelations with which Napoleon III. tried to soothe English public opinion, the fluctuations of which I then strove to direct, and which strongly demanded the restoration of Poland.

And the programme not being carried out is the reason why this question now shows itself in a still more dangerous form than it has ever done since that time.

In a more dangerous form, I say, because the Russian preponderance of power has assumed such a character as against the liberties of Europe generally, and against those of our country particularly, as shows her aim to be new territorial annexations.

The emperor of Russia has written upon his banner "The Slavonic Cause." This was the phrase used by him on the occasion of his warlike speech at Moscow. This phrase had hitherto been paraded only in the Slavonian dictionaries for private use; it had not before appeared in the plan of the confessed policy of the Russian government. It now appears from beneath the ground, where it had before worked mole-like, — rising, on the arms of the absolute autocrat of eighty-two millions of serfs, to the daylight as an active power. The czar now occupies the position of the declared champion of Panslavism.

And what is this Panslavism? This is no merely national matter, no affair of national freedom. It absorbs the different Slavonic nations into one single race. It substitutes race for nationality; power of race for liberty.

The signification of "the Slavonic Cause" as a Russian war-cry is this: that the cabinet of St. Petersburg seeks, wherever there are Slavonians, instruments wherewith to paralyze the policy of some other power, to cripple its force, and to find in the Panslavists wedges

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

with which it may split states asunder, if they stand in the way of Russia's extension of power; and to create new combinations, either as her tools or her objects, for the sake of her aggrandizement.

At present it is the Turkish empire that is the anvil upon which Russia strikes with her Panslavistic hammer. Her first object is the country which forms an angle betwixt the vital artery of our fatherland and Austria, the Danube, and her estuary on the coast of the Euxine.

That after the Turks, we and Austria would next be struck upon, is quite clear. Not to see this, is blindness. To see and not to prevent it, is suicide.

This is no mere question of sympathy or antipathy. It is a matter of vital importance for Hungary, that the integrity and sovereignty of the Turkish empire should be secured, and that Russia, who is the enemy of the liberties of Europe, should have her poison-fangs torn out, before she can consolidate and increase her annexations for her own advantage.

This is the philosophy of the situation.

It is a fact, that with respect to this danger the workings of diplomatists afford to us Hungarians no comfort. They dissimulate; they will not even show that they are aware of the real danger.

The traditions of the past are very disquieting. It is an historical fact that there is not a single example of Austria having taken the part of Turkey against Russia. She has always been biassed in favor of Russia. She has always, indeed, declared openly for her. There have been cases when she acted as mediator, as at Nimierow; and as soon as she heard of the capture of Cracow by the Russians, and their invasion of the Crimea, she attacked with armed force the oppressed Turks. She made a treaty with the Russians for the dismemberment of Turkey. She had a share in the prey. She accepted the half of Moldavia (Bukovina) as a compensation for Poland, of which she got only a small part. So it was planned by Kaunitz and Gallitzin.

These are the traditions of Viennese policy on the Eastern question.

That a continuation of this traditionary policy would be dangerous in the highest degree, to our fatherland and to the monarchy, is clear. To permit Russia to become either the direct lord or the dictator of the southern Slavonians, to be the steel hoop which compresses them, is equivalent to multiplying the splitting wedges.

I cannot believe that these dangerous traditions can be continued within the circles of a constitutional government. But there are very influential circles, apart from constitutional bodies, that stick to this traditional policy. They are fond of those siren songs, which are always heard when Austria has lost something, and whose burden is, "Go for compensation to the East."

These are very disquieting things. And it is a fact, that the Hungarian government has till now done little to soothe or appease the mind of the nation. Its reservedness has transgressed the farthest limits. Though reservedness may be safe in some cases, when it overreaches itself it is a fault, a blunder.

Now, as the situation is full of danger, as diplomacy gives no comfort, as the traditions of the past are disquieting, and as the government does nothing to appease the people, it is not only a natural consequence, but it is also a postulate of self-preservation, that the nation should now occupy such a position on the Eastern question as should make the whole world aware what is the political tendency most conformable or most contrary to our national interests.

The interruption of the manifestations of public opinion caused by the very sinister prorogation of the Hungarian Diet, was explained, if not as a change of mind, at least as a loss of interest, and gave rise to the apprehension that in the councils of the Viennese cabinet certain influences, whose existence is an open secret, might gain the preponderance.

This apprehension was very well founded. The "taking up" of a position preparatory to becoming a sharer in the booty was nearly accomplished when, fortunately, the Turkish victories stopped these dangerous preparations, and Hungarian patriotism watchfully called out, "Be on thy guard, Hungarian! who will keep watch for thee, if thou thyself doest it not for thy fatherland?" And it spread all over the country, loudly proclaiming to friends and foes that the Hungarian nation wakefully watched.

When I speak of the Hungarian nation, I do not mean the Magyar race, but every faithful son of the fatherland, without distinction of race, tongue, or creed, who sticks patriotically to that type of government which has belonged to Hungary for a thousand years, and who wishes to see also Hungary remain as Hungary in the future, with her unity and indivisibility forever secured.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

This it is that serves as a criterion of the public opinion of the Hungarian nation. This, and not an inflamed sentimentality, sympathetic or antipathetic, is the starting point of the conviction, that dikes should be raised against the Russian extension; for if we do it not we expose our fatherland and the monarchy, whose interests in this respect are identical, to the necessary consequence that the Russian power, increased already by the dismemberment of Poland to formidable proportions, would attack, after this new augmentation of force, the Austro-Hungarian monarchy as a boa-constrictor that compresses her giant folds around the body of her prey, or as a hundred-armed polypus that screws itself into the flesh.

That this would be the unavoidable consequence of Russian extension cannot be doubted, considering the geographical position and ethnographical situation of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy.

Then it will no more be a question of the Hungarian race, — reduced by the Russophiles only to four millions of inhabitants; it will be a question whether Hungary shall remain Hungary.

And now it is necessary to point out a dangerous network which already hangs around us. This network is knitted out of that erroneous conception that the power of Russia can only become dangerous to us by territorial occupation.

They say, "The czar has given his word that he will not *occupy;* and the czar is an honest man" (Brutus is an honorable man); "let him then manage" (I very nearly wrote mismanage) "in the East. The present vocation of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy is to remain in readiness" (and of course only in the south, where we can do mischief to the Turks, but in no imaginable case to the Russians), "and only to step into action if the czar should break his word, and want to occupy whilst the peace negotiations last. Oh! then we shall draw out the sword from the scabbard, and then we shall do — this and that."

The nation should be on its guard against this network. It is a very dangerous network.

Firstly, I say, if the czar should come out victoriously from this war, then the Vienna cabinet will not draw the sword to impede the czar in his occupation, but only that it may participate in the booty. God save our poor country from this suicidal tingling of swords, where infamy would cover the suicide! But let us keep also in mind that God protects only those who defend themselves.

Secondly, I say, even if the Viennese cabinet would impede at *such a time* the Russian occupation, it would not find a single ally to assist it to overthrow an accomplished fact, such as it could secure at present, if it wished it, for the far easier task of preventing Russian occupation from becoming an accomplished fact. Prussia would not help her out of this difficulty with Russia; France would not help her; Italy would not help her. The Vienna cabinet would then have, not an ally more but *a mighty ally less*, one who under given circumstances would prove better than any other, *and this is the Turk.* We should lose him by yon network policy; we should lose him without replacing him by any other. We should lose him, whether the czar occupied territory or not. In the case of his raising army after army against the forsaken Turks and finally conquering them — then, of course, a Turkish alliance would be out of the question. Or if the Turk, losing patience at the foul play of Europe, and above all of the Vienna cabinet, should say, "Well, if Europe, and especially the Vienna cabinet, does not care for me, I do not care for them either," and should sign a separate peace with Russia — then the Vienna cabinet might stare at yon wooden idol, chiselled by its own political wisdom, and write protocols, which would be "set aside" by the "world's judge," History, as has always happened.

Thus this policy of looking out for the keeping or not keeping of the czar's word is either bad calculation or criminal calculation; either crime or folly. Take your choice!

But there is a still more decisive view for us. This is, that the menacing danger for the Austro-Hungarian empire would not be removed even if the czar kept his word and did not occupy; for even if he did not occupy, but terminated the war victoriously, the fact that he had conquered would secure for him the power of leadership — that dictatorial influence which is his designed aim, and is written on his banner as "the Slavonic Cause." And for the Austro-Hungarian monarchy the danger is not greater from the czar extending his power by occupation than it would be if he showed by victory that he can be a mighty stronghold of "the Slavonic Cause," and thus extend his influence over the eastern Slavonians and over those that are with them in the same camp, viz., our neighbors on the left hand

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

as well as those on the right hand, and also in our own country. These he could dispose of as their leader, their lord, their protector. The Muscovite papers do not conceal that as the banner of "the Slavonic Cause" is unfurled, so after the Turkish "Slavonic Cause," the "Slavonic Cause" of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy will follow. And this is no idle boast; it is logic. This latter kind of Russian extension is really more dangerous for us and for Austria than any occupation of territory, — a mode of extension which does not win over, but alienates, those whose country is occupied. It is not a desirable fate to be a Russian subject, and an occupation is, at the worst, but a boa-constrictor, against which it is still possible to struggle; but the other one is the polypus: if he pierces into our flesh, there is no possibility of extrication left for us.

The danger which arises from the Russian movement cannot be averted effectually from the Austro-Hungarian empire by watching the czar's promise; for in either case he will occupy a conspicuous place on the page of history as the victorious leader of Panslavism. The Slavonian aspirations towards a universal monarchy will gather around czarism; this will be the star that will lead the way, the Messiah to whose call they will listen, the idol they will adore, the lord who will command them, and whose obedient serfs they will be; and *thus Panslavism will develop into Panslavo-Czarism.*

But if we send the czar who unfurled the Panslavonic banner back as a loser, then the wings of his Ghengis-Khanic flight will be clipped, the charm broken, and the Panslavic aspirations will lose their force. The Slavonians will perceive that it is not safe to carve for themselves an idol, in order to adore him as the god of liberty. The prop will be found broken, and the support will fall asunder like loosened sheaves. The different Slavonic nations will not seek salvation in the worshipping of the czarism that leads to Russification, and therewith to the fetters of slavery, to drunken misery, and dreams of brutality; but, in the conservation of their individual nationality, in the elevation and maintenance of the vestal fire of their self-esteem, they will find the road that leads to freedom. And we Hungarians will welcome them heartily on this road, accompany them with warm sympathy, as we accompanied them in past times, and as far as we are able aid every pulsation of the vital power of yon miraculous Slavonic "*living statue*," whose national consciousness has never been broken, either by seduction or by the storm of long sufferings.

Really, if there be any situation that is clear, the present one is.

The Turk has understood the signs of the time. He gave a constitution to the communities of his empire, without distinction of race, tongue, or creed, on the basis of equality before the law. His enlightened statesmen provided that all the excrescences of exclusiveness which had been successively added to the morally pure civilization of Mohammedanism, should be buried in the grave of the past. The czar of all the Russias threw his army into the midst of this peaceable undertaking, to prevent the Turks from realizing this liberty. He was afraid that when even the half-moon should reflect the glare of the sun of liberty, this glare might penetrate into the darkness of his servile empire, as the beams of the Hungarian peasant emancipation had penetrated the night of Russian slavery.

The Austro-Hungarian government must reckon with itself as to what can be claimed legally and fairly from the Turkish government in the interests of its Christian subjects, without undermining thereby the existence of the Ottoman empire. Let them come to a mutual understanding with each other. It will not be so difficult, since the Porte has intelligence and good-will as well. They should conclude a treaty of alliance on the basis of this understanding, for the repulse of the Russian attack which threatens our fatherland and the Austrian monarchy very dangerously. With this alliance consummated, let Austria-Hungary say to Russia, "Well, the Turks have administered justice to their subjects, and thou wouldst still continue the war. This can have no other meaning than that thou strivest to extend thy power. This we cannot permit in the interests of our monarchy, and we are firmly resolved not to allow it. Then let the bloodshed cease."

And it would cease. The Russian would not expose himself to the chance, that whilst the Turkish lion stood in front of him, the Austro-Hungarian military force should take up a position behind his back and cut off his retreat. The fatherland and the monarchy would be saved without striking a single blow, or at a proportionately small sacrifice; which sacrifice might be reduced to the concentration of a conspicuous army corps. This demonstration should of course be made on

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the Danube and in Transylvania, but not in Dalmatia, nor on the Croatian military frontier, which would be very ridiculous if it were not at the same time very suspicious. And with the safety of the fatherland and of the monarchy the demands of humanity would be considered also, for it is indeed very shocking that there should be a war in the nineteenth century, which, in its horrors, exceeds the Mongol invasion in the thirteenth century. And the protection of the Eastern Christians would also be vouchsafed, without crippling the integrity and independence of the Turkish empire or the dignity of the State. These results, which can be attained thus, but only thus, would secure the weight, the authority, the splendor, and the fame of our monarchy in the highest degree.

I have only tried to show the political bearings, not to lay down precise schemes of action. I feel convinced that the looming danger can only be averted from our country and from the monarchy by a policy having the above-named tendency.

And it is certain that, with such a tendency, the government could securely count on the self-sacrificing readiness of the entire Hungarian people without exception of party.

And why does not the government attempt it? Such a chance is very rare. Why not use it? These circumstances open up to Count Julius Andrassy the opportunity of covering himself with great and lasting glory. He can become the savior of his fatherland, of the monarchy, of the reigning dynasty, if he will understand the work of the hour. He will be their gravedigger if he does not do it, or if he dares not do it.

What hinders him from daring it?

I hear Prussia mentioned. Yes, ten years ago the nation was frightened into the Delegations by the Russian hobgoblin, and now she is like to be driven into the arms of Russia by the terror of Prussia.

I will not deny the Russian inclinations of the Berlin cabinet. The personal leanings of the emperor William have a share in this, possessing undoubtedly great weight in the decision of the Berlin policy. And the false position of Germany has also a share therein, into which false position she has been thrown by the conquest of Alsace and Lorraine, which seems even to push into the background a consideration which should never be lost sight of by Germany, at present the first power of Europe. This consideration is that every increase of the Russian power must necessarily compromise the primatial position of the German empire in Europe; and that in the last analysis — against which personal inclinations struggle in vain — it may lead to a collision between the German and Slavonian races, the like of which has not yet been witnessed by the world. Rome and Carthage cannot exist side by side for long.

But however strong the present inclinations of the Berlin cabinet may be, they cannot go so far as to compel Prussia to take Russia for her patron, and become the client of the latter. And, in the last resort, the German imperial policy has to reckon with the other German princes and with the German nation; and among the former, as well as in the ranks of the latter, there are those who recollect Russian patronage and the significance of clientship for Germany under Russian rule. And those who recollect this would soon warn the Berlin cabinet that German blood belongs to Germany, and not to the Russians.

The knowledge of the logic of history, which I have acquired by long study and painstaking (and the cares that whitened my hair have their own tale to tell), and, at last, experience, have taught me that the German emperor might give advice in the shape of Russian inspirations, but that, whatever be the policy of the Vienna cabinet in the Eastern question, it is certain, that, to favor Russia, the German empire will never declare war against the Austro-Hungarian monarchy.

I take all that they say about Prussian threats for mere claptrap, originating from yonder camarilla, that strives — and alas! strives with great effect — *that the Vienna cabinet should do the same things in aid of the aggressive Russian policy against Turkey that it did against Poland, when Russia undertook to annihilate the independence of that unhappy country, and for the same end — viz., that she should become a sharer in the robbery*, instead of allying herself with Turkey, as she ought to have done with the Poles, to frustrate the robbery.

This is the danger which I see, like a death-prophecying bird, with outstretched wings, fluttering over my country; and my patriotism stimulates me to call to mind other things in connection with certain premonitory reflections on the rising manifestations of public opinion.

I repeat, that the important point for the Hungarian nation in this question is this: that by the war which rages in our neighborhood the vital interests of our

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

fatherland as well as those of Austria are jeopardized.

I place weight on the fact that at present the vital interests of Austria are in harmony with our vital interests.

My views on the subject of the connection between Austria and Hungary are known. These interests are in such opposition with reference to the reciprocal State life and mutual State economy, that it is utterly impossible even to fancy any form of connection that would be satisfactory to both countries. It is for this that I remain in exile — a living protest against this connection.

I do not, therefore, consider it to be my duty to feel sad forebodings for the special interests of Austria when its danger does not at the same time threaten the interests of our fatherland. But when the danger of the one walks arm in arm with that of the other, I put great weight thereupon, in order that Austria should feel the danger in unison with Hungary.

We stand in the face of a war that threatens our country and Austria with mortal dangers if we do not aid the Turks in impeding the extension of Russian power. This war has found Austria in a State connection with Hungary. I do not think that Russia would listen to us if we should tell her she should delay the war till this connection be dissolved. She would surely not delay. Then things stand thus: that the same king of Hungary whom our nation asks to frustrate the Russian aggressive policy is also emperor of Austria. This Austrian emperor stands very often in opposition to the king of Hungary. This time he is not so. And I think that the wishes of our nation can only gain in weight when she asks her sovereign to fulfil his duty as savior of the country, by acting as he ought to do as king of Hungary; also, in the mean time, pointing out that this is his interest as emperor of Austria as well. It is for this reason — namely, that I like to appeal also to Austrian vital interests — that I repeat emphatically that the vital interests of Hungary and of Austria are identical.

This view is perfectly justified by the political significance and far-reaching importance of the Eastern question as it stands with reference to us.

If the Turkish empire were to be under no pressure from the power that threatens the liberty of Europe, — a colossus increased to formidable proportions by the dismemberment of Poland — then the Eastern question would be nothing else than a home question between the Turks and the other peoples of different races in the Turkish empire.

And if this question stood thus, neither the integrity nor the dismemberment of the Turkish empire, nor the reforms conceded or denied to the nations of that empire, would affect in the least, not the more distant countries of Europe, but not even us or Austria, who are her neighbors, except from a humanitarian, sympathetical, or antipathetical point of view.

We have learned to appreciate justly the fundamental features of the Turkish character. We are aware, as I have said, that we possess in the Ottoman nation such reliable friends as we could not find anywhere else in the world, because our interests are so identical that there is not only no opposition, but not even a difference between us. We recollect gratefully the generosity shown to us by the Turks in the days of our sorrow; and it is honorable on our part to remember this warmly just now in the days of their sorrow. And so it is certain that we Hungarians should follow all regenerational endeavors of the Turks with heartfelt sympathy and blessing. We should feel gratified if they succeeded in removing the obstacles in their way to liberty. On the other hand, if in consequence of Russian pressure the dismemberment of the Ottoman empire should be identical with the aggrandisement of Russia, there would not be a single Hungarian who would not consider the territorial integrity of Turkey, and the upholding of its sovereignty, as a *conditio sine quâ non* of the maintenance of our own integrity and independence. No one would think of shedding his blood nor offering aid to the Turks if it were not for the threatening attitude of Russia; but for that we should not look with anxiety on the aspirations of the Slavonic nations.

Though all the provinces of Turkey should gain such an "autonomy" (!) as that which is prepared for the Bulgarians by Prince Cherkaski after the Russian pattern and in the Russian language, still the Eastern question would not be solved, but would then be revived in the face of Europe, and especially in that of Hungary and Austria, in such tremendous proportions as it has not yet reached.

Yes, because the Eastern question, I repeat again, is a question of Russian power; clearly, distinctly, a question of Russian aggrandisement.

And it will remain so until Europe, after a tardy repentance, shall at last determine the restoration of Poland, and thus avert

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

the curse from herself which she has incurred by the crime of that partition.

Only by the restoration of Poland can Russia be pushed back upon her ancient boundaries, where she could in her still vast empire let her subjects become free men, and thus occupy a still glorious and prominent place at the round table of civilized nations, but a place whence she could no more threaten us and Austria and Europe with her Panslavo-Czaristical and universal-monarchical ambitions. Only when it shall be made sure on the banks of the Vistula that she can never more suffocate Turkey — only then will the Eastern question step down to an internal, and, if you like it, to a humanitarian level, and be solved in such a way as not to be dangerous to Europe.

But so long as this does not happen, the Eastern question will always remain a Russian question of power. If the Turkish empire should be dismembered in consequence of Russian pressure, or even if it should be crippled, I repeat that every inch lost by the Turks would only increase Russian power. The diminution of Turkish sovereign independence would increase Russian influence, which would act as a dissolving poison on us and on Austria; and the unavoidable consequence would be that the nations which had been severed from the Turkish rule would not become free, but Russian serfs — forming the tail of that boa-constrictor which presses us closely, the arms of that polypus which clings to our flesh.

These are the considerations which induce the Hungarians to adopt the view that their very existence is endangered by the war in their neighborhood.

And these considerations are so momentous that, if we Hungarians should continue to look on in cowardly inactivity at the dismemberment of the Turkish empire, or, which is identical, at the aggrandizement of Russian power, if we should look on in cowardly inactivity while the boa-constrictor gathers material to form a new tail from the southern Slavonians, while the polypus makes out of them new trunks, — it would be such suicidal insanity that I cannot find a word to designate it. We should be worse than the worms creeping upon the ground if we did not protect ourselves against it.

These are sad times. After so much blood has been spilt that the nations might become independent, we are still in the position that the fancy and the will of two or three purple-clad mortals are decisive, and not the will of the people. But the Hungarian people will live — they will not go so far in their resignation as to commit suicide for the sake of any mortal man whatever. We must raise *a dike against the extension of Russian power.* And to do that, we must *conserve and uphold the unity and the independence of the Turkish empire;* for at present that is the practical way to construct a dike. This view is firmly upheld by the Hungarian nation, whatever form of expression they may use to state their will; and in this respect all the Hungarians are of the same opinion without difference of party. They are of the same opinion, for they are convinced that this *is a vital interest of our fatherland. And justly therefore Hungary feels indignation, and disavows — the whole Hungarian nation does it — that immoral and impolitic idea, that the Austro-Hungarian monarchy should become an accomplice in the occupation of any part of Turkey for the sake of the enemy of our country's vital interests.*

Governments should never be in opposition to the popular wishes when governments wear the constitutional toga. It is the worse policy if they are. On the present occasion the wishes of the nation show themselves so unmistakably plain, that it would be a dangerously daring feat if the government should try to elude them by some parliamentary trick. It is a question of existence. The nation knows this well. And ours is a loyal nation. Therefore, I say to those in authority, comply with her wishes. Don't force her to take in her own hands the insurance of her life. She will do it if she is forced to it, because she will not die. The Hungarian nation will not be a worm to be trampled upon by the heel of the tramplers. She will not suffer that the bowing diplomatists of czars and Cæsars should convert Hungary into a powder-barrel to be exploded by Russian intrigues with a Panslavonic match.

They told thee, Hungary! "Be reconciled with Austria that thou mayest be safe from the Russian." Thou hast been reconciled: let us see the conciliator, where is he?

Almighty Father! if the Hungarians were but independent!

De profundis ad te, Domine, clamavi.

I know that what I have been saying is nothing new. But still I thought it right to speak my mind, as the prime minister of Hungary has made a very startling declaration.

When it was resolved in a public meet-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

ing of citizens that the integrity of the Turkish empire should be upheld even by armed force, the prime minister of Hungary gave the following answer: "*That it is not allowable to shed Hungarian blood for the interests of any other power, and that the government will never give its consent that the heroic sacrifice of the Hungarian nation should be made for others.*"

So the Hungarian prime minister still considers the upholding of the Turkish empire against the Panslavonic standard-bearer, the Russian czar, as being for the interests of "others."

Every inhabitant of Hungary who wishes the conservation of our country, and those, also, who speculate on her overthrow, know that *our country's existence is at stake.* The prime minister is, perhaps, the only man in Hungary who does not see this.

But since the crippling of the integrity of the Turkish empire is identical with the aggrandizement of Russian power, nobody in the world has the right to say that Hungarians are sacrificing Hungarian blood for the sake of others when they offer to shed it for the upholding of the integrity of the Turkish empire. The prime minister ought to know that this willingness is a flower that has grown in the soil of self-preservation, and opened its cup under the shining of the purest patriotic sunbeams.

The Hungarian prime minister has spoken a startling word. If this is to be the standpoint of the government, I declare most emphatically that the interests of Hungary are in dangerous hands.

Whoever, *in this war*, considers the upholding of the Turkish empire to be a foreign cause, *will not raise a dike to the extension of the Russian power: for he is not far from the thought of sharing with the Russians in the Turkish booty.*

But I should like to believe that this most unlucky expression was only an unconsidered pistol-shot, which went farther than it was intended. I do not say that the Hungarian government has deliberately thrown itself into the arms of those who are undoubtedly stirring dangerous questions in the regions of diplomatic circles. I can doubt, I can foresee, but I cannot assert, for I don't know it. But alas! I know, that neither in the declarations of the Hungarian government, nor in the actions of the leader of the foreign policy, can a Hungarian patriot find comfort.

It will not be amiss to call to mind now, when the representatives of the country are assembled again, that the nation, without difference of parties, expects that they will rise above party spirit and secure the fulfilment of the nation's will.

The most weighty declaration of the Hungarian prime minister has been that in which (I quote it word by word) he assured the House of Representatives that *there is not a single person among the leaders who thinks it ought to be the aim of our foreign policy that the power and sovereignty of Turkey should be changed.*

This declaration has been greatly applauded, because (as I know positively) on both sides of the House many persons who were present, at the first hearing interpreted the speech, full of diplomatically clever phraseology, as assuring them that the directors of the foreign policy of the monarchy would hold it to be their task to see that the power and sovereignty of Turkey should remain unchanged.

Alas! the Hungarian prime minister did not only not say this, not only did he not want to say it, but, on the contrary, when some days later two of the representatives ascribed this sense to the declaration of the prime minister, the latter contradicted that explanation of his words.

"*Quæsivi lucem, ingemuique reperta.*"

The far-famed ministerial declaration comes to nothing else but this: "The house of our neighbor is so situated with reference to our house, that if his catches fire ours will catch fire too. The house of our neighbor has been attacked by robbers and incendiaries with torches. Our household takes fright for our dwelling, and the responsible watcher of the Hungarian household says, 'Don't be anxious; I give you the assurance that amongst us, your watchmen, there is none who would hold that it is his task to burn down our neighbor's house!'"

The other declaration of the prime minister has been, that "*the government has not given to any one, in any sense whatever, a promise what it will do; nor have they assumed any obligation, but they possess their full freedom of self-decision.*"

From this declaration we learn two things, but neither of them is comforting. We learn that the government does not know yet what it will do. It has no fixed aim. Its policy has no certain tendency. It sails about without a compass. It expects good luck wherever the wind shall blow. If this be policy, it is a very improvident one.

"The hour brings its own counsel" (*Kommt Zeit, kommt Rath*). This is the

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

summary. Such determination according to the occasion may be a very good thing in itself, it is well to know *how* we shall reach the aim we have in view; but I don't think, in the present international imbroglio of affairs, which endangers the vital interests of the country, that to relegate the tendency of policy (not the *how*, but the *what!*) to the chance of future decision, can be advisable or even permissible.

And I am very fearful that the prime minister has told the truth. I see that the minister of foreign affairs, by the consent of the leaders of both parties, has constructed for himself a scheme wherein he can indeed place many things, but what are these things? This he leaves to the future. "*Kommt Zeit, kommt Rath.*" The signification of the plan is the following: "Let the Russians do whatever they like. Our position towards them is a friendly neutrality." *Neutrality, and friendly:* a steel hoop, made of wood! *Contradictio in adjecto.* But, alas! still true. *Friendly* towards Russia; *hostile* towards Turkey; but no *neutrality.* When a country is affected in her vital interests by a war, as our country is now, neutrality is an absolute impossibility. Inaction is no neutrality. That this hitherto observed inaction has been of great service to the Russians is a fact crying to heaven and earth. But I will now continue the scheme. "If the Turks shall be victorious, everything will remain as it has been; and we shall mediate during the final negotiations, in order that the Turk may not press too hardly on the Russians, with whom we shall keep on 'friendly terms.' If, on the contrary, the Russians advance victoriously, 'we shall take up a position' in behalf of the conquered Turks; we shall strive to moderate the Russian exactions at the final negotiations; but in any case, if the Russians rob, we will rob too *if possible down to Salonica!* And then we will say to Hungary and to Austria, '*Well, we have secured the interests of the monarchy in the face of the Russian extension-policy.* The Russians have annexed, but we have annexed also; the equilibrium which was upset by robbery has been restored by robbery.'"

Such is the "scheme" of the policy of "*freedom of self-decision,*" of which the prime minister has been boasting. I shall be very glad if the patriotism of the national representatives should give such a guarantee for the fulfilment of the people's wishes as may refute my suspicion — I had nearly written my "*certainty.*"

The second thing we learn from the quoted declaration is this, that our government *has no ally.* I think that, under such circumstances, there are two things which are the chief duties of a government. The one is that it shall see its way clearly with reference to the tendency of its policy, — of this I have spoken already; the other is that, in order to secure this policy, it should think of getting allies. It is a bad case that the government has no allies. I could even call this also neglect of duty, because they could have had allies if they had had a good policy.

But it is still worse that the *untrammelled attitude,* of which the prime minister has boasted, *favors the Russians.* Since the beginning of the complications we have heard of nothing so emphatically as the confederacy of the three emperors, which was formally styled "a friendly understanding." One of those three confederates is the czar. My dear fatherland! thou art indeed in great danger from that *untrammelled attitude* which operates in friendly relations with Russia. Hitherto it has acted in that way. I could cite many testimonies; I will quote only a single one.

The government says it has no obligations. What! Has it not entered into an engagement to let Roumania be occupied by Russia who unfurled the banners of "the Slavonic Cause," and so to convert this province into a place for her military operations, notwithstanding that the neutrality of that country has been guaranteed by the European powers, under whose protectorate it has been placed? Yes, they have engaged themselves, and by a formal bargain, because they have expressly stipulated, as a reward, that the czar shall not force Servia into war.

This fatal obligation is the source of all the evils which have happened hitherto and which will happen hereafter, and of all the dangers that threaten our country.

But the thing does not end here. The world is filled with anxiety lest even this stipulation should be omitted, and lest the Viennese cabinet should not try to prevent the czar from taking Servia into action. Lo! because the Turkish lion has struck the czar over the fingers, the great czar is in want of the perjury of little Servia, to whom Turkey the other day granted forgiveness. Thus the *untrammelled attitude leans* again *towards Russia.*

The representatives of Hungary will, no doubt, without party difference, feel the danger that menaces them through this new aggravation of circumstances.

I must now advert to a third govern-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

mental declaration, and I find it very weighty.

When an interpellation was directed to the government with reference to its policy, instead of confessing its leanings, it avoided the question by declaring *that the interests of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy have led and will lead their policy, and that the interests of the monarchy under every circumstance will be considered.*

The government, in fact, always serves up the same dish, nobody knowing whether it is fish or flesh, not even the butler who serves it. This is the question, in what direction (*not by what means but in what direction*) the minister seeks his policy? and whether he seeks it in a direction conformable to the interests of the monarchy?

If they should again serve a dish, which is neither "fish nor flesh," in the House of Representatives, and if the House should be contented with this assurance (as we heard out of doors), that "*the government keep before their eyes the wish of the nation that the interests of the monarchy — in opposition to the Russian policy of extension — should be secured,*" the ambiguity of the situation would not be at all changed, and the door would still be left open; so that if events took another turn, the water would be turned to grind the mill for those "influences that wish to get a share," and our nations would some morning awake to find that, under the *pretence of securing the interests of the monarchy*, things had happened which the nation abhors as it does damnation.

I do not speak so because I have forebodings; it is not my object to enter into questions of principles. I don't want to quote the sad pages of our own history, nor the examples of Polignac or MacMahon, to show that it has always been so; and that there has never been any impiety without the reigning power invoking interests of State when committing it. But as we stand in view of the danger of Russian extension, I pray my countrymen to look for that page of history where they will see it written, *how the Viennese cabinet understands the securing of the interests of the monarchy when face to face with Russian aggressive policy!* This has such an actuality of interest that I nearly shudder when I think of it.

Whoever looks at those pages must feel convinced *that the Viennese cabinet never did understand the securing of the interests of the monarchy so that the Russian extension should not be permitted; it but so understood them as that whenever the Russians commit robbery, Austria must rob as well,— that when Russia extends herself, Austria ought to do the same.*

So, I repeat for the third time, it understood them at the division of Poland, and so it has understood them ever since, without exception, when face to face with the Russian policy of extension.

This is an awful remembrance.

And this they call the policy of restoring the equilibrium!

And what has history said of that awful policy? I do not speak even of morals, of honesty — which is always the best policy in the end, though it was a long time ago struck out of the vocabulary of diplomacy. I point to facts.

By this policy the Russian power has been swollen to giant-like proportions, which now menace the whole world. The consequence of this policy is the war of to-day, and Russia now smooths her way, through the Turkish "Slavonic cause," to the Hungarian and Austrian "Slavonic cause."

On the other hand, this policy of sharing has not saved the Austrian dynasty from withering. Russia has grown up; Austria has dwindled.

And what will be the result if the Vienna cabinet should again follow this damnable policy of expediency?

In the past it has put a razor in the hand of Russia; now it would put this razor to the throat of Hungary, and also of Austria.

"*Duo cum faciunt idem, non est idem.*"

There can be no doubt that what the Russians would rob from the Turks, what their influence would win on both shores of the lower Danube and on the Balkan peninsula, would form a real increase of their power, an augmentation of their strength; and the influence thus acquired would act upon the Slavonians of the Austrian empire, and upon those of the Hungarian crown, like the loadstone on iron. Those Slavonians that would be caught by Russia, she would take with her.

On the contrary, what the Viennese cabinet would pilfer, under the shadow of the Russian highwayman, from the Turkish empire, would only weaken us, and become eventually our death; because it would eternally multiply and put into further fermentation all the already fermenting and dissolving elements. The Slavonians who would be caught by the Viennese cabinet would take the latter with them.

And what would be the infallible final

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

result? The punishment of *talio.* If St. Petersburg and Vienna should divide the rags of the torn Turkish empire, twenty-five years would not elapse before the Russians, the Prussians, and the Italians would divide Austria and Hungary among themselves, perhaps leaving something of the booty to Wallachia, as the reward of subserviency to Russia. This is as true as that there is a God.

Well, I feel no call to be anxious about the dismemberment of Austria, if free nations might step into her place; but I do feel it my duty to be anxious about a dissolution by which Russian power and Russian influence would be increased. I feel it so much my duty, that if our fatherland were connected with Austria only by the ties of good-neighborly friendship, and if Austria were threatened by the Russians, I would most determinedly say to my countrymen, "Defend thy Austrian neighbor to the last drop of thy blood against Russia," just as I say now, "Defend thy Turkish neighbor to the last drop of thy blood against Russia."

The reigning dynasty of Austria must reckon with the logic of history. A time may come — it must come — when her German provinces — will go home. Well, well, I say: the royal throne of the palace at Buda is a very glorious seat. It will be good to think about how, after its thousand years' history, it may not be menaced by the Russian monster — neither in the form of a boa-constrictor, nor in that of an hundred-armed polypus. The time is come to think of it, now that the Turkish lion is fighting his life or death struggle so gloriously. Let us not lose the opportunity. "*Sero medicina paratur.*" "Mene! Mene! Tekel! Upharsin!"

I do not say that the Hungarian government has given itself up to the impulses of robbery, I say only, that this is not excluded from the "scheme." This vampire sits on its bed, on its chest, on its arms. Shake off the vampire, I say. *Free your arms, and step at the head of the nation.* It is a glorious place. In such a great crisis it is a very small ambition to aim, by the cleverly construed phrase of "taking notice," at getting a vote of confidence from your party. You should act so that the confidence of the whole nation should surround you. You can do it. You should adopt the policy that has been pointed at by the whole nation. You should not contradict yourselves, for you said that your *hands were free.*

To the representatives of the nation I would like to cry out from my remote solitary place, "The fatherland is in danger, — in such danger as it has never been in before, viewing the irrevocability of the consequences. Then let the fatherland not be made a party question among yourselves, my countrymen! Let the genius of reconciliation hover over you when you stand arm in arm around the altar of our fatherland. I do not ask you to upset the government, but I beg of you to place it in such a situation that its stability would be guaranteed by the fulfilment of the nation's wishes. *The action of Servia has supplied you with an opportunity which answers even diplomatical considerations.* Don't let this occasion escape you."

The fulfilment of the nation's will is the purest loyalty. I say so — I, who never yield. It is true I do not like the Austrian eagle in our fatherland. But I wish not that this eagle should be consumed in flame by the Russian; and I shudder at the thought that Hungary may be the funeral stake.

I am a very old man. I long ago overstepped the line assigned by Scripture as the limit to human life. Who knows whether this be not my last word? May it not be the voice of one who cries in the desert!

ERICA.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE GERMAN OF

FRAU VON INGERSLEBEN.

XIII.

FRAULEIN MOLLY.

WHEN Erica returned, she found old Christine in the greatest excitement, and was received with a torrent of reproaches. In self-defence she related the rescue of the child, but the old servant was not inclined to be softened. She, Christine, could not see why Fräulein Erica need run after the robber; there were certainly people enough in Waldbad to bring back stolen children. But when she discovered the Fräulein's absence, she had instantly made up her mind that the latter would be senseless enough to run into the dark forest, which, apart from all other dangers, was not at all proper for a young lady.

Christel rarely used the title of "Fräulein," except when she was angry with

* Copyright 1877, by Littell & Gay.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

her; it was a sort of declaration of war, and Erica saw, from the frequent repetition of the word, how much she had angered the old servant. She was, however, so utterly exhausted in body and mind by her exertions and excitement, as for the moment to be unable to put Christel into a better humor. She could scarcely undress herself, and the old woman, who perceived this, helped her, and though muttering and grumbling, put her to bed as carefully as a child.

The next morning every shade of anger had vanished from Christel's brow. Erica, from her windows, even heard her giving an attentive neighbor a full account of her young mistress's heroic deed. There were many portions of the story which Erica could not remember, but Christel related them with most convincing positiveness, and the listener smiled with still greater amusement, when Christel wound up by repeatedly assuring the neighbor that there was not another person in all Waldbad, except "our Erica," who under such circumstances would have succeeded in bringing back the stolen child. The following day the events of the night were the universal topic of conversation, both to the inhabitants of Waldbad and the summer visitors. The few persons who had gone to bed early the evening before, and therefore not been excited themselves, learned with amazement and some little regret the minutest details of the story, perhaps with considerable amplification.

Elmar's deed, in the mouths of the young girls, became an act of heroism which surrounded his brow with a halo of glory, and made him an object of the most intense interest to all the fair sex in Waldbad. Erica, on the other hand, of whose very existence most of the young men had hitherto been ignorant, occupied their thoughts with equal suddenness, and was declared a famous little girl, worthy of the greatest attention.

The giant Andreas, though he had also been very active in the liberation of the child, attracted little notice from society, and was forced to be satisfied with being the hero of all the woodcutters and fishermen in the neighborhood. He, however, was perfectly contented with his modest share of fame, as well as the liberal gifts of the brother and sister, which enabled him to gratify all his moderate wishes, build a little house, and marry his Anne Marie.

Frau von Hohenstädt seemed so ill that the news of Erica's adventure was broken to her very cautiously, and even this slight outline of the events produced such an exhausting effect upon her as to make every one very anxious all day. Perhaps, however, this diversion of her thoughts to some other subject was fortunate for Erica, since it aided her to more rapidly regain the composure of mind which had been somewhat shaken by the events of the night.

Late in the afternoon she saw from her window Valentin, the liveried footman, ascending the hill that led to the house, heard him exchange a few words with Christine, and then noticed that he handed her a letter. She had just time to regain her composure, at least outwardly, when the old servant entered the room.

The note was addressed to Erica, and when she unfolded the sheet her eyes rested for the first time on Elmar's handwriting.

"These lines must inform Fräulein Erica that both sister and brother are for the moment unable to express their thanks in person. Kathinka is not allowed to leave her bed to-day, and the doctor, on account of my slight wound, has ordered me to remain in my room for the present. Our preserver therefore must not be angry with us if we delay our visit and cannot tell her, until some future time, how deeply we are indebted to her."

This was the whole of the letter, which aroused a feeling somewhat akin to disappointment. She scarcely knew herself what she had expected, but a slight shade of coldness seemed to pervade the lines. The danger incurred together during the previous night had made Elmar appear like an intimate acquaintance, nay, friend, and now she felt as if the letter had been written from the standpoint he had previously taken towards her. A shade of bitterness even mingled with her thoughts, when she said to herself that they would come to express their thanks, and in so doing think the affair settled and then trouble themselves no more about her.

Her eyes remained fixed mechanically upon the sheet of paper, and she gave herself up to her thoughts so long that her invalid mother noticed it.

"Have you received any bad news, child, that you look at that letter so mournfully?" she asked gently.

Erica started, and handing the sheet to her mother, said somewhat evasively, —

"I don't think the news so bad. The princess is of course a little exhausted by her agitation, and her brother's wound is said to be slight."

The old lady read the note with some

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

difficulty. When she came to the signature, her features expressed surprise, and she asked almost eagerly, "Altenborn? Am I right, Altenborn?"

"Yes, mamma, that is the name."

"And from what part of the country is this Baron von Altenborn?"

"I don't know exactly. I heard that his estates were not far from the frontiers of France."

The invalid again took the letter and read it attentively, then turned to her daughter.

"How does it happen that this young man calls you Fräulein Erica, how does he know your Christian name?"

Erica blushed crimson. "I really don't know, mamma," she stammered in great embarrassment, "he has always called me so."

"Always called you so? Then you have seen him often. You told me about the beautiful princess and her little son, but, so far as I am aware, never mentioned her brother."

Erica was fortunately spared a reply, for the doctor entered the room to visit the invalid. This time he seemed less disposed to inquire after the health of his patient than to tell her his own experiences, and gave a most circumstantial report of the princess's condition, the baron's wound, and the undisturbed health enjoyed by little Carlos in spite of his alarm. He had probably already done this in twenty houses, and intended to carry his news to twenty more, for he had scarcely finished his story when he rose, recommended his patient to keep perfectly quiet, and hastily glided out of the room.

The latter was only too well aware that medical aid, far from curing, could scarcely alleviate her disease, to feel offended by her physician's partial sympathy for the health of others. Besides the repose recommended was an imperious necessity, for the invalid, exhausted by reading the short letter, as well as by the doctor's visit, leaned back on her couch, and remained motionless for nearly three hours.

The next day brought the old lady somewhat better health, and Erica could leave her for a short time to take her usual walk. According to an old habit, she directed her steps towards the sea, and soon reached the shore, which at this time was deserted and lonely. Only two persons were strolling up and down, in whom she soon recognized Fräulein Molly and Herr von Wehlen. On making this discovery, Erica was strongly tempted to turn back, but she had already been seen, and besides, she surely had no cause to fear the man's glances of hate.

But she did not encounter any. On the contrary, Wehlen spoke to her kindly, almost cordially, and paid her heroic courage the most extravagant compliments, while Molly stood beside him like a statue, with her eyes fixed upon the ground. When he took leave of the ladies, she looked up, gazed steadily into his face, then nodded slightly, and said in a tone of mockery, —

"The *ladies* wish you a great deal of pleasure on your lonely walk." Then, much to Erica's surprise, she passed her hand through her arm, and drew the astonished girl away, walking quickly forward until one of the undulations of the down concealed them from Wehlen's eyes, when she paused, and covering her face with her hands, exclaimed in a trembling voice, —

"It is true. Oh God, it is true!"

Erica stood beside her in the greatest perplexity, and as she naturally imagined the remark referred to Wehlen and his supposed share in the robbery, answered quickly, —

"So you are also convinced of it? I have not the slightest doubt."

Molly removed her hands from her eyes and stared at the young girl. "So this child already knows," she murmured, "the sparrows have twittered it from the roofs, and I, I alone was blind and believed in love and faith."

"What are you talking about, Fräulein Molly?" asked Erica timidly.

"What am I talking about, child? Of the old love that is ever new, of feigned love, of — pshaw!" cried the speaker, suddenly interrupting herself, and tossing her head impatiently. "Is it not the same deception that is practised upon wealthy heiresses whom men woo for their millions, while they seem to adore their persons? What do you think, Erica, should not I too be admired, idolized by all the world, if I possessed a million?"

"Certainly," replied Erica frankly.

Molly laughed a hard, dry laugh, which made Erica shrink. "Well, you see, child, unfortunately I don't have these millions, and am therefore the insignificant, unnoticed companion of the Princess Bagadoff. So insignificant that the haughty lady, I fear, only raised me to this enviable position in order to feel safe in her own house at least, and be able to close the Argus eyes with which she watches over her brother's heart."

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Her brother's heart?" The words had escaped Erica's lips before she realized what she was saying, but as they were now spoken she had the courage to add, "What do you mean by that, Fräulein Molly?"

"It is very simple," said Molly, with her former strange laugh. "The princess is jealous of this adored brother's love, and tries every means to guard his heart from cherishing an affection for any other woman. Perhaps this love is also a little tainted by the egotism common to all, who knows?"

She uttered the last words in a loud, scornful tone, which made them all the more incomprehensible to Erica, who looked into the speaker's face with such an inquiring expression, that the latter continued, —

"You don't understand me, child. Of course, how should you? Wait a few years and see. You are poor, like me, and have as small a share of beauty; it will not be long ere life enlightens you about all these things. You do not desire the explanation, as I see by those pouting lips. No one desires it, child, but fate does not inquire about our wishes. Come, sit here on the down, I will tell you my story."

"My parents were rich and aristocratic, and — as the old muses say — no one sung beside my cradle that I should ever be obliged to earn my bread. Our house was always thronged with visitors, and everybody flattered 'the charming little Molly.' Perhaps the expensive mode of living might have encroached upon my parents' property, which was still farther diminished by various misfortunes. Friends became fewer, flatterers to little Molly rarer, and when at last my father and mother both died within a very few days of each other, leaving scarcely enough to pay their debts, my relatives — at my guardian's earnest entreaty — were obliged to take me into their house.

"The charming *little* Molly must have probably become a very unattractive *great* Molly, for I was neglected by every one, and always felt in other people's way. My beautiful, or rather wealthy cousins so completely outshone me, that most of the visitors at the house were scarcely aware of my presence, and as the role of Cinderella seemed exactly adapted to me in every particular, one could scarcely blame my aunt for allotting it to me.

"In this situation, it seemed like a deliverance when, two years ago, the Princess Bagadoff offered me the position of companion. At first I could scarcely understand this great kindness, but soon perceived that my repulsive, rather than my attractive qualities, had recommended me to her.

"This lady is the very incarnation of selfishness, which in her has reached the height of developing into a certain degree of ingenuousness, and therefore never draws her into any contention with the outside world; but she understands only her *own* rights, not those of others, and so her acts — in this respect — are never vacillating, while her ordinary conduct, which is dependent solely on caprice, and regulated only by her own arbitrary will, seems doubly so. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that these whims can be controlled or guided by apparent submission. She instinctively feels even the most covert assault upon her independent sovereignty, and defeats it with victorious swiftness and certainty.

"Her almost adoring love for her boy is only one of the forms into which this egotism has crystallized. She loves in him her expanded self, the continuation of her own existence, and moreover has the advantage of convincing herself and others of her exemplary virtue, her wonderful maternal affection, and would think it perfectly natural if she were called a pattern for all other women. Must not all who surround her be delighted with the labor this rare maternal love imposes upon them? Can *her* sweet boy be a burden to any one? Certainly not, and only she herself — owing to her nervous sensibility — sometimes feels this burden and gets rid of it as quickly as possible.

"If the baron is correct in his assertion, and the child's father is really the originator of the intended abduction, he has been skilful enough to hit upon the only spot where he could wound her. Poor little Carlos — who is always used as a shield to cover his mother's wishes — might perhaps have fared better, if he had really been removed to the barren steppes of Russia. The father's hatred would perhaps have been more beneficial to him than the mother's love, which corrupts and poisons his mind, and will make him the most miserable, contemptible of egotists.

"I am not personally acquainted with the prince, but if, as they say, at the time of the divorce — which occurred a few years ago — the whole blame was thrown upon him, and the child given to the mother, while the father was denied any right to the possession of the boy, the judges acted like short-sighted men, who formed

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

their opinions solely by appearances. The prince may be rough and inconsiderate, and have treated his wife accordingly, but even the gentlest and most yielding man would have been roused to fury by such a nature.

"The brother of this estimable sister, who since the divorce has enjoyed the happiness of sheltering her in his castle, has undoubtedly for this sole reason, cultivated the calmness natural to him until it has become a fine art. I do not understand what induces him to show his sister so much consideration — it certainly is not love — but I know he does it, and most earnestly endeavors to avoid an open quarrel. How long he will succeed I cannot tell, I only know that, in spite of everything he can do to prevent it, this breach will, must come.

"In spite of the princess's touching affection for little Carlos, notwithstanding that she lives only for and in her child, she squanders with lavish hands the large property which the prince was forced to settle on her and the boy.

"If the point in question is the gratification of any of her whims, she has no consideration and throws away sums entirely out of proportion, both to the object to be gained and her own means. If I am not greatly mistaken, little Carlos has already been robbed of a portion of his patrimony by his affectionate mother, and I am equally mistaken if the large possessions of her brother are not destined to repair the breaches.

"This brother's marriage would therefore be inopportune in every respect, and as he himself is narrow-minded enough not to perceive it, his careful sister is obliged to take the trouble of mounting guard over him. For this reason she desires at least to have repose when they are at Castle Altenborn, and therefore must employ a particularly unattractive companion. True, there are other ladies at the castle, Baron von Altenborn's grandmamma and her companion, but as the latter is sixty years old there is no danger of any assault upon the heart of the young master of the house.

"It was somewhat humiliating for me when I made this discovery; but I had been accustomed to so many mortifications for years, that I soon became reconciled, and even tried to turn the circumstance to my own advantage by making myself so extremely unattractive, that I believe I really became almost insupportable to the good baron, but convinced the princess of the advantage of my presence. It was only by causing her to feel that I was indispensable, that I could, in some degree, control her whims and compel her to treat me decently.

"Poverty is seldom beneficial to the character, Erica. A poor woman lives on a war footing with society, which denies her the barest necessities; and war has stern laws, the morality of smiling peace would lead to utter destruction."

The speaker paused and gazed thoughtfully at the ground, then after a long silence continued: "Let me finish my story. For two years I lived in this way, if not happily at least comfortably, and desired no change in my fate, because I was convinced that it must result to my disadvantage. Then we came here ——"

Again Molly paused and cast down her eyes, as she continued softly, in words that seemed to have very little connection with the last sentence. "Wehlen was the only man who ever showed any attention to me. What marvel was it if he won my heart, if I dreamed of a happy future? The dream has vanished, leaving naught save the bitterness of the illusion.

"Do not shed tears for me, Erica!" she continued, in a loud, passionate tone. "I am only atoning for my sin. How could I forget that I was unlovely? how could I be such a fool as to suppose I had really won the heart of that man, who has travelled over all Europe, and seen the beauties of every country? I *ought* to have known that nothing but motives of interest could attract him to me, and the knowledge would have put me on the track. So perhaps the princess was right in the torrent of reproaches, though not the insults, with which she loaded me before the whole company, and I forgive her.

"A parting from her, however, is no less unavoidable. For the sake of my own self-respect I cannot expose myself to another such scene, and, besides, the princess will not conquer her distrust of me, so the relation can no longer be maintained on either side."

"Does the princess know that Herr von Wehlen is the real robber?" asked Erica in surprise.

"Oh, no! she would scarcely believe it, and it is better so, for she would allow impulse to urge her on to the wildest conduct. There is no danger that the attempt will be repeated. The fairy castle is to be watched day and night by men in the princess's pay, and besides Herr von Wehlen just told me that he had received important letters which required his imme-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

diate departure." Molly's voice trembled as she uttered the last words, and it was possibly to conceal her emotion, that she continued with scornful bitterness, —

"Herr von Wehlen intends to pay her Highness a farewell visit; the beautiful woman will take a gracious leave of him, and as he has too much tact to remind her of the existence of the companion who has now fallen into disgrace, and yet does not wish to be uncivil, he has just made his adieux to me on the beach. We, too, shall leave here very soon; the princess has become uneasy, and — Molly Sassnitz will once more rove over the world, a leaf whirled about at the mercy of the wind. Whither it will take me I know not."

She paused, and Erica did not interrupt the silence. She was reflecting upon what she had heard. The tale, however, was not so painful and disappointing to her as it would have been a few days before. The halo which had surrounded the beautiful, aristocratic lady had already received a crushing blow during the scene witnessed the night before.

What had this woman, half insane with grief, in common with the tall, beautiful vision which had seemed to be supported so gracefully, and yet so firmly, by its own strength? Would, ought a really noble spirit to allow its self-control to be destroyed to such an extent, even by the greatest misfortune? Must not her cheeks forever burn with shame at the disgraceful recollection that she had charged the boy's preserver, her own brother, with having stolen him? Erica had been put to flight by the humiliation the princess had brought upon herself by this unjust accusation. When Molly now rose, she also sprang up, and holding out her hand, said cordially, —

"I thank you for your confidence, Fräulein Molly. I will not abuse it, nor shall your story fail to bear fruit. It has shown me how many false appearances are produced by ignorance and short-sightedness, and the lesson will not be lost. I will pray to God for your future happiness, and you must do so too, Fräulein Molly, then you will no longer feel like a leaf borne along at the mercy of the wind, you will know that the storm can play no tricks with you."

Molly threw her arms around Erica's neck, and laid her head upon her shoulder. "I am very miserable, Erica," she murmured, weeping. "Pray for me. I should only utter the petition with my lips; my heart is cold and dead, even the thought of God cannot warm it."

She raised her head, kissed Erica on the forehead, and then walked quickly away without another word.

Erica went slowly home, reflecting on what she had heard, and adding thread to thread to bridge over the many gaps in her knowledge. She also thought of her conversation with Elmar, and his strange comparison, which she had imagined referred to Wehlen. Now she thought she knew that he had alluded to his sister, but could have given no reason why the idea sent the blood to her cheeks, and crimsoned them with burning blushes.

XIV.

THE VISIT.

JUST after Erica had left home to have her momentous conversation with Molly, Christine rushed into the invalid's room in the greatest excitement. Her movements betrayed such unusual haste and agitation, that the sick lady started up in alarm, but before she could ask a question Christine exclaimed, —

"Here is the servant who brought the letter yesterday. The princess wants to call on you, and is already coming up the hill with the little prince."

An expression of by no means pleasurable surprise flitted across the invalid's features. "I am very ill-prepared to receive visitors, and Erica is not at home. Go and meet the lady and ask her to excuse me, Christine."

"But you surely won't send the princess away?" cried Christine in astonishment. In the agitation caused by the visit, the old servant seemed to have entirely forgotten her usual anxiety for the invalid.

"The princess will not be inclined to talk to a sick woman, so go, Christine."

The old woman, shaking her head, hurried down the steps of the veranda and advanced towards the princess. Katharina, accompanied by her son and his nurse, was already quite near, while the liveried Valentin waited close to the house, eying its dilapidated appearance with somewhat contemptuous glances.

Christel, however, did not vouchsafe to give him her answer, but hurried towards the princess who was slowly approaching, and explained in the most circumstantial manner the combination of unlucky circumstances which would render it impossible to receive her visit. Katharina was evidently not inclined to let her plan be thwarted so easily, she turned towards the nurse — who for the moment occupied Fräulein Molly's place — and asked, —

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Does the woman want to tell us that the daughter has gone out, and the mother is ill, or have I misunderstood her."

"Your Highness has understood correctly," replied the nurse, with a smile by no means flattering to Christine.

"Well, now we are here, we will see the sick lady a moment, that cannot possibly do her any harm. Go on, my good woman, and show us the way."

Christine looked at the speaker in some little perplexity, and hesitated, but the princess, in spite of this reluctance, continued her way so quietly, that the lady's firmness must have intimidated the old servant, for she now approached the veranda.

The invalid was extremely surprised and very indignant, when Christine suddenly threw open both folding-doors — she knew what was proper, as she always assured all the neighbors — and the princess entered the room. She cast a reproving look at the old servant, which seemed to crush her, but she hastily whispered to her mistress that the lady insisted upon coming in, and then placed a chair for her.

Frau von Hohenstädt quietly waited until her guest had approached near enough to hear her feeble voice, and then said politely, but in spite of the faint tone in which she was compelled to speak, very resolutely,—

"As the Princess Bagadoff has not heeded my request that she would permit me to decline her visit, she must not be angry if I do not come forward to receive my guest. My weakness will not permit me to do so."

"How sorry I am to find you so ill, my dear Frau von Hohenstädt," said Katharina with the most winning cordiality, as she seated herself. "I really could not allow myself to be sent away, as I think you will soon feel, since we have so many things to discuss."

"To discuss?" asked the old lady in astonishment.

"And so this is the house, the room, in which our dear Erica has hitherto spent her life. How deeply all this moves me; how much value the simplest thing acquires when it belongs to those who are dear to us!"

"You are right in the broadest sense of the words, your Highness, we can love even inanimate objects, and thus ugly things may become dear."

"You have mountain-ash trees before the door, I see. What a beautiful red the berries turn, only unfortunately the color announces the approach of autumn. In Russia my cook made an excellent jelly of these berries, but I can't have it here, no German or French cook knows the receipt."

"You ought to send to Russia for it," replied the invalid with a faint smile.

"I suppose the picture over your sofa is a portrait of dear Erica, when she was a child?"

"No, it is my eldest daughter, who died when only eight years old."

"How very sad! Have you any other children?"

"I had five, but God has left me only Erica."

"I was told that your maiden name was Kroneck, perhaps you are related to the Kronecks of Falkenhausen?"

"They are my cousins," replied the invalid with evident coldness, and then added in the same tone, "I must beg your Highness to drop this subject, it pains and agitates me."

Katharina looked at the speaker in astonishment. "There are quarrels in every large family," she answered carelessly, "one ought not to be disturbed by them. But to come to the object of my visit, I see I can for the present express my gratitude for my little Carlos's rescue only to Erica's mother."

"I must not accept your thanks," replied the invalid with a sad smile. "It was very much against my will that Erica undertook the hazardous enterprise, and if I had known of it, I should certainly have forbidden her to do so."

The princess's cheek flushed crimson, and her restless eyes flashed angrily. "You are jesting, madame. You cannot possibly mean to say that you would not have prevented a most shameful act of villany."

"In so far as it was to be prevented by my daughter's assistance, most assuredly I do. The fortunate result of her adventure is a great mercy, for which we ought to offer fervent thanks to God, but which we could not possibly expect. A woman who has lost everything except this one daughter, must possess more than human generosity to be willing to sacrifice her jewel, even for so great a prize."

Katharina rose and went to the window. Her eyes wandered restlessly over the scene, and it was not until after a long pause that she turned back into the room, and again approached the invalid.

"Really, madame," she began, in a tone of almost mocking courtesy, "you are so extremely frank that I could not at first find words to answer."

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"I am surprised, your Highness," replied the invalid quietly. "A lady whose maternal love is so greatly lauded, ought to think my statement so natural that any assurance to the contrary would appear like hypocrisy."

"We who belong to the fashionable world are so accustomed to the constant hypocrisy of politeness, that any different treatment must always seem somewhat singular."

"I thank you for the information, princess. You teach me the peculiar advantages of my secluded life."

Katharina, who had not resumed her seat, but remained standing before her companion, once more went to the window to look at the view, and then paced up and down the room again, while the invalid, whose nerves could endure neither noise nor restlessness, leaned back in her chair, and by the involuntary expressions of pain that flitted over her face betrayed the torture this constant bustle inflicted. The rustling sound made by Katharina's long silk dress, as it swept over the floor, at last became so unendurable that she touched the bell standing beside her, to summon the servant. The princess, startled by the unexpected sound, paused in the centre of the room, while Christine opened the door and rushed up to her mistress.

"I am ill," whispered the latter faintly; "take me to my room. The princess will excuse me."

Katharina must have had very quick ears, for she had caught the murmured words, and hastily approaching the sick woman, said quickly, "I deeply regret this indisposition, but nevertheless must insist upon having a moment's audience. The servant can stay in the next room and come in presently."

But Christine did not allow herself to be intimidated by the authoritative manner. Her mistress's pale face destroyed all her reverence for the aristocratic lady, and she paid no attention to her commands, but looked inquiringly at the invalid.

"Go, Christine," murmured the latter, "the princess, in consideration of my health, will doubtless make her communication in as few words as possible."

This, however, did not seem to be the case, for Christine had already obeyed the command and left the room, and yet Katharina did not utter a syllable, but on the contrary seemed inclined to continue her promenade. At last she controlled her restlessness, stood close beside the invalid, and began with almost incoherent haste,—

"As you will not accept my thanks, I won't trouble you with them; but you must at least permit me to do all that lies in my power for our guardian angel, Erica. Fräulein von Sassnitz, my companion, is about to leave my house for various reasons. I therefore offer the position to Erica, and hope her mother will make no objection. Erica will thus have an opportunity to enter society, and in a position which will procure for her all the advantages she unfortunately lacks at home. True, I am aware that she now possesses neither the accomplishments nor the familiarity with the forms of society which I can and must expect from my companion, but she is a dear and, I think, bright child, and therefore will soon acquire what she lacks. I myself will do all in my power to train her, and when in a few years I bring her back, you will be astonished to see into what a beautiful flower the little heather blossom has bloomed."

Katharina paused and gazed eagerly at the invalid, who was leaning back in her chair perfectly motienless, and apparently unsympathizing. A pause ensued, which the princess, in her impatience, soon interrupted, for she continued,—

"Well, you do not reply. I think my proposal was at least worth an answer. I suppose it will be hard for you to part with your only child, but true maternal love thinks only of the child's happiness, and is ready to make every sacrifice."

"Certainly, your Highness," replied the invalid in a faint voice, making an effort to sit upright in her chair. "But do you think it can be for Erica's happiness to leave her mother in a condition in which every hour, every moment, death stands beside her couch, and threatens to deal the final blow?"

"He menaces those in health also, Frau von Hohenstädt, it is the universal lot of men. And even granting that you are nearer your end than we, ought you not therefore to think solely of providing for your daughter's future, ought you ——"

An almost imperious gesture from the invalid suddenly silenced Katharina, who noticed the change in her companion with a vague sense of fear. The latter now sat erect in her chair, and her voice sounded full and clear as she replied.

"My life here has been devoted solely to the one purpose of securing Erica's future, and I can say without boasting, that I have done everything in my power. But to send my daughter, the only treasure fate has left me, away from my death-bed, is

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

beyond my strength, beyond the strength of any human being, and therefore God will not demand the sacrifice. I place my child's future in his hand, and rely on him alone, for I have learned the perishableness of all earthly things, and that mortals, even the richest and most powerful, can never offer any security for the future."

"In that case, madame, I can do no more," replied Katharina coldly. "You rudely reject every attempt to show my gratitude, and if I were as selfish as the majority of people unfortunately are, I should rejoice that in this way every sacrifice was spared me. But on the contrary I am grieved to be unable to do anything for Erica, and, to justify myself to her, shall be compelled to tell her that her mother alone prevents any tangible expression of my gratitude."

She was silent, and looked at the invalid as if awaiting a reply. But the latter lay in her chair with closed eyes, so rigid and motionless, that Katharina suddenly trembled at the thought that she might be dead. Seizing the bell on the table, she rang it so violently that Christine rushed into the room in great alarm.

"Look to your mistress, my good woman," cried Katharina anxiously; "see if she is dead, or only fainting."

"Merciful God! what has happened?" shrieked Christine, rushing up to the invalid's chair. Bending over her, she listened to her faint almost inaudible breathing, and the almost equally imperceptible beating of her heart. When convinced that only a fainting fit, not death had attacked her mistress, she again stood erect, and without the slightest vestige of respect in her manner, said in a loud, stern voice, —

"The princess can now see for herself how much mischief she has done by her visit. My mistress ordered me to send you away; but how is a poor servant to prevent any whim a great lady takes into her head? If any intruder comes to the well, I can scold and drive him away, but I can't possibly get rid of a princess who forces herself into the house. If this is the way aristocratic people express their thanks for having their little princes saved from robbers, our Erica had better not tire herself out the next time, but leave it to others."

Katharina was at first fairly petrified by the unexpected assault, but afterwards seemed amused by the comicality of Christine's wrath. At last she laughed aloud, and would perhaps have wholly forgotten the fainting woman, had not Christine, spite of her torrent of words, hastily applied all the remedies at hand. She untied her cap-ribbons, opened her dress, sprinkled water in her face and rubbed her temples with some restorative. Katharina's laugh irritated her beyond endurance, and she burst forth again,—

"I see nothing ridiculous here. Perhaps great ladies have other ideas of amusement, we poor people don't laugh when we see a fainting woman, but rush forward to help, especially when it is our own fault."

"Enough, my good woman!" said Katharina, not without dignity. "Your conduct is well suited to excite my mirth, since it is beneath my anger. Here is a gold piece for you, it shall make amends. I am sincerely sorry for your mistress' illness, but my visit cannot possibly have had the slightest connection with it. I will send my servant to help you carry the sick lady to her bed."

"I'll take the gold piece, for it will enable me to get my poor mistress many a comfort without her suspecting it. But as for the help of yonder liveried gentleman, who is standing outside turning up his nose at our house, I thank you kindly, but I can do without it."

"As you choose, my good woman. But as you intend to make such good use of the money, I will empty my purse in your hand. Your mistress seems too ill to trouble herself about the source of your expenditures, or perhaps even notice them. So get whatever she needs, and if you want more, come to me."

"I thank you, Frau Princess. I'll spend it to the very best of my ability," said the old woman, deeply moved, as Katharina poured a shower of gold into her apron. This seemed to restore peace between the contending parties, and Christine even accompanied the princess to the door of the adjoining room, where little Carlos and his nurse were waiting, but hastily returned to her mistress, took the lifeless figure in her arms as if she had been a child, and carried her to bed.

Meantime Katharina descended the steps of the veranda, thinking to herself. "'Like master, like man,'" is an old proverb, and I can't wonder at the comical rudeness of the maid, but on the contrary easily understand why poor little Erica possesses so few attractions. Carlos, however, does not notice such things yet, and loves her in spite of her defects, and I will therefore do everythng in my power to have her with me. If the mother does

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

soon, which is to be expected, I can gain my point without any difficulty, and thus put the girl under obligations to me for life.

When Erica returned home, Christel gave her a full account of the visit that had just been received. The princess's gold piece had greatly softened the old woman, and she therefore allowed Erica to suppose that her mother's prolonged fainting fit had been caused by an unfortunate accident, rather than actual want of consideration on the part of the lady. The invalid had now regained her consciousness, but Erica dared not go into her room, as she required the most perfect rest and quiet.

The next morning Frau von Hohenstädt felt well enough to see her daughter. She called Erica to her bedside, feebly motioned to her to sit down beside her couch, and then began in a low tone,—

"Princess Bagadoff was here yesterday, Erica. From gratitude for the service rendered to her boy, she has offered you the position of companion, which is made vacant by Fräulein Sassnitz' departure. I, however, declined it in your name, for — good heavens, what is the matter, Erica?" exclaimed the invalid in alarm, "you are as pale as death."

Erica's change of color was indeed so remarkable, her agitation so unmistakable, that she could not conceal it. She stammered a somewhat incoherent explanation, but her mother scarcely heeded her words. She gazed lovingly into her daughter's face, and said gently, "How can you suppose, child, that I would let you leave me, you who are the sole joy of my life?"

Erica fell on her knees beside her mother's bed, and throwing her arms around her, whispered with suppressed sobs, "My dear, dear mother, my home is with you."

The invalid smiled mournfully, and gently stroked her daughter's silken hair. "Calm yourself, Erica, you shall not leave your home yet. At the same time, I will frankly tell you that I do not like your princess. Apart from all other considerations, I would not consent to have you dependent upon this woman. Promise me, Erica, never to become Princess Bagadoff's companion."

The young girl gazed into her mother's face with an expression of mingled astonishment and inquiry, but when she perceived that the invalid's eyes rested upon her in anxious suspense, answered gently, "I promise, mamma."

"Thank you, my dear child. We will discuss this subject more fully in a few days; I am not strong enough to do so now."

"What more is there to say, mamma?" asked Erica, again surprised.

"Many things, my daughter," replied the invalid, in a low, sad tone. Then she again passed her hand lovingly over the hair of her unsuspecting child, and said wearily, —

"Leave me now, Erica. Perhaps God will send me the sleep I have not had all night."

When Erica entered the sitting-room, she went to the window and gazed steadily out of doors. It was the same one through which Katharina's glances had roved over the landscape the day before. The young girl's large, dreamy eyes, which rested mechanically on the various objects without, formed a striking contrast to the flickering light of the elder woman's restless looks. Erica stood motionless, absorbed in her own thoughts, but the changing expression of her features revealed that her reverie was a sad one. Now and then a sigh escaped her lips, and at last tears sprang to her eyes, which, as they rolled slowly down her cheeks, roused the dreamer to a sense of her situation. She hastily wiped them away with her handkerchief, and tried to remove the treacherous traces, then raised her head with an air of mingled grief and defiance, saying aloud, —

"I will never allow myself to be forced into a state of war."

She started at her own words, moved away from the window, went to the mirror, and gazed into it long and earnestly. She was so absorbed in watching her own image in the glass, that she did not notice Christine, who paused on the threshold in astonishment. The old servant's exclamation recalled her wandering thoughts. She nodded gaily to her, and then stepping directly in front of the amazed Christine, said almost solemnly, —

"Am I very ugly, Christine?"

"Good gracious, Erica, what nonsense!"

"I see I am very ugly, Christel," laughed Erica. "But," she added gravely, "do you think that people are loved only for their beauty?"

"If that were so, Erica, our good pastor would not be loved. It would hardly be possible to see an uglier man, and yet everybody knows he is an angel in human form."

"Yes, that is true," said Erica, in the same grave tone. "I too will try to be an angel in human form, help, counsel and save like my noble teacher, then people will love me and forget my ugly face."

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

WITHIN THE PRECINCTS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER I.

ST. MICHAEL'S.

THE Abbey Church of St. Michael's stands on a low hill in a flat and fertile country. The holy places which are sacred to the great archangel seem to settle naturally upon a mount; and this, one of the noblest structures consecrated under his name, had all the effect of a very high elevation — so wide-spreading was the landscape round, so vast the sweep of plain, fields, and woods, great parks and commons, and gleaming white villages like ships at sea, which could be seen from its walls and terraces. Though the settlement was ecclesiastical, the place had been walled and defensible in the days when danger threatened wealth whatever form it assumed. Danger, however, had long been far from the thoughts of the dignified corporation which held its reverend court upon the hill. The Abbey was as splendid as any cathedral, and possessed a dean and chapter, though no bishop. It was of late Gothic, perpendicular and magnificent; and the walls and towers which still surrounded it, and even the old houses within the precincts, were older still than the Abbey, and could have furnished many "bits" to make the heart of a mediæval architect glad. The very turf which filed the quadrangle and clothed the slope of the Dean's Walk was a production of centuries; the chapter-house was full of historical documents, and the library of rare books; and there were antiquarian fanatics who protested that the wealthy living belonging to the Abbey, and its old endowments, were the least of its riches. Nor was this establishment on the hill confined to ecclesiastical interests only. The beautiful church was the chapel of an order of knighthood, and opposite to it — forming an integral part of the pile of building — was a line of small ancient houses, forming a kind of screen and inner wall of defence to the sacred citadel, which were the lodges of a supplementary order of pensioners — chevaliers of St. Michael — which at the time of the foundation had given such a balance as the Middle Ages loved, of Christian charity and help, to the splendor and braggadocio of the more glorious knights. Thus the little community which inhabited this noble old pile of buildings was varied and composite. The highest official in it was the costly and aristocratic dean, the lowest the lay clerks, who were housed humbly in the shadow of the church in a little cloister of their own, and who daily filled the Abbey with the noblest music. The Deanery was at the east end of the abbey, and included the great tower which showed for miles round, with its lighted windows, rising up into the night. The canons' houses, if not equally fine, were still great old houses standing on the edge of the hill, their walls rising straight from the green slopes dotted with trees, round the foot of which a little red-roofed town had gathered; and the Abbey itself stood between those stately habitations and the humbler lodgers of the chevaliers, which shut off the lower level of sloping bank on the other side. The dean himself was of a great family, and belonged not only to the nobility, but higher still, to the most select circles of fashion, and had a noble wife and such a position in society as many a bishop envied; and among his canons were men, not only of family, but possessed of some mild links of connection with the worlds of learning and scholarship, — even it was said that one had writ a book in days when books were not so common. The minor canons were of humbler degree; they were the links between gods and men, so to speak, between the Olympus of the chapter and the common secular sphere below. We will not deceive the reader nor buoy him up with hopes that this history concerns the lofty fortunes of the members of that sacred and superior class. To no such distinction can these humble pages aspire; our office is of a lowlier kind. On Olympus the doings are all splendid, if not, as old chroniclers tell, much wiser than beneath amid the humbler haunts of men. All that we can do is to tell how these higher circles looked, to eyes gazing keenly upon them from the mullioned windows which gave a subdued light to the little rooms of the chevaliers' lodges on the southern side of St. Michael's Hill.

These lodges were two stories in height, with very small rooms and very solid masonry, little gardens in front of them, and a tower at each end. Many creeping plants clung about the old walls, and especially there were clouds of Virginia creeper, which made them glorious in autumn. It was, however, on a summer afternoon, at the time this history begins, that Lottie Despard — the only daughter of Captain Despard, a chevalier not very long appointed to that office — sat with her head out through the open window, framed between the mullions, watching the broad slope of the Dean's Walk which lay

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

between her and the church, and led to the Deanery and the heights beyond. The Deanery was at this moment the most important place in the world, not only to Lottie, but to many other spectators who thronged the slope beneath her window. For this day a great event had happened in St. Michael's. The dean's only daughter, Augusta Huntington, had been married that morning with all the pomp imaginable. It had been like a royal wedding, sumptuous in ritual, in music, and fine company; and now after taking a little repose during the time which the wedding-party spent at breakfast, the Abbey precincts were beginning to fill again with little groups, and all the people within to come to their windows, to see the bride and bridegroom go away.

Lottie Despard was beyond all comparison the prettiest, and she was also the youngest, of all the ladies in the lodges. She was of Irish descent, and she had the whiteness of skin, the blackness of abundant hair, the deep blue eyes that so often go with Milesian blood. Such eyelashes had never been seen at St. Michael's; indeed, they had never been seen anywhere "out of Mrs. Jarley's waxworks!" some ill-natured critics said. Sometimes, when Lottie was specially pale or weary, they seemed to overshadow her face; but she was neither weary nor pale at this particular moment. She was in great excitement on the contrary, and flushed with expectation. Though she was only the daughter of a poor chevalier, Lottie had advantages which separated her from the rest of that little company. Her father was of good family, a point on which she insisted strenuously; and she herself was the possessor of a beautiful voice. The former particular would not have been of much advantage to her, for what was the Despards' old and faded quality to the great people at St. Michael's? But a voice is a different matter; and there had arisen between Miss Huntington and the chevalier's daughter a kind of intimacy very flattering (the neighbors thought) to Lottie. They had sung together so much and seen so much of each other, that the lodges expected nothing less than that Lottie would have been asked to the wedding or even — greater honor still! — to be a bridesmaid; and Lottie herself had been wounded and disappointed beyond measure when she found herself left entirely out. But there was still the possibility that the bride might show she had not forgotten her humble friend altogether; and it was for this that Lottie was waiting so anxiously as the time of departure approached. A word, a sign, a wave of the hand surely would be vouchsafed to her as the carriage passed. Her heart was beating loudly as she bent out of the window, — a pretty sight to see from without, for the window was framed in luxuriant wreaths of green, with trailing tendrils of the young delicate leaves which in autumn flamed like scarlet flowers against the wall. The people who were gathering on the road below gave many a look at her. And, though the young ladies from the shop, who had got half-an-hour's leave to see how their handiwork looked in the bride's travelling-dress, were deeply sensible of the fact that a poor chevalier's daughter was no better than themselves, yet they could not help looking and envying Lottie, if only for the window at which she could sit in comfort and see everything that went on, instead of standing in the sun as they had to do. They forgot her, however, and everything else as the carriage drove up to the Deanery to take the bridal pair away. The dean's daughter was so much the princess of the community that a compromise had been made between popularity and decorum; and it was in a carriage partially open, that an admiring people might behold her as she passed, that she was to drive away. There was the usual long waiting at the door while the farewells were made, during which time the outside world looked on respectfully; and then, with a crowd of "Good-byes" thrown after her, and a few — but only a very few, for the Deanery was nothing if not decorous — white satin slippers, and a prance and dash of the impatient horses, and a flourish of the coachman's whip, and a parting gleam of the wedding favor on his breast, the bridal pair rolled rapidly past, and all was over. How quickly they went, everybody said, and how well she looked; and how well that brown dress looked, though it had been thought rather dowdy for such an occasion; and the feather in the hat, how well it matched, about which there had been so much trouble! Some who had the time paused to see the wedding-guests disperse, and catch other beatific glimpses of fine bonnets and gay dresses; but most of the spectators, after this last and crowning point of the performance, streamed down the slope and out at the great gateway, and were seen no more.

Lottie drew in her head from the window the moment the carriage passed. She grew red when other people grew pale, being pale by nature; and her face was

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

crimson as she withdrew it from the opening, and came in again to the little room in which most of her life was spent. Her lips were closed very tight, her soft forehead contracted, her blue eyes, gleaming with anger and disappointment, were (most unwillingly) quenched in tears. She clasped her hands together with a vehement clasp. "It would have cost so little to give a look!" she cried; then bit her lips and clenched her hands and stamped her foot upon the floor, in a forlorn but vigorous effort to restrain her tears.

"What does it matter to you?" said a tall young fellow, sufficiently like Lottie to prove himself her brother, who had looked out lazily over her head while the carriage was passing. He had his hands in his pockets and a slouching gait generally, and looked too big for the little room. She had almost pushed against him in her rapid movements, for his movements were never rapid, and he had not had time to take one hand out of his pocket before she flashed round upon him with two red spots on her cheeks and fury in her heart.

"What does it matter? Oh, nothing! nothing!" cried Lottie. "Why should anything matter? It only shows me a little more, a very little more, how cold the world is, and that nobody has a heart!"

"Few people have very much, I suppose," said the young man; "at least, so the governor says; and sometimes it's hard lines, or so I hear. But what good or harm could it do you to have a parting sign from *her?* I knew she would never give it you. I knew she would be thinking of nobody but herself —— "

"What did you know about it?" cried the girl. "You were never a friend of hers! you were never begged and prayed to go and sing at the Deanery! she never came down the Abbey Hill to look for you! But me she has done all that for; and when I thought just for once she would let everybody see that Lottie Despard was a friend — O Law, for the love of heaven, go and work at something, and don't stand there staring at me!"

"What am I to work at?" said the young man with a yawn. "It's past working hours; besides, in summer how can any one work? I can't make head nor tail of that Euclid when the sun is shining."

"But when the sun is not shining, Law?"

"Oh! then," said the youth, with a bright Irish smile breaking over his somewhat cloudy face, "I can make out the head, but not the tail, and the sting is in the tail, you know! Good-bye, Lottie, and never mind any mother's daughter of them. They cannot make us anything but what we are, whatever they may do."

"And what are we?" said Lottie to herself, as her brother strolled lazily out. There was more air to breathe when he was gone, which was something. She sat down upon the little old faded sofa, and shed a few more bitter tears of disappointment and mortification. We all like to think well of ourselves when that is possible; to think well of our belongings, our people, our position in the world — all that makes up that external idea of us which we make acquaintance with often years before we know our own real being. No one can tell what the atmosphere of well-being, of external credit, and public esteem is to a child; and this Lottie had never known. They had been poor, but poverty is no hindrance to that feeling of harmony with the world around which is the higher soul of respectability. But there had not been much about the Despards to respect. The father had been a good officer in his day, and if he had not been without money and interest, and everything that could help him on, might have been distinguished in his profession. But those were the days of purchase, and Captain Despard had remained Captain Despard, and had bitterly resented this fact. His wife, too, though she was Lottie's mother and sacred on that account, had not been of a kind to reclaim for her husband the failing credit of his life. They had lived, as most poor officers on half pay with pretensions to gentility and hankerings after pleasure, do live. They were in debt all round, as need not be said; and Mrs. Despard's life would have been rendered miserable by it if she had not escaped from the contemplation by means of every cheap merry-making or possible extravagance she could attain to. All had been huggermugger in Lottie's early life; a life not destitute of amusements, indeed, but full of bitterness, small mortifications, snubs, and the cold shoulder of social contempt. Lottie herself had heard in childish quarrels, through the frank recriminations of her childish companions, the frankest statements of what other people thought of her parents; and this had opened her baby eyes prematurely to the facts of the case. It must be supposed that there was some respectable grandpapa, some precise and orderly aunt in the Despard kindred, who had given to Lottie a nature so different

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY · Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 · Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

from that of her immediate progenitors. As she grew older everything about her had looked to Lottie as the fairy splendor looked in the eyes of the disenchanted human spectator. Her mother's gay dresses, which she once thought so pretty, came to look like the miserable finery they were; her mother's gaiety had become noise and excitement. Her father's grand air grew the poorest false pretension; for must he not know, Lottie thought, how everybody spoke of him, how little any one thought of his assumption? And the house was miserable, dirty, disorderly, mean and gaudy, full of riot and waste and want and poverty — one day a feast, another nothing. Even careless Law — the big boy who was too much at home, who was scarcely ever at school, and who often had no clothes to go out in — even Law saw how wretched it was at home, though he was hopeless as well as careless, and asked his sister what was the good of minding, what could they do? But Lottie was not of the kind which can let ill alone, or well either, for that matter. She did mind; and as she grew older, every week, every day added to the flame of impatience in her. Just, however, when that was coming beyond the possibility of further repression, Mrs. Despard fell ill and died, and Lottie at sixteen was left alone, miserable, with remorseful thoughts of having recently blamed the mother who was now out of reach, and to whom she could never make amends for those injurious secret fault-findings; and full of anxieties unspeakable — forlorn wonderings what she was to do, and eagerness to do something. Her grief was lightened by the feeling that now she had everything in her hands and could "make a change," even when it was made more heavy by the thought that she had found fault in her heart with the mother who was dead. It seemed to the girl that she must be able, by dint of devoting herself to it, to change everything,— to keep the house in order if she did it with her own hands, to pay the bills wherever the money came from. She was overflowing with life and energy and activity, and disapproved of all the ways of the past. She was like a new king coming to the throne, a new ministry of idealists bent upon undoing all their predecessors had done and doing everything as it ought to be done. Alas, poor Lottie! the young king with all the stiff precedents of a hundred years against him, the young ministry confronted by a thousand problems, and finding their ideal pronounced impracticable on every side, were nothing to the heaven-born reformer of the household with a pleasure-loving, impecunious father to whom debt was second nature, and who always had preferred fun to respectability. And she dashed at her reforms too boldly, as was natural to her age, insisting upon brushings and sweepings till Betty threw up her situation, and asking for money till her father swore at her. "It is to pay the bills, papa! I want to pay the bills!" she had said, reduced to plead for that which she thought she had a right to demand. "D—— the bills!" was all Captain Despard replied.

And even Law, when Lottie tried to order him off to school, was unmanageable. He was no reformer like his sister, but on the whole preferred going just when it suited him and lounging at home between. To be sure home was less amusing now that poor mammy, as they called her, was gone. Her laughter and her complaints, and her odd visitors, and all her slipshod ways, had kept noise and movement, if nothing more, about the house. The tawdry women and the shabby men who had been her friends were all afraid of the dulness which naturally follows a death in the family. Some of these women, indeed, had come to Lottie all tears and kisses, offering to stay with her, and asking what they could do; but their sympathy did not comfort the girl, who even in her deepest grief was all tingling with plans and desires to be doing, and an eager activity and impatience to make the changes she wished. But they fluttered away every one when the first excitement was over, and the dulness that is inevitable fell upon the house. To do them justice, there was not one among them who would not have come daily to "sit with Lottie," to comfort her with all the news that was going, and tell her that she must not mope. But Lottie wanted none of their consolations, and did not miss her mother's friends when they abandoned her. She did not miss them, but Law did. Yet he would not go to school; he sat and made faces at her when she ordered and scolded him. "If I didn't do what *she* told me, do you think I will do what you tell me?" said Law; and then Lottie wept and prayed. "What will become of you, Law? what will you ever be good for? Papa has no money to leave us, and you will not be able to do anything!"

"Who said I wanted to do anything?" said Law flippantly; and then, "Who said I should not be able to do anything?" he added with offence. "I can pick it up whenever I like." But Lottie, preternat-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

urally, awfully wise, feeling the burden of the world upon her shoulders, knew that he could not pick it up when he pleased. She knew that education had to be acquired painfully, not sipped a little mouthful at a time. She had never had any education herself, but yet she knew this, as she knew so many things, by instinct, by constant critical observation of the habits which she disapproved. There are few more vigorously successful ways of finding out what is right than by living among people whom we feel indignantly to be wrong.

"You may think what you like," she said, "Law — but I *know* that you cannot learn anything in that way. Three days at home and one at school! I wonder they let you go at all. I wonder they don't turn you out. I wonder they did not turn you out long ago!"

"And that is just what they are always threatening to do," said Law, laughing, "but they have not the heart of a mouse, the fellows at the grammar school. And they'll never do it, though I shouldn't mind. I should be free then, and never have to trouble my head about anything at all."

"You'll have to trouble your head when you have to work and don't know how," said Lottie. "Oh, if I was a boy! It's no use wishing, I am only a girl, and you are a great lump, neither one nor the other; but if I were only a boy, and could get something to do and a little money to pay these bills ——"

"Oh, dash the bills, as papa says. He don't say 'dash,'" said Law, with provoking calm; "but then I shouldn't swear."

"Oh, Law, I should like to beat you!" said Lottie, clenching her little fists in impotent anger, and setting her teeth. But Law only laughed the more.

"You had better not," he said, when he had got over his laugh, "for I am a deal stronger than you."

And so he was, and so were they all, much stronger than poor Lottie; even Betty, who would not scrub, but who was too well used to all the ways of the family and aware of all their troubles to be sent away. She fought for a time hard and bitterly, striving with all her might to clean, and to dust, and to keep things straight, to the infinite discontent of everybody concerned. But yet perhaps the girl's struggles were not utterly without use; for when the next astonishing change came into their lives, and their little income was suddenly increased by half, and a removal made necessary, Captain Despard, of his own accord, turned Lottie's despair in a moment into hope and joy. He said, "Now, Lottie, you shall have things your own way. Now you shall see what you can do. This is a new start for us all. If you can keep us respectable, by Jove, you shall, and nobody shall stop you. A man ought to be respectable when he's made a chevalier of St. Michael." Lottie's heart leaped up, up from where it lay fathoms deep in unutterable depression and discouragement. "Oh, papa, papa, do you mean it? Will you keep your word?" she cried, happy yet dubious; and how he kept it, but with a difference, and how they set out upon this new chapter in their career, shall be told before we come back again to Lottie in her proper person, in the little drawing-room in the chevaliers' quarters within the Abbey precincts, on Miss Huntington's wedding-day.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHEVALIERS' LODGES.

THE name of a chevalier of St. Michael sounds very splendid to innocent and uninstructed ears. It is a title which stands alone in England at least. Poor knights have been heard of both in flesh and blood and in confectionery, in other places; but the title chevalier is preserved in St. Michael's and there alone. Lottie thought it very imposing, and her heart leaped, partly with a sense of her own injustice all her life to her father, of whose merits, in youthful irreverence, she had hitherto thought but little. He must be, she thought involuntarily, a great deal braver, better, and altogether of more importance than she had supposed, when his qualities could win him such a distinction from his country; for that it was a distinction accorded by the country Lottie had no manner of doubt in those days. She was overawed and overjoyed: first of all on account of the people in Fairford, where they had hitherto lived, and who had shown but little respect for the family; but much more on her own account. She felt reconciled to herself, to her kind, to all her circumstances, when she reflected that she was the daughter of a chevalier of St. Michael, and that Betty would never leave Fairford, and that Captain Despard had expressed himself in favor of respectability as a thing to be cultivated. Life suddenly took a new aspect to her. She thought they would be able to shake off every incumbrance when they went away. Her father would henceforward live a stately and dignified life as became his position. He would not haunt the places

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

where billiards were played, and wear a number of shabby coats, each worse than the other, but every one with a flower in it. The flower, which most people would have thought a softening clause, was intolerable to Lottie; it looked like a piece of braggadocio, a wilful defiance of public opinion or declaration of independence. But henceforward, if he must wear a flower, it must be at least in a tolerable coat; henceforward he would be trim and smooth, and come in at a respectable hour; henceforward there should be no bills except weekly ones, and Law should go to school — nay, Law was too old for school now — but at least he would read with a tutor, and grow into a creature of whom his sister might be proud. Perhaps this was but another way of expressing the domestic tyranny of which Lottie's will was full. She was so anxious to be able to be proud of her father and brother; was not that another way of saying that she wanted to get them up, or down, to her feminine standard, and control and bind and keep them at her apron-string? So, perhaps, a cynic might have said. But Lottie was unconscious of any such intention. She was eager to have something which she had not, the opposite of what she had — and thus, too, it may be said, she fell into a commonplace.

But when the family got to St. Michael's, Lottie's hopes came to a melancholy conclusion. Not only did Captain Despard remain very much the same — which was a thing that most people anticipated — and Law decline the tutor upon whom Lottie had set her heart: but St. Michael's itself and the chevaliership turned out something very different from the girl's exalted expectations. She found that this office was not looked upon on the spot as a reward of distinguished merit bestowed by the country, but only as a sort of pension for a number of shabby old soldiers whose friends had scraped together interest enough to have them thus poorly provided for. She found a hierarchy of a totally different kind constituted and reigning in which these poor chevaliers had no place. And she found herself — she whose chief inspiration was this proud and eager desire to be somebody — in a place where she could never be other than nobody, and where no nobler self-denial on the part of her father, no virtue in Law, could call forth the acclamation of the world. In Fairford there were people as poor as themselves whom all the world thought well of, and of whom Lottie was envious; but here she was one of a class who were not thought very well of, and whom nobody esteemed; while at the same time close before her eyes, daily visible, appeared the class to which in imagination and by right of nature Lottie felt herself to belong, the real upper class; refined people with libraries and quantities of books; ladies who had all manner of accomplishments, who could play, and who could draw, and speak foreign languages. But they took no notice of Lottie, nor for that matter of anybody belonging to the chevaliers; the very tradespeople in the town looked coldly at her, she thought, when she gave orders for her small purchases to be sent to the lodges, and the only people who came to see her were the other chevaliers' wives and daughters, whom Lottie, moved by the popular sentiment, even when she fought most bitterly against it, felt herself disposed to despise. It is not pleasant to find that only your own class take any notice of you. If a baker's wife were to be visited by none but bakers' wives she would not like it, though perhaps her most intimate friends would naturally be in the trade; and Lottie did not like it. She had expected something so different. Society, she thought, and a brighter world were going to open upon her; and lo! nothing at all opened upon her except the new little community of shabby old soldiers with their wives, disposed to be fine, as her mother's friends had been, and able to carry out their inclinations, oh, so poorly! poor shabby ladies with their reminiscences of gay garrisons or gossiping Indian stations. Some of them had seen a great deal of life, and might have furnished much amusement to an observant young woman. But Lottie was sore, and disappointed, and humbled in her own conceit.

And there was another way in which the word of promise was kept to her ear, with far other meaning than she had hoped. Captain Despard had a very serious interview with his daughter when they arrived in their little house. He called her out of the little box which was her drawing-room to the other little box where he had established himself, and deigned to enter upon the question of income.

"Now, Lottie," he said, "you have chosen to bother me lately about money, and expressed views which I could not sanction about weekly bills."

"Only to save you trouble, papa," said Lottie; "if we do it every week, we may

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

hope to keep within our income; but how can you ever do that when you leave butchers and bakers for a year?"

"My child," said Captain Despard, with his grand air, "circumstances have enabled me to yield to your wishes. I don't say if it's a system I approve or don't approve. I say to myself, Lottie is my only girl, and she is like her dear mother; she shall have her way. From this day, my dear, the new income which I receive from my country will go straight into your hands. It is but a pittance. A poor soldier stands a poor chance in these times, but such as it is, my love, it shows your father's trust in you. Take it, Lottie, and pay your bills according to your pleasure. I will ask no questions; weekly, monthly, or once a quarter, as long as I have a bit of dinner and a cup of coffee when I want it. Your father's confidence in you is perfect, Lottie, and I leave it all to you."

"Papa!" said the girl, trembling, half delighted, half frightened, half taken in by that grand air. But he would hear no more. He kissed her forehead with the favorite action of the *père noble*, and hurried away. "No thanks, my child; no thanks," he said.

It was a pittance. Lottie stood when he left her gazing after him, her veins tingling with mingled disappointment and pleasure. To the inexperienced it seems always possible to do a great deal with a little, and the power of paying bills at all seemed a heavenly power. But Captain Despard chuckled to himself as he went away. He had purchased by that fine address the right to be disagreeable ever after, to wave his hand loftily, and to decline all knowledge of details. "Keep to your bargain, my dear, and I'll keep to mine," he had the right to say; and whereas some of his former income always had to be wasted upon the household, let him make what resistance he would, at least that would be the case no longer. Thus Lottie had her way, but in such a changed form that it no longer seemed her way. With the addition of the St. Michael's allowance she had hoped that there would be plenty for all needs; but what was she to do with the St. Michael's allowance and no more? Nevertheless, Lottie plucked up a heart. To feel that she had something was always exhilarating, and inexperience has wild hopes which knowledge does not venture to share. Her little room was full, for a week after, of little bits of paper scribbled over with calculations. She was determined to do it. If the dinner was not good enough for papa, he must just go and dine elsewhere. And there was no Betty to make herself disagreeable, but only a young girl, whom Lottie, heaven save her! meant to train. Once a week or so Law and she could very well do without a dinner. They were both still great on bread and butter, and capable, not knowing anything about digestion, of swallowing innumerable cups of tea. Her fond hopes of furniture and "picking up things" to make the little old house pretty, must be relinquished, it was true; but still at nineteen one can put up with a great deal in the present. There is always the future, so much of the future, like the sky and the plain from St. Michael's hill, spreading above, below, everywhere without limit or bound, save in the eyes which can only reach a certain distance. So Lottie comforted herself for "just now," and marched on into her life, colors flying and drums beating, taking as little heed as she could of those stragglers who would always fall out of the ranks — her father always shuffling off to some new haunt or other, the places which such men find out by instinct in the least-known locality, and large, loose-limbed Law, whose vague career was always dubious, and who could not keep step. Never mind! Lottie herself set out, brave, head erect, eyes straight, all her faculties in fullest attention to the roll of her own cheerful drum.

The earliest part of her career here, however, was brightened yet disturbed by a discovery which considerably confused her mind in her outset, and seemed to open better prospects before her. Lottie found out that she had a voice. She had known that she could sing long before, and had performed many a time in the little parlor at Fairford to the admiration of all hearers, singing every new comic song that burst upon the little provincial world from the music-halls in London, and knowing no better, so long as she was a child. There was no harm in the songs she sang, nothing but absolute silliness and flippancy such as is natural to that kind of production; but as Lottie grew into womanhood, and began by instinct to know better, she gave them up, and knowing no others except some ancient sentimental ditties of her mother's, gave up singing, so far as a musical creature can give up what is another kind of breathing to her. But when she heard the choir in the Abbey Church, Lottie woke up, with such a delightful discovery of what music was, and such an ecstatic finding out of her own powers, as words cannot express. She had an old, jingling, worn-out piano,

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

and had "learned to play" from her mother, who knew nothing about it, except as much as could be taught to a schoolgirl twenty years before; but this meagre instruction, and the bad instrument, and the half-dozen "pieces" which were all Mrs. Despard's musical library, had not attracted the pupil, and it was not till she heard the organ pealing through St. Michael's, and the choristers singing like angels — though they were not like angels out of doors — that Lottie awoke to a real consciousness of her own gift. She had never had any education herself. Though she was so anxious for school for Law, it had not occurred to her that she wanted any schooling. Lottie was narrow-minded and practical. She did not understand self-culture. She wanted Law to learn, because without education he could not do anything worth thinking of, could not earn any money, could not get on in the world. Perhaps it is true that women have a natural inclination to calculate in this way. She did not care a straw for the cultivation of Law as Law, but that he should be good for something, get a good situation, have some hopes of comfort and prosperity. For herself, what did it matter? She never could know enough to teach, and Captain Despard would not let his daughter teach; besides, she had plenty to do at home, and could not be spared. She could read and write, and do her accounts, the latter very well indeed; and she had learned to "play" from her mother, and she could sew, rather badly at first, rather well now by dint of practice. What did a girl want more? But Lottie discovered now that a girl might want more.

"Is there any place where they will teach you to sing without money?" she said one day to old Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, her next-door neighbor, the old lady of all her neighbors whom Lottie liked best.

"Me jewel!" cried the old lady; "and is it without a charge you're meaning? They send an account if you do but look at them here, me dear."

"All of them?" said Lottie; "for I can sing, and I should like to learn to sing; but, you know, I can't pay — much ——"

"I know; nothing at all, if you're like us, me honey. But maybe you're better off. O'Shaughnessy, we don't make a secret of it, rose from the ranks, and we've never had a penny — I don't care who knows it — barring our pay."

"We are not like that," said Lottie, drawing herself up. "Papa was always a gentleman" ("Then I don't give much for such gentlemen," murmured the other chevalier's lady under her breath), "and we have a little. That is — I mean he has a little — papa has a little," the girl said, on the edge of a confidence; and then stopped suddenly short.

"It don't do much for the children, I'll go bail," said the old lady. "That's the worst of fine gentlemen, me dear. O'Shaughnessy he asks me for a shillin' when he wants it, bless him — and that's the only way when there's so little. Singing, is it? If you're always to make such a stand on being a lady, me friend Lottie, I don't see how I can help you; but if you will come in free and comfortable, and take a dish of tay when Rowley's there — oh, to be sure, puff! my lady's off — but there's no harm in it; and he'll make you die with laughin' at him, him and his airs — and they tell me he has the best voice and the best method of any of the lay clerks."

"A singing man!"

"Well, and that was what ye wanted!" said the old woman. "You know as well as me, Miss Lottie, there's no singin' woman here."

Lottie protested that she could not consent to appear in such company — that papa would not allow it — that it was impossible. But she ended by promising to "run in" before old Major O'Shaughnessy began his rubber, and see this singing man. And the result was that, half out of friendship for his Irish hosts who did not pretend to be above him, and half out of pride to be interrogated so graciously about his invalid daughter by a young lady who gave herself such airs, Rowley, the first tenor, agreed for so low a rate as had never been heard of before to train Miss Despard's beautiful voice. "If the young lady had been a little boy, and if the signor could but ha' gotten hold on it!" Rowley said, in enthusiasm. It was the voice, which is impersonal, of which he spoke, and the signor was the organist. But good fortune had not as yet thrown him in Lottie's way. Soon, however, Rowley began to whisper it about that he had got a pupil who was quite good enough for Exeter Hall, if not for the Italian Opera, and the whole community was interested. Lottie herself, and her pretty looks, had not attracted any notice — but a voice was a very different matter. And then it was that steps were taken to make, for Lottie only, a "practicable" gap in the hedge of prickles which surrounded the cloisters and kept intruders out. Miss Despard was invited

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

cautiously to join the St. Michael's Choral Society, in which the divinities on the hill did not disdain to mingle their voices even with the lower-born outside the Abbey walls. And when it became known what a voice Lottie's was, the most remarkable thing happened that had occurred for at least a hundred years. The dean *called!* It was not Lady Caroline, but the dean; and a gentleman's visit, as is well known, is not the same thing as a lady's. But Lottie, who knew nothing of the laws of society, was flattered and happy, and saw a hundred lovely visions unfolding before her when the dean invited her to go to a private practice which was then going on in the Deanery drawing-room. "My daughter bade me fetch you, Miss Despard, if you would be good enough to come," he said gravely; but waited very impatiently till she was ready, in great terror lest "the father" should make his appearance, and his visit be construed into a call upon Captain Despard. Lottie put on her hat with her heart leaping and bounding. At last she had done it! At last paradise was opening before the peri! At last the wrongs of fate were to be set right, and herself conveyed back into her natural sphere. She went by the dean's side demurely, with downcast eyes, across the slope to the Deanery garden. The very stones felt elastic under her feet, there was a ringing of excitement and delight in the air and in her ears. She arrived breathless at the door, though they had not walked fast. So absorbed was she by all that was about to happen that Lottie never thought of the sensation there ran through the Abbey when the dean was seen walking to his own dignified door in company with Captain Despard's daughter. *That* Miss Despard? Lottie? The chevaliers, and their wives and daughters, could not believe their eyes.

Lottie held her head as high as usual when she came back. It no longer drooped with diffidence and delight. Once more she had come down with a jar into the realms of reality from those of hope. She was not received with open arms in that higher celestial world. Miss Augusta Huntington said, "How do you do, Miss Despard?" very sweetly, but Lady Caroline only bowed with her eyelids, a new mode of salutation which Lottie did not understand, and kept aloof — and no one else said anything to Lottie, except about the music. They gave her a cup of tea when all was over, but Lottie had to drink it in silence, while the others laughed and chatted. She was not of them, though they had brought her among them for the sake of her voice. "Are you going, Miss Despard?" said the dean's daughter, putting on the same sweet smile. "We are so much obliged to you for coming — the next practice is next Tuesday. Will you come as early as possible, please?" It was on Lottie's lips to say no — to tell them that she was a lady too, a better gentlewoman than they were, since she would not have treated any stranger so. But she was fortunately too shy to say anything, and made her exist hastily, and not so gracefully as the others who were at home. But she would not allow, even to herself, that she had come down again in that painful tussle with reality, which is so much different from dreams. She kept very quiet and said nothing, which seemed the wisest way. And as she walked home with a much more stately gravity than was her wont — a state put on to console herself for humiliation and disappointment and to vindicate, so to speak, her own dignity to herself, but which the lookers-on gave a very different interpretation of — Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, nodding and smiling, and in a state of great excitement, threw up the window and called to her as she was going past. "Come up, come up, and tell me all about it," the old lady said, so audibly that some of the ladies and gentlemen who had been in the Deanery turned round to look, and smiled at each other, making Lottie furious. As she could not stand there and explain before all the world, Lottie obeyed the call, and rushing up-stairs to the kind old Irishwoman's little bit of a drawing-room, appeared crimson with shame and wrath at the door.

"How could you call out so loud and make them laugh?" she said, with a strong inclination to burst into hot tears.

"Laugh, was it? and sure I'm ready to laugh too. To see you and his reverence the dean, Miss Lottie — no less would serve you! — arm in arm like a pair of young ——"

"We were not arm in arm," said Lottie, stamping her foot. Then she had the sense to perceive that the wicked old Irishwoman would but laugh the more at her petulance. She put her music on the table with a recovery of her dignified manners, and sat down.

"What did he say to ye? and what did me Lady Caroline say to ye? and were they all wild over yer beautiful voice, me honey?" said the old lady. "Come, take

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

off your hat, me pet, and ye shall have the best cup o' tea in the Abbey. And tell me all about it," she said.

"I have had a cup of tea, thank you," said Lottie. "Oh, yes, they are all well enough. Nobody talked to me — but then, I didn't expect them to talk to me. They wanted me to sing — and I sang — and that was all."

"And what more would you have, me jewel?" said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. "Now, you take my advice, Lottie. I'm old, and I know the world. Take what you can get, me dear, and wait till your time comes. Don't go and take offence and throw up the cards, and lose all you've got for a tantrum. Tantrums pass off, but life goes on. If they don't speak to you, it's their loss, for you have a clever little tongue o' your own. And you'll not be long there till they find out that. Don't say a word, me honey. I'll not bother you; but never take offence with the gentry——"

"The gentry!" cried the girl, furious, starting to her feet. "I am as much a lady as any of them — and more, for I would not be such — I would not be unkind——"

"Well — well — well! There, I have put my foot in it!" said the old lady. "I was thinking of meself, me dear, as if ye were a girl of me own. But you *are* a lady, honey; one has but to look at you," said the astute old woman; "and just you wait a bit, and all will come as it ought — sure, I know it will."

Lottie did not much trust the assurance, but she took the advice, feeling a quick admonition within herself as to the absurdity of her complaint, and the horrible possibility of anybody supposing that she felt herself not to be of the gentry, as good as any dean's daughter. So she went to the next practice, taking no notice of any want of courtesy, and the result was that there arose a kind of intimacy, as has been indicated, between Miss Huntington at the Deanery and the daughter of the poor chevalier — an intimacy, indeed, of a peculiar kind, in which all that was given came from the side of the poorer and insignificant, and the great young lady was content with taking all that poor Lottie was so willing to give. She sang the solos in their private little concerts, and though her science was less perfect than her voice, her ear was so good that Lottie was able to be a great deal of use. They sent for her when they had parties, when there was any one who wanted entertaining, and put Lottie to the only unnecessary personal expense she had ever gone into — a white muslin frock to make her presentable among that fine company. And thus she had gone and come, and had been called upon on all occasions, but without making any nearer advance than at first. Lady Caroline still made her a little inclination of her eyelids, though now and then she went so far as to say, "How do you do, Miss Despard?" All of this, however, Lottie would have pardoned, if the bride, when she went away, had but at last remembered her, and made her some little sign of farewell.

From The Tatler.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

FOOTBALL is undoubtedly in itself a fine and vigorous sport. It should call forth the qualities of skill, pluck, and endurance. But what sane, unbiassed person can say that the "game," as it is now played in almost every town throughout the kingdom, possesses one single attribute entitling it to popularity? What can honestly be said of a "sport" in which mere brute force bears the palm from pluck and skill? It is a common boast of those to whose perverted genius the revival of Rugby football is due that they rescued it from extinction by converting it from a rough-and-tumble scramble into a science. Truly, a science they have made it, but it is one of maiming and manslaughter. It is no longer demanded that the ball shall be skilfully manipulated past all opposition, or guided to a spot where overwhelming concentration will carry the day. These splendid innovators have given a death-blow to the tactical skill of the game, which was its chief beauty. The Rugby football-player *par excellence* of to-day is a man who is prepared to go upon the field with his life in his hand; and the pet of the team is he who can inflict most injuries and incite the greatest terror by his ferocity. The football arena is no longer a space for good-natured, if arduous, contention for supremacy; that has been supplanted (improved upon, they would have us believe) by a fierce hand-to-hand struggle of weaponless savages.

The forward players, with the ball in their midst, engage in a *mêlée* of which promiscuous kicking not infrequently forms an important part, and which bears a close resemblance to the contention of a box of infuriated spiders over a solitary fly. But it is on a back player getting the ball, and attempting to run with it, that the

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

course brutality of the "game" fully manifests itself. From the moment of picking the ball from the ground the player who holds it becomes a being for whom the delicate attentions customarily paid by red Indians to one of their number who is "running the gauntlet" would be considered too humane and considerate. He is beset in every possible way, fair or foul. He will not relinquish his hold, but struggles for freedom; he is subjected to semi-strangulation. But he is still unconquered, and, by dint of leaving a moiety of his shirt in the hands of the enemy, he once more breaks away. The foe is upon him again, however, and just as he nears the goal line, and success seems certain, he is seized suddenly by the legs and dashed to earth with a violence that deprives him for some minutes of his senses. On rising it is more than likely that his collar-bone is broken or his knee-cup smashed, in which case he will be a cripple for the remainder of his days. Or, if he escape permanent injury, it does not by any means follow that the player by whom he was "tackled" will be so fortunate. Every time a player resorts to the expedient of "collaring low," which means dashing blindly at the legs of a man running at full speed, he runs a frightful risk of injury. Not one, two, or three, but hundreds of instances occur during every season, with unfailing certainty, in which players are borne from the field with broken ribs, legs, or arms. The thing has become so common that the fact of being a "crack" player at Rugby football is synonymous with the possession of a frame that has experienced every conceivable description of fracture. Ask a dozen old players why they discontinued playing. It is notorious that many city firms and companies decline to retain the services of a football-player, so much loss have they sustained by the absence of their clerks on account of serious injuries. Let those who doubt inquire of the accident insurance companies how much is paid every year for football accidents. One of the largest has paid more for football than for gun and fire casualties put together.

Why should young men be thus permitted to risk life and limb with impunity? Let a couple of boxers, to whom hard knocks are but as pats from a cat's paw, engage in a bloodless combat, and everybody will fly out against the magistracy for non-interference. When a female acrobat, who knows perfectly well what she is about, and whose life is far too valuable to be heedlessly risked, adds a few feet to a sensation dive, the outcry is yet greater. Yet football, with its absolute certainty of permanent bodily injury to many, and inevitable proportion of fatal disaster, is not only permitted to flourish, but is actually applauded as a beneficial institution. We distinctly say that a so-called "game," the prominent feature of which is coarse brutality, and which fosters an utter disregard for human life and limb, can only have a tendency towards moral degradation; and we warn parents to consider well before committing their sons to the tender mercies of Rugby football.

PROF. ASAPH HALL has succeeded in obtaining a number of observations of a bright spot which he had noticed on the night of December 7th, 1876, on the ball of Saturn, and thereby deducing a value of the period of the planet's rotation, which is probably more accurate than any previous determination. The spot in question was two or three seconds in diameter, round and well defined, and of a brilliant white color. Besides Washington, it was, at Prof. Hall's request, observed at several other American observatories, and the time of rotation concluded (assuming the spot to have no proper motion on the surface of the planet) is 10h. 14m. 23·8s. mean time. Sir William Herschel's determination (given in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1794) was 10h. 16m. 0·4s., and was derived from the different appearances of a quintuple belt in the winter of 1793–4. Prof. Hall points out a curious mistake, which had been copied into nearly all books on astronomy, assigning 10h. 29m. 16·8s. as Herschel's value of Saturn's rotation — this being in fact the time of rotation of Saturn's *ring*, not that of the planet itself.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume XXI. | No. 1753.—January 19, 1878. | From Beginning, Vol. CXXXVI.

CONTENTS.

I. THE NINETY YEARS' AGONY OF FRANCE. By Prof. Goldwin Smith, ... *Contemporary Review*, ... 131
II. ERICA. Part IX. Translated for THE LIVING AGE, from the German of . . *Frau von Ingersleben*, ... 143
III. THE CELT OF WALES AND THE CELT OF IRELAND, ... *Cornhill Magazine*, ... 151
IV. MACLEOD OF DARE. By William Black, . *Advance Sheets*, ... 163
V. THE STORY OF MAXIMILIAN AT MIRAMAR AND AT QUERETARO. Translated and abridged for THE LIVING AGE, from advance sheets of . . . . "*A Travers L'Autriche*," . . 171
VI. MODERN LIFE AND INSANITY, . *Macmillan's Magazine*, . . 178
VII. SMITH'S POOR KIN, ... *Spectator*, ... 186
VIII. IRRIGATION IN INDIA, ... *Examiner*, ... 189
IX. PEPPERINESS, ... *Spectator*, ... 191

POETRY.

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS; a Norse Superstition, ... 130
LET BYGONES BE BYGONES, ... 130
VALENTINE'S DAY, 1873; an Unpublished Poem, by Charles Kingsley, ... 130

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

A NORSE SUPERSTITION.

"Nay, mother, nay; the pictured coal is glowing,
Dully and redly on the hearthstone there;
Yon was no flame of careless idlers' throwing,
Nor rocket flashing through the startled air;
'Twas but the gleaming of the Northern Lights —
Ah, there again, they reddened Huntcliff heights.

"So, let me raise you softly on the pillow,
See, how the crimson lustre flares and dies,
Turning to red the long heave of the billow,
And the great arch of all the starless skies;
The fishers say such beauty bodes them sorrow,
Telling of storm, and wind to blow to-morrow."

"No, child, the busy wife may bait her lines,
And net and gear lie ready for the morning,
No presage in that wavering glory shines,
No doom in the rich hues the clouds adorning;
They do but say the lingering hours are past,
The gates, the golden gates, unclose at last.

"Won, the long hill so steep and drear to climb,
Done, the long task so bitter hard in learning;
The tears are shed, and garnered up by time,
The heart beats, freed from all its lonely yearning;
The bar swings back, and, flooding seas and skies,
Burst out the deathless lights of Paradise.

"See, see, by the great valves of pearl they stand,
Friends, children, husband; see glad hands outreaching!
For me, for me, the undiscovered land,
Its promise in that roseate signal teaching;
Ay, kiss me, child, the lips will soon be dumb,
That yet in earthly words can say, 'I come.'"

Again the banner of the Northern Lights
Waved broad and bright across the face of heaven;
And in the cottage on the rugged heights,
The passing radiance, by their glory given,
Showed a pale orphan weeping by the bed,
And the calm smiling of the happy dead.

All The Year Round.

LET BYGONES BE BYGONES.

Let bygones be bygones; if bygones were clouded
By aught that occasioned a pang of regret,
Oh, let them in darkest oblivion be shrouded;
'Tis wise and 'tis kind to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones, and good be extracted
From ill over which it is folly to fret;
The wisest of mortals have foolishly acted —
The kindest are those who forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; oh, cherish no longer
The thought that the sun of affection has set;
Eclipsed for a moment, its rays will be stronger,
If you, like a Christian, forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; your heart will be lighter,
When kindness of yours with reception has met;
The flame of your love will be purer and brighter
If, Godlike, you strive to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; oh, purge out the leaven
Of malice, and try an example to set
To others, who, craving the mercy of heaven,
Are sadly too slow to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; remember how deeply
To heaven's forbearance we all are in debt;
They value God's infinite goodness too cheaply
Who heed not the precept, "Forgive and forget."

Chambers' Journal.

VALENTINE'S DAY, 1873.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

Oh! I wish I were a tiny browny bird from out the south,
Settled among the alder-holts, and twittering by the stream;
I would put my tiny tail down, and put up my tiny mouth,
And sing my tiny life away in one melodious dream.

I would sing about the blossoms, and the sunshine and the sky,
And the tiny wife I meant to have in such a cosy nest;
And if some one came and shot me dead, why then I could but die,
With my tiny life and tiny song just ended at their best.

Charles Kingsley.

Macmillan's Magazine.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

From The Contemporary Review.

THE NINETY YEARS' AGONY OF FRANCE.

FOR ninety years, since the time when Calonne called together his Assembly of Notables, and when the voice of the Revolution was first heard announcing a reign of hope, love, freedom, and universal peace, — for ninety years has France struggled to attain a settled form of constitutional government; and apparently she is farther from it now than she was in 1787, — apparently, but not, we will hope, in reality. In this last crisis the mass of her people have exhibited not only a steadiness of purpose for which we were little prepared, but a self-control which is full of the highest promise. In spite of everything that the conspirators who had seized the government could do to provoke the nation to violence which might have afforded a pretext for using the public force against the public liberties, the nation has conquered by calmness. Conspiracy and illegality have passed from the side of the people to that of the reactionary government. This shows that considerable way has been made since the days of the Faubourg St. Antoine.

Real progress is to be measured, not by change of institutions, but by change of character. The Revolution made a vast change in French institutions: it could not change French character, which remained as servile under the despotism of Robespierre as it had been under that of Louis XIV. Character seems now, after ninety years of desperate effort and terrible experience, to be coming up to the levei of institutions. Perhaps France has reason to be grateful to De Broglie and his marshal for giving her assurance of that fact, though their names will be infamous forever.

The reasons of the political failure of 1789 are manifest enough; we need not seek them in any mysterious incapacity of the Celtic race in general or of the French branch of it in particular for constitutional government. These mysterious capabilities and incapabilities of races in truth are questionable things, and generally tend, upon closer inspection, to resolve themselves into the influence of circumstance perpetuated and accumulated through many generations. England, guarded by the sea, has had comparatively little need of standing armies, and she has thus escaped military despotism, since fleets cannot interfere with politics; yet even she might have fallen under a military despotism, and foreign critics might now be moralizing on the inherent incapacity of her people for any government but that of force, if when the army of James II. was encamped on Hounslow Heath there had not been a William of Orange to come over to our rescue. France has had frontiers; therefore she has had standing armies, and her rulers have been masters of legions. She was exposed to foreign invasion for a whole century, from the time of Edward III. to that of Henry VI.; and again, at the crisis of her destiny in 1791, she was assailed by the arms of the coalesced powers of reaction. On each occasion her people, to secure national independence, were compelled to renounce liberty, and the government was inevitably invested with a military dictatorship of defence, which, once acquired, was perpetuated in political despotism. It would be difficult to prove that, under more auspicious circumstances, the States-General, which at one period in the fourteenth century entered on a course of reform as bold and comprehensive as anything done by the framers of the Great Charter or the Parliaments of Henry III., might not have developed into a British House of Commons.

The political crisis of 1789 was in itself one of the most tremendous kind; it was nothing less than the collapse, amidst bankruptcy and general ruin, of the hereditary principle of government, the only principle which France or the greater part of Europe up to that time had known. But it was desperately complicated by its connection with a social and a religious crisis equally tremendous. It came upon a people totally untrained to political action, without political instruction, without a political press, without even the common information which a newspaper gives about passing events; without the means of judiciously choosing its political leaders, or even political leaders among whom

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

a judicious choice could be made; without any good political writers, except Montesquieu, whose authority, as we shall presently see, was practically misleading. At the same time this people had, in common with all intellectual Europe, been excited by visions of boundless and universal happiness, of new heavens and a new earth, to be attained by a change of the social system and of the form of government. Amidst such disadvantages, and in face of a reaction at once political, social, and religious, the desperate reaction of privilege, both social and ecclesiastical, fighting for its existence, and not scrupling, in its transports of rage and terror at the appearance of liberty and equality, to combine with Robespierre in order to defeat Lafayette, success would have been almost a miracle. But then, to extinguish the last hope, came a coalition of the kings, hounded on by the too eloquent ravings of Burke, whose total failure to understand the difficulties under which the French reformers labored was discreditable to him as a political philosopher, while his frantic invocations of war, and, in his own hideous phrase, of "a long war," were disgraceful to him not only as a political philosopher but as a man.

The republican constitution formed after the overthrow of the Terrorists was not a good one. The institution of two chambers was a mistake, arising from an illusion of which we shall presently have to speak; a sufficient control over the executive directory was not secured to the representatives of the nation; the judiciary was not placed on a proper footing. Still it is probable that the constitution would in time have worked and given to France law and order under a republic, had it been administered by tolerably honest hands, and had it not been exposed to military violence. But a revolution, especially an abortive revolution, leaves behind it a fearful legacy not only of disappointment, lassitude, mistrust among the people, but of depravity among the chiefs. It gives birth to a race of intriguers, utterly selfish, utterly unprincipled, trained to political infidelity in the school of fortunate apostasy, steeped in perfidy by the violation of unnumbered oaths, and at the same time familiar with the revolutionary use of violence. Such was the offspring of the revolutionary periods of ancient history both in Greece and Rome. Thucydides saw and painted them; they impressed their character on Roman politics after the civil wars of Marius and Sylla. Such again was the offspring of the English Revolution; the Lauderdales and Shaftesburys, the scoundrels who formed the governments and led the factions of the Restoration, who carried on religious persecutions while themselves were infidels, shut up the exchequer, made the Treaty of Dover, got up the Popish Plot, seized the municipal charters, judicially murdered Russell and Sidney. But never was there such a generation of these men as that which emerged from the wreck of the dreams of Rousseau and from the deadly struggle of factions which ended with the fall of Robespierre — Tallien, Fréron, Barère, Barras, Rewbell, Talleyrand, Merlin, Fouché, and their crew. Political corruption was aggravated by the corruption of morals, caused by the outburst of sensualism which naturally ensued after the dreadful repression and the savage Spartanism of the Terror. To this general depravity was added the volcanic fury, still unabated, of party passions raging in the breasts of factions which but yesterday had been alternately revelling in the blood of each other. It was by military violence, however, that the constitution was at last overthrown, and its fall was the beginning of that supremacy of the army which unhappily has been from that hour, and still is, the fundamental fact of French politics. The hand which, at the bidding of traitors in the Directory, dealt the first blow, was that of Augereau, but the hand which planned it and dealt the final blow was that of Bonaparte. In estimating the result of the first experiment in republican government, this must always be borne in mind.

The appearance of Bonaparte upon the scene with his character and his abilities may be truly called the most calamitous accident in history. An accident it was, for Bonaparte was not a Frenchman; he

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

was made a French soldier by the chance which had annexed his country to France, without which he would have been a Corsican brigand, instead of being the scourge of the world. Little did Choiseul think that the rapacity which added to France Corsica, would be the cause a century afterwards of her losing Alsace-Lorraine. As to the greatness of the calamity, few doubt it except the train of mercenary adventurers whose existence in France, as a standing and most dangerous conspiracy against her liberties, is itself the fatal proof of the fact which they would deny. What may have been the extent of Napoleon's genius, political or military, is a question still under debate, and one of a kind which it is difficult to settle, because to take the measure of a force, whether mechanical or intellectual, we must know the strength of the resistance overcome. The Revolution had swept the ground clear for his ambition, and had left him in his career of aggrandisement almost as free from the usual obstacles without as he was from any restraints of conscience or humanity within. Death removed the only three men who were likely to make a stand, Hoche, Marceau, and Kleber, from his path. He disposed absolutely of an army full of burning enthusiasm, and which, before he took the command, though it had recently met with some reverses, had already hurled back the hosts of the coalition. In Europe, when he set out on his career, there was nothing to oppose him but governments estranged from their nations, and armies without national spirit, mere military machines, rusty for the most part, and commanded by privileged incompetence. England was the only exception, and by England he was always beaten. The national resistance which his tyranny ultimately provoked, and by which, when he had provoked it, he was everywhere defeated, in Russia, in Germany, even in decrepit Spain, was called into existence by his own folly. He ended, not like Louis XIV., merely in reverses and humiliations, but in utter and redoubled ruin, which he and his country owed to his want of good sense and of self-control, and to this alone, for he was blindly served, and fortune can never be said to have betrayed him, unless he had a right to reckon upon finding no winter in Russia. Before he led his army to destruction he had destroyed its enthusiastic spirit by a process visible enough to common eyes, though invisible to his. Nor was he more successful as a founder of political institutions. He, in fact, founded nothing but a government of the sword, which lasted just so long as he was victorious and present. The instability of his political structure was shown in a lurid light by the conspiracy of Malet. Of its effect on political character it is needless to speak; a baser brood of sycophants was never gathered round any Eastern throne.

At the touch of military disaster the first empire, like the second, sank down in ignominious ruin, leaving behind it not a single great public man, nothing above the level of Talleyrand. The code survived; but the code was the work of the jurists of the Revolution. With no great leading principle was Bonaparte personally identified, except the truly Corsican principle of confiscation, to which he always clung. The genius of the moral reformer is to be measured by the moral effect which he produces, though his own end may be the cup of hemlock. The genius of the adventurer must be measured by his success; and his success is questionable when his career, however meteoric, ends in total disaster. This is not the less manifest to reflecting minds because the pernicious brightness of the meteor still dazzles and misleads the crowd. But the greater Napoleon's genius was, the worse was it for France and for mankind. All his powers were employed in the service of the most utterly selfish and evil ambition that ever dwelt in human breast. It has been justly remarked that his freedom from every sort of moral restraint and compunction lent a unity to his aims and actions which gave him a great advantage over less perfectly wicked men. As to religion, he was atheist enough to use it without scruple as a political engine, and to regret that the time was past when he might, like Alexander, have given himself out as the son of a god. His selfishness is to be measured not merely by the unparalleled sacrifices of human blood and suffering

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

which he offered to it; not merely by the unutterable scenes of horror which he witnessed without emotion, and repeated without a pang; but by the strength of the appeal which was made to his better nature, had he possessed one, and the splendor of the reward which was held out to him, if he would have kept his allegiance to the interests of his country and of humanity. What happiness and what glory would have been his if, after Marengo, he had given the world a lasting peace, and with it the fulfilment, so far as fulfilment was possible, of the social and political aspirations for which such immense and heroic efforts, such vast sacrifices, had been made! Never, in all history, has such a part been offered to man. Instead of accepting this part, Napoleon gave the reins to an ambition most vulgar as well as most noxious in its objects, and to the savage lust of war, which seems after all to have been the predominating element in this Corsican's character, and which gleamed in his evil eye when the chord was touched by those who visited him at Elba. The results were the devastation of Europe, the portentous development of the military system under which the world now groans, the proportionate depression of industry and of all pacific interests, the resurrection in a worse form of the despotisms around which the nations were fain to rally for protection against a foreign oppressor, and the new era of convulsions and revolutions which the resurrection of the despotisms inevitably entailed.

Of all the effects of Napoleon's career, the worst perhaps was the revelation of the weakness and meanness of human nature. What hope is there for a race which will grovel at the feet of sheer wickedness because the crime is on an enormous scale, and the criminal is the scourge, not only of one nation but of his kind? Next in the order of evil were the ascendency given to the military spirit and the example of military usurpation. The military spirit it was that, excited by the flagitious writings of Thiers, and weakly flattered by the house of Orleans, overturned constitutional government in 1832. The example of military usurpation was followed by Napoleon's reputed nephew, who in his turn was driven by the discontent of the army, combined with the influence of his priest-ridden wife, into the war which overthrew his empire, at the same time bringing the invader for the third time into Paris. The blow which military passion and the spirit of aggrandizement received in that defeat was to France a blessing in disguise. To it she owes the recovery, however precarious, of free institutions, of which there would otherwise scarcely have been a hope. But even now, France, after all her efforts and revolutions, is to a fearful extent at the mercy of a stupid and self-willed soldier, a third-rate master even of his own trade, totally devoid of political knowledge and of sympathy with political aspirations, but at the head of the army, and, as his language to the soldiery on the eve of the elections proved, sufficiently wanting in the true sense of honor to admit into his mind the thought of using the public force with which he is entrusted for the overthrow of public liberty. No institutions, however sound and stable in themselves, can afford to a nation security for legal order while there is a constant danger of military usurpation. Nor is it easy to see how the danger can be removed, so long as an army strong enough to overpower all national resistance, and blindly obedient to command, is at the disposal of the executive for the time being.

Two years hence, if not before, there will be another crisis; and it is idle to conceal the unhappy and ignominious fact, that the decision will rest ultimately with the army and with those whom the army obeys.

Whether, under the new system of universal military service, with such influences as that of the Erckmann-Chatrian novels, the soldier has become more of a citizen and the army less of a knife ready, in any hand by which it may for the moment be grasped, to cut the throat of public liberty, the event will show. The French peasant, if left to himself, is not fond of war; he hates the conscription, and has done so from the time of Cæsar; the fatal ascendency of the military spirit is due, not to him, but to a series of ambitious rulers. This is true, but it does not save France from being, as a matter of fact, to a lamentable extent a stratocracy. How the army can be placed in safe hands is a problem of which it is almost impossible to suggest a complete and permanent solution. The reduction of its numbers by the definite adoption of a pacific policy is the only real security for the continuance of political liberty. In France the peril is greatest and its manifestations have been most calamitous, but it extends more or less to all the European nations. Everywhere in Europe public liberty and human progress are to a fearful extent at the mercy of the vast standing armies which

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

are maintained by the mutual jealousies of nations, assiduously stimulated by courts and aristocracies in the interest of moral and political reaction. He who said that science could not be better employed than in devising means of destroying prætorians, gave utterance, in a cynical form, to a melancholy truth. It would be a happier way of escape from the danger if soldiers could possibly be made to understand their real duty to their country.

By the restoration of the Stuarts, and the temporary recovery of its ascendency by a defeated and vindictive party, England was thrown back into political discord, violence, and intermittent civil war for three quarters of a century. The same calamity befell France, though in her case the restoration was the work of foreign hands; and the same or even greater allowance for the disturbing influence must be made. As no institutions can be proof against military treason, so none can be proof against passions which go beyond political antagonism, beyond even the utmost violence of party, and are, in fact, the passions of civil war. The factions which encountered each other in the legislative assemblies of the restoration were the same which not long before had encountered each other on the battle-fields of La Vendée. Their hostility, scarcely diminished since they met in arms, was incompatible with that common allegiance to the constitution and its objects, in spite of divergences on special questions, which is the first condition of constitutional government. Both extremes in the Assemblies of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. were striving, not to give effect to their respective policies by constitutional means, but to overthrow the constitution itself, one extreme in the interest of absolutism, the other in that of democracy. It was then as it is now, when the monarchical and aristocratic party is manifestly using the marshalate and Senate, not to modify legislation in a conservative sense, but to overthrow the republic, as, if it had been successful in controlling the elections, it would unquestionably have done. In such a case institutions can do no more than prolong for themselves a precarious existence by being so ordered as to prevent rather than facilitate a pitched battle between parties which, when it once occurs, causes an outbreak of violence, and leads back to civil war.

Napoleon, besides restoring superstition for his political ends, restored aristocracy, though the fear of limiting his despotism made him dislike creating an hereditary house of peers. This also has been a hostile and disturbing force, against which the republic, founded on equality, has always had and still has to contend. The set of upstarts whom Bonaparte bedizened with tinsel dukedoms of course gave themselves greater airs than the old nobility of France. Such a fellow as Cambacères was very particular about being called Monseigneur; but a certain union of interest, if not a social union, has by this time been brought about between old privilege and new; and the attack on the republic under De Broglie has been at least as much an aristocratic conspiracy as anything else. So manifest is this as to found a hope that the army, which is tolerably loyal to equality, if not to liberty, might recoil from supporting what it must see to be an aristocratic reaction. An aristocracy, while it exists, will never cease to intrigue against institutions based upon equality; and the total prohibition of hereditary titles was justly felt by the framers of the American Constitution to be essential to the security of their republic.

Another adverse force, against which free institutions have to contend in France, too often noted to need more than recognition in its place, is the tendency, derived from the old *régime*, but handed on in an intensified form by the Bonapartes, to administrative centralization, which, notwithstanding the improvement of local institutions, still decidedly preponderates over local self-government. The influence exercised by De Broglie and his accomplices over the elections, through prefects of their appointment, is a fatal proof of the fact. From the same inveterate spirit of encroachment on one side, and submission on the other, arises the want of independence in the judiciary which has been so disgracefully displayed in the late political trials. The resistance made by the constituencies to the prefects shows that improvement is going on; but a century of effort is not too much to throw off maladies so deeply seated as these.

The special influence, however, to which we wish here to point as having interfered with the success of elective government, and as still imperilling its existence in European countries generally, but notably in France, is the ignorant and fallacious imitation of the British Constitution. We wish we could hope that the few words we have here to say on this point would meet the eye of any French statesman, and direct his attention to the subject.

Burke denounced the political architects

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

of 1789 for constructing their edifice according to theoretic principles instead of building it on old foundations, and he contrasted their folly with the wisdom of the old Whigs. Considering that the old Whigs were aristocrats who had inherited the territorial plunder of the courtiers of Henry VIII., and who desired to preserve that inheritance, and, with it, the power of an aristocracy, their economy in innovation was as natural as it was wise. But it would have tasked the sagacity of Burke to discover what old foundations for constitutional government there were in the France of 1789. France had then been, for at least a century and a half, a despotism with a strictly centralized administration. The semblance of provincial government survived; but it masked without really tempering the action of the satraps of the monarchy; and feudalism, crushed since Richelieu, had left behind no genuine remnant of local liberty, but only the antiquated machinery of social oppression, which Richelieu had done almost nothing to reform. Yet the political architects of 1789 did build on old foundations, the only old foundations which anywhere presented themselves — the foundations of the English Constitution. And it may confidently be said that, compared with that renowned, time-honored, and much-lauded model, the newest creation of the brain of Sieyès would have been a safe and practical guide. The clockwork constitutions of Sieyès displayed a fatal ignorance of the real forces; but at all events they involved no incurable self-contradiction. It was not absolutely impossible to make them work. But it was absolutely impossible, and had been actually proved to be so by English experience, to make the British Constitution work, as the British Constitution was understood by Frenchmen and by Englishmen themselves.

The received version of the British Constitution was that given by Montesquieu, in perfect accordance with the forms of British constitutional law. Montesquieu, a great genius in his day, while he explained the forms with philosophic eloquence, failed to pierce through them to the real political forces. In this respect he is like De Tocqueville, whose work, admirable in many respects, is still an account of the forms, not of the real forces, and consequently is of little value as a practical guide to American politics, and is seldom quoted by American politicians. The legislative power is the sovereign power. But Montesquieu believed that the sovereign power, in the case of the British Constitution, was really divided among king, Lords, and Commons. He also believed that the legislative, executive, and judiciary powers were not only distinct, but independent of each other, and that the mutual independence of those powers was the palladium of constitutional government.

The British Constitution is a single elective assembly, in which the whole of the legislative, and therefore the whole of the sovereign power is really vested. This assembly virtually appoints the members of the executive, who are the leaders of its majority, and through the executive the ministers of justice. Round it still cling, as it were, the wrecks of an old feudal monarchy and of an old feudal House of Peers, but from both of them the power has long passed away, to centre in the Commons, though, strange to say, not only foreign observers, but English statesmen, long remained unconscious of the fact.

Whether the sovereign power, which could not be divided, should be vested in the crown or in the representatives of the people, was the question which, after vain attempts to settle it by debate, was fought out with arms between the Parliament and the Stuarts. It was decided, after a century of conflict and several vicissitudes of fortune, in favor of the representatives of the people, who finally triumphed in 1688. From that time the monarchy has been *fainéant*, interfering with the government only by means of back-stairs influence, or by forming for itself, underhand, a party in the House of Commons, as it did during part of the reign of George III. William III., being the head and the general of a European coalition, kept for his life the Foreign Office and the War Office in his own hands; but after a slight resistance, ending with his attempt to veto the Triennial Act, he was obliged to relinquish every other kind of power; and, in the reign of his successor, the transfer of the sovereignty to Parliament was complete. As to the House of Lords, it has no power left in itself but that of obstruction on minor questions; on great questions it merely registers the vote of the majority of the House of Commons. This was settled in 1832, in the case of the Reform Bill, and again in 1846, in the case of the Corn Laws. On both those occasions the measures would notoriously have been rejected by an overwhelming majority had the House of Lords been an independent assembly. The result showed that it was nothing of the kind. King, Lords, and Commons work together harmoniously in

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

England, not because each of them exercises its share of the sovereign power temperately, and with due respect for the rights of the others, which is the common and the orthodox belief, but because two of them are politically non-existent. Restore real sovereignty to the crown, and you will have the Stuarts and the Long Parliament over again.

Following, however, as they thought the successful example of England, the framers of the French Constitution of 1789 attempted to divide the sovereign power, leaving a portion of it in the king, and vesting the remainder in the representatives of the people. The result, the inevitable result, was collision, and soon a conflict which, though neither party knew it, was essentially internecine. The weaker, that is to say, the monarchy, fell; but in the desperate efforts necessary to get rid of the opposing force and to vindicate the sovereignty to itself, foreign intervention adding to the fury of the conflict and to the general difficulties of the crisis, the nation fell into convulsions, into a reign of violence, into the Terror, and after the Terror into military dictatorship and despotism. The same fatal situation was reproduced under the restored monarchy; again an attempt was made to divide the sovereign power between the king and the assembly which represented the nation. In which of the two that power should rest, was the issue once more really debated through all those fierce sessions of the Restoration legislature, while the ground heaved with conspiracy, and ever and anon the mutterings of civil war were heard in the streets. At last Charles X. made a desperate effort to cut the knot and render himself sovereign; by his failure and fall the question of sovereignty was decided for the time in favor of the representatives of the people. What power Louis Philippe retained, was retained not of right (for he subscribed to the doctrine that he was to be guided by constitutional advisers assigned him by the majority in the Chambers), but by personal influence and corruption. It was in corruption, in fact, that monarchical power made clandestinely its last stand. Louis Phillippe's fall, as we have already said, was due not so much to political causes, in the proper sense of the term, as to Chauvinism conspiring against a *bourgeois* king whose policy was peace, though he yielded too much to the fancied necessity of sacrificing, by military display and menace, to the idol of war. At the same time the fresh impulse given to the revolutionary movement in Europe by the struggles of oppressed nationalities caused an insurrection in France against the surviving forms of monarchy and the influences by which they were upheld. Chauvinism and the fear of anarchy together gave birth to the second empire, under which the sovereign power reverted from the representatives of the nation to the monarch, who was in all but form a despot, as before the legislature had been, in all but form and saving illicit influence, the king. The second empire went to the grave of the first by the same road, the military aggressiveness which was the condition of its existence leading it on at last to ruinous defeat. Now again comes a nominal republic; but, unfortunately, there is still a king, and the hopeless problem of carrying on government with a divided sovereignty presents itself afresh. The marshal, having the command of the army, and being supported by those who desire a return to monarchy, struggles for the sovereign power; and the question at the late election was whether that power should belong to him and the ministers of his personal choice, or to the nation. From 1789 onwards, there has been a chronic though intermittent struggle for the sovereign power several times; that power has been transferred and retransferred; there have been periods in which it was doubtful where it resided; but it has never been divided, nor is a division possible in the nature of things. The attempt can only lead to a conflict which will probably end, as it did in England, in civil war.

Those who found an elective government must not fancy that they can at the same time preserve monarchy. They must be logical, because they will find that in this case not to be logical is to plunge into practical confusion. They must vest the sovereignty absolutely and beyond question in the nation. Their first care must be to establish on an immovable foundation the principles, that the nation alone makes and alone can alter the constitution; that to the nation alone all allegiance is due, and against it alone can treason be committed; that all other authority, however high, is merely derivative, responsible, and bounded by the written law; that the sovereignty of the nation is exercised through its representatives duly elected; and that to these representatives the obedience of all executive officers must be paid. This done, they

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

may afford to make any conservative regulations with regard to the election of the national assembly and the mode of its proceeding that they please; and where freedom is young, they will find careful regulations of this kind needful. It is the game of the Bonapartists, first to assert the sovereignty of the nation, and then to make the nation permanently divest itself of its sovereignty by a *plébiscite* in favor of the Bonaparte family and the brood of adventurers whose instruments the Bonapartes are. Of course, no legislation can prevent a national suicide; but clear declarations of principle are not barren because they are not endowed with force to defend themselves against treachery or violence: and it would be important to declare that the national sovereignty is inherent as well as entire, and that no single generation can by its act divest future generations of their right.

So long as there is a single head to the State there will always be some danger of a revival of monarchical pretensions, and of a dispute as to the seat of the sovereign power, at least in any country where monarchy has long existed and monarchical ideas have taken root. America is republican soil, on which hardly any but democratic ideas can grow; the sovereignty of the nation is firmly established not only in documents, but in the minds of the people; the president is elected for a short term, his powers are clearly bounded by the written law, he has hardly any military force at his command; yet Jackson showed a tendency to encroachment, and the jobbers who plundered the community under Grant betrayed their desire not only of increasing, but of perpetuating his power. A single head of the State is a fancied necessity; the Swiss constitution, which, instead of a single man, has a council with a president whose function is only to preside, presents great advantages in this respect, and is the safest model for adoption. It moreover gets rid of that which is the scourge even of America, but far more of any country where the questions that divide parties are so fundamental and party hostility is so deadly as in France — a presidential election, which periodically stirs up from their depths all the most violent passions, excites the most turbulent ambitions, and brings all questions to a dangerous head. The framers of the American Constitution were in some degree misled, like the framers of the French Constitution, by their British model which they reproduced in a republican form; they imagined that it was necessary to have something in place of the king, and the elective presidency with all its evils is the result.

Another signal and calamitous instance of mistaken imitation of the British Constitution is the power of dissolution, which the other day, in the hands of a disloyal president and Senate, was so nearly the means of overturning the republic. In the days in which the power of legislation, with the other attributes of sovereignty, resided in the crown, and Parliaments were merely consultative, or at most instruments for supplying by the grant of subsidies the occasional necessities of the crown, it was a matter of course that they should be summoned only when the crown needed their presence, and dismissed as soon as their advice had been given and they had voted their supplies. Our modern power of dissolution is a survival of this original state of things. But with us it is no longer practically in the hands of the king, or of any authority outside Parliament; it has passed, with the other attributes of the sovereign power, to the Parliament itself. It is exercised by a Parliamentary minister, by whose advice the crown is bound on this as on all other questions to be guided, for the purpose of testing the relative position of parties in the country; and its exercise is limited to that object by restrictions which, though tacit and to be found in no book on constitutional law, are perfectly understood and observed by both parties as the rules of the game. It is in fact the mode by which the House of Commons adjusts itself to the public opinion which is the basis of its power. This has not been seen by those who, thinking to reproduce the British Constitution, have vested in an authority really external to the Parliament, such as the French marshalate, a power of dissolution, which is in fact a power of extinguishing for the time, and may in disloyal hands be used as a power of extinguishing forever, the organ of the national sovereignty, and the national sovereignty itself. We know well that in the case of France the fault does not lie with the friends of the republic; but it is not in France alone that the error respecting the power of dissolution has prevailed.

Dissolutions and general elections are alike obsolete bequests of old feudal polities; and though by the practical temperament and the political experience of the English they have been tacitly accommodated, like other parts of the historic sys-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

tem, to the requirements of the present day, they are alike in themselves evil as well as obsolete. The existence of the assembly which is the organ of the national sovereignty, and without which the nation is practically powerless, ought never to be suspended for an hour; from its suspension in any country in which elective institutions have still a disputed title, and are threatened by hostile machinations, the most serious dangers may arise. General elections are evil, because they bring on those violent conflicts of opinion, and pitched battles between parties, which when the differences of sentiment are so extreme as they are between the Ultramontanists and the Liberals, the Legitimists and the Radicals in France, are in the highest degree perilous, and, as the recent crisis has plainly indicated, might, in a very inflamed state of feeling, lead at once to an outbreak of violence and civil war. To avert such conflicts, to avoid pitched battles of opinion, to make the stream of political progress glide within its banks, and with as few cataracts as possible, ought to be the aim of all framers of elective constitutions. An elective assembly renewed, not all at once, but by instalments, and at regular periods fixed by law, independent of the will of any functionary, will fulfil the condition of uninterrupted life, without which usurping governments, like that of De Broglie, may always be tempted to suspend its existence or get rid of it altogether; and it will conform steadily, yet promptly enough, to the changes of public opinion, without those violent revolutions which general elections are apt to produce, and without giving the excessive predominance which they are apt to give to the question or the cry of the day. The necessity under which party leaders find themselves of providing a question and a cry for a general election has had a bad effect even on English legislation.

Another illusion which has led to strange consequences in France, and in all other countries where the building of constitutions has been going on, including the British colonies, is the notion that the House of Lords is a senate moderating by its mature wisdom the action of the more popular house. As we have had occasion to say elsewhere, the House of Lords is not a senate; it is an old feudal estate of the realm; its action has been, not that of ripe wisdom moderating popular impulse, but simply that of privilege combating, so far as it dared, all change, in the interest of the privileged order. Whether its influence is really conservative may be doubted; in the first place, because its resistance to change, being unreasoning and anti-national, is very apt, as the history of the first Reform Bill shows, to provoke the revolutionary spirit rather than to allay it; and in the second place, because it operates as a practical ostracism of the great landowners, who, under the circumstances of English society, would otherwise certainly find seats in the House of Commons. The real stronghold of English conservatism is the preponderance of the aristocratic, or rather plutocratic element in the House of Commons. But at all events the House of Lords furnishes no model to any country which has not an hereditary and territorial aristocracy, or a privileged order of some kind, having its base, and presenting a fulcrum of resistance, outside the body of the nation. If both assemblies emanate from the nation, whatever diversities there may be in the mode of their election, and even if the senate be not directly elected, but nominated by a government itself the offspring of election, the attempt to make the national sovereignty check and restrain itself by acting through two organs instead of one, and confronting its own impulses with its own cooler wisdom, must ultimately fail. So long as the same party has a majority in both assemblies, the double machinery will work smoothly, but at the same time it will be ineffective. But when the party which is in a majority in the popular assembly is in a minority in the senate, as soon as an important question arises there will be a collision between the two houses, and the result will be a dead-lock, which will last till the nation compels one of the two assemblies to give way, declaring thereby in effect that the national sovereignty is delegated to the other. Nor is there any real advantage in the delay which the dead-lock causes, sufficient to compensate for the violence of the struggle, and the dangerous excitation of turbulent and revolutionary passions. Such is the experience of the British colonies in Australia, while in Canada the senate is a cipher, and its debates are not even reported. In Italy the same party was at first in the majority in both chambers; but the other day a change took place in the popular chamber, and at once there were symptoms of collision. In France, the Senate at each great crisis of the constitution has proved impotent or useless, as the historian of parliamentary

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

government in France admits; but it is now showing a tendency, as might have been expected, to become the citadel of a party, or rather a group of parties, bent on overturning the republic in the interest of some form of government more favorable to aristocracy; and in this way it threatens to prove not a nullity, but a danger of the first magnitude, and an instrument of attempts, such as the attempts of De Broglie, which may plunge the country again into civil war. If the example of the American Senate is cited in favor of a second chamber, it must be remembered that the American Senate represents the federal principle as opposed to the principle of population, and that its authority and usefulness, whatever they may be, thus depend on its connection with a federation.

Besides, of what special elements do you wish your senate to consist? What is to be the special character of its members compared with those who sit in the lower house? Till this is distinctly settled, all devices for particular modes of election or appointment are devices without an object; they are machines for producing something which itself is not determined. Do you wish your senate to consist of old men, in accordance with the literal meaning of the name, and with the habit of primitive nations? It will represent the infirmities of old age. Do you wish it to consist of the rich? It will be the organ of a class interest, odious and the object of suspicion to all the rest of the nation. Or do you wish it to consist of the best and most trustworthy of your public men? If you succeed in putting these men into the senate, you will deprive the popular chamber of its guides and of those most able to control its impulses and passions, and in a manner ostracize your legislative wisdom. Something like this happened to Cromwell when he thought to temper the fractiousness of the House of Commons by restoring the Upper House: to supply materials for his Upper House he had to take his best men from the Lower; the lead in the Commons was broken up; the two houses fell foul of each other; and the Parliament was dissolved in a storm.

Instead of attempting to divide the sovereignty, which is really indivisible, and to make the nation perform the chimerical operation of producing by election a check upon itself, attention should, we venture to think, be directed, more carefully and systematically than it has ever yet been, to the constitution of the representative assembly, to the mode and rate of its renewal, to the securities for its deliberate action and for the exclusion from it of mere passion and impulse, to such questions as that between direct election and election through local councils or other intermediate bodies, to the qualifications for the franchise in the way of property, age, education, or performance of national duties. It is singular, for instance, that amidst all the discussions about vetoes, absolute or suspensive, to be reposed in kings or presidents, no one has thought of requiring an absolute majority of the whole house for the passage of an opposed measure, or of giving to a minority, if it amounts to a certain proportion of the house, a limited power of delay.

But of all the things borrowed by France and other nations from the British Constitution the most palpably absurd and calamitous, in its general application, is the system of party, which sets up the great offices of state as the prizes of a perpetual conflict between two organized parties, and relies upon the perpetual existence of these two parties and the ceaseless continuance of their conflict as the only available means of carrying on constitutional government. It is strange that any one should have fallen into such a trap who had studied the Parliamentary history of England. In this country there have throughout been two Parliamentary parties, and two only; while the objects sought by both have been so definite and of such importance as at once to ensure cohesion, and to justify, in some degree at least, allegiance to the party standard. The conflict of parties has, in fact, been the means of carrying on and regulating a series of organic changes and reforms in a democratic, or at least in a popular, direction. The adherents of each party have been able to say, with truth, that they were contending for the ascendency of certain definite principles in government and legislation. At the same time there have been certain principles common to both parties, which, with the remarkable aptitude of the nation, and the retention of the leadership on both sides by a section of the aristocracy, have always, in modern times, kept the contest within bounds. Even so, party has often shown that it is but a fine name for faction; and in the pauses of progress, when there was no great question before the country, the generous emulation of party leaders has sunk into a personal struggle for place

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

with all its rancor and all its meanness. Such, however, as it is, the ground for the existence of the party system is peculiar to England, and has its explanation in her political history: the attempt to reproduce the system in other countries, without the ground for its existence, will be not only senseless, but noxious in the highest degree. To divide a nation forever into two factions, and to set these factions to wage a perpetual war, such a war as that of factious always is, and with the usual weapons of intrigue, mutual calumny, and corruption, is surely the strangest plan ever deliberately adopted by a political architect; and if we could be convinced that this was the only possible mode of carrying on constitutional government, we should regard the case of constitutional government as hopeless. How can our political salvation be found in a system of which it is the inherent tendency, one might almost say the avowed object, to stir up discord, to excite unpatriotic passions, to stimulate selfish ambitions, to deprave political character, to destroy that reasonable loyally to the national government on which the very existence of a free community depends? If the absurdity of such a theory is not manifest enough in itself, let inquiry be made into the working of the system of party in the British colonies, where it has been retained for the personal benefit of groups of politicians, when, all organic questions having been settled, the public grounds for such combinations and for allegiance to party have ceased to exist; it will soon become manifest what are its effects upon the efficiency, purity, and stability of government, on the morality of public life, on the political character of the people. In the United States there was ground enough, and more than enough, for the existence of party while the nation was divided on the question of slavery; and it is not surprising the party spirit should have prevailed over allegiance to the nation, or that there should have been a party conflict of the utmost bitterness, which, being brought to a head by an election to the presidency, ended in a civil war. But the old materials for party having been thus exhausted, and new materials not presenting themselves, the combinations are breaking up, the lines are becoming confused, and the present government, in undertaking the work of administrative reform, hardly relies more on the support of its own party, the regular managers of which are all against it, than on that of the best section of the other party, and less on either than on that of the nation at large.

The historian of parliamentary government in France, M. Duvergier de Hauranne, who tacitly assumes throughout his work the necessity of the party system, states its theory thus: "In free countries, where liberty is not of yesterday, there always exist, in the bosom of society, two principal tendencies, one towards liberty, the other towards authority, which manifest themselves in all legal ways, above all in the way of elections, and which usually produce two parties, having each its principles, its opinions, its flag. Of these parties one has the majority, and governs, not directly but indirectly, by the influence which it exercises, the choices which it indicates, the measures which it defends or combats. The other becomes the opposition, and watches the government, controls it, keeps it up to the mark, till such time as faults or a movement of public opinion change the relative position of the parties, and give it in its turn the right and the power of governing." Two tendencies, according to this eminent writer, there must always be in the nation, one towards authority, the other towards liberty; and these tendencies are the foundations of the two parties, by the perpetual conflict of which government is to be carried on. But suppose a man to have an equal and well-balanced regard, both for authority and for liberty, to which party is he to belong? Or is he to remain in a state of suspension, and to be eliminated from politics, because he thinks rightly and is free from undue bias? Suppose the nation itself to have arrived at a reasonable frame of mind, to be practically convinced that, while the preservation of ordered liberty is the object for which authority exists, rational allegiance to authority was essential to the preservation of liberty — what then? Because the nation was all of one opinion, and that opinion evidently the right one, would the possibility of good government be at an end? Then, again, do not those who hold the view of M. Duvergier de Hauranne perceive that, while it is essential to their theory that there should be only two parties, that of authority and that of liberty, that of the government and that of the opposition, the fact is that in France there are a dozen, that the same is the case in other countries, and that even in England, though the Conservative party, which is a party of interest, retains its unity, the Liberal party, which is a party

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

of opinion, is splitting into sections, which are becoming every day less amenable to party discipline, and therefore weaker as a whole? It is evident that, as intellectual activity and independence of mind increase, sectional differences of opinion will multiply, and party organization will become more impracticable every day. Nothing will be left us but hollow, treacherous, and ephemeral combinations of cliques which have no real principle of union, and which will be torn asunder again by mutual jealousies almost as soon as they are combined. Intrigue and cabal will continually gain force; the hope of a stable government will grow more faint; until at last the people, in sheer weariness and despair, will fling themselves at the feet of any one who promises to give them stability and security with the strong hand.

An executive council, regularly elected by the legislature, in which the supreme power resides, and renewed by a proper rotation and at proper intervals, so as to preserve the harmony between the legislature and the executive, without a ministerial crisis or a vote of censure, is the natural and obvious crown of an elective policy; and to something of this sort, we venture to think, all free communities will be ultimately compelled to have recourse, by the manifest failure of the party system. If further security for the responsibility of the executive to the legislative, and for the maintenance of harmony between the two, were deemed needful, it might be provided that, besides the limitation of office to a certain term, each member of the council should be liable to removal at any time for special cause, by the vote of a certain proportion of the assembly. Such a provision would have enabled the French legislature to get rid of Barras and his two accomplices in the Executive Directory as soon as it became manifest that they were conspiring against the constitution.

A national assembly, elected under such conditions as may appear to be most favorable to the ascendency of intelligence and public spirit, representing the undivided sovereignty of the nation, always in existence, renewed by such instalments as may preserve its popular character without rendering it the sport of temporary passion, legislating under rules the best that can be devised for securing deliberate action, and in its turn electing the members of a responsible executive — such, once more, seems the natural organization of a community which, in the course of human progress, has discarded the hereditary principle, and adopted the elective principle in its stead. No constitution can protect itself against the external violence of a great army if the army is willing, at the bidding of a military usurper, to cut the throat of public liberty. No constitution can change the political character of a nation, or cure, as by magic, the weakness and servility contracted by centuries of submission to a centralized and arbitrary administration. No constitution can neutralize the bad effects produced on public spirit and on mutual confidence by the decay of religious belief in the minds of a great part of the nation, and the absence or imperfect development of any new faith. No constitution can eliminate the general vices of human nature, or the special vices of the particular nation. But such a constitution as we have indicated would at least not contain in itself the certain seeds of its own destruction; it would not be liable to legal dissolution by any external power; it would continue to exist, to do its work better or worse, to renew itself by an operation as regular as the seasons, and which there could never be a special temptation to interrupt; without inducing torpor, it would avoid anything like a violent crisis, such as is brought on by a general election, especially after a penal dissolution; it would keep the way always open to the reform of what is bad, by means of improved elections and without a revolution; it would give full play to any increase of virtue and intelligence which there might be among the people; its course would no doubt be at first somewhat halting and unsatisfactory among a people whose training has been so unfortunate, but it could hardly fall to the ground, or fail to answer in a tolerable way the ordinary ends of government.

Of the present constitution, unfortunately, the contrary is true. It does contain in itself the almost certain seeds of its own destruction. The quasi-monarchical power, presidency, marshalate, or whatever it is to be called, and the Senate, which is sure to have an aristocratic character, will probably remain, as they are now, the double basis of a perpetual reaction in favor of the hereditary principle, to which privilege, with good reason, clings; and recent experience renders it highly probable that the two, if firmly united, would be able by successive dissolutions, combined with the exercise of government influence in the elections, to place in the utmost peril, and practically to annihilate, the organ of the national sovereignty and

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

the national sovereignty itself. The constitution of "three powers" is a constitution of civil war.

In discussing constitutions, however, and the revision of constitutions, we are haunted by the unwelcome apprehension that something of a sterner kind may yet be in store for France. We do not greatly fear that a soldier, whose name is associated with nothing extraordinary or great except defeat, will conceive the design of founding a military empire in his own interest. We do not greatly fear the clericals, since the catastrophe of Eugénie and her priests, and when Ultramontanism, in spite of its recent spasm of aggressive energy, is manifestly losing ground throughout educated Europe. We do not even greatly fear Bonapartism in itself, simply as a movement in favor of the restoration of a military despotism for the benefit of a discredited dynasty. What we fear is the implacable hostility of aristocracy to a republic based upon equality. In France the three aristocracies, Legitimist, Orleanist, and Bonapartist, are now collectively strong; their wealth has greatly increased; they begin to feel a common interest, social and political, though they are at present ranged under the banners of different pretenders, and have hitherto, by their disunion, saved the republic. One and all they instinctively hate equality, and those hate it most bitterly whose nobility is of yesterday. You may demonstrate as clearly as you please that aristocracy has had its hour, that humanity is passing into another phase, that the best and most glorious part which a man who inherits the influence of aristocracy can play is to smooth the transition into a new era: some of the finer minds, and of those who can hope to maintain ther position by their own character and intellect, will perhaps listen to you; the mass will obey the bias of class, cling to privilege, and constantly conspire against equality and any institutions by which equality is upheld. Their feelings towards the democratic masses are not those of mere political difference, but of hatred more bitter than that which is felt by a foreign enemy, and aggravated by contempt. The aristocratic conspiracy, for such at bottom it was, of De Broglie and Fourtou has for the moment failed; but the attempt will be perpetually renewed; and it will be fortunate indeed if the question between the republic and the aristocracy is finally decided without adding another convulsion to the ninety years' agony of France.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

ERICA.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE GERMAN OF

FRAU VON INGERSLEBEN.

XV.

THE DEPARTURE.

FRAULEIN MOLLY had already said that the princess felt uncomfortable in Waldbad and would therefore soon leave it, and in fact ever since the time of Carlos's abduction, Katharina's mind had been fixed upon going away from the village. Although every precaution was taken to render any repetition of the attempt impossible, the princess lived in continual fear of losing her boy.

Moreover, the universal excitement the event had created made the position of affairs in Waldbad less agreeable to Katharina. To be sure, the sympathy of all classes was exhibited in a manner which she had never before been able to obtain, either by her rank, her lavish expenditure, or even her personal attractions. But the mode in which this sympathy was shown annoyed and oppressed, instead of pleasing her, for the hours of unutterable grief which these people had shared with her placed them on a more familiar footing in her society.

They had seen the woman, around whom circumstances had hitherto diffused a certain halo, overpowered by grief, helpless, and feeble. In spite of all external differences, anguish had crushed its victim as completely as it would have vanquished any other mortal, and therefore the greater part of the bulwark of distinction had fallen. But at the same time they thought that this glimpse of the beautiful woman's heart had revealed warm, deep feelings, and they therefore gave her a double share of love in return for their deficiencies in outward deference.

People in general have a strong resemblance to children, only unfortunately this similarity shows itself more in the immaturity than in the instinctive purity and truth of childhood. Bright, strongly-marked colors dazzle and allure young eyes, which are not yet able to perceive more delicate shades, and thus a picture whose subject stands forth boldly from the canvas will naturally win more applause from the multitude than the masterpiece of art in which the outward form is merely the husk of the soul within. Even the most uneducated eye will discover the

* Copyright 1877, by Littell & Gay.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

meaning of the first picture, and thus be filled with a certain sense of gratification at its own correct perception, while few persons can rise to the height of the real work of art, and there are always few spirits that can soar from earthly to heavenly things.

Thus Katharina's loud grief and total loss of composure seemed to the multitude a proof of her deep feelings, her ardent maternal love. But for her sobs and shrieks her anguish would not have been discovered or believed; but these outward tokens victoriously conquered the doubts of even the most incredulous. The few who, possessing greater delicacy, were wounded and repelled by this want of self-control, disappeared in the throng of panegyrists, because they were silent, while the others loudly announced their opinions.

In this way a circle of eager and cordial sympathizers, who advanced far beyond the limits of their former acquaintanceship, had gathered around Katharina. The partition which external circumstances had formed between them was broken, and the chasm of higher social position bridged over by the warm interchange of feeling which united the multitude to the princess. Unfortunately this sympathy soon died out of Katharina's heart, and the eager but somewhat too obtrusive and informal manner in which it was displayed by others grew very burdensome.

We ought not to judge the princess too severely, for experience teaches that the close connection with our fellow mortals into which necessity and misfortune bring us, is so beneficial that it almost paralyzes our grief, but nevertheless — and we can all test it — as soon as the necessity disappears, the anxiety is removed. This same close connection may easily become an oppressive chain. While formerly sustained by the consciousness that we were not alone, but among sympathizing friends, we are now oppressed by the expectation that we must continue to feel with equal keenness an emotion which borrowed its intensity from the exigency of the moment.

Relations which have been produced by unusual circumstances must be broken, if life is to flow on in its accustomed channel. We, therefore, often falsely complain of ingratitude, when it is only our own short-sightedness which prevents us from recognizing the laws of nature. Grief is simply a messenger from heaven, it makes us better and purer, enlarges our powers of loving, but mother earth asserts her rights only too soon, and sinks her children into their former egotism.

The woman, hitherto a total stranger to the princess, on whose shoulder she had unconsciously leaned her head, who had supported her in her arms, and whispered consoling words in her ear, felt bound to her forever. The sailors who had been summoned to search for the lost boy, and to whom the mother had expressed her thanks with tears and sobs, had been devoted to her in body and soul from that moment, but asked in return a constant remembrance. The throng who had sympathizingly surrounded her when, overwhelmed with anguish, she struggled on the verge of madness, pursued her with familiar tokens of love, and expected a response.

Katharina was too wise not to perceive that the uncomfortable warmth of this universal sympathy must not be too quickly cooled by her own conduct, unless she wished to expose herself to the harshest condemnation. The thermometer of feeling must move gradually up and down, for its sudden bounds reveal corresponding throbs in human hearts, which are difficult to heal, and even when cured show their deep wounds forever by the broad scars that remain.

But what Katharina's reason clearly perceived, her disposition — the sole ruler to which she bowed — was unable to execute. She could not endure the constraint, for she had never learned to control her feelings, and thus a hasty departure was the only solution of the difficulty. With almost frantic haste she ordered preparations to be made for this departure, preparations which, in consequence of the magnificent style of housekeeping, unnecessary, and almost absurd for the short time of her stay, were somewhat extensive.

Unfortunately her brother's wound, which, in consequence of his neglect, had become somewhat serious, was a disagreeable obstacle to this speedy departure. Katharina would not go without him, and, impatiently awaited his convalesence. She began to hate the doctor, who repeated his prohibition every morning, fancied he was acting in Elmar's interest, and told the latter that his reluctance to travel was an unmanly yielding to a little pain. Elmar knew his sister too well to be angry with her for this reproach, neither did it wound him that she had not uttered a word of gratitude for the rescue of the boy — was he not Carlos's uncle, and therefore merely doing his duty when he saved his little nephew?

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

"If you will give me any sensible reason for the necessity of our immediate departure, Kathinka," he answered quietly, in reply to her persistent entreaties, "I am ready to risk my health."

"This excuse about your health is ridiculous, my dear Elmar," replied his sister angrily. "You are quite well enough to travel, and the plain truth of the matter is that you are determined to stay here."

"If that were my intention, I should need no pretext. Probably you are not aware that the Sternaus received a telegram this morning, which will compel them to leave Waldbad this afternoon. The consul is dangerously ill, and has sent for his family."

"You seem to be on very confidential terms with these people," and Katharina's flushed cheeks, as well as the irritated tone in which she spoke, plainly showed her agitation.

"*These people* are kind enough to send every day to inquire about my health, and their servant told the news this morning."

This information produced the effect intended, for Katharina, without any farther consideration for her brother, determined to leave Waldbad the next day. The following morning, however, the physician declared the latter's wound so much healed that he might travel without fear of a relapse, and Elmar therefore said he would accompany her. Katharina shrugged her shoulders, and regretted that she had allowed herself to be deceived several days by this farce. Elmar laughed, but made no reply, for he knew that no assurances from him would soothe his sister's suspicions.

Erica had never called upon the princess of her own free will, but Katharina had sent for her several times and overwhelmed her with tokens of her love and gratitude.

Erica, whose feelings towards her had sustained such a complete transformation, had been still farther prejudiced by her mother's unfavorable opinion, but she could not help being a little won over by the lady's extravagant expressions of esteem and friendship, and thereby was rendered so irresolute that her usually frank manner became constrained, and she was thus robbed of her greatest charm.

Towards Katharina she was really somewhat awkward and unamiable, merely because she reflected before she spoke, instead of yielding entirely to impulse. Too little versed in social forms to be able to maintain the proper medium between a suitable degree of politeness and due reserve, the princess's unfavorable opinion was only too well justified. She felt this herself, and the knowledge increased her uncomfortable constraint, till she was unable to appear as usual towards any one except little Carlos, whose affection for her daily increased.

In spite of this state of affairs, the princess remained true to her resolution to obtain Erica for her companion, and even condescended to ask Fräulein Molly to remain in her house for a time, until both parties had made satisfactory arrangements. Molly, however, coldly declined, and Katharina — offended by this reception of her advances — angrily desired the separation to take place at once, but Elmar opposed this plan with so much decision, that Katharina consented not to dismiss her companion until she reached Castle Altenborn.

On this occasion she informed her brother that she intended to take Erica in Fräulein Molly's place, and said that she could not show her gratitude better than by training the unattractive young girl, while at the same time her boy's affections would have a new object, and relieve her a little of the burden that rested on herself.

Elmar smiled somewhat scornfully at his sister's eager explanation, and thereby irritated her into giving still more ample details of her admirable intentions towards the young girl, from which she would not be deterred, either by her consciousness of the great labor, or the knowledge of the jeers that would be lavished upon her good-nature. In reply to her brother's question about the mother's reception of her proposal, she was at last obliged, in spite of skilful evasions, to acknowledge that it had been declined, and confess that only the invalid's approaching death afforded her a prospect of gaining her end.

"Really, Katharina!" said Elmar very gravely, "only your simplicity rendered it possible to propose such a plan under such circumstances. We will suppose that you were really urged on by feelings of gratitude to the young girl, or one could not help shuddering at the abyss of heartlessness you have disclosed."

"You are a fool, Elmar!" replied Katharina in a gay, bright tone. "I think the burden I am ready to impose upon myself is a sufficient proof of my gratitude. But you men are all egotists, and do not comprehend a woman's capacity for self-sacrifice."

On the day of departure only cheer-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

ful faces were to be seen in the little fairy castle. The princess was delighted to leave a place which had become uncomfortable to her, Fräulein Molly was equally rejoiced to see the end of a companionship which was daily growing more unendurable, and even Elmar was glad to turn his back upon a house that was very dull for him. The servants seemed equally well satisfied; they had fallen into the natural error of expecting to find amusement for themselves in a trip to a watering-place, and this expectation had not only remained unfulfilled, but they had actually had far less pleasure than at Castle Altenborn.

The princess sent for Erica again that morning to take leave of her. She embraced and kissed her, and as a souvenir put around her neck a gold chain, from which hung a locket set with diamonds, containing her own miniature. The young girl, who had never before possessed any article of jewelry, blushed with pleasure, and thanked the princess cordially with deep emotion. Katharina kissed her again, and then left her alone with her happiness.

Erica approached the window to look at the picture more closely. It was exquisitely painted, and a speaking likeness, but the face seemed more youthful and there was a certain happy repose upon the features which contrasted very favorably with the constant restlessness of the original. Fräulein Molly, who chanced to enter the room, had scarcely glanced at the magnificently framed picture, when she started back exclaiming, —

"What? Did the princess give you *this* portrait?"

"Yes," replied Erica in surprise; "is there anything remarkable about the picture?"

"It was her bridal gift to the prince. He wore it around his neck for years, until his love grew cold and he threw the concealed jewel aside like a cast-off garment, and finally sent it back to his divorced wife."

Erica involuntarily seized the chain and hastily snatched it from her neck.

"Are you superstitious, Erica?" asked Molly.

"On the seashore, and among the fishermen it is easy to become so. Hitherto, however, I have always kept the consciousness of my superstition to myself, though I have been unable to conquer it."

"Then my incautious remark caused you pain, I wish I had not made it."

"Never mind, Fräulein Molly, I shall probably never meet the princess again, so her gifts will bring me no misfortune."

"Certainly, Erica, neither the picture nor the chain can injure you, but I doubt whether you have seen the original for the last time, or I am entirely mistaken in my knowledge of human nature."

Erica looked inquiringly into her companion's face, but before the latter could explain herself more clearly, Elmar opened the door. Erica had not seen him since the eventful evening of the robbery, and therefore involuntarily advanced a few paces towards him. Elmar also hastily approached, and holding out his hand, said cordially, —

"Welcome, companion of my sufferings! I was just going to your house, for I could not possibly leave this place without seeing you. How have you borne the excitement and exertions of that night?"

"Better than you seem to have done, Baron von Altenborn," replied Erica somewhat formally. "You look pale."

"Do I really?" laughed Elmar. "It is a pity that I can't turn this interesting pallor to more account, but unfortunately Fräulein Caroline went away yesterday."

"Don't be uncivil, baron," said Molly, while Erica gazed silently out of the window.

"Ah! you punish me with the 'baron'! You know the sensation aroused by the title is about as agreeable as the scratching of a knife on a china plate."

"Then you must have been very well pleased with me during the short time of our intercourse," replied Molly with a mischievous curtsy.

Erica understood neither the unusual, and, as it seemed to her, causeless gaiety of Fräulein Molly, nor did Elmar's manner meet with a response. She felt sad and out of humor, and wished to go away. Just as she raised the chain, which was lying on the window-sill, to put it in her pocket, Elmar's eyes rested upon it, and his bright face suddenly clouded as he asked hastily, —

"Did Kathinka give you that chain, Erica? *Madame la princesse* is always the same," he continued with cutting contempt, turning to Molly. "Grant me one request, Fräulein Molly," he instantly added in his former jesting tone, "though it is tolerably uncivil. Leave me alone a moment with my young friend. I have some things to say to her which even your discreet ear must not hear."

"My curiosity is not excited," replied Molly slowly, "or rather I anticipated your

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

wish, and was just going away. But let me first tell you that *Madame la princesse* is not always the same, but knows how to gain her own will under all circumstances, so your words will be vain."

"Will against will, Fräulein Molly, we'll try. Has my tone wounded the little sensitive plant?" asked Elmar, when Molly had left the room.

She made no reply, but the shadow that rested on her face clearly revealed her feelings. Her compressed lips quivered with mingled grief and indignation, the lids drooped heavily over her eyes, and the clear brow was furrowed with deep lines of thought. Elmar gazed at her a moment, and then said with a faint sigh,—

"Unfortunately, I have no time to call back the sunlight to those features. Katharina may come in at any moment, so I must take advantage of these few seconds to entreat you, Erica, to answer my sister's proposal to take you as companion in Fräulein Molly's place with a decided refusal."

The words certainly seemed by no means adapted to restore Erica's cheerfulness, indeed the shadow on her face deepened, and she answered gravely,—

"My mother has already declined the offer, I have no voice in the matter."

Elmar looked out of the window without making any reply, he seemed embarrassed by the mode in which she had worded her answer. "Certainly," he said at last, "your mother now has the sole right to decide, but you will grow older, become more independent, Erica, and then you will have full freedom."

"I will never leave my mother of my own free will," cried Erica passionately.

Elmar again glanced through the pane. Was it possible that the daughter had no suspicion of her mother's condition? And if so, would it not be almost a sin to destroy this innocent confidence in the future? "I expected no different course," he said after a still longer pause, "but I must have some positive security. Give me your hand, and promise solemnly that, under no circumstances, will you accept a situation with the princess."

"I promise," replied Erica softly, placing her hand in Elmar's. Her indignation had vanished, but her grief had grown still deeper, and she could scarcely restrain her tears.

"Don't hang your head so, little heather blossom," said Elmar in a very different tone, "there are plenty of real troubles in life, and we must therefore be economical with our grief. What, tears! I really believe, little fairy, you are trying to unman me."

The jesting tone was not calculated to restrain Erica's tears. She pressed both hands over her eyes to restrain and conceal the increasing flood. Elmar threw his arm around her and drew her towards him. "Don't cry, Erica," he whispered softly, "we are only parting for a short time. I will certainly come back again next year, and," he added in a fonder tone, "if you ever need a friend, call upon me. I will obey the summons wherever I may be." He touched her brow with his lips, and vanished before Erica fully comprehended what had happened.

She too now left the room and walked slowly towards home. The promise of another meeting, the certainty of his sympathy, were inexpressibly consoling to her, and it did not occur to her for some time that Elmar had shown a great deal of presumption in attributing her tears to his departure. True, she could not give any very clear account of their cause, even to herself, but of course it was probably her regret at parting from a family she had learned to love.

She blushed with shame at the thought that her conduct had authorized the young man's boldness, nay, even given cause for the belief that her tears flowed especially for Elmar's departure. At each examination, she found her behavior more and more improper and incomprehensible, and yet she could feel no lasting anger either with herself or the young baron, while the low whisper in which he had promised to return still rang in her ears. She went home as if in a dream, and her mother was obliged to remind her that she had intended to carry the princess a bouquet of flowers from the pastor's garden.

That afternoon a crowd of people thronged around the fairy castle, to watch the princess's departure. At last she appeared at the door in travelling costume, nodded kindly to the bystanders, expressed her thanks for the flowers with which her carriage was so richly adorned, and uttered a few words of regret that she was compelled to leave Waldbad. Little Carlos seemed to feel this sorrow less, for he eagerly watched the carriage that was to take him away, and could hardly be induced to notice the farewell greetings and join his mother in nodding and kissing his hand. Elmar also seemed pleasantly excited, although he bowed in every direction, while Fräulein Molly sat beside the princess like a statue, and took no part in the bustle.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Erica, holding her huge bouquet, stood concealed amid the crowd, unable to summon up courage to come forward. Her heart had again grown so heavy that she feared her farewell might betray her grief too plainly, and she would probably have carried her bouquet home again, if little Carlos had not seen her and attracted his mother's attention.

Now she was obliged to come forward, and, handing the flowers into the carriage, stammer an incoherent farewell. Katharina bent towards her to receive the bouquet, and whispered as Elmar had done that morning: "We shall not be separated long, we shall soon meet again, Erica."

The horses started, and the carriage soon disappeared from the eyes of the throng. The princess's whisper, however, did not afford the young girl the same consolation that her brother's had done, and she felt sadder than she would have believed it possible to do a few hours before.

XVI.

THE CONVERSATION.

When Erica awoke the next morning, the prevailing emotion in her heart was that of boundless desolation. The day stretched before her in such immeasurable length that she scarcely knew how to fill the hours which usually vanished only too rapidly. She felt disinclined to work or study, and a walk in the open air seemed to be the only thing that had not lost all charm for her, for she determined to take one immediately after breakfast. Just as she was in the act of leaving the house, Christine summoned her to her mother's bedside. The message surprised and alarmed her, as the invalid of late had always spent the morning alone, and she hastily obeyed the call.

Erica found her mother already dressed and sitting in her chair. She greeted the young girl lovingly, and pointed to a seat, but either because she wished to escape observation, or in accordance with old custom, Erica took the little stool and placed it at the invalid's feet. The latter made no objection, and as usual laid her hand affectionately on her daughter's head; but as she still kept silence, Erica at last ventured to ask timidly, —

"You wanted to speak to me, mamma. But perhaps you feel too weak?"

The invalid sighed and answered slowly, "Yes, Erica, I feel very weak; but nevertheless I must speak to you before it is too late, before these lips are forever silent."

"Mamma!" was the only word Erica could utter. Her large eyes gazed, as if paralyzed with terror, into her mother's face, and her whole form trembled. The veil which had hitherto concealed the sick woman's condition from her eyes was torn away, and the impending loss of the dearest treasure she possessed on earth suddenly stood before her like a threatening spectre.

Frau von Hohenstädt again passed her hand lovingly over her daughter's soft hair, but did not speak. Large tears now welled into Erica's stony eyes, and letting her head fall into her mother's lap, she murmured sobbing, —

"Mamma, you were almost always as sick as you are now; you won't leave me, God will not tear you from me."

"Be calm, my child," whispered the invalid, "do not make this terrible hour too hard for me. Let us unite in gratitude to God who has granted me so long a respite, and use the short interval of time that still remains to talk of your future."

"I can have no future without you, mamma! I will die with you."

"If you really love your mother, Erica, compose yourself. I cannot endure the sight of your grief, and it will render it impossible for me to say what I ought — must tell you."

Erica raised her head, and forcing back her tears, replied with quivering lips, "I will weep no more, mamma, I am perfectly calm."

"My own dear child," whispered the mother, bending forward to press her lips upon the daughter's brow. "You have witnessed my long hours of suffering, Erica," she added in a somewhat louder tone, "you know that life had no joy for me except your presence."

"I know it, mamma," murmured Erica. She had again bowed her head on her mother's lap, and closed her eyes, while large tears ran slowly down her cheeks.

"Then you will not wish to disturb by your grief the rest for which I long. You will be sustained by the thought that your mother has at last found peace, entered the kingdom where there is no sorrow or weeping."

"Yes, mamma," replied Erica, in an almost inaudible tone.

"Your future, my dear child, was the only thing that made it hard for me to leave this world; which, in spite of my grief and sufferings, still induced me to implore God to spare me to you. Your whole education was designed to steel your body and mind, in order to enable you to

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

withstand the storms of life. Your development, although in accordance with my hopes and wishes, was slow, and at seventeen you are still almost a child."

"I am a child no longer, mamma! This hour makes me cross the gulf and renders me ten years older."

"Grief matures the mind more rapidly than joy; so I will not despair because you are now in the midst of the battle of life. God in his great mercy has taken the bitterest sting from my dying hour; I need not leave you perfectly helpless. You are surprised, my Erica, and will be still more so when I tell you that probably the rash deed you performed that night is the sole cause of this relief. I cannot explain the matter in any other way. When I have told you all you can judge for yourself."

The invalid made a pause, but Erica did not interrupt it, and after a long silence she continued: "You know, my child, although I have never spoken to you about the matter, that our former easy circumstances were greatly changed by unforeseen misfortunes. Ill and feeble as I was, I could not think of supporting myself, and in order to live and provide for your education was forced to convert the small, very small, amount of property that remained into an annuity, which ceases at my death. This income, even in the economical way in which we lived, was barely sufficient to defray our expenses, and necessity compelled me to sell our last piece of property — this little house — which I had hoped to keep for you. The sum it would bring was small, it is true, but the cottage is dilapidated and of little value, though land in Waldbad is much higher than formerly.

"It thus became impossible to secure your future independence, and I should perhaps have felt this inability still more bitterly, if my own life had not too clearly shown me the perishableness of all earthly riches. When this summer I perceived the speedy approach of death, and was forced to realize that I had but a short time to remain with you, my dear child, I thought it my duty to use in your behalf the few worldly advantages I still retain.

"You know, Erica, that we have many wealthy relatives, but you also know I have never claimed their assistance, but on the contrary, in consequence of my misfortunes, remained aloof from them. I think I was right, but even a good principle may be carried too far. Praiseworthy consistency in this case can easily become obstinacy and narrow-mindedness, whose sting is turned against ourselves.

"Although your education entitles you to enter the circle where you have been destined to gain your daily bread, our secluded, lonely life has made it impossible for you to acquire the social forms on which its members place a great, perhaps undue, value.

"Under whatever name you may wish to enter a family, whether governess or companion, a certain familiarity with the rules of etiquette is always required, and this familiarity cannot be obtained in solitude, but only by intercourse with society. You are to have an opportunity to learn these forms in the house of one of your relatives. This is a request we can make without infringing on our self-respect, and whose fulfilment we are entitled to expect from those so nearly allied to us. God gave me no sister, to whom I should naturally have turned in such a case, and so I hesitated whether to apply to my cousin who inherited my parents' estates as the next male heir, or to my cousin Vally, who was educated with me.

"I decided in favor of the latter, because I know very little of my cousin Kroneck, while Vally and I maintained for years a constant correspondence, which I gradually dropped. Vally, with her punctilious observance of the rules of etiquette, and practical common sense, seemed to me the best person to add the finishing touches to my child's education. The thought of her apparently cold, nay, chilling manner, did not deter me; on the contrary, I hope it will give a beneficial counterpoise to a training bestowed by a mother who is only too weak in heart and mind. I therefore wrote to Vally a few weeks ago, and received a cordial, nay, for her cold manner, extremely affectionate, reply, in which she warmly accedes to my request.

"I was grateful to her with all my heart, especially as she has four daughters, and I hope this large family circle will afford my Erica an opportunity to acquire that ease in her intercourse with others, in which she is now so greatly deficient.

"Besides, I wished, before my death, to sell this house in order to pay every little debt and place the small sum remaining in your guardian's hands. The pastor — that true friend whom God has given me in my misfortunes for a support and consolation — will of course be this guardian, and with his assistance I have already been trying for a long time to dispose of our little property as advantageously as

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

possible. Hitherto, however, the offers were so small that we could not accept them, though we were forced to acknowledge that in the dilapidated condition of the house no large sum could be expected.

"Such was the state of affairs, when a few days ago a price was suddenly offered which not only far exceeded our expectations, but also the real value of the estate. Although a lawyer from the city managed the affair, and solemnly assured us that the Princess Bagadoff was *not* the purchaser, neither the pastor nor myself doubted it for an instant, and both instantly agreed to accept the offer. You had done the lady a service which placed her under obligations for life, and there was a delicacy in the manner of discharging this debt of gratitude, which, to tell the truth, I had not expected from the princess, and which on every account I should have considered it wrong to decline.

"Her agent wished to make me believe that his principal, delighted with the situation of Waldbad and the location of our house, which is certainly the most beautiful spot in the village, wished to secure the property at any cost, in order to erect a handsome villa. The dilapidated condition of the cottage was therefore a matter of no consequence, since the walls would sooner or later be torn down, and the purchaser set a higher value upon the quantity of land that belonged to the estate, as he intended to have it laid out in pleasure-grounds. To induce me to gratify her wish — as if I should object to disposing of my little property at so great an advantage — the purchaser would willingly defer the execution of her plans a few years, as she was about to set off on a long journey. I might therefore remain in undisturbed possession of the house, if I would permit certain necessary repairs to be made.

"The good princess had even provided for my old Christel, by appointing her to take charge of the house. If I had not already been determined to accept so much delicate kindness with heartfelt gratitude, this last proof of it would certainly have induced me to do so. The thought of my faithful old Christel, who had devoted her life to my service, was one of the bitterest drops in my cup of sorrow. Unable to provide for her future, I was forced to leave her to the sympathy of strangers, since I was compelled to positively reject our noble friend's offer to receive her in his house. Now her future is secure; she will remain in a familiar spot, can procure greater comforts than before, and also make herself useful according to her strength. She will keep the old house and some day the new one in order, and its owner will doubtless be satisfied with her choice."

"If this sale had been made a few weeks earlier, I probably should not have written my letter to Vally. You can now pay a sufficient sum to enter a family as an independent member, and will therefore not be exposed to the necessity, always bitter to a woman, of gaining your own bread. You can thus use your strength for your own culture as well as the advantage of your companions, and it will be your own fault if you feel yourself a useless member of the great human family.

"I should now prefer to let you become a part of the pastor's household, but I do not wish to sunder the bond that has just been reunited, for I believe it is the will of God. The circle you are about to enter is a cultivated and truly Christian one. Vally's education and character afford me ample security for that fact, so I can feel at ease in regard to your lot in this respect.

"The only change I have made is that you will not go to your cousin's house until early next spring. You can more quickly overcome your grief for my loss among friends and amid your old familiar surroundings, and moreover will not enter a stranger's family during the time of deep mourning. I, however, shall be spared the pain of leaving this house, which has become inexpressibly endeared to me by the sorrow I have endured within its walls. I shall not keep the new owner out of her property for years or even months, but I thank her none the less warmly for granting me a quiet death in the dear old rooms."

Erica, who had hitherto sat almost motionless, absorbed in an agony of grief, now clasped her mother in a passionate embrace, exclaiming through her sobs, "Don't talk so, you are breaking my heart, mamma!"

"Do not grudge me my repose, my child," whispered the mother, "your innocent heart has but a faint idea of the sufferings God has imposed upon me. And now let us end this conversation, Erica, my strength is beginning to fail."

The low, tremulous tone in which the invalid spoke, only too plainly proved the truth of her words. Anxiety for her mother crowded every other thought out of Erica's mind, and she started up to help her to her chamber and perform all the little services she required. Every idea, every feeling was now fixed upon one

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

object; beside the life of her dear mother, everything seemed a matter of indifference, there was nothing in the past or future that could arouse her interest. The grief caused by the farewell she had taken yesterday seemed like a dream, and Elmar's last words appeared prophetic.

When during the day her mother grew somewhat stronger, Erica, at her request, was obliged to go into the open air, and as a walk now possessed no charms for her, she seated herself on the down to enjoy the fresh sea-breeze. She had not been there long when she saw the pastor's wife approaching her.

"I knew I should find you here, Erica," she said gravely; "come with me to your mother."

Something in her voice and face made the young girl's heart shrink. Her eyes rested on the speaker with a fixed stare, as she shrieked despairingly, "My mother is dying!"

"Come, Erica," said her companion tenderly, taking her by the hand and drawing her towards the house. The young girl walked beside her in silence, only her loud breathing betrayed the agitation of her soul. They soon reached the cottage, and Erica started when she saw the windows behind which her mother was lying in the agonies of death.

Before they went up the steps of the veranda, the pastor's wife whispered, amid suppressed sobs, "You will be strong, Erica; you will not make your dear mother's death harder by your wild grief."

Erica could not answer; the emotion she was struggling so violently to repress made it impossible. But the pastor's wife must have trusted her without any assurances, for she gently pressed the hand that rested in hers, and hastily ascended the steps with her companion.

Erica's first glance at the invalid as she entered the room told her that she was approaching a death-bed. The features had already assumed the pinched appearance, the terrible livid hue, which is the certain sign of the departure of life. The glazing eyes of the dying woman expressed deep contentment when she perceived her daughter, and a faint smile played around her pallid lips.

Erica sank on her knees beside the bed, and burying her face in the pillows strove to stifle her agonized sobs. Her mother laid her hand upon the young girl's head in benediction, for she was no longer able to speak, and when Erica raised her head and fixed her tearful gaze upon the dying woman, a glance of inexpressibly loving farewell beamed from the dim eyes. It was the last sign of life, for the pupils remained fixed, the heart stood still, the spirit had departed.

For a moment Erica was fairly stupefied by the blow that had fallen upon her, then her agony, so long repressed, found vent in loud lamentations. Sobbing passionately, she threw herself upon the beloved corpse and covered the rigid face with her tears. The pastor, who with the doctor and the faithful old Christel stood beside the death-bed, let this wild anguish take its course without interrupting it, or striving to lessen it by any consolation, and only when the exhausted girl leaned her head upon the pillow, did he approach and whisper loving, soothing words in her ear.

At last he took her in his arms, and with a little gentle force removed her from the room, then allowed her once more to give way to her grief, and afterwards, exerting the same gentle violence, led her away to his own house. When Erica crossed the threshold of her home, she knew that henceforth it would be hers no longer, that she had lost the place where she had felt safe from all the storms of life, and now the battles of this life would begin. She almost broke down as the full weight of this consciousness burst upon her, and only the pastor's supporting arms saved her from falling, and rendered it possible for her stumbling feet to reach the abode that was to be her present asylum.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE CELT OF WALES AND THE CELT OF IRELAND.

On Christmas night last, the present writer witnessed a little spectacle which, trifling in itself, seems, for reasons to be presently stated, not unworthy of description and consideration.

The scene was at night in a huge barn outside a village in a certain lonely mountain district in the heart of Wales. Not a fashionable, tourist-haunted village, the reader is requested to bear in mind, but a scattering of some twenty cottages of the solid, almost Cyclopæan, Welsh stone-masonry, of which (with the exception of the parsonage) the most imposing edifices are the post-office, the smithy, and the turnpike gate-house. No "public" or drink-shop of any sort exists in Llan——, but, *en revanche*, besides the church are two large Dissenting chapels, belonging of

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

course to the small farmers whose holdings are dotted over the surrounding hills. The assembly, though modestly announced on the tickets of admission (price 6*d.*) as only a *Cyfarfod Llenyddol* (Social Meeting), was in truth a miniature Eisteddfod, or competition for prizes, by poets, essayists, singers, and *improvisatori.* Of course on reading this, the English reader at once beholds with his mind's eye the energetic parson of the parish originating the whole scheme, working it up diligently to the honor of Christmas, laying the squire under contribution for prize-money, and employing all the young ladies in the neighborhood in decorating the hall with texts in Gothic characters as undecipherable as Chinese to the parishioners.

Nothing could possibly be further from the Eisteddfod of Llan——, which was devised, paid for, and performed exclusively by and for the villagers themselves, the carpenter, the blacksmith, and a score of farmers. Naturally every arrangement was of the simplest kind. The rough-hewn stone walls of the barn, with the rock on which they stand projecting here and there through the floor, were only relieved by two inscriptions — "A Merry Xmas," and "*Cymru lân gwlad y gân,*" "Fair Wales the Land of Song" — emblazoned with holly leaves and berries, on white calico, and illuminated by three rather smoky lamps pendent from the beams above. Of what degree of luxury the "stall seats" may have boasted I cannot tell, the well-packed crowd thoroughly occupying every inch of sitting and standing room. At the upper end, near a table, sat the young, pleasant-looking chairman, with a white rosette on his breast, together with the principal candidates for the prizes; and the competition went on with great *verve* and rapidity for about a couple of hours. I was unfortunately absent when the *penillion* was sung — a peculiar Welsh form of improvisation in dialogue, wherein both performers choose some theme, and respond to one another in impromptu song to a certain familiar tune. This was said to have been done (as is often the case) with cleverness and humor, little incidents of the hour and friendly personalities being introduced into the rhymes. After the *penillion* came a really charming glee, sung with feeling and delicacy, and rather erring on the side of being too *piano* and subdued, than of anything approaching the music-hall style of exhibition. This was listened to by the audience with breathless attention and encored enthusiastically, and after it followed an original poem of some twenty stanzas on the "Robin," repeated in a sort of recitative by the author, an intellectual-looking man, a small shopkeeper in a neighboring village. Each verse of this poem apparently contained some playful fancy, or as an Elizabethan writer would have said a "conceit," which was thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed by the audience, and secured a prize for the composer. Next came a short essay on the "Duties of Mothers to their Children," by the wife of the carpenter of the village, whose husband and daughters took the chief parts in a really excellent song which, with the distribution of the prizes, concluded the amusements of the evening.

As I walked home in the moonlight, with the snow-capped mountains and silent brown woods around my path, the reflection struck me very forcibly that the people who could originate and enjoy such a refined entertainment as I had witnessed must differ in many essential particulars from the peasants of most other countries with whom I had acquaintance. I thought of how the English agriculturalist, when left to choose his own diversion, invents such sports as tumbling in sacks, grinning through a horse-collar, and climbing a greasy pole for a leg of mutton; how his ideal of heaven has been confessed to be a "public with a fiddle going;" and finally how when the parson and the squire undertake to afford him entertainment apart from the supreme attractions of victuals and drink, it is considered indispensable to choose for the penny reading or the musical performance, literature and melodies indefinitely less refined than those which the spontaneous good taste of these Welsh men and women had led them to prefer. In France again, I thought how the young men and women would have insisted on a dance — possibly the cancan — instead of such an *anodyn* style of amusement, as they would have deemed our Cyfarfod. When the idea presented itself of the inhabitants of an Irish village of no greater pretension than Llan——, unassisted by squire or clergyman, getting up on their own account such an Eisteddfod, the incongruity of the notion was so startling that it brought vividly to a focus the impressions I had been receiving, through a residence of many years in the two countries, of the vast and not easily explicable difference which exists between the Celtic populations of Wales and Ireland. Perhaps in these days, when a very influential school of thinkers seem prepared to resolve every human characteristic

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

—moral, intellectual, religious, and æsthetic — into a matter of hereditary transmission, it may not be uninteresting or useless to spend a little study on a problem touching so nearly the assumed law of such transmission. Here are two branches of the same great Celtic family, distantly allied — as philologists affirm, considerably *more* distantly than the Irish from the Highland Scotch, for example — but still of the same blood, members of that same earliest swarm which left the old Aryan home for the West before history began. They have dwelt for several thousand years side by side as next neighbors, in countries under the same latitude and with a similarly pluviose climate, and propinquity to "the melancholy ocean." For several centuries they have both been under the rule of the same conquerors. Intercourse between them at a very early period was so close that several saints and heretics,* legends and musical airs, are to this day attributed to Wales by Welsh, and to Ireland by Irish archæologists. Yet instead of exhibiting such obvious and striking resemblances as might have been anticipated, under circumstances so similar, and instead of progressing together step by step in prosperity, the differences, or rather contrasts, in the characteristics and fortunes of the two people are so much more salient than their likenesses, that nine Englishmen out of ten forget that they are anywise akin, and no statesman dreams that because one act of Parliament is fitted for Ireland, it is likely to be needed in Wales.

Without pretending to offer novel observations on themes so familiar as the characteristics of the two countries, I think that an attempt to lay them side by side in parallelism may not be without a certain interest, and possibly not without use. Either the laws of heredity are not exactly what we have of late been led to suppose, or the causes which have interfered with their action on so large a scale and in so decided a manner deserve to be carefully investigated. Could Ireland be rendered prosperous, contented, and loyal as Wales, could the Irish be clothed, and educated, and inspired with the same hopeful industry as the Welsh, no greater boon could befall the empire. And, it may be added, could the Welsh by made to observe certain laws of moral conduct as sacredly as do the poor peasantry of Ireland, it would likewise be a gain to the virtue of the world. Whether we are to look for the cause of the difference in the wrongs and miseries of past ages or in the existing economical, political, or religious conditions of the two countries, is therefore a problem fairly claiming the attention of every thoughtful Englishman.

The chief *present* differences between Wales and Ireland (which ought to be borne in mind, but on which we shall not further touch in this paper) are as follows: Ireland is ultra-Catholic, Wales ultra-Protestant. Wales has an Established Church which is not the church of the masses. The Church of Ireland has been disestablished. The land of Ireland is chiefly held by men of Saxon race. The landowners of Wales are still very generally Welshmen by blood and sentiment. Wales possesses innumerable mines and quarries all over the country, holding out bribes to speculation and keeping the wages of labor exceedingly high. Ireland, being almost exclusively an agricultural country with little industry except the linen trade, there exist few opportunities of fortune-making, and the wages of labor are proportionately small. Finally, while Ireland has gone in a vicious circle, her wrongs and sufferings creating a class of agitators, and agitation preventing the development of the resources of the conntry, Wales has had few wrongs and no agitators; jealousy has been out of question between the small and poor and the great and rich country; and patriotism has assumed the harmless form of enthusiasm for the national language, music, and monuments. Instead of a Home Rule meeting, there is an Eisteddfod.

Preliminary to any parallel between the Welsh and Irish nations, it is to be marked *en passant* that, while both have well-marked characteristics, the smaller and geographically less isolated country is more distinctly individualized and keeps closer to its traditions than the large island. If, for example, we take *language* as a test of sustained nationality, we find the old "Cymraig" to this day both the spoken and written language of the whole principality; scarcely a Welshman, save a few of the upper classes, being ignorant of it, and about half the nation, it is supposed — for no statistics exist — understanding no other tongue. Books in considerable numbers are yearly printed in Welsh, and a great many very popular and fairly edited newspapers. Nor do the zealous Cambrians forsake their beloved language even when they cross the Atlantic; no less than fourteen journals, we are

* Pelagius = Morgan (Sea-born) being one of the most eminent.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

told, are published in Welsh in the United States and Canada.

Pretty nearly the converse of all this holds good respecting Ireland. I have been favored by the registrar-general of Ireland, Mr. Burke, with calculations founded on the admirable returns prepared under his direction and that of his predecessor Mr. Donnelly, from whence the following facts come to light: —

In the year 1861, 19·1 per cent. of the population of Ireland spoke Irish, namely 1,105,536 persons. In the year 1871 this proportion had sunk to 15·1 of the population, namely, to 817,875 persons. Thus it appears that the use of the Irish language is dying out at the rate of more than two hundred thousand persons in ten years; a fact made still more obvious by another table, showing that during the ten years in question the proportion of ages had changed still more markedly than the numbers of speakers. The younger generation are all learning English, and only the parents retain the use of their native tongue. How many persons can read and write in Irish as well as speak it, I do not know; but the number must be very small, as is certainly also that of the publications of any kind in the Irish language issuing from the press of recent years. Of an Irish newspaper I have never heard.

Next to language perhaps we may place *music* as a feature of distinctive nationality; and here again the Welsh hold their own most tenaciously. The exquisite old Irish airs, wild and melancholy with the sadness wherewith nature sweeps the organ of the autumn woods and wintry waves, or simply joyous like the song of the thrush, this rich treasure of melody — where is it now to be found save bound up with Moore's tinsel verses in the volumes printed fifty years ago in London? There may be districts in Ireland where the peasants still sing their own music, but it has never happened to the present writer to hear them; whereas every man, woman, and child in Wales seems to know and to be able to sing remarkably well a whole repertory of the fine old martial national airs. Nothing is more common in passing a mountain cottage than to hear the "March of the Men of Harlech" or "*Ar-hyd-y-Nos*" in the voice of the young farmer or his wife at their work, or of a group of the lovely Welsh children playing round the door.

In *dress* again the Welsh have kept longer to their national costume than the Irish. The red cloak has utterly disappeared from the grey Irish landscape which it once brightened; and even before the cloak, the red petticoat vanished; that once famous red petticoat which formed the theme of one of the oldest and quaintest of the national ditties — grotesque enough and yet pathetic too.

But even yet about one Welshwoman in fifty (bless her!) wears the dear old high-crowned broad-brimmed beaver hat, the tidy white cap, the cotton bed-gown, and the short stout linsey petticoat, leaving free the agile foot and ankle cased in strong shoes and home-made worsted stockings. To see one of these women at seventy and even eighty years of age, carrying a bundle of sticks or half a sack of potatoes or any such "unconsidered trifle," on her back, or walking straight up a mountain like the side of a house, knitting all the way and never pausing to take breath; or else digging away in her garden, and wheeling about huge loads of soil or gravel, is to behold a spectacle of vigor and cheerfulness for which it will take a world of reading, writing and arithmetic to compensate when the stuffy school and the love of vulgar finery learnt there shall have made it altogether a thing of the past.

Other particulars might be added, but those of language music, and dress I think suffice to prove that Welsh nationality is better preserved and more pronounced at the present day than the nationality of Ireland. We may now proceed to draw our intended parallel between the recognized characteristics of the two nations, noticing the broad features of family likeness where they come into view, and the less accountable unlikeness which seems to prevail in nine points out of ten. Of course such a sketch might be made much more complete and instructive by including the other great branches of the Celtic tree in our purview, Gaelic, Breton, and Cornish. For such a task, however, a volume would be needed, not an article.

Physically, it seems impossible to trace the cousinship between Welsh and Irish. Nothing in the form of head, countenance, or complexion betrays the fact. There are, of course, tall and short men in both countries, but no districts in Wales are inhabited by such dwarfs as people Connemara, or such Anakim as may be found in Tipperary. In both countries the women have special claims to beauty, but Irish loveliness is always a little in the "free and unconfined" *genre* of Nora Creina, while a "Maid of Merioneth"

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

belongs to the well-braced, sure-footed, self-reliant type which might claim the eulogium of King Lemuel: "She girdeth her loins with strength, she strengtheneth her arms." Unhappily, this grand figure, resembling the Trastevarina in Rome, is becoming daily more rare. As to particular features, the beautiful Irish eye — grey, with long dark lashes, and with the lids deep set and well chiselled — an eye speaking mingled innocence, mirth, and tenderness quite unmatched by any human orb — this loveliest eye has no analogue in the Welsh feature. On the other hand, the Irishman's frightful prognathous jaw, as seen in Munster and Connemara, is unknown in Wales; as is also the coarse lip which, in a lesser degree, is likewise distinctive of the Milesian race.

The question is surely curious. What has caused this difference in the *physique* of the two nations? Both have lived for ages on the same simple fare of oatmeal, milk, and potatoes (to which the Welsh now add endless tea-drinkings), under equally rainy skies. Yet while the Welshman is said to display the very same form of skull and delicacy of the muscular attachments which distinguished his progenitors who dwelt in the Denbighshire caves in the stone age, in the society of the *Bos longifrons* and the wolf, his Irish cousin has managed to introduce (or preserve?) in the human countenance a mouth scarcely improved since the much remoter date when we were apes; and to forestall eyes which might beam beneath our brows when we become angels.

Pass we now upward to mental characteristics. Here there is certainly some family likeness. There is a nimbleness about the wits of a Celt which gives him an advantage over a Saxon such as that possessed by a man with a stiletto over one with an unwieldly Excalibur — that is to say, a Celt of Wales or Ireland, for the Scotchman is as much slower than the Englishman, as the Welshman and Irishman are more rapid. The whole mental machinery of the Welsh and Irish seems better oiled than that of the Saxon. They catch an idea as a good player catches a shuttlecock; and the speaker is never called upon, in the ineffably tiresome way so common in England, to repeat his remark that his auditor may be enabled to swallow and digest it before he reply. The retort comes sharp and quick as the snap of a revolver. Anger, pleasure, tears, and laughter follow the flash which gives occasion to them, and do not go on rumbling in English fashion three minutes afterwards. The Celt may deserve sometimes to be called indiscreet, wrong-headed, and scatter-brained; but no one would ever dream of applying to him the epithets of dullard, Bœotian, clodpole, numskull, or dunderhead. He may be silly, but is never beef-witted.

As a consequence of this rapid consumption of ideas, Welshmen in particular are ready to be excited about everything, and (as always happens far away from the great centres of public interest) more especially in local gossip. Their lively wits seem actually to famish for such pabulum. To hear the clatter of tongues when Welshman encounters Welshman on the road, or the still more animated buzz as of a whole swarm of bees, at a little railway station where a dozen passengers await the train, is to be reminded rather of the streets of Marseilles than of any English place of meeting, where a nod and a "good morning" are the utmost efforts of good fellowship.

All this refers pre-eminently to Wales. In Ireland the energy for chatter is obviously less vehement, and the equally quick wits are content with reasonable intervals of silence. But the different *pace* of Celtic minds may there be no less traced by a comparison of the really delightful intelligence of a school of Irish children with the heaviness and slowness of a similar and much better fed and clothed class, in any part of England, even in the great towns. I have often tested the ability of young Irish boys and girls, either to understand a piece of humor or to appreciate an act of heroism, or, generally, to take in any idea quite new to them; and never yet failed of success. But the very same joke, or story, or new idea, presented to very "sharp" English town boys has been utterly misunderstood.

IMAGINATION is a faculty which I suppose will on all hands be conceded pre-eminently to the Celtic race, and yet perhaps it would be more proper to credit it with the *poetical temperament* than with the actual power of imagination in its higher walks. The phrases, the ideas, the music, a thousand sweet wild-flower-like ways of both Welsh and Irish, show that temperament, and distinguish it from the dull commonplace of the vulgar Saxon, very much as the names of the two conical mountains over the Bay of Dublin pertain to the Irish, who called them the "Gilded Spurs," and to the English, who named them the "Sugarloaves." But when it comes to the creation of great poems, the

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Celt is certainly open to the sneering question whereby illogical persons have supposed that the claims of women to political rights might be dismissed: —

> Where is your Iliad, your Macbeth,
> Your soul-wrought victories?

The kind heavens will preserve me, I trust, from the audacity of attempting to form an estimate of the rank justly belonging to Celtic poetry compared to the masterpieces of Greece, India, Italy, Germany, and England, but I have never heard the most enthusiastic Welshman claim for Dafydd ap Gwyllim himself a place much above Chaucer; and one point at all events is patent, that the merit of Erse and Cymric poetry is not of that solid kind which can bear translation, but depends in principal measure on the apt fulfilment of a number of arbitrary and intricate rules of rhythm and rhyme, whose shackles the higher class of poetic genius would hardly condescend to endure. In later centuries some millions of Irishmen and thousands of Welsh have spoken English. How does it chance, if either race have great poetic gifts, that we have no Welsh-English poetry at all, and in Ireland only a few spirited Fenian ballads, beside older poems which can scarcely be called national, since Goldsmith and Moore might as well have been cockneys? Why is there no Irish, or Welsh, Walter Scott, or Robert Burns?

Gibson made in marble the only Welsh poems I have ever seen which could convey the sense of beauty to the Saxon, and they were inspired very evidently by a muse whose birthplace was much nearer to Parnassus than to the bardic seat of genius — Cader Idris.

Again, it would be hard to define in what way æsthetic taste has been displayed (except in music) by either Celtic nation for ages back, since the days of the beautiful antique Irish jewellery. Certainly it is not exhibited in architecture. No uglier towns or houses than Irish ones exist in Europe; and when the most has been made of the Rock of Cashel, and a very few other early ruins, and of the four or five fine classic buildings of the last century in Dublin, there is scarcely a relief from architectural hideousness from Cape Clear to the Causeway, unless in the modern mansions of the Anglo-Irish gentry undistinguishable from those of England.

Such a thing of beauty as a genuine old English cottage — brick, stone, or wooden, thatched and rose-grown, such as may be seen by scores in Warwickshire, or Kent, or the New Forest — never yet came from Celtic hands. An Irish peasant or farmer, if he be left to himself, without interference from his landlord, builds his house (even if he be well able to afford a good one) in the least pretty spot in his holding, and in a manner to render his materials, whether stone and slate, or mud and thatch, as little sightly as it is possible to be. As to the regular typical mud cabin, there is something about it absolutely *sottish*. Nor is the complacent squalor of the place ever relieved by a well-kept bit of flower-garden, or a few creepers over the walls, unless beneath the tyrannical rule of the neighboring squire. Indoors, the furniture is simply the cheapest and commonest which can be made to serve the necessary use of bed, cupboard, chairs, and tables; and the works of art are confined to colored prints, which may possibly fulfil some religious purpose, but assuredly do not meet any æsthetic want of human nature. Not even in dress do the Irish peasantry display any taste. A farmer going to market at Mullingar in his long, ill-made coat, whose tails, if the day be rainy, he is compelled to tuck under his arms on either side to prevent them from dabbling his legs, is a spectacle of clumsiness at which it is scarcely possible to refrain from laughing, and even the charming beauty of Irish girls of all classes fails often to obtain its due meed of admiration for want of better taste in its adornment. Poverty, of course, explains much; but the poverty of an Italian *contadina*, or the wife of a Fellah Arab, is quite as great as that of most Irishwomen, and *their* dress renders even personal ugliness picturesque and graceful.

The case against Welsh taste is not so strong. If the Cymry do not create beauty, they do not mar the beauty which nature spreads so richly around them. Their houses (of massive stone, in most parts of the country), with dormer windows breaking the outline and latticed panes, have an aspect of durability, and even of dignity, which accords well with the landscape; and almost invariably they are placed in good positions, backed by the heather-crowned hills, and with brooks babbling by the moss-grown walls of the little old orchard of plum and apple trees. Honeysuckles, wild roses, foxgloves, ferns, and ivy hang from every bush or nestle undisturbed beneath every wall — and a painter could scarcely choose a lovelier scene than some of these mountain homesteads for a background, and in front of them a group of the beautiful, refined-looking

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Welsh children, playing with the puppy or "paiddling i' the burn." Within the cottage will be found two or three ancestral pieces of fine old oak furniture, dresser and coffer, and perchance a chair or bedstead, which, with the huge wide fireplace entirely relieves the poverty of the place from any aspect of sordidness. The dress of the inmates, too, though far gone of late from the original admirable old costume, is never ragged, and is indeed in general only too *soigné* and expensive for the fortunes of the wearers, whose pride causes them to spend much more on their clothes than on their food.

This matter of the commissariat is not to be altogether passed over in discussing the taste of the Welsh and Irish, who equally regard it with ill omened indifference. The stimulus to the industry of man and the housewifeliness of woman which a taste for good and varied food affords elsewhere, is absolutely wanting in Ireland and Wales; and in the latter country even well-to-do farmers live on a miserable diet of everlasting tea and exceedingly bad bread. Indifferent butter, abominably ill-cured bacon, and herrings salted always a day too late and never eaten fresh at all, seem to afford their only and rarely admitted luxuries. Nor can those whose business it is to cater for English travellers in Wales be by any means induced to pay proper attention to securing vegetables and fruits, and better meat than the wretchedly ill-fed mutton, which enjoys an altogether fictitious reputation, on the strength of the very different Welsh mutton fattened for the table of private gentlemen or for the London market. Till Welsh innkeepers and lodging-house keepers mend their ways in this respect, they must be contented to limit their customers to persons who are willing to practise a good deal of mortification of the flesh during their scenery-hunting, and to pay for it too as if they were dwelling among the flesh-pots of Clifton, Burnemouth, or Brighton. In many pretentious Welsh hotels it is usual to behold four or five dishes set out for luncheon on an imposing long table, every one of them consisting of the last remains of a joint of cold mutton in a state which would scarcely be presented in an English servants' hall. Of other food of any kind — *non c' è.*

Surely it is idle to go on talking of the peculiar æsthetic capacities of two nations who have never possessed any national art except music, and whose houses, dress, tables, and gardens display less taste and care even than those of the confessedly poorly-endowed Saxon.

So far as imagination creates superstitious fears and fancies, both Welsh and Irish notoriously exhibit it freely, but the guess may be hazarded that the prevailing Calvinism of the principality has given it the graver complexion which it therein seems to wear. Ghosts still appear constantly all over Wales, and (according to a bygone fashion, of which they ought to be ashamed) always leave behind them an odor of brimstone after their apparitions; while birds of evil omen (kittiwakes and curlews especially) screaming at night round a house are regarded with unaffected dread and abhorrence.

Irish imagination, though it has called up the banshee and an abundance of hereditary curses, revels chiefly in more *riante* dreams — the Leprachaun and Phuca (Puck); the beautiful invisible Island of St. Brandan in the far Atlantic; the towers of the submerged city beneath Lough Neagh; and the endless droll legends of the giant Fin McCoul.

As regards HUMOR, it would appear that both Welsh and Irish Celts (notably *not* Scotch ones) have vastly quicker and keener sense of wit and fun than any class of Saxons, short of the most intellectual and cultivated of all. But, though the Welsh peasant knows a joke the moment he sees it (which is much more than can be said of his English brothers), and is a merry fellow in his own way, it is very rare indeed to hear from him any such *bons mots* as may be freely gathered from an Irishman's discourse. To bamboozle a Manchester tourist by selling him a hawk as a *Welsh parrot;* and in a court of justice to turn the tables on an overbearing cross-examining barrister, who was sneering at the witness for carrying turf in a sack, by the rejoinder that it was "always carried so formerly at T.," — the *parvenu* barrister's native place — the Nazareth of the principality, from whence no good thing can come, — these are jests in the true Welsh spirit. It will be seen at a glance how widely they differ from the pure fun of Hibernia: such jokes, for example, as that of the car-driver whom the prim and elderly English governess "engaged for an hour," and who replied to the obnoxious stipulation, "Ah, thin, ma'am, and won't ye take me *for life?*" Or the priest who, when consulted by a parochial sceptic about the nature of miracles, gave the man a kick, and asked him, "Did he feel it?" "In coorse I did," responded the injured inquirer. "Well

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

then, remember this! It would have been a *miracle if you did not.*"

Passing to the AFFECTIONS, it will be admitted by every one that the maternal sentiment abounds in both the nations of whom we write. Happy is the child who has an Irish nurse or a Welsh mother! The hideous stories of cruelties to infants which every now and then come to light in English cities are unheard of among Celtic populations, and the passionate affection they commonly show for their beautiful little children, or even for their foster children, is delightful to witness. No danger in boarding out pauper orphans in either country! In the matter of conjugal and fraternal attachments also there seems to be a shade more warmth of feeling; or perhaps it would be more fit to say that the poor in Ireland and Wales manifest an amount of sentiment for which only the well-to-do find either leisure or power of expression in England.

The general standard of courtesy among acquaintances and towards strangers is also unquestionably higher both in Wales and Ireland (wherever tourist-dealing has not spoiled it) than in any part of the north of England, perhaps even than in the more genial south and west. There is an inborn politeness in the Celt, a talent for saying graceful things, which the Saxon only attains at the culmination of culture and refinement. There seems to be, however, some difference between the two Celtic races wherewith we are concerning ourselves, as regards the converse of politeness, when it breaks down under pressure. There is a capacity for the very vulgarest insolence in an irate Irishman of the lower class, quite unparalleled elsewhere, and it is often painfully instructive to observe how rapidly the tone of obsequiousness is exchanged for this foul-mouthed insolence when the hope of gaining anything by adulation is disappointed. A tribe of creatures so debased in this way as the beggars of Killarney and Wicklow disgrace no other country. Welshmen are proverbial for a hasty temper, but they never seem to forget themselves in their anger as do the Irish. On the contrary, they exercise a surprising degree of self-control when offended, and exhibit caution and reticence which, taken with subsequent evidences of enduring vindictiveness, border on hypocrisy. As a rule, they seek balm for their wounded feelings so continually in the law courts that they probably deserve their reputation of the most litigious people in Europe.

Mendicity in Wales is only practised by tramps, gipsies, and tinkers. Thus charity, in the almsgiving sense, has no place among Welsh virtues, but the people are abundantly kind and helpful to one another in illness or distress. In Ireland, as everybody knows, the poorest cabin will offer such entertainment as it possesses to every wayfarer who asks for shelter or food. In scores of cases I have known poor widows on the verge of starvation give freely their "bit of bread" to the first "bowzy" beggar who thinks fit to stop at their door. Of course, Roman Catholic ethics have much to do with this national habit, and also with the selection of the profession of mendicancy by those highly devout persons who form (or did form a few years ago when I visited the spot) the staple of the band of pilgrims at St. Patrick's Purgatory in Lough Derg.

Both Welsh and Irish are, I think, more kind to animals generally than the English peasantry. Irishmen treat their horses, cattle, and pigs in a very friendly way, and a celebrated physiologist, resident in Dublin, informed me that public opinion in Ireland would never permit of vivisection demonstrations — a dictum which it is satisfactory to see verified by the recent Parliamentary return, showing that not a single license for the practice has been taken out under the new act for any laboratory or school in Ireland. The same holds good of Wales, where the affection of the people for their intelligent sheep-dogs would naturally make the notion of scientific torture detestable. The position of a dog in a Welsh farmhouse is indeed to the last degree pleasant and independent. He lives at large, pursues his vocation of driving the sheep with professional zeal, carries on untrammelled his feuds, friendships, and flirtations with all the other sheep-dogs in the neighborhood, is valued by his master, caressed by the children, and known by name and reputation to everybody within a dozen miles of his abode.

We now come to a matter of supreme importance in the character and lives of both Welsh and Irish — their peculiarly fervent sense of RELIGION. Ireland was a holy isle even in pagan times; an isle of Christian saints while yet half Europe worshipped Odin; and to this day she is a land of faith in a sense which could not justly be applied to England, much less to France or Germany. In Wales again, the seed of fervid pietism scattered broadcast a hundred years ago by Wesley and Whitefield, found its most congenial soil, and the nation continues yet in a

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

state of revivalism, from which an English town invariably falls away a month after the departure of its Moodys and Sankeys. The chapel-building and chapel-going, the Bible-reading and hymn-singing, the Sabbatarianism, the perusal of religious biographies and scriptural commentaries, all carried on by the hard-working peasantry and artisans, surpass anything we ever witness in England. In all this the zeal of the Welsh Dissenter is quite on a par with that of the Irish Catholic, and occupies in the same way the foreground of life. How singular is the reflection that creeds so far apart as Romanism and Calvinism should command similar enthusiasm in races so nearly akin; and how our shallow theories about "the Celt needing a symbolical cultus," or "priestly direction," stand rebuked by such indisputable facts! The Irishman finds in Romanism, the Welshman in Calvinism, the scaffolding whereon each builds his own inner temple, the pegs whereto he can hang his genuine religious emotions and be equally content.

The influence of all this fervent religion in actual life is, alas! far from being as satisfactory as it ought to be in either country. With so noble a force at disposal, all the besetting sins of the two countries should be swept away; but Father Mathew himself failed to place a permanent check on Irish drunkenness; and the zealous Welsh ministers either do not or cannot shame their flocks, with all their prayer-meetings and Bible-readings, into anything like the strict chastity of the poor Irish peasantry. It is greatly to be desired that some of the opprobrium attached by Welsh opinion to the *malum prohibitum* of breaking the fourth commandment could be extended to the *malum in se* of disregarding the seventh.

A very important and collateral influence of the intense Puritanism of Wales, is the absence of all such public amusements as races or gambling, and the universal culture of a good deal of what must be termed intellectual pursuits. Wherever Bible-reading prevails as it does in Wales, there, even in a purely secular sense, there must be a high standard of education. The Bible of course affords, by itself alone, a splendid education, such as the peasantry of no Catholic country in the world enjoys; and the Welshman, through his strictly-kept Sundays, and the long winter evenings in his mountain cottage, studies not only the Bible, but commentaries and books bearing upon it, till he possesses a store of ideas richer and better worth than is acquired in many a *lycée* in France or Italy. The Church of England in Wales labors hard and honestly, but under the grievous disadvantage of being the Church almost exclusively of the rich and their immediate dependants, including not a few doubtful characters extruded from the membership of the chapels. Much vitality cannot be looked for in a congregation of fifteen or twenty persons in an ancient edifice built to contain six or eight hundred, while all the other inhabitants of the districts crowd the roads on the way to their own self-supported little Bethels. A fatal mistake seems to be made also by those clergymen and land-owners who endeavor to bring back the masses to church by something approaching to ritualism. A few fervid Evangelical preachers might yet fill the churches of Wales, but if the numerous Holy Cross brethren holding Welsh livings, and other Ritualists, have their way, disestablishment cannot long be delayed.

As regards MORALITY as distinct from religion, the same broad characteristics notoriously prevail among the Celts of Wales and Ireland. The theological virtues, as the schoolmen call them, charity, faith, piety, and patience, are prominent — the moral virtues of justice, truth, temperance, and prudence in the shade. Thus we see the superstructure reaching sometimes to a saintly elevation, but the solid foundation which ought to support it is wanting. The love of justice and of truth, which forms the very backbone of every worthy Englishman's nature, is replaced in the Irishman and Welshman by the very imperfect substitute of personal loyalty or general kindliness.

To an Anglo-Saxon living in a Celtic country it always appears that there is an unaccountable lack among his neighbors of the spirit so familiar to him at home, which cannot rest till *justice be done* — till a crime be detected or encroachment resisted, or any act of oppression exposed and stopped. On the contrary, of such abstract sentiments as these he perceives no trace; but every *personal* consideration of kinship, friendship, common sectarianism, or politics, are freely and even unblushingly cited as motives for neglecting or overriding justice.

In Ireland of course it has been always notorious that wherever agrarian crime was in question (and often where the crime was not agrarian), the prisoner's chances of escape depended less on the evidence which could be produced against him than on the *personnel* of his jury,

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

among whom there might always be expected a few "boot-eaters," *i. e.*, men who have sworn that they would rather starve (or *eat their boots*) than agree to a verdict of "Guilty." It is less known how much of the same sort of favor prevails over justice in Wales. A man who is tried there by a jury of his neighbors has always a splendid chance of escape; but if some of them happen to be also his fellow chapel-goers of the same denomination, his acquittal may, it is feared, be predicted with approximate certainty. Not long ago a case of sheep-stealing occurred in the principality, the evidence against the accused man appearing quite overwhelming. The jury nevertheless brought in a verdict of "Not guilty," and one of them subsequently remarked to the prosecutor: "We were obliged to acquit So-and so, you know; but all the blotting paper in the kingdom would not wipe the stain from his character!" The opinion of a late eminent Welsh judge of the judicial fairness of his countrymen was amusingly revealed by his exclamation, when his hounds had just overtaken a hare: "By G—, a Cardiganshire jury can't save her now!"

In lesser matters the same fatal precedency of favor over justice may be noted, both in Ireland and Wales, by every one who looks out for it. In the latter country an additional motive against just severity appears to be the very lively fear of giving offence to one another which troubles Welshmen. Whether it be that the chapels exert some occult authority, or that social ostracism is specially to be dreaded in Wales, or that the men—though physically brave—are morally cowardly, I cannot say; but certain it is that the development of wholesome heat against injustice is very much checked; and while Welshmen are commonly said to be peppery and hot-headed, they may be frequently seen to bear with self-restraint annoyances from their equals which would draw from an Englishman at the least some very strong language, and from an Irishman an immediate recourse to fisticuffs.

There is, indeed, a most striking difference in this respect between the temperaments of the two Celtic nations. To Irishmen a secret is a sore burden. Even the proverbial "peasant cunning" traceable all the world over, is with them childishly transparent. In the upper class, no less than in the lower, the tendency to talk about their own affairs, their likings and dislikings, projects and disappointments, is almost irresistible; insomuch that it becomes quite a marked characteristic of any Irishman or Irishwoman when he or she attains the average of English reticence. The consequences, it is needless to say, of this excessive candor are often extremely inconvenient; but it must be owned, that though not a very dignified it is a very lovable characteristic, and one which harmonizes well with a very healthy and innocent *for intérieur*. The Welshman's temper is precisely the reverse. He is so cautious and secretive that he rarely ever risks himself to praise or condemn anybody. He cherishes his grudges (and they are, it is to be feared, numerous enough) in such privacy that it is hard to discover them; he keeps his own counsel, and of course has his reward. There is a tension in the whole moral atmosphere of Wales in consequence of this intense secretiveness and caution which, as it becomes more and more sensible to the Saxon sojourner, is as stifling as when the air is overcharged with electricity without breaking in wholesome thunder and rain.

With respect to the great and most important virtue to which the name of morality is often given *par éminence*, the contrast, as every one knows, between Wales and Ireland is most complete. The peasantry of Ireland are at the very summit of the scale of the whole world. Of those of Wales the best that can be said is, that errors which are too common and far too lightly judged, are usually followed by marriage, and that there is but little venal vice. On this subject it would not be fitting here to say more; but of course there is no department of social life in either country which is not more or less affected beneficially by the national virtue or injuriously by the vice.

As to sobriety M. Rénan observes, in his essay "*Sur la Poésie de la Race Celtique*," that so strong in the Irish Celt is the "longing after the infinite" that when he has no other method of gratifying it he seeks the infinite by drinking "*une liqueur forte qui s'appelle le wisky*." In less "poetic" races the taste for liquors *qui s'appellent l'eau de vie*, le Schiedam, le Kirsch, raki, or rum is not supposed to be derived from so lofty a source; but whatever be the origin of the sentiment, the Celt is neither, I fancy, very much before or behind his neighbors in liking what he euphuistically styles "a drop." The simple truth seems to be that whenever people have nothing particularly interesting or stimulating in their daily lives, and especially when they are sub-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

ject to the influences of a damp and variable climate, the propensity to give a "fillip to nature" in the cheap and easy way furnished by alcohol, will always prevail; and the differences observable will be more in the way in which they get drunk than in the fact that they drink to excess. The Celt seldom "boozes;" he may be a drunkard, but he is very rarely a sot. A great difference, of course, is made by the fact that the Irishman possesses his own cheap and excellent whisky, under whose too inspiring influence he naturally quickly becomes roaring drunk and generally violently pugnacious. The Welshman has only his comparatively mild and proportionately expensive "cwrw," sold in most parts of Wales at twice the price of English ale; and when he is fain to tipple too much, the results are more somniferous and less alarming. An extraordinary proportion of Welshmen are now teetotallers, and those who continue to drink do not dream of taking any stimulant with their daily meals, but only imbibe their ale on market-days, when they go to the public-house and make a bout of it — perhaps half-a-dozen times a year. The chief difference between England and Wales as regards drinking seems to be that a rather higher class of persons drink to excess in Wales than are often known to do so in this generation in England.

The characteristics of nations always come out prominently in the matter of VERACITY. The French *mensonge* (qualified often by highly moral writers as "*sublime*") differs essentially from the Italian *bugia*, which merely betrays that the *bugiardo* is naturally superior to the pitiful consideration of such trifles, light as air, as mere spoken words.

Again, the genuine Anglo-Saxon lie is recognizable at a glance, by its clumsiness, its want of ease, grace, and precision; and, generally, by a slightly perceptible hesitation indicative of the fact that its author is ashamed of it — or at least expects to be expected to be ashamed of it, if exposed — a state of disquietude entirely foreign to the sentiments of the Frenchman or Italian.

Quite distinct from any of these is the Celtic lie, which is always fluent, ingenious, and also ingenuous; wholly free from that *mauvaise honte* which mars the English falsehood. But here also the different genius of the severed branches of the Celtic family may be clearly traced. The Welshman does not lie like the Irishman, nor either of them like the Scotchman, whose "lee" (when Calvinism permits) is a very bad fib indeed, being told with a perfectly lucid sense of the disgrace properly appertaining thereto.

The typical Hibernian falsehood appears to the dull Saxon intellect chiefly in the shape of a rhodomontade or gasconade, a big, boastful lie, such as the frog who tried to swell himself out like the ox might be supposed to have uttered, had he had an opportunity of addressing the spectators of his experiment. As this kind of lie naturally offends the *amour propre* of the persons to whom it is addressed (unless the speaker be clever enough to enlist it on his side by making them feel proud of the honor of the society of the descendant of so noble a race, the rightful owner of so splendid an estate), it is common for the indignant British listener to speak of it with deep disgust and severity. Probably nothing in the world has tended so much to depreciate the Irish (also with slight variation the American) character in English estimation, as the efforts both nations make to impress on their hearers the notion of their own and their country's claims to unbounded admiration. The Welshman never gives in to this kind of thing at all. He is exceedingly proud, but not at all boastful or vulgarly fond of talking of great people. While Irish provincial papers still write of local magnates much in the tone they did when Goldsmith satirized their description of "the *august*" party who accompanied Mrs. Keogh, Welsh journals trouble themselves very little about anybody, save always Sir Watkin Wynn, whose progresses are much more interesting to Welshmen than those of Queen Victoria.

A very striking characteristic which seems to pervade the whole Celtic race in all its branches is the total absence of that love of finished work — indeed generally of any kind of order in work — which is so deeply rooted in the Saxon temperament. There are not many Englishmen who can contentedly quit a task with a small portion of it incomplete, and who would not cheerfully bestow a few extra strokes of scythe or spade to finish it. So far from experiencing any such uneasiness, Welshmen and Irishmen usually leave, as it would seem actually on purpose, a corner of their fields unploughed, and a single haycock or half a ridge of potatoes unsaved. Of the general untidiness of Welsh and Irish farms — the gates off their hinges, the brooks which are

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

allowed to overflow the roads — the shallow streams which are forded daily by scores of persons for want of a few stepping-stones — of all this kind of thing it is needless to speak, seeing that the complaints concerning it are reiterated in every book treating of either country. "Order" may be "Heaven's first law," but it is not even the second or the twentieth law of Wales or Ireland. No Welsh or Irish servant (the former even less than the latter) can be induced, by entreaties or objurgations, to lay a table or arrange a room for two consecutive days in the same way, or to place the articles in their charge in daily use in the same receptacle. The sort of orderly mechanism of an English household is absolutely impossible with Welsh or Irish servants, who are extremely clever, honest, obliging, everything else that can be desired, but who will merely be driven to rebellion by the effort to make them, in the English sense, orderly.

The fact seems to be that a rule, even if he have had a voice in making it, is to the Celt, *per se* a hateful thing to be broken at once. So far from being "law-abiding" like the Saxon, the Celt cannot abide a law. The fact that he did a thing yesterday (which affords to Englishmen and to all domestic animals a certain reason for doing it to-day) is to the Celt, on the contrary, a cogent reason for neglecting to do it, or doing the contrary. His "freedom" will never "slowly broaden down from precedent to precedent," but must be wholly unprecedented to give him the least satisfaction.

We come, finally, to the consideration of a point of character wherein, instead of resembling each other, the Irish and the Welsh Celt are at opposite poles — their difference in regard to it constituting, I conceive, one of the principal reasons for the adversity of the one race and the prosperity of the other, viz., PRUDENCE and FRUGALITY. "*Fionn a'n diu uisge amarach*" (Wine to-day, water to-morrow) is an ancient proverb which seems to have come out of the very heart of Ireland. There is no genuine Irishman, or even Anglo-Irishman, however his conscience, will, or ambition may have caused him practically to put away the temptation, who does not at bottom long to act on that principle. His genial (and, let us add, his generous and religious temperament) are all in favor of taking the goods the gods provide him, enjoying the present sunny hour, taking no thought for the morrow, and trusting to "luck" or Providence, or the kindness of neighbors (such as he would himself readily show), to help him out of the ditch if he happen to fall into it. Of course we all know what is the result when this kind of thing is carried on more or less by several millions of people — namely, the precise converse of that constant accession of wealth and influence which belongs to the eminently prudent race of Caledonia, a country which may be "stern," but is anything but "wild," as regards affairs connected, however remotely, with £ *s. d.* To the individual it may sometimes be questioned, whether a prudent temperament secures so much of happiness, taking all the years of life together, as a careless and impulsive one. Of all dreary disillusions, the dreariest must be that of the rich old man, who has denied himself every pleasure while he had senses and emotions to taste it, and sits down to partake at the eleventh hour of the feast of life, when appetite is dead and love has fled, and disease lays its grip on him, and reminds him that it is time to go to that bed which all his balance at the banker's can unfortunately make neither more warm or more soft. But however it may be for the man himself, there can, I suppose, be no doubt that the fewer prudent and frugal persons there are in any country, so much the less prosperous that country will be; and thus it comes to pass that the land where the principle of "Wine to-day, water to-morrow" has too many adherents, is (other potent causes aiding to the result) in the condition of Ireland for centuries back.

The Welshman, on the other hand, though he objects to order as much as the Irishman, has no recklessness about him; on the contrary, his distinguishing characteristic is prudence. He takes a great deal of thought for the morrow — denies himself almost necessary food, learns English and everything else which he thinks can help his advancement, speculates cautiously in mines and quarries with his little savings, and travels about the world to see where he can best find an opening, or else pushes himself at home into some profession considerably higher than his antecedents would seem to warrant. In no part of the British Isles can there be found, I imagine, so many men who began life as the sons of small farmers or tradesmen of the humblest class, and who now occupy the position of clergymen, doctors, solicitors, and even barristers in their native country, while their nearest relations remain in the class of peasants. And the Welshman "takes a polish" remarkably well, sinks his provincialism, and does

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

no discredit to any position to which he may attain. While an Irishman, if he be vulgar, remains a vulgar Irishman to the end of the chapter, and never loses his brogue or his boastfulness, a Welshman, with finer tact, acquires to a great extent the voice and manners of those with whom he associates.

Thus it comes to pass that, while the great natural gifts of an Irishman are constantly wasted, and lead to nothing save the passing enjoyment of the hour for himself and friends, it rarely happens that a Welshman possesses ability without turning it to practical account, and mounting several steps in the social ladder before he dies. A country abounding in the means of education and in openings for profitable industry, wherein this climbing process is carried on by all the most energetic spirits in every town and parish, is tolerably sure to be loyal and contented. We need perhaps scarcely look any further for explanation of the present peace and prosperity of Wales. F. P. C.

[*Published by arrangement with* HARPER & BROTHERS.]

MACLEOD OF DARE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER I.

THE SIX BOYS OF DARE.

THE sun had sunk behind the lonely western seas; Ulva and Lunga and the Dutchman's Cap had grown dark on the darkening waters; and the smooth Atlantic swell was booming along the sombre caves; but up here in Castle Dare, on the high and rocky coast of Mull, the great hall was lit with such a blaze of candles as Castle Dare had but rarely seen. And yet there did not seem to be any grand festivities going forward; for there were only three people seated at one end of the long and narrow table; and the banquet that the faithful Hamish had provided for them was of the most frugal kind. At the head of the table sat an old lady with silvery-white hair and proud and fine features. It would have been a keen and haughty face but for the unutterable sadness of the eyes — blue-gray eyes under black eyelashes that must have been beautiful enough in her youth, but were now dimmed and worn, as if the weight of the world's sorrow had been too much for the proud, high spirit. On the right of Lady Macleod sat the last of her six sons, Keith by name, a tall, sparely-built, sinewy young fellow, with a sun-tanned cheek and crisp and curling hair, and with a happy and careless look in his clear eyes and about his mouth that rather blinded one to the firm lines of his face. Glad youth shone there, and the health begotten of hard exposure to wind and weather. What was life to him but a laugh, so long as there was a prow to cleave the plunging seas, and a glass to pick out the branching antlers far away amid the mists of the corrie? To please his mother, on this the last night of his being at home, he wore the kilts; and he had hung his broad blue bonnet, with its sprig of juniper — the badge of the clan — on the top of one of the many pikes and halberds that stood by the great fireplace. Opposite him, on the old lady's left hand, sat his cousin, or rather half-cousin, the plain-featured but large-hearted Janet, whom the poor people about that neighborhood regarded as being something more than any mere mortal woman. If there had been any young artist among that Celtic peasantry fired by religious enthusiasm to paint the face of a Madonna, it would have been the plain features of Janet Macleod he would have dreamed about and striven to transfer to his canvas. Her eyes were fine, it is true: they were honest and tender; they were not unlike the eyes of the grand old lady who sat at the head of the table; but, unlike hers, they were not weighted with the sorrow of years.

"It is a dark hour you have chosen to go away from your home," said the mother; and the lean hand, resting on the table before her, trembled somewhat.

"Why, mother," the young man said lightly, "you know I am to have Captain ——'s cabin as far as Greenock; and there will be plenty of time for me to put the kilts away before I am seen by the people."

"Oh, Keith," his cousin cried, for she was trying to be very cheerful, too, "do you say that you are ashamed of the tartan?"

"Ashamed of the tartan!" he said, with a laugh. "Is there any one who has been brought up at Dare who is likely to be ashamed of the tartan? When I am ashamed of the tartan I will put a pigeon's feather in my cap, as the new *suaicheantas* of this branch of Clan Leoid. But then, my good Janet, I would as soon think of taking my rifle and the dogs through the streets of London as of wearing the kilts in the south."

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

The old lady paid no heed. Her hands were now clasped before her. There was sad thinking in her eyes.

"You are the last of my six boys," said she, "and you are going away from me too."

"Now, now, mother," said he, "you must not make so much of a holiday. You would not have me always at Dare? You know that no good comes of a stay-at-home."

She knew the proverb. Her other sons had not been stay-at-homes. What had come to them?

Of Sholto, the eldest, the traveller, the dare-devil, the grave is unknown; but the story of how he met his death, in far Arizona, came years after to England and to Castle Dare. He sold his life dearly, as became one of his race and name. When his cowardly attendants found a band of twenty Apaches riding down on them, they unhitched the mules and galloped off, leaving him to confront the savages by himself. One of these, more courageous than his fellows, advanced and drew his arrow to the barb; the next second he uttered a yell, and rolled from his saddle to the ground, shot through the heart. Macleod seized this instant, when the savages were terror-stricken by the precision of the white man's weapons, to retreat a few yards and get behind a mesquit-tree. Here he was pretty well sheltered from the arrows that they sent in clouds about him, while he succeeded in killing other two of his enemies who had ventured to approach. At last they rode off; and it seemed as though he would be permitted to rejoin his dastardly comrades. But the Indians had only gone to windward to set the tall grass on fire; and presently he had to scramble, burned and blinded, up the tree, where he was an easy mark for their arrows. Fortunately, when he fell he was dead. This was the story told by some friendly Indians to a party of white men, and subsequently brought home to Castle Dare.

The next four of the sons of Dare were soldiers, as most of the Macleods of that family had been. And if you ask about the graves of Roderick and Ronald, what is one to say? They are known, and yet unknown. The two lads were in one of the Highland regiments that served in the Crimea. They both lie buried on the bleak plains outside Sevastopol. And if the memorial stones put up to them and their brother officers are falling into ruin and decay — if the very graves have been rifled — how is England to help that? England is the poorest country in the world. There was a talk some two or three years ago of putting up a monument on Cathcart Hill to the Englishmen who died in the Crimea; and that at least would have been some token of remembrance, even if we could not collect the scattered remains of our slain sons, as the French have done. But then that monument would have cost £5000. How could England afford £5000? When a big American city takes fire, or when a district in France is inundated, she can put her hand into her pocket deeply enough; but how can we expect so proud a mother to think twice about her children who perished in fighting for her? Happily the dead are independent of forgetfulness.

Duncan the Fair-haired — Donacha Ban, they called him, far and wide among the hills — lies buried in a jungle on the African coast. He was only twenty-three when he was killed; but he knew he had got the Victoria Cross. As he lay dying, he asked whether the people in England would send it to his mother, showing that his last fancies were still about Castle Dare.

And Hector? As you cross the river at Sadowa, and pass through a bit of forest, some corn-fields begin to appear, and these stretch away up to the heights of Chlum. Along the ridge there, by the side of the wood, are many mounds of earth. Over the grave of Hector Macleod is no proud and pathetic inscription such as marks the last resting-place of a young lieutenant who perished at Gravelotte — *Er ruht sanft in wiederkämfter Deutschen Erde* — but the young Highland officer was well beloved by his comrades, and when the dead were being pitched into the great holes dug for them, and when rude hands were preparing the simple record, painted on a wooden cross — "*Hier liegen — tapfere Krieger*" — a separate memento was placed over the grave of Under-Lieutenant Hector Macleod of the ——th Imperial and Royal Cavalry Regiment. He was one of the two sons who had not inherited the title. Was it not a proud boast for this white-haired lady in Mull that she had been the mother of four baronets? What other mother in all the land could say as much? And yet it was that that had dimmed and saddened the beautiful eyes.

And now her youngest — her Benjamin, her best-beloved — he was going away from her too. It was not enough that the big deer-forest, the last of the possessions of the Macleods of Dare, had been kept

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

intact for him, when the letting of it to a rich Englishman would greatly have helped the failing fortunes of the family; it was not enough that the poor people about, knowing Lady Macleod's wishes, had no thought of keeping a salmon-spear hidden in the thatch of their cottages. Salmon and stag could no longer bind him to the place. The young blood stirred. And when he asked her what good thing came of being a stay-at-home, what could she say?

Suddenly old Hamish threw wide the oaken doors at the end of the hall, and there was a low roar like the roaring of lions. And then a young lad, with the pipes proudly perched on his shoulder, marched in with a stately step, and joyous and shrill arose the salute. Three times he marched round the long and narrow hall, finishing behind Keith Macleod's chair. The young man turned to him.

"It was well played, Donald," said he, in the Gaelic; "and I will tell you that the Skye College in the old times never turned out a better pupil. And will you take a glass of whiskey now, or a glass of claret? And it is a great pity your hair is red, or they would call you Donull Dubh, and people would say you were the born successor of the last of the MacCruimins."

At this praise — imagine telling a piper lad that he was a fit successor of the MacCruimins, the hereditary pipers of the Macleods — the young stripling blushed hot; but he did not forget his professional dignity for all that. And he was so proud of his good English that he replied in that tongue.

"I will take a glass of the claret wine, Sir Keith," said he.

Young Macleod took up a horn tumbler, rimmed with silver, and having the triple-towered castle of the Macleods engraved on it, and filled it with wine. He handed it to the lad.

"I drink your health, Lady Macleod," said he, when he had removed his cap; "and I drink your health, Miss Macleod; and I drink your health, Sir Keith; and I would have a lighter heart this night if I was going with you away to England."

It was a bold demand.

"I cannot take you with me, Donald; the Macleods have got out of the way of taking their piper with them now. You must stay and look after the dogs."

"But you are taking Oscar with you, Sir Keith."

"Yes, I am. I must make sure of having one friend with me in the south."

"And I think I would be better than a collie," muttered the lad to himself, as he moved off in a proud and hurt way toward the door, his cap still in his hand.

And now a great silence fell over these three; and Janet Macleod looked anxiously toward the old lady, who sat unmoved in the face of the ordeal through which she knew she must pass. It was an old custom that each night a pibroch should be played in Castle Dare in remembrance of her five slain sons; and yet on this one night her niece would fain have seen that custom abandoned. For was not the pibroch the famous and pathetic "*Cumhadh na Cloinne*," the "Lament for the Children," that Patrick Mòr, one of the pipers of Macleod of Skye, had composed to the memory of his seven sons, who had all died within one year? And now the doors were opened, and the piper boy once more entered. The wild, sad wail arose; and slow and solemn was the step with which he walked up the hall. Lady Macleod sat calm and erect, her lips proud and firm, but her lean hands were working nervously together; and at last, when the doors were closed on the slow and stately and mournful "Lament for the Children," she bent down the silvery head on those wrinkled hands and wept aloud. Patrick Mòr's seven brave sons could have been no more to him than her six tall lads had been to her; and now the last of them was going away from her.

"Do you know," said Janet quickly, to her cousin across the table, "that it is said no piper in the west Highlands can play 'Lord Lovat's Lament' like our Donald?"

"Oh yes, he plays it very well; and he has got a good step," Macleod said. "But you will tell him to play no more laments to-night. Let him take to strathspeys if any of the lads come up after bringing back the boat. It will be time enough for him to make a lament for me when I am dead. Come, mother, have you no message for Norman Ogilvie?"

The old lady had nerved herself again, though her hands were still trembling.

"I hope he will come back with you, Keith," she said.

"For the shooting? No, no, mother. He was not fit for the shooting about here: I have seen that long ago. Do you think he could lie for an hour in a wet bog? It was up at Fort William I saw him last year, and I said to him, 'Do you wear gloves at Aldershot?' His hands were as white as the hands of a woman."

"It is no woman's hand you have,

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Keith," his cousin said; "it is a soldier's hand."

"Yes," said he, with his face flushing, "and if I had had Norman Ogilvie's chance —— "

But he paused. Could he reproach this old dame, on the very night of his departure, with having disappointed all those dreams of military service and glory that are almost the natural inheritance of a Macleod of the western Highlands? If he was a stay-at-home, at least his hands were not white. And yet, when young Ogilvie and he studied under the same tutor — the poor man had to travel eighteen miles between the two houses, and many a time in hard weather — all the talk and aspirations of the boys were about a soldier's life; and Macleod could show his friend the various trophies and curiosities sent home by his elder brothers from all parts of the world. And now the lily-fingered and gentle-natured Ogilvie was at Aldershot; while he — what else was he than a mere deer-stalker and salmon-killer?

"Ogilvie has been very kind to me, mother," he said, laughing. "He has sent me a list of places in London where I am to get my clothes and boots and a hat; and by the time I have done that, he will be up from Aldershot, and will lead me about — with a string round my neck, I suppose, lest I should bite somebody."

"You could not go better to London than in your own tartan," said the proud mother; "and it is not for an Ogilvie to say how a Macleod shall be dressed. But it is no matter. One after the other has gone; the house is left empty at last. And they all went away like you, with a laugh on their face. It was but a trip, a holiday, they said: they would soon be back to Dare. And where are they this night?"

Old Hamish came in.

"It will be time for the boat now, Sir Keith, and the men are down at the shore."

He rose — the handsome young fellow — and took his broad blue bonnet with the badge of juniper.

"Good-bye, Cousin Janet," said he, lightly. "Good-bye, mother. You are not going to send me away in this sad fashion? What am I to bring you back — a satin gown from Paris? or a young bride to cheer up the old house?"

She took no heed of the passing jest. He kissed her, and bade her good-bye once more. The clear stars were shining over Castle Dare, and over the black shadows of the mountains, and the smoothly swelling waters of the Atlantic. There was a dull booming of the waves along the rocks.

He had thrown his plaid around him, and he was wondering to himself as he descended the steep path to the shore. He could not believe that the two women were really saddened by his going to the south for a while; he was not given to forebodings. And he had nearly reached the shore, when he was overtaken by some one running with a light step behind him. He turned quickly, and found his cousin before him, a shawl thrown round her head and shoulders.

"Oh, Keith," said she, in a bright and matter-of-fact way, "I have a message for you — from myself — and I did not want aunt to hear, for she is very proud, you know, and I hope you won't be. You know we are all very poor, Keith; and yet you must not want money in London, if only for the sake of the family; and you know I have a little, Keith, and I want you to take it. You won't mind my being frank with you. I have written a letter."

She had the envelope in her hand.

"And if I would take money from any one, it would be from you, Cousin Janet; but I am not so selfish as that. What would all the poor people do if I were to take your money to London and spend it?"

"I have kept a little," said she, "and it is not much that is needed. It is £2000 I would like you to take from me, Keith. I have written a letter."

"Why, bless me, Janet, that is nearly all the money you've got!"

"I know it."

"Well, I may not be able to earn any money for myself, but at least I would not think of squandering your little fortune. No, no; but I thank you all the same, Janet; and I know that it is with a free heart that you offer it."

"But this is a favor, Keith," said she. "I do not ask you to spend the money. But you might be in trouble; and you would be too proud to ask any one — perhaps you would not even ask me; and here is a letter that you can keep till then, and if you should want the money, you can open the letter and it will tell you how to get it."

"And it is a poor forecast you are making, Cousin Janet," said he cheerfully. "I am to play the prodigal son, then! But I will take the letter. And good-bye again, Janet; and God bless you, for you are a kind-hearted woman."

She went swiftly up to Castle Dare again, and he walked on toward the

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

shore. By-and-by he reached a small stone pier that ran out among some rocks, and by the side of it lay a small sailing launch, with four men in her, and Donald the piper boy perched up at the bow. There was a lamp swinging at her mast, but she had no sail up, for there was scarcely any wind.

"Is it time to go out now?" said Macleod to Hamish, who stood waiting on the pier, having carried down his master's portmanteau.

"Ay, it will be time now, even if you will wait a little," said Hamish. And then the old man added, "It is a dark night, Sir Keith, for your going away from Castle Dare."

"And it will be the brighter morning when I come back," answered the young man, for he could not mistake the intention of the words.

"Yes, indeed, Sir Keith; and now you will go into the boat, and you will take care of your footing, for the night is dark, and the rocks they are always slippery whatever."

But Keith Macleod's foot was as familiar with the soft seaweed of the rocks as it was with the hard heather of the hills, and he found no difficulty in getting into the broad-beamed boat. The men put out their oars and pushed her off. And now, in the dark night, the skirl of the pipes arose again; and it was no stately and mounful lament that young Donald played up there at the bow as the four oars struck the sea and sent a flash of white fire down into the deeps.

"Donald," Hamish had said to him on the shore, "when you are going out to the steamer, it is the 'Seventy-ninth's Farewell to Chubralter, that you will play, and you will play no other thing than that."

And surely the Seventy-ninth were not sorry to leave Gibraltar when their piper composed for them so glad a farewell.

At the high windows of Castle Dare the mother stood, and her niece, and as they watched the yellow lamp move slowly out from the black shore, they heard this proud and joyous march that Donald was playing to herald the approach of his master. They listened to it as it grew fainter and fainter, and as the small yellow star trembling over the dark waters became more and more remote. And then this other sound — this blowing of a steam-whistle far away in the darkness?

"He will be in good time, aunt; she is a long way off yet," said Janet Macleod. But the mother did not speak.

Out there on the dark and moving waters the great steamer was slowly drawing near the open boat; and as she came up, the vast hull of her, seen against the starlit sky, seemed a mountain.

"Now, Donald," Macleod called out, "you will take the dog — here is the string; and you will see he does not spring into the water."

"Yes, I will take the dog," muttered the boy, half to himself. "Oh yes, I will take the dog; but it was better if I was going with you, Sir Keith, than any dog."

A rope was thrown out, the boat dragged up to the side of the steamer, the small gangway let down, and presently Macleod was on the deck of the large vessel. Then Oscar was hauled up too, and the rope flung loose, and the boat drifted away into the darkness. But the last good-bye had not been said, for over the black waters came the sound of the pipes once more, the melancholy wail of "Mackintosh's Lament."

"Confound that obstinate brat!" Macleod said to himself. "Now he will go back to Castle Dare and make the women miserable."

"The captain is below at his supper, Sir Keith," said the mate. "Will you go down to him?"

"Yes, I will go down to him," said he; and he made his way along the deck of the steamer.

He was arrested by the sound of some one crying, and he looked down, and found a woman crouched under the bulwarks, with two small children asleep on her knee.

"My good woman, what is the matter with you?" said he.

"The night is cold," she said, in the Gaelic, "and my children are cold; and it is a long way that we are going."

He answered her in her own tongue.

"You will be warmer if you go below; but here is a plaid for you, anyway;" and with that he took the plaid from round his shoulders and flung it across the children, and passed on.

That was the way of the Macleods of Dare. They had a royal manner with them. Perhaps that was the reason that their revenues were now far from royal.

And meanwhile the red light sill burned in the high windows of Castle Dare, and two women were there looking out on the pale stars and the dark sea beneath. They waited until they heard the plashing of oars in the small bay below, and the message was brought them that Sir Keith had got safely on board the great steamer. Then they turned away from the silent and

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

empty night, and one of them was weeping bitterly.

"It is the last of my six sons that has gone from me," she said, coming back to the old refrain, and refusing to be comforted.

"And I have lost my brother," said Janet Macleod, in her simple way. "But he will come back to us, auntie; and then we shall have great doings at Castle Dare."

CHAPTER II.

MENTOR.

It was with a wholly indescribable surprise and delight that Macleod came upon the life and stir and gayety of London in the sweet June time, when the parks and gardens and squares would of themselves have been a sufficient wonder to him. The change from the sombre shores of lochs Na Keal and Iua and Scridain to this world of sun-lit foliage — the golden yellow of the laburnum, the cream-white of the chestnut, the rose-pink of the red hawthorn, and everywhere the keen translucent green of the young lime-trees — was enough to fill the heart with joy and gladness, though he had been no diligent student of landscape and color. The few days he had to spend by himself — while getting properly dressed to satisfy the demands of his friend — passed quickly enough. He was not at all ashamed of his country-made clothes as he watched the whirl of carriages in Piccadilly, or lounged under the elms of Hyde Park, with his beautiful sliver-white and lemon-colored collie attracting the admiration of every passer-by. Nor had he waited for the permission of Lieutenant Ogilvie to make his entrance into at least one little corner of society. He was recognized in St. James's Street one morning by a noble lady whom he had met once or twice at Inverness; and she, having stopped her carriage, was pleased to ask him to lunch with herself and her husband next day. To the great grief of Oscar, who had to be shut up by himself, Macleod went up next day to Brook Street, and there met several people whose names he knew as representatives of old Highland families, but who were very English, as it seemed to him, in their speech and ways. He was rather petted, for he was a handsome lad, and he had high spirits and a proud air. And his hostess was so kind as to mention that the Caledonian Ball was coming off on the 25th, and of course he must come, in the Highland costume; and as she was one of the patronesses, should she give him a voucher? Macleod answered, laughingly, that he would be glad to have it, though he did not know what it was; whereupon she was pleased to say that no wonder he laughed at the notion of a voucher being wanted for any Macleod of Dare.

One morning a good-looking and slim young man knocked at the door of a small house in Bury Street, St. James's, and asked if Sir Keith Macleod was at home. The man said he was, and the young gentlemen entered. He was a most correctly-dressed person. His hat and gloves and cane and long-tailed frock-coat were all beautiful; but it was perhaps the tightness of his nether garments, or perhaps the tightness of his brilliantly polished boots (which were partially covered by white gaiters), that made him go up the narrow little stairs with some precision of caution. The door was opened and he was announced.

"My dear old boy," said he, "how do you do?" and Macleod gave him a grip of the hand that nearly burst one of his gloves.

But at this moment an awful accident occurred. From behind the door of the adjacent bedroom, Oscar, the collie, sprang forward with an angry growl; then he seemed to recognize the situation of affairs when he saw his master holding the stranger's hand; then he began to wag his tail; then he jumped up with his forepaws to give a kindly welcome.

"Hang it all, Macleod!" young Ogilvie cried, with all the starch gone out of his manner, "your dog's all wet! What's the use of keeping a brute like that about the place?"

Alas! the beautiful, brilliant boots were all besmeared, and the white gaiters too, and the horsey-looking nether garments. Moreover, the Highland savage, so far from betraying compunction, burst into a roar of laughter.

"My dear fellow," he cried, "I put him in my bedroom to dry. I couldn't do more, could I? He has just been in the Serpentine."

"I wish he was there now with a stone and a string round his neck," observed Lieutenant Ogilvie, looking at his boots; but he repented him of this rash saying, for within a week he had offered Macleod £20 for the dog. He might have offered twenty dozen of £20, and thrown his polished boots and his gaiters too into the bargain, and he would have had the same answer.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Oscar was once more banished into the bedroom; and Mr. Ogilvie sat down, pretending to take no more notice of his boots. Macleod put some sherry on the table, and a handful of cigars; his friend asked whether he could not have a glass of seltzer-water and a cigarette.

"And how do you like the rooms I got for you?"

"There is not much fresh air about them, nor in this narrow street," Macleod said frankly; "but that is no matter, for I have been out all day — all over London."

"I thought the price was as high as you would care to go," Ogilvie said; "but I forgot you had come fresh up, with your pockets full of money. If you would like something a trifle more princely, I'll put you up to it."

"And where have I got the money? There are no gold mines in the west of Mull. It is you who are Fortunatus."

"By Jove, if you knew how hard a fellow is run at Aldershot," Mr. Ogilvie remarked confidentially, "you would scarcely believe it. Every new batch of fellows who come in have to be dined all round; and the mess bills are simply awful. It's getting worse and worse; and then these big drinks put one off one's work so."

"You are studying hard, I suppose," Macleod said, quite gravely.

"Pretty well," said he, stretching out his legs, and petting his pretty moustache with his beautiful white hand. Then he added, suddenly, surveying the brown-faced and stalwart young fellow before him, "By Jove, Macleod, I'm glad to see you in London. It's like a breath of mountain air. Don't I remember the awful mornings we've had together — the rain and the mist and the creeping through the bogs? I believe you did your best to kill me. If I hadn't had the constitution of a horse, I should have been killed."

"I should say your big drinks at Aldershot were more likely to kill you than going after the deer," said Macleod. "And will you come up with me this autumn, Ogilvie? The mother will be glad to see you, and Janet too; though we haven't got any fine young ladies for you to make love to, unless you go up to Fort William, or Fort George, or Inverness. And I was all over the moors before I came away; and if there is anything like good weather, we shall have plenty of birds this year, for I never saw before such a big average of eggs in the nests."

"I wonder you don't let part of that shooting," said young Ogilvie, who knew well of the straitened circumstances of the Macleods of Dare.

"The mother won't have it done," said Macleod, quite simply, "for she thinks it keeps me at home. But a young man cannot always stay at home. It is very good for you, Ogilvie, that you have brothers."

"Yes, if I had been the eldest of them," said Mr. Ogilvie. "It is a capital thing to have younger brothers; it isn't half so pleasant when you are the younger brother."

"And will you come up, then, and bury yourself alive at Dare?"

"It is awfully good of you to ask me, Macleod; and if I can manage it, I will; but I am afraid there isn't much chance this year. In the mean time, let me give you a hint. In London we talk of going *down* to the Highlands."

"Oh, do you? I did not think you were so stupid," Macleod remarked.

"Why, of course we do. You speak of going up to the capital of a country, and of going down to the provinces."

"Perhaps you are right — no doubt you are right; but it sounds stupid," the unconvinced Highlander observed again. "It sounds stupid to say going up to the south, and going down to the north. And how can you go down to the Highlands? you might go down to the Lowlands. But no doubt you are right; and I will be more particular. And will you have another cigarette? and then we will go out for a walk, and Oscar will get drier in the street than in-doors."

"Don't imagine I am going out to have that dog plunging about among my feet," said Ogilvie. "But I have something else for you to do. You know Colonel Ross of Duntorme."

"I have heard of him."

"His wife is an awfully nice woman, and would like to meet you. I fancy they think of buying some property — I am not sure it isn't an island — in your part of the country; and she has never been to the Highlands at all. I was to take you down with me to lunch with her at two, if you care to go. There is her card."

Macleod looked at the card.

"How far is Prince's Gate from here?" he asked.

"A mile and a half, I should say."

"And it is now twenty minutes to two," said he, rising. "It will be a nice smart walk."

"Thank you," said Mr. Ogilvie; "if it is all the same to you, we will perform the journey in a hansom. I am not in training

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

just at present for your tramps to Ben-an-Sloich."

"Ah! your boots are rather tight," said Macleod, with grave sympathy.

They got into a hansom, and went spinning along through the crowd of carriages on this brilliant morning. The busy streets, the handsome women, the fine buildings, the bright and beautiful foliage of the parks — all these were a perpetual wonder and delight to the new-comer, who was as eager in the enjoyment of this gay world of pleasure and activity as any girl come up for her first season. Perhaps this notion occurred to the astute and experienced Lieutenant Ogilvie, who considered it his duty to warn his youthful and ingenuous friend.

"Mrs. Ross is a very handsome woman," he remarked.

"Indeed."

"And uncommonly fascinating too, when she likes."

"Really."

"You had better look out if she tries to fascinate you."

"She is a married woman," said Macleod.

"They are always the worst," said this wise person; "for they are jealous of the younger women."

"Oh, that is all nonsense," said Macleod bluntly. "I am not such a greenhorn. I have read all that kind of talk in books and magazines: it is ridiculous. Do you think I will believe that married women have so little self-respect as to make themselves the laughing-stock of men?"

"My dear fellow, they have cart-loads of self-respect. What I mean is that Mrs. Ross is a bit of a lion-hunter, and she may take a fancy to make a lion of you ——"

"That is better than to make an ass of me, as you suggested."

"And naturally she will try to attach you to her set. I don't think you are quite *outré* enough for her; perhaps I made a mistake in putting you into decent clothes. You wouldn't have time to get into your kilts now? But you must be prepared to meet all sorts of queer folks at her house, especially if you stay on a bit and have some tea — mysterious poets that nobody ever heard of, and artists who won't exhibit, and awful swells from the German universities, and I don't know what besides — everybody who isn't the least like anybody else."

"And what is your claim, then, to go there?" Macleod asked.

"Oh," said the young lieutenant, laughing at the home-thrust, "I am only admitted on sufferance, as a friend of Colonel Ross. She never asked *me* to put my name in her autograph-book. But I have done a bit of the jackal for her once or twice, when I happened to be on leave; and she has sent me with people to her box at Covent Garden when she couldn't go herself."

"And how am I to propitiate her? What am I to do?"

"She will soon let you know how you strike her. Either she will pet you, or she will snuff you out like winking. I don't know a woman who has a blanker stare, when she likes."

This idle conversation was suddenly interrupted. At the same moment both young men experienced a sinking sensation, as if the earth had been cut away from beneath their feet; then there was a crash, and they were violently thrown against each other; then they vaguely knew that the cab, heeling over, was being jolted along the street by a runaway horse. Fortunately the horse could not run very fast, for the axle-tree, deprived of its wheel, was tearing at the road; but, all the same, the occupants of the cab thought they might as well get out, and so they tried to force open the two small panels of the door in front of them. But the concussion had so jammed these together that, shove at them as they might, they would not yield. At this juncture, Macleod, who was not accustomed to hansom cabs, and did not at all like this first experience of them, determined to get out somehow; and so he raised himself a bit, so as to get his back firm against the back of the vehicle; he pulled up his leg until his knee almost touched his mouth; he got the heel of his boot firmly fixed on the top edge of the door; and then with one forward drive he tore the panel right away from its hinges. The other was of course flung open at once. Then he grasped the brass rail outside, steadied himself for a moment, and jumped clear from the cab, alighting on the pavement. Strange to say, Ogilvie did not follow, though Macleod, as he rushed along to try to get hold of the horse, momentarily expected to see him jump out. His anxiety was of short duration. The axle-tree caught on the curb; there was a sudden lurch; and then, with a crash of glass, the cab went right over, throwing down the horse, and pitching the driver into the street. It was all the work of a few seconds; and another second seemed to suffice to collect a crowd, even in this quiet part

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

of Kensington Gore. But, after all, very little damage was done, except to the horse, which had cut one of its hocks. When young Mr. Ogilvie scrambled out and got on to the pavement, instead of being grateful that his life had been spared, he was in a towering passion — with whom or what he knew not.

"Why didn't you jump out?" said Macleod to him, after seeing that the cabman was all right.

Ogilvie did not answer; he was looking at his besmeared hands and dishevelled clothes.

"Confound it!" said he; "what's to be done now? The house is just round the corner."

"Let us go in, and they will lend you a clothes-brush."

"As if I had been fighting a bargee? No, thank you. I will go along till I find some tavern, and get myself put to rights."

And this he did gloomily, Macleod accompanying him. It was about a quarter of an hour before he had completed his toilet; and then they set out to walk back to Prince's Gate. Mr. Ogilvie was in a better humor.

"What a fellow you are to jump, Macleod!" said he. "If you had cannoned against that policeman, you would have killed him. And you never paid the cabman for destroying the lid of the door; you prized the thing clean off its hinges. You must have the strength of a giant."

"But where the people came from — it was that surprised me," said Macleod, who seemed to have rather enjoyed the adventure. "It was like one of our sea-lochs in the Highlands — you look all round and cannot find any gull anywhere; but throw a biscuit into the water, and you will find them appearing from all quarters at once. As for the door, I forgot that; but I gave the man half a sovereign to console him for his shaking. Was not that enough?"

"We shall be frightfully late for luncheon," said Mr. Ogilvie, with some concern.

THE STORY OF MAXIMILIAN AT MIRAMAR AND AT QUERETARO.

FROM ADVANCE SHEETS OF A WORK,

"A TRAVERS L'AUTRICHE."

Translated and abridged by E. W. Latimer for THE LIVING AGE.

MIRAMAR is situated about three miles from Trieste. The drive to it is charming. The traveller follows the line of the coast, crimped into smiling bays and beaches, edged with a lace-work of beautiful white foam. The color of the ocean is bright blue on a clear day, the sea air full of invigoration, the murmur of the breaking surf as gentle as a sigh. Flocks of white gulls sweep under the blue sky, and over the blue water; great ships come and go far away on the horizon; while in-shore, here and there, some coasting vessel, wing and wing, with its red sails, touches the landscape with a bit of vivid color.

On a picturesque promontory, at the termination of the road, stands Miramar; now almost like a place of pilgrimage, once poor Maximilian's and poor Carlotta's happy home.

The story of this castle has never yet been told in print, and as I had it from the lips of a near and dear personal friend of Maximilian, I trust the reader will find it acceptable even at second hand.

In 1856 the young archduke Maximilian was commander-in-chief of the navy of Austria, which achieved all its importance under his command. At that time he had no interest in Miramar. His ambition was to be made viceroy of Lombardy at some future day. He had been round the world in his frigate the "Novara;" he had travelled into Greece and Asia Minor; he had visited Spain, Portugal, and Sicily; he had been in Egypt and the Holy Land. He loved the ocean like a true sailor, and had taken up his residence at Trieste to be near its shores. He was often known to go out alone in a light boat in rough weather, the dash of danger in the expedition adding pleasure to the excitement of a battle with the winds and waves.

One day, in a great storm, his light boat was blown like a feather round Cape Gignano. In a moment it lay still under the lee of the land. Maximilian landed, and found the spot so charming, and the sea-view so superb, that he resolved to build a little villa there for fishing. He bought the land at once, and began by setting out exotics, persuaded that the soil of such a spot would be favorable to tropical vegetation.

A year later he married the daughter of the king of the Belgians (named Charlotte, after his first wife Charlotte of England), and the golden wand of this fair bride transformed his bachelor's fishing-hut into the palace of an emperor.

At this period of his life Maximilian (both an author and a poet) was greatly interested in architecture. He drew the plan of that exquisite memorial church

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

which is one of the chief beauties of Vienna; and he draughted, with his own hand, the plan of the grounds and castle of Miramar. The work was pushed on rapidly, yet in 1858, when Austria was forced to give up Lombardy, nothing at Miramar was complete but a fancy farmhouse on one of the heights of the property. Maximilian, however, came hither with his wife, and found it so delightful that when at length the castle was ready for occupation, they lingered in the farmhouse which they loved as their first home. It was a large Swiss châlet, covered over with wild vines and honeysuckle; surrounded by groves of camellias, and pyrus japonica. How delicious life must have been to the husband and wife in this solitude, fragrant with flowers, vocal with the songs of singing birds, — a glory of greenness round the house, the blue sky overhead, the smiling ocean at their feet, and holy love and loving kindness everywhere about them!

In this spot, as it seemed, they realized the modern dream of love *and riches* in a cottage.

Maximilian's natural generosity rendered wealth indispensable to his complete happiness; for he loved to surround himself by artists, learned men, and men of letters. He paid them every kind of attention in his power, and did not omit those little gifts which are "the beads on memory's rosary." Ah, if those walls could speak, if those trees could repeat what they have heard, we might see into the clear depths of a generous heart, and perceive how every project that he ever formed in life was worthy of his pure and noble soul!

When one wanders through these peaceful shades, when one lingers by these gorgeous beds of flowers, one feels how happy life must have been in this new Paradise. And when one thinks that he is dead, and she is worse than dead, one is moved to pain and pity by the very beauties of the scene. One cannot wander through these gardens without dreams of their past happiness, and in the dim walks, where the sunlight flickers through green leaves, one seems to see the shadowy forms of a loving husband and wife fading away into the dimness of the gloaming. It is Paradise lost — and alas! in this, as in that other Paradise, the Eve — the sweet young wife — was tempted by ambition. She took the apple, ate, and gave it to her husband.

On the tenth of April, 1864, the Mexican deputies, commissioned to offer Maximilian the imperial crown, arrived at Miramar.

"We come," said Don Gutierrez de Estrada, "to beseech you to ascend the throne of Mexico, to which you have been called by the voice of a people weary of anarchy and civil war. We are assured you have the secret of conquering the breasts of all men, and excel in the rare knowledge of the art of government."

Maximilian replied that he was ready to accept the honor offered him by the Mexican people; that his government would be both liberal and constitutional. "I shall prove, I trust," he said, "that liberty may be made compatible with law. I shall respect your liberties, and uphold order at the same time."

Don Gutierrez thanked the archduke in the name of the Mexican nation; and then the new emperor swore upon the Gospels to labor for the happiness and prosperity of his people, and to protect their independent nationality.

After this Don Gutierrez took the oath of allegiance to the emperor in the name of the city of Mexico. Maximilian then embraced him, and hung around his neck the cross of the new Order of Guadeloupe, of which he was the first member.

Three days after this the imperial pair quitted the soil of Austria. Early in the morning the port of Trieste and the road to Miramar were astir. Friends from all parts of the Austrian empire were hastening to bid farewell to the archduke whom they loved.

The "Novara," and the French frigate "Themis," were lying in the stream ready to start, and near them, riding at anchor, were six steamships belonging to the Austrian Lloyds, full of spectators.

At about one o'clock P. M. the emperor, with his wife leaning on his arm, entered the town hall, where about twenty deputations were assembled to offer him farewell addresses. Maximilian was much moved, and when the burgomaster of Trieste spoke of the grief that all the people of that city would feel at his departure, he burst into tears. He embraced the burgomaster, shook hands with those around him, and whispered, as if to himself, "Something tells me I shall never see this dear country again!"

His chivalric and poetic nature was very susceptible to sad presentiments. His book of travels is full of them.

After leave-taking, their majesties entered the magnificent barge prepared for their use by the city of Trieste; a salute of one hundred guns reverberated from the

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

sides of the mountain; while thirty thousand hats and handkerchiefs waved a sad farewell.

Maximilian and Carlotta embarked on board the "Novaro," which carried the Mexican flag. By four o'clock both vessels were hull down in the offing, and not till then did the crowd separate. Those with telescopes had seen, up to the last moment, a figure standing on the poop, with its face turned towards Miramar, and knew it for the form of Maximilian.

The "Novara" touched at Jamaica. On the 28th of May it came in sight of the shores of Mexico, and cast anchor in the harbor of Vera Cruz.

The emperor and empress had expected a public reception. There was nothing of the kind. No welcome awaited them, not even an official one. This was the more extraordinary because the "Themis" had been sent forward to announce the approach of the imperial party. Their disappointment at this want of enthusiasm was great. The French vice-admiral did his best to repair the unfortunate omissions. He gave orders for a show of festivity; but it was plain to see from the indifference of the people in the streets that they had no part or lot in the demonstration.

Were these the Mexicans whom they had been assured were wild with ardor to receive them? — who had been by all accounts as eager to implore Maximiliam and Carlotta to reign over them as the frogs in the fable had been to obtain their king?

After leaving Loma Alta Maximilian proceeded towards his capital in a shabby English barouche; his journey seeming rather like the expedition of an adventurer, than the progress of an emperor.

Passing through Orizaba and Puebla, the emperor and empress entered Mexico on the twelfth of June. There a theatrical kind of reception was prepared, which was not agreeable to either of them. In the evening, when there was a public performance in the theatre in honor of the new sovereigns (who were present), not half the boxes were filled.

The "Halls of the Montezumas" — the Palace of Chapultepec, which had been assigned them as their residence, was destitute of comforts of every kind, and was much more like a second-class hotel than a habitation fit for princes.

The emperor was advised to make an immediate journey through his new dominions in order to judge for himself of their popular aspirations, and resources; but what did he find? A country broken down by war; without roads, without schools, without agriculture. "The only thing in this country, sire, that is well organized," said a Mexican whom he was questioning about the state of affairs, "is robbery." There was thieving everywhere. The emperor's palace, and even his private apartments, were not spared. After a reception of officers high in military command, his revolver, inlaid with gold and ivory, which was lying on a table by his side, had disappeared; and the empress missed two watches which had gone astray under the dexterous fingering of her maids of honor. Lopez, who was then commandant of the palace, wishing to give the emperor a proof of the accomplishments of his subjects in matters of this kind, offered to steal off of his writing-table, within two hours, and without being seen, any object agreed upon. He even said he believed he could carry off the writing-table itself, a joke at which Maximilian laughed heartily.

When he returned to his capital, after a journey of great peril, the emperor ordered the construction of several highroads, granted lands and privileges to two or three railroad companies, founded a good many schools, and set on foot a Mexican Academy of Arts and Sciences. His own taste for natural history was so great that he gave some foundation for the charge made against him that he would frequently shut himself up in his own work-room to stuff birds. He devoted great attention to improvements in agriculture, and planned a manufacturing city and seaport on the gulf, which he intended to call Miramar.

His wife was an indefatigable helpmeet. She worked with him, and worked for him. She wrote all his European correspondence, and could be curt and energetic when occasion called for self-assertion. When Marshal Bazaine interfered, on the part of the French government, to prevent the medal of Maximilian's Order of Merit being hung on a red ribbon, because that was the color appropriated to the Legion of Honor, she answered the marshal's letter by gumming a small wild poppy on her paper, and writing beneath it, in the name of her husband, "A ribbon of this shade has been adopted for my order. This flower was created previous to the institution of the order of the Legion of Honor."

But whilst emperor and empress were laboring for the improvement of their realm, the Juarists increased in strength,

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

and the banditti carried on their profession with impunity, up to the very gates of the capital. Day after day they robbed the stage between Mexico and Jalapa. The Marquis de Radepont, a quiet traveller, saved himself by killing half-a-dozen highwaymen with his revolver; but the Belgian ambassador, on his way to announce to their Imperial Majesties the accession of Leopold II., brother of Carlotta, was robbed of all his money and his jewelry.

In consequence of these disorders, Bazaine induced the emperor to sign an order to all the civil and military authorities, to treat all armed guerilla bands as brigands, and apply to them the utmost rigor of the law. He did not foresee that he was signing his own death-warrant, when he put his hand to this act of just severity.

The French occupation of Mexico was drawing to a close. Napoleon III. was only waiting an occasion to withdraw his stake, and the United States soon furnished him the opportunity. Maximilian, who fully understood by this time the true condition of Mexico, and foresaw all the dangers of his position when the French troops should be withdrawn, sent the empress at this crisis to Europe, to represent the condition of things to the French emperor, and to remind him of his promises. Her cold reception at the Tuileries is now a matter of history. Her prayers and entreaties were of no avail. From Paris she went to Rome, where the first symptoms of her mental malady declared themselves.

The unhappy princess was haunted by the idea that her enemies wanted to poison her. She refused to eat or drink, and would take nothing but fruit. Her first visit to the pope was made while he was breakfasting, when she snatched his cup of chocolate from his hand and swallowed it eagerly, exclaiming, "I am sure that no one can have wished to poison *you!*"

She insisted on dining with the pope, and on passing the night at the Vatican. She was pacified at last by being put, with the lady in attendance on her, into the adjoining chamber to that of his Holiness; and the door of communication was carefully locked, lest she should attempt during the night to disturb the venerable man. The next morning measures were taken to forward her to Miramar. On reaching that beloved place she grew more calm. She recovered for a time her interest in music, painting, and literature. The Sclavic peasants round her considered her a saint. When she passed they used to kneel down on the highway. To this day many refuse to believe in Maximilian's death. "He will come back! We know he will come back!" is the cry of the Dalmatians and Istrians who cherish his memory.

Meantime matters in Mexico grew worse every day. Bazaine and his forces had abandoned the cause of Maximilian. Sooner than leave him the artillery and ammunition they could not transport, they threw it all into the River Sequia and Lake Texcoco. It was whispered that Bazaine privately negotiated with the followers of Juarez to give the emperor up to them for fifty thousand dollars. The consummation of this treachery was, however, reserved for Lopez (a connection of Bazaine's, through his wife, a lady of Mexico), a man who had been admitted into his familiar intimacy by Maximilian. Prior to the withdrawal of the French troops the French government made several efforts to induce Maximilian to abdicate. "I know all the difficulties before me," he replied, "but I shall not give up my post. A son of the house of Hapsburg never retreats in the face of danger."

Nevertheless, Maximilian, after he had received the news of his wife's insanity, made up his mind not to remain long in Mexico. He hoped at least to save his dignity, to return to Europe as an emperor, and not a fugitive, and lay aside his crown of his own accord. With this in view he set out for Orizaba, where the "Dandolo" corvette was waiting to receive his orders. But his generals gathered round him, and persuaded him to remain, promising him the support of men and money. Maximilian, on the strength of these assurances, returned to Mexico, protesting that he remained only for the good of his people, and was influenced neither by personal considerations, nor political interests of his own.

The departure of the French troops left the way clear for the party of Juarez. It rapidly gained strength, and prepared to beseige the emperor in his capital. "I cannot bear to expose the city to danger," said Maximilian, who, in spite of being continually harassed and cruelly deceived day after day, never failed in consideration for those about him. He retired to Queretaro, where Generals Miramon, Mendez, Castillo, Mejia, Avellano, and Prince Salm-Salm, had gathered together a little army of about eight thousand men.

Maximilian at Queretaro showed all his nobleness of spirit, kindliness of heart, and simplicity of life during the siege, which lasted over two months. He shared the fatigues and privations of his common

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

soldiers, and lived, as they did, on the flesh of mules, whilst the officers' tables were more than sufficiently supplied. He exposed his person upon all occasions; taking daily walks upon the bastions as tranquilly as he might have done in the green alleys of his distant home. One day his eyes fell upon six dead bodies dangling from the branches of six trees. He turned away in terrible emotion. They were the bodies of six of his own couriers, who had fallen into the hands of the enemy.

He might easily have cut his way out at the head of his cavalry, but he hesitated to abandon his foot soldiers. Nor would he capitulate. "I will die sword in hand," were now his daily words.

Every day his men brought in prisoners. Even when these prisoners were suspected of being spies he would not order their execution. "No — no," he said, "if things go well there is no harm done, — if ill, I shall not have their blood upon my soul."

When the siege had lasted seventy days, provisions grew so scarce that there was no alternative but a sortie or surrender.

The sortie was decided on. On the night of May 14, 1866, the seven thousand men still remaining in Queretaro were to break through the lines of the enemy, and endeavor to make their way to Vera Cruz. Singularly enough the Juarist general Escobedo had fixed on the 15th of May for his final assault.

Neither sortie nor assault took place. The treason of Lopez hindered the one and rendered the other unnecessary. Lopez, whom Maximilian had loaded with all sorts of kindness — Lopez, who called himself the most devoted friend of the emperor — *Lopez* had sold his friend's and benefactor's life for two thousand ounces of gold! One year before, when Lopez had been at Puebla in attendance on the empress, he had sent for his wife, who, having made a hurried journey, was prematurely delivered of a son. "I cannot allow your son," wrote Maximilian, "to come into the world in another man's house. I send you the enclosed sum; purchase the house in which your son was born."

Having kept up constant intelligence with the camp of the besiegers, Lopez, on the coming of May 13, sent a note to Escobedo offering to deliver over to him the Convent of La Cruz, which was the emperor's headquarters.

Escobedo accepted his proposals. About midnight Lopez and his troops went over to the enemy. The soldiers of Juarez quietly marched in and surrounded the convent, where the emperor and his staff were sleeping. At dawn of day Maximilian dressed himself, woke up Prince Salm-Salm, and they went out together, with no arms but their swords. As they reached the gates the emperor perceived the enemy's soldiers on guard, and turning towards his companion cried, "We are betrayed. Here is the enemy!" At this moment Lopez, who had seen them come into the courtyard, pointed out the emperor to Colonel Rincon Gallardo, who was in command of the detachment of Juarists.

Rincon was an honorable soldier, and a kind-hearted man. He said, loud enough to be heard by his own men and Maximilian, —

"Nothing but citizens! Let them pass, they are not soldiers!"

The emperor and Prince Salm-Salm then walked through the convent gates, and made their way in haste to the opposite quarter of the city. The streets were silent and deserted. Suddenly a sharp fire of musketry was heard in a neighboring street, mingled with Juarist and Imperial war-cries. Miramon with his troops was holding one of the widest streets of Queretaro, when a ball hit him in the face. He fell, half blinded, and was taken prisoner.

The emperor, with Generals Mejia, Castillo, Avellano, and Prince Salm-Salm, retired to a little hill which commanded the city. They had no artillery, no means of defending their position. They stood on the bare rocks where they had taken refuge, like shipwrecked sailors waiting for the fatal rising of the water. General Escobedo, a coarse, brutal man, formerly a muleteer, prepared to charge up the hill, with four battalions of infantry, and a strong party of cavalry.

"Do not fire: you will shed blood to no purpose," said the emperor to the little band of true-hearted followers who surrounded him. Then in a low, sad voice he ordered one of his aides-de-camp to fasten a white handkerchief to the end of a bayonet.

The Juarists, who were ascending the hill, came to a halt. There was profound silence for a moment. Then a man dressed in the uniform of a Mexican general, with black pantaloons tucked into his riding-boots, and gold epaulettes upon a black frock coat, came forward. He paused a moment as he stepped out of the little group, and looked around him. Then

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

he descended the hill with a firm step, followed by several other generals.

The Juarists saluted him by their party cry, *Viva la libertad!* They recognized the emperor. Maximilian marched straight up to General Corona, who was in command of a body of United States volunteers called the Legion of Honor. It was composed of about fifty men, each with the rank of officer.

"General," he said, "both man and fortune have betrayed me. There are widows and orphans enough already in the world. Here is my sword."

"Sire," replied Gorona, forgetting he was emperor no longer, "sire, keep your sword."

He then proposed to Maximilian to get on horseback, and escorted him with the other prisoners to the Convent of Santa Teresita.

There the emperor and his generals were shut up in the cellars of the building, and not only had to sleep on the bare ground, but were left to suffer from cold and hunger. In a few days, however, Princess Salm-Salm brought them some relief. They were then transferred to the Convent of La Capuchina, and their friends obtained permission to send them wine, clothes, and provisions. The conduct of Princess Salm-Salm in the last act of this tragedy was that of a heroine. She crossed the enemy's line in order to get out of the city of Mexico, and was twice near being shot by the soldiers of Diaz. She was accused of supplying money to the Austrian soldiers confined at Chapultepec, and was imprisoned at Gaudeloupe. At last she got leave to quit Mexico for Europe, but managed to join her husband at Queretaro. Thence, hiding by day and travelling by night, she made her way to San Luis de Potosi where Juarez was living. When Maximilian heard of this brave enterprise on his behalf, he could not refrain from tears.

The prisoners were three weeks at La Capuchina, in complete uncertainty as to what would become of them. Indeed, the Juarists seemed much embarrassed by their prize. On the tenth of June they were informed that Juarez had sent an order to have them tried before a court-martial which would be held on the twelfth of June.

"Where are you going to take me?" asked Maximilian, on that day, of the officer who came to escort him.

"To the court-martial."

"Where is it held?"

"In the theatre."

"Then I shall not accompany you. I will not be made a public spectacle in a theatre. You may go alone."

The officer went away, seeing that nothing but force would change his resolution.

Generals Miramon and Mejia were dragged upon the stage where the court-martial was sitting. The play-house was crowded with spectators. It was a tragedy with nothing to pay. The deliberations lasted three days. The emperor was accused of usurpation, with instigating and exciting civil war, and of causing the deaths of forty thousand patriots hanged and shot in consequence of his order of Oct. 3, 1865,—an order issued, as we know, at the express instance of Bazaine.

On the morning of June 15, 1866, General Escobedo presented himself in the prison, holding the sentence of the court in his hand.

Maximilian who could guess his fate, said gently,—

"Read it, general. I am ready to hear you."

Maximilian, Miramon, and Mejia were condemned to be shot.

"I understand you," said the emperor, with perfect calmness. "The law of Oct. 3, 1865 was made to put down robbers,—this sentence is the work of murderers."

Escobedo laid his hand on his revolver with a sudden exclamation at these words. Then recovering himself he replied, "I presume a criminal must be allowed the right to curse his judges."

Maximilian turned his back on him, and Escobedo left the prison.

The execution had been ordered for the next morning, but it was put off till the 19th, by order of Juarez.

Meantime the English and Prussian ambassadors hastened to Juarez, hoping to obtain his mercy for the late emperor. But Juarez was inflexible, and declared the execution was necessary for the safety of the republic.

During the night before his death Maximilian asked his jailors for a pair of scissors. He was refused. Then he implored one of them to cut off a lock of his hair. When that was done he wrote the following pathetic letter to Carlotta.

My Beloved Carlotta,—

"If God should permit you some of these days to get well enough to read these lines, you will know how sad has been my fate ever since your departure. You took with you my happiness, my very life, and my good fortune. Why did I not take your advice? So many sad things

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

have taken place, — so many unexpected catastrophes and undeserved misfortunes have fallen on me, that I have now lost heart and hope, and look upon death as my good angel. My death will be sharp and sudden, without pain. I shall fall gloriously — like a soldier — like a conquered sovereign. . . . If you cannot, dearest, bear up under your load of sorrow, if God in his mercy soon reunites us by your death, I will bless his fatherly hand, which now seems very heavy upon me. Adieu! Adieu!

"Your poor MAX."

He kissed this letter, folded into it the light, silky lock of his own hair, and placed it with other letters he had written to his mother, the archduchess Sophia, and other friends. I have seen several of these letters. They were all in French, and written in a clear, firm, regular hand. His noble nature gleams through every line. One understands the irresistible personal sympathy he inspired in all who knew him. His enemies were aware of this, and no judge or general sat on his court-martial who had ever known him.

As six o'clock was striking the door of his prison was unbarred.

"I am ready," said Maximilian, coming forward to meet the officer.

As he stepped forth from the door of the convent he exclaimed,—

"What a lovely morning! I have always fancied I should like to die in sunshine — on a summer day."

He got into the carriage in waiting. Miramon and Mejia followed him, with the priest who attended them in their last moments. They were escorted by a body of four thousand men, and were driven to the same rocky height on which they had surrendered, the Cerro della Campana. They sat upright in the carriage during the drive, with a proud smile on their faces. They were carefully dressed, as if for an occasion of festivity. The population of the place was all abroad to see them pass, and looked at them with silent pity and admiration. The calmness and self-possession of the emperor about to die touched the heart of the most indifferent spectators. The women turned aside to hide their tears. Maximilian was a remarkably handsome man, his beautiful light hair was parted by a straight line to the nape of his neck from his forehead; his blue eyes were clear and soft, with a beseeching look in them; his hands were beautifully white, his fingers elegant and taper.

At the last town in their road General Mejia suddenly changed color, and fell back in his place in the carriage. He had caught sight of his wife pale and dishevelled, with her little baby in her arms, and all the appearance of a mad woman. He drew back behind his comrades, and covered his face, with a sob.

The party arrived at the foot of the little hill.

The emperor sprang out, brushed off some dust which had settled on his clothes, and going up to the shooting party, gave each man an ounce of gold.

"Take good aim, my friends," said he. "Do not, if possible, hit me in the face, but shoot right at my heart."

One of the soldiers wept.

Maximilian went up to him, and putting his cigar-case of silver filigree into his hand said,—

"Keep that, my friend, in remembrance of me! It was given me by a prince more fortunate than I am now."

The non-commissioned officer in command of the party then came up, and hoped he would forgive him.

"My good fellow," said Maximilian cheerfully, "a soldier must always obey orders. His duty is to do his duty."

Then turning to Miramon and Mejia, he said,—

"Let me, true friends, embrace you for the last time!" He did so, and then added, "In a few minutes we shall be together in a better world."

Turning to Miramon, he said, "General, the bravest man should have the place of honor. Take mine!"

Mejia, being very much cast down by the sad spectacle presented by his poor distracted wife, Maximilian again pressed his hands, saying,—

"God will not abandon our suffering survivors. For those who die unjustly things are set right in another world."

The drums began to beat. The end was near.

Maximilian stepped forward, mounted on a stone, and addressed the spectators.

"Mexicans! Men of my rank and of my race who feel as I feel, must either be the benefactors of the people over whom they reign, or martyrs. It was no rash ambition of my own which called me hither,— you yourselves invited me to accept your throne. Before dying let me tell you that with all the powers I possess I sought your good. Mexicans! may my blood be the last blood that you shed; may Mexico, the unhappy country of my adoption, be happy when I am gone!"

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

As soon as he had resumed his place, a sergeant came up to order Miramon and Mejia to turn round. As traitors they were to be shot in the back.

"Farewell, dear friends," said Maximilian, and, crossing his arms, he stood firm as a statue.

When the command was given, "Shoulder arms!" a murmur of protestation, accompanied by threats, rose among part of the crowd composed of Indians. Their national superstitions and traditions had attached these simple people to the emperor. They had a prophecy among them that one day a white man would come over the seas and set them free. And many of them looked for this saviour in Maximilian.

The officers in command turned towards the crowd, shaking their swords. Then came the words, "Take aim! Fire!"

"Long live Mexico!" cried Miramon.

"Carlotta! Poor Carlotta!" exclaimed Maximilian.

When the smoke of the volley cleared away three corpses lay upon the earth. That of the emperor had received five balls. They were put into the coffins which lay ready near the place of execution, and, escorted as they had been before, they were carried back to the Convent of the Capuchins.

"The emperor being dead, we will do all honor to the corpse of an archduke of Austria," said Colonel Miguel Palacios, to whom this care was given.

He was embalmed, and the coffin placed in a vault.

The Russian ambassador, Baron Magnus, in vain solicited the body of the late emperor. The Austrian vice-admiral, Tegetthof had to come and personally demand it in November 1867. The admiral at the same time obtained the release of the Austrian soldiers still retained as prisoners, and Prince Salm-Salm, lying under sentence of death since the execution of his master.

As for the traitor Lopez, instead of the two thousand ounces he expected, he only got seven thousand piastres ($7000). His wife refused to live with him after his treachery to Maximilian, and once when he went to see General Rincon Gallardo, to request his influence in getting reinstated in his rank in the Mexican army, which he had forfeited by his connection with the imperial government, the answer he received was,—

"Colonel Lopez, if I ever recommend you for any place, that place will be under a tree, with a rope around your neck, tied to one of its branches!"

Maximilian will live in history as a good man, and a martyred sovereign. To this day the Indians of Queretaro will not put up an adobe hut without inserting in it a pebble from the place of his execution. On the very day he perished, an order signed by him was received in Europe, not for rifled cannon, not for needle-guns, to secure him on his throne, but for two thousand nightingales, which he desired to have purchased in the Tyrol, to add to the attractions of his empire.

VICTOR TISSOT.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

MODERN LIFE AND INSANITY.

THE relation between modern civilized life and insanity cannot be regarded as finally determined while a marked difference of opinion exists in regard to it among those who have studied the subject; nor can this difference be wondered at by any one who has examined the data upon which a conclusion must be formed, and has found how difficult it is to decide in which direction some of the evidence points. Statistics alone may prove utterly fallacious. Mere speculation, on the other hand, is useless, and indeed is only misleading. It is a matter on which it is tempting to write dogmatically, but where the honest inquirer is quickly pulled up by the hard facts that force themselves on his attention. Nothing easier than to indulge in unqualified denunciations of modern society; nothing more difficult than a cautious attempt to connect the social evils of the present day with the statistics of lunacy. Nothing easier than to make sweeping statements without proof, nothing more difficult than to apportion the mental injury respectively caused by opposite modes of life; totally diverse social states of a nation often leading to the same termination — insanity. These are closely bound together in the complex condition of modern civilized society. No doubt if we care for truth, and avoid rash assertions, we do it at the expense of a certain loss of force and incisiveness. Dogmatic statements usually produce more effect than carefully balanced and strictly logical positions. Honesty, however, compels us to speak cautiously, and to confess the difficulties to which we have referred.

We shall not enter at length into the question which is at once raised by an

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

inquiry into the relation between modern life and insanity — whether lunacy is on the increase in England. Twenty years ago there was one lunatic or idiot officially reported to 577 of the population; the latest returns place it as high as one in 370. Were we to go further back, the contrast would be far greater. That the increase of known cases of insanity has been very great, no one, therefore, disputes. Further, that the attention paid to the disease; the provision made for the insane; the prolongation of their lives in asylums, and the consequent accumulation of cases, and other circumstances into which our limits forbid us to enter, account for the greater part of this alarming apparent increase, is certain. Whether, however, there is not also an actual increase, unaccounted for by population, or by accumulation, remains an open question, which statistics do not absolutely determine. At the same time we think that it is quite probable that there has been some real increase.

To what social class do the great mass of our lunatics belong, and to what grade of society does the striking apparent increase of the insane point? The large majority of lunatics under legal restraint undoubtedly belong to the pauper population. On the 1st of January, 1877, of the total number of patients in asylums and elsewhere (in round numbers sixty-six thousand six hundred), about fifty-nine thousand were pauper, and only seventy-six hundred private patients. These figures, however, fail to convey a correct statement of the relative amount of insanity existing among the class of the originally poor and uneducated masses and the class above them, because in a considerable number of instances members of the middle and still higher classes have become paupers. Again, the wealthy insane remain very frequently at home, and do not appear in the official returns. We believe this class to be very large. Probably we get a glimpse of it from the census of 1871, which contained sixty-nine thousand lunatics, idiots, and imbeciles (and we have good reasons for knowing that this return was very far short of the truth), yet it exceeded the number given by the lunacy commissioners in the same year by twelve thousand! A large number no doubt lived with their families because these could well afford to keep them at home. None would be in receipt of relief, or they would have appeared in the commissioners' report. Another most important qualifying consideration remains — *the relative numbers of the classes of society from which the poor and the well-to-do lunatics are derived.* Several years ago the Scotch commissioners estimated the classes from which private patients are derived at only about an eighth of the entire population of Scotland; a proportion which would make them at least as relatively numerous as the pauper lunatics. No doubt in England the corresponding class of society is a larger one; but whatever it may be,* a calculation based upon the relative proportion of different social strata in this country would vastly reduce the apparent enormously different liability to insanity among the well-to-do and the poorer sections of the community, although, with this correction, the pauper lunatics would still be relatively in the majority.

The disparity between the absolute number of pauper and private patients has greatly increased in recent years. In other words, the apparent increase of insanity is mainly marked among those who become pauper patients. This is certainly in great measure accounted for by the disproportionate accumulation of cases in pauper asylums, for reasons into which it is not now needful to enter. It assuredly does not prove that there has been anything like a corresponding growth of insanity among the poor as compared with the rich.

In any case, however, the illiterate population does yield a very serious amount of insanity, and the fact is so patent that it shows beyond a doubt that ignorance is no proof against the inroads of the disease. The absence of rational employment of the mental powers may lead to debasing habits and to the indulgence in vices especially favorable to insanity, less likely to attract a mind occupied with literary and scientific pursuits. No doubt mental stagnation is in itself bad, but the insanity arising out of it is more frequently an indirect than a direct result. If a Wiltshire laborer is more liable to insanity than other people, it may be not merely because his mind is in an uncultivated condition, but rather because his habits,† indirectly

* We are informed by Dr. Farr that the proportion between the upper and middle classes on the one hand, and the lower classes on the other, is as 15 to 85. Calculated on this basis, the proportion of private and pauper lunatics to their respective populations would be 1 in 484 for the former, and 1 in 353 for the latter — a very different result from that obtained by the usual method of calculating the ratio of private and pauper lunatics to the whole population, viz., 1 in 3,231, and 1 in 415.

† Dr. Thurnam, the late superintendent of the Wilts County Asylum, found that the proportion of cases caused by drink in this county was very high — in one year (1872) amounting to 34 per cent.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

favored by his ignorance, and the brain he inherited from parents indulging in like habits, tend to cause mental derangement. It is conceivable that he might have had no more mental cultivation, and yet have been so circumstanced that there would have been very little liability to the disease. This distinction is extremely important if we are tracing causes, however true it would remain that ignorance is a great evil. A South Sea islander might be much more ignorant than the Wiltshire laborer, and yet not be so circumstanced that he would be likely to transgress the laws of mental health. The ignorance of an African tribe and that of a village in Wilts may be associated, the one with very little, the other with very much lunacy. Mr. Bright's "residuum" of a civilized people, and a tribe of North American Indians are alike uneducated, but, notwithstanding, present totally different conditions of life. We have no doubt that in a civilized community there will always be found by far the larger number of insane persons. There are three grand reasons for this. First, because those who do become insane or are idiotic among savages, "go to the wall" as a general rule; the other reasons are to be discovered in the mixed character and influence of European civilization; its action on the one hand in evolving forms of mental life of requisite delicacy and sensibility, easily injured or altogether crushed by the rough blasts from which they cannot escape in life; and on the other hand in producing a state confounded, as we have said, with savagery, but which differs widely from it, and is, simply in relation to mental disorders, actually worse. Recklessness, drunkenness, poverty, misery, characterize the class; and no wonder that from such a source spring the hopelessly incurable lunatics who crowd our pauper asylums, to the horror of ratepayers, and the surprise of those who cannot understand why the natives of Madagascar, though numbering about five million, do not require a single lunatic asylum. We may add that they do not destroy the few insane and idiots which they have.

It is constantly forgotten that while there is nothing better than true civilization, there is something worse than the condition of certain savages, and that almost anything is better than that stratum of civilized society which is squalid, and drunken, and sensual; cursed with whatever of evil the ingenuity of civilized man has invented, but not blessed with the counteracting advantages of civilization. The conclusion, so far from damping the efforts of progress and modern developments of science, should stimulate us to improve the moral and physical condition of this class, and so lessen the dangers to mental disorder among them. The belief that savages are free from some of the insanity-producing causes prevalent in modern civilized England is quite consistent with the position taken in this article that education, ample mental occupation, knowledge, and the regularly trained exercise of the faculties exert a highly beneficial influence upon the mind, and thus fortify it against the action of some of the causes of insanity.

The relative liability of manufacturing and agricultural districts to mental disease has excited much discussion. This has partly arisen from the assumption that the latter may be taken as the representatives of savages. As we have shown this to be false, the comparison between these two districts does not, from this point of view, possess any value. On other grounds, however, it would be very interesting to determine whether urban or rural lunacy is most rife. Here, however, the worthlessness of mere statistics is singularly evidenced, and the difficulty of accurately balancing the weight of various qualifying circumstances becomes more and more apparent. An agricultural county may be found here and there with less lunacy than a manufacturing county, but if a group of counties be taken in which the manufacturing element is greatly beyond the average, and another group in which the agricultural element greatly preponderates, we find one lunatic to four hundred and sixty-three of the county population in the former, and one to three hundred and eighty-eight in the latter, showing an *accumulation* of more insane paupers in the agricultural districts. But it is very possible that if we knew how many *become* insane, the result would be very different indeed. This, in fact, has been found to be the case in Scotland, where the lunacy commissioners have taken great pains to arrive at the real truth. In a recent report it is shown that while three Highland counties have, in proportion to the population, a decidedly heavier persistent burden of pauper lunacy than two manufacturing counties which are chosen for comparison, the number of lunatics receiving relief — that is, actually coming under treatment — is proportionally larger in the latter than in the former. In other words, the proportion of fresh cases of pauper lunacy appearing on the poor-roll is higher in

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

urban than rural districts. The commissioners refer this result partly to the greater prevalence of the active and transitory forms of mental disorder — cases which before long are discharged — and partly to the greater facility of obtaining accommodation in an asylum free of charge in a city, from its being at hand; and the greater wealth of the urban districts offering no obstacle to admission. They attribute the above-mentioned persistent rural lunacy chiefly to the constant migration of the strong from the rural to the urban districts; the necessary exodus of the physically and mentally healthy leaving behind an altogether disproportionate number of congenital idiots, imbeciles, and chronic insane in the agricultural counties. Hence, returning to England, it is quite clear that the mere ratio of accumulated pauper lunacy to the county population, which is constantly relied upon, proves little or nothing as to the relative liability to insanity of the agricultural and manufacturing districts. One conclusion only can be safely drawn from such figures, until minute investigations have been made into the circumstances attending rural and urban lunacy in England as has been done in Scotland — namely, that while theory is apt to say that a country life, passed, as it seems to be supposed, in pastoral simplicity, will not admit of the entrance of madness into the happy valley, fact says that whatever may be the ultimate verdict as to the relative proportion of urban and rural lunacy, a large amount of insanity and idiocy does exist in the country districts, and that the dull swain, with clouted shoon, but too frequently finds his way into the asylum.

A glance at the annual reports of our lunatic asylums reveals the main occupations of the inmates and the apparent causes of their attacks. In a country asylum like Wilts the great majority of patients are farm laborers, with their wives and daughters; and next in order, domestic servants and weavers. The number of farmers, or members of their families, is small. The character of the occupations in the population of an asylum like that for the borough of Birmingham of course differs. Here we find mechanics and artisans heading the list, with their wives. Those engaged in domestic occupation form a large number. Shopekeepers and clerks come next in order. In both asylums are to be found a few governesses and teachers. Inn-keepers, themselves the cause of so much insane misery in others, figure sparingly in these tables.

Among the causes, intemperance unmistakably takes the lead. This is one of those facts which, amid much that is open to difference of opinion, would seem to admit of no reasonable doubt. Secondly follows domestic trouble, and thirdly poverty. At the Birmingham Asylum, out of four hundred and seventy admissions in three years, eleven cases were attributed to "over application" — a proportion much lower than that observed in private asylums.

Recently, Mr. Whitcombe, assistant medical officer at the Birmingham Borough Asylum, has done service by publishing the fact that, during the last twenty-five years, out of three thousand eight hundred pauper patients admitted into that asylum, five hundred and twenty-four, or fourteen per cent., had their malady induced by drink, and that the total expenditure thus caused by intemperance amounted, in maintenance and cost of building, etc., to no less than 50,373*l.* during that period.

Some years ago we calculated the percentage of cases caused by intemperance in the asylums of England, and found it to be about twelve. This proportion would be immensely increased were we to add those in which domestic misery and pecuniary losses owed their origin to this vice. Although ratepayers grumble about the building of large lunatic asylums, it is amazing how meekly they bear with the great cause of their burden, and how suicidally they resent any attempt made to reduce by legislation the area of this widespread and costly mischief.

It is worthy of note that drink produces much less insanity in Warwickshire outside Birmingham than in Birmingham itself.

In connection with this aspect of the question, an interesting fact, recorded by Dr. Yellowlees, when superintendent of the Glamorgan County Asylum, may be mentioned: that during a "strike" of nine months, the male admissions fell to half their former number, the female admissions being almost unaffected. "The decrease is doubtless mainly due to the fact that there is no money to spend in drink and debauchery." High wages, however, would be infinitely better than strikes, if the money were spent in good food, house-rent, and clothing.

The diet of the children of factory operatives in Lancashire points to one source of mental degeneration among that class. Dr. Fergusson, of Bolton, gave important evidence not long ago which indicated the

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

main cause of their debility and stunted development, whether or not they are worse now than they were. He does not consider that factory labor in itself operates prejudicially, and reports the mills to be more healthy to work in now than they were in years past. The prime cause producing the bad physical condition of the factory population is, in his opinion, the intemperate habits of the factory workers. By free indulgence in stimulants and in smoking, the parents debilitate their own constitutions, and transmit feeble ones to their children. Instead of rearing them on milk after they are weaned, they give them tea or coffee in a morning, and in too many instances they feed them upon tea three times a day. In short, they get very little milk.

Mr. Redgrave, the senior inspector of factories, does not consider that this miserable state of things has increased — we hope not — but he admits that more women are employed in the mills than formerly, and that this is most disastrous to the training of children. Some curious figures have been published, showing the weight of children at various years of age in the factory and agricultural districts, the comparison being greatly in favor of the latter.

Another cause of deterioration mentioned is that at least one half of the boys in the mills from twelve to twenty years of age either smoke or chew tobacco, or do both; a habit most prejudicial to the healthy development of the nervous system. It was recently observed by Mr. Mundella that the lad who began at eight years of age in a mine without education, and who was associated with men whose whole ambition was a gallon of beer and a bull-dog, was not likely to grow up to be a Christian and a gentleman. We may add he would be very likely to end his days either in a prison or in a pauper asylum. It is observed in a recent report of the Royal Edinburgh Asylum that "such coal and iron mining counties as Durham and Glamorgan produce, in twice the proportion we do, the most marked and fatal of all the brain diseases caused by excesses." It may be stated that the relation between crime and insanity, especially weak-mindedness, is one of the most intimate character, both in regard to the people who commit criminal acts and their descendants. Our examination of the mental condition of convicts, and of their physiognomy and cerebral development, has long convinced us that a large number of this class are mentally deficient; sometimes from birth; at other times their mental development being arrested by their wretched bringing up. From the reports of the English convict prisons generally, it appears that one in every twenty-five of the males is of weak mind, insane, or epileptic, without including those sufficiently insane to be removed to an asylum. The resident surgeon to the general prison of Scotland at Perth (Mr. Thompson) gives a proportion of twelve per cent.; founded upon a prison population of six thousand prisoners.

Having referred to the bearing of the habits of one large portion of the population upon the manufacture of insanity, we pass on to the consideration of the relation between higher grades of modern society and mental disorder. It has been observed in institutions into which private and pauper patients are admitted, that the moral or psychical causes of lunacy are more frequently the occasion of the attack with the former than the latter class. This is not always accounted for — as might have been expected — by there having been less drink-produced insanity among the well-to-do patients; for in the Royal Edinburgh Asylum, where this disparity strongly comes out, there is even a higher percentage of insanity from this cause among the private than the pauper lunatics. The history of the daily mode of life of many members of the Stock Exchange would reveal, in the matter of diet, an amount of alcoholic imbibition in the form of morning "nips," wine at luncheon, and at dinner, difficult to realize by many of less porous constitutions, and easily explaining the disastrous results which in many instances follow, sooner or later, as respects disturbances of the nervous system, in one form or other. In fact, by the time dinner is due, the stomach is in despair, and its owner finds it necessary to goad a lost appetite by strong pickles and spirits, ending with black coffee and some liqueur. When either dyspepsia or over business work is set down as the cause of the insanity of such individuals, it should be considered what influence the amount of alcohol imbibed has exerted upon the final catastrophe as well as the assigned cause. But whatever may be the relative amount of insanity produced among the affluent and the poor, of this there can be no doubt, that certain mental causes of lunacy, as over study and business worry, produce more insanity among the upper than the lower classes. We have examined the statistics of six asylums in England for private patients only, and have found this to be the case.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

At one such institution, Ticehurst, Sussex, we find, from statistics kindly furnished us by Dr. Newington, that out of two hundred and sixty-six admissions, twenty-nine were referred to over study, and eighteen to over business work. Only twenty-eight were referred to intemperance. Allowing a liberal margin for the tendency of friends to refer the disease to the former rather than the latter class, the figures remain striking, as pointing to the influence of so-called over-work. We say "so-called" because there is an apparent and fictitious as well as a real over-work. Both, however, may terminate in nervous disorder. Over-work is often confounded with the opposite condition — want of occupation. Civilization and mental strain are regarded by many as identical, and in consequence much confusion is caused in the discussion of the present question. It is forgotten that an idle life, leading to hysteria and to actual insanity, is much more likely to be the product of civilization than of savagery or barbarism. This is quite consistent with the other truth, that without civilization we do not see evolved a certain high pressure, also injurious to mental health. A London physician, Dr. Wilks, when speaking of a common class of cases, young women without either useful occupation or amusements, in whom the moral nature becomes perverted, in addition to the derangement of the bodily health, observes that the mother's sympathies too often only foster her daughter's morbid proclivities, by insisting on her delicacy and the necessity of various artificial methods for her restoration. It is obvious that such a case as this is the very child of a highly organized society, that is, of a high state of civilization, and yet that such a young lady is not the victim of high pressure or mental strain in her own person, although it is certainly possible that she may inherit a susceptible brain from an over-worked parent. However, the remedy is work, not rest; occupation, not idleness. We certainly do not want to make her more refined or artificial, but more natural, and to occupy herself with some really useful work. A luxurious idle life is her curse. That insanity itself, as well as mere hysteria, is developed by such a mode of existence, we fully believe. The mind, although not uneducated, deteriorates for want of either healthy intellectual excitement, the occupation of business, or the necessary duties of a family. Life must have an aim, although to achieve it there ought not to be prolonged worry.

In the same way there is the lady instanced who eats no breakfast, takes a glass of sherry at eleven o'clock, and drinks tea all the afternoon, and who, "when night arrives, has been ready to engage in any performance to which she may have been invited." Clearly she is the product of a highly artificial mode of life, found in the midst of modern civilization. She is certainly not suffering from mental strain; at the same time she is the outcome of the progress from barbarism and the hardy forms of early national life to our present complex social condition. We have particularly inquired into cases coming under our own observation in regard to the alleged influence of over-work, and have found it a most difficult thing to distinguish between it and other maleficent agents which, on close observation, were often found to be associated with it. We do not now refer to the circumstances which almost always attach themselves to mental fatigue, as sleeplessness, but to those which have no necessary relation to them, as vice. Here we have felt bound to attribute the attack to both causes, certainly as much to the latter as the former. In some cases, on the other hand, we could not doubt that long-continued severe mental labor was the efficient cause of derangement. In a large proportion of other cases we satisfied ourselves that over-work meant not only mental strain, but the anxiety and harass which arose out of the work in which a student or literary man was engaged. The over-work connected with business, also largely associated with anxiety, proved a very tangible factor of insanity. Indeed it is always sure to be a more tangible factor of mental disease than over-work from study, because of the much greater liability to its invasion during the business period of brain life, than the study period. At Bethlem Hospital, Dr. Savage finds that there are many cases in which over-work causes a break-down, "especially if associated with worry and money troubles." Among the women, the cases are few in number. In one, where there was probably hereditary tendency, an examination, followed in two days by an attack of insanity, may be regarded as the exciting cause. Monotonous work long continued would seem to exert an unfavorable influence on the mind. Letter-sorting, short-hand writing, and continuous railway travelling are instanced. If diversified, hard work is much less likely to prove injurious. During a year and a half twenty men and eight women were admitted whose attacks were attributed to over-work. The employments of architect,

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

surveyor, accountant, schoolmaster, policeman, and bootmaker were here represented. Seven were clerks, two of whom were law-writers; two were students, one being "an Oxford man who had exhausted himself in getting a double first, and the other a medical student preparing for his second college." Of the women, five were teachers, one a schoolgirl, and two dressmakers. Three of the teachers were in elementary schools, one a governess, and the other a teacher of music and languages. If over-work alone did not, strictly speaking, cause the mental breakdown, still the concomitants must be blamed for these melancholy results.

A late medical officer to Rugby School (Dr. Farquharson,) in defending that institution from a charge of injury in the direction of which we now speak, considers that instances of mental strain are more common at the universities, "for not only are the young men at a more sensitive period of life, but they naturally feel that to many of them this is the great opportunity — the great crisis of their existence — and that their success or failure will now effectually make or mar their career. Here the element of anxiety comes into play, sleep is disturbed, exercise neglected, digestion suffers, and the inevitable result follows of total collapse, from which recovery is slow and perhaps never complete." (*Lancet*, Jan. 1, 1876.) He thinks he has seen an increase of headaches and nervous complaints among poor children since compulsory attendance at Board Schools was adopted, and records a warning against too suddenly forcing the minds of wretchedly feeble, ill-fed and ill-housed children, and against attempts to make bricks too rapidly out of the straw which is placed in our hands.

The psychological mischief done by excessive cramming both in some schools and at home is sufficiently serious to show that the reckless course pursued in many instances ought to be loudly protested against. As we write, four cases come to our knowledge of girls seriously injured by this folly and unintentional wickedness. In one, the brain is utterly unable to bear the burden put upon it, and the pupil is removed from school in a highly excitable state; in another, epileptic fits have followed the host of subjects pressed upon the scholar; in the third, the symptoms of brain fog have become so obvious that the amount of schooling has been greatly reduced; and in a fourth, fits have been induced and complete prostration of brain has followed. These cases are merely illustrations of a class, coming to hand in one day, familiar to most physicians. The enormous number of subjects which are forced into the curriculum of some schools and are required by some professional examinations, confuse and distract the mind, and by lowering its healthy tone often unfit it for the world. While insanity may not directly result from this stuffing, and very likely will not, exciting causes of mental disorder occurring in later life may upset a brain which, had it been subjected to more moderate pressure, would have escaped unscathed. Training in its highest sense is forgotten in the multiplicity of subjects, originality is stunted and individual thirst of knowledge overlaid by a crowd of novel theories based upon yet unproved statements. Mr. Brudenell Carter, in his "Influence of Education and Training in Preventing Diseases of the Nervous System," speaks of a large public school in London from which boys of ten to twelve years of age carry home tasks which would occupy them till near midnight, and of which the rules and laws of study are so arranged as to preclude the possibility of sufficient recreation. The teacher in a high school says that the host of subjects on which parents insist instruction being given to their children is simply preposterous, and disastrous alike to health and to real steady progress in necessary branches of knowledge. The other day we met an examiner in the street with a roll of papers consisting of answers to questions. He deplored the fashion of the day; the number of subjects crammed within a few years of growing life; the character of the questions which were frequently asked; and the requiring a student to master, at the peril of being rejected, scientific theories, and crude speculations, which they would have to unlearn in a year or two. He sincerely pitied the unfortunate students. During the last year or two the public have been startled by the suicides which have occurred on the part of young men preparing for examination at the University of London; and the press has spoken out strongly on the subject. Notwithstanding this the authorities appear to be disposed to increase instead of diminish the stringency of some of the examinations. The *Lancet* has recently protested against this course in regard to the preliminary scientific M. B. of the London University, and points out that the average of candidates who fail at this examination is already about forty per cent., and that these include many of the best students.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

This further raising of the standard will, it is maintained, make a serious addition to the labors of the industrious student who desires the M.D. degree. Whether this particular instance is or is not a fair example, we must say, judging from others, that it seems to be thought that the cubic capacity of the British skull undergoes an extraordinary increase every few years, and that therefore for our young students more subjects must be added to fill up the additional space.

The master of a private school informs us that he has proof of the ill effects of overwork in the fact of boys being withdrawn from the keen competition of a public school career, which was proving injurious to their health, and sent to him, that they might in the less ambitious atmosphere of a private school pick up health and strength again. He refers to instances of boys who had been crammed and much pressed in order that they might enter a certain form or gain a desired exhibition, having reached the goal successfully and then stagnated. He says that the too extensive curriculum now demanded ends in the impossibility of doing the work thoroughly and well. You must either force unduly or not advance as you would wish to do; the former does injury, and the latter causes dissatisfaction.

Of mental stagnation among the poor we have already spoken; an analogous condition among the well-to-do classes, not to be confounded with that of the young lady already described as seen in the London physician's consulting-room, deserves a passing observation. Excessive activity and excessive dulness may lead to the same dire result. Hence both conditions must be recognized as factors in the causation of mental disease. We have said that the indirect action of the latter is more powerful than its direct action, but there are no doubt cases of insanity which arise from the directly injurious influence of intellectual inactivity. The intelligence is inert; the range of ideas extremely limited; the mind broods upon some trivial circumstance until it becomes exaggerated into a delusion; the mind feeds upon itself, and is hyper-sensitive and suspicious, or it may become absorbed in some morbid religious notions which at last exert a paramount influence and induce religious depression or exaltation. From the immediate surroundings of the individual, whether in connection with parental training or from ecclesiastical or theological influences, or perhaps a solitary condition of life, there may be a dangerously restricted area of psychical activity. Prejudices of various kinds hamper the free play of thought; the buoyancy of the man's nature is destroyed; its elasticity broken; its strength weakened; and it is in fine reduced to a state in which it is a prey to almost any assertion however monstrous, if placed before it with the solemn sanctions which from education, habit, or predilection it is accustomed to reverence. Fantastic scruples and religious delusions frequently spring up in this soil. Such persons have been saved from the evils of drunkenness and vice; they have also been sheltered from worry and excitement, yet, to the astonishment of many, they become the inmates of a lunatic asylum. They have in truth escaped the Scylla of dissipation or drink, only to be shipwrecked on the Charybdis of a dreary monotony of existence. On this barren rock not a very few doubtless perish, and if parents they transmit to a posterity deserving our sincerest pity, mediocre brains or irritably susceptible and unstable nerve tissue.

On the dangers arising from waves of religious excitement, it would be easy to dilate, but we shall content ourselves with remarking that if they have been exaggerated by some, they have been improperly ignored or denied by others. They are real; and frightful is the responsibility of those who, by excited utterances and hideous caricatures of religion, upset the mental equilibrium of their auditors, whether men, women, or children.

One remarkable feature of modern life — Spiritualism — has been said to produce an alarming amount of insanity, especially in America. It has been recently stated by an English writer that nearly ten thousand persons have gone insane on the subject, and are confined in asylums in the United States; but careful inquiry, made in consequence, has happily disproved the statement, and we learn that the amount of insanity produced from this cause is almost insignificant — much less than that caused by religious excitement.

Looking broadly at the facts which force themselves upon our attention, we may say that a study of the relation between modern life and insanity shows that it is of a many-sided and complex character; that the rich and the poor from different causes, though certainly in one respect the same cause, labor under a large amount of *preventible* lunacy; that beer and gin, mal-nutrition, a dreary monotony of toil, muscular exhaustion, domestic distress, misery, and anxiety, account largely, not

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

only for the number of the poor who become insane in adult life, but who from hereditary predisposition, are born weak-minded or actually idiotic; that among the middle classes, stress of business, excessive competition, failures, and, also in many cases, reckless and intemperate living, occasion the attack; while in the upper classes intemperance still works woe — and under this head must be comprised lady and gentlemen dipsomaniacs, who are not confined in asylums; that while multiplicity of subjects of study in youth and excessive brain-work in after life exert a certain amount of injurious influence, under-work, luxurious habits, undisciplined wills, desultory life, produce a crop of nervous disorders, terminating not unfrequently in insanity. In a state of civilization like ours, it must also happen that many children of extremely feeble mental as well as bodily constitutions will be reared who otherwise would have died. These either prove to be imbeciles, or they grow up only to fall a prey to the upsetting influence of the cares and anxieties of the world. A considerable number of insane persons have never been really whole-minded people; there has, it will be found on careful inquiry, been always something a little peculiar about them, and when their past life is interpreted by the attack which has rendered restraint necessary, it is seen that there had been a smouldering fire in the constitution for a lifetime, though now, for the first time, bursting forth into actual conflagration.

Lastly, modern society comprises a numerous class of persons, well-meaning, excitable, and morbidly sensitive. Some of these are always on the border-land between sanity and insanity, and their friends are sometimes tempted to wish that they would actually cross the line, and save them from constant harass. When they do, it is easier to make allowance for them and their vagaries.

Whatever uncertainty there may attach to some aspects of this inquiry, unquestionable conclusions have been drawn; and if these only accord with results arrived at from other considerations, they are valuable as confirming them. Had there appeared to be among the poor and ignorant a striking immunity from attacks of insanity, a strong argument would have been afforded, and would probably have been employed, against the extension of education at the present day to the working classes. Nothing, however, in our facts or figures supports such an anti-progressive view; and if the educated classes did not sin against their mental health in so many ways, they would doubtless compare more favorably than they do, in fact as well as in mere figures, with the uneducated poor. So again with regard to intemperance and all that it involves, in spite of the difficulty of discriminating between the many factors which often go to make up the sum total of causes of an attack, we have no doubt of the large influence for mental evil exerted by drink — always admitting that where the constitution has no latent tendency to insanity, you may do almost what you like with it, in this or any other way, without causing this particular disease. A man will break down at his weak point, be it what it may.

Again, the lessons are taught of the importance, not of mere education, but a real training of the feelings; the evil of mental stagnation, not simply *per se*, but from the train of sensual degradation in one direction, and of gloomy fanaticism in the other, engendered, and the danger of dwelling too long and intently on agitating religious questions, especially when presented in narrow and exclusive forms which drive people either to despair or to a perilous exaltation of the feelings. To true religious reformers, the physician best acquainted with the causation of mental disease will award his heartiest approval. Only as the high claims of duty, demanded from man by considerations of the dependence of his work in the world upon mental health, of what he owes to his fellow-men, and of what he owes to God, are fulfilled as well as acknowledged, will civilized man benefit by his civilization, as regards the prevention of insanity. Unpreventible lunacy will still exist, but a great saving will be effected for British ratepayers when that which is preventible shall have been reduced to a minimum by the widest extension of a thorough, but not oppressive and too early commenced education, by the practical application of the ascertained truths of physiological and medical science, and by the influence of a Christianity, deep in proportion to its breadth, which shall really lay hold of life and conduct, and mould them in accordance with itself.

D. HACK TUKE.

From The Spectator.

SMITH'S POOR KIN.

THE case of Smith's Poor Kin seems to us the *reductio ad absurdum* of the English method of dealing with the authority

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

of the "dead hand," as Lord Lyttelton used to call it, — that is, the right of a testator to bind Parliament and the courts in perpetuity. Two hundred and fifty years ago an Alderman Smith left a small sum of money, the interest of which was to go forever towards the redemption of Christians captured by the Turks, and the protection of his poorest descendants, "the sick, aged, and impotent," from the worst evils of poverty. It was not to make them better off, but to save them from actual want. The trustees bought land in Kensington, covering the modern Hans Place and Cadogan Place, which has increased in value with the growth of London until it now yields £11,000 a year, and will by-and-by yield much more. Algerine piracy ceased long ago, the "Turks" are pirates only by land, and the whole income was therefore made available in 1772, by act of Parliament, for the alderman's kin, of whom there are now four hundred and twelve. The "scheme," however, worked very badly. The heirs, in hopes of some advantage under the will, have kept their pedigrees in memory; they consider the property to be, in certain events, "of right" theirs, and some of them, it can scarcely be doubted, wilfully produce those events. They are to be helped if they are poor, and consequently they either keep poor by abstaining from work, or they pretend to be poor when they are not, according to the founder's idea of poverty. The latter course of conduct is indefensible, but the former is no sufficient legal reason for refusing them their money. There is no moral wrong in poverty, indeed many people of the highest character for piety and judgment hold, as a council of perfection, that it would be better to keep poor, and no Church goes the length of saying that in the earning of wealth there is moral gain. There is consequently no moral reason whatever why, if the "dead hand" is to be implicitly obeyed, Alderman Smith's poor kin should not have the income of his estate. It has increased, but so has the income of Guy's Hospital or the Duke of Northumberland's property, but nobody for that reason claims any right to take either away; and if a Radical argues that unearned increment belongs to the State, he is set down as a Red Republican. To say that a sick Smith ought not to have £500 a year for life is, in a country of inequalities, no argument, and the whole income, on the principles upheld by Lord Salisbury and most Tories, should be distributed among the poorest section of the alderman's descendants.

They are not to have it all, nevertheless. The legislature being, as usual in England, a good deal wiser than the individuals who compose it, has invested the Rolls Court with power, on the demand of the charity commissioners, to make in such cases "arrangements" for the general good of the community, and such arrangements are as final as if they had been made by legislative act. The court is informed that the money is in part wasted in gifts to the undeserving, every Smith being, of course, "poor" in his own eyes, and in part so applied as to encourage pauperism, and finding these allegations justified by the evidence, immediately proceeds to override the provisions of the will as interpreted by the act of 1772. Inventing, in the public interest, a theory that Alderman Smith intended to secure some end not secured in his will, the master of the rolls decrees that half the property is enough for Smith's poor kin, and that the other half shall be expended on objects presumably excellent, but not in the least specially beneficial to the alderman's relatives. In other words, the will, the operation of which is pronounced injurious, is half set aside and half re-sanctioned, the thumb and index finger of the "dead hand" being, as it were, amputated, while the mutilated stump is suffered to remain. The right to £11,000 a year is pronounced injurious to distressed Smiths of the alderman's clan, and in the public interest £5,500 a year is confiscated; but at the same time, in order that the injurious process may not wholly stop, £5,500 a year is devoted to it. Sir George Jessel, in fact, decrees in one and the same breath that legacies in perpetuity, to be distributed to people because they are poor, offer premiums on pauperism, and ought to end; and that they are not injurious, and ought, therefore, to continue. That this is good law we do not dispute, but that it is also a wise compromise we cannot admit for one moment. Either Alderman Smith's descendants are entitled to all the money, the relief of Turkish captives being impossible, or they are entitled to none of it, or they are entitled only to the income he intended them to have, and with no one of these suppositions does the decision agree. If the first is correct, Sir George Jessel should either have granted the money in annuities, without reference to consequences, or if he thought himself bound to act as guardian, should have founded a splendid high school, with free admissions or even free bursaries, for the Smith clan; if the second is correct, he should have taken

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

the whole sum for purposes of public utility; and if the third, he should have taken the whole, minus the income the alderman intended to go to his descendants. In rejecting all these courses, he accepted a compromise which can be defended only on the grounds that it is legal, and that it does not grievously affront public opinion.

Nevertheless; the settlement is approved, and it is easy to see why. The English people cannot make up its mind what it wishes to do or thinks it right to do about the "dead hand." It is not willing, on the one hand, to leave the testator alone, and act upon his will to all future time. No State, to begin with, can allow a power of indefinite accumulation for centuries, which might vest all property in one man's hand, or make a man so rich that if he were capricious or viewy, the ordinary business of the country could not go on. We could not, for example, endure Mr. Parnell with power to produce a "Black Friday," or shut up the Bank of England whenever he considered the chancellor of the exchequer not quite sufficiently civil. So indefinite accumulation is prevented by law. Then many bequests are considered ridiculous, or useless, or immoral in their effects, so power to regulate them is handed over to the courts or to State commissions, or in certain cases to the trustees, subject to official sanction. The "dead hand" is, in fact, in certain cases paralyzed. On the other hand, there is the greatest dislike to amputate it, by declaring that in future Parliament will regulate all continuative or perpetual bequests. It is felt, and felt justly, that such a rule would act in discouragement of accumulation, and interfere very greatly with liberty of bequest. It might dry up a resource by which the nation has very largely benefited, and would undoubtedly diminish greatly the volume of the stream of charity. And it would, above all, limit that individualism, that tendency to oddity and to quaintness for which Englishmen, Philistines as they are, have still a kindly corner in their hearts, and which they would be exceedingly loth finally to crush out. Under the operation of the two feelings — the impulse to prevent waste, and the impulse to leave the testator alone — we have the present system, in which some abuses, like the distribution of St. Katherine's fund, are tolerated for years, and others, which happen to come into court, like this Smith trust, are half cured, and half so treated that they are pretty certain as the years flow on to become worse than ever. In the next generation the moiety of the alderman's fund assigned to his poor kin will probably have doubled — for London is still low-rented, compared with other capitals — while the poor kin themselves will be a regiment, perhaps fifteen hundred strong. The money will then be absolutely wasted in minute doles, which will have no result beyond keeping up a false idea that all the members of the family are protected in the last resort from poverty. Is it not almost time that the country should come to some decision upon this subject in its own mind, and give intending testators fair warning how far it will and will not carry out their testamentary injunctions? If there is, as nobody doubts, a point of time at which the "dead hand" should cease to be powerful, why should not that point be fixed? And if there is, and nobody doubts there is, a degree of increment in property which may make a bequest either injurious or ridiculous, why should not that degree be legislatively declared? Suppose, for example, that Parliament passed an act allowing the charity commissioners to deal freely with any bequests for charitable objects more than a hundred years old, would that arrangement in any serious degree interfere with the stream of charity? That it would be much more honest than the present system is clear, but would it produce any practical ill-effect? Our own belief is that men rarely or never look more than a century ahead, and that certainty for a century would encourage the charitable to make bequests as much as certainty forever. Or suppose that in the same act any increment on charitable incomes beyond threefold the amount obtainable at the testator's decease were also carried off to the general fund of charity, would that disturb testators? We venture to doubt it greatly. Not one man in five hundred who makes a charitable will expects any increment of the kind, or would be willing, if he did, to leave it all at the disposal of the charity. The majority, we imagine, would be much more willing that the Parliament of the day should decide where their surplus charity should go, and would plead only that wherever it went their names should be recorded and their memory kept alive, — a stipulation with which, in almost all cases, it would not be difficult to comply. At present we rob the testator's legatees for the benefit of the public, and do not secure to the public the benefit for which the individual is robbed.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

From The Examiner.

IRRIGATION IN INDIA.

FAMINE is at least as great a danger to our Indian empire as the czar of Russia, and precautions against its recurrence are no less necessary than precautions against interference with our road to the East. But precautions for the one purpose as much as for the other ought to be well considered and worthy of a community which may still claim to be partially rational and practical. We may be firmly convinced of the necessity of protecting our road to India, and of the necessity of preventing the recurrence of famine, but that is no reason why we should rush into rash undertakings without counting the cost or estimating the probable result. For the last year and more a few rowdy journalists, Jews, and stockbrokers, have been trying to persuade us that our road to India would be jeopardized, and our power and prestige as a nation irretrievably ruined, if we did not expend incalculable blood and treasure for the support of a decaying dynasty at Constantinople. They have not condescended to argument, but they have shown vast powers of declamation and abuse; the country has heard them, and has not been persuaded. All Englishmen who have not lost their senses have settled down into the conviction that for the security of our road to India a firm hold of Egypt is a sufficient and infinitely less costly precaution. For this they are prepared to contend with all their resources and all their fighting power, and they are too confident in their strength to be turned aside from their purpose by any amount of ignorant or interested literary fury.

The prevention of famine in India has received comparatively little attention amidst the noise raised over the other great question, but Mr. Bright's speech at Manchester has done something to get a hearing for it. Mr. Bright has taken up Sir Arthur Cotton's panacea for the prevention of famine — irrigation. Only irrigate, and you will save the people, and protect the empire from a crushing load of debt. Now, before accepting irrigation as the one thing needful, however much we may admit its importance, the subject should be thoroughly discussed. The history of what has been done in one of the provinces of our Indian empire, Bengal, may be accepted as a contribution to the discussion. Bengal is the wealthiest, largest, most populous, and best-known of the provinces in British India. There are now irrigation works in this province in South Behar, in Midnapore, and in Orissa, and it may be stated without exaggeration that Sir Arthur Cotton is their originator and author. The earliest and most important of these works is what is known as the Orissa project. It is not correct to assert, as is done by Colonel Chesney, in the *Fortnightly Review*, quoted with approval by Mr. Bright, in his speech, that the Orissa works are the outcome of the great famine of 1866. So long ago as 1858, Sir Arthur Cotton was deputed by government to report on the advisability of irrigation in Orissa. He reported that it would be necessary to carry out a system of works that would completely regulate the waters of the province, similar to those in the Godavery and Kistna deltas, and urged that government should at once take the project in hand as being eminently practicable and advantageous. He also suggested, if government was unwilling to execute these works itself, that an English company should be permitted to carry them out. In accordance with this suggestion the East India Irrigation and Canal Company was formed in 1860. The arrangements made between government and the company were that government was to give all land free of charge; that the company was to construct the works, and, when these were ready for irrigation, to distribute the water; whilst government was to collect the water-rates, and, after deducting the cost of collection, to pay the remainder over to the company. The works were commenced in November, 1863, and by the end of 1865 water first became available from the company's works for the irrigation of land. But the people refused to take water, and the works proved a failure. At the end of October, 1867, the company was prepared to supply water to 153,000 acres, whereas the area actually under irrigation amounted to only 9,836 acres. The whole gross revenue from the commencement to October, 1867, only amounted to 4,339*l*. The returns thus not coming in, the shares of the company fell in the market, and bankruptcy stared the shareholders in the face. About the same time, the same company had under consideration the irrigation of a part of South Behar adjoining the Sone River, and their project here also was accepted by government on the understanding that the agreement must end if the company did not make satisfactory progress with their works. But, from want of funds, the company were never even able to commence work on the Sone project. Irrigation in Bengal was in a state of col-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

lapse. At this epoch, however, government intervened, as much, there is reason to believe, in the interest of the shareholders as of irrigation; and after somewhat lengthy negotiations, the Orissa and Sone projects became the property of government on January 1, 1869, on payment of the sum of 1,040,050*l*. In other words, government bought at par value, at the price of more than a million sterling, shares which at their market value were worthless.

Since this time the works of the Orissa project (including Midnapore) and of the Sone project have steadily progressed to completion. The outlay has been prodigious, and the loss on them enormous. The total capital outlay on irrigation works in Lower Bengal up to March 31, 1876, was 4,072,742*l*., and not less than 1,494,000*l*. will be required to complete the works that are in progress; the gross income from these works in 1875-76 was 23,043*l*., and the working expenses were 52,949*l*.; there was a dead loss on the year's operations, independently of interest on borrowed capital, of 29,906*l*.; the net loss in interest and working expenses during the year was 203,700*l*., and the total accumulated loss up to March 31, 1876, was 878,100*l*. With one trifling exception, there has always hitherto been an annual loss on the working of the canals. The only canal in Bengal that has ever paid its working expenses for the year is the Hidgelee tidal canal, in Midnapore, which was constructed in the first instance for irrigation purposes, but, as the water was found to be salt, it has been exclusively used for navigation. The extraordinary traffic of 1874, in order to meet the famine demand in the upper parts of Bengal, so raised the navigation tolls of that year that they gave a profit over working expenses of about 50*l*.

The Orissa and Midnapore canals had cost, up to March 31, 1876, 2,482,039*l*., and are so far completed that water for irrigation on a large scale has been obtainable for several years past; in 1875-76 these canals yielded an income of 17,953*l*. while the working expenses were 41,406*l*.; including interest, the net loss on these canals was 122,567*l*., and the total loss up to March 31, 1876, was 666,131*l*. The further works which it is proposed to undertake in Orissa will cost about 368,000*l*. more. There does not, however, appear to be the smallest chance of an adequate return from this great expenditure.

The Sone canals had cost, up to the end of 1875-76, 1,521,366*l*., and more than 1,185,000*l*. will be required to complete them. The income in 1875-76 was 5,090*l*., and the working expenses were 11,543*l*. In this case also there is no probability that they will, for many years to come, pay the interest on the capital outlay.

Such is the history and present condition of the irrigation works in Bengal. The bare statement of the above facts, derived from official sources, which have been published, is more eloquent than any commentary on them could be. Practically the works are, and always have been, at a dead-lock. The Irrigation Department is over-officered, and the difficulty is not to find men for the work, but work for the men. Large sums of money have been literally squandered in order to find useless employment for engineer officers who would otherwise have been sitting at the Presidency. On the other hand, the people do not care for the canals; they grudge the land, and view the construction of the distributary channels as a grievance. Irrigation is not popular, and has failed to produce the wonderful results anticipated from it.

The reason of this failure is not far to seek. The canals are unnecessary, for they have been laid down in a country where there is already an adequate supply of rain water. The circumstances of Orissa are unlike those of the Indus basin, or of the upper Ganges basin, or of the lower peninsula of India. There are dry zones that may fairly be said to stand in absolute need of irrigation. But in Orissa, and indeed all over Bengal proper, irrigation is a mere expensive luxury, occasionally useful, sometimes injurious, and never absolutely necessary except in extraordinary years. In Bengal and Orissa, the rainfall is not only sufficient in quantity, but it is, broadly speaking, regular in its incidence. It is not, of course, the case that the rains are always so regular as to yield a first-rate harvest; but it is a very rare occurrence when they fall so irregularly as to yield a crop insufficient for the support of the people. During the present century there has been only one famne in Orissa, that of 1866, and only one year, 1874, when there was any real approach to famine over Bengal generally. Behar, the large territory that lies to the north-west of the territories under the lieutenant-governorship of Bengal, is somewhat differently situated, but even there drought and famine are of very rare occurrence. If there is to be irrigation in Bengal, it should be in parts of Behar only. But it remains to be seen whether

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

the Sone irrigation works, established in Behar, have not been constructed on a scale which will render them a ruinous insurance against the occurrence of a possible but fortunately improbable famine.

The inutility of irrigation in Bengal, and the enormous useless expenditure that has been incurred by the State on the construction of irrigation works in that province, has recently been the subject of active discussion in India. The expenditure was incurred by the imperial government, and that government has renounced its liability for the payment of current expenses and of the current interest due on the capital expended. Those charges are henceforth to be borne by the provincial government of the lieutenant-governor of Bengal. But that government does not possess the funds wherewith to meet so large an annual outlay, and it has been found necessary to impose what is known as a compulsory water-rate on the people. In other words, all persons whose lands fall within the area irrigable by canal distributaries will now be compelled to pay a water-rate for their land every year, whether they want the water or not, and whether they take it or not. The injustice of this imposition is not among the least of the evils that have attended the introduction of irrigation in India into a province where it was not wanted.

From The Spectator.

PEPPERINESS.

WE wonder what is the source of the mixture of sympathy, not to say approbation, with which pepperiness, as distinguished from bad temper, is generally treated by the world, especially by the literary world? Miss Brontë teaches all her readers almost to fall in love with a peppery little professor mainly because he is peppery. Sir Walter Scott hardly ever draws a peppery person whom he does not evidently heartily like at bottom, — even Hector MacTurk, in "St. Ronan's Well," though an idle, loafing soldier, who spends his time in fomenting quarrels and promoting duels, is obviously a favorite, whom he intends the reader to like, and whom the reader accordingly does like; while the attractiveness of many characters of a far better class, — the Antiquary himself, for example, — is made to centre in their pepperiness. And no doubt the general English taste is of the same kind. When people hear of a very peppery speech, unless it be directed against themselves, they laugh, and rather cherish a tenderness for the man who gave vent to it. It may be said, perhaps, that in the case of Mr. Freeman's recent rebuff to Mr. Armitage, the pepperiness of that rebuff has been rather sharply criticised. But we suspect this is for quite a different reason. Mr. Armitage, a Royal Academician, had applied to Mr. Freeman — whom he did not know — for advice as to a question of costume in the Norman period, — whether or not a serf ought to wear a collar such as Scott represents Gurth as wearing in "Ivanhoe." He got at first a somewhat snappy and not quite intelligible reply for his pains; and next, when he pressed for further information, relying on the advice of "Tom Taylor and other literary friends," who had counselled him to consult Mr. Freeman, he received a severe snub, for them as well as for himself, in the shape of an assurance that the historian's time was too well occupied to answer queries put to him on the advice of people of whom he knew nothing; though if Mr. Armitage had come recommended by "Mr. Gladstone or Professor Stubbs," it might have been more to the purpose. And this snappish reply of Mr. Freeman's has been the subject of a good deal of comment in the press, and on the whole, rather unfavorable comment. But it is pretty clear that, except perhaps in the case of those whom the snub directly affected, the motive of the unfavorable comment is not in any considerable degree the pepperiness of the reply itself, but rather a political motive, — the wish, on the one hand, to diminish the estimation in which the judgment of an historian of repute, who is now so famous for his pro-Slavonic sympathies, is held by the public, or the wish, on the other hand, of those who agree with Mr. Freeman to exonerate themselves from any imputation of sympathy with his brusquerie. We very much doubt if any one on either side not directly affected by the remark has criticised it from any other than this semi-political motive. People probably know that Mr. Freeman has been overloading himself with gratuitous and very responsible work for the oppressed Slavs, and they know that such work, when combined with the heavy work of an historian of very laborious and minute accuracy, is exceedingly likely to generate a good deal of highly compressed impatience in the character of a man whose feelings

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

are so ardent as Mr. Freeman's. And so thinking, they naturally do not take very much more account of this fiery snub to Mr. Armitage and his friends, — quite undeserved though it was, — than they would of a squib going off when it gets a sharp blow. Indeed, editors print every day much less excusable outbursts of pepperiness than this, on questions purely literary, and evidently are rather amused by them than offended. It is evident, that Lucy Snow, in "Villette," took a good deal of pains to provoke peppery little outbreaks from M. Paul Emanuel. Who does not enjoy the scene in the picture-gallery when she will look at the not very respectable picture of a fleshy Cleopatra, and ask him questions about his opinion of it, after he had so very peremptorily led her away from the picture and told her not to set eyes on it again? The pepperiness of the man has a charm for her in itself, though not perhaps as much as the peremptoriness. She likes his imperiousness best, but she likes his outbreaks of fiery temper too. And that, we suppose, is the feeling generally with us English. We dislike bad temper, but admiringly encourage a fiery temper, — if it be only a fiery temper, — and unless it explodes at our own expense we rather like the man who owns it the better. The choleric character in comedy is always a favorite, and we should like very much to know why.

No doubt part of the reason is that people always feel kindly to a character which, in very marked and conspicuous aspects at least, is within their power, and like a musical instrument, will give out certain tones under their manipulation. It does not increase the respect for a man, but it does the feeling of fellowship with him, that he is sure to respond in a given way to a given stimulus, and that you possess the means of applying that stimulus at will. Such a man is liked partly as a natural phenomenon, on the display of which, under given circumstances, you can always rely. Just as men like to show off a fine echo in a particular spot, and will elicit it day after day, to the admiration of their different guests, so they like to show off the flashes of temper with which a friend answers the application of the well-known irritants. The pleasure in it is almost like the professional pleasure with which a medical practitioner sees the blister rise where he has applied the plaster, or the chemist, when he has predicted the liquidation of a gas, displays the result of the pressure he has applied. In short, these irascible tempers verify their friends' predictions, and also illustrate their power of playing upon character.

But probably another and more worthy reason for the tolerance, and something more than tolerance, with which peppery tempers are regarded, is that it is supposed that at least there must be something in these fiery people childlike and devoid of guile, since they have learned so little of policy as to respond without fail to any external stimulus. Men who control their temper so as to keep it more or less in harmony with their ruling purpose, may be and often are very superior to the average man, and sometimes, again, are — morally, at least — very inferior to him; but in either case they are more or less beyond his fathoming, and though they may use him he can never hope to use them. Now, as simplicity of character is always more popular than depth of character, any trait which, like superficial irascibility, has its explanation on the very surface, carries with it a certain *primâ facie* promise of straightforwardness and naturalness which are in themselves attractive. And again, a peppery temper has so much of the disturbing effects of pepper itself on the mucous membrane of those who come into close contact with it, and is apt to produce such sudden and altogether unexpected convulsions, to present such absurd contrasts between the heat of the feeling roused and the minuteness of the cause which has excited that feeling, that the humor of the situation alone has a certain amount of fascination for those who do not suffer from the irascibility roused. In short, pepperiness is grotesque, both in its origin and its results, and whatever is grotesque has has in it an attractiveness for the English people. When Meg Dods flourishes her broom, and Captain Hector MacTurk wards it off with his soldierly cane, all the spectators are delighted; and the same amusement which results in literature from the imaginary collisions of irritable tempers, results also in life from their real collisions. But all our reasons come to this in the end, — that pepperiness is intrinsically superficial, childish, and irrational, and that, man being what he is, the contemplation of what is superficial, childish, and irrational in other men has a charm of its own.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume XXI. | No. 1754.—January 26, 1878. | From Beginning, Vol. CXXXVI.

CONTENTS.

I. ULFILAS, THE APOSTLE OF THE GOTHS, . *Edinburgh Review*, ... 195
II. MACLEOD OF DARE. By William Black. Part II., ... *Advance Sheets*, ... 213
III. HYDROPHOBIA AND RABIES, ... *Nineteenth Century*, . . . 220
IV. WITHIN THE PRECINCTS. By Mrs. Oliphant. Part II., ... *Advance Sheets*, ... 231
V. CHARLES DICKENS'S VERSE, ... *Spectator*, ... 237
VI. DORIS BARUGH. A Yorkshire Story. By Katharine S. Macquoid, author of "Patty." Conclusion, ... *Good Words*, ... 241
VII. CHARLES DICKENS'S MANUSCRIPTS, . . . *Chambers' Journal*, ... 252
VIII. FETICHISM IN ANIMALS, ... *Nature*, ... 254
IX. RUHMKORFF, ... *Nature*, ... 256

POETRY.

HOLY COMMUNION, ... 194
SLEEP, ... 194
THE BEGUILING OF MERLIN, . . . 194

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage.*

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

HOLY COMMUNION.

"As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father; so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me." — ST. JOHN vi. 57.
"Amen, Allelujah!"

WE sing the everlasting truth
  Of words that Jesus said:
There is a holy human life
  Upon the earth we tread.
It was poured out our faith to win,
It has prevailed against our sin,
It brings eternal glory in,
  E'en here among the dead.

O Lord of all the angel host
  And of the church above,
We know thee in the midst of us
  By thy descending dove.
We in our prison stained and dim,
With cherubim and seraphim,
Lift up to thee the heaven-born hymn
  Of joy, and praise, and love.

Hail, bread of God that men may take! —
  His spirit teaches how.
The dying soul that eateth thee
  Shall even live as thou.
"Come, eat," the faithful witness saith
To sinners breathing mortal breath,
"And live forever after death;
  Yea, live forever now."

This being, with its ransomed powers,
  Oh let thy body feed,
And make the very life it lives
  An endless life indeed.
With faith in thy anointing shod,
It chooses paths which thou hast trod,
And offers to the living God
  Its whole immortal need.

Soldiers and servants by thy grace,
  But helpless children first,
We gather round our Father's board
  In hunger and in thirst.
Bold through the love which thou hast shown,
Rich without substance of our own,
We give thee, not our best alone,
  But all our least and worst.

The treasure worthless in our hands
  Transformed in thine we see.
Thou takest from us what we are,
  How spoiled soe'er it be.
In thy participating name,
We pour out sorrows, tremblings, shame,
The empty hope, the failing aim;
  And then we feast on thee.

It is for service that we live,
  Destroyer of our sin.
It is to keep the children's place,
  With all its discipline.
But sweet be our communion song,
The whole contented way along.
God gave us thee, and we are strong
  For life to triumph in.

Sunday Magazine. A. L. WARING.

SLEEP.

O GENTLE sleep! the gracious gift and blest,
    Of God's own sending;
O sacred sleep! dear foretaste of that rest
    Which knows no ending;
Sweet promise of that far-off Paradise
    Of calm release,
Where weary ones may lean on Jesus' breast,
    And close their eyes,
    And be at peace.

Earth "presses down;" the hearts that would ascend
    Droop, faint and weary;
So distant seems the lifelong journey's end,
    The way so dreary;
Each day's fierce struggle tires us out, as though
    We could no more,
Then comes thine handmaid, Sleep, our griefs to tend,
    With balm for woe,
    And strength in store.

We lay us down in peace, — thy touch divine
    Our eyelids closing;
Darkness, — thy secret place, — becomes the shrine
    Of our reposing;
Gently we breathe our souls into thy care,
    So glad to be
One day more near to that home-rest of thine,
    Which we may share
    With saints and thee.

So night by night we linger at thy feet,
    Until the morning;
Glimpses of heaven, bright visions pure and sweet,
    Our dreams adorning;
And if thy voice, kind Lord, we seem to hear,
    That word most blest
For willing souls, with sympathy replete,
    Falls on our ear,
    "Sleep, — take your rest!"

GENEVIEVE M. I. IRONS.

Sunday Magazine.

THE BEGUILING OF MERLIN.

GLAMOR of bud, and blossom, and sweet May,
Glamor of life, and of love's burgeoning,
When through gray mists of eld a second spring
Glances a moment, flying — ah, welaway,
Needed there other witcheries, O fay,
Of olden rune's low crooning, and the swing
And rhythm of lissom limbs in mystic ring,
To charm the sage into thy thrall and prey?

But, ah, the horror of those eyes athirst
For draughts of fuller life, that drink for these
Thy soul's sly poison to the subtler lees,
Knowing it poison — seeing the past accurst,
To-day a lie, hope like a bubble burst,
And worse than death creep on by slow degrees!

Examiner. FRANK T. MARZIALS.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

From The Edinburgh Review.

ULFILAS, THE APOSTLE OF THE GOTHS.*

In the dying days of the old Roman empire of the West, when men with strange barbarian names were sitting on the curule chairs of consuls and riding at the head of legions; when nothing but the imperial purple was withheld from the Germanic soldier of fortune, and hardly anything but that faded garment was left for the descendants of Æneas to aspire to, — in those days of startling ethnologic upheaval, some poet, unknown to fame, sat wearily through a long and noisy banquet, at which the loudest of the talking and the deepest of the drinking were done by the unwelcome strangers; and returning home tired of the clamor, and exceedingly filled with the scorning of the alien, poured forth his indignation in the following epigram: —

Inter HAILS Goticum SKAPJAM jam MATJA ja DRIGGKAM
Non audet quisquam dignos educere versus:
Calliope madido trepidat se jungere Baccho,
Ne pedibus non stet ebria musa suis.†

We read this curious effusion with a mingled feeling of shame and pleasure, in the thought that these masterful conquerors, whose rough speech jarred so harshly on the delicate Italian ear, were, if not precisely ancestors of ours, at least kinsmen of our ancestors; that their words are our words; that we may perhaps lay claim to a little of their strength, while their besetting sin is still our national vice and bane — drunkenness. "HAILS Goticum" we know well enough in *hail* and *wassail:* SKAPJAN is the German *schaffen*, our own *shape*. MATJAN connects itself with the English *meat*, and DRIGGKAN (pronounced drinkan) is but too obviously our ancestral *drink*. These four Gothic words on the surface of a Latin epigram, like boulder-stones on a glacier, might very easily have been all that history could trace of the language spoken by the Germanic nations at the time of their descent upon the Roman empire.

It is to Ulfilas, the Gothic translator of the Bible, a name dear to philologists, but scarcely yet familiar enough to the majority even of educated Englishmen, that we owe nearly all other knowledge than this epigram afforded of the earliest forms of Teutonic speech. And our acquaintance with Ulfilas himself, and our motive for the study of his writings, have been wonderfully augmented since the beginning of this century. One paragraph in Gibbon's thirty-seventh chapter expressed, with his usual accuracy and force, nearly all that was then known concerning him. It commences thus: —

Ulphilas, the bishop and apostle of the Goths, acquired their love and reverence by his blameless life and indefatigable zeal; and they received, with implicit confidence, the doctrines of truth and virtue which he preached and practised. He executed the arduous task of translating the Scriptures into their native tongue — a dialect of the German, or Teutonic language; but he prudently suppressed the four Books of the Kings, as they might tend to irritate the fierce and sanguinary spirit of the barbarians.

Already also a century before Gibbon, Francis Junius (whose name was Latinized from the French Du Jou) had published Ulfilas's translation of the Gospels, and had acquired in the process a certain number of Gothic derivations for English words, of which Dr. Johnson freely availed himself in his dictionary while quizzing Junius's wild notions of etymology in his preface. But the great philological movement at the beginning of this century, of which Jacob Grimm may be taken as the type, was the first cause of a true appreciation and scientific study of the work of Ulfilas. Scholars had found out what incalculable assistance was rendered by the study of Sanskrit towards the affiliation

* 1. *Ueber das Leben und die Lehre des Ulfila.* Von GEORG WAITZ. Hannover: 1840.
2. *Ueber das Leben des Ulfila und die Bekehrung der Gothen.* Von Dr. W. BESSELL. Göttingen: 1866.
3. *Gothic and Anglo-Saxon Gospels.* By Rev. JOSEPH BOSWORTH. London: 1865.
4. *Mæso-Gothic Glossary.* By Rev. W. W. SKEAT. London: 1868.
5. *Ulfilas. Die Heiligen Schriften in Gothischer Sprache.* Von H. F. MASSMANN. Stuttgart: 1857.

† "Round me the hails of the Goths — their skapjam and matjam and drinkam
Harshly resound; in such din who could fit verses indite?
Calliopé, sweet muse, from the wine-wet embraces of Bacchus
Shrinks, lest her wavering feet bear her no longer aright."

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

and comparison of the various languages of the "Indo-European" stock. Grimm and his fellow-workers perceived that Gothic offered a promise of similar assistance to him who would study the history of the languages of the Teutonic family. Nor has this promise been belied. The Bible of Ulfilas has illustrated our kindred languages, as might have been expected from this venerable monument of Teutonism, which is seven centuries older than the Scandinavian "Edda," five centuries older than the High German "Niebelungen Lied," three centuries older even than the "Paraphrase" of the Northumbrian Caedmon.

While the work of Ulfilas has thus received an unexpected increase of value from the services rendered by it to one of the youngest of modern sciences, philology, light equally unexpected and not less valuable has been thrown upon his life and opinions by the discovery at Paris of his biography, written by *Auxentius*. To this biographer we owe almost all that is vivid and personal in our present knowledge of a character which was dim and almost mythical in the days of Gibbon. The Auxentius to whom we are thus indebted was not either of the two bishops of Milan with whom we are brought in contact in reading the life of Ambrose. His see was Dorostorus in Mœsia, a place familiar to our generation by its modern name of Silistria. He tells us himself that he was a pupil and friend of Ulfilas, and we may conjecturally assign to him a date between A.D. 330 and 390. The story of the decipherment of his MS. at Paris, in the year 1840, by a German student, has a little of the romance of bibliography about it, and shall be told at the conclusion of this paper.

Lastly, "Where did Ulfilas work?" For that also is a point which modern — very modern — history happens to illustrate. The province of Mœsia, which was the scene of the labors of this earliest of Teutonic authors, and from which the somewhat unfortunate name of Mœso-Gothic has been applied to his language, was pretty nearly conterminous with Servia and that Bulgaria "of which we have heard so much." And his birthplace was in Dacia, that province which Trajan conquered with so much toil, and which Aurelian, one hundred and seventy years after Trajan, with such true statesmanship abandoned to the Goths. But those one hundred and seventy years of Roman occupation of Hungary, Transylvania, Moldavia, and Wallachia produced among other results these two. First, Ulfilas must have imbibed in his childhood some knowledge of the Latin tongue, as still spoken by the subject provincials in Dacia; and hence, probably, the fact that his translation shows traces of the influence of the old Latin version (the Itala) as well as of the Greek original. Secondly, at the present hour, the interposition of some millions of men in Roumania and Transylvania, speaking the Daco-Romansch language, and thrust like a wedge between the two great masses of the Slavonian race, decidedly affects, and in some degree may facilitate the solution of the Eastern question. Marcus Ulpius Trajanus still moulds the east of Europe.

The scenes in which the life of the Gothic apostle was passed almost necessitated so much of reference to contemporary politics; but we shall not transgress in the same manner again. Henceforth we concern ourselves with no events that have happened within the last fourteen hundred years. Our proto-Teutonic author was not of pure Teuton origin. His ancestors were Cappadocians, carried away captive by the Goths, about the middle of the third century, from the village of Sadagolthina, near the city of Parnassus. This place was in the very centre of Asia Minor, near the large inland sea of Tatta. But in the two generations which passed away between that enforced migration and the birth of Ulfilas, there was plenty of time for the Cappadocian captives, while still perhaps retaining their ancestral Christianity, to become Goths in language and thought, a change which seems to be attested by the very name which the parents of Ulfilas bestowed upon their offspring. As for that name of his, it is written in various ways, in consequence, no doubt, of the barbarous northern W with which it commenced. Wulfila, Vulfila, Hulfila, Gulphilas, Οὐλφίας,

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Οὐρφίλας, are the different forms under which it appears. The first is probably the correct one, though the Grecized *Ulfilas* has now so thoroughly established itself that it is not worth while to attempt its eradication. It is conjectured that its meaning may have been "wolf-cub," a name which would have been most appropriate had the boy turned out a Visigothic freebooter, while it is paradoxically inappropriate for him who was to be the shepherd and bishop of so many of his fellow-countrymen, and the first to write down for them the words, *Ik im hairdeis gods* ("I am the good shepherd"), *Asneis gasaiwith* WULF *qimandan* ("The hireling seeth the *wolf* coming"), *Jah sa* WULFS *frawilwith tho jah distahjith tho lamba* ("And the wolf teareth them and scattereth the sheep").

The birth of Ulfilas occurred at a critical time in the history of Christianity and the empire. In that year (311) the emperor Galerius died, and the persecution of the Christians ceased. Next year Constantine adopted the *labarum* upon his standards, and *in hoc signo* defeated his Roman rival, Maxentius. In 323, when Ulfilas was twelve years old, Constantine overcame Licinius, and the Christian, or rather Christianizing, emperor became sovereign of the whole Roman world. When the future bishop of the Goths was fourteen years old, the great council of Nicæa was assembled, and five years later the new capital was dedicated, which bore the name of the city of Constantine.

More relevant, perhaps, to our present purpose, than these dates, would be the history of the wars which, during this time, were fitfully commenced and abandoned, between the Romans and the Goths; but our information as to these is fragmentary and the dates are not well ascertained. It seems pretty clear, however, that a war of this kind was waged in the year 332; and when we hear that it terminated unsuccessfully for the Goths, and that their king, Araric, sent hostages, of whom his own son was one, to Constantinople, we may perhaps, without making too large an assumption, couple this fact with the statement of a biographer friendly to Ulfilas,* that he, during the reign of Constantine "was sent with others by the ruler of his nation on an embassy to Constantinople, for the barbarians of his country were subject to the emperor." The difference between a hostage and the envoy of a subject people is not so great as to put the two narratives very far asunder; and the age of Ulfilas, twenty-one, (supposing we have got the year rightly fixed) would fit the former character better than the latter.

At any rate it seems probable that much of his time between 331 and 341 was passed at the great metropolis of the Eastern Empire, that he then obtained that thorough knowledge of the Greek language which he certainly possessed, and that to this time must be assigned his conversion to the Christian faith, unless, as we have before suggested, Christianity, of some sort or other, was the religion in which he was born and educated. But, even so, the Christian Goths in Dacia, during the years of his childhood and youth, are probably well described by Auxentius, as "living an indifferent life, in hunger and poverty of the preached word"—*in fame et penuria predicationis indifferenter agentes;* and the residence at Constantinople may well have been the turning-point in his life, the influence which changed languid acquiesence into missionary earnestness on behalf of his ancestral faith.

The young Gothic stranger who, whether hostage or envoy, seems to have taken up his residence for a time at Constantinople, was, before long, ordained *lector*. This was a subordinate office, the lowest but one in the whole ecclesiastical hierarchy, but it is a significant fact that the ceremony of ordination was performed by handing to the new reader a copy of the Scriptures, and that the duties upon which he then entered consisted not only in reading to the congregation the lessons taken from the Gospels and from St. Paul's Epistles, but also in exercising a librarian's office, and taking charge of the sacred codices when they were not being used in divine service.

We may, therefore, with much probability conjecture, though we cannot prove, that it was during these years between

* Philostorgius, ii. 5.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

twenty and thirty, while he was officiating at Constantinople as lector, perhaps at times making missionary journeys to his kinsmen in Dacia, that the great thought occurred to his mind, "Why not put down the Gothic speech of my childhood in written words, and translate into them the Greek codices which I am daily handling?" Surely we are not wrong in calling it a great thought. The missionary of to-day, with the experience of many generations of predecessors to guide him, does not find it an over-easy task to fix the gutterals, the breathings, the aspirates of a barbarous tribe in characters invented for the use of a nation speaking a very different kind of language; and even when this is done, the labor of translating the Scriptures into the newly-written speech is often lifelong. But this man, with no guides or precursors on his difficult path, conceived in his own brain the idea of both tasks, and accomplished both. He comes before us as a Cadmus-Wickliffe, bringing as gifts to his nation the first Teutonic alphabet and the first Teutonic Bible.

Translations of the Bible into various Syrian and Egyptian dialects had been made before the time of Ulfilas, but these were already literary languages. We may safely assert that his version was the first that had been made of either the Jewish or the Christian Scriptures into a language that was then accounted barbarous. On such an important subject as the invention of the Gothic alphabet and the translation of the Scriptures, it will be well to quote, even at the risk of a little repetition, the *ipsissima verba* of our authorities. Unfortunately Auxentius is too deeply engaged in doctrinal discussions to give us any information as to his master's greatest claim to the gratitude of posterity. We have, therefore, to take our details from three ecclesiastical historians who flourished half a century or more after the death of Ulfilas, but who, though differing as to many other circumstances of his life, speak with remarkable unanimity as to this.

Philostorgius, the Arian historian of the Church, who lived from about 358 to 427, says (ii. 5): "Ulfilas carefully watched over his people in many other ways, but, especially, he invented for them letters of their own, and having done so, translated into their speech all the Scriptures except the Books of Kings, which contain the history of wars: whereas this nation is already very fond of war, and needs the bit rather than the spur, so far as fighting is concerned."

Socrates (about 380–450) writes (iv. 35): "Then also Ulfilas, the bishop of the Goths, invented the Gothic letters, and by his translation of the Divine Scriptures into the language of the Goths, enabled the barbarians to learn the oracles of God."

Sozomen (also about 380–450) says: "Ulfilas was the first inventor of letters for them" (the Goths), "and he translated the holy books into their own speech" (vi. 37).

Jornandes, or Jordanes, the historian of the Goths, speaks of "their primate Vulfila, who is said to have instructed them in letters ("*De Rebus Geticis*," li.). But he should, perhaps, hardly be considered an independent authority, as he flourished about the middle of the sixth century, and evidently builds, as much as possible, on the foundations laid for him by the ecclesiastical historians, Socrates and Sozomen.

If this great literary labor was begun at Constantinople, and in the third decade of the life of Ulfilas, we may, nevertheless, safely conjecture that it was not ended then. Many years were doubtless spent upon the task; yet his friend Auxentius tells us also that he left behind him "many tracts and many expositions, written in the three languages — Greek, Latin, and Gothic, useful and edifying for those who heard them, and for himself an eternal memorial and reward. "As the middle and later years of his life were passed amid much stress of persecution, exile, controversy, and "that which must have come upon him daily, the care of all the churches," we have proof of considerable literary activity on the part of this first of Teutonic authors.

Of this life of intellectual toil we yet retain some of the most precious fruits. Deservedly the most famous representation of them is the *Codex Argenteus*, a manuscript of the four Gospels. The actual writing of this codex cannot be referred to an earlier period than the close of the fifth century, fully one hundred years after the death of Ulfilas, but there is no reason to doubt that the text is substantially his. The history of this single MS., adequately told, would require an article to itself. Written originally in Italy, probably at Ravenna, carried thence either by the fortunes of war, or by some matrimonial alliance of royalty, or (as some German philologists unkindly suggest) by a dishonest English student in the Middle Ages, who fell ill and died on his homeward journey, it appears next — and that

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

is all that can be said with certainty — at a Westphalian monastery, in the early years of the sixteenth century. Transported thence to Prague, in the Thirty Years War, it becomes the prize of a Swedish general, who sends it as one of his most cherished trophies to Stockholm. Christina, daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, careless in this, as in so many other things, of her countrymen's desires, allows her secretary, Isaac Vossius, to carry it away with him when he leaves her court and returns to his native Netherlands. From him, however, it was repurchased in 1662 by the Swedish chancellor, Gabriel de la Gardie, for the moderate sum of six hundred reich-thalers (about 31*l.*), and thus, after a few years' exile, it returned to Scandinavia, the traditional home of the Gothic race. There, in the library of the University of Upsal, it still remains, probably the most precious literary treasure which Sweden possesses.

Outside, it still bears the solid silver binding in which Count de la Gardie invested it; within, its noble Gothic characters, illuminated in silver upon a purple ground, explain the real reason of the name *Argenteus*. A few words at the beginning of each section are blazoned in gold instead of silver. At the bottom of each page, a sort of gallery of four arches, resting on Corinthian columns, suggests the influence of the architecture of Ravenna on the mind of the amanuensis, and serves the useful purpose of enclosing the numbers which, under the well-known name of the "Eusebian canons," enabled the student, before the introduction of chapters and verses, readily to compare the text of one Gospel with the parallel passages in the other three.

The *Codex Argenteus* once consisted of three hundred and thirty pages, of which unfortunately only one hundred and eighty-seven now remain. Thus, nearly one-half has perished. A few of the blanks left in the four Gospels are supplied from another source, to which we are also indebted for the fragments, not inconsiderable, though far less than we could desire, of the Epistles of St. Paul. The other Epistles and the Acts of the Apostles are entirely lost.

This other source to which we have referred, and which supplies us with an amount of Gothic text equal to about three-fourths of the *Codex Argenteus*, is the Ambrosian Library at Milan. In this great library, so rich in palimpsests, are three MSS., one of which, to a superficial observer, seemed to contain only a Latin copy of the Gospels; another, Pope Gregory the Great's "Homilies on Ezekiel;" and a third, St. Jerome's "Commentaries on Isaiah." But, under these Latin treatises, the patient labor of Count Castiglione, prompted by the celebrated Cardinal Mai, discovered, about the year 1820, those fragments of the Gothic version of St. Matthew's Gospel and St. Paul's Epistles, which, as we have said, fairly supply the deficiencies of the *Codex Argenteus*, and enable us to read a considerable part of the New Testament in the same form in which Ulfilas circulated it among his brethren in Dacia. Some minute fragments of Genesis, of Ezra, and of Nehemiah have been similarly preserved; but, practically, the Old Testament of the Goths is lost.

To the same source, the palimpsests of the Ambrosian Library, we are indebted for several pages of a commentary on the Gospel of John, which modern scholars have agreed to call by the Gothic term, *skeireins*, "an elucidation;" and a very interesting fragment of an ecclesiastical calendar, from the 23rd October to the 30th November. Both these documents, thus recently fished up from the sea of darkness and oblivion, are found to throw valuable light on the life and teaching of Ulfilas.

The personal and religious interests, however, of these remains, great as they are, will doubtless always be subordinate to that philological interest of which we have already spoken. Here we have the actual language spoken by Alaric and his long-haired Goths, when they stood under the walls of Rome; the language of Theodoric the Ostrogoth; probably also of Genseric the Vandal, and Alboin the Lombard. And this language, when we have made acquaintance with a few of its unfamiliar particles (*jah* = and, *fabai* = if, *unte* = for, and the like), and when we have learned to recognize the stately and beautiful grammatical forms which it contains,* but which we have lost, is seen to be in very truth and essence the same language as our own, to explain our dialectical peculiarities, and sometimes even to ennoble that which we call slang by its illustrious kinship.

Take, in illustration of the first point, the complaint of the Jews, in John vi. 60: *Hardu ist thata waurd: whas mag this hausjan?* It only needs, as to the last

* Such as *theinamma* = German *deinem* = English *thine;* and *habaida, habaides, habaida; habaidedum, habaideduth, habaidedun;* all represented by our significant word *had.*

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

word, that we should be reminded of the interchangeableness of *s* and *r*, and that we should further compare the German *hören* (to hear), and the sentence will at once read off into English: "Hard is that word; what (man) may hear this?"

Again, when we find in the fifteenth chapter of John, that *frijan* = "to love," and that *jus frijonds meinai sijuth* = "you are my friends" (that is, they who love me); and when we further find that *fijan* = "to hate," and the participle *fijands* = "one who hates an enemy;" we then at once perceive how it has come to pass that *friend* and *fiend*, so like in form, have such different meanings; though it is true that the difficulty still remains to understand how our Teutonic ancestors could allow that one little letter *r* to bridge over the vast gulf between loving and hating. From *fiend* to *ogre*, however, is an easier transition; and when we find in Luke i. 30, as part of the angelic salutation, *Ni ogs thus Mariam*, "*Fear* not thou, Mary," we at once understand that an ogre was originally anything that causes fear.

With this word *fijan* for a clue, we can now thread our way through a longer verse, the twenty-sixth of the fourteenth chapter of Luke. *Jabai whas gaggith* (pronounce the double *g* as *ng*) *du mis jah ni fijaith attan seinana jah aiththein, jah quen, jah barna, jah brothruns, jah svistruns, nauh-uth-than seina silbins saivala, ni mag meins siponeis visan.* "If who" (= any one) "gangs to me and hates not his father and mother" (in the Gothic equivalents of these words we have an extraordinary deviation from a very wide-spread type), "and his wife" (the Gothic for woman has risen into *queen* by a converse process to that by which the Italian *donna* has descended into woman), "and his bairns and his brothers and his sisters, and still then" (*nauh* = German *noch*) "his self's soul" (compare the Scotch *sawl* and the German *Seele*), "he may not be my disciple."

We spoke of the study of our own dialects as being illustrated by the labors of Ulfilas. In the northern, and, we believe, in some of the eastern counties of England, the word to *wilt* is used of the decay of fruit (as, "These pears have wilted"); and this dialectical word, like so many others, is retained in the American vocabulary, though in a rather different sense. Thus, in describing an action in the American Civil War, a journalist wrote, "Our troops wilted" (ran away). This word is accounted for by the Gothic *ga-swiltan*, to die. Again, the Yorkshire *mickle* and the Scotch *meikle* correspond to *mikils*, the regular Gothic equivalent of great. The Scotch *sib* (of kin to) is represented by the Gothic *sibja* (relationship). When a north-countryman says, "*I'm ganging to my bairns*," he speaks, as the texts above quoted show us, almost pure Gothic. We may have been sometimes puzzled to know why Londoners now talk of *shop-lifting*, and why the Scotch borderers used to talk of *cattle-lifting*. But when we read the beautiful Gothic translation of the tenth chapter of John, we see at once that "to lift" in the sense of "to rob" is a rightful Teutonic word. *Saei inn ni atgaggith thairh daur in gardan lambe ak steigith aljathro* ("He that goes not in through the door into the yard of the lambs, but mounts another way,") *sah hliftus ist jah vaidedja* ("he is a thief and an evildoer").

Then, as for words which cannot aspire to a place in a dictionary of dialects: few words in the whole range of slang could seem less dignified than "spry;" yet this, too, can claim a legitimate descent from the Gothic *sprauto*, quickly. In John xi. 29, we are told that Mary, when she heard of the Saviour's approach, *urrais sprauto jah iddja du imma*, "arose quickly and went to him." And in this connection, though not as illustrating the history of slang, we may notice that the Gothic word for "immediately" is *suns*. Thus, Matthew viii. 3: *Jah suns hrain warth thata thrutsfill is*, "and immediately cleansed was his leprosy." The inveterate habit of promising an earlier fulfilment of our intentions than we can hope to perform — that habit which so often makes our five minutes equivalent to thirty — has, in recent times, since the date of the Authorized Version, broken down the meanings of both "by-and-by" and "presently," rendering them quite inadequate representations of the Greek εὐθέως, to which, in our translators' day, they were equivalent. It is interesting, and somewhat reassuring, to see that the very same tendency was at work in the very dawn of our history, turning the energetic *suns* of the soldiers of Alaric into the languid "soon" of our English forefathers.

We have already hinted at the value of the study of Gothic, as illustrating the relationship of the various Teutonic languages to one another, and their affiliation to the great Aryan parent stock. As Sancrit is not itself the Aryan, so neither is Gothic the Teutonic *ur-sprache*, the original speech from which the others have sprung; but each is so many steps nearer

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

to the *ur-sprache*, that by mounting up to it we gain a wider and clearer horizon, and can discern the common origin of streams of language which otherwise might have seemed to us hopelessly disparted.

For instance, who, judging from the existing forms of Teutonic speech, would have supposed that we ever had the dual in our grammar? And yet, when we turn to the *Codex Argenteus*, we find dual forms marked out with great clearness and accuracy. For instance, in Mark xi. 2, where Christ sends two of his disciples to bring the ass upon which he is to make his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, he says to them, "*Gaggats in haim tho withra-wairthon iggquis.*" "Go ye two into the village which is over against you two." Had he been addressing more than two persons, the proper forms would have been *gaggith* and *izwis*.

Again, the universal termination of the neuter plural of substantives and adjectives in Gothic is *a*. Thus the *goda waurda* of our kinsmen show a relationship to the *bona verba* of the Roman and the ἀγαθὰ ῥήματα of the Greek, which no termination in our own "good words" reminds us of.

One more illustration may be permitted, though it is by this time one of the commonplaces of comparative etymology. Who, judging from the mere aspect of the words, would suspect a kinship between the *tear* of English speech and its French equivalent? But Ulfilas furnishes us at once with the missing link. We rise from the English *tear* to the Gothic *tagr;* thence by an easy transition, we pass to the Greek *dakni;* thence to the Latin *lacruma;* from which we descend again into the plain of modern languages, and recognize in French the clipped and abbreviated form, *larme*.

As we have said, these illustrations now take their place among the very rudiments of philological science. Still, they retain a great interest, especially for the student who is willing to rediscover them for himself, by a patient study of the Gothic tongue. To read a list of Gothic words in a dictionary or a comparative grammar is like viewing a *hortus siccus*, valuable, it may be, and scientifically useful, but somewhat uninteresting. To read Ulfilas in his own tongue, and find, here a trace of the old long-extinct speech, which was once common to all the Indo-European nations, there a word, or a vowel in a word, which recalls some peculiarity in the dialect of Yorkshire or of Dorsetshire, is like wandering through the forest at spring-time, and gathering its ferns and flowers for ourselves.

We return to the life and times of the great translator. In the year 337, when Ulfilas was twenty-six, the emperor Constantine died, and was succeeded in the eastern part of the empire by his son Constantius. And then was commenced one of the most peculiar reigns of which history has preserved a record; the reign of a man deeply dyed in the blood of relatives and friends, who used the obsequious service of eunuchs instead of entrusting the affairs of the State to honest and capable ministers, whose feeble haughtiness and cowardly ambition bear no trace of the influence of Christianity upon his life, but who, nevertheless, plunged into theological discussions with an eagerness, and continued in the same with a patient endurance, such as we should scarcely find nowadays in a salaried professor of divinity. Now, under the fostering care of this imperial theologian, were produced those wonderful eighteen creeds, the offspring of nearly as many toiling councils; now, to quote a well-known passage from Ammianus, "the very posts of the empire were disorganized by the troops of bishops galloping backwards and forwards at the public expense, to attend what they call 'synods,' convened by the emperor's order, in the hope of bringing every man round to his opinion."

One such synod was held at Antioch in 341,* in order to depose Athanasius, and to expunge the word *homoüsion* from the creed. The president was Eusebius, long known as bishop of Nicomedia, well described as court chaplain of Constantine and Constantius, and now, just at the close of his life, metropolitan of Constantinople. It was at this synod of Antioch, according to the conjecture of Dr. Bessell, that Ulfilas was ordained bishop. We may perhaps doubt whether the words, "he was elected by Eusebius and the bishops who were with him," are quite sufficient to bear the weight of this conclusion. Is it not more probable that some one of his biographers would have mentioned at least the name of Antioch, had that been the place of his ordination? But at any rate the date, and the name of the consecrating bishop, may now be considered as fixed. It was in the thirtieth year of his age, A.D. 341, that Ulfilas was raised from the humble post of lector, and, by Eusebius and the bishops of his party, was elected "first bishop of

* Generally known as "the Synod of the Dedication," the alleged object of the meeting being the dedication of the great church of Antioch.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

those who were embracing Christianity in the Gothic country."

The name of Eusebius of Nicomedia, as the patron and friend of Ulfilas, brings us at once to the question, "Which side did the Gothic bishop himself take in the long theological duel of the fourth century?" To this question but one answer can, with any regard to historical fairness, be returned. Ulfilas was an Arian; and, if the apparently unimpeachable evidence of Auxentius be accepted, he was, or believed himself to have been, an Arian all his life. It would have been indeed surprising had he not been on that side. All his religious training appears to have been received in that great city, the centre of ecclesiastical and intellectual activity for the Danubian countries, which his admiring disciple calls "*Constantinopolim immo vero Christianopolim.*" And Constantinople, when he entered it, was feeling the reflux of the tide which, in 325, had borne her and her emperor up to the Nicene high-water mark. Nor would it be too much to say that, from the accession of Constantius in 337, to that of Theodosius in 379 — except for a parenthesis of three years under Julian and Jovian — Arianism, in one form or other, was the dominant creed, the State religion of the East, and that the Athanasians were considered by the majority, at least of the ecclesiastics, to whom Constantinople was the metropolis, as not less of heretics than Sabellius himself.* Now, these forty-two years, from 337 to 379, fill up all the best of the life of Ulfilas, from his twenty-sixth to his sixty-eighth year. From a purely secular point of view, and looking only to the disastrous consequences of the Arianism of the Teutonic invaders of the Roman empire, we may well regret that this should have been the form under which the Gothic apostle received and propagated the Christian faith; but to blame him for his religious position would be, in fact, tantamount to blaming him for having been born in the early part of the fourth century, rather than fifty years earlier or fifty years later.

As for Arianism itself, we must say a few words, in order to prevent the life-work of Ulfilas from being misjudged. We are in danger of forming a wrong estimate of that system of doctrine, if we class it with certain modern forms of religious thought, which are popularly supposed to be its representatives. In point of fact, we probably should not err in asserting that Arianism is as dead as the worship of Jupiter Olympius, and that there is nothing which corresponds to it, or represents it, in any of the schools of belief or disbelief at the present day. Yet, the maxim "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*" does not apply to creeds and philosophies, and we wish to speak the truth concerning Arianism, whether it be for good or whether it be for evil.

In the first place, we greatly mistake when we suppose that the Arians represented the reaction against "dogma." They hungered and thirsted for dogma; they could not endure to confess ignorance or to acknowledge inexplicable mysteries. Matthew Arnold's criticism upon certain orthodox writers, that "they seem to know as much about God as about the man in the next street," exactly expresses the mental attitude of the Arians. The veil which reverence and love had permitted in primitive times to rest upon the relation of Christ to him whom he spoke of as his Father, must now be torn down, and a clear, exact account of the whole matter, such as would commend itself to the understanding of every man, such as would stand the test of a vigorous dialectical debate in the agora of any Hellenic city, must be given to the whole world. Looking at the entire course of the controversy, we may fairly say that but for the Arian question we should never have had the Athanasian reply, and that the Ὁμούσιον of Nicæa is really the offspring, though the hostile offspring, of the Ἐξ οὐκ ὄντων ἐγένετο of Alexandria. And hence it was, that during the half-century of Arian ascendency the party could never "continue in the same stay." Creed gave birth to creed, and sect split off from sect with a rapidity which would be amusing if we could forget the subject-matter of the controversy; and the efforts of Arian and semi-Arian to frame a religious platform upon which a sufficient majority of bishops could stand to make their views pass for catholic verity, and to ensure that everything above or below their exact mark on the theological thermometer should be condemned as heresy, remind one more of a presidential campaign in America, than of the earnest discussions on high themes of single-minded seekers after truth.

But, secondly, we shall much mistake the feelings and the tendencies of an Arian of the fourth century, if, judging him by his supposed representatives in the nineteenth, we imagine that he wished to elim-

* And in this connection we ought not to forget that Marcellus of Ancyra, whom the Church now regards as a Sabellian heretic, was till 347 fighting side by side with Athanasius against the Arians.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

inate the supernatural from Christianity, or consciously took up a position of antagonism to the authority of Scripture. It would be dangerous to venture on a sweeping assertion as to the conduct of any party through the whole of that vast and stormy controversy; but we think it will be admitted that the doctrines of the incarnation, resurrection, and ascension of Jesus Christ were firmly held by a large majority of the Arians, and that the sacrificial import of his death was at least not zealously controverted. In their arguments with opponents, they do not appear to wish to evade the appeal to Scripture, or to be satisfied to say, "True, the Bible says so and so, but we teach differently;" nor do they seem to have been charged, as Marcion was, with mutilating any of the sacred books, or manipulating texts to suit the purposes of controversy. In short, the aim of the Arian creed-makers was to devise a scheme whereby the passages in the New Testament which speak of Christ's subordination to his Father, might be reconciled with those other passages which speak of him as God, and as one with the Father. And this scheme was to be one which could commend itself by dialectics alone to the mere understanding of the natural man. One may think such an attempt unwise or irreverent; one may lament the time wasted over word-mechanisms as complicated and as unreal as the epicycles of the Ptolemaic astronomy; but one may yet allow that their authors did not consciously distort or falsify the texts which they were laboring to bring into harmony with each other. Nor is it historically correct to ascribe to men who appear to have accepted the Christian revelation as unquestionably true, the doubts or the denials of the modern rationalist.

Ulfilas himself, in the fragments of his translation which have been preserved, reproduces the passages which assert the deity of Christ without any trace of faltering or equivocation. One exception, perhaps, should be made. In the celebrated text, Philippians ii. 6, he writes, *saei in Gutha-skaunein visands, ni vulva raknida visan sik galeiko Gutha* ("who, being in God-form, reckoned it not rapine to be himself *like* to God"). Here, surely, some Arian feeling must have caused the pen of the translator to swerve from its usual fidelity; at least, no Gothic scholar seems to doubt that *ibna* (even or equal) rather than *galeiko* would have been the true rendering of the Greek text.

In the biography of which we have spoken, Auxentius describes at great length the theological position of his master. He seems to have belonged to what we may call the left centre of the Arian party, the partisans of Acacius and the favorers of the *homoeon*, who, while rejecting the words "essence" and "substance," confined themselves to the assertion that the Son was like unto the Father, "in such manner as the Holy Scriptures assert."

We must admit that he shared fully in the religious intolerance of his age; and it is important to notice this point, because a historian of later date (Theodoret, iv. 37), in describing the alleged conversion of Ulfilas to Arianism in his old age, says that Bishop Eudoxius got him over to his own side by representing that the whole matter was only a strife about words, and that there was no real difference of doctrine between the two parties.

Not so says Auxentius: —

> In his preaching and expounding he was wont to assert that all heretics were not Christians, but Antichrists; not pious men, but impious; not religious, but irreligious; not reverent, but foolhardy (*non timoratos sed temerarios*); not in the hope, but without hope; not worshippers of God, but without God; not teachers, but seducers; not preachers, but prevaricators — and this whether they were Manicheans or Marcionists; whether Montanists, or Paulinians, or Psabellians (*sic*), or Antropians (Psilanthropists), or Patripassians, or Fotinians (*sic*), or Novatians, or Donatians, or Homousians, or Homoeusians, or Macedonians.
>
> But as a true emulator of the apostles, and imitator of the martyrs, having made himself the enemy of the heretics, he repelled their evil doctrine and built up the people of God, while he put to flight the grievous wolves and dogs, and through the grace of Christ kept his flock as a good shepherd, with all prudence and diligence.

We will now leave for the present the region of polemical theology, and hear Auxentius tell the story of the forty years' episcopate of his master: —

> Thus preaching and giving thanks to God the Father, through Christ, he flourished gloriously for forty years in his bishopric, and with apostolic grace he preached the Greek and Latin and Gothic languages without intermission in the one only Church of Christ: for one is the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth; and he used to assert and contend that one is the flock of Christ, our Lord and God, one cultivation and one building, one virgin and one spouse, one vineyard, one house, one temple, one the *conventus* of Christians, while all other *conven-*

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ticula are not churches of God, but synagogues of Satan.

To praise him as he deserves I am not able, and altogether to be silent about him I do not dare; since to him above all others I am debtor, for he labored more abundantly in me, having in my tender youth taken me from my parents to be his disciple, and taught me sacred letters, and made manifest to me the truth; and by the mercy of God he educated me both carnally and spiritually, as his own son in the faith.

He, by the providence of God and the mercy of Christ, for the salvation of many souls in the nation of the Goths, was from a reader promoted at the age of thirty to the office of bishop, that he might be not only an heir of God and co-heir of Christ, but in this matter also an imitator of Christ and his saints.

The examples of David, Joseph, and our Lord himself, all of whom were, at the same age of thirty, especially manifested as rulers or deliverers, are then adduced and illustrated copiously: —

So it was, when he was thirty years old according to the flesh, that Ulfilas took in hand the aforesaid nation of the Goths, then living indifferently in spiritual poverty and hunger of preaching, that he reformed them according to the evangelical and apostolical and prophetical rule, and taught them to live unto God, and manifested that they were Christians — Christians indeed — and multiplied their numbers.

And when, through the envy and mighty working of the enemy, there was kindled a persecution of the Christians by an irreligious and sacrilegious judge of the Goths, who spread tyrannous affright through the Varbarian (*sic*) land, it came to pass that Satan, who desired to do evil, unwillingly did good — that those whom he desired to make prevaricators and deserters, by the aid and companionship of Christ became martyrs and confessors, that the persecutor was confounded and his victims crowned, that he who tried to conquer had to blush as a conquered one, and they who were tempted rejoiced as conquerors.

Then, after the glorious martyrdom of many servants and handmaidens of Christ, as this persecution was still raging vehemently, after only seven years of his episcopate were expired (*i.e.*, A.D. 348), the aforesaid most holy and blessed Ulfila, with a great multitude of confessors, being driven from "Varbaricum," was honorably received on the soil of "Romania" by the then emperor Constantius of blessed memory; so that, as God by the hand of Moses delivered his people from the violence of Faraoh and the Egyptians, and made them pass through the Red Sea, and appointed that they should serve him, even so, by means of the often-mentioned Ulfila, did God set free the confessors of his holy and only-begotten Son from the Varbaric land, and caused them to cross over the Danube and serve him upon the mountains (of the Balkan) like his saints of old.

Thus did he settle with his people on the soil of "Romania," where, omitting those seven years previously named, during thirty and three years he preached the truth — in this also an imitator of those holy men, for (how often the space of forty years is mentioned in the Old Testament in connection with judgeships and kingships, we know very well).*

This comparison of Ulfilas to Moses, naturally suggested by his bringing the Goths across the Danube to a place of safety, seems to have been a favorite theme with his followers. Philostorgius tells us that "the emperor himself" — apparently Constantius — "held Ulfilas in high honor, so that he would often speak of him as the Moses of his day." It seems probable, then, that these two men, Constantius and Ulfilas, met in personal conference, it may have been more than once or twice. A strange contrast must have been presented by the earnest, energetic Teuton, weather-beaten by the storms of Mount Hæmus, his brow furrowed by the brain toil of his great translation, and the dainty theologizing emperor, waited upon by a herd of sleek eunuchs, "who was never seen to wipe his nose in public, nor to spit, nor to turn his face from one side to the other, and who never tasted an apple in all his life."† As the emperor was born A.D. 316, he was five years younger than the bishop.

Ulfilas and his Christian refugees, distributed through Mœsia according to the decrees of Constantius, received the name of "the Lesser Goths." We have a slight notice of them in Jornandes, the native historian of the race, who wrote about two centuries after the time of which we are now speaking. No one who has been accustomed to consult this historian will place much reliance on his accuracy; still we have often to be thankful to him for details which no one else will give us: —

There were also certain other Goths who are called *minores*, an immense people, with their bishop and primate Vulfila, who is said, moreover, to have taught them letters; and they are at this day dwelling in Mœsia, in the district called Encopolitana.‡ They abode at the foot of the mountains, a numerous race, but poor and unwarlike, abounding only in cattle of divers kinds, and rich in pastures and

* The text of this paragraph is in a very fragmentary state.

† Ammianus Marcellinus, xxi. 16.

‡ Possibly intended for Nicopolitana.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

forest timber, having little wheat though the earth is fertile in producing other crops. They do not appear to have any vineyards; those who want wine buy it of their neighbors; but most of them drink only milk.*

As to the history of the Goths in Dacia during the nine years that we suppose to have been occupied by Ulfilas' residence in Constantinople, and the first twenty-two years of his episcopate — that is to say, from A.D. 332 to 363 — we have scarcely any authentic information, and are therefore unable to fill in any details into the meagre sketch given us by Auxentius.

Only, during this period, we hear of the vast extension of the half-mythical empire of *Hermanric*, a stern old warrior, who eventually died of rage, at the mature age of one hundred and ten. If we may believe the Gothic historian, his kingdom extended over the whole of what is now called Lithuania and southern Russia, and touched both the Black Sea and the Baltic. His especial subjects were the Ostrogoths, who had in former times been the eastern, but were now the northern half of the great Gothic nation, and he bore the title of king. The Visigoths, in their Dacian settlement, seem to have occupied the position of subject-allies towards their northern brethren. And for this reason, probably, it was that their rulers bore the title not of king, but of judge. But, to understand what manner of judges they were, we must let our minds dwell rather on the wild forms of Ehud and Jephthah, and other warrior-judges of Israel, than on the ermined sages of Westminster Hall.

It will be observed, therefore, that it is in strict accordance with the political condition of the Visigoths of that day that Auxentius speaks of the persecution which led to the exile of Ulfilas, as kindled "by an irreligious and sacrilegious *judex* of the Goths, who tyrannized over the barbarian land." But who this *judex* was, or what were the names of any of his martyrs, authentic history entirely fails to inform us.

We get another glimpse of the Gothic bishop in his theological relations in the year 360.† A synod of Arian prelates was then assembled at Constantinople. They drew up a creed nearly the same with that which had been so dexterously used at Rimini, recognizing the likeness of the Son to the Father, "in such a manner as the Holy Scriptures declare and teach," but forbidding the use of the terms "essence" and "substance"* as unscriptural and liable to be misunderstood by the common people. This creed, we are expressly told,† was subscribed by Ulfilas.

In the year following, 361, the man of many synods, Constantius, died, and Julian, the would-be restorer of the classic mythology, was sole Augustus. We have no information as to any influence which this change may have exerted on the fortunes of Ulfilas and his *Gothi minores*. The former had now reached the fiftieth year of his life, and the half-way point of his forty years' episcopate. Though we have heard so much of him as an Arian controversialist, it is reasonable to suppose that the strife with heathenism and with the easily besetting sins of his barbarian converts occupied a far larger share of his energies. Acacius against Athanasius, the Homoeon against the Homousion, might be his watchwords when he was face to face with his brother bishops in council beside the Bosporus; but doubtless, when he returned to Mœsia, his chief toil, next to the life-work of his Biblical translation, would be to guard his people against relapsing into the drunken orgies and the wild fevers of gambling which Tacitus notes as characteristic of all the Germanic nations. Often he may have ventured — though this is mere conjecture — across the Danube by one of Trajan's bridges, into his own ancestral Dacia; and, if so, we may be sure that Sabellius and Photinus, Marcellus and Macedonius, were for the time well-nigh forgotten, as he strove to eradicate from the Gothic heart the worship of Odin, "the father of slaughter, the god that carrieth desolation and fire;" as he contrasted Asa-Thor's defeat by Hela with Christ's eternal triumph over death; and as he sought to dim the glories of Valhalla by depicting St. John's vision of the holy city, the New Jerusalem, descending from God out of heaven.

The conjecture that the Gothic apostle had thus been working among his fellow-countrymen is strengthened by the great progress which we find Christianity to have made among them, when, in A.D. 367, the curtain again rises, which for thirty years has hid their nation from our sight. It may be remarked, in passing, that it never again completely falls, since we

* De Rebus Geticis, cap. 51.
† Some make the date 359.

* *οὐσία* and *ὑπόστασις*.
† Socrates, ii. 41.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

have a fairly detailed continuous history of the Visigoths from this date down to the overthrow of their monarchy in Spain by the Moors, A.D. 711.

In the year 363, the imperial line of Constantine came to an end by the death of Julian, on the plains of Mesopotamia. After the short and unimportant reign of Jovian, the two brothers, Valentinian and Valens, were raised respectively to the western and eastern thrones. But for the first two years of their reign there either smouldered or else burst into actual flame the rebellion of Procopius, an imperial notary, who, as a relative of Julian's on the maternal side, made some faint show of an hereditary claim to the succession. The Goths sent him some unimportant succor, professing, and perhaps believing, themselves to be bound to afford him this assistance by loyalty to the house of Constantine.

After the death of Procopius, Valens, refusing to admit the validity of this plea, called the barbarians sternly to account, and, in three campaigns (367 to 369) by the lower Danube, appears to have obtained some material successes. Twice he crossed the river on a bridge of boats; but one year (368) operations were almost suspended by the swollen state of the stream. In the last year, according to a strange story told by Zosimus, the emperor, finding the regular operations of war too tedious, and the encampments of the barbarians among the swamps of the Dobrudscha often hard to storm, told the sutlers and camp-followers that he would pay a certain sum for each head of a barbarian that was brought into his camp. The new auxiliaries thus brought into the field swarmed at night into the forests and marshes, "and soon brought an immense number of heads to the emperor, so that the remaining barbarians sued for peace." We have heard of something like this method of making war in the same province of Bulgaria in our own day.

Peace, then, was concluded in the year 369; and though the Romans seem, upon the whole, to have had the advantage in the field, the basis of the treaty was the *status quo ante bellum*, with perhaps this difference, that the loyalty formerly pledged to the house of Constantine was now transferred to that of Valentinian.

In the conclusion of this treaty, we come for the first time upon the name of *Athanaric*, "a very powerful judge of the Goths at that time." He had apparently in the last year of the war succeeded to supreme power among the Visigoths, reserving perhaps some sort of semi-feudal allegiance to the great Hermanric.* Athanaric, who seems to have been the very type and stronghold of Visigothic conservatism, abhorring all new-fangled Roman ways, whether in religion or in politics, had sworn a dreadful oath, "*sub timenda exsecratione*," that he would never tread on Roman soil. It would have been beneath the dignity of the Augustus to transfer his purple buskins to the now barbarian ground of Dacia; but the difficulty was adjusted by a master-stroke of etiquette worthy of the congress of Westphalia. The ships of emperor and of judge were rowed from the opposite shores of the Danube into full mid-stream, and there the two potentates, each accompanied by a suitable number of guards, met and discussed the conditions of the treaty, and the number and quality of the hostages.

This peace between "Romania" and "Varbaricum" lasted, as we shall see, for eight years — from 369 to 377 — that is, from the fifty-eighth to the sixty-sixth year of the life of Ulfilas. At this point of the history, or perhaps a little earlier, we cut across a portion of the internal history of the Visigoths. It is narrated to us by two ecclesiastical historians, Socrates and Sozomen, who wrote two generations after the event, who were probably ignorant of the language of the people, and whose stories are inconsistent with one another and with the known facts of history. Without wasting time in the vain labor of trying to reconcile their discordance, we will only note that, contemporary with Athanaric, and rivalling and sharing his power, was another chief, *Fritigern*. Less intensely attached to the customs of his forefathers than Athanaric, he probably leaned from the first to the Roman alliance, and the Christian religion. Civil war broke out between the two chiefs. Fritigern asked the help of Rome, which is said to have been conceded to him on condition of his adopting the faith of Christ, as professed by the Arian emperor, Valens. It is said that the Roman troops then crossed the Danube and gained for Fritigern a complete victory over his enemy. But, as the laborious and accurate historian, Ammianus Marcellinus, gives us no hint of any such

* Clinton, on the authority of Isidore of Seville, assigns the year 369 for the accession of Athanaric. (*Fasti Romani*, ii. 167.) Nor do the words of Ammianus Marcellinus (xxvii. 5) really conflict with this date. Some of the writers on the subject who refer the earlier persecutions of the Gothic Christians and the expulsion of Ulfilas (348) to the command of Athanaric appear to have missed this point.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

engagement between the years 369 and 377, this is probably only another version of the three years' campaign (366 to 369) already described.

At the period, then, whatever it be, at which we have now arrived, the Visigothic nation was divided into two parts — one Christian, under Fritigern; the other still heathen, under Athanaric. But in the latter portion also, Bishop Ulfilas, who was evidently now extending his labors beyond his own *Gothi minores* in Mœsia, wrought much and made many converts. This excited the rage of the stern *judex*, Athanaric, who treated the innovators with great severity, so that eventually many of the Arian Goths of that period, says the orthodox Socrates, became martyrs for the faith of Christ. This persecution must have raged at some period in the eight years of peace (369 to 377) already mentioned, and the existence of it must be taken as a proof that neither Valens nor Fritigern had emerged from the previous struggle decidedly superior to Athanaric.

Of the histories of these Gothic martyrs we have some, though slight, traces outside of the two Church historians whom we have already quoted. If one visits a library which contains that vast quarry of Catholic biography, the Bollandist "*Acta Sanctorum*," in fifty-three folio volumes, and if from the eight volumes dedicated to the month of September one selects that which includes the lives of the saints whose festivals are celebrated on the fifteenth day of that month, one will find a heading, "*De S. Niceta, Gotho Martyre.*" The story of the life of *Nicetas* is told both in Greek and Latin, and, somewhat condensed, here it is: —

By the side of the famous Danube dwelt the Goths, who had migrated from their fatherland and come as settlers to that region. The young *Nicetas*, sprung from a Gothic stock, had, on account of his noble birth, his shapely body, and his generous soul, obtained one of the foremost places in the nation. Yet he was not a Goth in life, in manners, or in faith; for conviction conquered race, the love-charm of Christ conjured away the vainglory of the barbarian, and the pursuit of virtue weaned him from the Gothic roughness and intemperance.

Evidently it is no Teutonic hand which is tracing for us this picture: —

He went with Theophilus, bishop of the Goths, to the Council of Nicæa, and signed the Confession of Faith there drawn up. Not long after* [really after an interval of forty-four years, 325 to 369] dissensions arose between Fritigern and the every-way terrible Athanaric. The latter conquered; Fritigern fled, and implored the aid of the Roman emperor, who was at that time the Christ-hater, Valens.† He sent some of his troops, then quartered in Thrace, to the help of Fritigern, who, guarded by them and by the remnant of his own army, recrossed the Ister. Bearing the holy cross of Christ before them, they easily overcame the whilom victor, and Athanaric himself was fain to betake himself to shameful flight, the greater part of his army being either slain or taken prisoners. This was the cause why the Gothic nation embraced Christianity.

Then follows a passage concerning Ulfilas, which shall be translated literally, because much stress has been laid upon it by the assertors of the orthodoxy of that prelate, though it is generally now admitted that as a piece of evidence it is of little value, and that his alleged presence at the Council of Nicæa is in the highest degree improbable: —

But Urphilas now possessed the archiepiscopal dignity as successor of Theophilus, with which prelate he had been formerly present at Nicæa, agreeing in his views. He afterwards took part when the second holy and ecumenical council was collected at Constantinople. This man, who was both learned and intelligent, invented shapes of letters and corresponding sounds suitable for the Gothic tongue, and having by means of these translated our sacred and divinely inspired Scriptures into that language, he exerted himself with all his might to induce his fellow-countrymen to learn them. Hence piety took root among the barbarians, and increased from day to day.

The narrative then goes on to tell how Athanaric soon returned, having recovered from his losses, and raged more vehemently than ever against his enemies, but especially against Nicetas, whose nobility of character and lineage marked him out for vengeance: —

Thus, when the pious and gentle Gratian [nephew of Valens] was exercising hereditary rule over Rome,‡ the bloodthirsty Athanaric broke out into cruel persecution of the Christians, and urged those who were about him to do the same. These enemies of God threatened Nicetas with fell wrath; but he heeded them not, and went on preaching the true religion. At length, breaking forth into open violence, they attacked him while he was in

* *'Επεὶ δὲ οὐ πολὺς ἐν μέσῳ διέβη χρονός.*

† *Οὐάλεντι δὲ τηνικαῦτα τῷ μισοχρίστῳ τὰ ῥωμαϊκὰ διείπετο σκήπτρα.*

‡ Gratian was declared Augustus in 369, came into full possession of power on the death of his father (Valentinian I.) in 375, and was assassinated in 383.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the act of preaching, dragged him away by force, and ordered him to abjure his faith. He neither by word nor deed desisted from making open confession of Christ and honoring him as God, but mocked and scorned at all their onslaughts; so when they had cut his body into pieces — ah, what madness! — they then also flung him into the fire.* But the saint, through all these sufferings, ceased not to sing hymns in praise of God, and to believe in him with all his heart. Thus witnessing a good confession to the very end, he, with many of his countrymen, received a crown of martyrdom, and gave up his spirit into the hands of God.

The rest of the "*Acta*," describing how, after a long time, the relics of the saint were transported to Mopsuestia in Cilicia, and what miracles were wrought by them, need not be told here.†

More pathetic in their simplicity, and certainly far more trustworthy than this declamatory narrative, are the few following lines in their own tongue, which are found in a still extant fragment of an old Gothic calendar: —

[October] 23rd [Remembrance of] the many martyrs among the Gothic people, and of Frederic.

29th. — Remembrance of the martyrs who remained with Priest Vereka and Batvin, being [members] of a full church [or of the Catholic church], and being burnt among the Gothic people.‡

The construction of the last sentence is difficult; but there can be little doubt that it relates to the same event which is mentioned by Sozomen (vi. 37), who says that Athanaric sent round a graven image, standing on one of the great Gothic waggons, to the tents of all who were suspected of having embraced Christianity, and burnt whole families of the recusants in their homes; and not only so, but that when men, women, and children (in some cases mothers with their nurslings at their breasts), had taken refuge in a certain church rather than obey his idolatrous edicts, the cruel soldiers of Athanaric burnt the church and all whom it contained.

But the great cataclysm was at hand which was to sweep all the Goths — Pagan and Christian, persecutor and victim, "and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman and every freeman," into one common abyss of misery, from which before many years were accomplished, they were again to emerge world-conquerors.

It was last year (1876) exactly a millennium and a half since the Huns of Asia crossed the shallows of the Sea of Azof and suddenly appeared before the Gothic inhabitants of the south of Russia. Small, flat-headed men, with smooth faces, high cheek-bones, coal-black orbs turning sullenly in "the little holes which served them for eyes,"* they swarmed in upon the settlements of the stately, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed, long-bearded Goth, who shrank from their touch as pollution, and flattered himself with the hope of an easy victory over a troop of such misbegotten knaves. Unfortunately, victory sat upon the other standards. The Huns were all born horsemen. Their steeds were, it is true, more like ponies than chargers; but they were wiry, strong, and swift. An absolute sympathy existed between the rider and his beast, recalling the fables of the ancient centaurs; and they practised in perfection the tactics of sudden attack, feigned retreat, a deadly discharge of arrows, and a rapid return upon their disordered foes, tactics which in the hands of the Parthians, had so often proved fatal to the heavy legionaries of Rome. The Goths found themselves constantly overmatched. A panic fear seized them: they said that the Huns had an unfair advantage in their own abominable ugliness — they were not men at all, they were descendants of an unholy intercourse between Gothic witches and evil spirits.

But, however they might strive to account for their defeats, the facts remained, and soon the whole Ostrogothic kingdom in Lithuania and the Ukraine crumbled to pieces before these Tartar hordes. Hermanric himself, who was now in the one hundred and tenth year of his age, lived to hear of the approach of the terrible invaders, but not to see the ruin wrought by them. Not long before, he had caused a Russian princess to be torn in pieces by

* *Τοῦ σώματος συντρίψαντες νέρη, φεῦ τῆς μανίας, εἶτα καὶ πυρὶ ῥίπτουσιν.*

† The date of this document is doubtful. Apparently the Bollandist compilers of the "*Acta Sanctorum*" took it from a Byzantine hagiologist of the tenth century named Metaphrastes. From what source he took it, we know not; but, as a mere conjecture, and looking to the blurred outlines of the picture on the one hand, and to the amount of fresh, truthful coloring in it on the other, we may presume that the story was reduced to writing towards the end of the fifth century — a generation later than the times of Socrates and Sozomen. It will be observed that the fact of the Arianism of Ulfilas and his converts has either faded out of remembrance or else been purposely suppressed in this narrative.

‡ In the original, "k.g. (gaminthi) thize ana Gutthiudai managaize martyre jah Frithareikeis."

"k.th., gaminthi martyre thize bi Verekan papan jah Batvin bilaif. . . . aikklesjons fullaizos ana Gutthiudai gabrannidai."

* Jornandes.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

wild horses. Her brothers, watching an opportunity of revenge, had wounded him in the side with a spear. The wound was not immediately fatal, but it, and distress for the Hunnish victories and the one hundred and ten years of life together, brought Hermanric to the grave. The Ostrogothic kingdom was swallowed up in the great Serbonian bog of the ravage — empire it cannot be called — of the Huns; and the uncouth horde rolled onward to the settlements of the Visigoths, to try conclusions with them — the uncles of the Turk with the ancestors of the Spaniard; a battle of Lepanto by land, and twelve centuries too soon.

Athanaric proceeded, in a slow and stately way, to prepare for a pitched battle by the banks of the Dniester. He sent forward scouts to watch the movements of the invaders. The latter, when night fell, appeared to compose themselves to slumber; but in reality they silently filed forth out of their camp, crossed the river in a shallow part by the light of the moon, and, mounted on their little ponies, dashed right into the camp and up to the very tent of Athanaric, who only just saved himself by a headlong flight. This kind of engagement, as Zosimus remarks (iv. 20), was the only one which the Huns understood; for "how could they take part in a pitched battle who could not even plant their feet firmly on the ground, but lived, and ate, and even slept on horseback?"

Despoiled of all his treasures, and stripped of his kingly magnificence, Athanaric sought a refuge in the Carpathian fastnesses, whither the Huns, intent on the plunder of the plains, cared not to pursue him. Few of his subjects followed the stern old *judex* thither; the main body of them, after long deliberation, decided to seek for shelter in the Roman territory. The fertile plains of Bulgaria attracted them; the knowledge that Ulfilas and his Christian colony, the *Gothi minores*, were happily settled there, was doubtless an argument with many; but all historians agree that the chief inducement was the thought that the broad Danube would then roll between themselves and the loathed, dreaded, hated Huns.

So now the late lords of Dacia, abandoning their lands to the enemy, flocked down to the Wallachian shore of the Danube, and, greatly agitated, "stretched forth their hands to their old enemies, the Romans, bewailing with loud and lamentable declamation the calamity which had befallen them, urging their request that the passage across the river might be conceded to them, and promising to be henceforth the faithful allies of the empire." * Fritigern was one of the chiefs of this migration; and it is probable, though only Sozomen mentions it, that Ulfilas acted as interpreter and mediator between his countrymen and Valens. The latter, a weak and vain man, was flattered by the proffered allegiance of so many well-formed warriors — estimated at little short of two hundred thousand men in the flower of their military age — and after some deliberation with his ministers, he agreed to receive them within the limits of his empire, to give them homesteads in the province of Mœsia, and to supply them at once with daily rations.

The chief conditions for this generous concession were — 1st, that they should surrender their arms to officers appointed for the purpose; 2nd, that the full-grown males should, when called upon, take the oath of military allegiance and serve as auxiliaries in the army; and, 3rd, that all the new settlers should embrace Christianity. This latter condition, as "Christianity" meant the Arian form of it, to which Valens was zealously attached, is much spoken of and often lamented by the ecclesiastical historians, who sometimes write as if all the Arianism of all the barbarian races were due to this one compact with Valens. It is probable that they have greatly overrated its effect, that most of the fugitives, being adherents of Fritigern and admirers of Ulfilas, were already Christians of the only kind that they had ever heard of, and that the number of those who on this occasion finally renounced the worship of Odin was comparatively trifling.

We have described at some length this reception of the Visigoths within the limits of the Roman empire, because Ulfilas, at this time sixty-five years old, was probably one of the chief negotiators of the treaty; we can only sketch in mere outline the well-known and miserable results of the migration.

The ships of the Romans were employed for days in transporting the Gothic nation across the Danube. The numbers of this living tide of men recalled to the mind of a Roman contemporary (Ammianus) all that Herodotus had told of the myriads of the Persian hosts who invaded Greece. The orders of Valens to strip the newcomers of their arms were scandalously disregarded by the imperial officers, who, intent on helping themselves to their gold, let the steel pass unnoticed. Then came

* Eunapius, Excerpt C.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

the question of rations. In promising to feed, even for a short time, so vast a tribe of men — very likely a million in number — Valens had probably undertaken more than the political economy of that day could have accomplished, even in the most zealous and most honest hands. But Lupicinus and Maximus, the prefects of Mœsia, were neither zealous nor honest. Greedy and short-sighted as two Turkish pashas, they enhanced the scarcity by "forestalling and regrating," and at length they offered the Goths, who as a pastoral people knew what good meat was, such carrion as dogs would scarcely have fed upon. For some time this was borne in silence. The Goths saw their last treasures melt away. They sold their children into slavery; they were on the point of selling themselves, but murmurs of discontent began to rise, and Lupicinus heard them. He made a treacherous attempt to seize Fritigern and the other Gothic chiefs, at a banquet near Marcianople, to which he had invited them. The courage and ready wit of Fritigern saved him; but the abortive attempt, like Charles the First's meditated arrest of the five members, kindled the latent heat into a flame, and set two hundred thousand Gothic swords in motion against Rome. The emperor Valens was recalled from Antioch to prosecute the war, which lasted through the greater part of the years 377 and 378. There is no need here to recount its varying fortunes; we hasten on to its terrible and memorable end. On the 9th of August, 378, near the city of Adrianople, the Romans received a crushing defeat. Valens in vain attempted to fly from the field of battle. Wounded by an arrow shot at a venture, he sought refuge in a little hut which was burnt by the Goths, and perished miserably in the flames. It is a favorite remark with the orthodox historians, that the last Arian emperor thus endured in this life some faint foretaste of the torments to which the Goths were doomed in the next for having, at the invitation of this very emperor, embraced the Arian heresy. The loss to the Romans on this fatal day was tremendous: two-thirds of their army lay dead on the field; and the historian Ammianus does not hesitate to rank the defeat of Adrianople side by side with the catastrophe of Cannæ.

To Ulfilas, now verging towards the end of his seventh decade, the events of these memorable years have brought only sorrow. The monarchy of his old allegiance beyond the Danube shattered by a despised foe; the Romans and the Goths, whom he had sought to unite in bonds of friendship, severed by bitter memories of mutual wrong; many, probably, of his own civilized and Christianized *Gothi minores* carried away on that torrent of avarice and revenge which was sweeping their countrymen through all the valleys of Bulgaria and every mountain-pass of the Balkan; and, bitterest thought of all, his own lifelong work of the conversion of the Goths misrepresented and distorted as a mere intrigue between heretics and idolaters — an unholy compact between Arians and barbarians. All this must have been hard to see and to hear, and may well have caused the good old bishop to feel that his life had been wasted. But of this we have no hint in the scanty words of his biographers.

The emperor Theodosius, who was called to the eastern throne on the death of Valens, seems to have pursued a wise policy towards the barbarian intruders into his empire, using sufficient force to make them feel that they could not be tolerated as masters there, yet avoiding cruelty, and not attempting the hopeless task of pushing back that whole warlike nation across the Danube. He took many of their ablest and bravest men into his own service, and generally succeeded, during his lifetime, in keeping them in that position of *fœderati* (subject-allies), which they themselves had sued for in the hour of their extremity.

But his fame as a religious legislator even surpasses that which he acquired as a warrior. Every one knows that it was to him that the Athanasian party owed its final victory, together with the legal right to assume to itself alone the appellation of Catholic, and to brand all its foes with the stigma of heresy. The great council, held at Constantinople in the year 381, which has been accepted by after-ages as the second general council, closed the long Arian controversy, at least as far as the empire was concerned, by an emphatic reaffirmation of the creed of Nicæa, and a condemnation of Macedonius, who denied the personality of the Holy Spirit.

Was Ulfilas present at this council or not? In order to explain our qualified answer to this question, we will transcribe some sentences near the end of the biography written by Auxentius. The text is difficult and fragmentary, and we can only offer a very free translation of a highly conjectural emendation.*

* Dr. Bessell, who has taken extraordinary pains to

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Having completed forty years of his episcopate, he went, by the command of the emperor, to the city of Constantinople, to a disputation against the *Psathyropolistæ*. Thither he went, in the name of the Lord God, in order to prevent that sect from teaching and subduing the churches committed to him by Christ, and also for their own sakes, when he had reflected on the disposition of the council, in order that this sect might not be proved to be heretics, and thereby set down as men more miserable than the miserable, condemned out of their own mouths, and worthy to be smitten with perpetual punishment. Now, as soon as he had entered the aforesaid city, his health began to fail, and by this sickness he was taken away from us, like Elisha the prophet.

Assuredly it is right to reflect on the merits of this man, who was thus led by the Lord to die at Constantinople (may we not rather say Christianople?), in order that the holy and spotless priest of Christ might receive burial at the hands of holy men, his fellow-priests, that before such a multitude of Christians, the worthy man, by worthy men, should be worthily and gloriously honored according to his merits.

This certainly looks as if Ulfilas, whose character evidently commanded the reverence even of those who differed from his views, was buried by the fathers of the second general council at Constantinople, in the beginning of the year 381, having been carried off by sickness, in the seventieth year of his age, before he had been able to share in its deliberations. And such we believe to have been the case; but there is some difficulty about this disputation with the Psathyropolistæ, to which he was summoned by the imperial command. The sect known by this cumbrous title split off from the main body of the Arians on a childish and frivolous controversy concerning the *name* of the Eternal.* As one of the watchwords of the Arian party was, "There was a time when the Son was not,"† a discussion arose, whether, in that far-off recess of past eternity, before the Son was, or any creature existed, it could be right to speak of God *the Father*. A certain Dorotheus, of Antioch, said no. His rival, Marinus, the Thracian, said yes, and was abetted in his teaching by Theoctistus, a Syrian. As the latter was a seller of baked pottery (ψαθυροπώλης), it was easy for his opponents, with that happy disregard of the social status of the first teachers of Christianity which controversialists have so often displayed, to taunt the new sect with being themselves base pottery-sellers — mere Psathyropolistæ. Selenas, who was a bishop of the Goths (perhaps a coadjutor of Ulfilas), and, like him, of Phrygian descent, had adopted Psathyropolistic views. Probably the discussion was becoming a dangerously heated one among the yellow-haired converts to Christianity, and Theodosius, who showed throughout his reign a statesmanlike prudence in dealing with the Goths, and a desire to use and regulate, not to destroy them, sent probably for him who bore the most honored name in all their tribes — the Nestor of the nation, Ulfilas — to come to Constantinople, and there settle their differences by his own personal mediation.

This may have occupied the early part of 381; but before May in that year, when the great ecumenical council was assembling, the old man's health had begun to fail him (*statim cœpit infirmari*), and he died. One of the first acts of the collected prelates most likely was, to follow the body of the worn-out Gothic evangelist to the grave. Arians and Athanasians, Homousians and Homoeusians, Acacians, and Anomœans, probably all shared the pious labor. His Arianism would be at least partially atoned for in the eyes of the orthodox by the constancy with which he had fought against the ancestral heathenism of his people. Then too, the august council had not yet been held, had not yet thundered forth its anathema against those who should dissent from its authoritative exposition of the faith, and if the Arians claimed the venerable dead as their own, the Athanasians might still believe that, after a few months of discussion, he would finally have cast in his lot with the Catholic Church; and, above all things, Theodosius himself, the pivot around which the whole council revolved, was anxious to flatter in every possible way the pride of the Gothic nation — to make their heroes his warriors, to admit their saints into his pantheon, to bind together, by peaceful bonds, "Romania" and "Varbaricum" into one state, of which he might be the head.

A striking example of this Gothicizing policy of Theodosius — the best, appar-

make sense of this passage (without, however, a personal examination of the MS.), restores the text thus: "Qui, cum præcepto imperiali, comple:is quadraginta annis, ad Constantinopolitanam urbem ad disputationem . . . contra P(sat)hy(ropo)listas perrexit et eundo in dñi dí ñ (Domini Dei nostri) nomine ne xpi (Christi) ecclesias sibi a xpo (Christo) deditas docerent et contestarentur, intrabat, et ingressus in supradictam civitatem, recogitato ei im . . . de statu concilii, ne arguerentur miseris miserabiliores proprio judicio damnati et perpetuo supplicio plectendi, statim cœpit infirmari," etc.

* So at least Socrates tells us (v. 23), but it is difficult to believe that his account is entirely accurate.

† ἦν ποτε ὅτε οὐκ ἦν ὁ υἱος.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ently, which was then possible for Rome — was afforded in the very same year by his treatment of Athanaric, the grey old Gothic wolf, the unrelenting foe of Christianity and of Rome. Driven by men of other Germanic tribes (who were, according to one account, commanded by his old enemy, Fritigern) from his Transylvanian stronghold, Athanaric was forced to break his filial promise, to cross the Danube, and to seek the aid of the Augustus of Constantinople. Theodosius rode forth some distance from the capital to meet his guest, who was struck with admiration by the high walls, the blue waters of the Bosporus blackened with ships, the teeming multitudes of many languages and many costumes in the streets of the city, and said, "Truly, a god upon earth is this emperor, and he who sets himself in opposition to him is guilty of his own blood." He, too, like Ulfilas, fell sick soon after his entry into Constantinople; the climate, the diet, the myriad new impressions on the brain, being all, doubtless, injurious to the health of a simply-living Goth; and after a few months he died. The magnificence of the funeral which Theodosius prepared for his guest, and his condescension in riding before the bier in all his imperial splendor, were long and gratefully remembered by the barbarians.

One last quotation from the bishop of Silistria will close our account of the life of Ulfilas: —

> Ulfilas, in the very article of death, left to the people intrusted to his care a written exposition of his faith, included in his will, to this effect: —
>
> "I, Ulfila, bishop and confessor, have ever thus believed, and in this alone true faith make my testament to my Lord. I believe that there is one God the Father, alone unbegotten and invisible; and I believe in his only-begotten Son, our Lord and our God, Artificer and Maker of the whole creation, having none like himself. Therefore, there is one God of all [the Father], who is also God of our God [the Son]. And I believe in one Holy Spirit, an enlightening and sanctifying power, even as Christ said to his Apostles, 'Behold I send the promise of my Father in you; but tarry ye at Jerusalem till ye shall be endued with power from on high;' and again, 'Ye shall receive power when the Holy Spirit is come upon you;' and this Holy Spirit is neither God nor Lord, but the servant of Christ, subject and obedient in all things to the Son, even as the Son is subject and obedient in all things to the Father —" [The conclusion of the sentence is wanting].

This fragment of a fragment is the last writing that we have from the hand of our first Germanic author. It only remains to say something concerning the literary history of the document which contains it: the invaluable contemporary sketch by the pupil Auxentius of the life and teaching of his master.

In the Bibliothèque Royale at Paris is a large quarto manuscript, known in the catalogue as "*Supplementum Latinum*, No. 594," and consisting of 331 pages. The body of the MS. contains some treatises of St. Hilary and St. Ambrose, and the acts of the Council of Aquileia, A.D. 381. The parchment is white and fine, the treatises, all on the orthodox side of the Arian controversy, are beautifully written in an uncial hand of very early date; but their contents seem all to have been anticipated in previous publications, and, so far, the MS., though interesting to the bibliographer, has nothing in it of special value even for the ecclesiastical historian.

But round the top and bottom and outer margin of twenty-six folios of the codex, some heretic has scrawled, in a cursive hand, his passionate replies, objurgations, counter-statements, by way of comment on the uncial orthodox text. It is in these *Randbemerkungen*, as the German commentators call them, that all the historical value of the volume consists.

In the year 1840, Dr. Waitz, one of the band of scholars engaged in editing the "*Monumenta Germaniæ Historica*," was informed by a friend, who had been examining the volume from a theological point of view, that these marginal annotations contained the word *Gothi*, and he at once bestowed several weeks on the patient decipherment of such part of them as might be found in any way to illustrate the early history of the greatest Teutonic conquerors of Rome. The task was not an easy one. The thin cursive writing was, of course, somewhat harder to decipher than the bold square uncial character would have been. The bookbinder has in most places pared off a line at the top, a line at the bottom, and several letters from the side; but, worse than this, some orthodox possessor of the MS. in days gone by, indignant at the Arian heresies which engirdled the cherished words of Ambrose and Hilary, has gone over many passages with some sharp instrument, erasing as much of the text as he could without absolutely destroying the parchment. Faint traces of words and letters remained after the zealot had done his worst, and these

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

some inquiring student, probably in recent centuries, has sought to revive with gallic acid. He failed, apparently, to obtain any satisfactory result; but he has made the work harder for those that came after him. However, over all these difficulties the grand German patience prevailed, and Dr. Waitz was able to evoke out of the faded and half-erased characters a spirit which could bring before us the very form and fashion of our too-long-forgotten kinsman of the fourth century.

A complete publication of the life and remains of Ulfilas is still one of the unpaid debts of English scholarship. In the early days of Ulfilan literature, England was honorably represented. The first reprint of the *Codex Argenteus* was made about 1680, by Francis Junius, who was, as we have said, a naturalized Englishman, with the assistance of Thomas Marshall, a native of this country. In the middle of last century, a very respectable edition issued from the Clarendon press, under the auspices of another Englishman, Edward Lye. But in this century, Germany, Scandinavia, and even Italy, have done more for the study of Mœso-Gothic than our own country, though it is admitted that it lies on our side, rather than on the High-German or the Scandinavian side, of the water shed of Teutonic speech. Stirred by the impulse given by Grimm's "*Deutsche Grammatik*," Loebe, Castiglione, Uppström, Stamm, Bernhardt, and, above all, Massmann, have poured a stream of light upon the works of Ulfilas and the history of the Gothic tongue. Unfortunately, not one of their books is even translated into English. It had to be left to a German professor at Oxford to write, in his lectures on the science of language, the best account in the English language of the life and labors of the Gothic apostle, and, so to speak, to re-introduce him to the British nation. Since then, Mr. Bosworth has given us the Gothic gospels side by side with the Anglo-Saxon, Wickliffe's, and Tyndale's versions, an excellent idea, and well realized. We can heartily recommend both this book and Mr. Skeat's handy little volume, "The Mœso-Gothic Glossary," to those who wish to study the language of Alaric for themselves. But the authors of these works did not profess or desire to cover the whole ground of Gothic philology; and we doubt not that the survivor of them would, with ourselves, gladly hail the issue, from the Clarendon or the Cambridge University press, of a complete and comprehensive "Ulfilas," worthy to take rank as the primal document of that great English literature, of which he may be considered the real though unconscious founder.

[*Published by arrangement with* HARPER & BROTHERS.]

MACLEOD OF DARE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER III.

FIONAGHAL.

AND indeed when they entered the house — the balconies and windows were a blaze of flowers all shining in the sun — they found that their host and hostess had already come down stairs, and were seated at table with their small party of guests. This circumstance did not lessen Sir Keith Macleod's trepidation; for there is no denying the fact that the young man would rather have faced an angry bull on a Highland road than this party of people in the hushed and semi-darkened and flower-scented room. It seemed to him that his appearance was the signal for a confusion that was equivalent to an earthquake. Two or three servants — all more solemn than any clergyman — began to make new arrangements; a tall lady, benign of aspect, rose and most graciously received him; a tall gentleman, with a gray mustache, shook hands with him; and then, as he vaguely heard young Ogilvie, at the other end of the room, relate the incident of the upsetting of the cab, he found himself seated next to this benign lady, and apparently in a bewildering paradise of beautiful lights and colors and delicious odors. Asparagus soup? Yes, he would take that; but for a second or two this spacious and darkened room, with its stained glass and its sombre walls, and the table before him, with its masses of roses and lilies-of-the-valley, its silver, its crystal, its nectarines, and cherries, and pineapples, seemed some kind of enchanted place. And then the people talked in a low and hushed fashion, and the servants moved silently and mysteriously, and the air was languid with the scents of fruits and flowers. They gave him some wine in a tall green glass that had transparent lizards crawling up its stem; he had never drank out of a thing like that before.

"It was very kind of Mr. Ogilvie to get you to come; he is a very good boy; he

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

forgets nothing," said Mrs. Ross to him; and as he became aware that she was a pleasant-looking lady of middle age, who regarded him with very friendly and truthful eyes, he vowed to himself that he would bring Mr. Ogilvie to task for representing this decent and respectable woman as a graceless and dangerous coquette. No doubt she was the mother of children. At her time of life she was better employed in the nursery or in the kitchen than in flirting with young men; and could he doubt that she was a good house-mistress when he saw with his own eyes how spick and span everything was, and how accurately everything was served? Even if his cousin Janet lived in the south, with all these fine flowers and hot-house fruits to serve her purpose, she could not have done better. He began to like this pleasant-eyed woman, though she seemed delicate, and a trifle languid, and in consequence he sometimes could not quite make out what she said. But then he noticed that the other people talked in this limp fashion too: there was no precision about their words; frequently they seemed to leave you to guess the end of their sentences. As for the young lady next him, was she not very delicate also? He had never seen such hands — so small and fine and white. And although she talked only to her neighbor on the other side of her, he could hear that her voice, low and musical as it was, was only a murmur.

"Miss White and I," said Mrs. Ross to him — and at this moment the young lady turned to them — "were talking before you came in of the beautiful country you must know so well, and of its romantic stories and associations with Prince Charlie. Gertrude, let me introduce Sir Keith Macleod to you. I told Miss White you might come to us to-day; and she was saying what a pity it was that Flora Macdonald was not a Macleod."

"That was very kind," said he frankly, turning to this tall, pale girl, with the rippling hair of golden brown and the heavy-lidded and downcast eyes. And then he laughed. "We would not like to steal the honor from a woman, even though she was a Macdonald, and you know the Macdonalds and the Macleods were not very friendly in the old time. But we can claim something too about the escape of Prince Charlie, Mrs. Ross. After Flora Macdonald had got him safe from Harris to Skye, she handed him over to the sons of Macleod of Raasay, and it was owing to them that he got to the mainland. You will find many people up there to this day who believe that if Macleod had gone out in '45, Prince Charlie would never have had to flee at all. But I think the Macleods had done enough for the Stuarts; and it was but little thanks they ever got in return, so far as I could ever hear. Do you know, Mrs. Ross, my mother wears mourning every 3d of September, and will eat nothing from morning till night. It is the anniversary of the battle of Worcester; and then the Macleods were so smashed up that for a long time the other clans relieved them from military service."

"You are not much of a Jacobite, Sir Keith," said Mrs. Ross, smiling.

"Only when I hear a Jacobite song sung," said he. "Then who can fail to be a Jacobite?"

He had become quite friendly with this amiable lady. If he had been afraid that his voice, in these delicate southern ears, must sound like the first guttural drone of Donald's pipes at Castle Dare, he had speedily lost that fear. The manly, sun-browned face and clear-glancing eyes were full of animation; he was oppressed no longer by the solemnity of the servants; so long as he talked to her he was quite confident; he had made friends with this friendly woman. But he had not as yet dared to address the pale girl who sat on his right, and who seemed so fragile and beautiful and distant in manner.

"After all," said he to Mrs. Ross, "there were no more Highlanders killed in the cause of the Stuarts than used to be killed every year or two merely out of the quarrels of the clans among themselves. All about where I live there is scarcely a rock, or a loch, or an island, that has not its story. And I think," added he, with a becoming modesty, "that the Macleods were by far the most treacherous and savage and bloodthirsty of the whole lot of them."

And now the fair stranger beside him addressed him for the first time; and as she did so, she turned her eyes toward him — clear, large eyes that rather startled one when the heavy lids were lifted, so full of expression were they.

"I suppose," said she, with a certain demure smile, "you have no wild deeds done there now?"

"Oh, we have become quite peaceable folks now," said he, laughing. "Our spirit is quite broken. The wild boars are all away from the islands now, even from Muick; we have only the sheep. And the Mackenzies, and the Macleans, and the Macleods — they are all sheep now."

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Was it not quite obvious? How could any one associate with this bright-faced young man the fierce traditions of hate and malice and revenge that make the seas and islands of the north still more terrible in their loneliness? Those were the days of strong wills and strong passions, and of an easy disregard of individual life when the gratification of some set desire was near. What had this Macleod to do with such scorching fires of hate and of love? He was playing with a silver fork and half a dozen strawberries: Miss White's surmise was perfectly natural and correct.

The ladies went up-stairs, and the men, after the claret had gone round, followed them. And now it seemed to this rude Highlander that he was only going from wonder to wonder. Half-way up the narrow staircase was a large recess dimly lit by the sunlight falling through stained glass, and there was a small fountain playing in the middle of this grotto, and all around was a wilderness of ferns dripping with the spray, while at the entrance two stone figures held up magical globes on which the springing and falling water was reflected. Then from this partial gloom he emerged into the drawing-room — a dream of rose-pink and gold, with the air sweetened around him by the masses of roses and tall lilies about. His eyes were rather bewildered at first; the figures of the women seemed dark against the white lace of the windows. But as he went forward to his hostess, he could make out still further wonders of color; for in the balconies outside, in the full glare of the sun, were geraniums and lobelias and golden calceolarias and red snapdragon, their bright hues faintly tempered by the thin curtains through which they were seen. He could not help expressing his admiration of these things that were so new to him, for it seemed to him that he had come into a land of perpetual summer and sunshine and glowing flowers. Then the luxuriant greenness of the foliage on the other side of Exhibition Road — for Mrs. Ross's house faced westward — was, as he said, singularly beautiful to one accustomed to the windy skies of the western isles.

"But you have not seen our elm — our own elm," said Mrs. Ross, who was arranging some azaleas that had just been sent her. "We are very proud of our elm. Gertrude, will you take Sir Keith to see our noble elm?"

He had almost forgotten who Gertrude was; but the next second he recognized the low and almost timid voice that said, —

"Will you come this way, then, Sir Keith?"

He turned, and found that it was Miss White who spoke. How was it that this girl, who was only a girl, seemed to do things so easily, and gently, and naturally, without any trace of embarrassment or self-consciousness? He followed her, and knew not which to admire the more, the careless simplicity of her manner or the singular symmetry of her tall and slender figure. He had never seen any statue or any picture in any book to be compared with this woman, who was so fine and rare and delicate that she seemed only a beautiful tall flower in this garden of flowers. There was a strange simplicity, too, about her dress — a plain, tight-fitting, tight-sleeved dress of unrelieved black, her only adornment being some bands of big blue beads worn loosely round the neck. The black figure, in this shimmer of rose-pink and gold and flowers, was effective enough; but even the finest of pictures or the finest of statues has not the subtle attraction of a graceful carriage. Macleod had never seen any woman walk as this woman walked, in so stately and yet so simple a way.

From Mrs. Ross's chief drawing-room they passed into an ante-drawing-room, which was partly a passage and partly a conservatory. On the window side were some rows of Cape heaths, on the wall side some rows of blue and white plates; and it was one of the latter that was engaging the attention of two persons in this anteroom — Colonel Ross himself and a little old gentleman in gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Shall I introduce you to my father?" said Miss White to her companion; and, after a word or two, they passed on.

"I think papa is invaluable to Colonel Ross," said she; "he is as good as an auctioneer at telling the value of china. Look at this beautiful heath. Mrs. Ross is very proud of her heaths."

The small white fingers scarcely touched the beautiful blossoms of the plants; but which were the more palely roseate and waxen? If one were to grasp that hand — in some sudden moment of entreaty, in the sharp joy of reconciliation, in the agony of farewell — would it not be crushed like a frail flower?

"There is our elm," said she lightly "Mrs. Ross and I regard it as our own, we have sketched it so often."

They had emerged from the conservatory into a small square room, which was practically a continuation of the drawing-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

room, but which was decorated in pale blue and silver, and filled with a lot of knickknacks, that showed it was doubtless Mrs. Ross's boudoir. And out there, in the clear June sunshine, lay the broad greensward behind Prince's Gate, with the one splendid elm spreading his broad branches into the blue sky, and throwing a soft shadow on the corner of the gardens next to the house. How sweet and still it was! — as still as the calm clear light in this girl's eyes. There was no passion there, and no trouble; only the light of a June day, and of blue skies, and a peaceful soul. She rested the tips of her fingers on a small rosewood table that stood by the window: surely, if a spirit ever lived in any table, the wood of this table must have thrilled to its core.

And had he given all this trouble to this perfect creature merely that he should look at a tree? and was he to say some ordinary thing about an ordinary elm to tell her how grateful he was?

"It is like a dream to me," he said, honestly enough, "since I came to London. You seem always to have sunlight and plenty of fine trees and hot-house flowers. But I suppose you have winter like the rest of us?"

"Or we should very soon tire of all this, beautiful as it is," said she; and she looked rather wistfully out on the broad, still gardens. "For my part, I should very soon tire of it. I should think there was more excitement in the wild storms and the dark nights of the north; there must be a strange fascination in the short winter days among the mountains, and the long winter nights by the side of the Atlantic."

He looked at her and smiled. That fierce fascination he knew something of: how had she guessed at it? And as for her talking as if she herself would gladly brave these storms — was it for a foam bell to brave a storm? was it for a rose-leaf to meet the driving rains of Ben-an-Sloich?

"Shall we go back now?" said she; and as she turned to lead the way he could not fail to remark how shapely her neck was, for her rich golden-brown hair was loosely gathered up behind.

But just at this moment Mrs. Ross made her appearance.

"Come," said she, "we shall have a chat all to ourselves; and you will tell me, Sir Keith, what you have seen since you came to London, and what has struck you most. And you must stay with us, Gertrude. Perhaps Sir Keith will be so kind as to freeze your blood with another horrible story about the Highlanders. I am only a poor southerner, and had to get up my legends from books. But this wicked girl, Sir Keith, delights as much in stories of bloodshed as a schoolboy does."

"You will not believe her," said Miss White, in that low-toned, gravely sincere voice of hers, while a faint, shell-like pink suffused her face. "It was only that we were talking of the Highlands, because we understood you were coming; and Mrs. Ross was trying to make out" — and here a spice of proud mischief came into the ordinarily calm eyes — "she was trying to make out that you must be a very terrible and dangerous person, who would probably murder us all if we were not civil to you."

"Well, you know, Sir Keith," said Mrs. Ross, apologetically, "you acknowledge yourself that you Macleods were a very dreadful lot of people at one time. What a shame it was to track the poor fellow over the snow, and then deliberately to put brush-wood in front of the cave, and then suffocate whole two hundred persons at once."

"Oh yes, no doubt," said he; "but the Macdonalds were asked first to give up the men that had bound the Macleods hand and foot and set them adrift in the boat, and they would not do it. And if the Macdonalds had got the Macleods into a cave, they would have suffocated them too. The Macdonalds began it."

"Oh, no, no, no," protested Mrs. Ross; "I can remember better than that. What were the Macleods about on the island at all when they had to be sent off, tied hand and foot, in their boats?"

"And what is the difference between tying a man hand and foot and putting him out in the Atlantic, and suffocating him in a cave? It was only by an accident that the wind drifted them over to Skye."

"I shall begin to fear that you have some of the old blood in you," said Mrs. Ross, with a smile, "if you try to excuse one of the cruelest things ever heard of."

"I do not excuse it at all," said he simply. "It was very bad — very cruel. But perhaps the Macleods were not so much worse than others. It was not a Macleod at all, it was a Gordon — and she a woman, too — that killed the chief of the Mackintoshes after she had received him as a friend. 'Put your head down on the table,' said she to the chief, 'in token of your submission to the Earl of Huntly.' And no sooner had he bowed his neck than she whipped out a knife and cut his

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

head off. That was a Gordon, not a Macleod. And I do not think the Macleods were so much worse than their neighbors, after all."

"Oh, how can you say that?" exclaimed his persecutor. "Who was ever guilty of such an act of treachery as setting fire to the barn at Dunvegan? Macdonald and his men get driven on to Skye by the bad weather; they beg for shelter from their old enemy; Macleod professes to be very great friends with them; and Macdonald is to sleep in the castle, while his men have a barn prepared for them. You know very well, Sir Keith, that if Macdonald had remained that night in Dunvegan Castle he would have been murdered; and if the Macleod girl had not given a word of warning to her sweetheart, the men in the barn would have been burned to death. I think if I were a Macdonald I should be proud of that scene — the Macdonalds marching down to their boats with their pipes playing, while the barn was all in a blaze, fired by their treacherous enemies. Oh, Sir Keith, I hope there are no Macleods of that sort alive now."

"There are not, Mrs. Ross," said he gravely. "They were all killed by the Macdonalds, I suppose."

"I do believe," said she, "that it was a Macleod who built a stone tower on a lonely island, and imprisoned his wife there ——"

"Miss White," the young man said modestly, "will not you help me? Am I to be made responsible for all the evil doings of my ancestors?"

"It is really not fair, Mrs. Ross," said she; and the sound of this voice pleading for him went to his heart: it was not as the voice of other women.

"I only meant to punish you," said Mrs. Ross, "for having traversed the indictment — I don't know whether that is the proper phrase, or what it means, but it sounds well. You first acknowledge that the Macleods were by far the most savage of the people living up there: and then you tried to make out that the poor creatures whom they harried were as cruel as themselves."

"What is cruel now was not cruel then," he said; "it was a way of fighting; it was what is called an ambush now — enticing your enemy, and then taking him at a disadvantage. And if you did not do that to him, he would do it to you. And when a man is mad with anger or revenge, what does he care for anything?"

"I thought we were all sheep now," said she.

"Do you know the story of the man who was flogged by Maclean of Lochbuy — that is in Mull," said he, not heeding her remark. "You do not know that old story?"

They did not; and he proceeded to tell it in a grave and simple fashion which was sufficiently impressive. For he was talking to these two friends now in the most unembarrassed way; and he had, besides, the chief gift of a born narrator — an utter forgetfulness of himself. His eyes rested quite naturally on their eyes as he told his tale. But first of all, he spoke of the exceeding loyalty of the Highland folk to the head of their clan. Did they know that other story of how Maclean of Duart tried to capture the young heir of the house of Lochbuy, and how the boy was rescued and carried away by his nurse? And when, arrived at man's estate, he returned to revenge himself on those who had betrayed him, among them was the husband of the nurse. The young chief would have spared the life of this man, for the old woman's sake. "*Let the tail go with the hide*," said she, and he was slain with the rest. And then the narrator went on to the story of the flogging. He told them how Maclean of Lochbuy was out after the deer one day; and his wife, with her child, had come out to see the shooting. They were driving the deer; and at a particular pass a man was stationed so that, should the deer come that way, he should turn them back. The deer came to this pass; the man failed to turn them; the chief was mad with rage. He gave orders that the man's back should be bared, and that he should be flogged before all the people.

"Very well," continued Macleod. "It was done. But it is not safe to do anything like that to a Highlander; at least it *was* not safe to do anything like that to a Highlander in those days; for, as I told you, Mrs. Ross, we are all like sheep now. Then they went after the deer again; but at one moment the man that had been flogged seized Maclean's child from the nurse, and ran with it across the mountain-side, till he reached a place overhanging the sea. And he held out the child over the sea; and it was no use that Maclean begged on his knees for forgiveness. Even the passion of loyalty was lost now in the fierceness of his revenge. This was what the man said — that unless Maclean had his back bared there and then before all the people, and flogged as he had been flogged, then the child should be dashed into the sea below. There was nothing to

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

be done but that — no prayers, no offers, no appeals from the mother, were of any use. And so it was that Maclean of Lochbuy was flogged there before his own people, and his enemy above looking on. And then? When it was over, the man called aloud, 'Revenged! revenged!' and sprang into the air with the child along with him; and neither of them was ever seen again after they had sank into the sea. It is an old story."

An old story, doubtless, and often told; but its effect on this girl sitting beside him was strange. Her clasped hands trembled; her eyes were glazed and fascinated as if by some spell. Mrs. Ross, noticing this extreme tension of feeling, and fearing it, hastily rose.

"Come, Gertrude," she said, taking the girl by the hand, "we shall be frightened to death by these stories. Come and sing us a song — a French song, all about tears, and fountains, and bits of ribbon — or we shall be seeing the ghosts of murdered Highlanders coming in here in the day-time."

Macleod, not knowing what he had done, but conscious that something had occurred, followed them into the drawing-room, and retired to a sofa, while Miss White sat down to the open piano. He hoped he had not offended her. He would not frighten her again with any ghastly stories from the wild northern seas.

And what was this French song that she was about to sing? The pale, slender fingers were wandering over the keys; and there was a sound — faint, and clear, and musical — as of the rippling of summer seas. And sometimes the sounds came nearer; and now he fancied he recognized some old familiar strain; and he thought of his cousin Janet somehow, and of summer days down by the blue waters of the Atlantic. A French song? Surely if this air, that seemed to come nearer and nearer, was blown from any earthly land, it had come from the valleys of Lochiel and Ardgour, and from the still shores of Arisaig and Moidart? Oh yes; it was a very pretty French song that she had chosen to please Mrs. Ross with.

A wee bird cam' to our ha' door —

this was what she sang; and though, to tell the truth, she had not much of a voice, it was exquisitely trained, and she sang with a tenderness and expression such as he, at least, had never heard before —

He warbled sweet and clearly;
An' aye the o'ercome o' his sang
Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

Oh, when I heard the bonnie, bonnie bird,
The tears cam' drappin' rarely;
I took my bonnet off my head,
For well I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

It could not have entered into his imagination to believe that such pathos could exist apart from the actual sorrow of the world. The instrument before her seemed to speak; and the low, joint cry was one of infinite grief and longing and love.

Quoth I, "My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,
Is that a sang ye borrow?
Are these some words ye've learnt by heart,
Or a lilt o' dool an' sorrow?"
"Oh, no, no, no," the wee bird sang;
"I've flown sin' mornin' early;
But sic a day o' wind an' rain —
Oh, wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

Mrs. Ross glanced archly at him when she discovered what sort of French song it was that Miss White had chosen; but he paid no heed. His only thought was, "*If only the mother and Janet could hear this strange singing!*"

When she had ended, Mrs. Ross came over to him and said, "That is a great compliment to you."

And he answered simply, "I have never heard any singing like that."

Then young Mr. Ogilvie — whose existence, by the way, he had entirely and most ungratefully forgotten — came up to the piano, and began to talk in a very pleasant and amusing fashion to Miss White. She was turning over the leaves of the book before her, and Macleod grew angry with this idle interference. Why should this lily-fingered jackanapes, whom a man could wind round a reel and throw out of window, disturb the rapt devotion of this beautiful Saint Cecilia?

She struck a firmer chord; the bystanders withdrew a bit; and of a sudden it seemed to him that all the spirit of all the clans was ringing in the proud fervor of this fragile girl's voice. Whence had she got this fierce Jacobite passion that thrilled him to the very finger-tips?

I'll to Lochiel, and Appin, and kneel to them,
Down by Lord Murray and Roy of Kildarlie;
Brave Mackintosh, he shall fly to the field with them;
These are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie!

Could any man fail to answer? Could any man die otherwise than gladly if he died with such an appeal ringing in his ears? Macleod did not know there was scarcely any more volume in this girl's voice now than when she was singing the plaintive wail that preceded it: it seemed to him that there was the strength of the tread of

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

armies in it, and a challenge that could rouse a nation.

Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the Whigamore,
Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely!
Ronald and Donald, drive on wi' the broad clamore
Over the necks o' the foes o' Prince Charlie!
Follow thee! follow thee! wha wadna follow thee,
King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie!

She shut the book, with a light laugh, and left the piano. She came over to where Macleod sat. When he saw that she meant to speak to him, he rose and stood before her.

"I must ask your pardon," said she, smiling, "for singing two Scotch songs, for I know the pronunciation is very difficult."

He answered with no idle compliment.

"If *Tearlach ban og*, as they used to call him, were alive now," said he — and indeed there was never any Stuart of them all, not even the fair young Charles himself, who looked more handsome than this same Macleod of Dare who now stood before her — "you would get him more men to follow him than any flag or standard he ever raised."

She cast her eyes down.

Mrs. Ross's guests began to leave.

"Gertrude," said she, "will you drive with me for half an hour — the carriage is at the door? And I know the gentlemen want to have a cigar in the shade of Kensington Gardens: they might come back and have a cup of tea with us."

But Miss White had some engagement; she and her father left together; and the young men followed them almost directly, Mrs. Ross saying that she would be most pleased to see Sir Keith Macleod any Tuesday or Thursday afternoon he happened to be passing, as she was always at home on these days.

"I don't think we can do better than take her advice about the cigar," said young Ogilvie, as they crossed to Kensington Gardens. "What do you think of her?"

"Of Mrs. Ross?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I think she is a very pleasant woman."

"Yes, but," said Mr. Ogilvie, "how did she strik you? Do you think she is as fascinating as some men think her?"

"I don't know what men think about her," said Macleod. "It never occurred to me to ask whether a married woman was fascinating or not. I thought she was a friendly woman — talkative, amusing, clever enough."

They lit their cigars in the cool shadow of the great elms who does not know how beautiful Kensington Gardens are in June? And yet Macleod did not seem disposed to be garrulous about these new experiences of his; he was absorbed, and mostly silent.

"That is an extraordinary fancy she has taken for Gertrude White," Mr. Ogilvie remarked.

"Why extraordinary?" the other asked, with sudden interest.

"Oh, well, it is unusual, you know. But she is a nice girl enough, and Mrs. Ross is fond of odd folks. You didn't speak to old White? — his head is a sort of British Museum of antiquities; but he is of some use to these people — he is such a swell about old armor and china and such things. They say he wants to be sent out to dig for Dido's funeral pyre at Carthage, and that he is only waiting to get the trinkets made at Birmingham."

They walked on a bit in silence.

"I think you made a good impression on Mrs. Ross," said Mr. Ogilvie, coolly. "You'll find her an uncommonly useful woman, if she takes a fancy to you; for she knows everybody and goes everywhere, though her own house is too small to let her entertain properly. By the way, Macleod, I don't think you could have hit on a worse fellow than I to take you about, for I am so little in London that I have become a rank outsider. But I'll tell you what I'll do for you if you will go with me to-night to Lord Beauregard's, who is an old friend of mine. I will ask him to introduce you to some people — and his wife gives very good dances — and if any royal or imperial swell comes to town, you'll be sure to run against him there. I forget who it is they are receiving there to-night; but anyhow you'll meet two or three of the fat duchesses whom Dizzy adores; and I shouldn't wonder if that Irish girl were there — the new beauty: Lady Beauregard is very clever at picking people up."

"Will Miss White be there?" Macleod asked, apparently deeply engaged in probing the end of his cigar.

His companion looked up in surprise. Then a new fancy seemed to occur to him, and he smiled very slightly.

"Well, no," said he slowly, "I don't think she will. In fact, I am almost sure she will be at the Piccadilly Theatre. If

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

you like, we will give up Lady Beauregard, and after dinner go the Piccadilly Theatre instead. How will that do?"

"I think that will do very well," said Macleod.

From The Nineteenth Century.

HYDROPHOBIA AND RABIES.

THERE has been an astonishing increase of hydrophobia in this country within the last half-century. Mr. Cæsar Hawkins, writing in 1844, says that only two cases of the disease had been admitted into St. George's Hospital since he first knew it twenty-five years earlier. Now, mention of such cases is constantly being made in the newspapers. Since the beginning of the present year no less than thirteen deaths from hydrophobia have been recorded within the limits of the London registration.

So many erroneous notions are afloat on this subject that it may be neither uninteresting nor useless to the general reader to have a plain, untechnical history of the two diseases, which are inseparably connected by reciprocal relationship, the one being the parent of the other. In the canine race rabies can propagate rabies; but hydrophobia does not (as I believe) ever reproduce itself.

The first thing to be noticed about hydrophobia is, that, frequent as it has become, many medical men pass through life without witnessing the disease at all. Hence there has, strangely enough, sprung up in some minds a fancy that no such disease has ever happened. Sir Isaac Pennington, who was in my time the Regius Professor of Physic at Cambridge, and who had never seen a case of hydrophobia, could not be persuaded that any one else had seen anything more than a nervous disorder, produced by the alarmed imagination of persons who, having been bitten by a dog reputed to be mad, and having the fear of feather-beds before their eyes, have been frightened into a belief that they were laboring under hydrophobia, and ultimately scared out of their very existence. It was at that time currently believed, at least by the vulgar, that any one afflicted with this terrible disorder was dangerous to those about him; and it was customary for his neighbors or associates to put an end at once to his woes and to their own cowardly dread of him, by smothering him between two feather-beds.

But a far more eminent man than the Cambridge professor, even Sir George Cornewall Lewis, was possessed with a similar incredulity on this subject, until convinced of his error by Mr. Hawkins, who had then seen eleven or twelve cases of hydrophobia; a larger number than perhaps any man in this country ever saw before or since. One reason for this was that he had received from Sir Robert Ker Porter, our minister in South America, specimens of a substance called *guaco*, a supposed preventive and cure of hydrophobia and of snake-bites, and had on that account been summoned to cases of hydrophobia by various other practitioners.

I have myself seen four cases of that fearful malady, and I feel sure that no one who has even once watched its actual symptoms could fail to recognize it again, or could mistake any other malady for it, or wish to witness it thereafter. What these truly remarkable symptoms are I shall explain presently. It would, *à priori*, seem incredible that so many persons who have been bitten by mad dogs should have suffered so precisely the same train of symptoms, and have at last died, from the mere force of a morbid imagination. But a single fact conclusive against such a belief is that the disease has befallen infants and idiots, who had never heard or understood a word about mad dogs or hydrophobia, and in whom the imagination could have had no share in producing their fatal distemper.

The steady increase in the population of this kingdom implies a corresponding, though perhaps not proportional, increase in the number of its dogs. In this way the area is ever growing larger of a field ready for the reception of the poisonous germ of rabies, and for the production in due time of a more or less copious crop of hydrophobia. The report for this year of the postmaster-general contains the strange statement made by the local postmaster of a large town in the north of England, that in the year 1876 twenty per cent. of his men — one in every five — were bitten by dogs. A Parliamentary return of last session tells us that in the year ending with last May, nine hundred and seventy-three sheep and lambs were killed by dogs in ten of the counties of Scotland, and in most cases the owners of the dogs could not be discovered. There is in London a home for stray and lost dogs. It has been affirmed in print by the well-known secretary to the Society for Preventing Cruelty to Animals, that upwards of one thousand five hundred

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

dogs are taken to this home every month. It is notorious that the tax on dogs is evaded to an enormous extent. All this serves to disclose the presence among us of a national nuisance, and a growing source of national dishonesty and of serious national peril. It is grevious to me to have to write in a strain so depreciatory of a race of animals that I love so well. But *corruptio optimi pessima*. It is an illustrative fact that, according to the reports of the registrar-general, no less than three hundred and thirty-four persons died in England of hydrophobia in the decade of years ending with 1875.

Like other specific contagious diseases, hydrophobia has its period of incubation; and it is a somewhat variable period, lying for the most part between six weeks and three months. From a tabular account of one hundred and thirty cases of the disease referred to by Mr. Hawkins, it appears that five-sixths of the whole number occurred between eighteen days and three months. Mr. George Rigden of Canterbury, has lately stated in the *Lancet* the following remarkable fact. He saw many years ago in one of the hospitals in London two patients who had been bitten at the same time by a cat which had been bitten by a rabid dog. Although the two patients had severally received their bites within a few minutes of each other, the respective outbreaks of hydrophobia were separated by an interval of two weeks. A like uncertainty of the access of the disease has been noticed among infected dogs. On the night of June 8, 1791, the man in charge of Lord Fitzwilliam's kennel was much disturbed by fightings among the hounds, and got up several times to quiet them. On each occasion he found the same dog quarrelling; at last, therefore, he shut that dog up by himself, and then there was no further disturbance. On the third day afterwards the quarrelsome hound was found to be unequivocally rabid, and on the fifth day he died. The whole pack were thereupon separately confined, and watched. Six of the dogs became subsequently mad, and at the following widely different intervals from the 8th of June, namely, twenty-three days, fifty-six, sixty-seven, eighty-one, one hundred and fifty-five, and one hundred and eighty-three days.

Much longer periods, however, than any that I have hitherto mentioned are on record. In one instance, which was treated in Guy's Hospital, and the particulars of which were carefully investigated by Doctor (now Sir William) Gull, the disorder broke out more than five years after the patient had been bitten by a pointer bitch below his left knee. There a scar was visible, and the hydrophobic outbreak was preceded by pain in that spot. In the first volume of the *Lancet* the case is narrated by Mr. Hale Thompson of a lad who died hydrophobic seven years after a bite by a dog on his right hip, where there remained a cicatrix. For twenty-five months before his death this patient had been in close confinement in prison, and out of the way of dogs altogether.

Long periods of this kind cannot reasonably be regarded as periods of genuine or normal incubation. In explanation of them I some forty years ago published certain views of my own, but I do not know that they have been (to use a barbarous modern term) endorsed by any of my professional brethren. I imagine that the virus implanted by the rabid animal may remain lodged in the bitten spot, shut up perhaps in a nodule of lymph, or detained somehow in temporary and precarious union with some one of the animal tissues, without entering the blood itself for a longer or shorter time — in some cases, perhaps, never.* Some curious facts, fortifying this hypothesis of mine, have been noticed respecting another animal poison — the vaccine virus. The following statement is quoted by Mr. Grove, in the *Monthly Journal of Medical Science* for November 1853: —

> A girl, aged fourteen years, was seized with influenza. She complained of pain in each arm at the spots where, when an infant, she had been vaccinated; and, in fact, in these places vaccine vesicles now became perfectly developed. An elder sister was revaccinated with lymph thence obtained; beautiful vesicles formed, and ran a natural course.

At the Obstetrical Society of London in 1860, Dr. Hodges stated that

> in May 1854 he vaccinated a little boy three years of age, but the arm did not "rise" within the usual period. In the following May, however, a vesicle spontaneously formed, with an areola on the seventh and eighth days, gradually declining on the eleventh and twelfth; a

* I find that Dr. Anthony Todd Thomson, in the thirteenth volume of the "Medico-Chirurgical Transactions," 1826, has been tiresome enough to forestall me in this suggestion. He is commenting upon a case of hydrophobia caused by the bite of a cat, and he conjectures "that the virus remains dormant in the part where it is deposited by the tooth of the rabid animal, until a certain state of habit renders the nerves in its vicinity susceptible of its influence, and this being communicated, a morbid action is begun in these nerves, and extended to the respiratory nerves, which induce the whole train of symptoms constituting the disease."

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

permanent cicatrix, marked by pits, remaining and giving evidence of the genuine vaccine disease.

If my hypothesis be well-founded, it may account for some of the cases in which persons bitten by a rabid dog escape hydrophobia altogether.

The well-known fact that the bitten spot, wound, or scar very often becomes the seat of some fresh morbid phenomena (variously spoken of as pain, redness, swelling, coldness, stiffness, numbness, tingling, itching), which spread towards the trunk of the body just before the paroxysmal symptoms of hydrophobia show themselves, is strongly in favor of the belief that the poison may lie inert in the place of the original hurt for some time, and then, in some obscure way, get liberated and set afloat in the circulating blood.

Pain, sensations of pricking, and other peculiar feelings, preceded the manifestation of the hydrophobic condition in three of the four cases seen by myself; in the fourth case no inquiries appear to have been made on that point. In another instance which Mr. Herbert Mayo witnessed and examined after death, he found the inner part of the cicatrix blood-shotten, and a gland in the armpit had swelled at the coming on of hydrophobic symptoms; and I find among my notes of Mr. Abernethy's lectures another striking case still more to the purpose. A very intelligent boy had been bitten in the finger by a dog. He was taken into St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Caustic had been freely used, affecting the sinewy parts, and producing a terrible sore; yet the boy was recovering himself, and the sore was healing. One day, as Mr. Abernethy was going round the hospital, he saw and spoke to the boy, who said he thought he was getting well, but that he had on that day an odd sensation in his finger, stretching upwards into his hand and arm. Going up the arm were two red lines like inflamed absorbents. Doubtless they were such. Mr. Abernethy made light of the matter, ordered a poultice and some medicine. Early the next morning he again visited the ward, pretending that he had some other patient there whom he wished particularly to see; and when going out again he asked the boy, in a careless tone, how he was. The boy said he had lost the pain, but felt very unwell, and had not slept all night. Mr. Abernethy felt his pulse, told him he was rather feverish, as might be expected, and asked him if he was not thirsty, and would like some toast and water. The boy said he *was* thirsty, and that he *should* like some drink. When, however, the cup was brought he pushed it from him; he could not drink. In forty-eight hours he was dead.

The symptoms of hydrophobia, stated in broad outline, are these. Excessive nervous irritability and terror, spasmodic contractions of the muscles of the throat, excited by various external influences, and especially by the sight or sound of liquids, and by attempts to swallow them, and sometimes absolute impossibility of swallowing them, earnest attempts to do so notwithstanding.

When fluids are offered to and pressed upon the patient, he will take the vessel containing them into his hand, but draws back his head to a distance from it with a repelling and apparently involuntary gesture; meanwhile he makes a succession of hurried gasping sighs and sobs, precisely resembling those which occur when one wades gradually and deeply into cold water. The sound of water poured from one vessel into another, gusts of air passing over his face, the sudden access of light, the waving of a mirror before his eyes, the crawling of an insect over his skin — these are things which in a hydrophobic patient suffice to excite great agitation, and the peculiar strangling sensation about the fauces. He goes on rapidly from bad to worse; in most cases more or less of mania or delirium is mixed up with the irritability. Illusions of the senses of sight and of hearing are not uncommon. The sufferer is very garrulous and excited. In some cases, but not in all, there is incontinence of urine. Foam and sticky mucus gather in his throat and mouth, and he makes great efforts by pulling it with his fingers, and by spitting, blowing, and hawking to get rid of it; and the sounds he thus makes have been exaggerated by ignorance and credulity into the foaming and barking of a dog. In the same spirit the palsy of his lower limbs which sometimes takes place, rendering him unable to stand upright, has been misconstrued into a desire on his part to go on all fours like a dog. Vomiting is a frequent symptom. The pulse in a short time becomes frequent and feeble, and the general strength declines with great rapidity. Death occasionally ensues within twenty-four hours after the beginning of the specific symptoms. Most commonly of all, it happens on the second or third day; now and then it is postponed to the fifth day; and in still rarer instances, it

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

may not occur till the seventh, eighth, or ninth day.

Uusually the paroxysms, becoming more violent and frequent, exhaust the patient; but occasionally the symptoms undergo a marked alteration before death. The paroxysms cease, the nervous irritability disappears, the patient is able to eat and drink and converse with ease, those sights and sounds which so annoyed and distressed him before no longer cause him any disquiet. The late Dr. Latham had a hydrophobic patient under his care in the Middlesex Hospital. On going one day to the ward he fully expected to hear that the patient was dead, but he found him sitting up in his bed quite calm and free from spasm. He had just drunk a large jug of porter. "Lawk, sir!" said a nurse that stood by, "what a wonderful cure!" The man himself seemed surprised at the change; but *he had no pulse;* his skin was as cold as marble In half an hour he sank back and expired.

It has been alleged that tetanus may be mistaken for hpdrophobia, but the differences between the two are very clearly marked. It is true that slight touches of the body will excite the tetanic spasm, but it is the rigid or abiding form of spasm, which relaxes gradually and slowly; whereas in hydrophobia the spasms are sudden and frequent, such as are popularly called convulsions. In tetanus there is no thirst, seldom any vomiting, no accumulation of tough and stringy mucus in the mouth and throat. The mental faculties are clear, and the patient is serene, and what is called heart-whole to the last.

The symptoms of rabies, as witnessed in the dog, have been well described by Mr. Youatt. The earliest is a marked change in the animal's habits. Of course this will be more perceptible by those acquainted with the dog, and cognizant of his habits. The dog becomes sullen, restless, his eyes glisten, there is often slight squinting, and some twitching of the face, with a continual shifting of posture, a steadfast gaze expressive of suspicion, an earnest licking of some part on which a scar may generally be found. If the ear be the affected part, the dog is incessantly and violently scratching it; if the foot, he gnaws it till the skin is broken. Occasional vomiting and a depraved appetite are also early noticeable. The dog will pick up and swallow bits of thread or silk from the carpet, hair, straw, and even dung. Then the animal becomes irascible, flies fiercely at strangers, is impatient of correction, which he receives in sullen silence, seizes the whip or stick, quarrels with his own companions, eagerly hunts and worries the cats, demolishes his bed, and if chained up makes violent efforts to escape, tearing his kennel to pieces with his teeth. If at large he usually attacks such dogs as come in his way, but if he be naturally ferocious he will diligently and perseveringly seek his enemy. About the second day a considerable flow of saliva begins, but this does not long continue, and it is succeeded by insatiable thirst. He appears to be annoyed by some viscid matter in his throat, and in the most eager and extraordinary manner he works with his paws at the corners of his mouth to remove it, and while thus employed frequently loses his balance and rolls over. A loss of power over the voluntary muscles is next observed. It begins with the lower jaw, which hangs down, and the mouth is partially open; the tongue is less affected; the dog is able to use it in the act of lapping, but the mouth is not sufficiently closed to retain the water; therefore, while he hangs over the vessel eagerly lapping for several minutes, its contents are very little, or not at all diminished. The palsy often affects the loins and extremities also; the animal staggers about and frequently falls. Previously to this he is in almost incessant motion. Mr. Youatt fancies the dog is subject to what we call spectral illusions. He starts up and gazes earnestly at some real or imaginary object. He appears to be tracing the path of something floating around him, or he fixes his eyes intently on some spot on the wall, and suddenly plunges at it; then his eyes close, and his head droops.

Frequently, with his head erect, the dog utters a short and very peculiar howl; or if he barks it is in a hoarse, inward sound, totally unlike his usual tone, terminating generally with this characteristic howl. The respiration is always affected; often the breathing is very laborious; and the *inspiration* is attended with a singular grating, choking noise. On the fourth, fifth, or sixth day of the disease he dies, occasionally in slight convulsions, but oftener without a struggle.

It is a common and misleading mistake to think that the rabid dog, like the hydrophobic man, will shun water, and that if he takes to a river it may safely be concluded that he is not mad. On the contrary, as I have already hinted, there is no dread of water, but unquenchable thirst;

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

the animal rushes eagerly to water, plunges his muzzle into it, and tries to drink, but often is unable to swallow from paralysis of his lower jaw, which prevents him from shutting his mouth.

Another opinion not at all uncommon is that healthy dogs recognize one that is mad, and fear him, and run away from his presence, in obedience to some mysterious and wonderful instinct, warning them of their danger. According to Mr. Youatt this is quite unfounded. Equally mistaken is the notion that the mad dog exhales a peculiar and offensive smell.

I do not know whether the period of incubation in a dog which has been infected with rabies by the bite of another rabid dog has been accurately ascertained; but that the disease may be imparted by a dog so infected before the symptoms of rabies become manifest is clear from the following instance, with which I have been favored by Mr. Wrench, of Baslow, in Derbyshire: —

> A small terrier [he writes] belonging to myself was bitten by an undoubtedly rabid dog, and was consequently destroyed about a fortnight afterwards, and before it had shown any symptoms of disease. In the mean time it had licked the cropped ears of a bull-dog puppy which had not been near the first-named rabid dog, and this puppy went mad about eight weeks after his ears were licked.

From what animals may the infection be received? We are sure that the disease, by the inoculation of which hydrophobia may be caused in man, is common in the dog; and that it has often been communicated to the human animal by the fox also, the wolf, the jackal, and the cat. The death from hydrophobia of a boy after being bitten by a raccoon is recorded by Dr. Russell, of Lincoln, Massachusetts, in the "Transactions of the American Medical Association" for 1856. Mr. Youatt declares that the saliva of the badger, the horse, the human being, has undoubtedly produced hydrophobia; and some affirm that it has been propagated even by the turkey and the hen. The same author mentions a case in which a groom became affected with hydrophobia through a scratch which he received from the tooth of a rabid horse. This would seem to settle the question as respects that animal; but as horses, cows, and fowls do not usually bite, we have not many opportunities of furnishing a positive answer to the general question.

The grandfather of the present Duke of Richmond died, in Canada, of hydrophobia, communicated, it was then thought, by a fox. But I was told in 1862, on the authority of a person who was living at Montreal at the time of the duke's death, and was acquainted with his family, that his disease was caused by the bite of a dog; and I was afterwards informed by Mr. Lawrence Peel, the duke's son-in-law, that it was uncertain whether the bite was made by a fox or by a dog. The duke was interfering in a fray between a tame fox and a pet dog — the fox retreating into his kennel. It is not certainly known which of the animals had rabies.

The disease is said to have been caused by the *scratch* of a cat. Now we know that cats, as well as dogs, frequently apply their paws to their mouths, especially when the latter part is uneasy, as it clearly is in mad dogs. The fact, therefore, of the production of the disease by a scratch from the claws of a cat, if thoroughly made out, would afford no proof, nor scarcely even a presumption, that the disease can be introduced into the animal system in any other way than by means of the saliva.

Several important questions at once present themselves respecting these two diseases.

First, is a man who has been bitten by a mad dog, and in whose case no preventive measures have been taken, a doomed man? I have answered this question in the negative already. Few, upon the whole, who are so bitten become affected with hydrophobia. John Hunter states that he knew an instance in which, of twenty-one persons bitten, one only fell a victim to the disease. Dr. Hamilton estimated the proportion to be one in twenty-five. But I fear these computations are much too low. In 1780 a mad dog in the neighborhood of Senlis took his course within a small circle, and bit fifteen persons before he was killed; three of these died of hydrophobia. The saliva of a rabid wolf would seem to be highly virulent and effective. These beasts fly always, I believe, at a naked part. Hence, probably, the fatality of their bites. The following statement relates exclusively to the wolf. In December, 1774, twenty persons were bitten in the neighborhood of Troyes; nine of them died. Of seventeen persons similarly bitten in 1784, near Brive, ten died of hydrophobia. In May, 1817, twenty-three persons were bitten, and fourteen perished. Four died of eleven that were bitten near Dijon; and eighteen of twenty-four bitten near Ro-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

chelle. At Bar-sur-Ornain, nineteen were bitten, of whom twelve died within two months. Here we have one hundred and fourteen persons bitten by rabid wolves, and among them no fewer than sixty-seven victims to hydrophobia; considerably more than one-half. There is no doubt, however, that the majority of persons who are bitten by a mad *dog* escape the disease. This may be partly owing to an inherent inaptitude for accepting it. There are some upon whom the contagion of small-pox has no influence. This peculiarity exists apparently even among dogs. There was one dog, at Charenton, that did not become rabid after being bitten by a rabid dog; and it was so managed that at different times he was bitten by thirty mad dogs, but he outlived it all. Much will depend also upon the circumstances of the bite, and the way in which it is inflicted. If it be made through clothes, and especially through thick woollen garments, or through leather, the saliva may be wiped clean away from the tooth before it reaches the flesh. In the fifth volume of the *Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal* there is a case described by Mr. Oldknow, of Nottingham, in which a man was bitten in three different places by the same mad dog, namely, in the groin, the thigh, and the left hand; the bite on the hand was the last. Now it seems that but for this last bite, on a naked part, he might have escaped. It is noteworthy that the local sensations preliminary to the fatal outbreak of hydrophobia occurred only in the hand and arm. The attacking dog probably shuts his mouth after each bite, and thus recharges his fangs with the poisonous material. In a report from America it is stated that of seventy-five cases the injury was received on the hand in forty instances, on the face in fifteen, on the leg in eleven, on the arm in nine.

It is this frequent immunity from the disease in persons who have been bitten that has tended to confer reputation upon so many vaunted methods of prevention. Ignorant men and knavish men have not failed to take advantage of this. They announce that they are in possession of some secret remedy which will prevent the virus from operating; they persuade the friends of those who die that the remedy was not rightly employed, or not resorted to sufficiently early; and they persuade those who escape that they escaped by virtue of the preventive remedy. If the plunder they reap from the foolish and frightened were all, this would be of less consequence; but unfortunately, the hope of security without their undergoing a painful operation leads many to neglect the only trustworthy mode of obtaining safety.

A still more anxious inquiry next arises. Whoever has been bitten by a rabid or by a suspected animal must be considered, and will generally consider himself, as being in more or less danger of hydrophobia. This dread is not entirely removed even by the adoption of the best means of prevention. Now, how long does this state of hazard continue? When is the peril fairly over? After what lapse of time may the person who has sustained the injury lay aside all apprehension of the disease? To this inquiry no satisfactory reply can be given. In a vast majority of instances, indeed, the disorder has broken out *within two months* from the infliction of the bite. But the exceptions to this rule are too numerous to permit us to put firm trust in the immunity foreshadowed by that interval. Cases are recorded in which five, six, eleven, nineteen months have intervened between the insertion of the poison and the eruption of the consequent malady. Nay, there are well-authenticated instances, as I have already said, of the lapse of twenty-five months, of more than five years, or even of seven years. In these cases it is most probable that some unsuspected re-inoculation, some fresh application of the peculiar virus, has taken place. If not, then we must conclude that the poison really lies imprisoned in the bitten part, and only becomes destructive when, under certain obscure conditions, and at indefinite periods, it gets into the circulation.

I say nothing about the morbid appearances found in persons dead of hydrophobia, for I am not addressing professional readers. But, as a help towards determining whether a dog which may have been destroyed under equivocal circumstances was indeed rabid, it may be useful to state that in the stomach of a really mad dog there are always to be found very unnatural contents — straw, hay, coal, sticks, horse-dung, earth — as well as a quantity of a dark fluid like thin treacle, altered blood in fact.

And here it may be well to deprecate and denounce a practice much too common with us, that, namely, of at once destroying a suspected dog by which some one has been bitten, but about the true condition of which there exists no absolute certainty. The dog should be securely isolated and watched; a day or two will be sufficient for solving the anxious ques-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

tion. If he should prove really mad, he should then of course be put to death, as mercifully as may be. If, on the other hand, he remains well, not only will the life of a possibly useful and favorite animal be saved, but, what is of incomparably greater importance, the mind of the bitten person will be freed from a harassing sense of dread, with which it might otherwise be haunted for years to come.

The most important question of all in relation to my present purpose, is whether rabies can be excited by any other cause than inoculation of the specific virus; in other words, whether it has any other source than contagion.

Many persons believe that the disease may, and does often, arise *de novo;* and causes have been assigned which certainly are not true causes. Thus it has been ascribed to extreme heat of the weather. It is thought by many to be especially likely to occur during the dog-days; and to be in itself a sort of dog-lunacy, having the same relationship to Sirius that human insanity has to the moon — which in one sense is probable enough. But abundant statistical evidence has been collected in this and in other countries, that the disease occurs at all seasons of the year indifferently. The cautions, therefore, which are annually put forth in hot weather, as to muzzling dogs and so forth, whatever may be their value, would be as opportune at any other time. The disorder has been attributed to want of water in hot weather, and sometimes to want of food, but MM. Dupuytren, Breschet, and Majendie in France caused both dogs and cats to die of hunger and thirst, without producing the smallest approach to a state of rabies. At the veterinary school at Alfort three dogs were subjected to some very cruel but decisive experiments. It was during the heat of summer, and they were all chained in the full blaze of the sun. To one salted meat was given; to the second water only; and to the third neither food nor drink. They all died, but none of them became rabid. Nor does the suspicion that the disorder may have some connection with the rutting period in these animals appear to rest on any better foundation.

Some very interesting points still remain to be considered as to the communication of these diseases from one person or animal to another.

Mr. Youatt, whose experience on this subject was very large, did not think that the saliva of a rabid animal could communicate the disorder through the unbroken cuticle. He believed that there must be some abrasion or breach of surface. He held, however, that it might be communicated by the mere contact of the saliva with the mucous membranes. Of its harmlessness on the sound skin he offered this presumptive evidence — that his own hands had many times been covered with the saliva of the mad dog with perfect impunity. He has recorded some singular instances in which hydrophobia and rabies were caused by contact of the morbid saliva with the mucous membranes. A man endeavored to untie by the help of his teeth a knot that had been firmly drawn in a cord. Eight weeks afterwards he died undeniably hydrophobic. It was then recollected that with this cord a mad dog had been tied up. A woman was attacked by a rabid dog, and escaped with some rents in her gown. In the act of mending it she thoughtlessly pressed down the seam with her teeth. She also died. Horses are said to have died mad after eating straw upon which rabid pigs had died. Portal was assured that two dogs which had licked the mouth of another dog that was rabid were attacked with rabies seven or eight days afterwards. Mr. Gilman, of Highgate, in a little pamphlet on hydrophohia, quotes an instance from Dr. Perceval, in which a mad dog licked the face of a sleeping man, near his mouth, and the man died of hydrophobia, although the strictest search failed to discover the smallest scratch or abrasion on any part of his skin. These facts, if authentic, settle the question; unless, indeed, the lips of those who perished happened to have been chapped or abraded.

It is a fearful question whether the saliva of a human being afflicted with hydrophobia is capable of inoculating another human being with the same disease. Mr. Youatt says it is, that the disease has undoubtedly been so produced. If this be so, the fact should teach us, not to desert or neglect these unhappy patients, still less to murder them by smothering, or by bleeding them to death, but to minister to their wants with certain precautions; so as not to suffer their saliva to come in contact with any sore or abraded surface, nor, if it can be avoided, with any mucous surface. On the other hand, all carefulness of that kind will be superfluous if the disease cannot be propagated by the human saliva. Certainly many experimenters have tried in vain to inoculate dogs with the spittle of a hydrophobic man; but there is one authentic experiment on record which makes it too prob-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

able that the disease, though seldom or with difficulty communi*cated*, may yet be communi*cable*. The experiment is said to have been made by MM. Majendie and Breschet, at the Hôtel Dieu, in Paris, and to have been witnessed by a great number of medical men and students. Two healthy dogs were inoculated on the 19th of June, 1813, with the saliva of a patient named Surlu, who died the same day in the hospital. One of these dogs became mad on the twenty-seventh of the following month. They caused this dog to bite others, which in their turn became rabid also; and in this way the malady was propagated among dogs during the whole summer. Now this, though a very striking statement, ought not to be considered conclusive; for it is possible that the disease in the first dog might have had some unknown and unsuspected origin. We have enough, however, in this one experiment to make us observe all requisite caution when engaged in attending upon a hydrophobic patient.

In an elaborate and valuable treatise on "Rabies and Hydrophobia," Mr. George Fleming adduces conflicting evidence as to the safety or danger of drinking the milk of a rabid animal, and he wisely advises the avoidance of such milk. Pertinent to this question I have received from Mr. Wrench, of Baslow, even while this paper is passing through the press, the following history, which shows that the disease is transmissible from the mother to her offspring through the medium of her milk: —

In the middle of May 1876, on Mr. Twigg's farm, Harewood Grange, near Chatsworth, a mad dog bit eighteen sheep out of a flock of twenty-one, which were at the time suckling thirty lambs. The sheep were all bitten about the *face*, and had evidently been defending their lambs during the greater part of the night in which the attack was made. Mr. Twigg examined both sheep and lambs, and could not find a single wound on any of the latter. In about a month both sheep and *lambs* began to die at the rate of two or three a day. The sheep ran wildly about, sometimes carrying stones in their mouths, and the lambs ran away. Of the eighteen sheep that had been bitten sixteen died; and of the thirty lambs, not one of which was believed to have been bitten, fourteen died. On the next farm the same thing happened to a smaller extent.

What can be said of the treatment of hydrophobia or of rabies? There is no authentic case on record that I am aware of in which a hydrophobic person has recovered. As it has been so it is still. Ἰατρὸς ἴᾶται θάνατος — the physician that cures is death. It would be idle to discuss any curative measures after the peculiar symptoms of the disease have once set in.

Not so, however, with respect to prevention; that is the most important object of our practice — that and the euthanasia.

The early and complete excision of the bitten part is the only means of prevention in which much confidence can be placed; and even that is open to a source of fallacy. In the majority of cases no hydrophobia would ensue, though nothing at all were done to the wound. No doubt many persons undergo the operation needlessly. But in no given case can we be sure of this. If excision should for any reason be impossible, the wound should be cauterized. Of the efficacy of the latter plan we have this evidence: Mr. Youatt, who trusted to it, and who had himself been bitten seven times, tells us that he had operated with the lunar caustic — nitrate of silver — on more than four hundred persons, all bitten by dogs unquestionably rabid, and that he had not lost a case. One man died of fright, but not one of hydrophobia. Moreover, a surgeon of St. George's Hospital told him that ten times that number had undergone the operation of excision there after being bitten by dogs (all of which might not, however, have been rabid), and it was not known that there had been a single fatal issue. Excision, in my judgment, must, when practicable, be the most trustworthy and eligible procedure. Trousseau recommends, as a ready and quick preventive, the actual cautery — that is, the destruction of the poison and the tissues of the bitten part by searing them with a red-hot iron. They might be as readily and thoroughly destroyed by brushing the interior of the wound, by means of a glass brush, with nitric acid.

But if the wound be of such a size and in such a place that it can be excised, what is the best method for its excision? This is the advice of my old master, Abernethy: —

The cell [he says] into which a penetrating tooth has gone must be cut out. Let a wooden skewer be shaped as nearly as may be into the form of the tooth, and then be placed into the cavity made by the tooth, and next let the skewer and the whole cell containing it be removed together by an elliptical incision. We may examine the removed cell to see if every portion with which the tooth might have had contact has been taken away: the cell may

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

even be filled with quicksilver to see if a globule will escape. The efficient performance of the excision does not depend upon the extent, but upon the accuracy of the operation.

Early excision, then, is almost a sure preventive; but in all suspicious cases, if the operation have been omitted in the first instance, it will be advisible to cut out the wound or its scar within the first two months, or at any time before preliminary feelings in the spot foreshow the coming outbreak. Later would be too late. Dr. Richard Bright has recorded a case in which the arm was amputated upon the supervention of tingling and other symptoms in the hand on which the patient had been bitten some time before; but the amputation did not save him.

The new power which we have happily obtained of suspending sensation *generally* by the inspiration of certain vapors, or *locally* by the æther spray, will contribute at least to the prevention of hydrophobia by divesting the process of excision or cauterization of its pain, and therefore of its terrors.

For my own part, if I had received a bite from a decidedly rabid animal upon my arm or leg, and the bite was such that the whole wound could not be cut out or thoroughly cauterized, my reason would teach me to desire, and I hope I should have fortitude enough to endure, amputation of the limb above the place of the injury.

As to the euthanasia, it may best be promoted by some narcotic drug; and I know of none more eligible than the chloral hydrate, administered in such doses and at such intervals as may suffice, without shortening life, to quiet the restless agitation, and to mitigate the sufferings, of its inevitable close. Should the patient be unable to swallow that remedy, recourse may be had, under similar limitation, to its subcutaneous injection, or to some anæsthetic vapor.

What, it may be asked, should be done by or for a man who has been bitten by a rabid animal, and has no access to immediate medical help? Should he, the wound being within reach of his lips, or should another person for him, try to suck out the inserted venom? That would probably be his first instinctive thought. But when I call to mind what Mr. Youatt has said of the danger attending the contact of the poisonous saliva with even sound mucous membranes — and further, the risk that the sucker's lips might, whether he knew it or not, be chapped or abraded — I dare not counsel the expedient of suction. By adopting it the sufferer might be rushing, or bringing his helping neighbor, into the very peril he was anxious to avert.

A cupping-glass would be a safer application of the same principle, provided that the place and size of the wound would admit of its being covered by the glass. But, at best, a cupping-glass extemporized and clumsily used under urgent and agitating circumstances, can scarcely be advisable.

What I should most strongly recommend, and fortunately it is very easy of performance, is this. First, that a bandage tight enough to restrain the venous circulation should be applied just above the wound, between it and the heart; and next, that without any delay a continuous stream of tepid or cold water should be poured from a height, and therefore with a certain degree of force, upon and into the wound. This might be done from the spout of a tea-kettle, or better from a water-tap, and it should be persevered with even for an hour or two, or until the arrival of medical aid. In this way the implanted poison would, in all likelihood, be thoroughly washed away, and the safety of the sufferer secured. Nevertheless this process need not exclude subsequent excision or cauterization, should one or the other be feasible or thought desirable, "to make assurance doubly sure."

The opinion which, as my readers must have anticipated, I entertain, that rabies has at present no other source than contagion, has been combated with the same arguments as have been used in the analogous case of small-pox; such as that the disease must at some time have had a beginning, and therefore why not now? that it often springs up where no contagion can be traced, and sometimes where contagion seems to be impossible. These arguments were discussed in my former paper, and their futility fully demonstrated. I refrain, therefore, from reconsidering them here. But as I then related two striking instances in which contagion had been deemed impossible, but in which its operation was at length detected by some very singular evidence, so I will here give a condensed account of a like result under similar circumstances in respect of rabies.

Mr. Blaine, Mr. Youatt's partner, was consulted about a gentleman's dog, and pronounced it undoubtedly rabid. But the dog, it was alleged, had never for many months been out of doors, nor, indeed, out of the sight of its master, or, in the mas-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ter's absence, of his valet, who had especial charge of the dog. Concurring with Mr. Youatt in opinion, and anxious to learn the truth in a matter so important, Mr. Blaine examined the servants very closely; and it was at length remembered by the footman that he had had to answer his master's bell one morning when the valet, whose business it was to take the dog from the bedroom, was accidentally absent; and he also distinctly recollected that the dog accompanied him to the street door while he was receiving a message, went into the street, and was there suddenly attacked by another dog that was passing, seemingly without an owner. The wandering dog was, no doubt, rabid.

Again, a Newfoundland dog, which was chained constantly to his kennel during the day, and suffered to be at large during the night within an enclosed yard, became rabid; and as no dog was known to have had access to the yard, the owner felt sure that the disease must have arisen spontaneously. Mr. Blaine, however, elicited the facts that the gardener to the family remembered to have heard when in bed one night an unusual noise, as if the Newfoundland dog was quarrelling with another. He recollected, also, that about the same time he saw marks of a dog's feet in his garden, which lay on the other side of the yard, and the remains of hair were noticed on the top of the wall. About the same time the neighborhood had been alarmed by the absence of a large dog belonging to one of the inhabitants, which had escaped from confinement during the night under evident symptoms of disease. Here also was a ready solution of the previous mystery.

I can pretend to no originality on this subject. Mr. Youatt believed that rabies in the dog and in all creatures results always from the introduction of a specific virus into the system. He maintained that a well-enforced quarantine — every dog in the kingdom being confined separately — for seven months would extirpate the disease. And the late Sir James Bardsley proposed a plan which he thought would prove efficacious for getting rid of the pestilence.

> It consists [he wrote] merely in establishing a universal quarantine for dogs within the kingdom, and a total prohibition of the importation of those animals during the existence of this quarantine. The efficacy of this preventive scheme rests upon the validity of the following propositions. First, that the disease always originates in the canine species; secondly, that it never arises in them spontaneously; thirdly, that the contagion, when received by them, never remains latent more than a few months. If these propositions have been established, it clearly follows that by destroying every dog in which the disease should break out during strict quarantine, not only would the propagation of the malady be prevented, but the absolute source of the poison would be entirely suppressed.

It is much to be wondered at that these wise suggestions should have remained so long neglected by our sanitary authorities.

No reference has been made either by Mr. Youatt or by Sir James Bardsley to the possible perpetuation of the disease by rabid cats. Mad cats, however, are far less common than mad dogs. A cat is not an aggressively fighting animal. At any time it would rather fly from than resist an attacking dog; and, if there were no dogs to receive and to impart the disease, rabies would soon, so far as the cat is concerned, die out of its own accord.

I have now set forth to the best of my ability — and perhaps too much in detail — the amount of our knowledge upon a subject which is at present painfully engrossing the attention of the public. I have shown that we possess no valid evidence of the spontaneous origin, nowadays, of rabies in the dog or in any other animal; and that hydrophobia owes its parentage exclusively to the poison furnished in the first instance by the rabid dog, or by rabid animals of the same species with the dog.

I propose next to fortify my position by pointing out that large portions of the habitable world, abounding in dogs, are now, and have always been, entirely free from those dreadful twin pests, rabies and hydrophobia.

It is my good fortune to have found among my own friends and acquaintances several persons able to give me authentic and valuable information on this subject.

Thus the Bishop of Lichfield, who lived more than twenty-five years in New Zealand, tells me that he never heard of a mad dog in those islands, and that Bishop Abraham's experience, who was for seventeen years resident there, agrees with his own.

Bishop Macdougall writes me word that there is in Borneo a native dog, like a small jackal, but with a curly rather than a bushy tail, kept in numbers by the Dyaks for hunting deer and pig. These dogs never bark, but when on the scent for game howl with a very musical note.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

The Chinese settlers also have brought in a dog, resembling the Pomeranian breed. These bark abundantly, and among the settlers, who eat the puppies as a delicacy, they are so numerous as to have become a general nuisance; yet during the twenty years in which the bishop resided at Sarawak he never heard of a single instance of rabies.

I was told a few years since by Sir Henry Young that in Tasmania, of which he was for seven years the governor, although there were plenty of dogs, there had been no *mad* dogs, and therefore no hydrophobia. Evidence to precisely the same effect has been furnished to a friend of mine by Sir Valentine Fleming, who left Tasmania in 1874, after a residence there of about thirty-two years. He testifies to the great number of dogs in that colony, and to the total absence of hydrophobia. Again, I have it under the hand of Sir George Macleay, who, with Captain Sturt, diligently explored, for other purposes, all the settlements of what has been well called the "insular continent" of Australia, that the dogs there are troublesomely plentiful, that hydrophobia is utterly unknown, and that rabies has never been witnessed in the dingo, or wild dog of those parts.

It had been stated by Dr. Heineken that curs of the most wretched condition abound in Madreia; that they are afflicted with almost every disease, tormented with flies and heat, and thirst and famine, yet no rabid dog was ever seen there; and I have quite recently been assured by Dr. Grabham, whose personal knowledge of Madeira covers sixteen years, and who states that he is well acquainted with the local traditions, and the writings of medical men there, that rabies and hydrophobia are, and always have been, unknown in that island.

Mr. Thomas Bigg-Wither spent three or four years in south Brazil, within the tropics. He and his party hunted there the wild dog and the jaguar (a species of tiger) with a pack of fifty smooth-haired dogs of various breeds, which gave tongue during their hunting. Mr. Bigg-Wither has assured me that hydrophobia and rabies are quite unheard of in that part of the world.

We have seen that conditions of temperature have nothing to do with the prevalence of these diseases. It is interesting, however, to compare this tropical experience with what has been observed in the opposite climate of the Arctic regions.

Dr. John Rae, who has been good enough to write to me on these subjects, was for twenty years in the Hudson's Bay Company's territory, ten of which years were spent at Moose Factory, on the shore of Hudson's Bay, and a year or or two each at various other stations as far north as the Arctic circle, at all of which dogs in greater or less number are kept for sledging purposes, yet he cannot remember to have seen or heard of a single case of the diseases in question, either in dog or in man. My knowledge, Dr. Rae says, of the Eskimos is much more limited, for, although I have seen these interesting people at various parts of the Arctic coast, I have wintered only twice among them, on both occasions at Repulse Bay. But I never saw or heard of any disease resembling hydrophobia.

My distinguished friend, Admiral Sir George Back, who is cognisant of Dr. Rae's testimony in this matter, fully confirms it by his own experience gathered in five expeditions of discovery to the Arctic regions during a period of eleven years' service.

A portion of Dr. Rae's information, although it has no direct bearing upon my main purpose, may prove as interesting to my readers as it has been to myself: —

> The food of the dogs in Hudson's Bay consists wholly of meat or fish, or of a mixture of both; meat being the chief diet in the prairies, while fish are almost universally given (except when on a journey) in other parts of the country. In the summer, when not required for sledging, the dogs are sent in charge of a man or two to a fishery, where they can be well and cheaply fed. The usual ration is a fish weighing three or four pounds, eaten raw. The best and lightest food for the dogs when at work is dry buffalo or deer meat, about two or two and a half pounds of which is a day's allowance.*

Colonel Home, C.B., an engineer officer living last year for some months at Constantinople, informs a friend of mine that, having a horror of hydrophobia, he made repeated and special inquiries there, and was assured that no instance of the disease was ever known in that city. He describes the scavenger-dog "as being in temper and feeling a dog, but his appearance is that of a wolf — a dog in wolf's clothes. He has short, pricked ears, and a bushy tail which looks as if it had lost

* All those who have been personally conversant with the Arctic sledge-dogs agree in stating that they are subject to a fatal kind of insanity quite distinct from true rabies and accordingly not productive of hydrophobia.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

a couple of joints. Usually he is of a foxy hue, but occasionally dark and almost black on the back, where a sore is often to be seen. His fur is very thick and shaggy, and he is of the same size as a wolf." There are in the Zoological Gardens two Syrian wolves which present an exact *facsimile* of the Constantinople scavenger-dog. These dogs, as is well known, form an important institution in Constantinople, clearing the streets and eating all the offal there to be found. Colonel Home speaks of them as friendly and familiar, and in no way a nuisance, unless some tribe of "civilized" dogs quarrel and fight at night with them or with each other, when the noise they make is fearful. These civilized dogs — country or shepherds' dogs — seem to be badly named, for they are fierce and dangerous, and Colonel Home had to shoot one of two which had pursued and attacked him.

In the *Times* newspaper for the 23rd of October, Mr. Ch. Kroll Laporte, of Birkdale Place, Southport, writes that he never heard of a single case of hydrophobia in Africa during travels there extending over two years.

With more time and opportunity at my disposal I might doubtless find further examples of the entire absence of rabies, and therefore of hydrophobia, from certain places: but of this I have surely said enough; and should it be alleged that in other places, where these diseases had previously been unknown, they have at length appeared, my argument will be only strengthened if I can account for this by special circumstances. To take a single instance by way of sample: I have been assured upon unquestionable authority that Demerara had not within the memory of man been afflicted by the presence of hydrophobia till the year 1872, when rabies was imported by the influx of a large number of dogs from Barbadoes, in avoidance of a tax which had there been imposed upon those animals.

If it be admitted that hydrophobia never occurs except from the reception of the specific poison from a rabid animal, it follows that, rabies being expunged, hydrophobia would necessarily disappear. For this end it would seem to be required that all dogs in the kingdom should be subjected to a rigid quarantine of several months, as recommended by Mr. Youatt and by Sir James Bardsley. In order to the effectual enforcement of such quarantine, some legislative measures, and the planning and strict observance of certain regulations on the part respectively of our sanitary authorities and our police officers, are presumably pre-requisites. These are matters with which I am neither called upon nor competent to deal. There will be difficulties in the way, but I am persuaded that, if resolutely grappled with, they will not prove invincible.

Here, then, my share towards the accomplishment of the great object of this paper comes naturally to a close. Meanwhile, until the needful steps for the extirpation of rabies can be fully organized and brought into operation, great vigilance will be necessary to keep in check the existing evil. The superfluity of dogs in the kingdom must be abated by the unshrinking destruction of many; and *all* dogs should be narrowly watched, most especially dogs known to have been bitten or to have been quarrelling, sick dogs, wandering and ownerless dogs, and such as are the playthings of dog-fanciers and others; and all such other measures as may be legal should be taken for lessening the peril and the panic which is at present said to be "frighting the isle from her propriety."

THOMAS WATSON.

WITHIN THE PRECINCTS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER III.

THE ABBEY PRECINCTS.

THE bells began to ring for evensong soon after the bridal party dispersed. Some of them, indeed, stayed for the beautiful service which was a thing that visitors from a distance thought a great deal of, and there were a number of fine bonnets and dresses in the stalls when Lottie went in. The daily service was part of the daily life of the dwellers in the Abbey. There were those who went for devotion, and those who went for the service, and those who went because they had nothing else to do. It was an occupation and an amusement at the same time, and some people thought it a duty. To listen to the service more or less critically, to note if any of the boys' voices were breaking, and whether Rowley sniffed as usual, or Bowler, the great bass, was hoarse; to observe how the minor canons sang, if they were in too great a hurry to get through the service, and who it was that read the lessons; to look at any notable persons that might be there, visitors to the Deanery, or other persons of distinction; to walk in the nave while the signor played the vol-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

untary; and finally to pause and talk to one's friends before going home to tea, was the established rule of St. Michael's. The old chevaliers mixed with the ladies, here and there one. They were obliged to go in the morning, and they seldom repeated their churchgoing in the afternoon; but still there were always two or three, and very interesting to strangers were the old soldiers, with their old moustaches and upright bearing. Some of them might have been veteran generals well entitled to throw away an army, but you may be sure there were no prosperous commanders among them. They stood about on the terrace in front of the lodges and talked for five minutes or so before they went in to tea. Tea was generally a solid meal in the chevaliers' quarters, which was treated with much respect, and for which nobody would willingly be late. But Lottie when she came out of chapel and saw the last of the fine people streaming away in their light dresses through the aisle, did not feel much disposed to go indoors to Law and the bread and butter. They could wait. She went and leaned on the low wall close to the library and gazed out upon the landscape below. At the foot of the slope was the street of the little old town, a sweep of steep masonry with old-fashioned red houses, like trees in autumn, on the other side, and beyond that the river meandered between its leafy banks in endless windings, and the great breadth of champaign swept away towards the horizon. At this time of the year it was rich and cloudy with foliage: the trees arranging themselves in every kind of way, singly and in clumps, and groves, and long hedgerows, and surrounding every house and every village and every church-spire as far as you could see. The billowy greenness thus spreading far into the silvery grey of the distance, the sky of a pale blue, faint with summer heat and long drought, spread out like a map before the gazer from that mount of vision. The mottled clouds were floating together and rolling into masses as if with the intention of putting a stop to this long reign of brightness, and the long lines of the landscape and the great vault of the sky dropped together into a haze which also spoke of rain. Lottie leaned disconsolately over the wall, spreading abroad her thoughts over this vast breadth of space and silence. She let them go like a flock of birds flying to all the winds. Thoughts! they were not thoughts but feelings, vague movements of the mind, half sentiment, half-personal sensation. Why she should have been so deeply affected by this marriage she could not have told any one. She did not herself know. It seemed to penetrate through and through her system of life, unsettling everything. After the disappointments of her beginning at St. Michael's, this connection with the Deanery had seemed a thread of promise, a clue to something better, not a very splendid promise indeed, but still something; a little link of ambition which looked better and finer and more noble after it was snapped than it had ever done before. It was not very noble in itself. Lottie felt vaguely that to have so strong a desire for admission within that charmed circle was not a very lofty thing. The people she had seen within it had not satisfied her ideal. Except that they dressed better (some of them at least), they had been very much like the humbler classes with which she was acquainted; and to wish for a footing among them only because they were better off and more highly thought off than her own neighbors was not an elevating sentiment. In the perpetual disappointments to which she had been subject, the slights she had been obliged to put up with, Lottie had felt a great many pangs of shame mingled with the stings of humiliation. She had felt that it was the poorest of ambitions which had taken possession of her. And now that it was over, this sense of unworthiness still mingled with her sense of failure and exclusion. For though it might not be a door into heaven, still to feel that it was shut, to be obliged to turn away, and to see no other door at which she could enter, was hard. Her heart sank down into painful depths of abandonment, and tears came to her eyes in spite of herself. She had nothing to cry about, but her lips quivered and two big tears rose and hung suspended under her long eyelashes, so filling up the whole space before her, that Lottie saw nothing but a waving greenness and blueness, a blurred shadow of earth and sky.

It was just at this moment, while she was still uncertain whether she could get these tears swallowed or whether they must fall, betraying her, that she was aware of some one at her elbow. "I think we shall have rain, Miss Despard," said a deliberate voice; "do you not think we shall have rain? The summer has been so fine that we have no right to grumble. You were the one lady in all St. Michael's whom I most wanted to see."

"I, signor? I do not know what you should want with me," said Lottie, forced by circumstances into rudeness. She did

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

not want to be rude, but the shock of his sudden address had brought down that shower, falling like drops of a thunder-storm, and she would not turn round to show him her wet eyes. He smiled a little to himself at this petulance, and that was all. He was used to waywardness in young ladies. He was a spare, olive-colored man, not tall, but wiry and close-knit. He had all the aspect of an Italian and the name; but he was not really an Italian, being an Englishman born, a good Tory and a good Churchman, and all that the organist of St. Michael's ought to be. But he was not disinclined to keep up a mystery on this score, having a little love of mystery by nature, and feeling, musically, that his foreign name and looks were in his favor. How far back the signor had to go for his claim to be considered an Italian, nobody knew, but everybody (except the perverse and disagreeable, who would occasionally say Mr. Rossinetti to annoy him), called the musician the signor. His complexion, his moustache, the wonderful dark eyes which were the chief feature in his face, were all of southern origin, and he spoke with a curious deliberation and clear pronunciation of every syllable, which almost looked as if, at one time, there had been difficulties about the language, and as if he had not courage even yet to take any liberties with it. But his accent was as good English as could be desired, and in respect to this as well as to all other questions about his origin the community of St. Michael's were entirely in the dark, as he intended them to be.

"This event," said the signor, in his clear, slow voice, "will bring our little societies, our practisings, to an end, Miss Despard. We were getting on very well. I am sorry to come to an end of anything, and of these above all."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Lottie drearily. "Will it, do you think? She had not very much of a voice."

"No; but there are other things besides voice. You have a very beautiful voice, Miss Despard."

"But I have nothing else," said Lottie, forgetting her precautions and turning quickly upon him; "that is what you mean to say? And you never even allowed before that I had a voice."

"No, not much else," said the deliberate organist; "you have no science, no method. You don't know how to manage what you have got. It is a fine organ by nature, but you cannot produce it as you ought, because you do not know how. To have so much, and to do so little is a great pity. It is a waste of a great gift, it is —— "

"How dare you tell me all this to my face?" said Lottie, transported with vivid anger. She would have taken it more quietly if she had not been weakened in spirit by the discouragement into which she had fallen before. Her fierce, sudden glance was even still unwillingly softened by the wetness of her eyes. But the signor did not flinch. There was a kind of smile in his own as he met her look. He was not afraid of her. He looked, indeed, amiably, genially at Lottie — as she had never seen him look before — and as she turned round she became aware that he was not alone. Over his shoulder, with an alarmed, indignant aspect, which half amused while it consoled her, was another face with which Lottie was very well acquainted. It was the face of his favorite pupil, a young man who followed the signor about like his shadow, always a few steps behind him, always in devout contemplation of him. But young Purcell was not of this mind to-day; he was looking at his beloved master with a mixture of rage and pathos very droll in their combination. Lottie was easily moved, and almost before the words of the defiance had left her lips a laugh forced itself after them. She had to turn round again to conceal the conflict of sudden mirth in her face.

"Would you rather I said it to others than to you? No, because that would do you no good —— "

"And do you really think that I — I——"

Why should she laugh? Young Purcell's face brightened slowly, but took a still more curious look of bewildered inquiry. As for the signor, he thought she had become hysterical, which he believed was a common weakness with womankind in general, and he was alarmed.

"I beg you a thousand pardons if I have seemed rude," he said. "All that I wanted was to begin the conversation; for I have — a little proposal to make."

"Do you call that beginning a conversation to tell me I am quite ignorant, and cannot sing, and waste my voice?" said Lottie, recovering her indignation. "It is not a very civil way."

"Miss Despard, I think you will miss the society's singing, and I want to tell you that it was not good for you. These people were dazzled by your voice," said the organist, with unintentional confusion of metaphor, "and they made use of it. All these fine people they make use of us,

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

and often forget to say thank you. I was sorry that you should suffer *too;* so was Purcell; he knows what it is — a little. And you have had no teaching, you have not had a thorough professional training as he has —— "

Lottie turned upon him with flashing eyes, and this time she did not laugh at the young man who, over the signor's shoulder, followed every movement of hers with such eager attention. His look of wonder and fear was not less comic than the other changes which had come over his countenance, but she took no notice of it. "I don't know what you mean," she said, "by professional training. What do I want with professional training? What has Mr. Purcell to do with it? What do you mean? how should I suffer? If they thank me, or if they don't thank me, what is that to me?"

The signor cast a glance round at young Purcell, who answered with a look of despair. "If you would but confide in us, we thought we could help you. Indeed, Miss Despard, it is no presumption on Purcell's part, only a fellow-feeling —— "

"Only a feeling — of respect!" This Purcell timidly gasped out, with alarm painted on every feature. Lottie, turning her back to the wall and confronting the two musicians, solemnly made them a very awful curtsy. It was an art she had learned (though the teacher was unaware of the fact) from Lady Caroline; and therefore it was of the very finest and most imposing kind.

"The puzzle is," she said grandly, in a voice not unlike Lady Caroline's, "what the link between us may be."

They were both silenced by this speech, and by her imposing aspect generally; for Lottie was very handsome, and this defiant grandeur suited her. Purcell felt disposed to sink into the earth, and showed it; but as for the signor, he was less alarmed, and, indeed, a little amused — he had seen a great number of heroines, both in public and private life.

"It is always wrong to beat about the bush," he said. "Perhaps I have made a mistake; I thought you probably intended to sing, Miss Despard, as a profession."

"I?" Lottie's voice broke into a half-shriek. "I?" The suggestion gave her a shock which it was hard to get over. She felt a trembling of giddiness and insecurity, as if the ground had suddenly been cut from under her; she could have cried for mortification, injured pride, horrible humbling and downfall. She who had been mourning this change as taking from her all chance of ascent into the society she had a right to, the society she really belonged to — and they thought it was professional work, a profession that she was thinking of! She drew back unconsciously to the support of the wall, and propped herself by it. She could have cried, but pride would not let her. "You are mistaken, altogether mistaken," she said. "I don't suppose that you mean to insult me; but you forget that I am a gentleman's daughter."

Here the ghost of a smile flitted across the signor's olive-colored face. It was as momentary as the passing of a shadow, but yet Lottie saw it, and it stung her as nothing else could have done; she was angry before, but this excited her to passion. She could have flown at him and strangled him for this smile; she understood it well enough. "You smile!" she said. "You think, perhaps, that a poor chevalier, a soldier who is not rich, is not a gentleman. You think it is only money that makes a gentleman. There are many people who are of that opinion; but," said Lottie with a smile, "you will perhaps not be surprised if I think differently. I will bid you good evening, please, now."

"One moment," said the signor; "you must not go away with a wrong impression. Forgive me the mistake, if it is a mistake. You are mistaken, too, Miss Despard, if you think a gentleman's daughter may not sing — to the great generous public as well as to poor little coteries that never say thank you. You mistake, too; but never mind. I meant to have offered, if you would let me, to help you ——"

"Thank you, very much!" said Lottie with great state, "it is not necessary. When I want lessons, I can — ask for them, M. Rossinetti." She had been about to say *pay*, but Lottie was honest, and though she longed to inflict the insult, would not say what was not true. She did not even see young Purcell's pathetic looks as he gazed at her, with the air of a suppliant on his knees, over his master's shoulder; but she saw the half-shrug of the signor's shoulders as he stood aside to let her pass. And perhaps had she but known it there was something comic, too, in the dignity with which she swept past with a little wave of her hand. It was like Lady Caroline, though Lottie did not intend it to be so. The two musicians stood looking after as she walked majestically homewards, with so many commotions in her bosom. She had to pass through the little square in which the lay

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

clerks lived on her way, and as if to accomplish Lottie's humiliation, Rowley the tenor — who was her teacher — was standing at his door as she passed. Even the chevaliers of St. Michael's "drew a line" at the lay clerks; to associate with them was to descend altogether from any pretence at gentility; and though Lottie was his pupil, Rowley had never transgressed the due limits of respectfulness or pretended to any friendship with the young lady. But the wedding had affected the morals of St. Michael's generally, and made a revolution for the day; and as Lottie passed the tenor took advantage of the opportunity. "How are you, miss?" he said, with a sniff and a lurch which showed the source of his boldness; "won't you come in and have a chat? won't you come in and have some tea with my little girl, Miss Lottie?" Good heavens! what had Lottie done to be addressed in this way; and she knew that the two others would hear this demonstration of intimacy. She rushed passed, stumbling over her dress, wild with resentment and mortification. This was what it was to be poor, to be in a false position, not to be recognized as a lady! One mortification had followed another, so that she did not know how to bear it. Augusta's neglect, the signor's insulting suggestion, and Rowley's familiarity! Lottie did not know which was the most hard to bear.

"Is that you, Lottie? and where have you been?" said Law. "Let's have tea now; I've been waiting and waiting, wanting to go out, and wondering what had become of you." He had begun his bread-and butter on the spot.

"Where is papa, Law?"

"Papa? How should I know? You didn't expect him, did you? I say, I'm going out — do make haste. And look here! I wish you'd speak to him, Lottie. I wish you'd tell him he oughtn't to; I'd give twenty pounds (if I had it) not to have such an uncommon name!"

"It is a very good name — better than any one else's I know. The Despards never were anything but gentlemen."

"Oh! it's a great deal you know about it," said Law, with a groan. "Perhaps once upon a time we were somebody when everybody else was nobody. But when it turns the other way, when we are nobody and everybody else somebody, and when it's known wherever you go whose son you are ——"

"You don't need to continue nobody," she said; "you are a boy, you can do as you like. If we are down now, *you* need not stay down, Law. But then you must not hang about and lose your time any longer. If you will work, you can soon change that."

"Can I!" said the youth; "that shows how much you know. I have never been taught to do anything. If I had been put apprentice to a butcher or a baker when I was young — but you never did anything but bully me to work and go to school. What good is school? If you are to do anything, you ought to be taught when you are young. I have been mismanaged. I doubt if I will ever be good for much now."

"Oh — h!" cried Lottie, with a deep breath of aspiration from the depths of her chest, "if it was only me! I should find something to do. I should not be long like this, lounging about a little bit of a place, following bad examples, doing no work. O Law! if I could put some of me into you; if I could change places with you! Fancy what was said to me to-day. The signor came up to me when we came out of church, and asked me if I was going to sing — for a profession."

"By Jove!" cried Law; he woke up even from his bread and butter, and looked at her with sparkling eyes.

"I had almost said, 'You may be very glad my brother is not with me to hear you ask such a question.' But on the whole I am glad you were not. I said all that was necessary," said Lottie with dignity. "He will never repeat such an insult again."

"By Jove!" Law repeated, taking no heed of what she said, but looking at her with visibly increased respect. "Do you mean to say that he thought you good enough for that?"

"Good enough!" she said, with severe contempt, and a melancholy groan. "I always knew I could sing, even poor mamma knew. But I did not condescend to say much to them. I said, 'I am a gentleman's daughter,' and walked away."

"Well, girls are very funny," said Law. "How you bully me about working! morning, noon, and night, you are never done nagging; but the moment it comes to your own turn ——"

"To my own turn!" Lottie looked at him aghast.

"To be sure. Oh, that's all very fine about being a gentleman's daughter. We know pretty well what that means, and so does everybody. I wonder, Lottie, you that have some sense, how could you be so silly? He must have laughed."

"Oh, hold your tongue, Law! I suppose they thought we were no better

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

than the most of the people here. When you are poor you are always insulted. I should not care for money, not for itself, not for the gold and silver," said Lottie; "nor even so very much for the nice things that one could buy; but, oh, to be above people's remarks, to be known for what you are, not looked down upon, not insulted ——"

"It depends upon what you call being insulted," said Law; "if any man had said that to me, I should have thought him next to an angel. What is insulting about it? If you like money (and who doesn't like money?) why there's the easiest way in the world of getting it. Sing! I'd sing my head off," said Law, "if that was all that was wanted. And you sing *for pleasure;* you *like* singing! I can't tell what you are thinking of. If I had known you were so good as that — but one never thinks much of one's own sister, somehow," the youth added, with easy frankness. But he was so much excited that he left his tea, and strode up and down the room (three paces and a half, that was all the size of it) repeating "by Jove!" to himself. "If you mean not to do it, you had better not let *him* know you could do it," he announced, after an interval. Never in his life before had the easy-going young man been so moved. "It's untold the money they make," he said.

As for Lottie, her whole being was in a ferment. She looked at her brother with a gasp of pain. The bread and butter had no charms for her on that night of emotion. She took up her basket, which was full of things to mend, and sat down in the window, speechless with vague passion, pain, discontentment. Lottie was not a wise or enlightened young woman. She had not even taken the stamp of her age as many people do who are not enlightened. She had never learned that it was desirable that women should have professions like men. Her thoughts ran entirely in the old-fashioned groove, and it seemed to her that for "a gentleman's daughter" to work for her living, to be known publicly to work for her living, was a social degradation beyond words to express. It implied — what did it not imply? That the family were reduced to the lowest level of poverty; but that was a small part of it — that the men were useless, worthless, without pride or honor; that they had no friends, no means of saving themselves from this betrayal of all the secrets of pride. These were the foolish feelings in her mind. Gentlemen's daughters were governesses sometimes she had heard, and Lottie pitied the poor girls (orphans — they were always orphans, and thus set aside from the general rule), with an ache of compassion in her heart; but it was her private impression that this was a stigma never to be wiped off, a stain, not upon the girl, but upon her family who could permit such a sacrifice. Lottie's view of sacrifice was one which is rarely expressed, but not the less exists, among women and all other persons from whom sacrifices are demanded. Could Alcestis have the same respect after for the man who could let her die for him? Could she go on living by his side and think just the same of him as if he had borne his own burden instead of shuffling it off upon her shoulders? The ancients did not trouble themselves with such questions, but it is a peculiarity of the modern mind that it does. And Lottie, though her point of view was very old-fashioned, still looked at it in this modern way. When Law, whom it was impossible to stir up to any interest in his own work, became so excited over the thought of a possible profession for her, she looked at him with something of the feeling with which Isabella contemplated the caitiff brother in his prison who would have bought his life by her shame. What! would he be "made a man" in such a way? would be buy idleness and ease for himself by exposing her to a life unworthy of "a gentleman's daughter"? She knew he was lazy, careless, and loved his own gratification; but it hurt her to her very heart to think so poorly of Law, who was the only being in the world whom she had ever been able to love heartily as belonging to her.

Let it not be thought, however, that any unwillingness to work for Law, to make any sacrifice for him, was at the bottom of this disappointment in him. She was ready to have worked her fingers to the bone, indoors, in the privacy of the family, for her father and brother. She did not care what menial offices she did for them. Their "position" demanded the presence of a servant of some kind in the house, but Lottie was not afraid of work. She could sweep and dust; she could cook; she could mend with the most notable of housewives, and sang at her work, and liked her people all the better because of what she had to do for them in the course of nature. That was altogether different, there was no shame to a lady in doing this, no exposure of the family. And Lottie was not of the kind of woman who requires personal service from men. She was quite willing to serve them, to wait

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

upon them if necessary, to take that as her share of the work of life; but to work publicly for her living, what was that but to proclaim to all the world that they were incapable, that they were indifferent to their duties, that there was no faith to be put in them? If Law had leaped up in wrath, if he had said, "No, it is my place to work; I will work; no one shall say that my sister had to earn her living," how happy, how proud Lottie would have been! That was the ideal for a man. It was what she would do herself if she was in his place; and, oh, if she could but put herself in his place, and do what Law would not do! oh, if she could but put herself, a bit of herself, into him, to quicken the sluggish blood in his veins! When Law, having exhausted all that was to be said on the subject, went out (and where did he go when he went out?) Lottie sat at the window and darned and darned till the light failed her. She ploughed furrows with her needle in the forefinger of her left hand; but that did not hurt her. Oh, if she could but move them, inspire them, force them to do their duty, or at the worst do it for them, so that the world might suppose it was they who were doing it! That was the aspiration in her heart; and how hopeless it was! "Oh, if I could put some of me into him!" Lottie thought, as many a helpless soul has thought before her. But to move out from the shadow of the house, and betray its nakedness, and take the burden visibly on herself, that was what Lottie felt she would rather die than do.

Meanwhile, in the soft evening, various people were promenading up and down between the Abbey Church and the lodges of the chevaliers. Some of the old chevaliers themselves were out with their wives hanging on their arms. Either there would be two old gentlemen together, with the wife of one by his side, or two ladies with a white-haired old gallant walking along beside them, talking of various things, perhaps of politics when there were two men, and of any signs of war that might be on the horizon, and if two were women, of the wedding, and how Lady Caroline took the marriage of her only daughter. The signor was practising in the Abbey, and the great tones of the organ came rolling forth in a splendor of softened sound over the slope with its slowly strolling groups. Some of the townspeople were there too, not mixing with the others, for the signor's practising nights were known. The moon began to climb after a while behind the chevaliers' lodges, and throw a soft whiteness of broad light upon all the pinnacles of the Abbey; and Lottie dropped her work on her knee, unable to see any longer. When the moon rose, she was thrown into shade, and could watch the people with the light in their faces at her ease. And by-and-by her attention was caught by two single figures which passed several times, coming from different directions, and quite distinct from each other. They both looked up at her window each time they passed, calling forth her curiosity, her scorn, her laughter, finally her interest. Watching them she forgot the immediate presence of her own annoyances. One was the young musician, Purcell, at whom Lottie had secretly laughed for a long time past, at his longing looks and the way in which the vicissitudes of her countenance would reflect themselves in his face. But the other she could not for a long time make out. It was not till, seeing no one, he stood still for a full half-minute in the light of the moon, and looked up at her, that she recognized him — and then Lottie's heart gave a jump. It was young Rollo Russell, Lady Caroline's nephew, the best man at the wedding; and what could he want here?

From The Spectator.

CHARLES DICKENS'S VERSE.

In the January number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* there is a paper of some interest by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, in which the principal specimens of Charles Dickens's verse are collected together. Dickens does not seem to have written as much verse as Thackeray, nor is there among his efforts of this kind any piece which even approaches in merit some half-dozen or more of Thackeray's little poems, — and we say this without taking into account at all the humorous poems in which verse is only used by Thackeray as a means of enhancing the grotesque effects of his story. No doubt the reason is to be found in the habitual motive of the two great novelists. Dickens was one of the greatest humorists who ever lived, if you mean by a humorist one who could accumulate round the thread of a particular grotesque idea an unrivalled wealth of apt and ever-brightening illustration, partly drawn from his enormous rapidity and accuracy of observation, but still more from the whimsical fancy which made observation in him completely subservient

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

to his keen sense of the ridiculous. In the deepest sense of the word "humor," — the humor which springs from the subtler paradoxes of *feeling*,— Dickens was not really a creator of anything like the first order. His finest touches are subtle indeed, but they are subtle rather in the mode in which he gives expression to what is intrinsically ridiculous, than in the shades of emotion with which he deals. When, for instance, he makes Mrs. Gamp propose to cut bread and butter for others, and then makes her wander off into reasons for cutting off the crust which show that what she is thinking of is her own "tender teeth," and not any one else's, the exquisite ludicrousness of her speech is due not to any subtle dealing with human emotions, but to the accumulation of external detail with which he embellishes the disclosure of her self-regarding appetites. In his own way, Dickens surpassed any humorist whom England, or perhaps the world, has produced. But then that way was a peculiar way, and depended much more on illimitable resources for harping on the same string without ever saying the same thing a second time, and this without ever swerving from his original idea, than on any fineness of insight into the dissolving colors of human emotion. Now this vast wealth of fancy for the skilful and various illustration of selfishness, or hypocrisy, or childish perplexity, or professional enthusiasm, — in which last Dickens was a greater master than in anything else, — is hardly a qualification for any kind of even comic poetry, and accordingly excepting, perhaps, Mr. Weller's song concerning the bishop's murder and robbery by Dick Turpin on Hounslow Heath, there is no comic poetry of his worth notice. What remains of Dickens's poetry is, almost without exception, picturesque or pathetic in its motive; and whether in the picturesque or in the pathetic vein, Dickens was apt to be so self-conscious that he almost always fell into melodramatic pictures or melodramatic sentiment; and it is this which spoils his poetry, whether his poetic prose or his verse itself. Perhaps the most deservedly popular of all his few poems is the one called "The Ivy Green" in "Pickwick," which is really graceful, but has a conventional sort of plaintiveness that does not ring like true feeling: —

Oh! a dainty plant is the ivy green,
  That creepeth o'er ruins old;
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
  In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
  To pleasure his dainty whim:
And the mouldering dust that years have made
  Is a merry meal for him.
    Creeping where no life is seen,
    A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
  And a staunch old heart has he.
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings,
  To his friend the huge oak-tree!
And slily he traileth along the ground,
  And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
  The rich mould of dead men's graves.
    Creeping where grim death hath been,
    A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
  And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old ivy shall never fade
  From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant, in its lonely days,
  Shall fatten upon the past:
For the stateliest building man can raise
  Is the ivy's food at last.
    Creeping on, where time has been,
    A rare old plant is the ivy green.

The half-murderous and ogreish temper attributed to the ivy in that song is, however, a pure bit of commonplace. As the ivy is seen in its richest life where there is most decay, it would occur to any one to depict it as feeding on time and death, and this idea is worked out in every verse. But if that were really the most natural idea suggested, we should regard ivy with more disgust than pleasure, — much as we regard the rank and noxious weeds which really suggest neglect as well as age; and we need not say that that is not really the sentiment with which a plant is regarded that we all cultivate so carefully, and are so glad to see covering bare walls and enveloping the most beautiful and stately of buildings. In fact, Dickens fastened on a commonplace idea which was not really appropriate to his subject, and then worked it out with his usual skill and smartness. But if this bit of verse is hardly true in its sentiment, still less so, we think, are the passages of so-called poetical prose for which his tales are famous. Mr. Fitzgerald says: —

Mr. Horne, the author of "Orion," was the first, we believe, to point out that many tender passages of Dickens's prose writings were virtually blank verse, a theory well supported by these specimens from "The Old Curiosity Shop:" —

And now the bell — the bell
She had so often heard by night and day,
  And listened to with solemn pleasure,
    E'en as a living voice —
  Rung its remorseless toll for her,

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

So young, so beautiful, and good.
Decrepit age and vigorous life,
And blooming youth and helpless infancy
Poured forth — on crutches, in the pride of strength
And health, in the full blush
Of promise, the mere dawn of life —
To gather round her tomb. Old men were there
Whose eyes were dim
And senses failing,
Grandames who might have died ten years ago
And still been old — the deaf, the blind, the lame:
The living dead in many shapes and forms,
To see the closing of this early grave
What was the death it would shut in,
To that which still could crawl and creep above it!
Along the crowded path they bore her now;
Pure as the new-fall'n snow
That covered it; whose day on earth
Had been as fleeting.
Under that porch, where she had sat when Heaven
In mercy brought her to that peaceful spot,
She passed again, and the old church
Received her in its quiet shade.

Throughout the whole of the above, only two unimportant words have been omitted, *in* and *its*, and "grandames" has been substituted for "grandmothers." All that remains is exactly as in the original, not a single word transposed, and the punctuation the same to a comma. Again, take the brief homily that concludes the funeral: —

Oh! it is hard to take to heart
The lesson that such deaths will teach,
But let no man reject it,
For it is one that all must learn,
And is a mighty, universal truth.
When Death strikes down the innocent and young,
For every fragile form from which he lets
The parting spirit free,
A hundred virtues rise,
In shapes of mercy, charity, and love,
To walk the world and bless it.

So also in "Nicholas Nickleby:" —

The grass was green above the dead boy's grave,
Trodden by feet so small and light,
That not a daisy drooped its head
Beneath their pressure.
Through all the spring and summer time
Garlands of fresh flowers, wreathed by infant hands,
Rested upon the stone.

But these passages suggest to our minds much more the self-consciousness of feeling exulting in its own beauty, than the unstudied pathos of natural emotion. We confess we are unable to enjoy the rhythm which seems to mark that artificial state of mind. Compare these passages with one of Thackeray's most truly pathetic passages, and we see at once how much truer a lyrical "cry" there is in it than in Dickens's solemn and sonorous — we might almost say funeral-sermonlike — grief. We will take the passage where Esmond meets Lady Castlewood after the evening service in Winchester Cathedral: —

"And now we are drawing near to home," she continued; "I knew you would come, Henry, if it was but to forgive me for having spoken unjustly to you after that horrid — horrid misfortune. I was half frantic with grief when I saw you. And I know now, — they have told me. That wretch — whose name I can never mention even — has said it; how you tried to avert the quarrel, and would have taken it on yourself, my poor child! but it was God's will that I should be punished, and that my dear lord should fall." — "He gave me his blessing on his death-bed," Esmond said; "thank God for that legacy." — "Amen, amen, dear Henry!" says the lady, pressing his arm; "I knew it. Mr. Atterbury of St. Bride's, who was called to him, told me so. And I thanked God, too, and in my prayers ever since remembered it." — "You had spared me many a bitter night had you told me sooner," Mr. Esmond said. — "I know it, I know it," she answered, in a tone of such sweet humility as made Esmond regret that he should ever have dared to reproach her. "I know how wicked my heart has been; and I have suffered, too, my dear. I confessed to Mr. Atterbury —— I must not tell you any more. He — I said I would not write to you, or go to you; and it was better even that, having parted, we should part. But I knew you would come back — I own that; that is no one's fault. And to-day, Henry, in the anthem, when they sang it, — 'When the Lord turned the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream,' I thought, yes, like them that dream, — them that dream. And then it went, 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy;' and 'He that goeth forth and weepeth shall doubtless come home again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him;' I looked up from the book, and saw you. I was not surprised when I saw you. I knew you would come, my dear, and saw the gold sunshine round your head." She smiled an almost wild smile as she looked up at him. The moon was up by this time, glittering keen in the frosty sky. He could see for the first time now clearly her sweet, careworn face.

Here is the very highest kind of pathos, — the true lyrical cry, — though without the sonorous rhythm which gives so artificial an effect to Dickens's pathos. The truth is, that Dickens's poetry, like his humor, is due to fancy working on the suggestion of external circumstances. He feels the melancholy of a sweet child's death or a neglected boy's early fate, and immediately his fancy sets to work to accumulate round such a theme all the thoughts which conventional associations suggest. But he had little real dramatic insight, no command of those strange rushes of human feeling which defy the presentiment of the world, and therefore the secret of true poetic pathos, which depends on holding the key to these strange ebbs and flows of human feeling, was denied him. Even the passage in which Dickens comes nearest to such lyrical feeling, — the description of little Paul Dombey's death, — is disfigured by the *exalté* tone peculiar to this formal and, as it were, bespoken grief, —

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

the grief which is expressed on the stage by what are called "tears in the voice."

But in so wonderful and original a humorist as Dickens, one certainly would have expected something of the playful vein in which not only Thackeray, but Hood even more especially, is so great. Yet in point of fact, Dickens has no playful mood, either in prose or verse. He is delightfully, charmingly, inimitably ridiculous; and he is often excessively jovial; but he is never playful. The nearest thing to playfulness, perhaps, is contained in the squib on Southey for his political fickleness, which Mr. Percy Fitzgerald thus records: —

Mrs. S. C. Hall, as is well known, possesses a very remarkable album, filled with contributions, extempore and otherwise, of the most famous persons of the time. On one page Southey had written, in allusion to the autographs of Joseph Bonaparte and Daniel O'Connell, which were inscribed on the next leaf: —

Birds of a feather flock together,
But *vide* the opposite page;
And thence you may gather I'm not of a feather
With some of the birds in this cage.

Later, when Dickens furnished his little contribution, he wrote, in allusion to Southey's change of opinion: —

Now if I don't make
The completest mistake
That ever put man in a rage,
This bird of two weathers
Has moulted his feathers,
And left them in some other cage.

But that is not playfulness; it is sarcasm. In a playful humor you cannot be sarcastic, and you cannot be mirthful. You may be either glad or sad, but you cannot be savage, or exultant, or miserable. It is a mood in which you are inclined to make innocent experiments to bring out the paradoxes of your own, or some one else's, nature, a mood of half-lights, in which you hardly know whether you are most amused by the play of feeling, or most inclined to indulge your sympathy with it. Dickens has no such mood of half-lights. He either piles up the ludicrous till you scream with laughter, or the agonies till you resent them as unnatural, or else he is as jovial as men who have well drunk. Such a mood as Thackeray gives us in making his gold pen describe the things it had written for him for three years back, is unknown to Dickens: —

I've helped him to pen many a line for bread;
To joke, with sorrow aching in his head,
And make your laughter when his own heart bled.

I've spoken with men of all degree and sort —
Peers of the land and ladies of the court;
Oh! but I have chronicled a deal of sport!

Feasts that were ate a thousand days ago,
Biddings to wine that long hath ceased to flow,
Gay meetings with good fellows long laid low;

Summons to bridal, banquet, burial, ball,
Tradesman's polite reminder, of his small
Account due Christmas last, — I've answered all.

Poor Diddler's tenth petition for a half-
Guinea; Miss Bunyan's for an autograph;
So I refuse, accept, lament, or laugh,

Condole, congratulate, invite, praise, scoff,
Day after day still dipping in my trough,
And scribbling pages after pages off.

On the whole, we think Dickens's verse best, when he intends to be neither pathetic nor amusing, but to point a moral with some sharpness. He might have written verse of the didactic-epigrammatic kind, we suspect, with much success. The prologue to Mr. Westland Marston's "Patrician's Daughter" is dignified and vigorous, and the following "parable in verse" is keen, if not quite fair in its drift: —

They have a superstition in the East
That "Allah," written on a piece of paper,
Is better unction than can come of priest,
Of rolling incense, and of lighted taper;
Holding that any scrap which bears the name
In any characters its front impressed on,
Shall help the finder through the purging flame,
And give his toasted feet a place to rest on.

Accordingly they make a mighty fuss
With every wretched tract and fierce oration,
And hoard the leaves — for they are not like us,
A highly civilized and thinking nation;
And always stooping in the miry ways
To look for matter of this earthly leaven,
They seldom, in their dust-exploring days,
Have any leisure to look up to heaven.

So have I known a country on the earth
Where darkness sat upon the living waters,
And brutal ignorance, and toil, and dearth
Were the hard portion of its sons and daughters;
And yet, where they who should have oped the door
Of charity and light, for all men's finding,
Squabbled for words upon the altar-floor,
And rent the book, in struggles for the binding.

The gentlest man among those pious Turks
God's living image ruthlessly defaces;
Their best High-Churchman, with no faith in works,
Bowstrings the virtues in the marketplaces.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The Christian pariah, whom both sects curse
(They curse all other men and curse each other),
Walks thro' the world, not very much the worse,
Does all the good he can, and loves his brother.

That is, we think, the nearest thing to success Dickens ever achieved with verse. He had not the finely modulated mind needful for a lyric poet; nor the knowledge of the heart needful for a dramatic poet, and in satire he was apt to be vulgar, — as for instance, in the dreadfully vulgar invective against the British Lion which Mr. Fitzgerald quotes. But he had a strong didactic impulse, and keen wit to give it edge and incisiveness.

From Good Words.

DORIS BARUGH.

A YORKSHIRE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

CHAPTER LIII.

BESIDE THE GATE.

THE wind had risen to a gale during the night. Chimney-pots, slates, and branches of trees, scattered in every direction, showed the violence of the storm, and as Mr. Burneston went up the road past the vicarage there was still wind enough to make him pull his hat over his eyes and button his coat more closely.

Last night his own thoughts and the storm had helped to keep him awake, and now, long before his usual time for rising, he had come out to clear his brain.

But the bright morning did not cheer him; he was very sad and troubled; his wife's conduct grieved him bitterly. It was a revelation of her character he was not prepared for. He considered the plea of little Phil's illness a mere subterfuge to screen her temper.

"I must be master in this case," he said, as he reached the vicarage; but he heard no inward echo to this assurance; no effort of will rose up to say, "You shall be master, by my aid."

He stopped before the vicarage gate. "I wonder if Spencer is up," he said. He had no fixed intention of consulting the vicar, but he needed help so sorely that if he could have seen his old friend he would certainly have asked his advice.

Mrs. Riccall, the housekeeper, stood at the open door, and seeing the squire, she curtsied and came forward to answer his question.

She did not think the vicar would be down for a good hour, and Mr. Burneston took his way across the glebe fields.

The geese were there, eating grass and squabbling as if they had been doing so ever since his last visit. The grunting of the pigs, the crowing of cocks and clucking of hens, showed that life was stirring at Church Farm; and all at once he heard the swing of the white gate and Shadrach's call, and he knew that the cows were passing out to the lower meadows.

He was not in a mood to speak to Shadrach or his wife, and he stopped at the gate leading to the rick-yard — the gate made so memorable in his life, and which still had power to stir his heart deeply.

Could it be only nine years since Doris had appeared to him a sudden vision of perfect beauty, as she swung there singing her "fond rhyme"? How long ago it seemed!

More than once during the first year of their marriage he had tried to take her back with him to that sweet memory, and she had shrunk from it — shrunk with such evident dislike that he felt it would be selfish even to let her see the store he set on it.

"Ah!" he said, "who knows! if I had been more masterful I might have gained her respect; I fear she has none for me now, or she would not be so careless of giving one pain."

Unknowingly he was judging his wife hardly in gifting her with a quality she lacked. For her want of sympathy hid from Doris now, as it had in the early days with regard to George and her father, the pain she had given her husband. Her own affection for him was far too tepid to enable her to guess that although he might blame her, his love was too deep to change. She thought he would shrink from her as she now did from him; it would have been impossible to her even to guess his sorrow when he learned that she could sleep without an exchange of forgiveness. The ache was in his heart still.

He stood leaning against the gate, very sad and desponding.

It seemed to him that he must yield; he must send Ralph away again among strangers, or Doris would fulfil her threat and take Phil out of his brother's reach.

"Such wilfulness, too," the poor, weary man said fretfully. "The child need never be with Ralph. Poor Ralph, she is very hard on him."

There was another alternative; he could

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

speak strongly to Doris, and point out to her how much more dignified it would be to stay at Burneston and compel Ralph's good behavior in future; for Mr. Burneston believed that the young fellow would keep more restraint over himself if he were gently treated. But the squire shrank from this. He could not resolve to go through another scene with Doris; he had suffered too deeply yesterday.

"What a mockery life is!" he thought. "There is no one man or woman who can escape sorrow and disappointment. Gilbert was right when he told me to keep my freedom; he seems happy enough. Just now I would gladly change places with him."

And then, with the impatience of his hopeful temperament, he told himself that it was only a question of time. It was a quarrel between Doris and Ralph, which they would both grow to forget, and that as wisdom and discretion came to Ralph — Mr. Burneston took it as a matter of course that they would come — the lad would learn to value and to love his step-mother. As long as his thoughts centred on Ralph, hope was easy, but it was different when he came back to the real heart-wound — Doris. They had had disagreements, but this was their first quarrel, and how cold and hard and unforgiving she had proved herself! and then he came back to the point from which he had started — "How utterly careless she is of giving me pain!"

Will Slater had also risen early this morning, to ascertain the damage done by the storm, and he walked about his domain growling ominously. Slates had been whirled from out-houses on to cucumber and melon frames; carnations and dahlias lay prostrate on the flower-beds, a new plantation of standard roses was ruined, and a limb of the cherished cedar lay on the grass beneath its parent tree.

"Caps mah, 'at it diz, what fer t' wind comes i' sike a gait. Wind noo an' then theer's nae hairm in, it purifies things, but sike a tearin', rampagin' bullock o' a wind ah nivver heeard on, nor wishes t' hear again. Ther ain't onny Pruvidence in it, sae theer noo!"

He paused and listened as the wind sighed in a wailing gust round the house, as if it refused to submit willingly to the calm that was pressing on its mischievous wings.

"It soughs still," Slater said.

He went slowly on to the other side of the cedar-tree to see the damage done, for it was from this side, farthest from the garden, that the branch had fallen.

"Woonkers!" He stopped in dismay, the ground here was strewn with fragments of boughs from the beech-tree, one branch heaped on another in such confusion that the amount of mischief could not be seen at once. "Woonkers!" he said again; and then he turned to go home, for he had come out without breakfast.

The Hall door opened, and there stood Mr. Hazelgrave in the act of letting out Mrs. Burneston's little King Charles spaniel. The pretty little creature came frisking up to Slater, shaking his long ears, and gambolling with that indescribable outcry of welcome bestowed by small dogs on their favorites.

But Slater did not return the favor.

"Getten oot, ye snablin' cur," he pretended to kick the frolicsome little creature; "ah finns yur splay fut ovver a' mah flower-beds. Gan in wi' ye, d' ye hear; that's wheer ye sud bide, ye larl limb o' Satan."

But the dog went sniffing along the terrace.

"Gan in wi' ye, d' ye hear?" Slater turned wrathfully on the intruder, whose large, heavy paws made him, at times, an object of dislike to the gardener.

The dog crouched at the angry tone, but he would not follow Slater. He went on sniffing till he reached the fallen branches, and then he began to whine and scratch violently.

"An empty bird's nest or sum sike trumpery." The gardener was hungry; and just at that minute he wished he had a switch in his hand.

"Coom oot on 't, ye tastril. Ye ——" He ran after the dog, for the creature had plunged madly down among the fallen branches, and only his black tail, wagging violently, and his furious barking showed where he was.

"Drat t' imp! he'll break a leg or summat. Ah mun see 'im safe indoors; t' bairn Phil's fair set on 'm, and onnything at t' bairn fancies t' mistress thinks a heap on. Sae coom oot o' that, ye — what maks yu so mad? Ye're as hot-footed nobbut ye'd fun your breakfast. Coom oot! Dash mah, ah'll fetch yur scruff oot o' 't."

He scrambled on to the heap of fallen branches, and thrust his hand down to drag the dog out; but the creature resisted violently. Its barking had changed to a moaning whine which puzzled Slater. The dog's struggles, small as he was, had brushed off the twigs and leaves, and made

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

an opening through which he had forced his way to the lower branches, and he was now beyond the reach of the gardener's arm; but Slater was determined to capture him, and he struggled down among the branches, widening the opening as he went with one of his broad shoulders.

All at once he stopped, and for an instant lay motionless on the heap of branches — then slowly he raised himself on his feet.

His face was still red with the rough struggle among the branches, but his eyes stared wildly, and large drops stood on his forehead; and while he stood the red on his cheeks faded to a ghastly paleness, and his lower jaw fell.

"My God!" he said.

Then he stumbled on to the house as if his sight failed him; a sort of instinct rather than any reasoning process — he was too frightened to think — made him go round to the front entrance instead of that which opened on to the lawn.

Till now he had kept a dead silence. He had not even attempted to call the dog away; but just beyond the door, at the open gates leading to the stable-yard, stood Lot Groves, Mr. Sunley's deputy, who had come upon a message from the sexton to the squire.

Then the full horror of what he had seen, half hidden among the beech-trees, thrilled through the dazed man's frame, and he shouted out with all his strength.

"Theer's murder yonder — murder! Ah says. Theer's t' yung squire liggin' dead an' cauld atween t' beech boughs."

"Murder!" Lot flung both arms up at the word, and then ran wildly out at the front gate. "Murder!" he shouted as he went; and then the steep ascent of the village street quieted him.

But when he came in sight of Sunley's cottage, and saw the sexton at his door, nodding across to Shadrach Swaddles at Church Farm gate, Lot's panic terror found voice again.

"Murder!" he cried. "Murder doon at t' Hall! T' yung squire's liggin deead under t' windys among t' beech boughs. He's bin murdered i' t' night."

The squire had stood some time at the gate fighting his own thoughts, and at the strange confused murmur of voices, he roused as if from sleep; there were several speakers, so it seemed to him, and all at once came a woman's shrill scream of horror.

He roused and turned quickly; and while he tried to gather in the meaning of these sounds he saw Joseph Sunley hobbling up to him, with a flushed face and excited gestures.

Behind him came Shadrach Swaddles trying to hold the old man back; and just in sight were several figures running. Sukey's face was white and scared, her blue eyes opened widely, and her fair hair floating in the wind.

"What's the matter with you all?"

That was all he had time to say.

Joseph Sunley had got up to him; and as he opened his toothless mouth his tongue quivered with the awful message he had come to speak.

Shadrach's face, too, was full of awe; and he caught at Joseph's arm with his rough fingers.

"Hev a care, Maister Sunley. Donnut be tellin' it sudden."

The squire stood spelled. He grew pale and leant against the gate. He could not ask a question.

"Theer's murder been done at t' Hall!"

Joseph's voice cracked as he screamed in the squire's ear. "T' yung squire's lying dead atween t' trees!"

Mr. Burneston's face grew grey, his lips moved, and so did his right arm slightly; his stick fell from his hand; then his whole figure swayed and rested heavily on the gate.

"It's t' Lord's will," Joseph began; but Shadrach's eyes were keener; he pushed the old man aside rudely, just in time to catch Mr. Burneston in his strong arms as he fell forward rigid, but with open eyes.

"Sukey," he called over his shoulder, "run doon tu t' parsonage an' fetch help tu carry t' squire tu t' Hall at yance. Tell t' parson he has fainted off dead."

The man's voice was hoarse with suppressed feeling; but Joseph Sunley felt aggrieved at this sudden loss of an audience.

"Bon it!" he said querulously, "ah thowt t' squire was mair manful. Mebbe it's t' suddenness on it, an' a wee blood-letting wad bring him reeght eneeaf. Ah've gitten a blood-letter somewheres."

"Whisht, ye awd hoit." Shadrach spoke sternly. "Ye'll nut dare tu touch t' maister whiles ah hands 'im. Gang yer ways; it's yu 'at hev worked t' mischief. Help mey, Sukey;" and he began to loosen the squire's collar and stock.

Timothy Tyzach hobbled forward, and looked curiously in the silent face.

"Mah gran'fayther war the same," he said calmly, with that strange want of emotion one sees in the very old, "and he nivvers spoke again."

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Lot Groves stood stupid and silent, staring first at Sunley (who had looked foolish since Shadrach's rebuke) and then at Mr. Burneston.

And all this while the squire lay grey and silent in the man's arms, so heavily inert, that strong, broad-shouldered Shadrach had to lean heavily on the gate to keep his footing.

CHAPTER LIV.

BESIDE THE DEAD.

DORIS had not slept better that night than any of the other inmates of the Hall. The child, too, had been restless. But towards morning Doris had fallen into a deep sleep, with little Phil sleeping sweetly beside her.

She roused at last, and it seemed to her that the knocking she now heard had been going on for some time while she slept; then she remembered that she had fastened the doors of her room when the maid left her. She got up hastily and went to the door. The nurse was waiting there with a pale, troubled face, but her mistress was too much preoccupied to notice it.

"If you please, ma'am, I am come for Master Philip, and — and Mr. Raine wishes to see you as soon as you are ready."

Little Phil waked and sate up. "Mamma, me wants Ralphie," he said. "Will Ralphie kiss me now, mamma?"

Doris kissed him and hurried him away. She was vexed that his first thought should be of his brother. She felt puzzled, but she did not choose to ask a question. "I will ring as soon as I am ready," she said. Had it really come to this? Had her husband asked his cousin to mediate between them?

Her lip curled, and she went on dressing without ringing for her maid.

But Mr. Raine was in an impatient mood. Just as she was dressed came another summons.

"Mr. Raine told me to say he is waiting in your sitting-room, ma'am."

Doris felt haughty and ill at ease. Yesterday, for the first time in her life, she had sought a special interview with her husband, but it had jarred her to seek it — she so much disliked anything out of the ordinary tenor of life, anything which roused emotion. The dispute that had followed rankled. She was angry with her own want of self-control, and now this thought that her husband had consulted Mr. Raine made her very angry; it would have been so much wiser if he had kept their dispute to himself.

She found Mr. Raine standing in the middle of her sitting-room. If she had not been so self-centred she must have seen how agitated he was. He remained standing, even when she seated herself.

"You sent for me," she said coldly.

"Something very sad, very terrible, has happened," he said abruptly. The strange tone in his voice made Doris look at him fully, and then the change in his face struck her at once. He looked ten years older, and his hair was rough and disordered.

"What is it?" she said. She looked round with a sort of gasp; she had no room for any thought but her child, and Gilbert Raine guessed at her fear.

"It is Ralph — an accident," he said. "Poor dear fellow — he — he — we suppose that he fell from his bedroom window in getting out during the storm last night. He is dead."

Her thoughts went more swiftly than his words did.

"Dead!" she repeated. Then a slight shiver passed over her and she sate silent.

Raine had already told the news to Rica, and she had burst into tears.

"How cold this woman is!" he thought; then he said, "Do you know where your husband is, Mrs. Burneston? — he has not been told."

"Are you sure he is not in his dressing-room?"

Raine shook his head. "He is away somewhere." Then he broke out suddenly, "Oh, Mrs. Burneston! think what a blow this will be to him! he was so proud of Ralph."

Doris felt as if she was turning to stone, but she tried to rouse herself.

"Where is he?" she said mechanically, and then with a change of manner, as a sudden fear shot painfully through her brain, "Where is little Phil? Surely — surely they will not let the child —— "

Raine was shocked by her seeming want of feeling.

"The child is probably in his nursery. So far, Mrs. Burneston," he said formally, "I have done what seemed right to do, but now I must go in search of my cousin. Will you come down with me and see if all is done that he would wish done for the poor boy?"

He turned away hurriedly; his voice was choked, and yet Doris sate still apparently unmoved by this terrible blow.

"Thank you; I will come presently,"

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

she said. "Please do not lose a minute in going to seek for Mr. Burneston. You did not say where you had put ——"

He interrupted her — "In the library; do go down as soon as you can." Then, carried away by his feelings, he looked at her earnestly. "Indeed, Mrs. Burneston, I speak for your own sake; if you don't go down your want of interest will be remarked on; I think you should show yourself as soon as possible."

Doris looked at him keenly.

"I am going down," she said; "but I beg you to find my husband and break this sad news to him gently."

Something in her look startled Raine. It was reproachful, he fancied, but he had no thoughts to spend on Doris; his heart ached so sorely for the bereaved father.

Doris felt deeply misunderstood. The sudden news had terribly shocked her, but she had been too long accustomed to hide her feelings from observation to give way to them now in the presence of Gilbert Raine. Yet while she had felt more horror than she could have been expected to feel for anything connected with Ralph Burneston, she had been misjudged. She rose up as soon as Gilbert had departed. She was thankful she had not to break the tidings to her husband. He too would probably have misjudged her.

"My sorrow would not have satisfied him," she said; "his will be such demonstrative grief. Poor Ralph! I wish it had not happened just now." She stopped, and went on thinking — "We should never have agreed. He would have brought perpetual strife between Philip and me; after all, it is the suddenness one regrets. If it could have come in a less painful way — poor Ralph!"

She shrank from going down, and yet the wisdom of Raine's suggestion struck her forcibly; for she had an intuitive knowledge that the household guessed at her dislike to her stepson. But as she went slowly down the broad staircase a strange feeling of guilt gathered and seemed to take complete possession of her. A flush rose on her cheeks and seemed to burn there.

Benjamin Hazelgrave stood at the library door very sad and downcast.

He did not speak when his mistress approached, but he deferentially unlocked the door, and opened it for her to go in.

Doris had never seen death, she shuddered and trembled at the idea of seeing it alone; she wished she had asked Rica to bear her company, and she half turned back to seek her, but the butler was looking fixedly at her, then he shut the door and she was alone. She made an effort to quiet her agitation, and went slowly forward into the room.

The shutters had all been closed, but some light came in through the round tops of the windows, and from two tall candles on a table.

Doris felt in a dream. She saw dimly that one of the large writing-tables was covered with a sheet; the white covering told out powerfully in the gloom of the room. A strong shuddering seized on Doris, and she shrank from the awful presence dimly indicated beneath the shrouding linen, and for a moment she clung to one of the tall chairs for support. She was struggling against herself — not only against her fear, but against the horrible unnatural joy that had suddenly wakened in her at the sight of that rigid form on the table. Her boy was heir now. Who could claim his inheritance? "No one! no one!" she repeated. But she hated herself for the thought even while it came; and how earnestly in this moment of sore temptation she strove to be good, to be what she considered noble, forgiving, and magnanimous, wholly without one mean thought to alloy her greatness! — in vain, she could not conquer; the passion she had cherished and warmed so long in her bosom would have its triumph; she would have given much to be able to shed a tear for the fair lad struck down in the pride of his youth and beauty, and instead she found herself planning the future she had so long coveted for her child, even while she stood beside his dead brother.

All at once she started violently, and if she had not clung again to the chair she must have fallen on the floor in the ghastly terror that seized her; for something stirred the white covering, and she forced herself by a great effort to look steadily.

"Ah!" — and then she darted forward and snatched her child to her bosom.

Phil cried out passionately, and struggled in her arms.

"Don't take me away; me wants to stay with Ralphie, mamma," he cried. "Ralphie wake soon."

Before she could speak, before she could even realize what was passing, a figure, which till now she had not seen in the gloom, rose up from kneeling beside the body. It was Faith Emmett; her grey hair hung loosely about her face, and her eyes were red and swollen.

"Whisht!" she raised her hand solemnly. "Ah'm shamed on ye, Mistress

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Burneston, to come troublin' t' rest o' t' dead."

"Hush!" Doris spoke sternly; she had set Phil down, but she kept his hand tightly clasped in hers. "How could you bring the child to such a dreadful sight? It was frightfully wrong." Her voice shook with agitation.

"It's for yu to haud yer peace." Faith's anger rose, and her eyes gleamed malignantly. "Ah wonders yu can bear tu face yur wark. Yes, Mistress Burneston" — her voice rose with a wailing sound as if she were chanting a dirge — "yur wark — yu may not hev caused his death wi' yer ain hands, but fer all that yu hev caused it; yu took all t' pleasure an' all t' joy oot o' t' poor lad's life; yu bred strife atween him an' his father, where noane wad ha bin athowt yu; nivver a word o' love, nivver a thowt o' kindness did yu gi' him fra first to last, an' noo yu can show skime nae langer, yu take yer bairn fra him as if he war too gude fer t' likes o' his ain brother."

The words had stabbed deeply, but still Doris tried to maintain her self-possession.

"Silence!" she said; "you are in great grief, and you don't know what you say. Hush! you must not stay here unless you can control yourself; Mr. Burneston will be here soon."

"He may come," she said, "but ah've getten maist reeght to him" — she pointed to the table as she spoke — "fer ah've loved him all thro' bad an' gude alike; t'were all yan to me. Ah, God knows hoo ah loved him!" Then some memory came back, she raised her head, pushed her hair from her face, and pointed one finger at Doris.

"Yes, 'tis yer ain wark; ye've sent him tu meet his God wi' his sins on his head, but they'll lie at your door, not his; it was you that druv him to wild ways, yu that ruined his peace. May God reward yu fer it! An' noo yu thinks yer way's clear, an' yer bairn is heir to Burneston; an' yu dares to come an' threaten me beside him 'at ye've wranged so sorely."

Her words had come like a torrent, but now Doris roused herself to check them.

She spoke sternly. "At such a time, and here too, beside him, how dare you use such words? Silence!" she said commandingly, for Faith's yellow eyes blazed with fury, and she came close up to her mistress and shook her finger menacingly in her face.

Doris turned to go away; the woman seemed to her a maniac. She had never fathomed the violence of Faith's nature, till now so sternly repressed in her presence.

The old woman glared as if she would spring upon her. "Silence you!" she screamed out. "What hev ah to fear, ah that hev loved him allays? 'Tis yu that hev warked t' wrang that sud suffer."

Phil broke in with his sobbing, pitiful cry, —

"Ralphie, me wants Ralphie."

"Ay!" she went on, her eyes full of scornful triumph; "all his cry, poor bairn, has bin fer Ralphie — ye'll nivver loose his love for his dead brother — ye are nothing beside him." She had softened a little as she looked at the child, but now she spoke out again loudly and wildly, "Go, go! what fer are yer here skiming at mey? Ah wonnut hev ye stand here to freeat t' sperrit o' him — him that ye've bin t' rewin on" — she raised her hand solemnly. "No; ah'll speak oot mah heart. Ah calls on t' Lord to curse yu, yu an' yur bairn 'at ye hev sinned fer. May ye nivver know joy nur peace. May t' bairn turn your life into a long sorrow, an' when yu comes to die may yur sperrit nivver rest, but wander moanin' about lahke ye hev made ithers moan their lives lang."

She flung herself on her knees again beside the table. Doris might have been one of the chairs for any heed she took henceforth of her presence.

Mrs. Burneston was scarcely conscious of her own existence. She had snatched Phil and held him to her bosom as if to shield him from the frightful words, but her hands trembled so that she could hardly grasp the child. Phil clung to her, frightened. Faith's violent words and gestures had terrified him into silence.

Doris turned and seemed to grope her way blindly to the door. She felt as if Faith's words were weapons, and could strike Phil even in her arms.

"God help me!" she murmured, but the words came mechanically. There was in them neither faith, nor trust, nor love. How could there be? She had loved self only all her life. She, who had so little love for God's creatures, could not look lovingly to God for help; hers was only the cry of helpless humanity. God had made her — he was bound to help her in her need.

Her standard of right and wrong represented to Doris good and evil; as to any love of God or of prayer in the abstract, such ideas had not visited her busy brain, or when brought there temporarily by some chance remark made by George or

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Rica, had been dismissed as unreal and visionary.

And now she felt blind and helpless, and yet with an eager, clutching longing for help; a sense of wrong-doing oppressed her, and Faith's words sounded again and again in her ears. She only felt that she must get away from this old mad woman.

She reached the door at last; her limbs trembled so that she could hardly carry the child, and yet she feared to loose him from her arms.

At last she was safe in the hall: it was empty, and her heart leaped with intense relief as she sank exhausted into a chair.

Little Phil struggled down out of her arms, and went back to the door of the library.

"Come here." She roused herself to speak. "Come here directly, Phil."

The child shook his head, and grasped the door-handle.

"Me want to wake Ralphie," he said in his little decided voice.

Doris rose and tried to get him away, but he cried out loudly. She turned the key and left him standing there. She was too full of anguish to struggle with him; her confidence and self-possession were gone. It seemed to her horrible that the child should leave her for his dead brother.

She went on to the entrance door and looked out; the chill air refreshed her throbbing head. She was so wrecked of human love that she felt an unusual longing for her husband's return. There would at least be peace between them now, she thought, and then she shuddered as Faith's awful words came back. She turned towards the great gates. If her husband had gone to the village he would come in that way.

At the gate stood Benjamin Hazelgrave and his wife, and several of the servants, some pointing with their fingers and talking together.

What was happening? What were these people waiting for?

The gates stood open, and it seemed to Doris that it would distress her husband to have to pass through such an assemblage when he came in. She called to Benjamin, but her voice did not reach him. He was as eager as the rest, craning his neck to see what was passing outside.

Doris went down the steps. She was resolved to spare her husband this trial.

As she reached Benjamin there was a movement in the group of gazers, they parted right and left, and Gilbert Raine came hurriedly towards her through the passage opened for him. He took her hand, and led her back quickly to the house.

"What is the matter? Have you found Philip?" His silence puzzled her. She could not see that the poor fellow was striving to find the kindest way to speak.

"Yes," he said; then he went on in an excited voice, "Oh, Mrs. Burneston, you must prepare yourself for more trouble; I hardly know how to tell you what has happened. Poor Phil is quite struck down by this terrible accident. I fear he is paralyzed. They are bringing him in."

Doris started and pressed her hands tightly together, but her wits came back; she seemed steadied in a moment.

"Do not fear for me," she said firmly. "Have you sent for the doctor?"

"Yes — yes, I have sent."

Watching the sad procession as it came slowly through the gates, mechanically her eyes rested on the bearers — Ephraim Crewe, Shadrach Swaddles, and two of Crewe's farm servants; Joseph Sunley and old Tyzach; Mr. Spencer walking sadly last of all — but she could not nerve herself to look at her husband's face; she only saw that he lay there motionless, and she turned and led the way in silence to her own bedroom.

CHAPTER LV.

"SHE CAN TELL ME."

"HE must not be left an instant," the doctor sent for from York had said, after he had seen Mr. Burneston. And Doris answered, "I shall not leave him."

She had watched for three days and nights beside her husband. He had recovered consciousness in a few hours, but he was very feeble, and had not attempted to speak.

It seemed to Doris, as she sat looking straight before her at vacancy, that her brain too had received a shock.

She did not acknowledge the justice of Faith's accusation, but a consciousness of wrong-doing — an entirely new consciousness to Doris — oppressed her. It was not, she well knew, only from her devotion and love to her husband that she sat wasting, so it seemed to her, these hours in his room; his own man or Phil's nurse would perhaps have tended him just as well, but this would have left her free to think, and there was an actual relief in forcing herself to perform hard, unusual duties. She had rung to inquire for her child soon after her husband's conscious-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

ness returned, and the nurse had brought him to the bedroom door; but the instant the child saw his mother he began his cry for Ralphie. Doris sent him away, and sternly denied herself the luxury of gazing at her darling.

She rarely looked at her husband as he lay there; the likeness between his face and that other one lying in the gloom down-stairs made her shudder and shrink from him.

It seemed to Doris that Ralph's spirit was gazing at her out of his father's eyes.

"Doris" — she started and uncovered her face, his voice sounded cold and changed, she thought — "you had better lie down and rest — you will be ill;" then he stopped, but he left off looking at her. Then, after a few minutes, "Be so good as to send Faith Emmett; she is used to nursing.

The blood that had left her face till it was ghastly in its whiteness, came back and dyed her cheeks and throat, her strong indignation at this injustice almost choked her, and yet she dared not try to utter it; had not the doctor said the slightest agitation might prove fatal? And yet angry as she was that Faith should be preferred to her, she clung more in that moment to her husband than she had ever done before.

"I — I am not tired, Philip," she ventured to say in a low, pleading voice; "indeed I would rather stay. I want to nurse you."

He frowned again. He seemed to have some trouble in finding his words, for his lips moved and he looked sad when no voice followed the movement.

"You must go," he said at last. "Send Faith; she can tell me —— "

And then Doris saw — the veil was rent suddenly from her eyes, and she saw with the painful clearness which attends the first vision of those who have been blind. Oh! why had she never seen before that her duty was to live her husband's life as well as her own? And instead she had so cut herself off from all sympathy with his natural feelings towards Ralph that Faith's sympathy was more prized than hers.

"She can tell me!" Doris shrank into herself; the name of Ralph could never more be spoken between her and her husband. He knew not only that she had hated his son, but that she had coveted his inheritance. "She can tell me." She! this woman who had cursed her and scorned her must be set in her place by her own order, and Philip must never know the insults she had endured from her. It was a bitter punishment.

She looked at him; his eyes were fixed on her as if he were impatient for her to go, and she rose slowly.

"Send Faith," he said, and then he closed his eyes without even a smile of farewell.

Doris was too utterly crushed to think of self as she crossed the room to obey him. She rang for Mr. Burneston's man and then went to her room. It was still very early, and she waited some time before she summoned her maid — waited in a sort of dull stupor; then she rang and desired her to tell the housekeeper to go to Mr. Burneston. Even for her husband's sake she could not have met Faith Emmett face to face.

"You can tell nurse to bring Master Phil here, if he is awake," she said.

The woman hesitated. She was in great awe of her mistress, who scarcely ever spoke to her except to give her orders; but Mrs. Burneston's worn face and heavy eyes moved her pity.

"Oh, ma'am," she said timidly, "won't you lie down and rest? Sleep would do you good — you look so worn; and Master Phil would be ready against you woke."

Doris stared in surprise.

"I am quite well," she said coldly. "I wish Master Phil to come to me."

"Yes, ma'am." But at the door the maid turned again. "Master Phil is not very well, ma'am. Nurse asked the doctor to look at him yesterday."

"Not well! — why was I not told?" Then she recollected herself. "You are right, Burnell; go on and tell nurse I am coming to see him."

How long ago it seemed since she had gone to seek her darling, and had found him lying — she shuddered at that memory and turned hastily into the nursery. Phil lay in his little cot; the nurse and Burnell were both looking at him earnestly. Neither of them spoke when Mrs. Burneston came in, but they drew aside that she might see her child.

He did not see her, though his dark eyes were wide open, strained on vacancy. His sweet little face was very pale, and round his eyes were large dark rings; his lips, too, looked purple and fevered, and his nose pinched and wasted.

Doris bent down and kissed his hot cheek, but he took no notice.

"How long has he been like this?"

"Not long, ma'am; he's been fretting ever since you took him from the library.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

He's eaten nothing, ma'am. The doctor said he'd eat when he was hungry, but he's done nothing but fret and call for his brother, and now, ma'am, he won't rouse nor take notice."

Doris set her teeth hard. Come what might, she would not yield up her darling.

"I should like to see Mr. Raine," she said; "will you ask him to come to me at once?" Never in her whole life had Doris felt so utterly alone. Her husband had sent her from him, her child was ill, dying perhaps, and she must save him herself — there was no one to help her.

Gilbert Raine had a surprised look on his face when he came into the nursery.

Doris took his hand and began to speak quickly. "Thank you for coming," she said. "You sent for the York doctor the other day. Will you send for him again at once?"

"Good heavens! Is Philip worse, and have you left him? Ah, Mrs. Burneston, why did you not let me nurse him?"

He spoke impetuously. He had not forgiven Doris's coldness about Ralph, and he thought she had deserted her husband for the sake of her child. It was more than she could bear.

Gilbert looked at the nurse and pointed to the door, and when she had gone he stood feeling horribly ashamed of himself till Doris checked her sobs and was able to speak.

"My husband is not alone," she said; "I came away by his wish. I came here and found Phil like this," she said, pointing to the little disfigured face. "He is very ill — that Steersley doctor has no skill to save him, but the doctor from York might, if you will send for him without delay" — then clasping her hands fervently — "without the delay of a minute."

Raine's heart had reproached him keenly. He had never made a woman cry before, and when he saw the little wan, suffering face in the cot he felt like a criminal.

"I beg your pardon," he said humbly; "Rica said the child was poorly, but I did not know he was so ill. I will go to York myself at once and bring back the doctor."

He was bending over the cot, his face was on a level with hers. Doris put her lips suddenly to his forehead and kissed him.

"Thank you," she said, "you are a good man!"

He shook both her hands warmly. "My dear child, keep a good heart," he said, "I will be back soon. Let Rica help you, and do take a little rest." And he went.

A faint smile stole over her face. "They are friends at last, then!" she said.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

NORTHWARD.

THE north wind felt wintry in its keen crispness, and the sky had the lowering look which so often heralds snow.

The sharp air made John Barugh's eyes smart, and he sent his chin down among his wraps for shelter as he drove northward. He was in the last stage of his journey, but he was going round by a cross road, so as to strike the Steersley road above the town itself — the direct highway would have taken him through Steersley, and this would have caused a longer delay, and he knew George would expect him to call on Mr. Hawnby.

"Neeah, neeah!" John squared his shoulders and bent his head before the pitiless keenness of the wind. "Ah'll nut leave t' track for onnybody; ah've com to see Doris."

There had been great consternation at the cairn, when Joseph Sunley wrote to George a full account of Ralph's death, and of the squire's seizure.

George's first impulse was to go over to Burneston Hall and see what was really happening. At so great a distance it was difficult to believe in such terrible misfortunes, especially as Mr. Sunley narrated them, in a concise, cold-blooded manner, as if he were telling the story to strangers. But when John read the letter, he noticed at once that Mr. Raine was at Burneston, and he told George to stay where he was. In a few days came a letter from Miss Masham, but there was no word of wishing for George's presence.

George wrote to Doris expressing the family sympathy, but no answer had been received from her.

At length came a few hurried lines.

"Father, will you come to me? My darling is taken away, and I am left alone. My husband is still very ill. I cannot do without you. DORIS BURNESTON."

This was the first time they had heard of the child's illness.

For some minutes there was dead silence, and then Dorothy flung her apron over her head and sank weeping into a chair.

John Barugh looked into his son's eyes an instant, and then he said softly, —

"God help her! Ah mun gan noo. Ah sehd ah'd nivver set foot i' t' Hall, bud then ah nivver thowt ah'd be needed, bud

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Doris says she cannut deea athoot me — bless her! Ah mun geh t' day. Coom, awd lass, coom, thoo mun thenk o' Doris, nut o' theesel'; thenk o' t' poor lass wi' her deead bairn."

But Dorothy rocked herself in her chair.

"What does the man think I'm thinking of? My poor girl — my blessed little Phil!" she said between her sobs; and then she rose to prepare for her husband's departure.

"We'll never say so much to poor dear Doris," she said to George, as her husband drove away; "but if she'd sent for me to nurse the precious darling it might have ended differently. I've no faith in your fine, stuck-up nurses."

"I don't suppose, mother" — George looked very sad at the thought of Doris's trouble — "that she ever trusted him to a nurse; be just to our Doris, she was wrapped up in little Phil."

The name set poor Dorothy off again, and then she looked reproachfully and with streaming eyes at George.

"Of course she was, my dear, but not more than I was in you, lad. Ah, children are careful comforts. Oh dear, oh dear! what will come next?"

John Barugh had had a long journey; he had changed his horse, but even this one was beginning to flag when he came in sight of the square grey tower and weird fir-trees of Burneston. His own spirits, too, which at first had risen with rapid driving through the keen air, had grown very depressed.

"Mah poor lass! the one thing her heart was fair set on, was little Phil," he said tenderly; "an' noo 'at sheea needs comfort t' husband cannot gi' it. Eh, bud it's hard on Doris."

He had resolved to go past the church gate and round by the vicarage, so as to avoid the village, but as he passed the church a wheezy "Hulloa!" stopped him. He looked over the gate; Joseph Sunley was hurrying away from his deputy, Lot, whose shock head showed above the edge of a half-made grave, and the sexton was waving his thin arms to attract notice.

John Barugh reigned up his horse, and waited by the gate.

"Weel, neeghber, an' hoo's a' wi' ye at t' cairn? It's lang syne ye cam fer tu tak' a look at us."

"Yes," the farmer said gravely. "Ah've coom to t' Hall; mah lass — Mrs. Burneston, that is," he corrected himself — "she's sent for mey."

"Eh, it's a sair judgment on her, neeghber; nobbut yu tempt t' Lord he'll hev it oot wi' ye. She couldn't bide t' other lad, an' shu nivvers shed a tear to see him cut off in his prime, an' noo her ain bairn, 'at she set afore God Almighty, he's pined an' pined till he's pined his lahtle life oot, an' he's taken fra her an' laid besahde his brother."

"Ye're hard on her, Joseph Sunley," John spoke hastily; "wheea can say shu nivvers shed a tear? an' Doris nivvers was great at crying fra t' tahme sheea was a lahtle lass, bud" — his voice grew sad again — "d'ye meean 'at t' lahtle lad's laid besahde his brother already?"

Joseph nodded.

"Yis, yis, t' deea afore yesterda'; ah seed it deean mysel'. It were sad an' lonesome to see her stan' theer" — he pointed over his shoulder — "as tall an' pale as a lily, an' no soul besahde; sheea had no tears, bud her eyes was swelled an' red wi' crying, so theer noo."

John Barugh drew his hand across his eyes.

"D'ye meean 'at t' squire's too sick yet tu seea his ain bairn put i' t' kirk-geate?"

"Ah meeans what ah sehs, an' ah sehs what ah means," Joseph spoke snappishly. He was not accustomed nowadays to contradiction or cross-questioning. T' squire's a brokken man, t' doctor hes telled mey himself; sehs he, 'T' squire's done fer; he's as awd as yu, Maister Sunley, an' lahkely t' be so t' rest o' his deeas; he may be better noo an' then, bud he'll nivvers be his ain lahke again; and he mun not be wearied.' Eh, things ur reeght doon bad at t' Hall. Mistris Emmett hes flitted — an' nowt's kenned uv her."

John Barugh groaned. He nodded to Sunley, and drove on to the Hall.

The news about the squire seemed to him worse than the loss of little Phil.

"An' he's not more then forty years awd," he said.

He did not ask for Mr. Burneston when he reached the Hall, but was shown at once to Doris's sitting-room.

George had been right about his sister; she had never left her child except now and then to see her husband; but no persuasion or force even could induce little Phil to take food, or to cease fretting for his brother. Ralph's repulse, and the sight of Ralph pale and motionless in the gloomy library, had possessed him, and in his wandering — for his weakness induced fever and then delirium — he cried incessantly, now to his brother to forgive him, and now to waken from his sleep.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Doris sat beside her child with a bursting heart, but tearless to the end, and then she went alone to the churchyard and saw him laid beside Ralph.

Mr. Raine had gone to London to transact some necessary business for his cousin, and Doris had asked Rica to leave her before the end came with little Phil. Her friend begged hard to stay with her, but Doris maintained her wish to be alone.

It was easier to bear her burden unwatched even by her friend's loving eyes; but she had scarcely given way to tears since she parted from her darling — the wound was too deep — it seemed to have burned out all feeling but that of pain.

Only when she came slowly back from the churchyard a great longing had seized on Doris, and she sat down and wrote the note which had brought her father to the Hall — and then her tears came.

Now she heard the sound of wheels, and presently the heavy step that took her back so many years coming along the passage, and she shrank from meeting her father. She rose up, almost resolved to go away; her pride, which had seemed dead since her child had left her, struggled to be heard. How could she let her father see how utterly alone she was? But while she stood hesitating the door opened, and there was her father.

He came forward, for Doris had no power to move, took her hand, and gently kissed her cheek. Her grief-stricken face, so pale against her plain black gown, her bowed head, moved him to the deep, sorrowing reverence a worshipper feels towards a broken Madonna. But as his lips touched her they ended the struggle within her. Like a little child she leaned her head till it rested on her father's shoulder, and then, as she felt the support of his strong arm come round her, fell sobbing on his heart.

"Mah lass, mah poor lass," John said.

That was all. He did not know how to comfort her, and he let her be, just patting her shoulders with his broad hand.

He did not try to check her tears at first. "They'll ease her sore heart," he said to himself; but when he found the tears did not cease, but seemed like to drown the closed eyes and slender, quivering throat, he led her gently to a seat, and placed himself beside her. He wished for George or Mr. Hawnby; it seemed to him that they would know the right thing to say.

"Whisht, mah lass," he said, "yu mun not greet so sair, yu mun tak comfort noo."

The old feeling of her childish days, that she must never be foolish "before father," came back to Doris, and helped her to check her sobs; but still as she spoke large hot tears fell silently on the fingers twisted together on her lap.

"I cannot take comfort," she said sadly. "Where can I get it from? Indeed, father, I am not grieving only — for — for Phil" — she stopped to steady her voice — "there is so much to be sorry for."

"Ah knows." John smoothed her hair with his red fingers. "Ah've heeard, an' it makes me ower sad; bud, lass, t' squire's young yet, an' t' doctors mistak' sometahmes."

Doris shook her head.

"Yes, father, but there is so much that can never be righted now; and think of Philip dragging on years and years of life, and feeling all the while old and helpless. Oh, I cannot bear it!"

She started up and walked to the other end of the room.

John looked after her, and again he wished for George's help to comfort her.

Doris came back, her hands hanging down, her whole figure drooping and despondent.

"Think how young I am, father; I may have to live fifty years of this life. I cannot live it. I love Philip; yes, I know I love him dearly now, but he is as feeble as a child; I cannot bear it. And how can I help him? — I cannot give him back what he has lost. There is no help, no comfort in anything," she said wearily; and she clasped her hands in an anguish of despair.

John had left off wishing for George, his strong sympathy was leading him to the truth; he took the clasped hands in his.

"Mah lass, ye're reeght there," he said. "When sorrow comes there's small help or comfort to be found on airth in onnything or onnybody for onny of us, and we cannot bear our burden oursels; bud Doris, lass, theer's One 'at'll bear it fer us, aye, an' gie us comfort, too; nobbut we ask him to help us to trust in him."

She shook her head.

"That's not for me, father; I'm" — she hesitated. "I'm not good, you know; I mean, not in that way. I did pray to God to spare my child" — her lips trembled — "and what good did it do?"

John looked troubled. He sat silent awhile.

"Mah lass," he said tenderly; and again he put his broad hand caressingly on her bowed head. "When t' lahtle lad

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

was wiv ye, deead ye gi' him yal he axed fer?"

She raised her head and looked inquiringly at him.

"Weel," he said shyly, "yance He took a bairn fra mey, an' ah wearied an' freeted, an' thowt it waaz mair 'an ah could bear, bud ah've fun' comfort. Ah've learned 'at ah've getten tu deea his will, nut mah ain, an' t' Lord's scheealed mey tu trust him. Ah trusts him noo, at he'll deea yal 'at is reeght fer us — an' nobbut yu axes fer trust, he'll gi' yu that, Doris."

From Chambers' Journal.

CHARLES DICKENS'S MANUSCRIPTS.

A GLIMPSE of the manuscripts of the late Charles Dickens, which now form part of the "Forster Collection" in the South Kensington Museum, conjures up a vision of numerous characters in his popular novels. On looking attentively at the manuscripts, we are at once struck by the number of alterations and interlineations with which the pages abound; and our first sentiment is one of surprise that the books which appear so wonderfully natural and fluent when we read them, should evidently have been the result of much anxious thought, care, and elaboration.

The collection comprises the original manuscripts of the following works: "Oliver Twist," published in 1838–39; "Master Humphrey's Clock," comprising "The Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge," published in 1840–41; "Barnaby Rudge," a separate volume, 1840–41; "American Notes, 1842; "Martin Chuzzlewit, 1843–44; "The Chimes," Christmas, 1844; "Dombey and Son," 1846–48; "David Copperfield," 1849–50; "Bleak House," which has in the original manuscript a secondary title, "The East Wind," 1852–53; "Hard Times," 1854; "Little Dorrit," 1855–57; "A Tale of Two Cities," 1859; and "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" (his last but unfinished work), 1870. There are also proof volumes from the printers, consisting of "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," "Bleak House," and "Little Dorrit," the pages of which bear marginal and other corrections and alterations, in ink, by the author.

Of course, as the collection is placed under a glass case, the public can only see one or two pages of each work; but even with this meagre guide, the acute observer is able in some degree to trace the working of the writer's mind, and to follow to some extent the development of his ideas. As we have already remarked, the first thing which strikes us is the comparatively large number of alterations and interlineations which occur in the manuscript. It is evident that Charles Dickens wrote with the greatest care, and scrupulously revised his writing, in order to render each sentence as perfect as might be. Taking the works in their chronological order, we may notice that in "Oliver Twist," which is open at "Chapter the Twelfth" — "In which Oliver is taken better care of than he ever was before, with some particulars concerning a certain picture" — there are few alterations in the manuscript; the writing also being larger and firmer than in the majority of the later works. Charles Dickens made his alterations so carefully that it is difficult to trace the words which he had originally written; but the one or two which occur on this page give us some little insight into the careful manner in which the author worked up his sentences into a well-rounded and euphonious form. The passage at which this manuscript is opened runs as follows: "The coach rattled away down Mount Pleasant and up Exmouth Street — over nearly the same ground as that which Oliver had traversed when he first entered London in," and here occurs the first alteration, "the D——" is erased, and "company with the Dodger," is written in its place; the author evidently considering the latter a more euphonious form of expression than "in the Dodger's company," as it was doubtless his original intention to make the passage. The alteration to which we have referred may appear, as indeed it is, of exceedingly small significance; but we have mentioned it simply as an instance of the extremely careful way in which Dickens studied the details and minutiæ of composition.

The next manuscript in point of date is "Master Humphrey's Clock," which is open at "No. IV.," headed, "Master Humphrey from his clock-side in the chimney corner," and commences as follows: "Night is generally my time for walking. In the summer I often leave home early in the morning and roam about fields and lanes all day, or even escape for days or weeks together; but, saving in the country" [this originally stood "but at other seasons of the year;" but Dickens doubtless saw that the expression as it now stands would be more consistent with the context], "I seldom go out until after dark, though, heaven

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

be thanked, I love its light and feel the cheerfulness it sheds upon the earth as much as any creature living." This page of manuscript has only a moderate share of alterations.

Then we come to the volume of "Barnaby Rudge," which is opened at "Chapter One," and also contains only a moderate number of alterations, one being in the height of the Maypole sign, and another in the distance of Epping Forest from Cornhill; both of which are noticeable as further illustrations of the conscientious love of accuracy which characterized the author's mind. Next in order follows the "American Notes," which has very few corrections, and is opened at the page headed "Chapter the First. Introductory and necessary to be read;" in which the author challenges the right of any person "to pass judgment on this book or to arrive at any reasonable conclusion in reference to it without first being at the trouble of becoming acquainted with its design and purpose." Surely a caution fair and reasonable enough on the part of the writer of a book which he could not but feel would probably give offence, where such an end was farthest from his wish.

"The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit" comes next, open at "Chapter I. Introductory. Concerning the pedigree of the Chuzzlewit Family;" and giving us a brief but telling satire on the pride of birth by assuring us that this family "undoubtedly descended in a direct line from Adam and Eve, and was in the very earliest times closely connected with the agricultural interest." This page is notably full of alterations, and seems a fair indication that with Charles Dickens, as with many others, the first step was the most difficult of all. The caligraphy in this as in all the other manuscripts is legible but rather small, the letters being distinctly formed, and the use of abbreviations studiously avoided.

We next turn to "The Chimes," one of those delightful stories with which Dickens introduced to us those Christmas annuals, which now form so important a section of our periodical literature. This again is open at the commencement, where the author lays down the dogma that there are not many people who would care to sleep in a church: "I don't mean at sermon-time in warm weather (when the thing has actually been done once or twice), but in the night and alone." This sentence originally finished with "in the night;" but we can readily imagine the development of the idea in the brain of the writer, and the words "and alone" suggesting themselves as lending an additional ground of fear for the situation. The manuscript of this page bears a moderate number of alterations.

In "Dombey and Son" we find a large number of alterations on the first page, the very title itself having been altered more than once. The sketch of the newly-born Paul, who was placed in front of the fire, "as if his constitution were analogous to that of a muffin, and it was essential to toast him brown while he was very new," is very good indeed; but it is evident that the passage was rather the result of careful elaboration than of spontaneous humor. And the same remark will apply to the opening chapter of "David Copperfield," in which, although the passage descriptive of the birth of the hero is very neat and natural as it now stands, the same careful revision and alteration are again apparent.

"Bleak House" too is notably full of alterations on the first page, especially in the passage which tells us that in the muddy condition of the London streets "it would not be wonderful to meet a mesalosaurus forty feet long or so waddling like an elephantine lizard up Holborn Hill."

In "Hard Times," where we are introduced to the gentleman who wants nothing but "facts," and in the opening chapter of "Little Dorrit," in which we have a description of Marseilles as it "lay broiling in the sun one day," we find a large number of alterations; but in these, as in most of the other instances, the primary words have been erased so carefully that it is next to impossible to form an idea of how the passages originally stood. "The Tale of Two Cities," on the contrary, contains remarkably few corrections; and the opening passage descriptive of "the period" is telling, and apparently written spontaneously. "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" has been opened with good judgment at the last page. The manuscript is very small, but fairly legible, and having but a moderate number of alterations. In a literary sense, it is not perhaps so interesting as some of the others; but it possesses a sad and melancholy claim upon our attention and sympathy, inasmuch as it is the last page of manuscript ever written by this gifted hand.

In the proof volumes with corrections in the handwriting of the author there is nothing which calls for special note save an unimportant deletion in "Bleak House," and a more interesting alteration in "David Copperfield." In the former there is

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

a passage marked "out," in which Sir Leicester Dedlock speaks to Mrs. Rouncewell of her grandson in the following passage: "If (he said) the boy could not settle down at Chesney Wold, in itself the most astonishing circumstance in the world, could he not serve his country in the ranks of her defenders, as his brother had done? Must he rush to her destruction at his early age and with his parricidal hand strike at her!"

In "David Copperfield" we find by a passage in which Mr. Dick is referring to his memorial that his original hallucination took the form of a "bull in a china shop;" a rather trite idea, and it was not until after the proof had actually been submitted to him by the printers that Charles Dickens introduced the whimsical and happier notion of "King Charles's Head."

Before bringing our brief paper to a conclusion, we would venture to suggest to the gentleman or gentlemen to whom is intrusted the arrangement of these manuscripts, that the present position of the manuscripts and printed volumes should be transposed, so that the manuscripts should occupy the lower half of the case, as in their present position it is rather difficult to decipher the caligraphy; and to any one below the ordinary height it must involve an amount of physical contortion as uncomfortable as it is inelegant. The manuscripts being of course of greater interest than the printed proofs, should certainly occupy the more prominent space, especially as the latter could be read without any difficulty if placed in the rear rank.

We have no doubt that many of those who read this short article will have seen the Dickens manuscripts for themselves; many more doubtless will see them; but there will still be a large number who will not have the opportunity; and while we think that our remarks will be endorsed by the first and second classes, we hope that they will prove interesting to the third less fortunate class, and will enable them to enjoy, at least in imagination, a somewhat closer intimacy than they have known before with that great and gifted man, whose books have effected so many beneficial changes both in society at large and in many an individual heart and life, uprooting and casting to the winds much that was base, worthless, and contemptible, and implanting in their stead the seeds of those gentler sympathies and nobler aspirations which find their fruition in a well-spent life.

From Nature.

FETICHISM IN ANIMALS.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER, in his recently published work on the "Principles of Sociology," treats of the above subject. He says: "I believe M. Comte expressed the opinion that fetichistic conceptions are formed by the higher animals. Holding, as I have given reasons for doing, that fetichism is not original, but derived, I cannot, of course, coincide in this view. Nevertheless, I think the behavior of intelligent animals elucidates the genesis of it. I have myself witnessed, in dogs, two illustrative cases." One of these cases consisted in a large dog, which, while playing with a stick, accidentally thrust one end of it against his palate, when, "giving a yelp, he dropped the stick, rushed to a distance from it, and betrayed a consternation which was particularly laughable in so ferocious-looking a creature. Only after cautious approaches and much hesitation was he induced again to lay hold of the stick. This behavior showed very clearly the fact that the stick, while displaying none but the properties he was familiar with, was not regarded by him as an active agent, but that when it suddenly inflicted a pain in a way never before experienced from an inanimate object, he was led for the moment to class it with animate objects, and to regard it as capable of again doing him injury. Similarly in the mind of the primitive man, knowing scarcely more of natural causation than a dog, the anomalous behavior of an object previously classed as inanimate, suggests animation. The idea of voluntary action is made nascent; and there arises a tendency to regard the object with alarm lest it should act in some other unexpected and perhaps mischievous way. The vague notion of animation thus aroused will obviously become a more definite notion, as fast as development of the ghost-theory furnishes a specific agency to which the anomalous behavior can be ascribed."

The other case observed by Mr. Spencer was that of an intelligent retriever. Being by her duties as a retriever led to associate the fetching of game with the pleasure of the person to whom she brought it, this had become in her mind an act of propitiation; and so, "after wagging her tail and grinning, she would perform this act of propitiation as nearly as practicable in the absence of a dead bird. Seeking about, she would pick up a dead leaf or other small object, and would

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

bring it with renewed manifestations of friendliness. Some kindred state of mind it is which, I believe, prompts the savage to certain fetichistic observances of an anomalous kind."

These observations remind me of several experiments which I made some years ago on this subject, and which are perhaps worth publishing. I was led to make the experiments by reading the instance given in "The Descent of Man," of the large dog which Mr. Darwin observed to bark at a parasol as it was moved along a lawn by the wind — so presenting the appearance of animation. The dog on which I experimented was a Skye terrier — a remarkably intelligent animal, whose psychological faculties have already formed the subject of several communications to this and other periodicals.* As all my experiments yielded the same results I will only mention one. The terrier in question, like many other dogs, used to play with dry bones by tossing them in the air, throwing them to a distance, and generally giving them the appearance of animation, in order to give himself the ideal pleasure of worrying them. On one occasion, therefore, I tied a long and fine thread to a dry bone and gave him the latter to play with. After he had tossed it about for a short time I took an opportunity when it had fallen at a distance from him and while he was following it up, of gently drawing it away from him by means of the long and invisible thread. Instantly his whole demeanor changed. The bone which he had previously pretended to be alive now began to look as if it really were alive, and his astonishment knew no bounds. He first approached it with nervous caution, as Mr. Spencer describes, but as the slow receding motion continued, and he became quite certain that the movement could not be accounted for by any residuum of the force which he had himself communicated, his astonishment developed into dread, and he ran to conceal himself under some articles of furniture, there to behold at a distance the "uncanny" spectacle of a dry bone coming to life.

Now in this, and in all my other experiments, I have no doubt that the behavior of the terrier arose from his *sense of the mysterious*, for he was of a highly pugnacious disposition, and never hesitated to fight an animal of any size or ferocity; but apparent symptoms of spontaneity in an inanimate object which he knew so well, gave rise to feelings of awe and horror which quite enervated him. And that there was nothing *fetichistic* in these feelings may be safely concluded if we reflect, with Mr. Spencer, that the dog's knowledge of causation, for all immediate purposes, being quite as correct and no less stereotyped than is that of "primitive man," when an object of a class which he knew from uniform past experience to be inanimate suddenly began to move, he must have felt the same oppressive and alarming sense of the mysterious which uncultured persons feel under similar circumstances. But further, in the case of this terrier we are not left with *a priori* inferences alone to settle this point, for another experiment proved that the sense of the mysterious was in this animal sufficiently strong of itself to account for his behavior. Taking him into a carpeted room I blew a soap-bubble, and by means of a fitful draught made it intermittently glide along the floor. He became at once intensely interested, but seemed unable to decide whether or not the filmy object was alive. At first he was very cautious and followed it only at a distance, but as I encouraged him to examine the bubble more closely, he approached it with ears erect and tail down, evidently with much misgiving; and the moment it happened to move he again retreated. After a time, however, during which I always kept at least one bubble on the carpet, he began to gain more courage, and the scientific spirit overcoming his sense of the mysterious, he eventually became bold enough slowly to approach one of the bubbles and nervously to touch it with his paw. The bubble, of course, immediately vanished; and I certainly never saw astonishment more strongly depicted. On then blowing another bubble, I could not persuade him to approach it for a good while; but at last he came and carefully extended his paw as before with the same result. But after this second trial nothing would induce him again to approach a bubble, and on pressing him he ran out of the room, which no coaxing would persuade him to re-enter.

One other example will suffice to show how strongly developed was the sense of the mysterious in this animal. When alone with him in a room I once purposely tried the effect on him of making

* See especially an article on "Conscience in Animals," in *Quarterly Journal of Science* for April, 1876.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

a series of horrible grimaces. At first he thought I was only making fun; but as I persistently disregarded his caresses and whining while I continued unnaturally to distort my features, he became alarmed and slunk away under some furniture, shivering like a frightened child. He remained in this condition till some other member of the family happened to enter the room, when he emerged from his hiding-place in great joy at seeing me again in my right mind. In this experiment, of course, I refrained from making any sounds or gesticulations, lest he might think I was angry. His actions, therefore, can only be explained by his horrified surprise at my apparently irrational behavior — *i.e.*, by the violation of his ideas of uniformity in matters psychological. It must be added, however, that I have tried the same experiment on less intelligent and less sensitive terriers with no other effect than causing them to bark at me.

I will only add that I believe the sense of the mysterious to be the cause of the dread which many animals show of *thunder*. I am led to think this, because I once had a setter which never heard thunder till he was eighteen months old, and on then first hearing it I thought he was about to die of fright, as I have seen other animals do under various circumstances. And so strong was the impression which his extreme terror left behind, that whenever afterwards he heard the boom of distant artillery practice, mistaking it for thunder, he became a pitiable object to look at, and if out shooting would immediately bolt home — or, if at a great distance from home, would endeavor to bury himself. After having heard real thunder on two or three subsequent occasions, his dread of the distant cannons became greater than ever; so that eventually, though he keenly enjoyed sport, nothing would induce him to leave his kennel, lest the practice might begin when he was at a distance from home. But the keeper, who had a large experience in the training of dogs, assured me that if I allowed this one to be taken to the battery, in order that he might learn the true cause of the thunder-like noise, he would again become serviceable in the field. The animal, however, died before the experiment was made.

GEORGE J. ROMANES.

From Nature.

RUHMKORFF.

WE regret to record the sudden death on December 20, at Paris, of Henry Daniel Ruhmkorff, whose name is so closely connected with the history of magneto-electricity. He was born in Hanover, Germany, in 1803, and but little is known of his early life. In 1819 he wandered to Paris, and obtained a position as porter in the laboratory of Prof. Charles Chevalier, at that time one of the leading French physicists. Here he displayed a remarkable fondness for electrical apparatus, as well as ingenuity in its arrangement, and was enabled shortly after to start a modest manufactory of physical apparatus. Through the efforts of Chevalier and the excellence of the work performed, the business was rapidly extended. In 1844 Ruhmkorff brought out his first invention, a convenient thermo-electric battery. Soon after he turned his attention to magneto-electricity, especially the production of the induced currents, discovered by Faraday in 1832. A long series of experiments resulted in the appearance, in 1851, of the famous "Ruhmkorff coil," with its later modifications, the most important piece of apparatus in this branch of physics. With this powerful adjunct the electrician was enabled to obtain sparks eighteen inches in length, pierce thick plates of glass, and carry out a vast variety of experiments. The invention was rewarded by a decoration and medal at the Exhibition of 1855, while in 1858 it received the first prize of fifty thousand francs at the French exhibition of electrical apparatus. Since then the manufacture of the coils and of electrical machines in general has assumed enormous dimensions, and the leading physicists of Europe are well acquainted with the dingy little bureau in the Rue Champollion, near the University. Personally M. Ruhmkorff was of a quiet, dignified appearance, and despite the disadvantages of his early life, he enjoyed the friendship of the leading Parisian *savants*, and was an honored member of the French Physical Society. M. Jamin delivered an address over the grave, in which he stated that Ruhmkorff died almost a poor man, because he had spent all his earnings on behalf of science and in works of benevolence.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume XXI. | No. 1755.—February 2, 1878. | From Beginning, Vol. CXXXVI.

CONTENTS.

I. FRANCE AS A MILITARY POWER IN 1870 AND IN 1878. By Sir Garnet Wolseley, . *Nineteenth Century*, ... 259
II. ERICA. Part X. Translated for THE LIVING AGE, from the German of . . . . *Frau von Ingersleben*, ... 271
III. THE GREEK MIND IN PRESENCE OF DEATH, INTERPRETED FROM RELIEFS AND INSCRIPTIONS ON ATHENIAN TOMBS, . . *Contemporary Review*, ... 280
IV. THE CZAR'S CLEMENCY; A POLISH PRIEST'S STORY. Conclusion, ... *Cornhill Magazine*, ... 294
V. THE LITTLE HEALTH OF LADIES. By Frances Power Cobbe, ... *Contemporary Review*, ... 302
VI. THE DECAY OF THE MONARCHICAL PRINCIPLE, ... *Spectator*, ... 315
VII. FRENCH DINNERS, ... *Saturday Review*, ... 317
VIII. SHORT-SIGHT, ... *Spectator*, ... 320

POETRY.

AT ROUEN, ... 258 | CASSANDRA'S SPEECH, ... 258

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

AT ROUEN.*

THE aisles grow dim, and as by winding ways
I eager climb St. Ouen's stately height
The silver censers vanish from my gaze,
As shooting stars upon a dusky night;
I hear the chanted vespers at my feet
Like wordless water-music faint and sweet.

On priest and acolyte and people fall
From western windows many a sapphire ray,
The sculptured knights within the nichèd wall
Look not more marble-like and mute than they.
Living and dead, with fingers clasped, seem praying,
Christ and the angels hear what they are saying.

Where am I now? As if a dream went by,
And dream still fairer came, I breathless gaze,
Fearing to break by whispered word or sigh
The rapture of my spirit's deep amaze.
The sleeping world beneath my vision lies,
Only the stars divide me from the skies.

The city gleams with lights that come and go,
The hills stand out against the opal west,
The river hath a soft and onward flow
As some tired spirit fain to seek its rest,
Whilst from outlying valleys deep between
Tinkles some vesper bell of church unseen.

Monk, martyr, saint, and paladin arise
Around me in a pinnacled array;
An hour ago they seemed to touch the skies,
And now I stand as near to heaven as they.
And mid this mute companionship of stone
I cannot feel that I am quite alone.

For who is quite alone? In solitude,
Things that would else be dumb discourse to men,
Leading the mind to an ecstatic mood
That hath no name and cannot come again.
These sculptured saints and martyrs seemed to be
Spirits that claimed a brotherhood with me.

O life! take back thy burden. I am free.
Pain, sorrow, fruitless toil, love ill-bestowed,
Are as they were not; and the mystery
Of death is as a star that leaves a cloud.
What matters where I go or whence I come?
Spring and the daisies far outlive the tomb.

O, Nature! if I strayed from thy control,
Resume thy empire now, and with delights
Unspeakable, conduct my dreaming soul
From sordid things unto sublimest heights.
Give back the thoughts that once aspired in vain,
New joyful wings with which to mount again!

Ah me! the curfew with its silvery chime
Too swiftly breaks the witchery of the hour;
With clanging keys I hear the beadle climb
The cobwebbed mazes of the belfry tower.
I quit with wistfulness akin to pain
My visionary world for that of men.

The stars are out; gargoyle and image quaint,
Rare ogive, frieze fantastic, oriel,
Hero and martyred monk and virgin saint,
Make up a world where mortals cannot dwell.
Why do I linger? What so chaineth me
Unto this mute and mystic company?

Good Words. M. B. E.

* Visitors to Rouen are, or were, permitted to make the circuit of the superb church of St. Ouen, on the somewhat giddy balustrade girdling it immediately below the tower.

CASSANDRA'S SPEECH.

["AGAMEMNON," lines 1185–1212.]

AHA! aha! Oh woes on woes!
Again the bitter toil of faithful seer
My whirling brain doth vex with first-born bode.
See ye those young ones seated at the house,—
Such spectral forms as are the stuff of dreams?
Children (belike) who died by deed of kin,
They hold, ye mark, their hands all filled with flesh,
Their own flesh, banquet-ripe, aye, (piteous dish!)
The loathsome meal of which their father ate.
I tell you 'tis to punish this he plots,
The dastard lion, slinking in the lair
He watched, forsooth! what time my master came,—
My master, for I cannot choose but serve.
He knows not, he, the captain of the fleet,
Troy's devastator, how the lewd she-whelp
With fawning tongue such welcome hath spun out,
As shall, like Até, win to secret doom.
So far her daring goes. Man-slayer she,
Yet woman. By what name of hateful beast
Shall she be rightly called? Or two-faced snake,
Or rock-housed Scylla, bane of ships and men,
Her offspring Death, her breath a ruthless curse
Blown homewards? How she raised her cry of joy,
The shameless one, as if for battle turned!
What glee she feigns, too, at the safe return!
And now what care I, if thou listen not?
The day will come. And thou shalt see, and soon
Shalt, pitying, say I was too true a seer.

Spectator. E. WELSH.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

From The Nineteenth Century.

FRANCE AS A MILITARY POWER IN 1870 AND IN 1878.*

BY SIR GARNET WOLSELEY.

THE believing student of prophecy had better grounds in 1846 for anticipating an early advent of the millennium than he has now. War on a great scale had come to be regarded rather as an historical horror than as a future possibility; no progress had been made between 1815 and that date in military art, scarcely any in the appliances wherewith to practise it effectively. Although the philosophical student might possibly have been able to perceive below the surface of society the germs of that great democratic movement which exploded in 1848, sweeping through the capitals of Europe and shaking in its political upheaval the thrones of great and ancient monarchies, still they must have seemed warnings rather of internal revolution than of foreign war; of a political change that would reverse the balance of power between classes, rather than an uprising of nationality against nationality, that would forever after alter that equilibrium between States which had been devised with so much care and precision in 1815.

The more power was taken from the aristocracies and transferred to the people, the more it was thought trade would flourish and the spirit of warlike adventure and greed of conquest would diminish. The warnings, therefore, passed unheeded, or, if dwelt upon at all, were only regarded as precursors of an order of things that, from the cosmopolitan philosopher's point of view, promised to be altogether an improvement on the past. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that those who had faith in an eventual reign of perfect and universal peace, should in 1846 have thought the realization of their dream to be near at hand. To the thinkers of theories the wish was father to the thought. The world was to be governed by a new religion — that of peace — of which they were to be the ministering priests.

These sentiments strongly influenced civilized Europe, but in England they found their most pronounced exponents. The petition presented by the peace party to the czar Nicholas did not by any means appear so utterly ridiculous at the time as it would have appeared last spring. Although there are doubtless still many votaries of the theories upon which that party relied, it is doubtful if the party itself has now any organized existence; at any rate, the remembrance that it ever was anything more than a name even in England is owing to the St. Petersburg fiasco in 1854 — an episode in our history that few, if any, practical men can now dwell upon with ordinary gravity.

During the epoch I have referred to, the armies of Europe were very imperfect as military machines; that of England was unworthy of being classed as a fighting implement fit to be employed against an enemy more formidable than a Kaffir or an Asiatic, and, even when so engaged, gained its ends always with difficulty, and not always without discredit and disaster. It was a police force dressed in the guise of soldiers. It was a body — a fine muscular body certainly — without a soul; all ranks were full of courage, without doubt the first and greatest factor in military excellence, but all other warlike instincts were wanting. Its generals, men of Peninsular experience, were old in body and old-fashioned in mind, whilst its regimental officers were entirely ignorant of their profession. They would have made the finest private soldiers in the world, but they were as little acquainted with the art and science of war as the rank and file they were commissioned to lead. It had many points in common with the army which Russia sent into the field last spring.

In France, even under its citizen king, who was eminently a man of peace, the soldier was always regarded with pride and affection, and — although the result arrived at might be unsatisfactory — the efficiency of the army was recognized as an object of great national concern. In this respect it had a great advantage over the military forces of England, part, and a most important part, of which — the militia — had been allowed to die a natural death, the only survivors being a few

* *The Armed Strength of France:* compiled in the Intelligence Branch of the Quartermaster-General's Department, Horse Guards, War Office, by Major C. J. East, 57th Regt., D.A.Q.M.G.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

officers whose existence was assumed from their names being retained in the Army List. The private soldier had come to be despised as a drunken, useless member of society, because he did not add directly to the riches of the country by spinning cotton goods; his indirect value was naturally denied in an age believed to be the herald of perpetual peace; and the officer was merely regarded as a red-coated man of pleasure, or as a leading journal described him just before the Crimean War — I quote from memory — "a reckless libertine in time of peace, and a licensed cut-throat in time of war." The French army learnt little from its promenade into Spain in 1823 and from its operations against Antwerp in 1832; at least there resulted no important reforms in its administration, no great improvements in its *matériel* or in its system of tactics.

The army of Prussia, which is now the admiration of the world, had not, in 1846, shown any sign of its coming greatness. As a military power Prussia had been crushed by Napoleon at Jena, and was forced to accede to stipulations which the conqueror believed would prevent her again — at least in his time — from appearing on the battle-fields of Europe. A scheme was, however, devised by General Scharnhorst for counteracting the evil effects of those humiliating stipulations, by means of which they should be respected in the letter, but directly contravened in the spirit. An army nominally of the inferior strength stipulated by treaty was kept on foot, yet in reality a large military force was being created but kept out of sight, and the result was the brilliant part played by Blücher's army in the campaign of 1815. Jena was avenged at Waterloo, and the monuments erected in Paris to commemorate the destruction of Prussia's military power were only saved from the natural fury of that gallant old hussar by the direct interposition of the great English duke.

Prussia, which under Frederick became a great European power through the excellence of her army and the genius of its commander, sank in 1806 into insignificance; indeed it is a curious but still an interesting study to compare the contemptible position it occupied then, and for several subsequent years, with that it now holds in the world's esteem. The military system devised by Scharnhorst was not, however, an automatic machine, or one that could secure effective results, unless worked with intelligent skill. All systems must march with the times to be effective in moments of emergency. The condition of an army cannot remain stationary without deteriorating. Progress is essential to its health. Every invention and discovery in science acts more or less directly or indirectly upon it, requiring modifications, and sometimes even radical changes in its administration, tactics, etc., and, if the necessary reforms are not effected, it falls behind in the race of military efficiency; the machine if left to itself rusts. In the hands of old men an army is prone to live upon its past reputation, until at last all desire for progress is stamped out, and those who like the author of the "Tactical Retrospect," like Stoffel, like Trochu, recognizing its shortcomings, dare to recommend reform, are pointed at as radicals, as men who would overturn the nation's most cherished institutions, and, if so, why not even royalty itself? From 1815 to 1849, and even to 1859, such was the fate in a great measure of the Prussian army. A military system which, when directed by clear brains and stout hearts, was capable of turning out the army that invaded Bohemia in 1866 and France in 1870, when worked in a perfunctory manner under feeble chiefs, produced the inefficient force that served the king of Prussia up to about 1859. Most of us can remember how humble was the *rôle* played by that country during the Crimean War, and many can recollect, a little further back still, the stormy epoch of 1848, when the Imperial crown of Germany was offered to Prussia's king by the revolutionary Diet. Why was it refused by him? It could not be expected that the successors of the great Frederick should be withheld by qualms of conscience. His ancestors had obtained great accessions of territory by a course of conduct which did not suggest too nice scruples in such matters, and they had, from being poor electors of the insignifi-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

cant province of Brandenburg, by such means bloomed out into being kings of what they called Prussia.

William is not, therefore, likely to have refused the Imperial crown because he thought it belonged by any prescriptive right to another royal house, or because the hands that offered it were hard and horny and far from clean. It was not that he, an aristocrat, would not stoop to accept that precious bauble from revolutionary citizens, for he had been for some time coquetting with them, and would gladly have received their proffered present. He allowed "I dare not to wait upon I would." Austria's demeanor was not to be mistaken. She would not permit it; and by a strong army, massed along the frontier of Prussia, said to the latter, "Accept that crown, which I claim as mine by right, at your peril." The king could not accept the challenge, because his army was unfit for war; the *Landwehr* held back and did not respond to the summons calling it out. The army could not be made up to war strength, and what is known in history as the "political capitulation of Olmutz" represented the final closing of the period of Prussian military development which had its origin in the great army reform of Scharnhorst. The great reforms that changed the whole character of the Prussian military forces, converting them from a *Landwehr* into an army, began in 1859.

Power in Prussia fell into other hands than those which wielded it in 1855–56, before all that was valuable in the older system attained the completeness which enabled her army to conquer at Königgratz. The Prussians, having recognized that their army was not fit for a great war, set themselves the task of making it fit for war — the only real test of an army's efficiency. They possessed the great faculty of knowing how to wait — a great power in all human affairs — to which they added industrious application. It would be foreign to my subject were I to attempt any description of the reforms and changes effected in the Prussian army during the years immediately preceding Königgratz; but it is desirable I should remark that they were carried out by able, studious, practical soldiers who despised no minutiæ, and who spared no trouble and no thought in working out the great problems entrusted to them, on the due appreciation of which hinged all their hopes of future national greatness. Above all things, be it remembered that it was during a dark and gloomy epoch of Prussian history, whilst she lay sunk beneath the contemptuous neglect of Europe, that her present military efficiency was developed, and her strength built up. During the period to which I refer, few statesmen or generals concerned themselves with what was passing in a poor little modern kingdom which most thought it rather a courteous concession to reckon amongst the great Continental powers.

Yet it was then that the able soldiers whose names first became known to fame in 1866 were quietly, in an unobtrusive and methodical fashion, creating that military system which is at once the admiration of all nations, and the model upon which they strive to form their armies. Their doings and the results they had achieved were, however, perceived by at least one man, and duly reported to his government in despatches of which the world in general knew nothing until they were published by the Prussians themselves, having been captured, amongst other official documents, near Paris in 1870. In a manner that does infinite credit to his patriotism and to his abilities, Baron Stoffel compared the shortcomings of his own army with the order and efficiency which characterized that of Germany. He pointed out the excellence of the machine, not only in design, but in the intelligent and yet easy manner in which it was worked, bringing to light the rapidity with which it was set in motion, and the great improvements that had been introduced into its mechanism after the experience gained in the "Seven Weeks' War."

His warnings passed unheeded; the rulers of France were so blinded by self-confidence and unreasoning pride, that when the first minister declared war in 1870, he said that he did so "with a light heart." But when crushed by defeat she made peace, and as a first duty had to reorganize her military system, Baron

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Stoffel's letters served to indicate the point from which her military administrators should start in their work.

The publication now under review affords us a mass of information as to the manner in which that work has been carried out, and affords us ample materials for estimating the present military strength of France. We are bound to acknowledge that it is extremely dry reading; the author being evidently afraid lest he should afford any information that had not been published to the world in Paris. He gives us most interesting figures as to what the strength of the French army should be, but he throws no light upon what it actually numbers at this present time: he describes the organization and objects of the military colleges and army establishments, but he tells us nothing of their present condition, or whether they have succeeded and answered the purposes for which they were created. It is well known that the archives of the Intelligence Department contain ample information as to the present condition of the French army, and as to its value as a military weapon in the hands of those who wield its power; but this is kept for the ear of the minister of war, the commander-in-chief, and other high officials. It is of little use to know that an army numbers half a million of men, unless we are told their value as soldiers. This reticence is unfortunately necessary on the part of officials, especially in works published by official departments. I shall therefore endeavor to clothe with flesh the skeleton of dry details and figures supplied by Major East of the present condition of an army that may possibly play a great part in this coming year.

Before proceeding to deal with the figures in this book, a word, in passing, on the department from which it emanates will not be out of place. That most important branch of our army headquarter staff is in reality of very recent date, although nominally we have long had a department that was supposed to fulfil its duties. Formerly it was little better than a badly arranged collection of maps and statistical information about foreign countries. Now, under able direction, it has assumed its true position in relation to our army, and is engaged in working out the great military problems connected with the defence of Great Britain and of her distant possessions. It performs, in fact, what are generally regarded as the highest and most important duties devolving upon the staff of an army. Upon these duties its officers have been working studiously and in an unobtrusive manner for some years past. Works, similar in nature to that now before us, have already been published by it on the armies of most European nations; and I feel convinced that, should war at any time be forced upon us, our Intelligence Department will be found fully as equal to its duties as the corresponding department in any foreign army can have proved itself to be.

General Trochu, in his remarkable book on the "French Army in 1867," said: "*Nous nous sommes endormis dans la satisfaction de nous-mêmes; nous nous sommes détournés du travail, négligeant les efforts, les recherches, les comparaisons, qui créent le progrès.*" This self-satisfaction, this vain belief in the greatness of the French people and the invincibility of its army — sentiments converted into articles of national faith by the untruthful historians of the first empire — precluded all inquiry into the grounds upon which that faith was based, and in 1870 prevented a sound comparison being instituted between the real military strength of France, even as regards actual numbers, and that wielded by Germany. Had not the power of Prussia been destroyed before by the French army? and why should it be doubted by a generation of Frenchmen educated in the writings of M. Thiers that what was so easily and effectively achieved in 1806 should not be reenacted in 1870? Frenchmen travel so little beyond their own territory, they know so little of what is taking place elsewhere — being prevented studying the press and current literature of other countries by their ignorance of foreign languages — that the great changes introduced into the Prussian army in 1859-60 were practically unknown in France. Baron Stoffel endeavored to impress the emperor and his war minister with their importance, but without effect; the information he gave, the warnings he sounded, fell on stony ground and bore no fruit; "*la lutte de l'imprévoyance, de l'ignorance et de l'ineptie contre toutes les qualités opposées, la prévoyance, l'instruction et l'intelligence*" ended, as such a struggle must always do, in defeat and in well-deserved disaster.

In 1845-46 the army of France numbered about three hundred thousand men raised by conscription in accordance with the law passed in 1832, which law, however, allowed the rich to purchase exemption from personal service by procuring others to serve in their stead. The annual

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

contingent was then fixed at eighty thousand men, of which a proportion — determined annually by the Chambers — only joined the colors, the remainder being allowed to remain at their homes on leave. Its cost to the country was about 10,000,000*l*. per annum.

No great or very important changes were made in the law of 1832 until 1868, although the number given, forming the annual contingent, varied from time to time according to the contingencies of peace or war. Sadowa and General Trochu's uncompromising *exposé* of the condition of the French army in 1867 seem to have waked up the military authorities of France to a realization of the weakness of their army. That in actual numbers of soldiers ready for war it was far inferior to the army Prussia could assemble in a few weeks on the Rhine, seems then to have been recognized for the first time, whilst the absence of any really reliable reserve to fill up the losses occasioned by war dawned upon the whole people as a surprise. It was felt that, if their old position in Europe was to be maintained, their military force should consist of eight hundred thousand men, one-half of that number being the strength of the standing army in peace, the other half being its reserve. The army law then framed, establishing the principle of universal compulsory service, was devised with that object in view; if fully carried out it would have placed nine annual contingents of one hundred thousand men each at the disposal of the government, whilst the formation of a great reserve army, to be called the National Guard Mobile, was also decreed. This latter was to consist of all the young men not included in the annual contingent for the regular army, and it would, it was estimated, when the new military system had reached its normal condition in 1875–76, give a reserve force of five hundred thousand men. The Chambers would not, however, agree to all the provisions of the law as laid before them by Marshal Niel, and altered those bearing upon the formation of the Guard Mobile so materially as to preclude all possibility of its ever becoming a really efficient reserve force. Indeed Marshal le Bœuf, who succeeded Niel as minister of war, seems to have so thoroughly recognized this, that he took little trouble to give effect to that portion of the new military law. The result was that the declaration of war in 1870 found France without the reserve army which it had been one of the chief objects of the law, as proposed by Marshal Niel, to secure. A few battalions of this Guard Mobile had been organized at Paris, and a few were in the eastern fortresses; but as a reserve it existed only on paper, and the small portion which had been drilled was so utterly worthless, from lack of discipline, that, after a short sojourn at Châlons, it was found necessary to send it back to Paris. Had it been even possible to have found officers and non-commissioned officers for it, and to have mobilized it to its full strength, the arsenals did not contain a sufficient supply of breech-loading rifles or of clothing, etc., to have armed and equipped a reserve force of five hundred thousand men.

In July, 1870, the war strength of the regular army of France was five hundred and sixty-seven thousand men; but deducting from that number the *gendarmerie*, the troops composing the depots, and the garrisons at home and in Algeria, the force available for field operations against Germany would not number more than a little over three hundred thousand men. This was divided into eight army corps and three reserve divisions of cavalry, consisting in all of three hundred and sixty-eight battalions, two hundred and fifty-two squadrons, nine hundred and eighty-four field-guns, and three regiments of engineers.

The punishment that pursued the crime, the madness, of declaring war against Germany, whose field army was two-thirds stronger, and possessing vast and fully organized reserves of well drilled and well disciplined men behind it, is a matter of history with which I need not here concern myself. Without seeking for the national characteristics peculiar to either combatant to account for the overwhelming disasters that befel France as the result of their act of criminal folly, the disproportion between their armed strength is amply sufficient to account for the result. From the first general action — not, of course, including the painful episode now only remembered from having been impiously announced to the world as the "baptism of fire" of the boy prince — to the final destruction of the regular army, Napoleon's troops were outnumbered, I may say, in every battle. If the French military system had been a machine in good working order, and capable of being easily and effectively put in motion, the disproportion in numbers between the combatants in the early engagements on the frontier ought to have been reversed; and it may be fairly assumed that under such circumstances their immediate results would have been favorable to

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the French, whose regular troops fought even against odds in those early battles with courage and devotion. It was those early defeats that began the demoralization which culminated in Sedan. It is commonly believed in England that the French fought badly all through the war. This is a gross libel upon their regular army; for, although badly handled at Gravelotte and in the actions round Metz, its courage and actual fighting qualities were conspicuous. Sedan and Metz were its graves; and the ghosts of armies subsequently collected by a ministry of *avocats* could not be expected, in the nature of things, to maintain the ancient prestige of French military power, when called upon to face the best regular army in Europe. Numerous as were the shortcomings of their leaders, imperfect as was their military system, vain, presumptuous, and ignorant as the regimental officers may have been, one need not go back to all these unfortunate facts to account for the complete collapse of the French military power in 1870: their armies were crushed by superior numbers. Defective as their regular army was, it could most certainly have protected France from the disasters which overwhelmed her, if the military forces of Germany had not been numerically as well as morally so vastly superior to hers. The great numerical superiority of the German army enabled it to deal such crushing blows at the outset of the campaign, that the demoralization they engendered among MacMahon's soldiers rendered them subsequently an easy prey at Sedan.

The French have never been good at fighting a losing game. Reverses with us and with our cousins, the Americans, serve to stimulate to increased exertion, to give us renewed energy: but with the Latin races it is otherwise; misfortune engenders despair; there is a want of self-reliance in their disposition that tends to convert early failure in any undertaking into demoralization, and with all people, when demoralization has once taken hold either of individuals, or of communities, or of armies, it is likely to degenerate quickly into cowardice. The *élan* on which the French pride themselves so much is the offspring of success, and success only. "First blood" has even with us been always regarded as an omen of good fortune, but to a French army it is a preface essential to victory.

If I am correct in saying that much of the disasters that befel the French army in 1870 arose from the demoralization in its ranks engendered by the defeats it experienced at the opening of the campaign through insufficiency of numbers, I have given ample reason why it is worth our while to examine what would be the fighting strength of France next spring should her interests require her to appear as a belligerent in Europe. Let us glance in passing at the great reforms recently introduced into her military organization, and the improved instruction afforded to all ranks. Amidst the turmoil of internal party strife, important changes have been worked out quietly and effectively; the struggle for power by the several political parties into which France is divided has not in any serious manner hindered military progress. The direction and management of army affairs have been kept distinct, and outside the realm of party faction. The excellence of the French civil administration, the completeness and perfection of its machinery, has enabled the war ministry to carry out the new recruiting law of 1872 with ease and rapidity, and the well-established territorial division of the country lends itself to the new military system based upon it. The first principle of that law is the obligation of every Frenchman to personal military service. Substitutes are not permitted, and although exemption from personal service is permitted under certain clearly defined conditions, the law is that every man from twenty to forty years of age who is physically fit for work may be required to serve either in the regular army or in its reserves. Those who have at any time been convicted of serious crimes are not allowed to claim the honor of wearing a soldier's uniform. The full term of military service, viz. twenty years, is divided into four periods, — 1st, five years in the regular army; 2nd, four years in its reserve; 3rd, five years in the territorial army; and 4th, six years in its reserve. In order that this obligation should in peace time fall as lightly as possible upon young men studying for the learned professions, etc., a certain number — to be determined from time to time by the minister of war — who pass a specified examination are allowed, upon paying down a lump sum of money for the cost of their clothes and food, to reduce their term of service with the colors to one year, at the end of which they have to pass an examination in military subjects, or to go on serving for twelve months longer. The amount per man so paid this year was fixed at 60*l.*, but under certain circumstances applicants can obtain a reduction entire or remission of this payment.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

The population of France, which may be taken at thirty-six millions, has during the last four years given an average of two hundred and ninety-two thousand young men who have each year attained the age of twenty. After deducting from that number those taken for the auxiliary services (twenty-three thousand five hundred per annum), those exempted from the service owing to physical disabilities, from family reasons, and because they belong to religious or educational services, in round numbers, a little less than one-half remains, and from it the annual complement for the naval service, sixty-five hundred, must be deducted. Allowing for every deduction, absentees included — for there are army absentees in France as well as in England — this annual contingent for military purposes amounts to one hundred and thirty-three thousand, divided into two classes, the first of eighty-three thousand, who remain with the colors nominally for five years, and the second of fifty thousand, who from financial reasons are only kept with regiments for periods of from six to twelve months, where they remain *en disponibilité* until they pass into the reserve. In reality, the first class are barely four years in the ranks, for the men do not join until six months after the date from which their service is calculated, and they are allowed to leave their regiments on furlough six months before the expiration of their term of service.

On the 1st of January, 1878, the active army with the colors will therefore consist of, the first class of five annual contingents of eighty-three thousand each, plus the second class of the contingent for the current year, the permanent cadres of the army, the one-year volunteers and the re-engaged soldiers, calculated to give altogether, in round numbers, five hundred and thirty-four thousand men,* due allowance being made for casualties; and *en disponibilité*, of four annual contingents of fifty thousand, calculated to give about one hundred and eighty-four thousand men, similar deductions being made. The total strength of the active army will therefore be seven hundred and nineteen thousand non-commissioned officers and men, or, adding the officers (26,499), the grand total will be, in round numbers, seven hundred and forty-five thousand of all ranks, not including the gendarmerie, or Garde Républicaine, which together amount to twenty-seven thousand men. The reserves of the active army will in future consist of the men, who, having reached the age of twenty-five, have completed their term of five years' army service — that is, it will consist of four annual contingents plus a proportion of the cadres, etc., who will annually pass from regiments into the reserve. When this reserve has reached its normal strength in 1881, it will consist of five hundred and twenty thousand men, all of whom it is intended to call out twice during their reserve service to take part in grand manœuvres; once during their second, and once during their fourth year's reserve service, but upon both occasions for a period of twenty-eight days. Although this reserve created by the law of 1872 will not be in existence in its complete form until the end of 1881, it may be safely assumed that the reserve actually available at this moment amounts fully to five hundred thousand soldiers, who have all been trained in the regular army, for few of those who fought in 1870 are still with the colors.

The men, on completing their army reserve service, pass into the territorial army for five years; they will therefore be twenty-nine or thirty upon joining, and will remain in it until the age of thirty-four or thirty-five. When it has reached its normal strength in 1886, it will consist of five hundred and ninety-four thousand men, allowance being made for casualties. At the age of thirty-four or thirty-five, the men will pass into the reserve of the territorial army, in which they will remain for six years to complete the full term of twenty years' military service, which in future all Frenchmen, not exempted for the reasons already stated, will have to give their country. When this reserve has reached its normal strength in 1892, it will number six hundred and thirty-eight thousand men.

In the last-named year the military strength of France will be in round numbers as follows: —

Active army	719,000
Reserve of active army	520,000
Territorial army	594,000
Reserve of territorial army	638,000
Total	2,471,000

This grand total does not include officers nor the gendarmerie, nor the non-combatants annually allotted to the auxiliary and

* The actual number provided for by the budget of 1877 as present with their corps was only 441,147; the difference is owing to the fact already mentioned, that the men in reality only serve four, instead of five, years with the colors; this reduces the numbers I have given as actually present with their regiments by one-fifth, who are really on furlough, but available at any moment for service if required.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

administrative services, manufacture of warlike stores, construction of fortifications, railways, telegraphs, etc. As already stated, twenty three thousand five hundred men are each year told off to these auxiliary branches, but do not serve during peace. There are already about ninety thousand of them in existence available if required, which number will be increased to about one hundred and eighty thousand in 1881, and to one hundred and ninety-one thousand in 1892, when the military system will have attained its normal development.

As regards the present condition of the territorial army, much has recently been effected to make it a reality, by organizing the cadres of the one hundred and forty-five regiments into which it is divided, appointing officers to it, etc.; but nothing has yet been done, even on paper, towards forming its reserve. It may, however, be safely assumed, that in the event of a war this year the territorial army itself would certainly number five hundred thousand men, two-thirds of whom would have previously served either in the regular army or as mobiles during the late war, for whom an abundance of officers would be available. Should France take the field in 1878, I believe its military forces would be as follows: —

Active army	719,000
Reserve of active army	500,000
Territorial army	500,000
Auxiliary services of workmen, etc.	90,000
Total	1,809,000

This total does not include officers, gendarmerie (twenty-two thousand), the Republican Guard (thirty-eight hundred), nor the Customs and Forest Guards (thirteen thousand four hundred).

The active army is divided into eighteen army corps stationed in France and one in Algeria. Each of the former consist of two infantry divisions, the latter of three, one being stationed in each of the three provinces into which that colony is divided. The fighting strength of each army corps is twenty-five thousand infantry, about eighteen hundred sabres, one hundred and two guns, and one thousand engineers, making a total in round numbers of, say, thirty thousand fighting-men, exclusive of police and the administrative departments. France is apportioned off into eighteen regions, each having a population of about two millions, and each containing the headquarters of an army corps. Each region is subdivided for purposes of military administration into eight subdivisions, in each of which there are one or more magazines of arms, clothing, etc., and one or more recruiting offices, in which are kept the lists of the men belonging to the army, its reserves, etc. For each region there are also general supply magazines of all sorts of military *matériel*, from which the subdivision magazines are kept supplied. Each region is thus self-supporting, and an ample supply of arms and stores are kept in it to equip not only all the troops belonging to its army corps, but all those belonging to the depôts, army reserve, and territorial army, for whose organization it is responsible. One great point of difference between the French and Prussian system of recruiting is that, whereas in Germany each army corps is furnished with men drawn exclusively from the region in which its headquarters in peace and its depôts in war are localized, it is only the men belonging to the second class of the annual contingent in the French army who, when mobilized, serve exclusively with the army corps belonging to their own territorial region. The men of the first, or, as we should term it, the standing army, are recruited generally from all parts of France, so that in every division, in every battalion, may be found men from Marseilles, who can with difficulty make themselves understood by their comrades in the same company drawn from Normandy. This is a blot, a weakness in their system, which its conservative framers evidently felt was unavoidable on political grounds. They recoiled with dread from encouraging a provincial spirit in which they believed they saw, if not actually separatist tendencies, at least the germs of revolution. The demon of revolution is apparently never absent from the minds of the French statesmen; it is their national bogey, the flapping of whose wings gives forth a sound terrifying to every man in France whose property is more than the coat on his back. If the Republicans obtain the upper hand in the struggle they are now waging with the executive authority, it is possible they may assimilate their system of recruiting to that of Germany.

When the French army was mobilized in 1870 there were ample stores of arms, clothing, etc., of transport and other material, for it; but, in accordance with the system of centralization then existing, they were so massed in a few grand arsenals and magazines that it was physically impossible to issue them to the troops in due time. Alas! this is still our system

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

in England, for, practically speaking, all our eggs are in one basket, and that basket is Woodwich, a place extremely unsuited for the purpose. Were our storehouses there destroyed — say by an incendiary — at the beginning of a war, we should be in a bad way. In 1870, in order to economize storage space in their magazines, the wagons and carts for transport purposes were stacked in pieces, the bodies by themselves, the wheels and other parts the same. When suddenly required, it was found it would require about six weeks merely to put them together and get them out of the magazines for issue to the troops. Not only are they now distributed at many storehouses and kept with their wheels on ready for immediate use, but they are kept loaded with the *matériel* they would have to carry if the army were suddenly mobilized. A great and salutary change has been recently effected in relieving the general commanding an army of the trammels which before the war were thrown round him by the intendance. He is now — as he must be in every well-organized army — solely and directly responsible to the minister of war for the entire military administration of the region and troops placed under his command.

I believe it may be most truthfully asserted that to what is known in our army as the "five years' rule" we owe very much of our present military efficiency. According to its provisions, all commands — the position of commander-in-chief of the army alone excepted — from that held by the general commanding-in-chief in India to the command of a regiment of cavalry, or a battalion of infantry, can only be held for a period of five years. If by mistake a bad or inefficient man does obtain a command — an accident that will occur as long as man is fallible — we have at least the consolation of knowing that we shall get rid of him at the end of five years. This rule must eventually result in securing to us a pre-eminence in the efficiency, both mental and physical, of our officers over those of all other nations. In the command of army corps, the French have gone a step further in this respect, only permitting those commands to be held for three years, except under most peculiar circumstances, and then only by the special decree of a ministerial council. It remains to be seen whether, if the party which now commands a majority in the Chamber obtain the control of military affairs, it will carry out this law impartially, or use it as a cover for Republican jobbery regardless of the interests of the army.

As the constitution of our infantry regiments is a subject which came indirectly before Parliament last session, and may probably be again discussed in 1878, it will be instructive to study the establishments fixed for that arm of the service in France. The result of battles must always depend, not only upon the conduct of the infantry, and the manner in which it is handled, but upon its tactical value: and that again — apart altogether from the courage and physical condition of the men — upon its armament, its drill, discipline, and its tactical organization. It is universally admitted that the last named, to be perfect, should correspond in all arms of the service with the organization for administrative purposes. In nearly all modern armies, the battalion war strength is about one thousand fighting men. When Prussia adopted the system of strong companies with few commissioned officers, she was such a very poor country, that, in order to create the great army with which she took the field in 1866, it was absolutely necessary she should economize in every possible way, driving economy even to the very thin line which separates it from inefficiency. To employ as few officers as was compatible with the efficiency of battalions and companies was, therefore, a matter of great moment. The private soldier whose daily pay was to be counted in farthings, and who received no pension, was a cheap article, as every man was compelled by law to serve. But with the officer things were otherwise: he had to be paid so that he might live like a gentleman — a poor one certainly — whilst serving, and he had to be pensioned when no longer fit for work. The plan of having two hundred and fifty men in a company, instead of the old standard number then common to nearly all armies — viz. one hundred — without increasing the complement of officers per company, was one eminently calculated to effect an immense saving in military expenditure. In accordance with it, a battalion of one thousand men would consist of only four companies, and would, therefore, only require four captains, instead of the eight or ten that such a battalion in other armies would have. As long as actual inefficiency was avoided, economy was the great object to secure; so the plan was adopted, and their tactical formations and manœuvres were altered to suit this new organization. It was not, as it seems is commonly believed, that their system of strong companies was

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

devised to meet a new order of tactics. The "ever unready" and "ever too late" army of Austria, unprovided with breech-loading arms and badly handled, was utterly routed at Königgratz by its well-prepared and scientifically directed enemy armed with the needle-gun. Army economists in England at once jumped to the conclusion that the organization of the army that had been victorious must necessarily be the best, and they lost no time in urging upon our War Department the advisability of copying the Prussian system of strong companies and when the French army subsequently fell a victim to the same conquerors, even military men amongst us were found to advocate that measure. Before 1866 the French army was our common standard of excellence: we copied it in an almost servile fashion even to the peg-top cut of trouser, and the manner in which our overalls were strapped with leather; and it is not saying too much to assert that, were the German army to be defeated by that of China, the same men who were indignant with us for not assimilating our army in every respect to that of France before 1866, and who now clamor loudly for us to imitate that of Prussia, would then see good and wisdom only in the organization of the Celestial army.

That we ought to take lessons from others, even from our enemies, is sound reasoning, copying from them all that is better in their system than in ours; but we should not rush to conclusions and accept as a fact that such or such a victory was owing to a superiority in the tactical organization of the victors' regiments. Men who have themselves commanded infantry skirmishers in action will bear witness to the impossibility of any one captain being able to lead well more than about one hundred soldiers at the outside under a heavy fire: it is physically impossible for him to exercise an effective supervision over a larger number in skirmishing order, or to communicate to them that direct impulse which must emanate from the company leader and from him alone. The old practice of fighting in a closely formed line that used to be likened to a rigid bar of iron has been rendered impossible by the destructiveness of breech-loading fire; in future we must fight in a flexible line like that described by a chain-cable, loosely and unmathematically laid on the ground between any two given points: we must be more or less in open order, with parts of the chain thinly occupied, whilst the men should be thick — in groups in fact — at other and, tactically speaking, more important points of it. This requires a larger proportion of officers to men than was necessary under the mechanical system of fighting in rigid lines, shoulder to shoulder. In 1870 the Germans complained loudly of the insufficiency of their established complement of company officers, and I see that Mr. A. Forbes — who is no mean authority on such a question — in his recent excellent lecture at the United Service Institution, attributes the Russian misfortunes at Plevna and the great disorder in their ranks during their attacks upon that place in a very considerable degree to the small proportion of officers to men in their companies. His impressive warning to us on this subject should be taken to heart by every one interested in our army. My contention is, that the Prussians were victorious in 1866 and again in 1870, not because they had large companies and but few regimental officers, but that their success was achieved notwithstanding the disadvantages they labored under, owing to those serious faults in their tactical organization, and is attributable to causes having no relation whatever to their battalion formation. The one great tactical superiority which our army possesses over all others at present, and which most undoubtedly will go far towards helping us to victory should we ever be engaged in a death struggle with any Continental nation, is, that whilst our enemy's battalion of one thousand men will be divided into four unwieldy companies commanded by four captains, assisted by only a small number of officers, our battalions of a similar strength will have eight captains leading eight handy companies assisted by several subalterns. It is the firm belief of those who have themselves commanded British infantry in action, and who are therefore the best judges on this point, that the foreigner with his four clumsy companies, and without a proper proportion of officers, would be nowhere in such a contest. It must be confessed that there are some able men in our army who think otherwise, but they are chiefly either mere theorists or are men who have never commanded a company of British infantry in action. It is, I think, very much to be regretted that, following the law of worship for success, the French have been led into adopting what, according to my view, is a serious mistake — namely, the German system of ponderous companies with few officers, a system devised by Prussia for economical and not for tactical reasons.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

The active forces are armed with the Gras rifle and sword bayonet, the territorial army with the chassepôt converted on the Gras system. The calibre of both is the same —·433 inches — and both use the same ammunition. The Gras rifle is sighted up to nineteen hundred and sixty yards, and its mechanism is simple. The soldier carries seventy-four rounds of ammunition, which is nine less than he carried when armed with the old chassepôt: ten rounds more per man are carried in the battalion ammunition cart, about forty more per man in the divisional ammunition trains, and about twenty-four more per man with the army corps park. All the field-guns in use are breech-loaders, the largest being 3·74 inch steel piece on the Lahitolle principle, with which a proportion of the army corps batteries are armed. The divisional field batteries have the 3·35 inch, and the horse artillery the 2·95 inch bronze guns on the Reffye system. Percussion fuses only are used. Batteries of mitrailleurs are still maintained for field service. The proportion of guns to combatants is about the same as with us, viz., 3·3 per thousand. The attack formation for their infantry has been entirely changed since 1870, and does not now differ very materially from our own. The system of regimental transport for all arms of the service — which has recently been finally adopted by us after years of opposition — is now the law in France. Each infantry regiment in the field of three battalions is allowed twenty-seven one-horse carts, four for the conveyance of officers' baggage, three for ammunition, two for tools, one for reserve supply of boots, etc., seventeen for two day's dry and one day's preserved meat rations, besides three pack animals for medical panniers. To each battalion there is also a canteen-keeper's cart. These carts are all of the same dimensions, and officers are obliged to pack their baggage in boxes made expressly to fit them. Each company officer is allowed one box, which, when filled, is not allowed to weigh more than 30·8 lbs. (that is 10 lbs. less than is allowed to our officers); a canteen is also carried for every four officers, its weight is about 26 lbs. and it holds cooking pots, plates, etc., for that number. Those articles are private property, but the canteen itself and the boxes to contain baggage are supplied by government to all grades. Every soldier carries two day's provision, including preserved meat in tins, which, together with what is in the battalion ration-carts, makes the regiment independent of the divisional and corps trains for four days. The French soldier is not supplied with socks, which, according to our ideas, is a great mistake: the infantry man carries a total weight when equipped for war of 56 lbs. 9 oz., including arms, ammunition, accoutrements, a portion of a *tente d'abri*, etc. — a heavy weight for a man to stagger under during a march extending over, say, eight hours. In complete marching order the weight on the horse of a cuirassier is 19 stone 2 lbs., of a dragoon eighteen stone, of a chasseur or hussar seventeen stone, including one day's rations for the man and one day's corn for the horse.

Our curious anomaly of brevet rank, which is a relic of the purchase system, is unknown in France, where no man can be promoted to a grade without being employed in that grade. Honorary rank does not exist, and if an officer is thought worthy of being promoted, he is considered worthy and fit to exercise the duties of the grade to which he is raised. One-third of the officers are appointed from the ranks, the others come from the military schools; all promotion amongst the officers up to the rank of captain is conferred, two-thirds by seniority and one-third by selection.

The French staff was tried and found wanting in 1870; since then great changes have already been, and are still about to be, made in it. A law on the subject is now before the Chambers. It contains all that is good, and avoids what is known to be radically wrong in our system by all who have had much staff experience in war. Almost all aides-de-camp and orderly officers must be what would correspond in our army with those who have graduated at the Staff College, and they can only hold their appointments for three years, being ineligible for a similar position until after an interval of two years. Formerly the French staff was a corps apart; when an officer received his commission to it he severed all connection with the regiment in which he had hitherto served; thenceforward all his *esprit de corps* was for the staff, and not for any particular battalion or battery, as is the case with us, and once on the staff always on the staff was the rule. The result was a great want of sympathy and cordiality between the staff and the rest of the army, which engendered envy and hatred on the part of the latter, and a supercilious feeling of superiority on the part of the former, which they took little care to conceal.

The staff school and schools of applica-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

tion are well-devised institutions for imparting instruction to the several arms of the service, although, as with us, the tendency is rather to pay too much attention to pure science in preference to practical subjects.

The system of instructing soldiers in reading, writing, and arithmetic in the regimental schools is good; all who are not proficient in the three R's have to attend school daily for an hour, which in winter is prolonged to two hours. Great attention is paid to gymnastic instruction, and fencing is taught to the private as well as to the officer. Owing to the great expenditure in horses during the last war, they have become dear and difficult to obtain. To enable the State to obtain quickly the large amount that would be required in the event of war or sudden mobilization, a special law was passed in 1874 enforcing the conscription of horses and mules. An annual census is taken of all six-year-old horses and four-year-old mules, the owners being obliged, under pain of a heavy penalty, to bring them bridled and shod to the appointed places of rendezvous, receiving payment on the spot for all those accepted, the price being fixed definitely in each year's budget.

In all the great military reforms effected and still being carried out in France, the Prussian army has been the model followed, as was the case in that same country a century ago, when the army of Frederick was looked up to as the best in Europe. In their tactical arrangements, in the distribution of their troops into brigades, division and army corps, the German organization has been carefully copied, and above all things it has been sought to give to their reformed army that power of rapidly passing from a peace to a war footing which has been brought to such a high state of perfection in Germany. It is now recognized that neither armies nor men to lead them can be improvised, by a decree, as M. Gambetta endeavored to create them, and that, if any people wish to be eminently a military nation, they must during peace prepare for war. Every detail connected with mobilization must be carefully studied and provided for by regulations, which every agent to be employed in that operation must clearly understand, so that every one may know his part, and be ready to play it at the shortest notice. In fact, the machine should be so ably devised, so skilfully put together, and so carefully kept in perfect working order during peace, that when war is determined on the war minister should have merely to telegraph to the commanders of army corps the simple order, "Mobilize at once," to cause the whole machinery to be placed in effective motion. To secure this desirable end, it is essential that the organization of the troops and the system of military administration should be in peace what it is intended to be in war.

21,675,000*l.* is the "ordinary credit" demanded by the War Department for 1878. One who has good opportunities for knowing, estimates that in the five years between 1872 and 1876 the French spent 160,000,000*l.* for military purposes, of which 70,000,000*l.* were expended on warlike material and fortifications. Yet we hear no complaint from the taxpayer on the subject. The people seem quietly determined to have an army worthy of the nation, and they are faithfully seconded by all ranks in the army itself, whose ambition is to do well. The officer, who was in former times little more than a *flâneur* in uniform, is now anxious to make himself a professional soldier. Formerly he cared little for information about foreign armies; now he is keenly alive to all that goes on in them, as proved by the existence of the *Revue Militaire de l'Etranger*, by far the first military publication on the subject in Europe. No army suffered more from routine — red tape, as we commonly term it — than that of France before the last war: most returns and requisitions used to be made out in triplicate, and circumlocution, the inevitable attendant upon centralization, ruled supreme. The antidote for this evil has been found in localization. Their new defensive works, although not finished, have been pushed on rapidly, and most of their strong places are now well provisioned and supplied with the necessary stores to enable them to stand a siege. They suffer greatly from the want of good non-commissioned officers, a want that it is difficult to supply in a short-service army; we are beginning to feel it ourselves seriously in England, and unless we meet the difficulty by a large increase of pay — no penny-halfpenny addition will suffice — the efficiency of our army will suffer considerably.

I have as far as was possible, with due regard to the information it is desirable to convey in this article, spared my readers all strictly professional details. My object has been to show them, that whilst our attention has been mostly directed to the noisy struggles between those political factions who howl themselves hoarse at

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Versailles over questions of parliamentary procedure, the military direction, which politics have not yet been allowed to interfere with, has been steadily and seriously employed in creating a great, powerful army. That it does not yet equal that of Germany, and cannot fully do so for about another ten years, is without doubt; but it is quite as true — remembering the greatly increased power now possessed by the defence — that France has no reason to dread any German invasion in 1878, even supposing that those desirous of crushing her could succeed in uniting what is now known as Germany with that object in view. I write this at a moment when it is impossible to predict whether Marshal MacMahon will or will not succeed in keeping the management of military affairs out of the domain of party politics. If he fails, it is possible the army may be used as a stalking-horse for Republican jobbery, and that its direction may pass into the hands of men more desirous of party success than of national strength and greatness. France can never be great unless she is strong, nor really strong until her army is as powerful as that of any other nation in Europe.

The reorganization of the Prussian army, begun in 1859, was carried on for several years by King William in the teeth of a great parliamentary opposition; the sympathy of England being strongly pronounced in favor of the constitutional party opposed to their sovereign and his military advisers. In like manner, we find that English opinion to-day is on the side of those who take their stand as advocates of parliamentary government in France, in opposition to the marshal's views. We now know that the king of Prussia was right, and his people wrong, in the years immediately preceding the invasion of Bohemia. If the nation had had its own way then, the Prussian army, which is now the admiration of the world, would still be the *Landwehr* it was in 1858, and the successful wars which have converted the king of Prussia into the emperor of Germany could never have been. It is possible that we may yet have to acknowledge that we are equally wrong now in our estimate of the condition of things in France; that mistaken as Marshal MacMahon may be in regard to home politics, he has — following the example of the Prussian king — at least succeeded in making France once more a great military power.

The year 1878 seems destined to be one of great events for Europe, and, as far as one can judge at present, of events pregnant with future injury to England in particular. Germany is our great natural ally as long as she remains simply a mighty military power; should she, however, take possession of Holland and its colonies, her only object can be to rival us upon the sea. It is said she is anxious to see us embroiled in the Eastern war, so that she may do so without opposition. It would, no doubt, be possible to assemble a conference of men in St. James's Hall, who would loudly assert that her possessing herself of Holland was no concern of ours. If an enemy seized upon the Isle of Wight, there is a party in England that would not only deprecate our fighting for it, but would argue it was no loss, that it "did not pay." But should the independence of Holland be threatened, no matter what that party might say, its impotent spluttering would be drowned in the cry for war that would certainly go forth from Land's End to John o'Groat's House. It would then be the alliance of France we should naturally look to. Holland, Belgium, France, and England allied together would form a league, that even proud Germany would feel was too powerful for her to face. Should that union of nations in the defence of right pass from the region of speculation into the world of reality, I hope I have shown that the army of France would be no unimportant factor in summing up the military forces which those allies would have at their command.

ERICA.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE GERMAN OF

FRAU VON INGERSLEBEN.

XVII.

ON THE RHINE.

THE radiance of a sunny spring day rests on the green waves of the Rhine, makes its ripples glitter and sparkle with myriads of stars, and pours a vivifying warmth and brightness over the cities, castles, and vineyards on its shores. How all nature rejoices in the splendor of her spring robes, and how thoroughly everything harmonizes with the cheerful mood of the weather! It really seems as if spring has its home here, and scatters its gifts with partial liberality over this happy valley, where only joy and smiles reign, grief and tears are unknown.

* Copyright 1877, by Littell & Gay.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

How gaily people throng the streets of the cities, how cheerily acquaintances chat together when they chance to meet, how comfortably the pedestrians stroll along! And even the venders of goods, laden with baskets, do not seem oppressed by their toil, but pursue their avocations with alert steps and merry eyes, and carry on a good-natured rivalry with the draymen, who stride along in blue blouses beside their gigantic horses, humming a song between their teeth, or, if on the highway, comfortably smoking a pipe.

The gates of the stately city houses or castles open to permit the egress of carriages filled with richly-dressed occupants. On roll the equipages past hillsides fragrant with vine-blossoms, stately country houses standing amid parks brilliant with the fresh green foliage of spring, rugged, towering cliffs, and luxuriant fields of grain. In the distance the graceful outlines of a chain of mountains stand forth in strong relief against the radiant blue of the sky, the ruined castles frown darkly down upon the valley and recall the transitoriness of all earthly splendor. But the laughing, sparkling sunlight irradiates these ruins with illusory life, casts warm lights upon the ivy that clings to the crumbling walls, and covers the warning admonition of the past.

And amid all this beauty, the green waves of old Father Rhine glitter and sparkle, as with undiminished vigor the flood rolls on between the banks, and tiny stars of light dance on the surface with roguish glee. Now as ever, his strong back uncomplainingly bears the countless ships and boats, which afford a picture of the most motley life.

This dark, solemn ship, from whose black pipe rises a column of smoke, comes from Holland, its lack of ornament betrays its nationality. Yonder again, that vessel with the gay colors, covered with flags and pennons, is a true child of the Rhine. Wreaths of flowers are twined around the masts, bright coverlids are spread over the seats, and the very crowd on deck unite in pouring forth full, rich melodies. The waves of sound roll harmoniously over the broad surface of the river and die away in gentle murmurs along the sloping banks. All listen, even the quarry-men who destroy the rocks of the Rhine with their axes, rest for a moment to hear the sweet sounds.

But soon the chisels hammer again, and the stones thunder down and are packed in boats, which will be dragged away by yonder busy steam-tug. There it comes panting and puffing, with a line of barges behind it. In spite of its zeal, the progress is very slow, the river, as if indignant at the undue burden imposed upon it, rises in high waves, amid which the smaller boats rock frightfully. The more timid dart towards the bank, the bolder ones remain, but the rowers are obliged to struggle hard, and even yonder floating bath, though firmly anchored, swings wildly from side to side, as if it would fain break from its moorings.

Only the great steamer, whose deck swarms with passengers, quietly pursues its way undisturbed. Representatives of all nations are here assembled, who flock from every quarter of the globe to gaze at the beauty of the German river, yet the Englishman looks at his guide-book, the Frenchman at his fair neighbor, only the German is wholly absorbed in the sight of the wondrous landscape. But now all are looking attentively at the shore, along which a solemn procession is slowly moving. Large banners flutter in the van, white-robed priests move amid the throng, which, attired in gay, often conspicuous colors, resembles a festive gathering rather than a train of penitents. Devout songs echo from the lips, but the eyes are not cast down in reverence, but gaze keenly at the travellers, or occupy themselves with other and more attractive objects.

True, nature is here so beautiful that it is difficult to wholly forget earthly in heavenly things, and although on this occasion reverence for the piety of the pilgrims sustains a severe shock, a glad, grateful appreciation of the beauty lavished upon this world is certainly pleasing to the all-merciful God. So blessings upon thee, beautiful Rhine, favored child of creation. May fruitfulness ever remain in thy valleys, majestic beauty on thy mountains, and peace and joy with thy inhabitants in the palace and the hut.

One of the fairest spots in this famed region is the Siebengebirge, whose soft outlines and lofty peaks unite both grace and majesty. Tradition weaves a magic charm around the crumbling ruins on these mountains, the abysses and gentle declivities that slope down to the valleys. The lord and king of these mountains, the lofty Drachenfels, which now stands forth so clearly against the radiant blue of the spring heavens, and really seems to rule the whole country, is the principal theme of all these legends. Innumerable songs are composed in his honor, young and old, gifted and commonplace poets have sought to glorify him in their verse, and count-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

less travellers climb his rugged peak to revel in the magic that surrounds him, and gaze at the wondrous beauty of the world at his feet.

In summer the little city which seems to nestle confidingly to him, like an affectionate child, is never destitute of visitors who are making a pilgrimage to him. The vine-wreathed verandas that overhang the river are always filled with travellers; gay conversation and merry laughter echo from them, or the people unite in song, and the full beautiful chorus bears the notes far away.

Drachenfels, however, has its power of attraction for still wider circles. The whole neighborhood is a favorite spot for travellers to remain for a longer or shorter time, and we see everywhere among the dwellings of the real inhabitants pretty villas prepared for their reception. The houses of the prosperous villagers, which resemble the residences of a city, stand in an almost uninterrupted succession along the banks of the river. One can scarcely tell where one of these villages begins and ends, as pretty country houses everywhere gleam forth from amid their parks or flower-gardens.

In a steeper part of the shore, where the rocks fall sharply down to the water, we see a platform hewn from the stone, surrounded by a broad balustrade, which protects the numerous seats and benches within. No vine can twine around this enclosure, it is true, but tall lindens stand on one side where the rock gives way to rich soil, and their broad branches form a protecting roof over the pleasant loitering-place. An easy flight of stone steps leads directly down to the river, and a number of little boats, which lie rocking on the waves waiting to be used.

On the land side, the platform adjoins a little round pavilion, whose pointed roof bears a fluttering flag which gives visitors, even when at a distance, the pleasing assurance that the occupants of the house are at home. The wide glass doors are thrown wide open, and the balmy spring air can sweep freely through the room, while the eye, equally unrestrained, wanders over the beautiful landscape.

On a sofa, which has been drawn into the middle of the room, reclines a young lady, so deeply absorbed in a book she holds in her hand, that she has no eyes either for the charm of her surroundings, or the boy who is half kneeling on a stool at her feet. But in consequence of this, the latter's glance rests all the more steadily on his beautiful companion, while his features vividly betray his impatience at her continued interest in her reading. A hasty movement at last gives vent to this feeling, and makes the lady raise her eyes, but she instantly looks down at the page again, saying carelessly, —

"Let me alone, Fritz. It isn't time yet."

"It is impossible, Sidonie. You surely won't say that one chapter can last forever."

"Look for yourself, doubting Thomas," replies the lady, smiling and holding out the volume. "I'm just at the seventh paragraph."

"Then deuce take the author and his long-winded chapters," cries Fritz angrily, stamping violently on the floor.

"Your uncle, the fox-hunter, should have taught you better manners, Fritz."

"But, Sidonie, it is your duty, you must surely see that."

"Hush, Fritz! I want to read," and the lady again buries herself in her book.

Fritz is once more reduced to looking on. His eyes rest a few moments on the beautiful face before him, then wander to the window to gaze into the park that adjoins the pavilion, and at the same time cast an angry side-glance upon the page, to see whether the ardently desired end of the chapter will not yet appear.

A slight shade of excitement appears on the young lady's features, though they do not seem inclined to mirror every passing impression so easily. The dark eyes, surmounted by arched brows, whose long lashes are now cast down, have no expression of merry petulance, but look very grave and even somewhat cold for one so young. The high forehead, whose marble whiteness is enhanced by the black hair that surrounds it, also produces an impression of seriousness and self-command. The corners of the delicate lips droop slightly and indicate a firm will, but the eyes are too clear and intelligent to permit a fear that the beautiful girl's character is marred by obstinacy. The straight, slender nose harmonizes charmingly with the eyes and lips, but increases the expression of conscious pride stamped upon the beautiful features.

Her light floating dress, even in her recumbent attitude, falls gracefully around the slender figure, and the lace-veiled arm on which the reader comfortably supports her head might serve as a model for a sculptor. She has carelessly thrust her fingers through her elaborately dressed hair, and soft black curls twine around her hand. She seems so completely absorbed

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

in the book that she has no attention for the outside world, and yet a close observer would now perceive a watchful, listening expression.

The boy on the cushion instantly notices this change in her features, and looks around in surprise, as he sees no object that could have produced it. But he now distinctly hears hasty footsteps coming up the steps from the river, and a look that would be difficult to decipher, an expression of mingled amusement and vexation sparkles in his eyes, which again rest upon Sidonie, and he perceives a faint flush pass over the pale, aristocratic countenance of the young girl. He starts impetuously from his seat and hurries out upon the platform, where, leaning over the balustrade, he can obtain a full view of the new-comer.

The latter, a tall, slender young man in simple morning dress, nods kindly to the boy, and turns toward the park. Fritz, instead of answering the greeting, rudely tosses his head and rushes back into the pavilion, where he throws himself down on his seat so violently that the stool creaks loudly. Sidonie, whose eyes have followed every movement of the boy, is now again so deeply absorbed in her book that the interruption annoys her. Her frown, however, does not seem to make the impression intended, for Fritz vehemently exclaims, —

"You don't deceive me, Sidonie!"

The young lady raises her eyes from the book, but makes no reply. It almost seems as if she were reflecting, and a shadow of indignation or embarrassment darkens her features, but she must have speedily formed her resolution, for the large, dark eyes sparkle with an almost mischievous light, and she says laughing, —

"Why, yes, you watchful Cerberus, I have read three pages of the next chapter."

"What, that too?" cries Fritz angrily; "then for a punishment you must talk to me at least half an hour. And since we have plenty of time — do you know, Sidonie, you can teach me how people set about making you hate them?"

The same shadow of indignation or embarrassment again appears in the young girl's eyes, but Fritz must have failed to notice it for he continues, —

"It is my most ardent desire to make you hate me, hate me as bitterly as ——"

A quick, imperious wave of the white hand silences him. The dark eyes rest steadily and proudly on the boy's animated features, and the musical voice says in a tone almost startlingly clear and cold, —

"Cease this folly, Fritz! I allow you to take more liberties than any one else, but beware of passing the bounds, or I will deprive you of all your prerogatives."

Fritz pouted scornfully. "Vast prerogatives, certainly! To be able to talk to you for ten minutes at the end of every chapter, and ——"

"And meantime be permitted to sit on the stool and look at me. Do you call that nothing, my spoiled favorite?"

The beautiful face was brightened by its sunniest smile, an almost loving glance rested on the boy, and Sidonie's white hand toyed caressingly with his fair, curly hair.

Fritz's anger melted beneath the beautiful girl's touch. He caught her hand and pressed it to his eyes. "I could die for you when you look at me so, Sidonie," he murmured. "But I should like" — and the dreamy eyes flashed with a merry, mischievous expression — "I should be still better pleased if you would once blush for me as deeply as you did just now for Werner."

The blow aimed with so much diplomatic skill had fallen, but Sidonie gained time to parry it. The loving expression in her dark eyes was transformed into a cold, proud look, and she replied in slow, measured tones, —

"What new folly is this, Fritz? What has that name to do with us? Besides, I hope you will perceive that your father's secretary or steward — or whatever office he fills — is no proper subject for jesting between you and your cousin Sidonie; rally your mother's maid about him."

The young lady's voice became bitterly scornful as she uttered the last words, and her quivering lips also bore witness to her emotion. Fritz gazed intently into her face, and the expression of mingled merriment and vexation was again plainly visible on his features.

"Oh, my gracious cousin, when you wrap yourself in your dignity, I bow most humbly to your noble will. Never again will I offend your ear by mentioning a subject so far beneath you. As for Werner ——"

A scarcely perceptible shiver that ran through the frame of his fair companion made him pause, but the eyes, half veiled by their long lashes, still gazed so calmly and gravely over the river, that Fritz could not finish his jesting speech. So he continued, this time in a much more earnest tone, —

"As for Werner, Ottomar's recommendation secures him a position in our

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

house which would hardly render it suitable for me to joke with my mother's maid about him."

Sidonie seemed to feel the slight reproof conveyed in her cousin's words, for her long lashes drooped still lower, but she was fortunately spared a reply, as the door leading into the park opened, and a servant in livery entered the room.

"The countess sends me to inform Countess Sidonie that visitors have arrived from Bonn. Perhaps Countess Sidonie may wish to see the gentlemen."

"First let us hear who has come," replied Fritz before his cousin could answer, "then we'll decide whether it will be agreeable to us to see them."

The servant began: "Count Ottomar."

"Pshaw! he can come to us, we won't leave our idyllic solitude for him. Go on."

"Count Landsheim and Count Generode."

"They'll entertain Olga and Lia, we won't trouble ourselves about them, Sidonie. Any one else?"

"Baron von Sonnenstein arrived half an hour ago, and——"

"Dear me, Olga will have her hands full; but we'll stay here, won't we, Sidonie?"

Sidonie's eyes were still fixed upon the river, she evidently heard only a part of what was going on around her, and answered without exactly realizing what she was saying: "Certainly, just as you choose, Fritz."

"Prince von Wolfenhagen and Herr von Lerehfeld have also just arrived," continued the servant.

Fritz started up. "Most respectable blockhead, so you wait until now before telling us," he cried laughing. "Sidonie, the idyl is over. The world and its claims imperiously demand our attention. Let us show that we are worthy inheritors of our name, and heroically accept the struggle to which we are so boldly challenged."

Sidonie smiled, but it was a faint, almost weary smile, that seemed to cast a shadow on her face instead of brightening it. "You are a foolish boy, Fritz," she said, conquering her feelings and speaking in a gayer tone, "and I am doubly foolish to waste my time in talking to such a child. Go, Joseph," she continued, turning to the servant, "tell the countess that I will come immediately."

"Of course, after we have arranged our toilettes a little, in order to meet the battle of life bravely," added Fritz, after the servant had left the pavilion.

He did not seem to be mistaken, for Sidonie was already standing before the mirror, smoothing her disordered hair. Then she passed her hand over the folds of her light dress, pulled at the lace in her sleeves, cast a glance at her whole figure, and then, accompanied by her young cousin, left the pavilion to join the visitors in the park.

XVIII.

THE HOUSEHOLD AND ITS GUESTS.

The pleasure-grounds through which the young cousins now walked were laid out with great magnificence and taste. Nature and art had united to form a beautiful whole, and according to the mood or fancy, one could choose for his rambles dark avenues of lofty old trees, whose interlaced branches shut out even a glimpse of the sky, and whose cool shade defied even the burning heat of summer, or turn into winding gravel paths that led through broad lawns and luxuriant shrubbery, which alternated with graceful groups of trees. The eye here had more opportunity to rove over the beautiful grounds, and could rest upon the sun-illumined peak of the Drachenfels, which towered far above the trees in the park.

All these paths ascended so gently and gradually that the rising ground was scarcely noticed, and it was only on reaching the summit of the hill that one saw, with astonishment, the park lying at his feet. The villa crowning the summit formed a worthy close to the pleasant walk. Half castle, half country-house, its tasteful and even elegant façade harmonized perfectly with its surroundings.

The terrace before it was richly adorned with exotics, but the wide lawn beyond possessed only the trees native to the soil. Beautiful catalpas, tulip-trees with their large blossoms, then luxuriant syringa-bushes and the drooping boughs of the ash. How much fresher and more beautiful they were than the poor exiled children of Italy, which, planted in tubs, dragged but a miserable hot-house existence!

Will not our humane times have pity also on the poor plants, which, deprived of their native soil and air, seem by their sickly appearance to complain of our cruelty? The attempt to transplant the fragrant orange groves of Italy to our northern home, will always fail and seem like child's play, because it is contrary to nature.

Besides, Germany is not poor in beau-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

tiful trees, and if they lack the sweet odors produced by the Italian sky, their refreshing scent strengthens and steels, while the fragrance serves only to intoxicate.

The broad lawn before the castle was now enlivened by a group of graceful young figures. Uniforms glittered amid the light summer dresses of the ladies, and even the gentlemen in civilian's dress, in honor of the bright day, had donned lighter colors than the usual monotonous black. They were busily engaged in playing ball, and the game was accompanied with jests and laughter. Often the ball flew far out of its course and the whole circle broke up to look for it, laughing at the unskilful player, who however, if a lady, was treated with more consideration.

Sidonie and Fritz could sometimes obtain a glimpse of the group on the turf, which the latter seemed to watch with great interest, for he eagerly communicated his observations to his cousin. "There is Olga standing between Generode and Sonnenstein, and Lia beside Landsheim. Poor Prince Eduard! Your Kunigunde is still absent, so for the present you must content yourself with the schoolgirl Edith."

Sidonie raised her eyebrows. "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones, my good Fritz. If I were in your place, I wouldn't make remarks about schoolgirls."

"Oh! so my beautiful cousin is turning her weapons against me, but I will revenge myself. Yes, indeed!" he suddenly exclaimed aloud, "I might revenge myself cruelly if I chose." He looked mischievously at his companion, and then glanced towards a young man, who sat on a bench under a clump of bushes reading, and now became visible at a turn in the path.

Not the faintest tinge of color suffused the marble-like pallor of Sidonie's features, but on the contrary a marble-like coldness appeared in them, which effectually restrained any piece of mischief the boy had perhaps been meditating. Her tall, queenly figure moved quietly on with imposing dignity, the long, trailing dress rustled slightly on the gravel walk and made the young man look up from his book at her approach. An involuntary expression of joyful surprise flitted over his features, he gazed steadily at the pair a few moments, and then hastily rose from his seat.

When the beautiful girl passed him, he made a low, respectful bow, though reverence did not seem to restrain him from watching her very closely. Her features did not betray the slightest trace of emotion; she looked at the young man with the same almost weary indifference that was visible in her eyes as she fixed them on the trees and flowers around. It was doubtful whether she bestowed sufficient attention upon her surroundings to discover the presence of a human being among the world of plants, so steadily did her large black eyes rest upon him. Even the slight bend of the head that acknowledged his respectful greeting seemed so mechanical that it afforded the young man no certainty of any actual recognition.

He looked thoughtfully after her retreating figure, and then fixed his eyes upon the sky, now brilliant with the hues of sunset. There was neither melancholy disappointment, nor anger at the conduct of the haughty young lady in the gaze, but earnest, profound meditation, whose cause could scarcely be found in the meeting that had just taken place. He was so completely absorbed in his reverie that he did not notice Fritz, who suddenly left his companion and darted back to him with the speed of an arrow. The boy's merry eyes sparkled mischievously as he perceived the young man's preoccupation, and he cried laughingly: "Are Sodom and Gomorrah burning, Werner, that you stand here like a pillar of salt?"

Werner started at the unexpected voice, but did not turn his eyes towards the speaker, and still gazed intently at the sky. It seemed as if he wished to finish his train of thought, for his features at last gradually lost their preoccupied expression, and he looked at the boy beside him.

"Have you come back to your senses?" cried the latter. "I hope to find a sufficient degree of attention, when I now declare war against you, war to the knife."

"What do you mean, Fritz?" asked Werner gravely.

"What do I mean? I hope, young man, I need not define a declaration of war. In default of a gauntlet — you see, in spite of mamma's horrible warnings, my hands are bare — I'll throw this iris at your feet."

"And for what reason?" asked Werner, with the same almost singular earnestness.

"For what reason? Am I to allow myself to be scolded on your account, am I to see how Sidonie ——" Fritz suddenly paused, whether startled at the thought of what he was about to say, or anxious to tease Werner, who had hastily turned towards him, could not be decided. It even seemed as if he were going to vanish as quickly as he had come; but Werner caught his hand and thus detained him.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

"What do you mean, Fritz?" he asked quietly.

"Aha, so my words at last inspire the young gentleman with some little interest! If you wouldn't take so much trouble to deceive me—you may succeed with some people, but it's perfectly ridiculous to keep up the farce to me."

Werner's attention was no longer engrossed by the speaker. "Go, Fritz," he suddenly exclaimed, "or your companion will join the company without her cavalier."

Fritz, who probably perceived the truth of this remark, ran away at full speed, and Werner sat down on the bench to continue his reading. But the interruption seemed to have been too great, for he soon raised his eyes from the book, glanced towards the merry party on the lawn, and bending aside the boughs that intercepted his view, became absorbed in the beautiful picture before him.

Sidonie was just emerging from the shrubbery with her companion. The circle instantly broke up, and the gentlemen hastened forward to greet the fair girl. She spoke graciously and gaily to them all, and then joined the game, but it must soon have become wearisome to toss the large balls, for Werner saw her leave the circle, and, accompanied by one of the young men, seek a spot shaded by the house, to play battledore. The slight, exquisite figure, with its graceful movements, exactly suited the game, and the young watcher was not to blame if he fixed his attention on this group alone.

But the feelings aroused by the spectacle were by no means pleasant, for a shadow rested on his face, and the deep lines on his brow gave his features an almost threatening expression. "How delighted the prudent aunt will be!" he murmured in an undertone: "there is nothing more pleasing to a zealous teacher than an apt pupil, who understands every signal and acts accordingly. His Highness is an excellent match, and the family still lacks the lustre of a princess. With the exception of that one imported title there is, strangely enough, not a single prince among all the near relatives. Perhaps the marriage would have been still more ardently desired for a child of her own, but I scarcely think so. The niece is like her, and stands nearer to her heart than all her own children put together—and I—have I not——"

The young man paused, and passed his hand over his brow, then rose and walked slowly up the path that led to the spot where the guests were assembled. "It is surely tea-time," he murmured, "and in spite of everything I know that I rob her of her ease. His Highness shall soon feel the disturbing influence of my presence, little as he will suspect the cause."

The active exercise had heightened the color in the cheeks of all the party, even Sidonie's face, which was usually a shade too pale, glowed with a rosy hue. Her partner looked with delight at the increased beauty of his companion, and, absorbed in gazing at her, carelessly let the little shuttlecock fall.

"How awkward, prince!" cried Sidonie laughing. She was so much interested in the game that she vied with the unskilful prince in looking for it, reached the spot where it lay first, hastily raised it, remained standing there, and allowed her partner to take her former place, thus changing her position.

"Who is that gentleman coming slowly through the park?" asked the prince, instead of striking the shuttlecock. "Does he belong to the party, and why didn't he come before?"

Sidonie did not take the trouble to turn towards the new-comer, but answered carelessly: "Oh, he is one of uncle's functionaries! See, there comes the governess with her pupil—we have very patriarchal customs here, odd figures appear from all quarters at meal-times."

"One can scarcely call that young man's figure odd," said the prince; "on the contrary, I should say——"

"Don't be so careless, prince, toss your shuttlecock, we shall be called in to tea directly."

His Highness eagerly obeyed his fair companion's request, and the little shuttlecock again darted to and fro through the air. But now the awkwardness was evidently on Sidione's side, for she often interrupted the game by failing in her stroke. She was probably tired, since, although entirely her own fault, she never attempted to bring back the deserter, but always left the trouble to her cavalier, so it was perhaps a relief to her when a servant interrupted the game by summoning them to tea, which to-night was served in the open air.

The circle that gathered around the table, although few guests were present, was a tolerably large one. The lady of the house, who had hitherto been seated on the veranda, which was shaded by the balcony that projected from the upper story, now came forward. She was probably already on the shady side of forty, but still a beautiful and stately woman,

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

whose thick, dark hair was yet free from any tinge of grey. The loveliness of her regular features was enhanced by a complexion unusually fine for one of her years, and their dignified expression harmonized admirably with the almost cold composure of her manners.

Her husband, Count Rodenwald, who now slowly left the castle and welcomed the gentlemen, seemed a complete contrast to his wife. Fair-haired and ruddy, he too showed few traces of approaching age, but his by no means regular features expressed so much unmistakable good-nature, and perhaps an equal amount of weakness, that they formed a striking contrast to the proud, dignified bearing of his wife.

His tall and formerly slender figure had gained rather too much flesh with advancing years, and his loose, comfortable clothing made him appear still stouter.

It was almost to be regretted that the children of this couple resembled the father more than the mother. Almost all were fair, with fresh, but by no means marked faces, although youth now lent them a shade of beauty, and the full, but slight figures were graceful and pleasing. The third daughter alone — designated by her brother as the schoolgirl Edith — had inherited her mother's regular features and dark hair. Although not yet grown up — or at least not out in society — her tall figure possessed a certain haughty ease, which gave promise of developing into her mother's quiet dignity.

The oldest son — the only one of the children who had already left home and was now stationed in the neighboring city of Bonn — bore a striking resemblance to his father in form and features, though his expression revealed traces of his mother's quiet firmness. He seemed to be her special favorite, for he had taken very little share in the game, but remained seated by his mother, and she now called him to her side again. The count, on the contrary, sat down near his younger children, and jested and laughed with them, without troubling himself about the entertainment of his guests, probably in the very correct supposition that they would not be neglected.

Now, however, he remembered his duties as host, for, as this was the first time Prince Eduard Wolfenhagen had been in his house for months, he recollected that he had not yet made the acquaintance of all the members of the family. He therefore turned to his children in his usual off-hand fashion, and asked in a tone so loud that every one could hear: "Has any one introduced Werner to Prince Wolfenhagen."

His wife cast a hasty glance at him, which seemed to confuse him, and then instantly replied, "I believe this duty has been neglected; besides it is your office, my dear Edwin," she added, with a faint smile.

"Well then, my dear prince, I will solemnly present you to Herr Werner, my — our" — he hesitated, and looked beseechingly at his wife.

"One of the members of our household," said the lady, as quietly as if it were a matter of course that she should finish her husband's sentences.

"And I, my dear prince," interposed Count Ottomar, "will present to you in this same Herr Werner my most intimate friend."

The prince bowed courteously to the young man who was introduced in this peculiar manner, and addressed a few polite words to him, and as Werner, to his surprise, responded to his questions as if his Highness had expected and desired an answer, it naturally followed that he was drawn into the conversation. This, however, could not be a very unusual occurrence, for the countess's face was unclouded, while her husband seemed more fond of talking and jesting with *this* member of the household than any other.

Only one person in the circle did not seem pleased with this turn of affairs, the beautiful Sidonie's delicate lips were more firmly compressed, and the corners of her mouth drooped still more than usual. She said very little, and the glances she cast at her aunt induced the latter to rise from the table sooner than was perhaps agreeable to the company. The old count openly expressed his dissatisfaction, and in a manner that probably did not harmonize with his wife's wishes.

"What is the matter to-day, children?" he said discontentedly, as he rose from his seat. "We don't meet here to drink a few cups of weak tea, but to talk to each other. I suppose Olga and Lia have been practising some new duet, which will show them off to the best advantage."

The two young ladies had been too well schooled by their mamma not to cover their father's want of tact by their own presence of mind. Olga instantly sprang towards him, and putting her arm coaxingly round his neck said laughing, —

"You naughty papa, to tell tales out of school, now for a punishment we won't sing at all."

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"A pleasure we can renounce with lighter hearts," cried Lia, also laughing, "as this time the point in question was not so much *our* artistic performance, as Herr von Sonnenstein's."

"My artistic performance?" asked a thin young man, passing his hand through his somewhat scanty brown hair. "For Heaven's sake, countess, pray tell me in what special branch of art I am expected to show my skill?"

"Don't disclaim, Herr von Sonnenstein," said Lia, with another merry laugh, "it is said that you have a remarkable talent for music."

"I've never heard of anything but a remarkable talent for folly," whispered a young lieutenant of dragoons in the ear of his companion.

"Whoever the traitor may have been," interposed Fritz, "Sonnenstein solemnly protests against the slander."

"Yes, indeed I do, Fritz," replied the latter; "to be sure I took music lessons when I was a boy, but never advanced beyond learning the notes, since my teacher gave me up in despair."

"Then, since we must renounce the delights of music," said one of the young ladies, "suppose we take advantage of the fine weather and go to walk in the park." The proposal met with universal approval from the rest of the party, and the whole company soon broke up into various groups, which gradually disappeared in the leafy avenues. The count remained sitting on a bench talking to Werner, and the countess returned to her sheltered veranda, where her oldest son again followed her.

"You seem sad, Ottomar," said the lady tenderly; "something is troubling you, will you not confide it to me?"

The young man smiled, and raising his mother's hand to his lips, replied in a jesting tone: "But suppose I had done something to displease you, mamma! Would it still be my duty to confess it?"

A sudden change of expression flitted over the lady's calm features: "Oh! I understand! You have been to Rheinau."

Ottomar looked down, and evading the question, answered earnestly, "And would that really displease you, mamma? Have I not been a frequent visitor at that house from my earliest childhood?"

The countess's voice was grave, and even stern, as she replied: "This childish intimacy was a matter of course; they are our neighbors, and moreover people of cultivation and refinement, their house is a pleasant one, so what reason could there be for not associating with them?"

Ottomar's blue eyes rested steadily on his mother's. "Yes, mamma," he replied, "what reason, what pretext could there be?"

"To break off the acquaintance, certainly none; but a mere acquaintanceship does not justify placing ourselves on an equality or forming an alliance with them. The granddaughter of the merchant, who bought his patent of nobility, and whose great-grandfather, I am told, was a respectable shoemaker, is no fitting bride for my son Ottomar, who can choose his future wife from the princely houses of Germany."

Ottomar looked at his mother with an earnest, inquiring glance. "Would the son of this house be equally unsuitable for a daughter of our family, mamma, or would not the same reasoning apply?"

A slight shade of embarrassment appeared on the countess's face. "That question has never been introduced, Ottomar; and besides — the oldest son, the heir of our name — Ottomar!" she suddenly exclaimed in an almost passionate tone, "I could not bear to have you, my pride, the idol of my heart, make an unequal marriage."

"There is very little prospect of my doing so, mamma," replied the son quietly. The beautiful Rosa does not seem to have the slightest desire to become Countess Rodenwald."

The countess slightly shrugged her shoulders, but made no reply, and perhaps both felt it a relief when the count now appeared and interrupted the conversation. Soon after the rest of the party returned, and the gentlemen took their leave; but just as the prince was going up the steps of the veranda to say farewell to the countess, his foot slipped and he sprained his ankle.

He laughed at the accident and tried to limp away, but the lady of the house declared that she could not possibly consent to his departure, as even a trifling injury may easily become serious. The prince made no very serious objections to spending the evening with the family and accepting a bed for the night, so he remained, while Herr von Sonnenstein ordered his carriage to drive home, and the other guests, accompanied by Ottomar, took the nearest way through the park to the Rhine, intending to return to Bonn in a boat.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

From The Contemporary Review.

THE GREEK MIND IN PRESENCE OF DEATH,

INTERPRETED FROM RELIEFS AND INSCRIPTIONS ON ATHENIAN TOMBS.

At Athens the gravestones of the ancient inhabitants are not only among the most interesting, but among the most extensive remains. Near Piræus, through all the Ceramicus, and in many other parts of the city, excavations have constantly brought to light a vast quantity of inscribed and sculptured slabs and columns, which have mostly, unlike antiquities of many other classes, remained at Athens, and now fill one wing of the new museum and the whole space in front. But there is a group of gravestones of even greater interest which are left standing, just where they were disinterred, by the old road which led through the gate Dipylon, from Athens to Eleusis, the road annually trodden by the procession at the Eleusinia. These tombs, in size and beauty superior to the rest, are preserved for us, as is supposed, by a fortunate chance.* Sulla, when he attacked Athens and remorselessly massacred the miserable inhabitants, made his approach close to the gate Dipylon. There he erected the long *aggeres* by which his engines were brought close to the wall, and there his soldiers threw down several hundred yards of the city ramparts, which were formed of sun-baked bricks. Hence a vast mass of ruin which completely overwhelmed and buried the lines of tombs immediately without the gate, and preserved them almost uninjured until one day when they were once more brought to the light by a French archæological expedition in the year 1863. The suddenness with which these monuments were overwhelmed is indicated by the fact that some of them were and remain unfinished; the completeness of their disappearance is proved by the silence of Pausanias the traveller, who, passing through all quarters of Athens in the time of the Antonines, would appear to have seen no trace of them. All of the monuments in this group are of course indubitably Athenian, and furnish the best materials for the present paper. Of the stones in the museum it is sometimes impossible to trace the find-spot; some are Bœotian, some from Peloponnesus, some from the islands. But this uncertainty need not debar us from freely referring to almost any as instances, for there is no great or essential difference between Athenian and other gravestones. It will be quite fair to treat, for the present purpose, all monuments preserved at Athens as Athenian, unless they be known to have come from a distance. Of the longer inscriptions a large proportion are from the tombs of foreign residents at Athens.

To the readers who are likely to peruse these pages, there are but two points in gravestones likely to prove very interesting — firstly, the reliefs which they bear;* secondly, the inscriptions engraven on them.

The earliest of Athenian sepulchral monuments, if we leave out of account buildings like the Cyclopean tombs of Mycenæ, or mounds like those recently opened with such splendid results at Spata, in Attica, is the often-cited *stêlê* of Aristion. It represents the deceased on a scale somewhat larger than life, as standing clad in full armor, spear in hand. The ground of the relief is red; traces of color may be seen, or rather might at the time of discovery be seen, on many parts of the body, and holes may be observed made by the pegs which fastened armor of bronze on to the body. The design or idea of this slab differs not much from that of a portrait statue. Clearly in early Greek times, for this statue is given to the very beginning of the fifth century B.C., the survivors wished to see in the monument the dead, as it were, still living among them, still to be seen in his daily dress, and about his daily business.

But it is from the fourth and succeeding centuries before the Christian era, that we inherit the great mass of the sculptured tombstones which crowd the museums. No one can spend a few hours among these without perceiving that the representations fall naturally into four or five classes.

The first class and the most extensive consists of formal groups wanting in distinctive character, which display the dead either alone or in company with others. The companions, where there are such, are sometimes other members of the family, sometimes slaves or attendants, who, in accordance with the well-known canon of Greek art, which gives larger stature to the person of more importance, are always represented as of diminutive size.

* See F. Lenormant's *Voie Eleusinienne*, vol. i.

* On the subject of these reliefs there is no complete work, but several monographs, the best of which are those of Friedländer and Pervanoglu. Where my own notes fail I have quoted the descriptions of the latter writer.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Sometimes the companion is not a person at all, but a favorite animal, a pet dog or bird. Such subjects are common in Macedonian times. The grouping is usually simple and graceful, the attitudes natural and unforced, the movements, if movement there be, measured. But the execution is not of the best, save in a few remarkable cases, and there is a want of invention, nay, there is even vulgarity, in the designs. Like our modern photographers, the inferior Greek artists who condescended to this kind of work had a few cardinal notions as to possibilities of arrangement, and could not easily be induced to depart from them. I will give the details of a few reliefs of this class. (1.) A seated lady, who with her left hand holds the end of the veil which covers her face; before her stands a man facing her. (2.) A pair of sisters, Demetria and Pamphile. Pamphile is seated, and turns her head towards the spectator; with her right hand she grasps the end of her veil. Demetria stands over against her, her right hand folded across her breast, and grasps her veil with her left hand. (3.) A man clad in long *himation* stands, in his hand a scroll. In front of him stands a small male figure, naked, holding a vessel, perhaps an oil-flask. The scroll which the master holds and the flask of the slave seem here to have as little meaning as the books and the flower-baskets of photographic rooms. (4.) A mother clad in flowing Ionian drapery is seated to the left. Her left hand rests on the seat; with her right she lifts something from a little toilette-box which a servant holds out. Round her knees clings a little girl. (5.) A lad stands clasping to his breast a bird which a snake at his feet threatens and springs upward to reach. In other reliefs we find a dog in the place of a snake; sometimes a dog is standing elsewhere in the picture. Tame birds would seem to have been the usual playmates of Athenian children, and tame dogs the constant companions of young men, while in many houses a favorite which would be rarely appreciated in England, a snake, was nurtured.

As this is the commonest class of reliefs, so evidently it is the least original and interesting. Here most is left to the sorry invention and feeble sympathy of the sculptor, who knew nought of the deceased, and allows us to know no more than could be ascertained from the sources of information which among the old Greeks corresponded to the first column of the *Times* or the pages of Burke with us. But it is by no means rare to find on sepulchral slabs a more exact reference to the past life or the habits of the dead. Sometimes we are told more than the bare fact that the departed was father, mother, wife, or sister — was young, old, or in the prime of life. I select the following. (1.) A youth, naked, or wearing the light *chlamys* only, stands holding in his hand the strigil and oil-flask, those invariable accompaniments of gymnastic exercises among the Greeks. No doubt the survivors, who chose the design, wished to indicate that their friend was prominent in manly sports and labors. In this, the field of his best energies, they wished him still to seem to live. (2.) A young man, clad in a *chlamys*, charges with spear advanced a wild boar, which is coming out of its lair; at his side is a dog, which leaps forward at the quarry. Above, on a rock, stands a deer. We see at a glance that this is the tomb of one who loved the chase. (3.) On a rock sits a man in an attitude of grief; beneath is the sea, and on it a boat with or without sailors. It is a generally received opinion that monuments of this character were set up over those who had been wrecked at sea. (4.) A young rider, clad in the light *chlamys* of the Athenian cavalry, charges, at once trampling beneath his horse's hoofs and transfixing with his spear a fallen foe, who tries in vain with his shield to ward off the attack of his triumphant enemy. From the accompanying inscription we know that this monument was erected in honor of Dexilaus, one of the five horsemen at Corinth — that is to say, as is supposed, one of the five horsemen who fell in the battle under the walls of Corinth, in which the Athenians were engaged in the year B.C. 394. The relief thus dates almost from the best time of Attic art, and it is worthy of its time. It does not, of course, represent the moment of the death of the young warrior; we see him strong and triumphant, such as his friends would fain have seen him always; to show him fallen would have suited an enemy rather than a friend. (5.) Another relief, although set up in honor of a man of Ascalon, is clearly of Athenian handiwork and design. A sleeping man rests on a couch. Close to his head rises on its hind-paws a lion, who is clearly ready to slay or carry him off. On the other side of the couch is a warrior who attacks and repels the beast. In the background appears the prow of a ship. From a Greek metrical inscription which accompanies this relief, it would appear that the Phœnician stran-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

ger here buried had incurred great peril at some previous period of his life from the attack of a lion, who seems to have surprised him resting on the shore, but who was driven off by the timely arrival of friends just landed from their ship. (6.) A man and his wife, both muffled in ample garments, advance towards the spectator. Between them advances a priestess of Isis, clad in the dress of her calling, holding in her right hand the *sistrum*, in her left the vessel of sacred water. It is possible, the inscriptions which accompany this representation being illegible, that the monument was erected to a father and mother, and to their daughter devoted to Isis. Or it is possible that we have here expressed in a symbolical form the devotion of a man and woman to that mysterious worship which spread in Ptolemaic times from the bank of the Nile over all lands, and their firm trust that in the next world Isis would recognize and protect her worshippers.

Such are a few specimens of the reliefs which give us more precise information with regard to the lives and habits of the dead. In the same way, those who had devoted themselves to a profession appear on their tombs with the badges of that profession; physicians, for instance, with the cupping-glass and other instruments of their daily use. So the priestesses of Apollo and Aphrodite appear with the symbols of their guardian deities. And in this matter it is clear that the Athenians merely followed one of the most natural of all instincts leading to a custom common among all nations. Thus in the Odyssey, the ghost of the drowned oarsman, Elpenor, begs Ulysses, when he reaches the island of Ææa: —

Raise thou a tomb upon the shore beside the
hoary sea,
Memorial of my blighted life for future times
to be;
Make thou my tomb beside the sea, and on it
fix the oar,
Which once among my comrades dear, while
yet I lived, I bore.

And thus, even in our own day, what device is commoner on a soldier's grave than sword and cannon, or on a painter's than palette and brush?

But although the sculptors of tombs usually designed references to the past life of those they commemorated, such was not always the case. After all, past was past, and it were idle to deny that the moment of death brought a vast change over everything. The next class of reliefs have reference to the fact and the moment of death. Among the Romans that fact was symbolized in art frequently by sleep; and among all Christian nations it has become usual to speak of death in metaphorical language borrowed from the rest of night. But it was not usually merely as a deeper sleep that death presented itself to the imagination of Athenian sculptors. They considered death rather as a departure, a going far away from and losing sight of one's family and friends. Scenes of leave-taking are among the most frequent of all sepulchral reliefs. I am not, however, sure that this leave-taking is quite consciously adopted as the image of death. Indeed, all images of death were somewhat distasteful to the joyous sensuousness of Athenian taste. But when an artist had to represent the dead and the surviving friends of the dead in a group, this posture of farewell, which must have been one of the most usual and natural to think of, seems to have frequently suggested itself, and, in virtue of its inherent appropriateness to the occasion, to have become more and more common. This leave-taking presents itself in the least intrusive and gentlest form in those representations where a lady appears dressing herself with the assistance of her maids for an out-door journey, throwing over her head the ample veil, and perhaps handing to an attendant nurse the babe whom she cannot take out into the open air with her. Sometimes the preparations are more advanced; the lady sits or stands veiled and prepared for a journey, and gives her hand to husband or father who stands opposite. Sometimes two men grasp hands as if about to travel in different directions. Occasionally a horse appears in the background, or the head of a horse is seen through a window, which is destined to carry away the master of the house. In this very introduction of the horse we see how much the notion of travel preponderates in those scenes over that of death. For the horse was in no way connected by the Greeks with death. The rider on the pale horse had yet to be introduced to the popular imagination by the writer of the Apocalypse, who must have borrowed from a non-Hellenic source. Dwelling closely hemmed in by the sea, they never thought of the dead as travelling to other worlds by land, but usually as going over the waves mysterious and vast to some distant island, or perhap as penetrating into deep abysses of the land. But for journeys from town to town in Hellas, the horse was the appropriate

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

conveyer, from which fact he becomes the symbol of all moving and journeying.

The old opinion of archæologists with regard to these scenes of farewell, an opinion grounded on insufficient induction, was that in them the dead were represented as seated, the survivors as standing and taking leave of them. It is now acknowledged that this is not the case. It is true that most commonly in the groups one is seated, while of the standing figures one grasps his or her hand. But a careful study of the accompanying inscriptions proves that it is sometimes the dead person who stands while the survivor sits; and again, in other cases both the dead and the living stand, while sometimes, again, of the several dead persons commemorated some stand and some are seated. The fact is that any pedantic rule of uniformity is put out of the question by the circumstances under which sepulchral reliefs were designed and executed. It was essential to the composition of a group, thought the artists, that some of the figures should stand and others sit; but the question which should do each was settled, not by a desire to convey a careful meaning to the eyes of beholders, but by the study of a little graceful variety, within somewhat narrow limits, and the influence of every-day custom which made it far more natural and usual that a woman should be seated when taking leave of a man, than a man when taking leave of a woman. Sometimes a little life breaks in on the cold formality of the group. Children cling about their mother's knee, or daughters stand by in an attitude betokening their grief; but those circumstances which might move emotion in the spectator are quite banished or kept sedulously in the background. Here, as ever, the Greek abode by that motto, "Nothing in extremes," which expresses the ultimate law of all his art.

Another set of representations introduce us to a scene of banqueting.* (1.) A man reclines on a couch in the posture adoped by the Greeks at their meals; before him a three-legged table. Near his head sits a woman on a chair, holding in her hand the end of her veil. (2.) Similar two figures appear to those in the last relief, but in addition there is in the foreground a slave pouring wine from a larger into a smaller vessel. (3.) A man reclining at table holds a cup in his right hand; near him sits his wife, behind whom is a slave pouring wine from an amphora. Behind the couch stands a draped bearded figure; beneath it is a dog gnawing at some fragment of food. In the place of this dog we elsewhere find a snake. (4.) Two men recline side by side on a couch; in front of one is a three-legged table laden with food. At the two extremities of the couch sit two women. In the foreground is a galley, of which the oars, but not the rowers, are visible, in which is seated a weird figure with matted locks, clad in a short rough cloak, who stretches his hand towards one of the reclining banqueters. This latter figure has usually been taken for the ferryman of the dead, Charon, come to claim the feasters as his passengers into the next world. In scenes of this character, also, it is not unusual to find in the background a horse, or at least the head of one; here, too, the coming journey throws its shadow over the group.

With the sculptures of this class are frequently associated a set of representations, which would seem to have something more than a casual connection with them, though the exact nature of such connection is very obscure. I refer to the *ex voto* tablets commonly set up in Greek temples by those who had escaped from disease, peril, or death, in honor of the deity to whom they attributed their deliverance, and for a lasting memorial of their gratitude. Such tablets have been found in special abundance in the *temeni*, sacred to Hades or Sarapis, as god of the nether world, and of Asklepius and Hygieia. When Sarapis is the deity thus honored, he appears on the tablet as reclining on a couch, on his head the *modius*, which is the symbol of his dominion in realms below, and sometimes as accompanied by his bride Isis or Persephone. A train of worshippers approaches from the side of the tablet, bringing in animals for sacrifice. Of the *ex voto* tablets dedicated to the deities of healing, perhaps the clearest specimen appears copied on certain coins of the city of Perinthus, in Thrace. On these we see Asklepius reclining on a couch. Beside him sits his daughter Hygieia, and in front is a three-legged table laden with food, at the feet of which is a serpent. From the side enters a train of votaries dragging in a sacrificial pig. Above, a cluster of arms hangs on a peg, and through a window appears the head of a horse who stands without. It is not easy to understand the symbolism of all parts of these pictures; but the general meaning cannot be doubtful. We

* M. Albert Dumont has published a volume on this class of monuments; the work has been crowned by the French Institute, but I have been unable to find a copy in English libraries.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

see in them representations of the gratitude of those whose health was restored in the temples of the deity Asklepius, the hospitals of antiquity; the train of worshippers represents their family, and the pig of the reliefs had doubtless his original in an animal actually sacrificed to the god. Why the horse and the arms appear in the background we need not try to ascertain.

It will be easily understood how difficult it sometimes becomes in the absence of inscriptions, to tell whether a relief is to be classed among the *ex voto* tablets of deities or among sepulchral scenes. In many cases we seem to be near the border line between the two classes of monuments, as in the following. Two men recline on a couch, each of them holding a drinking-horn. By them sits a woman, while a slave in the foreground is engaged in pouring wine into a vessel. In front appears a three-legged table, beneath which is a snake; in the corner is seen a horse's head. Here horse's head and snake remind us of the *ex voto* tablets; although there can be little doubt that the subject is from a tomb. Both horse's head and snake reappear in the following, which seems to belong to the *ex voto* class of monuments. Two men recline on a couch, one holds a drinking-horn. On either side a woman is seated. Three figures approach in the attitude of worshippers.

Now the greatest perplexity has arisen from the confusion of two classes of reliefs, which may indeed have something in common, but are widely different in meaning. To separate finally the classes, and to trace out their ultimate connection with each other, is a work still to be done, and one which will require patience and judgment. Meantime we may perhaps be permitted to express doubt whether there is a single relief proved by inscription or other circumstance to be from a tomb in which worshippers appear in the act of sacrifice or adoration. Wherever these are seen it seems reasonable, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, to assume that the monument is erected in honor of a deity, not in memory of a man. But all the scenes where simple feasting is going on, where servants are decanting wine, and wives seated, according to the Greek custom, near the couch on which their feasting husbands recline, may be presumed to be sepulchral until proved to be otherwise.

There are three theories, all well supported by the voice of learned men, as to the meaning of those scenes of feasting on tombs. According to the first view, what is represented is the dead supping in Hades. This theory was mainly based upon the confusion above pointed out. The person reclining on the couch was thought to be frequently receiving worship and sacrifice. Sometimes on his head he was supposed to bear the *modius*, the emblem worn by Sarapis in his character of deity of the lower world. Therefore it was assumed that the dead man was deified and represented as receiving high honor from the living. If, however, we allow as sepulchral only the scenes whence worshippers are excluded, then there remains nothing godlike or manes-like in the banqueting figure; we lose all reason for supposing the scene of the banquet to be Hades. Moreover, where the husband reclines there sits the wife; if this be in Hades, how is it that the wife was usually surviving, in fact often erected the tomb to the husband's memory? And indeed nothing could be more dissonant with Greek ideas than to ascribe a glorified existence after death to mortals indiscriminately; at the best Hades was shadowy and cold, and a banquet there would be but a faint and feeble echo of earthly banquets, quite untouched by any high exaltation or any worship from the happier living.

The second theory is that we have in these scenes, in emblematic form, pictures of those feasts at the tomb which the Greeks in ancient, as in modern days, spread from time to time, lest the departed should suffer hunger in the next world. That the dead have the same needs as the living, is a notion widely spread among barbarians and semi-civilized peoples. For this reason the savage buries with the dead chief his horse, perhaps his wife: for this reason many of the nations of antiquity stored bread and wine in the tombs with the corpse. The early Greeks not only buried weapons with the dead, but even whetstones to keep the edges of those weapons bright; and commonly placed in the mouth of each corpse a piece of money to defray the expenses of his journey to the next world. Thus, too, on certain days the survivors held a feast at the tomb of a departed friend, leaving place for the dead and supposing him to partake in the spirit.

It is quite possible that this may be the true account of the matter. Nevertheless, I am more inclined to accept the third of the suggested explanations, namely, that what we see before us on these reliefs is neither more nor less than a daily scene

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

from the ordinary life of the dead person. If the toilet be represented on the tomb, why should not the family meal, that most charming and most characteristic of all daily scenes? How could husband and wife be shown us in more close and amiable proximity than when feasting together, and feeling the same thrill of pleasure from the enjoyment of earthly good? *A priori* we should have expected eating to be a favorite subject with the composers of sepulchral groups, and should beware of seeking a far-off explanation of our scenes when a nearer one will suffice. It is true that there are, even in the scenes undoubtedly sepulchral, some adjuncts which seem scarcely in keeping with the ordinary dinner-table — the snake, for instance, in the foreground and the horse in the background; but of these an explanation is possible. The snake was commonly domesticated among the Greeks, and so may appear only as a domestic animal. But I prefer the explanation which is ready to see in it an allusion to the future death of the banqueting master of the house, the snake being in many countries, on account of its habit of living in the ground, looked upon as the companion and representative of the dead. In the same way the horse may only convey a delicate allusion to future departure on a long journey. Such slight allusions would seem to suit Greek taste better than more direct references. More direct references, however, do sometimes appear, as in the relief mentioned above as No. 4, where Charon in his bark appears to summon the feasters from their wine.

There are still other ways in which, on the sepulchral reliefs which, so to speak, introduce us into the midst of life, a faint allusion to death, a slight flavor of mortality, is introduced. We often see an urn placed in a corner, such an urn as when a body was burned received its ashes, or such as was set up, as we learn from Demosthenes, over those who died unmarried. Like the skeleton at an Egyptian feast, this urn would seem meant to show that in the gayest moment of life death hovers near, waiting to strike. The same moral is conveyed in other cases, by the appearance at the side or in the foreground of a snake entwined round a tree; the snake being, as I have already remarked, the companion of the dead, sometimes even the embodiment of the dead man's spirit or ghost. And in scenes where there is no allusion to death so concrete or conventional as the above, there is over all an aspect of grief and dissatisfaction. Children or slaves are weeping without apparent cause, or women stand with an arm folded across their breast, their head resting on a hand, in an attitude consecrated by the Greeks to sorrow, not as among us to mere reflection.

All the scenes of which I have spoken have this in common, that they represent to us the deceased, with or without the living. But sometimes, though rarely, the Greeks substituted for these groups a merely symbolical figure of an animal or some fabulous creature. On a tomb at Athens, erected in memory of one Leon, stands a marble lion, evidently in punning allusion to his name. Over the tomb of the celebrated courtesan, Laïs, in the suburbs of Corinth, was a group representing a lioness standing over a prostrate ram, a symbol the reference of which to the extraordinary career and splendid success of the woman is evidently appropriate. Stone snakes often guarded a tomb, in imitation of the living snakes sure soon to glide about it, on the same principle on which, when the Athenians sought a floral decoration for a *stêlê*, they selected the acanthus, which is notorious for freely growing among stones. But it was especially the forms of female monsters, sirens, sphinxes, and harpies, which were selected for the adornment of tombs. All these were spoken of in legend as fatal evils, carrying off to death young men and maidens. The sirens especially slew the young after attracting them by the sweetness of their singing, and so well became the graves of those who were lost in the mid-ardor of their pursuit of the delights of youth.

Battles of heroes and Amazons, Dionysiac revels, and mythological scenes, occurring on sarcophagi, belong invariably to Roman times, and represent phases of thought quite other than those suggested by the reliefs inspired by genuine Greek feeling. It is extremely seldom that any mythological subject is found on Greek tombs at all. Indeed I am aware but of two instances. Charon is allowed, by the general consent of archæologists, to be represented in a scene above described. And in another very interesting representation, which however is not Athenian, Hermes appears as the conductor of souls, leading gently by the hand a young girl to the future world. So small is the part played by the gods in sepulchral scenes. Not a trace appears of scenes of future happiness or misery, no allusion to that future judgment of souls which is so prominently brought before us in Egyptian pictures. Only, in times when the Egyptian

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

worship of Sarapis and Isis had penetrated to Athens, and served there to impart purer and higher views as to future punishment and reward, we do sometimes find the priestess of Isis going before the departed with all pomp of worship to guide them through the perils of the last journey, and lead them to a safe resting-place. But these scenes only illustrate the triumph of the religious notions of the Egyptians over the susceptible Greeks, at a time when their national city life was extinct, and they were driven by the fewer attractions of the present life to think more about the possibilities of the next.

It seems to be desirable, in view of the unfounded assertions so frequently set forth on the subject of Greek art, to gather what light we can on that most interesting subject from the facts above summarized. In doing so, however, it is above all things necessary to bear in mind the conditions under which sepulchral monuments were designed and executed. And first, it is quite clear that where several persons who died at intervals are buried in one tomb, they cannot all have been adequately represented in the relief which would naturally be the production of a single time. A citizen dies, and a relief is erected over his body, perhaps representing him as taking a farewell of his wife, while his infant son stands by. This same son, maybe, dies in middle life and is buried with his father, and an epigram is inserted on the monument stating the fact. It may thus happen that a man of thirty or forty may appear in the sepulchral relief as an infant. Such slight inconsistencies are inseparable from the nature of these monuments. But it must be confessed that sometimes between inscription and sculpture there are contradictions which cannot be thus easily explained, and which raise serious reflections. The fact is that the conviction is forced upon us by the comparison of a multitude of instances, that very often the relief placed on a tomb did not possess much reference to its contents. There can be no doubt that the more ordinary sorts of representations were made in numbers by the sculptors, and, as we should phrase it, kept in stock by them for customers to choose from. And if the would-be buyer found a group of which the general outline and arrangement suited him, he would scarcely decline to purchase it because it was not entirely appropriate, because it made his wife look twenty years too young, or even turned the boys of his family into girls. Like a true Athenian he would probably be more disposed to make use of such a discrepancy as an argument to induce the seller to lower his price than to incur the expense of having a new slab executed on purpose for him. Those who are let into this secret will not be surprised if they occasionally find a subject repeated exactly on two tombs without variation, nor if a sculptured group is little in harmony with the inscribed list of the dead.

Even in those cases in which a relief was executed by special order on the death of a person, a relief adapted in plan and intended in details to represent the deceased happy amid his family or pursuing his favorite avocation, we must not expect too much. Even here, the sculptor confines himself to a generalized or idealized representation. Probably he knew nought of the dead, almost certainly he took no pains to exactly imitate the living. Hence the same conventional types, the bearded man, the veiled woman, the girl, the infant, repeat themselves almost without variety, through all the Macedonian period of Athenian graves. The men who appear on sepulchral reliefs of the same period are as much alike one to another, as the horsemen of the frieze of the Parthenon, or the fighting heroes of the Ægina pediments. In Roman times this is far less the case; but among the Greeks of the fourth and third centuries B.C., the artist was careful only of the type, and careless of the individual peculiarities; so far at least as existing remains enable us to judge.

Nevertheless it is quite an error to suppose that the Athenians were all cast in one mould. They differed one from another quite as much as an equal number of Englishmen taken at random. And of this the proof is conclusive. For there still exists at Athens a remarkable series of portraits of those citizens who in succeeding years undertook the office of gymnasiarch. This series stretches over a long period, and while it is true that that period belongs to the decline, not the flourishing greatness of the city, yet there is no reason to believe that at the time Athenian blood had been very much mixed with that of other races, or the type deteriorated. Taking these statues then, as portraits of some of the most prominent Athenian citizens, and probably some of the purest-blooded, what do we find? One head is almost African in type, with thick lips and woolly hair; one might be taken for that of an English judge; one for that of an Italian street-musician. Looking on these faces one can scarcely believe that

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the artists did not grossly exaggerate the salient characteristics of the faces of those they had to portray. And even if it were so, we may safely affirm that an Athenian crowd of the period must have contained as many widely divergent types as an English or French one. So of the Greek princes who reigned during the third and second centuries before the Christian era over the *disjecta membra*, the fragments of the empire of the great Alexander, we possess quite a portrait-gallery in their numerous and excellent coins. Here, too, we find the widest variety of type, many coins presenting to us heads which no one whose knowledge of Greek art was superficial would suppose to be Greek at all. But although individual Greeks differed thus widely one from another, and although, in the Alexandrine times of Greek art, artists quite understood the art of taking portraits, yet throughout the forms and features of those sculptured on tombs are quite conventionally rendered. And in nothing does one see more clearly than here the blending of Attic good taste with Attic superficiality and dislike of too deep or too persistent emotion. For a tombstone calling up in a general way past life and past happiness would be a constant source of emotion, gentle and melancholy, but not too intense in degree; while the sight of the very features of dead father, mother, wife, or child would be too startling and cause far more pain than pleasure. We moderns are less afraid of pain, and, when we place on tombs any representation of the dead at all, make it as exact a likeness as we can. But most, even now, prefer a mere slab in the graveyard and a portrait in the family-room or the bedroom.

The sources of these generalized types of man, youth, woman, and child are of course to be found in the common feeling of the Hellenic nation working through the brains and hands of the ablest statuaries. As in the accepted type of Zeus, the Greek sculptures embodied all that seemed to them most venerable, wise, and majestic; as in the accepted type of Apollo they combined youthful beauty with supreme dignity; so in the accepted type of matron they strove to embody all the matronly virtues, in the young girl all childish grace and promise, in the bearded man the dignity and self-control of a worthy citizen, such as Aristides or Epaminondas. The type was fixed in the case of human beings, as in the case of the Hellenic deities, by the sculptors of the generation which succeeded those who had fought at Marathon and Platææ, and altered but little after that until the collapse of Hellenic independence and Hellenic art.

Goethe has expressed, in a passage which cannot be too often quoted, the ultimate truth about Greek sepulchral reliefs: —

> The wind which blows from the tombs of the ancients comes with gentle breath as over a mound of roses. The reliefs are touching and pathetic, and always represent life. There stand father and mother, their son between them, gazing at one another with unspeakable truth to nature. Here a pair clasp hands. Here a father seems to rest on his couch and wait to be entertained by his family. To me the presence of these scenes was very touching. Their art is of a late period, yet are they simple, natural, and of universal interest. Here there is no knight in harness on his knees awaiting a joyful resurrection. The artist has with more or less skill presented to us only the persons themselves, and so made their existence lasting and perpetual. They fold not their hands, gaze not into heaven; they are on earth, what they were and what they are. They stand side by side, take interest in one another, love one another; and that is what is in the stone, even though somewhat unskilfully, yet most pleasingly depicted.*

It is a proof at once of the genius of Goethe and of his keen sympathy with all that is truly Greek, that at a time before Greek art was half understood, he was able to judge from the few inferior specimens known to him of the general character of these sepulchral reliefs. That on which he lays his master-hand is certainly their most essential character. Their whole aspect is turned, so to speak, from the future to the past, and from heaven to earth. We whose ancestors have been, for some twelve hundred years, taught constantly that death is but the entrance to wider life, that the world is a place of probation and preparation for eternity, can scarcely place ourselves in thought in the position of men who seem to have found the world charming and delightful, and to have been well satisfied with it, preferring to let their minds dwell on the enjoyments of the past rather than on a future which at best was a cold and gloomy echo of the present world. It is not that they disbelieved in the unseen world, or thought that the soul died with the body; such scepticism was perhaps rarer in antiquity than in modern times, and confined in antiquity as in modern times to a few of the highly educated. But that inevitable future occu-

* "*Italienische Reise*," *à propos* of the museum at Verona.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

pied comparatively very little of their time and thought; it was a cold shadow to be kept out of sunny life as much as might be. And when it was thought of, it was thought of without very much either of hope or fear. Terrible punishments in it were reserved for terrible criminals, supreme pleasures for the supremely good, but for ordinary mortals an ordinary fate was reserved, a sort of ghost or echo of their mortal life, made up, like that, of pleasure and pain, but with both pleasure and pain diluted and made ghostly. From discontent with life and repining at the lot assigned by fate, the Greeks would seem to have been singularly free, and no nation ever thought life better worth living. I shall have more to say on this subject further on.

It remains to speak of the inscriptions which accompany or even take the place of the reliefs, and which have sometimes a considerable interest for us. It will be convenient to quote these inscriptions in English; those who wish to compare the original Greek can easily do so in the complete work of Kumanudes.*

There are in the British Museum two sepulchral inscriptions on public tombs † of considerable interest. Of these one contains lists of all the citizens who fell in a single year at the various places where Athens was carrying on war. We learn from Thucydides and Pausanias that it was the Athenian custom thus annually to honor with a public monument all those who had in the previous year fallen in the battles of their country — a custom which must have nerved for death many a soldier's heart, as he reflected that he was sure, if he fell, of a sort of immortality before the eyes and in the memory of his countrymen. The other inscription, which was written under a relief representing three warriors, commemorates those Athenians who fell before Potidæa, in the year B.C. 432. It runs thus: —

Thus to the dead is deathless honor paid,
Who, fired with valor hot, in arms arrayed,
Felt each our fathers' valor in him glow,
And won long fame and victory o'er the foe.

Heaven claimed their spirits, earth their bodies took,
The foemen's gate their conquering onslaught shook;
Of those they routed some in earth abide,
Some in strong walls their lives in terror hide.

Erechtheus' city mourns her children's fall,
Who fought and died by Potidæa's wall,
True sons of Athens, for a virtuous name
They changed their lives, and swelled their country's fame.

The smallness of the number of public epitaphs at Athens is well compensated by the abundance of private ones, of which upwards of four thousand have been already published, while every year brings a multitude of fresh ones to light. I will attempt to class these, as I did the reliefs. The commonest inscriptions by far are those which simply record, in the case of a man, his name, his father's name, and his *deme* or clan; in the case of a woman, her name, that of her father, husband, or husband and father, with their respective demes. Of the numerous epitaphs which remain, perhaps nine out of ten are of this simple character. Probably in most cases they are of the poor, but not in all; for sometimes they accompany reliefs of an elaborate character, or are placed on tombs of great size and pretensions. Than such an epitaph nothing could possibly offend less against good taste, and it was probably thought somewhat sentimental and *gushing* at Athens to indulge in a longer metrical sepulchral inscription. When longer inscriptions occur, they seldom bear much sign either of taste or education. Their grammar is often doubtful, and, when in metre, they halt terribly. They clearly belong to the same class of compositions as the lame verses which abound in English graveyards. It would seem that the swans who sang thus only found their voice at death, but the death of friends, not their own. The chance of such publicity for one's verses as may be gained by placing them on a tomb proved too attractive for them to forego.

In the case of early reliefs we find usually not only the name of the dead, but also of the artist who did the work. In later times this custom dropped, and we have scarcely in any case a clue to the name of the sculptor. This fact is the more curious, inasmuch as in other remains of antiquity, vases, gems, and coins, to insert the artist's name becomes more usual as we approach the best time of art. Not many epitaphs of an earlier period than the year B.C. 400 are preserved, nor are these, except in the case of public tombs, of special importance. One is interesting to students of epigraphy as it bears an exact date, the year B.C. 430, when the plague, following in the wake of the Peloponnesian army, invaded Attica: "I am the tomb of Myrinê, who died of

* *'Αττικῆς 'Επιγραφαὶ 'Επιτύμβιοι.* Athens, 1871.

† Corpus of British Museum Inscriptions, i. pp. 102–107. The reading of the first few lines is very doubtful. I follow Messrs. Newton and Hicks.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the plague." Another, of an ordinary Attic type, has a grace and charm which is seldom absent from the productions of Attica while yet unsubdued: —

Let the reader pass on, be he citizen or stranger from afar, having pitied for a moment a brave man who fell in battle and lost his young prime. Having shed a tear here, go by, and good go with you.

To the period between the falling of Athens into Lysander's hands and the times of the Roman Antonines belongs the vast body of the epitaphs. For a more exact chronological classification the materials at present scarcely exist, it being especially hard to determine the period of those inscriptions which are not accompanied by reliefs. It is best therefore to divide them into classes, not by a determination of date, but rather by a consideration of drift and content, and to consider all as belonging to one long period, a period when the Athenian empire had indeed passed away, and external conquests were not to be hoped for; but when Athens still ruled in the realm of mind and attracted to herself the flower of the culture of Hellas and the world. I have already said that the commonest sort of inscriptions comprises only the name of the dead, his father's name, and that of his deme. But not unfrequently a few words of comment were added. The person who paid for the erection of the tomb liked to see some record of his liberality. Thus a stone marks the spot where "his sons buried Julius Zosimianus, the head of the school of Zeno," that is, the head of the stoics of Athens. Another records that "Polystratus set up this portrait in memory of his brother." We frequently find the trade or calling of the deceased mentioned in his epitaph. One Herakleides is stated to have been the greatest master of the catapult, a warlike machine which seems to have required some skill in the handling. Many other trades are mentioned in connection with the dead. One was a bathing-man, another a midwife and physician, another a priestess of the all-producing mother, probably Kybele, another second in rank in joyous comedy, another a bull-fighter. On one tomb the record ends quaintly, after mentioning that the grave contained one or two named persons, with the phrase, "also the others who are represented in the relief," where the stonemason or his instructor seems to have grown tired of a bare list of names, and stopped short in the midst.

All the longer inscriptions which are found on Attic gravestones, if we except only the class of minatory or deprecatory epitaphs, which I reserve to the last, are in metre. To this rule there are few, if any, exceptions, so that the ancient epitaph-writer could at least, unlike the modern, claim the *dura necessitas* as a reason for attempting a metrical composition. I shall, however, render into English prose rather than verse the specimens of these selected for purposes of illustration, as it would convey quite a false impression if I were to disguise their oddities and crudities under the smooth mantle of English heroic verse.

The metrical epitaphs are of four kinds. Those of the first kind are in the form of a dialogue between the dead and the surviving friend, or in some cases of a mere direct address to the dead. The simplest form which such an address can take is the χρηστὲ χαῖρε — "Farewell, lost friend" — which is so usual on tombs of a certain period, but which does not, apparently, appear on any which belongs certainly to an Athenian. Of this simple and touching phrase we find a number of metrical amplifications: —

Farewell, tomb of Melitê; the best of women lies here, who loved her loving husband, Onesimus; thou wert most excellent, wherefore he longs for thee after thy death, for thou wert the best of wives. Farewell, thou too, dearest husband, only love my children.

But an inscription of this kind is necessarily of a late period, and but little in accord with the canon of Greek taste. No doubt when it was set up, it was at once condemned as vulgar by people of culture.

Far more usual and less extravagant is the following, which details a conversation not with the dead, but with his tomb: "Whose tomb are we to call thee? That of famous Nepos. And who of the children of Cecrops begat him? say. He was not of the land of Cecrops, but from Thrace." Another epitaph, after proceeding in verse, suddenly breaks into prose: "And if you seek my name, I am Theogeiton, son of Thymochus of Thebes." Of course it is quite natural that the tombstones should thus speak in the first person in the name and on behalf of the deceased. In some of our commonest English epitaphs such as "Affliction sore long time I bore," we find the same peculiarity; but that a gravestone should give information in reply to cross-questioning is less usual.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The second kind of metrical inscriptions, which is by far the most numerous, speaks of the past life and history of the deceased. Thus over the grave of a soldier we find:—

Of thy valor stands many a trophy in Greece and in the souls of men; such wert thou, Nicobolus, when thou leftest the bright light of the sun and passedst, beloved of thy friends, to the dwelling of Persephone.

Other triumphs besides warlike ones are elsewhere recorded; on the tomb of one Praximus, *the doer*, we read the punning epitaph:—

My name and my father's this stone proclaims, and my country; but by my worthy deeds I attained such a name as few may obtain.

We are not aware in this case to what special kind of deeds the inscription refers; often it is more explicit, as in the following, erected over a young statuary:

I began to flourish as a statuary not inferior to Praxiteles, and came to twice eight years of age. My name was Eutychides,* but that name fate mocked, tearing me so early away to Hades.

On the tomb of one Plutarchus, who seems to have been a merchant, we find a brief history of his life:—

This is the tomb of the discreet Plutarchus, who, desiring fame which comes of many toils, came to Ausonia. There he endured toils on toils far from his country, although an only child and dear to his parents. Yet gained he not his desire, though longing much, for first the fate of unlovely death reached him.

Sometimes out of a whole life one event or circumstance of peculiar interest was taken, and commemorated as well by inscription as relief, as in the case of that Phœnician stranger already mentioned who narrowly escaped the jaws of a lion. The inscription on his tomb describes that escape, and explains the meaning of the representation it accompanies.

The virtues of the dead must always in all countries form the most frequent and suitable subject of sepulchral inscriptions. Athens is no exception to the rule. We find on the grave of a young man:—

Here Euthycritus, having reached the goal of every virtue, lies entombed in his native soil, dear to father and mother, and loved by his sisters and all his companions, in the prime of his life.

A copper-smelter from Crete has the simple and pleasing epitaph:—

* Child of good luck.

This memorial to Sosinus, of his justice, his prudence, and his virtue, his sons erected on his death.

The following is from the tomb of one Sotius:—

Here in earth lies Sotius, superior to all in the art he practised, virtuous of soul, and dear to his fellow-citizens; forever he studied to please all, and his heart was most just towards his friends.

Such are a few of the panegyrics bestowed on men after their death; those bestowed on women are fewer in number, but not less interesting. A young girl is commended for her serious and staid disposition:—

She who lies here coveted not, while alive, garments or gold, but desired discretion and virtue. But now, Dionysia, in place of youth and bloom, the Fates have awarded thee this sepulchre.

More than once we find epitaphs which speak of the virtue and kindness of nurses, evidently set up by young men who had never ceased to care for and respect them. The ancients evidently felt for the wet-nurse who cherished their infancy, slave as she might be, something of lasting and filial affection.

Here is laid in earth the best of nurses, whose foster-child still misses her. I loved thee, nurse, when alive, and still I honor thee though thou art laid in the ground, and shall honor as long as I live.

More characteristic of the Greek disposition than mere praise of the dead are those praises of the good fortune of the departed, which sound almost mocking to modern ears, and yet on a little reflection do not displease. Of one, Symmachus, of Chios, we read on his tomb that through life his joys were many and his sorrows few, that he reached the extreme limit of old age, and lies in Athens, the city dear to gods and men. On the tombs of women it is often stated that they were in comfortable circumstances, and that they lived to see children's children. All the happiness of past life seemed to the Greeks a gain, and even when it was over was to be regarded, not with bitter regret, but gentle sympathy. In one inscription, though a late one, we find an elaborate description of the beauty of the young wife buried below, of her yellow hair, her bright eyes, her snow-white forehead, the ruddy lips and ivory teeth of her lovely mouth. These things were past, it is true, but even so they were something better to look back upon than ugliness.

Sometimes, however, through the gen-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

eral level of cheeriness a sadder note breaks : —

My name is Athenaïs, and with grief I go to my place among the dead, leaving my husband and my darling children. A grudging web the Fates spun for me.

When youthful promise is early cut off it is scarcely possible that it should be spoken of without a sound of sad regret. Even the statement of the fact produces this impression : —

If fortune had continued thy life, Macareus, and brought thee to manhood, strong wert thou in the hope that thou wouldst become the guiding spirit of tragic art among the Hellenes. But thou diest not without fame for discretion and virtue.

Even here consolation comes in to modify regret, so true to the happy disposition of the Greeks was the charming saying of Spenser, —

A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre.

As in sepulchral reliefs, so in epitaphs, the Greek mourner usually turns his thought to the past, and dwells on the life which is over rather than on any which may be beginning. Nevertheless we do find, here and there, some allusions to the state of the departed which are of great interest, and which furnish us with evidence on a subject still obscure and much discussed, the beliefs of the ordinary minds among the Greeks as to the future life, and as to reward and punishment in it. The small space which these allusions occupy, compared with the whole body of epitaphs, shows how small a corner of the Greek thought was taken up with meditation on matters outside the present life. But the materialism of the Greeks was rather natural and practical than speculative, and we nowhere find any positive denial of future existence. In one or two epitaphs there is an appearance of such denial, but its meaning must not be pressed. Thus, in one case, we find the phrase, "Rising out of earth I am become earth again," and in another epitaph, one Nicomedes, who calls himself the servant of the Muses, says that he is "clad in wakeless sleep." Here we probably only have popular phrases used in a vague and indefinite sense, and without the least intention of theorizing on the nature of the soul. Commoner still are even more vague phrases as to the destination of the soul, which is said to fly to heaven, to air, or to æther.* It is æther which is said in the metrical inscription first quoted to receive the souls of the slain Athenian warriors. So in the following : —

Here Dialogus, student of wisdom, his limbs purged with pure fire, is gone to the immortals. Here lie naked the bones of Dialogus the discreet, who practised virtue and wisdom ; them a little dust hides sprinkled over them ; but the spirit from his limbs the broad heaven has received.

Dialogus was presumably a philosopher, and had learned the difference between soul and body. The words, heaven and the immortals, have to him a somewhat vague meaning, representing rather something hoped for than believed in and expected. There is a stronger flavor of philosophic materialism in the following :— "Damp æther holds the soul and mighty intellect of Eurymachus, but his body is in this tomb." The word αἰθήρ, æther, is certainly used by Homer to signify the abode of the gods, and no doubt the poet of our metrical inscription had Homer in his mind, but here the word "damp" (ὑγρός) seems to point to some materialist notion as to the nature of spirit and its affinity to the upper air. A more popular interpretation must be accepted in other cases, such as : "Earth sent thee forth to light, Sibyrtius, and earth holds thy remains, but æther, the source of thy soul, has received it again."

But the vulgar notions with regard to the future state were certainly borrowed from Homer, sucked in by the many with their mothers' milk, or at latest imbibed at school, where Homer occupied the place taken by the Bible in our Church schools. The Greeks generally were inclined to regard Homer as infallible, and so, when they thought of the future state at all, pictured it according to his teaching. Hence they made it a shadowy realm under the government of Hades and Persephone, a poor, washed-out copy of the brilliant life on earth. The dead go to the chamber of Persephone, or, as it is sometimes phrased, the chamber of the blessed. "The bones and the flesh of our sweet son lie in earth, but his soul is gone to the chamber of the holy." It is clear, from some other inscriptions, that in that chamber rewards were supposed to await the good, and punishments the bad. Thus one man writes on the grave of his nurse, "And I know that, if below the earth there be rewards for the good, for thee, nurse, more than for any, is honor waiting in the abode of Persephone and Pluto."

* οὐρανός, αἰθήρ.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

The suggestive *if* is again repeated elsewhere. "If there is with Persephone any reward for piety, a share of that was bestowed on thee in death by Fate." The expression in both instances seems to be rather of a wish or longing than of a sure and certain hope.

Indeed, this wavering tone never becomes full and confident until we come down to the times of Christian inscriptions, when a sudden and marvellous change takes place. To the Christian the place of interment is no longer a tomb, but a sleeping-place. When he speaks of æther and heaven as receiving the soul, the words have quite another ring. Though Christian epitaphs at Athens be somewhat beyond my province, I cannot avoid introducing one or two, if merely for the sake of contrast. The following charmingly combines the genial backward glance of the Greek with the forward glance of the believer: —

> Look, friend, on the sacred beauty of Asklepiodote, of her immortal soul and body, for to both nature gave one undefiled beauty, and if Fate seized her it vanquished her not; in her death she was not forsaken, nor did she abandon her husband though she left him, but now more than ever watches him out of heaven, and rejoices in him and guards him.

Or take another: —

> His body is hidden here in earth, but his soul is escaped to heaven (αἰθήρ) and returned to its source, for he has obtained the reward of the best of lives.

Sometimes one catches a note of a still higher strain, "There, whence pain and moans are banished, take thy rest." I think no one can deny that these epitaphs are quite equal to the pagan ones in literary taste and felicity of language, while in sentiment they mark a striking advance.

It would have been natural to expect that the religion of Isis, which among all ancient faiths clung most closely to the belief in a future life, and which owed to that circumstance its great influence among the later Greeks, would have left in the epitaphs some traces of a surer hope and trust in what was beyond the grave. But such is not the case, and a still more remarkable omission is to be noticed. The great Eleusinian mysteries were celebrated annually, within a few miles of Athens. The whole population must have known more or less of the meaning of the ceremonies; and there were probably few adult Athenians who had not been initiated. But it has always been supposed that the resurrection of the dead and the life to come were the chief matters on which light was thrown during the celebration. It has been thought that the analogy between the sowing of wheat and the burying of the dead, that analogy which the apostle Paul works out in full detail, was then insisted on. Cicero speaks of the mysteries of Eleusis as some of the noblest productions of Attic soil, and declares that they impart not only directions for leading a better life, but also a better hope in death. Polygnotus painted on the walls of the *lesche* at Delphi the punishments suffered in Hades by those who neglected to have themselves initiated in the mysteries. Yet in all the Attic epitaphs which have come down to us, we discern not a trace of any such doctrine as we should have been disposed, from such indications, to attribute to the college of priests who conducted the mysteries. When the next world is at all spoken of, it either appears as the Homeric realm of Hades and his bride Persephone, or else is mentioned in the vague language of the philosophers as æther and heaven. The conclusion seems inevitable. We are strongly warned against attributing too much influence over the ordinary mind, or any very lofty and spiritual teaching, to the mysteries. The wise men, like Cicero and Plutarch, may have found in them deep meaning and profound consolation, reading into them the results of their own philosophy and faith; just as able men of recent times have read into them most of the doctrines of Christianity. But to the common people they were probably a string of outward observances with little inner meaning. Like the sacraments of Christianity, to which in many respects they were parallel, they had a strong tendency to lose all life and become mere form. That their secret was so well preserved can be attributed to but one cause — that their secret, such as it was, was not of a kind that could be communicated. It is certain that throughout Greece, in antiquity, the future life was by the common people looked upon with distaste, if not with dread; and that they had no doctrine tending to soften its repulsion.

Moral reflections and words of advice form a not unfrequent ending to Athenian epitaphs. Sometimes in these nothing more is expressed than a kindly wish for the reader. Thus one stranger after stating that he was shipwrecked, adds in genial spirit, "May every sailor safely reach his home!" Another wishes for all wayfarers who read the stone a prosperous

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

journey. Sometimes there is a general observation: "It is rare for a woman to be at once noble and discreet;" or a quotation from a poet, as in the case of the well-known line of Menander, "Those whom the gods love die early." Sometimes the occasion is improved, as a Scotch minister would say, and a little sermon read to the passer-by, who is advised to live virtuously, "knowing that the abode of Pluto beneath is full of wealth and has need of nothing," — virtues, that is to say, and not riches, are the only things which will avail after death.

So far with regard to metrical inscriptions. The long inscriptions which are not metrical are nearly always of the same kind as the well-known epitaph of Shakespeare, — curses pronounced against those who shall in future time attempt to move or destroy the grave, curses of which the modern explorer makes very light, apparently supposing that their virtue has in the course of centuries departed. But in ancient time they might be more effectual. They are always of a very late date; so long as the people of Athens had a common feeling and a common pride in their city there was small fear of the violation of the grave of a citizen, but under the Roman emperors the Athenian citizenship and Greek nationality fell to pieces, and no one felt sure of the future. Herodes Atticus, the wealthiest citizen of Athens in the reign of Hadrian, who built the Athenians a splendid marble Odeum, set up a monument to his wife Appia Annia Regilla, "the light of the house," which he thought it necessary to fence by a very unpleasant string of threats.

> By the gods and heroes I charge any who hold this place not to move aught of this: and if any destroy or alter these statues and honors (τιμάς), for him may earth refuse to bear fruit, and sea become unsailable, and may he and his race perish miserably!

The inscription goes on to heap blessings on those who keep the tomb in its place and pay it honor. A lady who bears the Roman name of Antonia hands over, in her epitaph, her tomb to keep to Pluto and Demeter and Persephone and all the nether gods, calling down a curse on all who violate it. In another epitaph we find a formidable list of diseases which are likely to seize the violator — palsy, fever, ague, elephantiasis, and the rest. In another instance the dimensions of the curse are curtailed, and it is put neatly into two hexameter verses, "Move not the stone from the earth, villain, lest after *thy* death, wretch, dogs mangle thy unburied body."

In the last-quoted epitaph it is evidently the writer's intention to threaten a punishment according to the *lex talionis*. To move a tombstone was an offence of the same class, though in degree of course slighter, as to leave the body of a dead man unburied. It is well known how keenly every Greek dreaded that his body should after his death be deprived of burial rites, and how bitterly he condemned all who through fear or carelessness abandoned dead friends to dogs and vultures. No doubt this dread was connected with the very ancient and wide-spread notion that those who remained unburied could not rest in the grave, were repelled from the gates of the world of spirits, and hovered as unhappy ghosts in the vicinity of their corpses. As the first step towards exposing a dead body was the tearing down of the stone which covered it, and as the stone was moreover closely associated with the dead, some of the mysterious horror which guarded the corpse was transferred to the gravestone above it. We may consider ourselves happy that among us gravestones are protected not by curses but by blessings, by cherished memories and associations; and so perhaps it was in the better times at Athens, only when the old civilization was falling into corruption, all gentler ties were loosed, and every man fought for himself and his, with any weapons which came nearest.

One closes the "Corpus of the Sepulchral Inscriptions" with a feeling of surprise — surprise that a people so gifted as the Athenians should be so helpless and tongue-tied in the presence of death. The reliefs do not disappoint a reasonable expectation; in execution at least they put our modern cemeteries to shame, if the range of ideas expressed is somewhat narrow. But the inscriptions are at a far greater depth below Greek poetry and oratory than the reliefs are below the best Greek sculpture. The reason may partly be that the reliefs are the work of professionals, the inscriptions of amateurs. But there are two other reasons of a more satisfactory character. The first of these I have already mentioned, that except in the case of soldiers and of public characters, such as eminent poets, it was considered bad taste at Athens to have an epitaph at all; those, therefore, which we find are mostly written by persons of the less respectable classes, and in the later and worse times of the city. But the deepest reason, at least from the modern point of

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

view, is that the Greek mind found in death no inspiring power; they might regard its inevitable power with equanimity and even cheerfulness, but in any way to rejoice in its presence, to look upon it with hope and warmth of heart, did not consist with the point of view of their religion. Such feelings at such a time are inspired only by one or two religions of the world, among which there is no place for naturalism. PERCY GARDNER.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE CZAR'S CLEMENCY; A POLISH PRIEST'S STORY.

III.

It may have been owing to this omission, or because she had found other reasons to suspect my perspicacity; but the very next morning Paulina came and knelt in my confessional.

On the previous occasion of her coming to make her shrift she had accused herself of the sin of greediness — for eating a few strawberries between meals — and I was prepared for a repetition of some such triviality. But this time she laid her heart bare in one sentence.

"Father," she said, "I love Casimir Barinski."

"And it was you who obtained his pardon?" I rejoined, with mingled sentiments, in which I knew not whether it was anger or pity that predominated.

"Yes," she answered, almost inaudibly, through the grating.

"And you are still a spy — a traitor? You contemplate playing the part of Dalila again towards this man whom you have rendered fatherless, and whom you have aged before his time? Tell me the truth. Out with it."

"I *am* a spy," she faltered; "but by my hopes of salvation, father, if I could become Casimir Barinski's wife, I should be an honest woman. I wish to atone for the evil I have done. My heart has never spoken as it has now, and I feel I could die for this man. If he would take me for his wife I would go away with him wherever he would —— "

She rambled on in this way till I roughly checked her, bidding her give me her confession in order, and, as she valued her soul, not attempt to deceive me as to her proceedings in the past or her schemes for the future. She heaved a deep sigh, so lamentable in sound that it smote me as a reproach, for in one's dealings with this woman it was never possible to know whether she might not be truly contrite. When the fear of the devil was upon her, or when she wanted to coax some favor from her patron saint, she could be truthful by the hour, and upbraid herself with such virulent invectives as tempted one to cry, "Enough!" She began by telling me that she had loved Casimir from the moment of reading his poems, and had applied for his pardon on the spur of her first impulse of remorse. The pardon had been granted the more readily as some personages of high standing at court had also read the poems, and had been touched by them; but a condition had been put to Count Barinski's release, namely that Paulina should do her best to win the late exile into loyalty by offering him some lucrative secret-service employment if he would consent openly to forswear the Polish cause, and put his signature to a document stating that the exiles in Siberia were treated with the utmost humanity. This document was to go the round of the Russophilist journals of Europe.

When I heard Paulina say that she had undertaken this job, and meant to proceed with it, I knew that what she felt for Casimir Barinski might be caprice, but could not be real love, for a woman who loves a man does not begin by speculating on his dishonor. A few minutes before she had declared herself eager to forsake her present life and fly to the end of the earth with the man whose wife she aspired to become; but this inconsistency was after all consistent with the character of a woman who craved for nothing but material enjoyments, and had never let herself be hindered in any enterprise by principle. I let her speak on, and plied her with some questions as to her political doings during the years when she had hidden her conduct from me, but she answered rather shortly that she had confessed these things elsewhere, and been absolved from them. When, again, I tried to elicit information as to her present relations with the police, she replied that, having recently gone on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Elizabeth of Hungary in respect of her police tasks, she was entitled to a plenary indulgence, and was not bound to make me any disclosures. It was quite of a piece with these views on religion that she should have concluded by announcing her intention of burning six wax tapers of a pound's weight each before the Lady-altar so that her matrimonial projects might succeed.

I told her dryly that she might save her-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

self that expense. "Casimir Barinski is going to be married to another," said I, "and the best atonement you can make him is to leave him alone."

"Ah!" was the answer blown to me through the grating, and her breath came and went in gasps.

"He is going to marry Ioulka Zezioff, whom he tenderly loves," I added implacably. "As for you, the affection he once bore you has died away."

"But it can revive," she responded resolutely.

"No, it cannot," I ejaculated, in wrath. "Be content with the respect he vouchsafes you, and which you so ill deserve. If you married Casimir Barinski without telling him what you are, it would be an imposture that would carry Heaven's curse with it; and if he knew you as I do, he would spurn you with his foot."

"Then you think that I have freed this man from Siberia to throw him into the arms of a rival!" murmured Paulina, in a tone that vibrated.

"You have done your best to kill a patriot, and do you dare to boast of having given him his freedom?" I exclaimed, exasperated. "Out upon you for an impertinent profligate! All your thoughts are devilish, and your presence in this church is a pollution!"

These were harsh words, but I meant them to be so. There was wafted to me through the grating the penetrating odor of a perfume which Paulina used. I could hear the rustle of her silk dress, and I felt outraged to think that the gold wherewith this woman bought her finery, and paid for the tapers she offered to the Virgin — nay, the gold with which she desired to enrich Casimir — was blood-money, counted to her for having sent Casimir's father and brothers, with countless others, to death. I could not see the countess through the wire grating, and of course our conversation had been carried on in whispers, owing to the people who kept entering and leaving the church for short prayers during market hours. She remained silent a moment, and then, without asking me for absolution, remarked that her design to marry Casimir Barinski being a laudable one, she should persevere in the prosecution of it without minding Ioulka Zezioff. She was sorry for the bad opinion I entertained of her, but begged to remind me that all she had just revealed having been communicated to me under seal of confession, I was debarred from reporting a word of it to anybody. This said — in a tone of half-menace, as I fancied — she rose from her knees, and her place in the confessional was almost immediately occupied by a potter's wife, who had contrite avowals to make about the peculations she committed in the course of business.

I knew but too well that Paulina Marienha had only made me her confession in order to close my lips as to facts I might have suspected and acted upon had she not told them me. For my absolution she cared not a doit, since she could go and obtain it of some more accommodating priest, who took no such liberties in lecturing her as I did; indeed, from words she let fall, I had gathered that she was in frequent consultation with a priest who could be no true Pole, for he appeared to have assured her that her treacheries were not culpable, but rather meritorious as proofs of submission to "those in authority over us." I am sorry to say that there is no sin which cannot be twisted into a virtue by a tortuous-minded priest, which reminds me of one who, anxious to get on in the world, solaced a wealthy but immoral lady by persuading her that it is not good to be too virtuous, seeing that excess of virtue leads us to pride — which is as much a deadly sin as that other sin whereof the said lady had accused herself. Sin or not, I certainly had no right to put Casimir on his guard against the Countess Paulina, with regard to things derived from her own lips; but there was nothing to prevent my assisting Casimir to leave the country, according to his own wishes, and this I determined to do without any delay, for I felt that we were in a perilous juncture. Oddly enough — or I should say providentially — the potter's wife to whom I have just alluded became a timely instrument for the work I desired to perform.

If this were not a narrative in which true names have been altered — names of localities as well as persons — I should scruple to write down that Macha Planiwitz, wife of the chief potter in Dolw, was in the habit of charging her husband's customers for more pots than they actually received, and that, moreover, in wholesale transactions she supplied pots of a quality inferior to the samples. These misdoings she confessed once a month or so, with promises of amendment; but she and Planiwitz conducted a yet more serious business in that they smuggled goods into Gallicia and out of it by means of a double-keeled barge, which carried their pots down the Vistula from Dolw to Cracow and back.

Now this double-keeled barge had been

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the subject of much spiritual wrangling between Macha Planiwitz and me.

A buxom, blue-eyed, and good-humored mother of children, Macha had great reverence for the saints, but was withal too fond of money, so that when she first told me of the barge I found her ready to argue that it was no sin in her and her husband, who were Christians, to defraud the Russians, who were schismatics; the less so, as the schismatic officials of the custom-house were wont to abet the frauds in consideration of being bribed. I had to correct these notions, and, with a sigh, Macha promised that the barge should be suppressed. But eighteen months later, her eldest boy, Peter, being in danger of death by measles, she came to me in great trouble, attributing this trial to the double-keeled barge, which had not been suppressed after all, notwithstanding a variety of fibs she had told me on her knees as to its having been broken up for fire-wood. I offered up prayers for young Peter, requiring his mother to vow more honesty for the future, and when the boy had recovered, she swore by his precious head that the barge should no more be used. But alas for the deceitfulness of women! When, at the end of two years more, Macha's youngest little girl was seized with the whooping-cough, she had to avow with many tears that, although the original barge had no more been used, two other and larger ones had been bought, owing to the extension which Stanislas Planiwitz's affairs were taking. Little Mary was cured of her whooping-cough, and her mother pretended to abjure barges forever; but I was not at all sure but that she had found means of evading the spirit of a vow, which maybe she had fulfilled in the letter.

So as Macha was kneeling and telling me of some profitable mistakes she had been making in her addition sums, I thought of the double-keeled barge, and reflected how convenient a vehicle it would have been for smuggling Casimir Barinski into Gallicia. The difficulty was to extract an avowal from Macha that she still smuggled, for her husband and children were all in good health at that moment.

"Macha," I said suddenly, "you must tell me about the cargo of tea, leather, and furs, you sent off to Cracow last week."

"As I live, father, there wasn't a pound of tea in it," she replied in a flutter.

"You can't deny about the leather and skins though," I proceeded sternly, though I was only going by guess-work. "What do you mean by trying to deceive the saints? Do you think they don't prompt me the questions I ought to put you, and keep an open eye on your games besides?"

"All the Jews in the carrying trade smuggle, and the saints don't hinder them," said Macha dismally. "It's very hard that we Christians shouldn't be allowed to pick up a little of the money which would else go into their pockets."

"Wait till the day of judgment," said I. "You'll see what faces the Jews will pull when they are ordered down-stairs, whilst all the good Christians march off to the right. Not that you'll ever march off to the right though, Macha, for you've told me many a lie about those double-keeled barges."

"Father, if the saints have told you that we've a single double-keeled barge afloat, they've lost the use of their eyes," affirmed Macha, with rather ironical earnestness.

I was somewhat disconcerted, but thought it good to feign anger. "Out upon you for mocking at the saints now!" said I. "Is it because a poor saint has been dead a thousand years and more, that he's to be scoffed at for not knowing the names of the new-fangled craft that ply on our rivers? I suppose you won't tell me that your skins float up stream to Cracow by themselves, with the incantation of some Lithuanian water-witch to speed them?"

"God forbid," exclaimed Macha, and I am sure she signed herself piously.

"Well, then, it's the devil who carries them in his phantom ship, manned by heretics who have died by their own hand? If you don't want me to believe that there's some evil mystery in all this, Macha, you'll let me know in what sort of boat all those skins are hidden."

"It's a steam-launch," murmured Macha, terrified.

The secret was out at last, and I could hear poor Macha behind the grating beginning to whimper. I suspect she was already in conference with the fiend as to how she should elude any new vow I might impose upon her in respect of the vessel from which her husband derived so much more money than from his pots; so she must have felt surprised when I simply questioned her as to the facilities which the custom-house officials allowed Planiwitz for his smuggling. She hastened to say, in self-excuse, that they allowed so many that a saint himself would have been tempted into the contraband trade. They never overhauled the cargo,

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

but pretended to believe that pots were the only merchandise on board, and it was not ten days since Planiwitz had presented the chief inspector with twenty pounds of Turkish tobacco and ten sacks of Mocha coffee, brought from Cracow on the return journey. I ought to mention that Planiwitz, though a true-hearted Pole, was by birth a Gallician, and had not settled in Dolw till after the rebellion, so that the authorities had no reason to treat him with the mistrust shown to Poles indigenous to the Russian districts. Among these last (that is among the Christians) trade was hampered with so many restrictions that few cared to embark in it.

All I wanted to know of Macha was whether, in the event of Casimir Barinski being hidden on board the launch, there was any danger of the inspectors detecting him, and having ascertained there was none, I proceeded to inform my penitent, in a rather circumlocutory way, what I wanted her to do. She was a good woman, who I knew would willingly render me a service; and yet such awe attaches among the people to the words police and Siberian exile that I doubted how my communication would affect her. But she received it better than I thought, and better, I am sure, than her husband would have done, for women have, according to my experience, more courage than men.

"You want us to carry a patriot out of the country. I see no difficulty," said she, in a whisper; "is it Count Bariniski, whom the papers say has been pardoned?"

"The same, and I charge you, on your soul, Macha, not to confide his plan to any man, save your husband, and the mate of your launch, for you would jeopardize his life. How many men compose the crew of the launch?"

"Two — one is an Austrian, the other a Greek, and neither like the Russians. I will talk to my husband, and bring you his answer to-morrow at this hour."

"And tell him the count wants to start as soon as possible," said I, pleased with her docility. "He was to have got married before starting, but his bride can join him abroad, and they will be married more comfortably where Russian faces are scarce."

Macha reflected a moment, and then the jade thought she would drive a bargain with the saints.

"We take tea and skins on board as ballast," said she; "will it be a sin if we do so on this journey with the count, father?"

"Nobody asks you what you are going to take," muttered I.

"I should like to have my conscience clear," said she, a bit slyly. "May I have absolution for past smuggling?"

"Yes, I absolve thee, for thou art a good woman," said I, and I am glad the grating was there to prevent my seeing her smile, as she must have done, when I so readily gave her a clean bill for all her husband's sins against the revenue.

Truth to say, I was much pleased with what I had accomplished, and I lost no time in making Casimir acquainted with my scheme for his flight; but judge of my mortification when he told me that he had just confided his projects to Countess Marienha, and that she had promised to abet him. It seems he had met her as she was coming out of church, had gone home to lunch with her, and had spent several hours in her company, so that he was in a very enthusiastic mood about her goodness.

He and I were talking together in the courtyard of the house where the Zezioffs lived. Some little Jew boys, with black ringlets and conical caps, were gambling for cherry-stones in the doorway, and I drew my young friend to the opposite end of the yard.

"You must not trust to Countess Marienha, Casimir," said I, in agitation. "She herself would gladly serve you, no doubt; but I am not sure as to the instruments she would use. She is surrounded by people who might play her false."

"What? Do you believe the police have suspicions about her?"

"The police suspect everybody, and I as a confessor know a great deal more about the people here than I can tell you. It is unsafe to involve Countess Marienha in any of your affairs, unsafe for her as well as for you."

"I told her how afraid I was of compromising her, but she laughed at the notion," exclaimed Casimir, removing his felt hat and stroking his furrowed brow. "Great heavens, what a country this has become!" and he went on to say that Paulina had generously volunteered to take him out of the country disguised as one of her servants. As to the Zezioffs, as there was nothing to prevent them from leaving Poland at their pleasure, she would take care that Ioulka and her mother joined him when he was safe over the frontier.

"Yes, trust her for that," I grumbled to myself, feeling persuaded that when once Casimir was gone, Paulina's first care

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

would be to have Ioulka and her mother arrested and taken to St. Petersburg, where they might undergo a year of "preventive detention" on some charge of being concerned in a political conspiracy. "No, no," I added aloud, "you must leave Poland at once, Casimir, and the countess must know neither where nor how you are going."

I had just said this much, when there sprang up from underground, as it were, the figure of Nicholas Levitski, my sacristan. He stepped out of the house, wearing his usual unctuous smile, made us a bow which brought his hat to a level with his knees, and glided away like a shadow. "Now, what was *he* doing here?" thought I. "This comes of speaking too near to a wall," and I drew Casimir into the middle of the yard to finish our colloquy.

We talked nearly half an hour, and he entered into all my views. At length we were interrupted by Mme. Zezioff and Ioulka, who returned from market and came into the yard, each with a basket on her arm. Ioulka had also a bunch of roses in her hands, and she looked so pretty in her fresh blue-spotted dress and straw hat, that I patted her cheek, and informed her that Casimir would have some secrets to tell her when he got up-stairs. In effect, Barinski and I had decided that Mme. Zezioff ought at once to apply for a passport, as if she and her daughter were going to Berlin to see a relative there, which would throw the police off the scent of the direction Casimir had taken, in case they should suspect the Zezioffs of having been parties to his flight. Once they were all three out of the country they might meet in any city agreed upon, and make thence for Paris, where Casimir would be sure to find friends among the Polish Emigration Committee, who would put him in the way of getting honorable employment. His sister Eveline, too, who, as I heard, was married to a civil engineer, would be able to offer Mme. Zezioff and her daughter a home until the arrangements for Ioulka's own wedding should be completed.

I was right to be thus precipitate in my recommendations; for whilst I was advising Casimir, Paulina Marienha was, on her side, not inactive, and in fact it was a regular contest of speed that had commenced between her and me.

IV.

In the morning I got a favorable answer from Macha Planiwitz. The steam-launch was going to start for Cracow at evening next day, and Casimir was welcome to a corner in the secret hold among the bales of contraband stuff. However, as it was pretty certain that the count's footsteps were for the present dogged by spies, this was the roundabout way he must take in order to reach the wharf and get on board. At six o'clock next evening he was to enter a tobacconist's shop in Sobieski Street with the stalk of a rose in his mouth, and ask for a five-kopeck cigar; by these tokens the tobacconist's wife, who was a friend of Macha's, would know him, and point to a parlor door, which would remain ajar. Casimir would have to pass through the parlor without a word, make for a yard behind, and issue thence into Little Podlack Street, where there are some public baths, which he must enter, requesting a warm bath "with bran." The bath proprietress, another friend of Macha's, would lead him to a bath closet, where he would find a tarpaulin hat, a waterproof cloak, and some shaving-tackle. Having shaved off his beard, and donned his disguise, Casimir must open the closet window, drop into the yard of the bath-house, and by means of a short ladder, placed there in readiness, climb over the wall, and so gain a brandy wharf, which would lead him to Planiwitz's pottery wharf further on, and there the Austrian mate of the launch would be on the look-out, also with a rose in his mouth; and the fugitive must say to him, "I have come to examine the boiler of your launch;" whereupon without a word the mate would conduct him on board, and stow him away among the tea-chests and skins, where he must make such shift to breathe as he could until the launch passed the Austrian frontier.

Such were the precautions needed to assist a patriot in escaping from his own country; and I knew that Macha, while doing her best to shield her husband from any suspicion of complicity, had not exaggerated the risks that would be run if things were managed without proper cunning. She told me that her husband feared to speak to the runaway, or even to see him; and that if it had not been for her entreaties (I think she might have said her "orders," for she was the master spirit of her household) he would not have mixed in so perilous a business. All that Macha begged in requital of her good offices was that I would ask Casimir Barinski to give her some portion of attire that he had worn in Siberia, so that she might cut it up into scapularies for her children to wear as safeguards against lightning and the evil eye — the which I duly promised.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

One thing annoyed me, and this was that Nicholas Levitski, who was stealing noiselessly about the church replenishing the oil in the lamps of the lateral chapels, saw Macha on her knees in my confessional. He had seen her there on the day before, for he took faithful ocular note of all who came to shrive themselves; so by-and-by, as I was unrobing in the sacristy, he said with a mealy smile and a voice that came through his nose as through an ill-tuned organ: "Alack, the potter's wife has many a sin to confess, since she comes two days running." "Hold thy peace," said I; "if thou wouldst confess all *thy* sins, a week on thy knees would not suffice thee."

By-and-by, when the midday sun was so hot that the Russian soldiers I met were hanging out their tongues like dogs, I went out to tell the Zezioffs of the arrangements I had made; and I found that they had been to the police-office to apply for their passports. The officials had only put them the usual formal questions, and after taking down a minute description of their features and figures, during which Ioulka had blushed, said her mother, they had promised that the passports should be forwarded next day. I did not see Casimir, for, by the advice of us all, he had entered upon his new situation at the silversmith's; we had even bidden him to talk with Solomon Paskoff as to make the latter believe that he was going to smelt in his service for months, if not years.

That day was spent by Ioulka and her mother in the exciting task of packing for their departure. Casimir did not lodge in the same house as the Zezioffs, but he took his meals with them, and on coming in to dinner he brought a pink note that had been sent to him in the course of the day, inviting him to take tea at the countess's house, at nine o'clock. The Zezioffs, in their honest belief of Paulina's purity, advised him to go, and he went, but said nothing as to his intended escape. On the contrary, he gladdened the countess above measure by consenting to fly with her three days thence, and saying so many gallant things that she must have felt persuaded her blandishments had partly won back his heart, a consummation which her vanity could not deem improbable.

All this Casimir told me next day, when he came to see me at the church during the hour allotted him for dinner. He looked pensive, and as I led him to the space behind the high altar, where we could be in privacy for this interview, the last I should probably ever have with him, he whispered that he had discovered the secret of Paulina's kindness to him. "I should be a simpleton," said he, "if I were blind to the fact that Paulina loves me, father."

"It's no great matter, provided you don't love her," answered I, scrutinizing his face rather anxiously.

"No, I love Ioulka," he rejoined steadfastly; but then a faint gleam shot through his blue eyes as he added: "It's flattering, though, to have kindled a passion in a woman I courted so hopelessly of yore."

"My son, Paulina Marienha is forty years old now."

"It may be, but she still looks young; that is why I treated her yesterday as if she were no more than twenty, and an instinct warned me that the less I talked about Ioulka the more it would please her. Was that a sin, father?"

"Eh, my son! these are points of casuistry I cannot decide outside a confessional," I replied, edging away; though I was mighty relieved to think that, in flirting with the countess, Casimir had doubtless thrown her off her guard and caused her to stay proceedings she might otherwise have taken against Ioulka Zezioff. "Here we are alone," said I, as we reached St. Stanislas' small and dimly lighted chapel behind the high altar. "Kneel down, my son, that I may bless thee before thou goest away."

He knelt down on the flags, humbly bowing his head, and I stretched my hands over him: "God Almighty protect thee, Casimir Barinski, and give thee long life that thou mayest see our poor country freed."

"Amen!" he responded fervently.

"Mayest thou carry the example of Polish virtues to the strange land whither thou goest, so that in learning to honor thee, men may honor thy friendless country!" I added, "Be not like the Poles who fought in the Communal rebellion of Paris, Casimir, and thereby showed ingratitude for the hospitality which a great nation had extended to them. Be not like that madman Bevezowski either, who thought that a cause such as ours could be advanced by assassination. The cross and the sword must be thy weapons, my son, when thy day comes — which, alas! I shall not live to see."

"Who knows, father?" said he, still on his knees. "The Russians may shortly be involved in a war which will lead to

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

the dismemberment of their empire. When that war comes, can I in conscience join the Turkish standard?"

"No!" said I, after a moment's hesitation. "These men have pardoned thee, and thou canst not use the liberty they have restored to bear arms against them. It is a point of honor. Not till the day when the whole of Poland rises to arms will thy time have arrived; meanwhile, be faithful and patient."

"I will obey you, father," said Casimir; and rising from his knees he threw himself into my arms. There were tears in the eyes of us both; but even as I was embracing the poor fellow whom I loved, I noticed that the drapery of the high altar shook as though there were a cat behind. This made me exclaim at once: "Good-bye, Casimir; thou wilt start to-morrow morning by the road to Kaptcha, in peasant's disguise."

"Kaptcha?" echoed he; but looking up he caught the wink I gave him, and followed the direction of my glance. Nicholas Levitski was just then protruding his bust through the drapery, and held in one hand a bowl full of liquid plaster.

"Father," whined he, "the rats play havoc with the altar-cloth, and I have been stopping their holes."

"Thou art a good servant," said I dryly; "but since thou hast still plaster enough, I will show thee a spot in the crypt where thou mayest stop other holes; I fear the rats have been eating at the shrine of St. Stanislas."

"They are an evil vermin," remarked Nicholas, following me as if anxious to render a service.

"Down these stairs," said I; and, when we had descended a dozen steep steps and reached the crypt, where a feeble oil lamp burns day and night, I let him pass me, then pulled the door behind him, and locked it, crying through the keyhole: "Thou wilt not be wanted till vespers, Nicholas, so thou mayest spend the whole of thy afternoon with the rats."

"But I have not dined, father," he protested, his voice ringing with a piteous sonority under the vault.

"I doubt not that St. Stanislas will consider the sacrifice of thy dinner, and send thee a better appetite for supper!" was my rejoinder, and I returned up-stairs laughing in my sleeve. Casimir Barinski was gone, for a gesture of mine had bidden him depart; so, being alone, I knelt down on the stones, and offered up a prayer that it might go well with him and with his bride Ioulka, even as it went well with Moses when he fled from among the Egyptians.

I had no positive proof that Nicholas Levitski was a spy, but things I had uttered at different times had been noised abroad without its being possible that any save himself could be the retailer; besides which, every Catholic priest in Poland has a spy in his sacristy, so there were reasons enough why I should keep the man locked up in the crypt until Casimir and the Zezioffs had left Dolw. A word from him in the ear of a police inspector would have overturned all our plans.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, Ioulka and her mother went away by the coach which travels from Dolw to Gerinsk, where there is a railway station whence they would take the train for Posen. There were the usual tightly-buttoned police officers at the coach-yard, who closely examined the passports; but Ioulka and her mother were not signalled as being under an interdict from travelling, so they were allowed to seat themselves on the dusty drab cushions of the vehicle without impediment. Mme. Zezioff was a little sad at leaving the town where her married life had been spent; but Ioulka was in high spirits, and chatted gaily to me as her small store of luggage and her mother's was being lifted on to the roof by a Jew ostler much freckled. At last the Ukranian driver, in his white smock, climbed on the box, and gathering the reins of his three flea-bitten horses, clucked his tongue against his cheek and cracked his whip. Ioulka blew a kiss to me, and her mother waved her hand, as the ponderous yellow carriage jolted out of the yard and disappeared down the street amid the yells of the little Jew boys and the barking of those many long-nosed dogs who are suffered to prowl masterless about our towns. When the coach was gone I heaved a sigh of relief and went off to say vespers. Up to the last moment I had feared that Paulina Marienha might have given orders to arrest the Zezioffs.

V.

I PERFORMED vespers without the help of my sacristan, and it was past six o'clock when I went down to the crypt to release him. He looked like a man who has seen a ghost and is famished besides; and, as I expected, his first thought was to scamper home to supper, so that there was no likelihood of his making any revelations to the police for another hour at least. "And when he does make them," mused I, "he will go and say that Casimir is to start to-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

morrow in the disguise of a peasant by the road to Kaptcha, so that our enemies will be hunting on the wrong track." With a chuckle over the trick I had played the worthy, I locked the church doors, took the keys home, and having supped off a dish of Vistulan trout, dressed myself for a visit to the countess, whom I wished to see rather out of curiosity than because my visit could avail much at this juncture. On my way I passed by Stanislas Planiwitz's pottery shop, and saw Macha standing in the doorway with her last-born baby in her arms, who clutched a rose in his little fist; by which preconcerted sign I was informed that Casimir Barinski was safe on board the steam-launch.

Paulina received me very affably, although this was not a reception-night, and she was alone in the *déshabille* of a white-laced cashmere *peignoir*. I noticed there was a moist glitter in her eyes and a something subdued and yet ecstatic in her manner, which proved sufficiently that Casimir's flirtation of the preceding day had altogether blinded her and turned her head. She looked like a woman who is in love, and whose passionate artifices are triumphant. Certainly at that moment she would have scorned to do an unkind thing to Ioulka Zezioff, for it was a much greater womanly feat to seduce a lover from his betrothed by the simple might of her charms, instead of having recourse to police interference to crush her rival. At the age of forty, so far as I have seen, women take an extraordinary delight in winning a love battle in a fair fight.

Paulina and I talked about Casimir, for his named seemed to fly incontinently from her lips, so that she could allude to nothing else; but we did not touch upon his marriage or proposed departure in Paulina's company, I being supposed to know nought of this last scheme. We conversed rather about his family, his talents, his sufferings in Siberia — and hereon my fair hostess soon began to shed hysterical tears, vowing that, after all, it was not she who had caused Casimir to be sent into exile, for that he would have been arrested in any case, the government having long noted down his family for persecution. It was but natural that the unhappy woman should now seek to disculpate herself of her great crime against the man she loved, and should lay particular stress on the pardon she had obtained for him. She seemed to be working herself up to the conviction that, since it was she who had prevented the patriot from ending his days in the Oural mines, the remainder of his life properly belonged to her; which proves once again that woman's logic is often at fault.

I said nothing that might grieve the countess, for it was my duty to be courteous, as a visitor in her own house; and so we talked confidentially enough for a couple of hours. It was about ten o'clock, I think, and I was on the point of taking my departure, when a footman came in with a letter on a tray, which he handed to his mistress. Paulina begged my leave to open it; but the instant she had glanced at the first lines, she started to her feet, shot me a glance of viperous hatred such as a she-wolf may throw when she has fallen into a trap; then, bereft of all color, she flew to her desk, and snatched up a pen. She wrote for a minute, panting as her pen flew over the paper; then, without blotting what she had written, she hastily folded the sheet, enclosed it in an envelope, and handed it to the footman, who retired.

This done, Paulina advanced towards me with flashing eyes and arms folded, whilst, in a voice that was almost a scream, she exclaimed, —

"Do you know what I have just done? I have signed an order for the arrest of those two Zezioffs."

"It was a useless piece of work, for they went away this afternoon, and are over the frontier by this time," replied I, calmly.

This information staggered her for a moment. "Fool that I am; I should have had them seized two days ago!" she ejaculated, gasping. "But anyhow, Casimir Barinski shall not escape. I know that he is to leave for Kaptcha to-morrow, disguised as a peasant."

"And what if you do prevent his escape? Love him as you may, you can't force him to marry you against his will."

"But I can send him back to Siberia, and will. I would rather see him there than married to that drudge of a girl!"

"Tut, tut!" said I. "Our enemies are bad enough, but they won't cancel an imperial pardon for the sake of advancing your love affairs. You haven't the power you boast, Paulina."

This sally drove her almost mad.

"Haven't I the power?" shrieked she, as she spread out her hands wildly. "Know that I am queen of this town, and have been for years. I am the only person here in direct relation with the police minister at St. Petersburg; and a line of mine could send *you*, priest as you are, to Siberia."

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

"I don't believe it," said I; "and in any case feel no fear," nor did I feel any.

"Ah, you think you can defy me, but you will do well not to go too far!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands, and looking as if she would smite me.

"I do defy you," said I, standing up, in wrath; "for there isn't a priest in Poland who would give you absolution if you once laid a finger on one of our order. If we don't all hold together from brotherly love, we do from the necessity of mutual protection, as you well know, else you would have disposed of me long ago."

"I am too good, and that is my weakness!" said Paulina, panting as she dropped, half fainting, on to the sofa. "I have let myself be held in bondage by your superstitions like a child; but I'll turn schismatic."

"And I'll excommunicate you from the sacraments, and denounce you to the Camarilla as a heretic and a traitress, with whom no pact of faith need be kept," cried I, paying her back glance for glance, without quaking.

I knew the sort of woman with whom I had to deal, you see. Half choking with rage, she pointed to the door, and I walked out; but I felt quite confident that she would neither molest me nor suffer others to do so. Religion, as she practised it, was half the business of Paulina's life, and she had need to believe in the inviolability of its ministers. She would have known no peace in sinning if she had destroyed one of us priests who have power to absolve sins.

All this did not prevent my passing a very anxious night, for I had hoped that the news of Casimir's flight, or the intention of it, would not reach the countess till morning, by which time all researches would be vain. I was not so sure that they would be vain at this hour, if actively conducted; and every time I heard the tramping walk of the night police under my window, I quaked lest one of these individuals should knock at my door, and request me to accompany him to the central office, there to answer questions as to my connivance in Casimir's flight. There was no knocking, and I received no police visit till ten o'clock next morning. At that hour a crop-headed man in plain clothes arrived at the church, and told me laconically that I was wanted to identify a dead body.

"Whose dead body?" I asked, my tongue almost cleaving to my palate.

"Casimir Barinski's," he answered. "The man was overtaken as he was trying to escape in peasant's clothes; and as he offered resistance, he was shot down."

"Where? On the road to Kaptcha?"

"Precisely," replied the policeman, with a significant look into my eyes. "It was on the road to Kaptcha."

VI.

Some poor peasant it was who had paid for Casimir Barinski with his innocent life; and, by the time the mistake was discovered, Casimir was safe in Gallicia, with Stanislas Planiwitz's pots and chests of tea. He soon afterwards married Ioulka Zezioff in Paris, and is now employed as a journalist, I believe, in the French capital. I was never molested about his escape, nor was Macha, though, thanks to Nicholas Levitski (as I suppose), we were both suspected; but, then, the Russian police have a policy about hushing up disagreeable matters when these are beyond remedy.

As for Paulina Marienha, she remained six months without coming near me, and I, for my part, did not go near her. One day, however, she walked into our church bravely, attired after her wont, and sending for me out of the sacristy, said, with a grave sort of downcast smile, that she had come to make a confession. Prepared, by her manner, for something serious, I took my seat in the central box of the confessional, while she knelt in that to the left.

"Father," she began, "I accuse myself of the sin of ill-temper in often speaking sharply to my maid ——"

And that was how the Countess Paulina squared her accounts with heaven.

From The Contemporary Review.

THE LITTLE HEALTH OF LADIES.*

In the following pages I propose to speak, not of any definite form of disease, but of that condition of *petite santé*, valetudinarianism, and general readiness to break down under pressure, wherein a sadly large proportion of women of the higher classes pass their years. It is unnecessary, I think, to adduce any evidence of the prevalence of this semi-invalidism among ladies in England, or its still greater frequency abroad, and (em-

* To avoid misapprehension, it may be well to say that this word is here used in its older sense of the "*loaf-givers*." The ill-health of women who are *loaf-winners* is, alas! another and still more sorrowful subject.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

phatically) in America. In a very moderate circle of acquaintance every one knows a score of cases of it, of that confirmed kind which has scarcely any analogue in the physical condition of men. If we take a state of perfect soundness to be represented by one hundred, the health of few ladies will be found to rise above eighty or ninety — that of the majority will be, I fear, about seventy-five — and a large contingent, with which we are now specially concerned, about fifty or sixty. In short, the health of women of the upper class is, I think, unquestionably far *below par*. Whatever light their burners were calculated to shed on the world, *the gas is half turned down* and cannot afford anything beyond a feeble glimmer.

Of the wide-extending wretchedness entailed by this *petite santé* of ladies it would be easy to speak for hours. There are the husbands whose homes are made miserable by unsettled habits, irregular hours, a cheerless and depressed, or else, perhaps, an hysterically excitable or peevish companion; the maximum of expenditure in their households, with the minimum of enjoyment. I think men, in such cases, are most sincerely to be pitied, and I earnestly wish that the moans which they, and also their mothers and sisters, not unnaturally spend over their hard lot, could be turned into short, sharp words, resolutely providing that their daughters should not adopt the unhealthful habits and fall into the same miserable state, perpetuating the evil from generation to generation.

As to the poor children of a feeble mother, their case is even worse than that of the husband, as any one may judge who sees how delightful and blessed a thing it is for a mother to be the real, cheerful, energetic companion of her sons and daughters. Not only is all this lost, but the presence of a nervous, *exigeante* invalid in the dwelling-room of the family is a perpetual damper on the healthful spirits of the children; and, in the case of the girls, the mother's demands on their attention (if she be not a miracle of unselfishness) often break up their whole time for study into fragments too small to be of practical use. The *desultoriness* of a home wherein the mistress spends half the day in bed is ruinous to the young, unless a most unusual degree of care be taken to secure them from its ill effects.

Pitiable, however, as are the conditions of the husband and children of the lady of little health, her own lot — if she be not a mere malingerer — is surely still more deserving of sympathy. She loses, to begin with, all the keen happiness of health, the inexplicable, indefinable *bien-être* of natural vigor,

> the joy of morning's active zeal,
> The calm delight, blessing and blest,
> To sink at night to dreamless rest.

She knows nothing of the glorious freedom of the hills and woods and rocky shore; she misses all the relief which lonely rides and walks afford from those petty worries which, like the wasps and ants in the dreadful old Persian torture, are sure to fasten on the poor wretch pinned to the ground. "To be weak is to be miserable." There is no truer maxim; and when we reflect how many women are weak,— not merely in comparison to men, which is nothing to the purpose, but weak absolutely and judged by the standard of nature,— we have before us a vast low-lying field of dull wretchedness profoundly mournful to contemplate. Out of it, what evil vapors of morbid feelings, jealousies, suspicions, hysterical passions, religious terrors, melancholy, and even insanity are generated, who shall estimate? To preserve the *mens sana* otherwhere than in the *corpore sano* is a task of almost superhuman wisdom and conscientiousness. The marvel is, not that so many fail, as that a few succeed in performing it.

Be it noted further, that it is the chronic *petite santé* much more than any positive disease, which is morally so injurious to the sufferer and all around her. I have heard one whose long years of pain seem each to have lifted her nearer to heaven remark with a smile, that "actual pain is always, in a sense, *entertaining!*" She intended, no doubt, to say that it tasked the powers of will and religious trust to bear it firmly. Out of such contests and such triumphs over either bodily or mental suffering, spring (as we all recognize) that which is most precious in human experience,— the gold purified in the furnace, the wheat threshed with the flail.

> Only upon some cross of pain and woe
> God's son may lie,
> Each soul redeemed from self and sin must know
> Its Calvary.

But the high moral results of positive pain and danger seem unattainable by such a mere negation of health as we are considering. The sunshine is good and the storm is good, but the grey, dull drizzle of November — how is any one to gain much

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

from it? Some beautiful souls do so, no doubt; but far more often chronic *petite sante* leads to self-indulgence; and self-indulgence to selfishness; and selfishness (invariably) to deceit and affectation, till the whole character crumbles to pieces with dry rot.

Now I must say at once that I consider the frequency of this valetudinarianism among women to be a monstrous state of things, totally opposed to any conception I can form of the intentions of Providence or the laws of beneficent nature; and the contented way in which it is accepted, as if it were a matter of course, by society and the poor sufferers themselves, and even by such well-meaning friends of women as M. Michelet, strikes me as both absurd and deplorable. That the creator should have planned a whole sex of patients — that the normal condition of the female of the human species should be to have legs which walk not, and brains which can only work on pain of disturbing the rest of the ill-adjusted machine — this is to me simply incredible. The theory would seem to have been suggested by a study, not of the woman's *body*, framed by the great Maker's wisdom, but from that of her silly *clothes* sent home from the milliner, with tags, and buttons, and flounces, meant for show, not use, and a feather and an artificial flower by way of a head-gear.

Nay, my scepticism goes further, even into the stronghold of the enemy. I do not believe that even the holy claims of motherhood ought to involve — or, if women's lives were better regulated, *would* involve — so often as they do, a state of invalidism for the larger part of married life; or that a woman ought to be disabled from performing the supreme moral and intellectual duties of a parent towards her first-born children, when she fulfils the lower physical part of her sacred office towards those who come afterwards. Were this to be inevitably the case, I do not see how a woman who has undertaken the tremendous responsibilities of a mother towards the opening soul of a child could venture to burden herself with fresh duties which will incapacitate her from performing them with all her heart, and soul, and strength.

One of the exasperating things about this evil of female valetudinarianism is that the women who are its victims are precisely the human beings who of our whole mortal race seem naturally most exempt from physical want or danger, and *ought* to have enjoyed immunity from disease or pain of any kind. Such ladies have probably never from their birth been exposed to hardship, or toil, or ill-ventilation, or bad or scanty food, fuel, or raiment. They have fed on the fatness of the earth and been clothed in purple and fine linen. They are the true lotos-eaters whom he material cares of the world reach not. They

live and lie reclined,

in a land where (in a very literal sense)

it seemeth always afternoon,

and where they find a certain soothing æsthetic emotion in reading in novels the doleful tale of wrong of the "ill-used race of men that cleave the soil," — without dreaming of going down amongst them to make that tale less dismal.

That these women, these Epicurean goddesses of the drawing-room, should be so often the poor, fragile, suffering creatures we behold them, unable to perform half the duties of life, or taste a third part of its pleasures, — this is a pure perversity of things which ought surely to provoke revolt.

What are the causes of the valetudinarianism of ladies?

First, of course, there is a considerable class of inherited mischief, feeble constitutions, congenital tendencies to chronic troubles, gout, dyspepsia, and so on, due to the errors of either parent, or to *their* evil heritage of the same. All that need be said here on this topic is that such cases must necessarily go on multiplying *ad infinitum* till mothers regain the vigor which alone permits them to transmit a healthy constitution to their children.

Next to hereditary *petite santé*, we come to cases where the habits of the sufferers themselves are the cause of the mischief; and these are of two kinds — one resulting from what is good and unselfish, and one from what is bad and frivolous, in the disposition of women.

Women are generally prudent enough about their money; that is, of their own money, not that of their husbands. I have heard an observant man remark that he never knew a well-conducted woman who, of her own fault, became bankrupt. But as regards their health the very best of women have a propensity to *live on their capital*. Their nervous energy, stimulated either by conscience or affection or intellectual interests, suffices to enable them to postpone perpetually the calls of their bodies for food, sleep, or exercise. They

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

draw large drafts on their physical strength, and fail to lodge corresponding sums of restoring rest and nutriment. Their physical instincts are not imperious, like those of men; and they habitually disregard them when they make themselves felt, till poor nature, continually snubbed when she makes her modest requests, ceases to press for daily settlement of her little bill, and reserves herself to put in an execution by-and-by. The vegetative and the spiritual part of these women flourish well enough; but (as Kingsley's Old Sandy says) "There is a lack of healthy animalism," between the two. They seem to consider themselves as fireflies issuing out of a rose, flitting hither and thither to brighten the world, not creatures of flesh and blood, needing to go to bed and eat roast mutton.

If we study the condition of Mr. John Bull in his robust middle age, we shall notice that for forty years, with few interruptions, he has enjoyed those "reg'lar meals," on which Tennyson's Northern Farmer lays such stress as the foundation of general stability of character. He has also walked, ridden, rowed, skated, smoked his cigar, and gone to his bed (as nearly as circumstances permitted) when the inclination seized him. If now and again he has omitted to gratify his instincts, it has been for a business-like reason, and not merely because somebody did not happen to wish to do the same thing at the same time. He has not often waited for an hour, half fainting for want of his breakfast, from motives of mere domestic courtesy; nor sat moped in a hot room through a long, bright day to keep some old person company; nor resolved his dinner into tea and muffins because he was alone and it was not worth while to trouble the servants; nor sat up cold and weary till three in the morning to hear about a Parliamentary debate wherein he took only a vicarious interest. At the end of the forty years of wholesome indulgence, the man's instincts are more imperious and plain-spoken than ever, and, as a reward for his obedience to them, his organs perform their respective offices with alacrity, to the great benefit of himself and of all dependent upon him. Pretty nearly the reverse of this has happened in the case of Mrs. Bull. Almost her first lesson in childhood was to check, control, and conceal her wants and miseries; and by the time she has grown up she has acquired the habit of postponing them, as a matter of course, to the smallest convenience of A, B, C, and D, father, mother, brothers, even servants, whom she will not "put out of their way" for herself, though no one would so much as think whether they had a way to be put out of, for her brothers. The more strain there is upon her strength, by sickness in the house or any misfortune, the more completely she effaces and forgets herself and her physical wants, recklessly relinquishing sleep and neglecting food. When the pressure is relieved, and the nervous tension which supported her relaxed, the woman breaks down as a matter of course, perhaps never to enjoy health again.

It must be borne in mind, also, in estimating a woman's chances of health, that if she neglect to think of herself, there is seldom anybody to do for her what she does for her husband. Nobody reminds her to change her boots when they are damp; nobody jogs her memory as to the unwholesomeness of this or that beverage or comestible, or gives her the little cossetings which so often ward off colds and similar petty ills. Unless the woman live with a sister or friend, it must be scored one against her chances as compared to a man, that she *has no wife*.

There must, of course, be set against all this the two facts, that the imperiousness of men's wishes and wants leads them often not *only* to do such wholesome things as those of which we have been speaking, but into sundry unwholesome excesses beside, for which in due time they pay by various diseases, from gout up to delirium tremens. And correspondingly, women's comparative indifference to the pleasures of the table keeps them clear of the ills to which gormandizing and bibulous flesh is heir. We all know scores of estimable gentlemen who can scarcely be prevailed on, by the prayers and tears of their wives, to refrain from drinking a glass of beer or port wine which will in all probability entail a fit of the gout next day; but in my whole life I have never known a woman who consciously ate or drank things likely to make her ill, save one mild and sweet old lady, whose predilection for buttered toast overcame every motive of prudence, and, alas! even of religion, which I have reason to believe she endeavored to bring to bear against the soft temptation. But for the purpose we have now in hand, namely, that of tracing the origin, not of acute diseases, but of general *petite santé*, this aspect of the subject is unimportant. It is precisely *petite santé*, which comes of the perpetual neglect of nature's hints — that she wants air, bread, meat, fruit, tea, wine, sleep, a scamper or a canter. It is

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

definite *disease* which results from over-exercise, over-feeding, and over-drinking.

Would it not be possible, I venture to ask, to cut off *this* source of feminine invalidism, at all events, by a somewhat more respectful attention to the calls of healthful instinct? I am very far from wishing that women should grow more selfish, or less tenderly regardful of the convenience and pleasure of those around them. Even sound health of body — immeasurable blessing that it is — would be purchased too dearly if this should happen. But there ought surely to be an adequate reason, not a mere excuse of whim and caprice of her own or of anybody else, why a woman should do herself hurt or incapacitate herself for future usefulness.

Another source of *petite santé*, I fear, may be found resulting from a lingering survival amongst us of the idiotic notion that there is something peculiarly "lady-like" in invalidism, pallor, small appetite, and a languid mode of speech and manners. The very word "delicacy," properly a term of praise, being applied vulgarly to a valetudinary condition, is evidence that the impression of the "dandies" of sixty years ago that refinement and sickliness were convertible terms, is not yet wholly exploded. "Tremaine" thought *morbidezza* — a "*charming morbidezza*" — the choicest epithet he could apply to the cheek of beauty; and the heroines in all the other fashionable novels of the period drank hartshorn almost daily, and died of broken hearts, while the pious young Protestants who converted Roman Catholics in the religious tales, uniformly perished of consumption. Byron's admiring biographer records how, at a large dinner-party, he refused all viands except potatoes and vinegar (horrid combination!) and then retired to an eating-house to assuage with a beefsteak those cravings which even Childe Harold could not silence with "chameleon's food" of "light and air."

We have advanced indeed somewhat beyond this wretched affectation in our day, and young ladies are not required by *les bienséances* to exhibit at table the public habits of a ghoul. In a few cases perhaps we may opine that women have gone to the opposite extreme, and both eat and drink more than is desirable. But yet we are obviously not wholly free from the "delicacy" delusion. We are not so clear as we ought to be on the point that, though beauty includes *other* elements, yet health is its *sine quâ non*, and that no statuesque nobility of form (much less a pinched waist and a painted face) can constitute a beautiful living human creature, who lacks the tokens of health — clear eyes, clear skin, rich hair, good teeth, a cool, soft hand, a breath like a bunch of cowslips, and a free and joyous carriage of the head and limbs.

Have we not, in the senseless admiration of feebleness and pallor (to obtain which a fashionable lady not long ago literally bled herself by degrees to death), an illustration of the curious fact pointed out by Miss de Rothschild in her admirable essay on "The Hebrew Woman," * namely, that the homage which Christianity won for weakness has tempted women to cultivate weakness to secure the homage? Just as Christian charity to the poor has fostered mendicancy, so has chivalrous tenderness to the feeble inspired a whole sex with the fatal ambition of becoming feeble (or of simulating feebleness) to obtain the tenderness. The misconstruction and abuse of the beatitudes of the gospel, as manifested in the rise of the mendicant order of friars, is notoriously a sad chapter of history. I do not think it a less sorrowful one that an analogous abuse has led to a sort of canonization of bodily and mental feebleness, cowardice, and helplessness among women. Can we question which is the nobler ideal, — the modern, nervous, pallid, tight-laced fine lady of little health, or the "valiant woman" (as the Vulgate calls her) of whom King Lemuel saith, "She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come"? †

We have now touched on the subject of dress, which plays so important a part in the health of women that it must here be treated somewhat at length. A little girl in a London Sunday school, being asked by a visitor "why God made the flowers of the field," replied (not unconscious of the gorgeous paper poppy in her own bonnet), "Please, ma'am, I suppose for patterns for artificial flowers." One might anticipate some answer scarcely less wide of the mark than that of this unsophisticated little damsel, were the question to be put to not a few grown women, "Why do you wear clothes?" Their most natural response would obviously be, "To be in the fashion." When we have visibly wandered a long way from the path of reason,

* *New Quarterly Magazine*, No. X.
† Proverbs xxxi.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

the best thing we can do is to look back to the starting-point and find out, if possible, where we have diverged. In the matter of raiment that starting-point is not hard to find — indeed, to mark it is only to state a series of truisms.

Human clothing has three *raisons d'être*, which, in order of precedence, are these: —

I. — HEALTH.
II. — DECENCY.
III. — BEAUTY.

HEALTH demands, —

1. Maintenance of proper temperature of the body by exclusion of excessive heat and cold.

2. Protection from injury by rain, snow, dust, dirt, stones to the feet, insects, etc.

3. Preservation of liberty of action to all the organs of the body and freedom from pressure.

DECENCY demands, —

4. Concealment of some portions of the human frame.

5. Distinction between the habiliments of men and women sufficient to avert mistake.

6. Fitness to the age and character of the wearer.

7. Concealment, when possible, of any disgusting personal defect.

BEAUTY demands, —

8. Truthfulness. The dress must be genuine throughout, without any false pads, false hair, or false anything.

9. Graceful forms of drapery.

10. Harmonious colours.

11. Such moderate consistency with prevailing modes of dress as shall produce the impression of sociability and suavity, and avoid that of self-assertion.

12. Individuality, — the dress suiting the wearer as if it were an outer body belonging to the same soul.

(Be it noted that the fulfilment of this highest condition of tasteful dress necessarily limits the number of costumes which each person should wear on similar occasions. No one body can be adorned in several *equally suitable* suits of clothes, any more than one soul could be fittingly housed in twenty different bodies.)

Glancing back over the above table, we find this curious fact. The dress of *men* in all Western nations meets fairly all the conditions of health and decency, and fails only on the side of beauty. The dress of *women*, on the contrary, ever variable as it is, persistently misses the conditions of health; frequently violates the rules of decency; and instead of securing beauty, at which it aims first instead of last, achieves usually — ugliness.

It is to be remembered for our consolation and encouragement that men have arrived at their present good sense in dress only within two or three generations. A hundred years ago the lords of creation set beauty above health or convenience, just as the ladies do now, and peacocked about in their peach-blossom coats and embroidered waistcoats, surmounted by wigs, for whose stupendous discomfort even a seat on the judicial bench can scarcely reconcile the modern Englishman. Now, when the men of every European nation have abjured such fantastic apparel, we naturally ask, Why have not the women followed their example? Why is the husband, father, and brother habited like a being who has serious interests in life, and knows that his personal dignity would be forfeited were he to dress himself in particolored, beribboned garments, and why is the wife, mother, or sister bedizened like a macaw, challenging every observer to note how much of her time, thoughts and money must have been spent on this futile object? The answer is one which it is not pleasant to make, discreditable as it is to both sexes. The women who set the fashions dress for admiration; and men like women who dress to be admired; and the admiration given and received is a very poor and unworthy admiration, not much better than a salmon gives to a glittering artificial fly, and having very little more to do with any real æsthetic gratification, — as is proved too clearly by the thoroughly un-beautiful devices to which fashion has recourse. It is the *well-got-up* woman (to borrow a very expressive phrase), not the really well-dressed woman, who receives by far the largest share of homage.

And now let us see how all this concerns the health of women — how much of their *petite santé* is due to their general neglect to make health the first object of dress, or even an object at all compared to fashion.

Tight-lacing among habits resembles envy among the passions. We take pride in all the rest, even the idlest and worst, but tight-lacing and an envious heart are things to which no one ever confesses. A small waist, I suppose, is understood to belong to that order of virtues which Aristotle decides ought to be natural and not acquired, and the most miserable girl who spends her days in a machine more cruel (because more slowly murderous) than the old "maiden" of Seville, yet

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

always assures us, smiling through her martyrdom, that her clothes are "really hanging about her!" It would be waste of time to dwell on this supreme folly. Mrs. Haweis, in her very noteworthy new book, "The Art of Beauty," has given some exceedingly useful diagrams, showing the effects of the practice on the internal organs and skeleton * — diagrams which I earnestly recommend to the study of ladies who may feel a "call" to perform this sort of English suttee for a *living* husband. Mrs. Haweis says that sensible men do not love wasps, and have expressed to her their "overallishness" when they behold them. Considering how effectively they have hitherto managed to display their disapproval whenever women have attempted to introduce rational attire, it is a pity, I think, that they do not "pronounce" a little more distinctly against this, literally mortal, folly.

I have already alluded to the brain-heating chignons, just gone out of fashion after a long reign of mischief; and along with them should be classed the bonnets which expose the forehead to the cold, while the back of the head is stewed under its cushion of false hair, and which have the still more serious disadvantage of affording no shelter to the eyes. To women to whom the glare of the sun is permanently hurtful to the sight, the necessity for wearing these bonnets on pain of appearing singular, or affectedly youthful, constitutes almost a valid reason against living in London. And the remedy, forsooth, is to hold up perpetually a parasol! — a yet further incumbrance to add to the care of the draggling train, so that both arms may be occupied during a whole walk, and of course all natural ease of motion rendered impossible. In this as in a dozen other silly fashions, the women who have serious concerns in life are hampered by the practice of those who think of nothing but exhibiting their persons; and ladies of limited fortune, who live in small rooms and go about the streets on foot or in cabs, are compelled (if they wish to avoid being pointed at) to adopt modes of dress whose sole *raison d'être* is that they suit wealthy *grandes dames* who lounge in their barouches or display their trains over the carpets of forty-feet-long drawing-rooms. What *snobbery* all this implies in our whole social structure! Some ten millions of women dress, as nearly as they can afford, in the style fit at the most for five thousand!

The practice of wearing *décolletée* dresses, sinning equally as it does against health and decency, seems to be gradually receding — from ordinary dinners, where it was universal twenty years ago, to special occasions, balls, and court drawing-rooms. But it dies hard, and it may kill a good many poor creatures yet, and entail on others the lifelong bad health so naturally resulting from the exposure of a large surface of the skin to sudden chills.

The thin, paper-soled boots which leave the wearer to feel the chill of the pavement or the damp of the grass wherever she may walk, mnst have shortened thousands of lives in Europe, and even more in America. Combined with these, we have now the high heels, which, in a short period, convert the foot into a shapeless deformity, no longer available for purposes of healthful exercise. An experienced shoemaker informed the writer that between the results of tight boots and high heels, he scarcely knew a lady of fifty who had *what he could call a foot at all* — they had mere clubs. And this is done, all this anguish endured, for the sake of — beauty!

Bad as stays, and chignons, and high heels, and paint, and low dresses, and all the other follies of dress are, I am, however, of opinion that the culminating folly of fashion, the one which has most widespread and durable consequences, is the mode in which for ages back women have contrived that their skirts should act as drags and swaddling clothes, weighing down their hips and obstructing the natural motion of the legs. Two hundred years ago the immortal Perrette, when she wanted to carry her milk-pail swiftly to

* Pp. 49 and 50. The preceding pages on what I conceive to be the *raisons d'être* of dress were written before I had seen this exceedingly clever, brilliant, and learned little book. While giving the authoress thanks for her most sensible reprobation of many senseless fashions, and not presuming for a moment to question her judgment in the matters of taste, on which she speaks with authority, I must here enter my humble but earnest protest against the over-importance which, I think, she is inclined to attach to the art of dress, among the pursuits of women; and (most emphatically) against her readiness to condone — if it be only committed in moderation — the offence against both truth and cleanliness of wearing false hair (see p. 173). It seems to me quite clear, that here the whole principle of honesty in attire is sacrificed. If no woman would wish it to be known that the hair on her head never grew there, but on the scalp of some poor French girl, so poor as to be bribed to part with it, or of some unkempt Russian peasant who rarely used a comb in her life, — then the wearing of that false hair is an act of *deception*, and in so far, I hold, both morally, and even æsthetically wrong. I cannot conceive why the *lamp of truth*, which we are now perpetually told must shine on our architecture and furniture, so that nothing must appear stone that is iron, and so on *ad infinitum*, should not shine equally lucidly over the dress of women. Where no deception is meant, and where the object is to supply a want, not to forge a claim to beauty — *e.g.*, in the case of artificial teeth — there is no harm involved.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

market, was obliged to dress specially for the purpose.

Légère et court vêtue, elle allait à grands pas,
Ayant mis ce jour-là, pour être plus agile,
Cotillon simple et souliers plats.

From that time to this the "*cotillon simple*," — modest, graceful, and rational, — has been the rare exception, and every kind of flounce and furbelow, hoops and crinolines, panniers and trains, "tied back" costume, and *robe collante* has been successively the bane of women's lives, and the slow destroyer of their activity.

It has been often remarked that the sagacity of Romish seminarists is exhibited by their practice of compelling boys destined for the priesthood to flounder along the streets in their long gowns, and never permitting them to cast them aside or play in the close-fitting clothes wherein English lads enjoy their cricket and football. The obstruction to free action, though perhaps slight in itself, yet constantly maintained, gradually tames down the wildest spirits to the level of ecclesiastical decorum. But the lengthiest of *soutanes* is a joke compared to the multitudinous petticoats which, up to the last year or two, every lady was compelled to wear, swathing and flowing about her ankles as if she were walking through the sea. Nor is the fashion of these later days much better, when the scantier dress is "tied back" — as I am inforned — with an elastic band, much on the principle that a horse is "hobbled" in a field; and to this a tail a yard long is added, which must either be left to draggle in the mud or must occupy an arm exclusively to hold it up. In youth these skirts are bad enough, as exercising a constant check on free and healthful movement; but the moment that the elastic steps begin to give place to the lassitude of middle life, the case is desperate. There is no longer energy to overcome the impediments created by the ridiculous *spancels;* and the poor donkey of a woman hobbles daily round a shorter and shorter course till at forty or fifty she tells her friends with a sigh that she finds (she cannot imagine why) that she cannot walk at all!

Does decency require such a sacrifice as this? Does the utmost strain of feminine modesty ask for it? If it were so, I for one, should leave the matter with a sigh, as not to be remedied. But who in their senses dreams that such is the case? Who, in the age of *robes collantes* and *décolletée* dresses, can pretend that a reasonably full, simply-cut silk or cloth skirt, reaching to the ankles and *no longer*, would not fulfil immeasurably *better* than any fashion we have seen for many a day the requirements of true womanly delicacy? It is for *fashion*, not decency, that the activity of women is thus crushed, their health ruined, and (through them) the health of their children. I hold it to be an indubitable fact that if twenty years ago a rational and modest style of dress had been adopted by English women and encouraged by English men, instead of being sneered down by fops and fools, the health not only of women, but of the sons of women, *i.e.*, of the entire nation, would now be on altogether a different plane from what we find it.*

Reviewing all these deplorable follies, we may learn to make excuses for legislators who classify women with "criminals, lunatics, idiots, and minors." It needs all a woman's knowledge of the pernicious processes to which the opening minds of girls are commonly subjected,— the false and base aims in life set before thom, the perverse distribution towards them of approval and blame, admiration and neglect, and even of love and dislike, from parents, teachers, servants, brothers, and finally from the ball-room world into which they are now launched in childhood,— to enable us to make allowances for them, and retain faith that there sometimes beats a real woman's heart under the ribs of a tightly laced corset, and that a head surmounted by a pile of dead women's hair is not invariably devoid of brains.

How is the remedy for this dreary round of silly fashions ever to be attained? No woman who knows the world and how severe is the penalty of eccentricity in attire, will ever counsel her sisters to incur it for any motive short of a distinct duty. But if the hundreds of ladies who recognize the tyranny of senseless and unhealthful fashions were to combine forces to obey these fashions *just as little as may be*, to go as near the wind in

* The inquiry, How fashions originate and *with whom?* would lead us too far from the subject in hand, but some light is thrown on the way in which complicated arrangements of dress are maintained under every variation and in defiance of the true principles of taste, as well as of health and economy, by the reflection that it would never pay drapers and dressmakers that their customers should readily calculate how much stuff they require for each garment. For further criticism of the follies of female dress — the *torrid and frigid* zones of body and limbs — the "panniers" or "bustles" creating kidney disease; the skewering down of the arms by tight armholes; the veils which cause amaurosis, etc., etc. — and also for some excellent suggestions of reform, see "Dress and Health," a little book printed by Dougall & Son, Montreal, to be obtained in London for the present only by sending 1*s.* 6*d.* in stamps to B., 15, Belsize Square, N. W.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the direction of simplicity, wholesomeness, and ease in their dress as they dare, there would by degrees be formed a public opinion, rising year by year with the numbers and social standing of the representatives of common sense. It must have been in some such way that our great-grandfathers dropped their swords and bag wigs and ruffles and embroidery, and took to dressing — as even the silliest and vainest men do in these days — like rational beings.

Next to unhealthful dress, women may lay their *petite santé* at the door of their excessive addiction to pursuits giving exercise neither to the brain nor yet to the limbs. If the problem had been set to devise something, the doing of which would engage the very fewest and smallest powers of the mind or body, I know not whether we should give the prize for solving it to the inventor of knitting, netting, crochet, or worsted work. Pursued for a reasonable period in the day, these employments are no doubt quite harmless, and even perhaps, as some have urged, may be useful as sedatives. But that a woman who is driven by no dire neccssity to "stitch, stitch, stitch," who has plenty of books to read, and two legs and feet to walk withal, should voluntarily limit the exercise of her body to the little niggling motion of the fingers required by these works, and the labor of her mind to counting stitches, is all but incomprehensible. That the consequences should be sickliness and feebleness seems to follow of course. In old times the ever-revolving spinning-wheel had its full justification in its abundant usefulness, and also in the dearth of intellectual pursuits for women. But it is marvellous that a well-educated Englishwoman, not yet sinking into the natural indolence of age, should choose to spend about a fifth or fourth of the hours God has given her on this beautiful earth in embroidery or worsted work. A drawing-room crammed with these useless fads — chairs, cushions, screens, and antimacassars — is simply a mausoleum of the wasted hours of the female part of the family. Happily there is a sensible diminution in this perpetual needling, and no future Mrs. Somerville will be kept for the best hours of her girlhood "shewing" her daily seam. More intelligent and more active pursuits are multiplying, and the great philanthropist who invented lawn-tennis has done more to remedy the little health of ladies than ten thousand doctors together.

We have now glanced over a number of causes of *petite santé*, for which the sufferers themselves are more or less responsible. Let us turn to some others regarding which they are merely passive.

It is many years since in my early youth, I was struck by a singular coincidence. Several of my married acquaintances were liable to a peculiar sort of headache. They were obliged, owing to these distressing attacks, to remain very frequently in bed at breakfast-time, and later in the day to lie on the sofa with darkened blinds and a considerable exhibition of *eau-de-cologne*. A singular immunity from the seizures seemed to be enjoyed when any pleasant society was expected, or when their husbands happened to be in a different part of the country. By degrees, putting my little observations together, I came in my own mind to call these the "bad-husband headaches," and I have since seen no reason to alter my diagnosis. On the contrary, I am of opinion that an incalculable amount of feminine invalidism arises from nothing but the depressing influences of an unhappy home. Sometimes, of course, it is positive unkindness and cruelty which the poor creatures endure. Much more often it is the mere lack of the affection and care and tenderness for which they pine as sickly plants for sunshine. Sometimes it is the simple oppression of an iron will over them which bruises their pleasant fancies, and lops off their innocent whims, till there is no sap left in them to bud or blossom any more. Not seldom the misery comes of frequent storms in the household atmosphere,— for which the woman is probably as often to blame as her companion, but from which she suffers doubly, since, when they have passed, he goes out to his field or his merchandise with what spirit he can muster, poor fellow! while she sits still where the blighting words fell on her, to feel all their bitterness. Of course it is only unkind *husbands* who make women down-hearted. There are unkind people in every relation, and the only speciality of a woman's suffering from unkindness is, that she is commonly almost like a bed-ridden creature, for whom a single thorn or even a hard lump in her bed, is enough to create a soreness. To those who can get up and walk away, the importance which she attaches to the thorn or the lump seems inexplicable.

This balking of the heart is, I suppose, the worst evil in life to nine women out of ten, whether it take place after marriage in finding an uncongenial husband, or before marriage when a lover leaves them in

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

the lurch and causes them a "disappointment." This word, I observe, is always significantly used with reference to such events among a certain class of women, as *the* disappointment *par éminence*. When a lady fails to get her book published or her picture hung at the Academy, nobody speaks of her as having undergone a "disappointment." I have no doubt the grief of losing the lover is generally worse than these; but I wish that pride would teach every woman under such circumstances not to assume the attitude of an Ariadne, or settle down after a course of sal volatile into languor and little health till she is found at sixty, as M. About deliciously describes an English old maid, "*tant soit peu desséchée par les langueurs du célibat*." Of this kind of thing I would fain hope we might soon see the end, as well as of the actions for breach of promise, which are a disgrace to the whole womanhood of the country.

But beside heart sorrows, real and imaginary, there are other departments of women's natures wherein the balking of their activities has a deplorable effect on their physical as well as mental condition. Dr. Bridges once gave an admirable lecture at the Royal Institution, concerning the laboring and pauper class of Englishmen. He made the remark (which was received with emotion by the audience) that it was not enough to supply a human being with food and shelter. "Man," he said, "does not live by bread alone, he must have *hope*." May we not say likewise, "Woman does not live by bread alone — nay, nor by the richest *cake*"? She, too, must have hope — something to live for, something which she may look to accomplish for herself or others in God's world of work, ere her night shall fall. A Hindoo lady, lately speaking at a meeting in India, compared Mary Carpenter's beneficent existence to a river bearing fertility to many lands, while the life of a woman in the zenana, she said, resembled rather a pond. Surely every woman worthy of the name would desire to be something more than the pool, were it only a little trickling rill! But in endless cases she is *dammed up* on all sides, and none the less effectually that the soft mud of affectionate prejudice forms the dam. If her friends be rich, she is sickened with excess of luxury, but prohibited from stooping down out of the empyrean of her drawing-room to lend a finger to lift the burdens of a groaning world. If the family income be small, and the family pride proportionately great, she is required to spend her life — not in inspiriting, honorable money-*earning*, but in depressing, heart-narrowing money-*saving*. When the poor soul has borne this sort of pecuniary stay-lacing for a dozen years, and her forehead has grown narrow, and her lips pinched, and her eyes have acquired a certain anxious look (which I often fancy I recognize) as if of concern about sixpences, then, forsooth, the world laughs at her and says, "Women are so stingy!" How gladly, in a hundred cases, would that poor lady have toiled to *earn* — and not to *save* — and have been nobly generous with the proceeds of her industry!

We have heard a great deal of late of the danger to women's health of over mental strain or intellectual labor. I do not say there is never danger in this direction, that girls never study too much or too early, or that the daughters of women who have never used their brains may not have inherited rather soft and tender organs of cogitation to start with. I am no enthusiast for excessive book-learning for either women or men, though in books read and books written I have found some of the chief pleasures of a happy life. Perhaps if it were my duty to supervise the education of girls I should be rather inclined to say, like the hero of "Locksley Hall,"—

> They shall ride and they shall run,
> . . . Leap the rainbows of the brooks,
> Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books.

But of one thing I am sure, and that is, that for one woman whose health is injured by excessive study (that is, by *study itself*, not the baneful anxiety of examinations superadded to study), there are hundreds whose health is deteriorated by *want* of wholesome mental exercise. Sometimes the vacuity in the brains of girls simply leaves them dull and spiritless. More often into those swept and empty chambers of their skulls enter many small imps of evil omen. "The exercise of the intellectual powers," says an able lady M.D., "is the best means of preventing and counteracting an undue development of the emotional nature. The extravagances of imagination and feeling engendered in an idle brain have much to do with the ill-health of girls." Another observer, an eminent teacher, says, "I am persuaded, and my experience has been confirmed by experienced physicians, that the want of wholesome occupation lies at the root of the languid debility, of which we hear so much, after girls have left school." * And

* The Education of American Girls, p. 229.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

another, the principal of one of the largest colleges for women in England, adds, "There is no doubt whatever that sound study is an eminent advantage to young women's health; provided, of course, that the general laws of health be attended to at the same time."

Let women have larger interests and nobler pursuits, and their affections will become, not less strong and deep, but less sickly, less craving for demonstrative tenderness in return, less variable in their manifestations. Let women have sounder mental culture, and their emotions — so long exclusively fostered — will return to the calmness of health, and we shall hear no more of the intermittent feverish spirits, the causeless depressions, and all the long train of symptoms which belong to Protean-formed hysteria, and open the way to madness on one side and to sin on the other.

And now, in conclusion, I must touch on a difficult part of my subject. Who is to blame for all the misery resulting from the little health of ladies?

Of course a large portion of the evil must be impartially distributed throughout society, with its false ideals of womanhood. Another portion rests on parents and teachers; and of course no inconsiderable part on the actual sufferers, who, in many cases, might find healthful aims in life, if they had the spirit to look for them, and certainly need not carry the destructive fashions of dress to the climax they reach in the red-hot race of vanity. There remains yet a share of guilt with the childish and silly men who systematically sneer down every attempt to make women something better than the dolls they play with (just as if they would be at a loss for toys, were the dolls to be transformed into rational creatures), and those others, even more cruelly selfish, who deliberately bar every door at which women knock in search of honorable employment. After all these, I find one class more.

There is no denying the power of the great medical order in these days. It occupies, with strangely close analogy, the position of the priesthood of former times, assumes the same airs of authority, claims its victims for torture (this time among the lower animals), and enters every family with a latch-key of private information, only comparable to that obtained by the confessional. If Michelet had written for England instead of for France, he should have made a book, not on "Priests, Women, and Families," but on "Doctors, Women, and Families." The influence of the family medical man on wives and mothers, and, through them, on husbands and children, is almost unbounded, and if it were ever to be exerted uniformly in any matter of physical education, there is little doubt that it would be effective.

What, then, we may reasonably ask, have these omnipotent doctors done to prevent the repetition of deadly follies in the training of girls generation after generation? Now and then we have heard feeble cautions, given in an Eli-like manner, against tight-lacing, late hours, and excitement; and a grand display of virtuous indignation was, if I remember rightly, exhibited about a year ago in a medical round-robin, against feminine dram-drinking — a vice for which the doctor's own prescriptions are in too many cases responsible. But the steadily determined pressure on mothers and young women, the insistence on free, light petticoats, soundly-shod feet, loose stays, and well-sheltered heads — when has it been exercised? An American medical lady says that at a *post-mortem* examination of several women killed by accident in Vienna, she found the internal organs of nearly all affected by tight-lacing. "Some ribs overlapped each other; one had been found to pierce the liver; and almost without exception that organ was displaced below the ribs. . . . The spleen in some cases was much enlarged, in others it was atrophied,"* and so on. Do the male doctors, who behold these and other hideous sights continually, go out to warn the mothers who encourage girls to this ghastly self-destruction, as they do denounce the poor, misguided Peculiar People and anti-vaccinators who cheat science of her dues?

At last, after the follies of luxury and fashion have gone on in a sort of *crescendo* like the descent of Vathek into the Hall of Eblis, till we seem nearly to have reached the bottom, a voice of warning is heard! It has pealed across the Atlantic, and been re-echoed on the shores of England with a cordiality of response which our men of science do not often give to American "notions." "Women, beware!" it cries. "Beware! you are on the brink of destruction! You have hitherto been engaged only in crushing your waists; now you are attempting to cultivate your minds! You have been merely dancing all night in the foul air of ball-rooms; now you are beginning to spend your mornings in study! You have been incessantly stimulating

* Dress and Health, p. 20.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

your emotions with concerts and operas, with French plays and French novels; now you are exerting your understanding to learn Greek and solve propositions in Euclid! Beware, oh beware! Science pronounces that the woman who — *studies* — is lost!"

Perhaps there are some women, now alive, who did study a little in youth, who even spent their nights occasionally over their books while their contemporaries were running from one evening party to another — who now in middle and advanced life enjoy a vigor which it would be very well for their old companions if they could share. These women know precisely *à quoi s'en tenir* concerning these terrific denunciations.

There is another point on which it seems to me that a suspicion of blame must attach to the medical profession. We all believe that our doctors do the utmost in their power to cure *acute* diseases. When any patient has scarlet fever or small pox or bronchitis, he may be sure that his medical attendant will exert all his skill and care to pull him through. But is it equally certain that out of the twenty thousand men, or thereabouts, who are qualified to practise medicine and surgery in this kingdom, there are not a few who feel only a modified interest in the perfect recovery of chronic sufferers who represent to them an annual income of £50 or perhaps £200? A few months ago there appeared an article in one of the magazines expounding the way in which *legal* business was made to grow in hydra fashion. We have all heard similar accusations against slaters and plumbers, who mend one hole in a roof and leave another. In short, we unhesitatingly suspect almost every other trade and profession of *making work for itself*. Is it clearly proved that doctors are in this respect quite different from lawyers and other men, or that the temptation to keep a wealthy patient coddling comfortably with an occasional *placebo* for twenty years is invariably resisted? The question is not easy to answer unhesitatingly in the affirmative — "Suppose a really radical cure were discovered whereby all the neuralgic and dyspeptic and gouty patients could be made in an hour as sound as so many trivets, do we believe implicitly and *au fond du cœur* that that heaven-sent remedy would be rapturously welcomed by the whole medical profession?" Is there no truth at all in the familiar legend of the elderly lady whose physician, after many years of not unprofitable attendance, advised her to go to Bath, promising to give her a letter to the most eminent local doctor, his intimate friend, to whom he would thoroughly explain her case? The lady, armed with the introductory letter, it is said, proceeded on her way; but the curiosity of a daughter of Eve unhappily overcame her discretion. "It is only about myself after all," she said to pacify her scruples; "and once for all I will learn what dear Dr. D—— *does* think is my complaint. If I am doomed to die, it is better than this prolonged uncertainty." The seal was broken, and the lady read: "Keep the old fool for six weeks, and be sure to send her back to me at the end. Yours truly."

There are at this day in Mayfair and Belgravia, in Bayswater and South Kensington, a dozen houses in every street and square at the doors of which the doctor's carriage stops as regularly as the milkman's cart; and apparently there is just as little likelihood that either should cease to stop. If the old Chinese custom were introduced amongst us, and patients were to pay their physicians a salary *so long as they were in health*, and ceased to pay whenever they required medical attendance, I very much question whether we should see quite so many of those broughams about those doors. I cannot help fancying that if the clockmakers who undertake to wind up our domestic timepieces were to keep them in the same unsatisfactory and perpetually running-down condition as the inner machineries of these doctors' patients, we should in most cases bring our contract with the clockmaker to a close, and wind up our timepieces in future for ourselves.

But more, and in a yet more serious way, the doctors have, I conceive, failed, not only as guardians of the health of women, but as having (as a body) opposed with determined and acrimonious resistance an innovation which — *if medical science be good for anything* — they could scarcely doubt would have been of immense benefit to them.

No one is ignorant how often the most agonizing diseases to which female nature is liable follow from the neglect of early premonitory symptoms, and how often, likewise, lifelong invalidism results from disregard of the ailments of youth. It is almost equally notorious how often these deplorable catastrophes are traceable directly to the poor victim's modest shrinking from disclosing her troubles to a male adviser. When such events are spoken of with bated breath among friends, it is sometimes said that it was the sufferer's

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

own fault, that she *ought not* to have felt any shyness about consulting a doctor, and that it is proper for everybody to "look on a doctor as an old woman." I confess I do not understand precisely such playing fast and loose with any genuine sentiment of modesty. The members of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons and of the Society of Apothecaries are *not* "old women." They are not even all old, nor all good men. A few months before they begin to practise — while they are in the "Bob Sawyer" stage — they are commonly supposed to be among the least steady or well-conducted of youths; and where a number of them congregate together — as in Edinburgh, for example — they are apt to obtain an unenviable notoriety for "rowdyism." I have more than once myself witnessed conduct on the part of these lads at public meetings which every man on the platform denounced as disgraceful. I could not but reflect as I watched them: "And *these* youths a year hence will be called to the bedsides of ladies to minister at hours of uttermost trial when the extremest refinement of tact and delicacy must scarce make the presence of a man endurable! Nay, they *now* attend in crowds the clinical instructions in the female wards of the hospitals, and are invited to inspect miseries of disease and horrible operations on women, who, if of humbler class, are often as sensitive and modest as the noblest lady in the land!"

The feelings of Englishwomen on all matters of delicacy are probably keener than those of the women of any other Western country, and in some particulars may possibly be now and then overstrained. But who could wish them to be changed? Who questions their almost infinite value? In every instance, except the one we are discussing, they receive from Englishmen the respect which they deserve. To propose deliberately to teach girls to set those sacred feelings aside on one point, and that point the one where they are necessarily touched immeasurably more closely than anywhere else, is simply absurd. They could not do it if they would, and they ought not to do it if they could. A girl who would willingly go to a man doctor and consult him freely about one of the many ills to which female flesh is heir, would be an odious young woman. Violence must be done to her natural instincts, either by the pressure of the mother's persuasion (who has undergone the same *peine forte et dure* before her), or else by unendurable anguish, before she will have recourse to aid which she thinks worse than disease, or even death. And so the time when health and life might be saved is lost by delay, and when the sacrifice is made at last, the doctor observes compassionately, "If you had come to me long ago I might have restored you to health, — or an operation could have been performed which might have saved your life. Now, I grieve to say, it is too late."

That the admission of qualified women to practise medicine is the proper and only effectual remedy for this evil is of course obvious to all. In opposing such admission relentlessly, as they have generally done, medical men have incurred a responsibility which to me seems nothing short of tremendous. Whatever motive we may be willing to assign to them above mere pitiful rivalry for practice and profit it is scarcely possible to suggest one which is not grossly injurious and insulting to women, or which ought for a moment to weigh in the balance against the cruel woes to which I have referred, or the just claim of all women to receive, if they prefer them, the ministrations of their own sex in their hours of suffering and weakness.

Doctors are wont to speak — apparently with profound feeling — of the sympathy they entertain for their patients, and to express their readiness (in a phrase which has passed into cant) "to sacrifice a hecatomb of brutes to relieve the smallest pain of a human being." May not women justly challenge them to sacrifice something a little nearer to themselves, — their professional pride, their trades-unionism, and a certain fraction of their practice, — to relieve their entire sex of enormous pain, mental and physical?

I rejoice to believe that the long contest draws to a close, and that, thanks to men like Mr. Stansfeld and Mr. Cowper Temple, there will soon be women doctors, and women's hospitals attended by women doctors, in every town in the kingdom. I rejoice to know that we possess already a few qualified ladies who every day, without wound to the feelings of the most sensitive, receive the full and free confidence of girls and women, and give in return counsels to which many attribute the preservation of life and health; and which — if medical science have any practical value — must afford the rising generation a better chance than ever their mothers have had of escaping the endless miseries to themselves and all belonging to them attendant on the little health of ladies.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

From The Spectator.

THE DECAY OF THE MONARCHICAL PRINCIPLE.

NOTHING is more remarkable in the history of the past year than the evidence it affords of the decay of the monarchical principle in Europe. That the principle of legitimacy, of a divine right to govern inherent in the person of a legal king, has died away in the West from the minds of all but a limited class, has long been reckoned among the facts of politics. Statesmen speak of legitimists as some Scotchmen speak of Jacobites, — with a kindly regret that an old party, with some fine qualities and much poetry about it, should have passed away. No great people west of the Vistula now holds the doctrines which under James II. were once preached in England, which were professed as a religion by the courtiers of Louis XIV., and which were once supposed by Protestants, quite erroneously, to be part of the creed of all Catholic populations. There was nothing in the idea of legitimacy, as we have often observed before, repulsive to the human mind, or in any way inherently absurd. Millions believe that the distribution of the "means of grace" has been confided by Providence to a limited caste, renewed by incessant co-optation, and there is no impossibility in a similar delegation of the right to rule. If God built the throne of a founder, he might also endow the founder's children with a preferential claim to govern; and if he suffers calamities to occur bringing misery upon nations, he may also, for some unseen end, suffer bad kings to rule them. Nevertheless, as the multitude grew in knowledge and self-consciousness the faith in divine right died away, until it would be hard to find a million of men in Europe outside Russia who would make any sacrifice even of money to preserve it in its purity. A few nobles, a few scores of thousands of Bretons, Basques, Brandenburghers, and Bavarians, and we have the entire congregation of that ancient cult. The faith, however, in another and less reasonable idea, — the moral claim of hereditary monarchy above all other systems of government, was still supposed to be intact. The royal caste, it was imagined, held it strongly. Most prominent statesmen were, for one reason or another, believed to be devoted to it. The masses had been accustomed to it for ages, were, in fact, in all countries outside Switzerland, less than ten years ago, universally acquiescent in it. It was believed to enjoy the favor of all established Churches, to be held essential by all armies, to be the most jealously guarded dogma of all conservative parties. When a rebellion occurred anywhere, society divided itself into monarchists and republicans, and the monarchists were usually, in all but numbers, decidedly the stronger. If the State were small, "Europe" usually settled that it must have a king, and diplomatists only quarrelled as to who the king and the king's wife should be. The establishment of a republic or the elevation of a mere statesman to the kingship was never seriously discussed. The outbreaks of the Communists in Paris and Carthagena were assumed to have settled the question, and the establishment of a republic anywhere would have been regarded as a menace to order throughout the European world.

Nevertheless the year has been marked by a bitter struggle, conducted in public in the most visible and interesting of all countries, between monarchy and republicanism, and the entire West, from its kings downwards through all classes of society, has been upon the whole hostile to the monarchical solution. In Germany, the last home of the old loyalty, where princes are still powers, and society is cloven in twain by the line of birth, and the army maintains the monarchical idea as a sacred principle, none but Ultramontane voices were raised for the authors of the 16th of May. In France itself, where all rural persons were supposed to be monarchists, a grand majority of the peasantry pronounced for the republic. In England, where society is still not only conservative, but semi-feudal in organization and ideas, not an audible voice was raised for the reactionaries, and the regular organs of conservatism condemned them unreservedly. In Austria, the court and aristocracy rejected the monarchy unless entrusted to the legitimate prince, while the people did not give even sympathy to the cause. In Italy, king, statesmen, and multitude were alike profoundly hostile to the monarchists, and even in Russia the monarchical side met with no effective sympathy. The unanimity of the Continent was amazing, and in spite of many deductions to be made, indicates a profound change in public feeling. It may be alleged, and alleged truly, that each country had a reason for distrusting a French monarchy, apart from its sympathy with especial institutions. Germany expected war, Italy feared the loss of Rome, England hated the Ultramontanes, Austria dreaded change, while the East

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

was in commotion, France was irritated by disturbance, and even Russia had no wish for the task of recementing her alliances. All these motives were in operation, but twenty years ago none of them would have so completely governed the royal caste, or have so overriden aristocratic feeling, or have so dominated and extinguished party divisions. It may be argued that conservatism, finding the republic in existence, held on conservative principles that it ought to continue to exist; and that is no doubt the fact, but then what a change of sentiment is revealed in that proposition! Religions do not become false to their devotees because they are momentarily suppressed. The republic in France is scarce seven years old, it has been threatened throughout its duration, and it is even now believed by thoughtful observers to be not beyond attack. If a rickety existence of seven years can consecrate a republic in conservative minds, the horror of republicanism cannot be very deep, and the reverence for kingship must be very slight, and have been changed from a faith into a reasoning opinion, held as other political opinions are held, mainly from a conviction of its expediency. And it is extremely difficult to doubt that this is the case, that the old faith has died away, and has been replaced by a theory that the form of government matters little, provided that social order and the security of property are reasonably well secured, and the political ostracism of any class entirely forbidden. That is the idea which is dominating conservatives, although, of course, great sections of them are unaware that they have advanced so far beyond their ancient landmarks, and the change may yet prove one of the greatest which ever occurred in general political thought. Without exaggerating its importance, and without forgetting for a moment the share which local and temporary influences have had in the alteration, this much at least may be stated with great confidence, — the *solidarité* of the monarchists of Europe can no longer be relied on, while the *solidarité* of the republicans can.

We do not know that this change will in any immediate way menace the stability of the remaining thrones of Europe. We rather think that it will not. A certain indifference to forms of government is, on the whole, rather favorable to the form which exists, which is endurable, and which, by the necessity of the case, ceases to persecute. Republicanism becomes much less hot when republicans are treated as reasonable beings, rather too viewy, but not very dangerous to the good order or durability of society. The mere feeling that a monarchy, if too troublesome, might be made to pass away, takes away much of that bitterness arising from a sense of outraged human dignity which everywhere on the Continent, and among particular classes in England, is a main factor of republican opinion. A good deal of republican sentiment exhales under free discussion, while the growth of material interests tends more and more to check the desire for change. A disposition to watch, too, a great experiment in action springs up unconsciously, and there are evils in republics which, when watched, tend to disenchant minds with great influence on the multitude. Unless we are greatly mistaken, the drawback of republicanism will be a certain sordidness, a want of elevation, an absence of self-sacrifice, and institutions in which those defects are patent do not greatly attract. The arming of the ignorant, too, which is the special feature of the modern system of war, may for a time prove greatly in favor of all visible, long-continued, and customary figures. But that the change, though it may not overthrow the monarchies, will profoundly modify them, we cannot doubt. The heavier atmosphere in which they will move will restrain the kings. Already they see the necessity of being popular. Already they listen carefully for the opinion of the numerical majority. Already they tend to accept, not, indeed, constitutionalism in the English sense, which demands a self-effacement too severe for men so varied, but towards constitutional modes of action, the discovery of ministers acceptable to both king and country, the management rather than the defiance of parliaments, the relinquishment in a final sort of way of the control of the national purse. There is not only no royal financier left in the world, but we look round in vain for a man of the caste who assumes to be one. A genuine conviction that their peoples must manage that matter and do manage it better than they can — that the popular instrument is stronger for the extraction of taxes than the royal instrument — has mastered the minds of the caste, and is producing great effects. With this disposition is coming a new fearlessness. Everywhere political riot is stopped with less severity than it was. Everywhere opposition is treated more as erroneous than as wicked action. The kings, in fact, are becoming more statesmanlike, more cau-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

tious, more like presidents whose reserved rights it is convenient to keep well out of sight. The total effect of all this is to reduce individualism, to make kings pivots of councils rather than monarchs of the old type, and therefore to make monarchies more restful, more considerate, and less wilful in their modes of action, a process heightened greatly by another change. No unrestrained small monarch can be said to survive. The four little independent kings of Sweden, Holland, Belgium, and Greece are all fettered by their subjects, and the big monarchs are heavily weighted both by the change in feeling of which we have spoken, and which they must perceive, and by the endless consequences which follow their every action. A modern king can hardly be a man of levity, and in his new considerateness, his perception that he is not inevitable, his conviction that he must take trouble and not merely *be*, is a great addition to popular security. The king is still in many countries a great factor in affairs, but he no longer feels himself the head of a party; he no longer believes in divine right, and he no longer thinks that republicanism is as the sin of witchcraft, to be stamped out. That is a great change, for the monarchies, as well as for the people who live under them.

From The Saturday Review.

FRENCH DINNERS.

FRENCH cooks have deserved well of their fellow-men; but it must be added that they have not a little tried the patience of those who have admired their many good qualities. Careful, inventive, and wonderfully hard-working in their own calling, they have certainly signalized themselves when they strayed from it, and attempted to write anything beyond recipes, by such silly extravagance as almost to justify the not uncommon opinion that of all vanities that of the gastronome is the most foolish. Such a belief would not be without much apparent reason if cooks were judged by what some of the most skilful among them have written. Ude, for instance, modestly places his calling above painting, which he classes with music, dancing, fencing, and "mechanics in general," with the breadth of statement natural to one who looks down on these pursuits from so lofty a height. Carême, who signed himself "Carême de Paris," as though he were something between a prince of the blood and the executioner, spoke thus of his work among the pots and pans: "*L'amour de la science me mène sans cesse à de nouvelles méditations, et toutes sont relatives au développement de son progrès;*" and a writer of our own time, undoubtedly one of the first cooks of the day, and admirable for the clearness of his recipes, is so anxious that the products of his art may be appreciated that he tells us how properly to sit at table. "*Pour manger avec aisance et sans raideur,*" he says, "*il faut être assis d'aplomb, très à l'aise et ni trop haut ni trop bas; le buste à égale distance du dossier de la chaise et de la table.*" Many other instances of flights calculated, to make the profane laugh might easily be found; but perhaps the *chefs* have given still more occasion for disrespectful wonder by the marvellous names which they have loved to bestow on their dishes. M. Gouffé, with his usual good sense, protests against these ridiculous appellations, and lays down the simple and obvious rule that the name of a dish ought, as much as possible, to indicate its component parts; but he stands alone; and, generally speaking, his brethren take the greatest pleasure in high-sounding titles which, when applied to food, are utterly unmeaning. "I defy anybody to know what these cooks mean by their jargon," said Mr. Thackeray; and most people who have studied *menus* will agree with him. But in justice to the cooks it should be added that they are not altogether responsible for these senseless terms, their patrons, who ought to have known better, having taken pleasure in encouraging this form of absurdity. Towards high-flown writing, too, these latter have stimulated the heads of the kitchen, their own grandiloquence having been sometimes even greater. When the reader of old gastronomic books comes across such a sentence as that of the Marquis de Cussy, who says of roasting, "*Rôtir est tout à la fois rien et l'immensité,*" he is apt, like Lord Ellenborough when listening to a silly peer, to think that he is responsible for his time, and that he will be able to give but a sorry account of it if he devotes any further attention to such nonsense.

Strangely enough, the most foolish thing connected with French cookery is what the Englishman appears most to prize. For him apparently the absurd names which French cooks have given to food have had the greatest charm. Few indeed are the dinner-givers in London who are

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

bold enough to describe in English the dishes they offer to their friends. Even a public dining-place has a French bill of fare, and is often called a restaurant, so that, oddly enough, an English eating-house is now known by a name which originally meant a French soup. There is not, after all, much reason for thus borrowing a foreign jargon, as many of the dishes of the French kitchen can be easily designated in English. What makes it the more singular that people in this country should take pleasure in reproducing the absurdities of half-educated foreigners is that, notwithstanding the use of French names for food which is thought good enough to offer to friends, or considered likely to be attractive, it may well be doubted whether the majority of Englishmen care much more for French cookery than their untravelled forefathers did. It seems to be commonly thought by female novelists and others equally well informed that the young bachelor of the present day dines at his club off the cunningly devised dishes of a French *chef;* but men who frequent clubs know perfectly well that, though elaborate preparations are served in the strangers' room for the benefit of guests, the majority of dinners in the coffee-room are very plain ones. When men order what they really like, and not what they think it incumbent on them to offer to their friends, they seem, in nine cases out of ten, to prefer the old-fashioned English dinner or something very like it. People, when they return from abroad, sometimes talk of their feasts at Paris restaurants; but a man who spends much time in that city will generally find that his countrymen appear to enjoy themselves very sadly at these places, where outspoken people may not unfrequently be heard to express their desire for something plainer and more substantial than what is offered them. The fact is that, as a rule, an Englishman only moderately likes a French dinner, owing partly to certain peculiarities of taste, and partly to an inveterate and utterly erroneous prejudice which, in spite of his occasional affectation of a liking for French cookery, still influences him strongly, even in these days of much travel. To the men of former generations it seemed a throwing away of the blessings of Providence to waste an appetite on the "pretty little tiny kickshaws" which, as they imagined, were all that a French cook had to offer them. Such trifles might suit men whose digestions were ruined; but it was absurd to put before those who still knew what it was to feel a healthy hunger at dinner-time delicate little flummery, such as fillets of chicken or the like. Solid food was required by the robust appetites of Englishmen; and they naturally preferred to attack good fish and good meat, and not to dally with elaborately-composed little dishes. Hence that liking for the plain English dinner, offering substantial food at the outset, which most Englishmen now really feel, though fashion obliges them when they invite their friends to offer them what is supposed to be an imitation of a French dinner, and sometimes actually is so in part.

In part be it observed; for it is a very curious fact in connection with this commonplace but important matter, that people in England have copied French cookery and French arrangements for their feasts, except just in that particular where the French system was essentially adapted to English tastes. There it has been changed, and changed to the exact opposite of what most men in this country like. The old-fashioned Englishman grumbles at the silly little messes which are offered to him when he is hungry. What he desires is solid food, and, if not as openly contemptuous as his ancestors, he nevertheless despises the arts of the French cooks nearly as much. Strange to say, if he would take the trouble to inquire into the matter, he would find that these very French cooks precisely agree with him on this point, and that the brilliant arrangement by which light dishes are offered to a man while his appetite is vigorous, and heavy ones when it is well nigh satisfied, is a product of our insular genius, and, like some other startling contrivances, is peculiar to this side of the Channel. The French masters of the art understood their calling a great deal too well to be guilty of such an absurdity. As has been said, they often gave preposterous names to their dishes, and their efforts at writing were sometimes silly in the extreme; but they were not at all silly when they kept within the proper lines of their vocation. Their business was to satisfy the appetite in the most pleasing way, and in doing this they showed not only great inventiveness and skill, but also considerable intelligence. Besides the immense attention which they gave to making food nice, they carefully considered the order in which the different kinds of food should be taken; and the conclusion they came to on this latter point was, it may be fairly said, the only one consistent with good sense. It was that at the beginning of dinner, when

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the appetite was vigorous, the more solid kinds of food should be offered, and that afterwards, when hunger was partly satisfied, the lighter dishes should follow. That this has long been the rule of the French kitchen can be discovered by any one who cares to refer to the records of feasts which the principal French cooks have left behind them. Or, if this is too much trouble, it is only necessary to turn to Brillat Savarin, who lays down as a dogma that "*l'ordre des comestibles est des plus substantiels aux plus légers.*" The rule thus tersely expressed has long been followed by French cooks, but it has first been clearly explained in English by the author of that extremely amusing work, Kettner's "Book of the Table," who gives two *menus* composed by Carême, in each of which soup is followed by a substantial piece of beef, the fish appearing in one case as an *entrée*, and in the other at the beginning of the second course. According to the arrangement which has for a considerable time been adopted in France, the more solid food, consisting of the larger kinds of fish and of big pieces of meat, comes after the soup, the fish usually being first; but this has not been by any means the unvarying practice. Thus in a great dinner cooked by Carême in 1815, soup was followed by sirloin of beef and veal, and in six out of the ten selected *menus* of that famous cook given in "*Les Classiques de la Table*" the soup is followed by meat. Generally speaking, however, the practice in France has been to serve some large fish after the soup, and then to give what in England would be called the joint.

It will be seen, then, that the French *chef* and the old-fashioned Englishman are really at one on the most essential point in the arrangement of a dinner, both thinking that the most substantial food should be served first, while the appetite is keen. In many matters the tastes of Frenchmen and Englishmen differ greatly, as need hardly be said. The former likes his *relevé* somewhat elaborately prepared, and accompanied by sauce, and he attaches great importance to the *entrées* which follow it; while the Englishman prefers his joint simply roasted, and does not, as a rule, care much about the *entrées* unless tempted by exceptionally good cooking. There are other differences innumerable, but on the main point connected with the satisfaction of hunger the French cook who follows the traditions of his predecessors, and the Englishman who is not ashamed of saying what he really likes, are agreed; and if it were possible to hope that good sense would ever prevail in this country against the dull despotism of fashion, the givers of feasts might be entreated, since they apparently wish to model their dinners on those of the French, to follow French precepts on the point where they are most clearly dictated by good sense, and to give the *grosse pièce*, or *pièce de résistance*, or *relevé*, whichever they may like to call it, at the beginning of dinner, and not when a great part of dinner is over, and all but youthful appetites are beginning to flag. Then indeed the conservative who loudly avows that he likes nothing so much as a good haunch of mutton, and the man of culture who is learned as to the "fundamental sauces" and their infinite combinations, might join hands and dine together in all peace, amity, and good-will.

How it came about that, while French dinners have been so much copied in England, the principal dish has been put in the wrong place, in opposition to the rules which would be laid down alike by the gastronome and the physician, seems at first not an easy matter to understand; but perhaps a guess as to the cause of this curious blunder may be allowed. When Englishmen first became desirous of following the French arrangement, they probably were somewhat puzzled as to where to put the joint — a thing altogether sacred in their eyes, and to be dispensed with under no circumstances whatever. Of what was meant by *relevé* the dinner-giver had no very clear idea; but he saw in French *menus* the word *rôt*, which he knew meant roast, and he concluded that the proper place in a feast for the huge English joint was that which the French gave to the *rôt*. As need hardly be said, the word was not meant to describe such massive fare, being intended for lighter kinds of food, and applying principally to game; but the Englishman had found a place for that which he dearly loved, and he has insisted on keeping it there with national tenacity. It would be hard to persuade him that he has been mistaken, but probably to an over-literal translation of a technical word is due the practice peculiar to English dinners, of serving great pieces of beef or mutton at a time when they cannot by any possibility be wanted.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

From The Spectator.

SHORT-SIGHT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPECTATOR.]

SIR,— As the question mooted in one of your recent annotations is certain, under our present system of compulsory education, to become one of national importance, I trust you will allow me to make a few observations upon "short-sight," a defect which I am in the constant habit of treating, and which has long engaged my attention.

Short-sightedness depends upon an elongation of the globe of the eye from before backwards, and it is moulded in this faulty form in the following way. When children or young adults are engaged many hours daily in close work with bad light or imperfect type, the eye is constantly strained in the effort to see, the internal blood-vessels become seriously congested, and in time exude a portion of their more fluid contents; the outer coat of the ball, tender and dilatable in youth, gives way at its weakest spot posteriorly. The contents of the globe are permanently increased, and the eyeball, instead of a sphere, comes in time to resemble an egg in form; being thus unduly elongated, the rays of light which proceed from distant objects are brought to a focus in front of the retina instead of upon it, and in order to focus them on the proper spot, it is necessary to cause them to diverge before striking the eyeball by the interposition of a concave lens.

I cannot understand how it can be doubted that "trying the eyes," strain, or excessive effort is the cause of this singular affection. Dr. Cohn, of Breslau, examined ten thousand children, and demonstrated that the defect increased progressively in the gradual ascent of the pupils from the elementary to the upper schools,— that is, the more they worked the worse did the defect become.

Clearly nature never intended that we should spend the most considerable portion of our waking moments in persistently staring at small black dots spread out upon a sheet of paper; and the more imperfect the dots and the worse the paper, the more certain she is to punish this infringement of her laws. No one who has read a pocket edition of Schiller, ordinary German small type, or the New York newspapers, can have any difficulty in understanding why so many of our German and American friends should injure their eyes in the attempt to decipher type that is almost illegible.

As to treatment, common sense would dictate that we should remove the cause. I believe Mr. Dana, who was recently proposed as American minister to this country, was threatened in youth with a similar defect, and cured himself by abandoning all literary occupation, and spending two years before the mast. Professor Arlt also tells us of two German medical students, brothers, in whom the affection was developed by close application. One abandoned study for general practice, and retains excellent sight; the other persevered in spite of all warning, and attained great eminence as a teacher, but with the ultimate loss of vision.

For those who cannot intermit their occupation, give up a career, or altogether abandon the path to distinction on account of failing vision, we are obliged to stop the progress of the malady as best we may, by insisting upon the use of concave glasses for reading, so as to relieve the strain, which is greatly dependent upon the too near approach of the object to the eye, directing the patient to work only in good light, which should come from above and behind, and to avoid all attempts at study in the recumbent position, while leaning forward, or when travelling in a railway or other carriage. The medical treatment, which is undoubtedly important, cannot be alluded to here; but considering that this acquired peculiarity is most certainly transmitted by hereditary descent, and that short-sight incapacitates for military and naval service, as well as many other important occupations, it would be well that our school boards should ordain that school-fittings should be such as to secure the objects indicated above; that seats and desks shall not be too low for the stature of the pupils, or too far apart, so as to compel them to lean forward when at work; that the light shall be good, and above all, that the pupils shall not be overtasked. Nothing they can learn can compensate for a grave physical defect which they are liable to transmit to their children and children's children; and we must always bear in mind that the eyeball, which is growing up to twenty years of age, cannot be properly developed unless it is fairly trained out of doors, for distant objects as well as for those which can only be seen a few inches off. I am, sir, etc.,

CHARLES BELL TAYLOR,
M.D., F.R.C.S.E.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

// LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume XXI. | No. 1756.—February 9, 1878. | From Beginning, Vol. CXXXVI.

CONTENTS.

I. THE DUTCH IN JAVA. By Sir David Wedderburn, ... *Fortnightly Review*, ... 323
II. ERICA. Part XI. Translated for THE LIVING AGE, from the German of . . *Frau von Ingersleben*, ... 338
III. SCHOOLS OF MIND AND MANNERS, . . *Blackwood's Magazine*, . . . 352
IV. WILL O' THE MILL, ... *Cornhill Magazine*, ... 366
V. THE DEATH OF VICTOR EMAUNEL, . . *Spectator*, ... 378
VI. THE VICE OF TALKING SHOP, ... *Examiner*, ... 380
VII. BARON MUNCHAUSEN'S FROZEN WORDS, . *Spectator*, ... 381
VIII. MILK SUPPLY, ... *Pall Mall Gazette*, ... 383

POETRY.

A PICTURE, ... 322
SONG OF ARRAN, ... 322
A POET'S PROEM, ... 322
WHITTIER, ... 322

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

A PICTURE.

ONE picture fair within my heart I carry,
Unshadowed by the weary weight of years;
And often, as amid strange scenes I tarry,
A vision of my early youth appears.

The houses clustered on the water's border,
Clear imaged in the softly flowing stream;
The trees beyond it, set in gracious order,
The bridge, the road — delicious is the dream!

Each nook recalls fond thoughts, and memories soften
My heart to those that still by them abide;
I think of those that wandered with me often —
Of those who now in earth lie side by side.

Long years have rolled, and other children gladly
Rove in the woods and by the waterside;
And some who walked with me may eye them sadly,
And think of other days, whose light has died.

And yet it lives, and sheds a wondrous sweetness
Around the ways, else darkly shaded all;
Making the heart, preparèd in all meetness,
Like "darkened chamber," * when the bright rays fall:

A home of beauty, where the past is cherished,
Each common thing made radiant in the light;
No gleam of love or beauty that has perished,
But here, relimned, is clear to inward sight.

W. P. BLACKMORE.

* "The heart is the true *camera obscura*, in the lowliest making pictures that can never be painted." — SCHMIDT.

Good Words.

A SONG OF ARRAN.

O FOR the Arran breezes!
O for the sunny glow!
O for the glens and mountains!
Of just ten years ago.
I see it all in fancy,
As I lie with half-shut eyes,
And fairer still in dreamland,
When slumber o'er me lies.

Where are the happy voices
That gladden'd all the day,
And rose in songs at evening
From boats across the bay?
Where is the fading splendor,
That linger'd, like a smile,
Upon the peaks of Goatfell,
And on the Holy Isle?

Not in my heart is envy
That youth returns once more
In other forms and voices
Than those I loved of yore;
Yet all my heart is craving
For pleasures that are fled,
For voices of the distant,
And voices of the dead.

The mist comes down on Arran,
Rich in its purple dies;
I see that mist no longer,
A mist is o'er my eyes.
O for the Arran breezes!
O for the sunny glow!
O for the loves and friendships!
Of just ten years ago.

Good Words. D. BROWN.

A POET'S PROEM.

IF on the great world's wide and shifting sand
I scrawl my meagre alphabet of song,
What profit have I, think you? Not for long
The pride of its enduring. Time's rough hand
Sweeps all of shadowy fabric from the strand.
So children work upon the tideless shore,
So poets build their pomp. The fresh tides roar,
And desolate the glory each had planned.
Then whereof comes requital? Here and there
Our life's horizon clouds with new regrets;
Our palaces dissolve in thinnest air,
Shiver to dust our loftiest minarets.
Yet, childlike, work we ever on the shore, —
Reap joy in building, and expect no more!

Spectator. W. W.

WHITTIER.

WHEN twilight falls upon our laboring town,
And grateful bells of evening echo far;
When shadows lengthen and grow deeper brown,
And heaven uncurtaineth her earliest star;
While night delays, and sunset's tempered glow
Warms the still landscape with its level ray,
Till the soft light seems ling'ring, loth to go
From that calm Indian summer of the day:
Kindling the edge of some Hesperian sky,
The sweet dawn breaks as our late sun descends,
And, marked alone by the All-Seeing Eye,
Morning with eve in solemn beauty blends:
Thus, time-touched bard, shall sunset prove to thee
The unfading morn of immortality.

CHARLES NOBLE GREGORY.

Dec. 17, 1877.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE DUTCH IN JAVA.

BY SIR DAVID WEDDERBURN.

THE magnificent archipelago which Holland claims as her Indian empire, and which a Dutch author has described as "a girdle of emeralds strung along the equator," deserves to attract greater attention than it has hitherto done in Europe, more especially in England. It is indeed difficult to obtain books treating of Netherlands India in any language except Dutch, and although Sir Stamford Raffles's work on Java is now somewhat out of date, it is still by far the best available source of information for Englishmen desirous of knowing something about this island, the brightest "emerald of the equator." The work entitled "How to Manage a Colony," by Mr. Money, contains much that is interesting and important about the system of government in Netherlands India, but considerable changes have taken place since Mr. Money visited Java, and his description of the Dutch colonial system is rather that of an advocate than of an impartial critic. He contrasts Dutch rule in Java with British rule in Hindostan, and appears determined to prove that in all essential respects the latter should take an example from the former. On the other hand, such stories as "*Félix Batel, ou la Hollande en Java*," and "*Max Havelaar*," which has been translated into English, are (in the form of a novel or a biography) severe indictments against the entire political system of the Hollanders in the East. How far the publication of such books may have assisted in bringing about the reforms recently introduced into Dutch colonial policy it is not easy to say; it is probable that "*Max Havelaar*," which attracted great attention in the Netherlands, produced considerable benefit in opening the eyes of the public to the evils liable to be fostered under a system of monopoly and secrecy. The story has a distinct appearance of truth and reality, but it is evidently written by one smarting under a sense of personal injury, and little disposed to do justice to those authorities by whom he conceives himself to have been very unjustly treated. The Comte de Beauvoir's account of his travels in Java was the subject of review in a leading Dutch newspaper while I was in that country, and was somewhat severely criticised as exaggerated and misleading. When allowance has been made for youthful enthusiasm in the author, and for his inexperience as a traveller, it seems to me that M. de Beauvoir's descriptions of Java, its scenery and its people, are remarkably graphic and true to nature, although the language may be sometimes a little highflown. Besides Mr. A. R. Wallace's "Malay Archipelago," one or two treatises on the antiquities of Java, and a few colonial bluebooks of the Dutch States-General, no other literary sources of information are available to a foreigner in Batavia. On the other hand, nothing can exceed the friendly courtesy with which information upon any subject is communicated to an inquiring stranger by the Dutch officials and other European residents. Nearly all these gentlemen speak English or French, or both languages, with perfect facility, so that a knowledge of Dutch is almost unnecessary to a visitor, except in order to read the journals. The dialects of Netherlands India are numerous, those spoken in the west, centre, and east of the island of Java being respectively Sundanese, Javanese, and Madurese; but the common mode of communication between Europeans and natives is the Malay language, which plays here the same part as Hindustani throughout the British empire in continental India. Java and Hindostan present many striking contrasts in scenery, in institutions, in manners and customs, these contrasts being due mainly to the great difference in their physical conditions. The glorious fertility of Sunda, with its forest-clad volcanoes, its rushing rivers, and broad green valleys, could certainly not be produced on the arid plains of the famine-stricken Deccan by any amount of energy and wisdom on the part of the government. In order to make a fair comparison between British and Dutch rule in Asia we must pass over from continental India to the island of Ceylon, which in climate, scenery, and products is merely Java on a smaller scale. Java lies

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

a few degrees south of the equator, Ceylon about as far to the north; in neither island does the temperature vary much throughout the year; in both the rainfull is very copious, especially on the western coasts; but the seasons are reversed, the rains terminating in one island just when they commence in the other. Java and Ceylon were both taken by the British from the Dutch; Java was restored, while Ceylon was retained; both islands are financially prosperous, and both owe their prosperity in a great measure to coffee; but Java has progressed far more rapidly than Ceylon has done under similar natural conditions, and it seems fair to give some credit for this to political administration. The superficial area of Ceylon is just three-quarters of that of Ireland, and nearly one-half that of Java, but the population of Java was in 1871 just seven times that of Ceylon, having increased with steady rapidity since 1816, when it had nearly the same density of population as Ceylon has at present. In Ceylon great tracts of fertile land have relapsed into jungle, tanks constructed under former dynasties have fallen into ruins, large imports of rice are necessary to feed the scanty population, many of whom are not permanent residents, but emigrants from the mainland, working as coolies on the coffee plantations. Java, although three or four times as densely peopled, is able to export rice, the staple food of the inhabitants, as well as the coffee, sugar, indigo, and tobacco from which its European masters derive their wealth. In estimating the merits and demerits of the so-called "culture system" of Java, this comparison with Ceylon is not without significance, nor is it to the disadvantage of the former island.

Englishmen are disposed to believe that no other race except their own understands the management of colonies or the administration of a subject country, and in support of this belief they contrast their own colossal empire with the fragments now alone remaining to those nations who were once their rivals in maritime and colonial enterprise. The truth appears to be that our colonial success is due mainly to our maritime supremacy, which has gradually given us possession of all the most desirable territory, either by conquest or colonization, while other nations are obliged to content themselves with what has been left. In the Eastern seas the flags of France, Spain, and Portugal are still kept flying over possessions, the intrinsic value of which to the mother country is comparatively small, and which attract little attention or interest in the outside world. But the possessions of the Dutch in these seas are on a very different scale. Twice in their short history that indomitable people have established a colonial empire: the first was due to their maritime power, and passed into the hands of the English, their successful maritime rivals; while the existing Netherlands India has been created within the last sixty years, almost unnoticed by the great powers of Europe, among which Holland once held so proud a place. By far the most important and valuable part of Netherlands India is Java (of which the small adjacent island of Madura, incorporated with it for all administrative purposes, may be regarded as a portion), slightly exceeding in superficial area England without Wales, and containing at the last census a population of nearly eighteen millions, four time as great as it had in 1816, when it was restored by the British to the Netherlanders. Many persons regard the surrender of this magnificent island as a piece of reckless folly or quixotic generosity, but it was truly nothing more than an act of simple justice, and one which Englishmen may remember with unmixed satisfaction. We then restored to Holland, our ally at Waterloo, a colony which had formerly been hers, and which we had recovered from the common foe. While the French armies overran the Netherlands, the British fleets took possession of the Dutch colonies in Asia, Africa, and America, until it could be said that the Dutch flag remained flying nowhere on the globe, save over the factory of Desima in Japan. But the restoration of Java provided the nucleus of a new colonial empire, which has since spread gradually over the whole Malay archipelago, and although the outlying possessions are now governed as mere dependencies of

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Java, and are still comparatively unproductive, their vast extent and great mineral resources must eventually give them a very high value and importance.

The term "Dutch," used in England to denote Hollanders and in America to denote Germans, is not applied by the Hollanders to themselves, their proper designation being "Netherlanders." Isolated in Europe by the fact that their language is spoken by a few millions only, and is little known beyond their own limits, the Netherlanders carry political modesty to excess, and are only too ready to efface themselves, and to take rank as a small nation, almost apologetic for their great Oriental empire. But the modern Batavians possess certain imperial characteristics in common with the two chief nations of conquerors and administrators, the Romans and English; in particular they practice towards the religion of their subjects a policy of complete toleration, thereby obviating what is perhaps the most serious difficulty in governing alien races. Wherever the Portuguese landed in the East they at once proceeded to build a church; when the Dutch came they established a factory. The Portuguese churches are now picturesque ruins overgrown with tropical vegetation; but the Dutch factories, like those of our own East India Company, have developed into an empire. When the Hollanders wrested from the Portuguese the command of the Eastern seas, they substituted for the Holy Inquisition and Jesuit propaganda a system of complete religious impartiality, from which they have reaped no small advantage — originally as mere traders, subsequently as rulers of a powerful State. It is true that a hard and fast line is drawn between Europeans (and persons assimilated with them) on one side and Asiatics on the other. It may be said generally that the profession of Christianity is sufficient to acquire for any one European privileges (with exemption from native jurisdiction), which are thus enjoyed even by persons of African blood.

At first sight this may appear inconsistent with the principles of religious liberty and equality, for which Netherlanders, in the course of their history, have done and suffered so much. It is, however, a necessary result of carrying those principles into practice where law and religion are so completely intertwined as they are in the East, especially in Mussulman communities. In Java a vast majority of the inhabitants are subject to Mahometan law, of which the priest is the chief interpreter, founded as it is upon the Koran. If a Christian is to enjoy religious equality, it is clear that he must be withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the Mahometan tribunals, and this, accordingly, has been done. No privileged religion is recognized in Netherlands India; but so far as possible the free exercise of peculiar laws and customs is vindicated on behalf of every religious sect. The population is therefore divided into two classes, very unequal in numbers: (1) Europeans, including other Christians, and numbering only a few thousands — these are subject to European jurisdiction only; (2) inlanders or natives, including all Mussulmans and heathens, such as Buddhists or Hindoos, and numbering more than twenty-four millions. This division of the population into two classes is enacted in the code specifying the constitution of Netherlands India; it cannot, therefore, be altered except by the legislative authority of the king and States-General of the Netherlands.

In Dutch India the principle of governing with the aid of native co-operation is carried out with respect to all the Asiatic races; and in this matter the British Indian authorities might learn a useful lesson. As regards the Mussulman people of Java proper, the conquerors have been able to utilize the machinery of government which they found in operation on taking possession. All the other Asiatic races, who are found chiefly in the cities of the seacoast, are subordinated to their own recognized chiefs, and these are responsible to government for the maintenance of order. The Chinese officers bear the titles of major, captain, or lieutenant; they are usually men of wealth and position, exercising personal influence over their countrymen, and are treated with marked consideration by the Euro-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

pean authorities. The Arabs also have their captains and lieutenants, and there are official chiefs of the Malays, the Buginese, the Bengalis, and the Moormen, these last being Mussulmans from continental India.

Vaccination appears to work successfully in Java, as persons marked with small-pox are rarely seen, and nearly a million are annually vaccinated or re-vaccinated in the island. Now it is precisely in carrying out schemes conducive to the health and comfort of the people, but contrary to their prejudices, such as vaccination, that valuable assistance may be expected from men who understand the people, and combine social influence with official prestige, as do these native chiefs.

Besides all those named, a new race is gradually arising — the offspring of Chinese fathers and Javanese mothers; these half-castes are superior in appearance to either parent, and bear a certain resemblance to the people of Japan.

In the minds of the Hollanders the name of "India" does not denote Hindostan especially, but includes also the whole of the great Malay archipelago; and they are always careful to use the terms "British" or "Continental" India when they wish to distinguish our dominions from their own insular empire, to which has been given the appropriate name of "Insulinde" (Island India). When comparisons are drawn between the modes of administration in British and Netherlands India, there is displayed on either side a certain disposition to believe that things are better managed beyond seas; but the knowledge possessed by individuals of the administrative systems in both countries is seldom sufficient for the formation of a correct judgment upon their relative merits and defects. If the government of British India were to follow the example of the Dutch, and to send a few selected civilians to study minutely on the spot the working of the rival systems, as regards the collection of the revenues, the employment of natives in the public service, the construction of public works, etc., it would be found that we have quite as much to learn as to teach in the management of a great Asiatic dependency.

There are in the world only two States which are constitutional at home and imperial abroad; and those two are Great Britain and the Netherlands. The spectacle of a free European nation ruling with beneficent despotism over a subject Asiatic population, nearly seven times as numerous, is exhibited in the first place by England, and is repeated exactly by Holland upon a smaller scale. It is a remarkable fact that the most important British statistics have only to be divided by ten, in order to be made applicable to the Dutch with approximate accuracy in every detail. Thus, at the last census the population of the United Kingdom was returned at 31,513,442, that of the United Provinces at 3,579,529. The average annual revenue received at the British Exchequer during the last sixteen years has slightly exceeded £70,000,000; that of the Netherlands (exclusive of the Indian contribution) appears to have been as nearly as possible £7,000,000. In 1874 the national debt of Great Britain was £727,993,605; at the same date that of the Netherlands was £77,276,673. When we turn from Europe to Asia the proportions remain substantially unaltered, except in one important particular. The total population of British India, including the feudatory states, was, according to the census of 1872, close upon two hundred and forty millions; while that of the Dutch East Indies was at the same date a little over twenty-four millions. As regards the so-called European troops of the Netherlands colonial army their numbers may seem disproportionately strong, being returned at twelve thousand three hundred and ten, when we had less than seventy thousand European soldiers, all told, throughout our Indian empire. But the disproportion is apparent rather than real, for while our Europeans are all British soldiers, the Dutch "European" companies ought rather to be styled "Christian" companies, including, as they do, men of every race and color who profess Christianity. In fact, less than two-thirds of the rank and file are genuine Netherlanders, so that the usual proportion is here approximately maintained, and there are about ten British soldiers in Hindostan for each Dutch soldier in Netherlands India.

But now we come to a matter in which a great divergence appears from the proportion hitherto maintained between the two empires. During the seven years ending in 1874 the average annual revenue of British India amounted almost exactly to £50,000,000, while the revenue of Java and Madura, which may be called the "regulation provinces" of Netherlands India, has for a similar period averaged 120,000,000 guilders, or £10,000,000 annually. The revenue of Java is thus equal to one-fifth of that of all British India, although its population is barely one-tenth,

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

being as eighteen millions to one hundred and ninety millions. Moreover, we find that in British India the expenditure has for many years (with the exception of 1866, 1871, and 1872) largely exceeded the revenue, while there has been invariably in Java an annual surplus, amounting in 1864 to 35,000,000 guilders. The surplus has indeed dwindled considerably of late, but this diminution is due, not to any failure in the revenues of Java, which are larger than they were ten years ago, but to the increased cost of governing and protecting an empire which has grown in area with rapidity too great for the due development of its resources. The dependencies of Java in the East Indies have twelve times her area, and only one-third of her population. Java is now the queen of the archipelago, but she has not a monopoly of fertile soil, nor of mineral wealth, in which last particular she is far surpassed by other islands. When the resources of the vast islands of Borneo, Sumatra, and New Guinea have been developed even partially, Java may lose her exalted pre-eminence, but she will also be relieved from her present burden of paying for the administration of poorer neighbors.

Thus in every detail except Indian finance, the parallel holds good between the two nations, English and Dutch, so closely related in blood and language, so long the allied champions of civil and religious liberty, so long also maritime and commercial rivals, and now the only European States ruling over great empires within the tropics. The United Kingdom has far outstripped the United Provinces in population and power, and the two countries have long ago ceased to be rivals; but Holland continues to play her part bravely on the world's stage, and in proportion to her natural resources administers possessions and bears burdens fully equal to those of England. The ease with which she does both (two-thirds of her debt are held at the rate of 2.5 per cent.) shows still superabundant energy and credit, and leaves little sting in the taunt sometimes directed against England, that she is tending to become a second Holland. The Dutch have succeeded after an arduous struggle in establishing their complete supremacy in the island of Sumatra, larger than the United Kingdom or Italy, where Atjeh (Acheen) was the last remaining native state of importance. This is not an occasion, however, for raising the much-abused cry of "British interests in danger." Great Britain can feel neither alarm nor jealousy at the successful progress of the Netherlands, a smaller epitome of herself. We have dealt hard measure to the Dutch upon a good many occasions in history, and even the recent annexation of the Transvaal republic has been to them a somewhat distasteful transaction, as placing a community of Dutch origin under a foreign flag. But the independence of the Netherlands is to Great Britain a matter of the deepest interest, and prosperous as the Belgian kingdom undoubtedly is, its establishment as a separate State may be regretted on the ground that it has rendered more difficult the future maintenance of that independence. If the great manufacturing and coal-producing provinces of Belgium were now able to share the benefits and the burdens of colonial empire with their northern neighbors, a great additional security against foreign aggression would be enjoyed by all, and the United Netherlands would be a power capable of making its independence respected and its alliance desired.

It is naturally the wish of Englishmen that the constitutional states of Europe should not be swallowed up by the great military powers, and it is clearly to their interest that the splendid maritime resources of the Scandinavian countries or of the Netherlands should not pass into the hands of any nation likely to become a maritime rival. Upon this point Englishmen are sensitive to a degree, which is justified by the fact that the security of the British islands and the maintenance of our colonial empire alike depend upon our maritime supremacy, and would not long survive its decay. The nation which for the time being appears to menace this supremacy is certain to be regarded as our "natural enemy," whether it be Spain, Holland, France, or Russia, and the time may not be far distant when even Germany will be so regarded. Certainly a Pan-Teutonic empire extending from the Little Belt to the Adriatic, and possessing the shores of the Baltic and the North Sea from Dantzig to Antwerp, is a more formidable vision of the future, and one more capable of realization, than any conjured up by those whose nightmare is Panslavism. The German provinces of Austria gravitate willingly towards the united fatherland; but the same cannot be said of the Teutonic Netherlands, proud of their distinctive dialect and independent traditions. Still, many Netherlanders apprehend that absorption in the Germanic empire will be their ultimate fate. Such an event would confer upon a

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

nation already possessing irresistible military strength, the elements of naval power together with a ready-made Oriental empire. It is at least a possible event, and would threaten our Asiatic dominion with the most serious danger to which it can be exposed, the presence of a formidable maritime rival in Asiatic waters. Whether Java and the rest of Netherlands India would benefit by a change which would abolish the trade monopoly of Holland, and throw open the extensive markets of central Europe to the coffee, sugar, and spices of the Malay archipelago, is a consideration not likely to affect the settlement of the matter to any important extent.

The two special characteristics of Dutch administration in Java are the culture system, and the employment of native chiefs in the public service. The culture system was established by General Van den Bosch in 1832, at a period of chronic deficit and threatened insolvency, and resulted in a regular annual surplus. During the generation which witnessed the conversion of a heavy annual deficit into a surplus of three millions sterling, the population of Java doubled itself. The system which produced these astonishing results required the compulsory cultivation by the people of certain valuable products, to be delivered at a low fixed price to the government, who sold them in Europe at an enormous profit. The products so cultivated were those calculated to command the highest prices in the home market, and included originally coffee, sugar, tea, tobacco, indigo, pepper, and cochineal. After a time, it was found expedient to limit the employment of forced labor to the cultivation of coffee and sugar only, and by recent act of the Netherlands legislature the compulsory production of sugar will cease in 1890. The profits made by the government upon this system are so great, that two-thirds of the Java revenue, *i.e.*, nearly seven millions sterling, are annually derived from the sale of colonial produce. Formerly the coffee which each cultivator was bound to deliver was all grown upon special plots of public land, often at a distance from the village, to the great inconvenience of the people. Now the government coffee is chiefly cultivated by each man at his own door, within the village limits, and as the fixed price payable on delivery has been considerably raised, little pressure is necessary in order to insure the cultivation; indeed, I was assured by one of the principal Dutch coffee-planters, that a slight additional increase in price would fairly compensate the villager. The material condition of the Javanese peasant has improved under the culture system, which involves no serious hardship in its present modified form; he is obliged to work, no doubt, when he would prefer to be dozing; but he obtains with little trouble a crop which enables him to clear off all his government dues. He has a sure market for his coffee, and although the price fixed may be rather low, it is payable on delivery; whereas if he were free to dispose of his crop as he pleased it might be discounted and made over, before it was gathered, to the Chinese money-lenders, to whom the Javanese is only too ready to mortgage his future earnings.

On the other hand the operation of the culture system, under which a percentage is received by high officials upon the products salable in Europe delivered by them into the government stores, has a tendency to reduce the cultivation of rice in certain districts, and has even produced at times a serious scarcity. Instructions were consequently issued to all residents in charge of provinces to send in monthly reports to government of the amount of rice exported and imported inter-provincially, as distinguished from the rice exported out of, or imported into, the island of Java. The published reports show how little reliance can be placed upon statistics collected by persons interested in obtaining a particular result. Internal traffic only is included in these tables, and the aggregate exports and imports ought therefore to balance each other, but the provinces altogether return many thousand pikols * of rice as exported in excess of the amount returned as imported. It was the interest of the native officers in each residency to make it appear as if their particular province produced a surplus of food, and these self-contradictory returns have been adduced by opponents of the colonial government to show that official reports in Java are apt to state merely what may seem agreeable to the authorities at home.

Although salt and opium are the only government monopolies recognized by the Dutch in Java, the culture system has given them, for more than forty years, a practical monopoly of the most valuable colonial products, and has been the mainspring of their financial prosperity. Another successful stroke of policy has been their maintenance in working order of the

* Pikol = 133 lbs.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

whole machinery of internal administration, just as they found it under the Mussulmans, while they secured, through the supervision of European officers, such checks and amendments as were deemed sufficient. The title of resident, which is borne by the principal Dutch official in each province, remains unaltered from the time when it was used to denote a representative of the European paramount power at the court of a native prince. The ruling princes, with a few exceptions, have disappeared, but the whole hierarchy of their subordinates remains, and all administrative functions, so far as natives are concerned, are intrusted to them only. A province or residency, containing on an average nearly a million of inhabitants, is divided into several regencies, each of which is governed by a native regent, having under him a host of minor officials, known as *dhemang*, *djaksa*, *wedana*, *mantrie*, etc. The regent invariably is a man of high birth, and frequently is a member of the princely family who once ruled over his district, so that he enjoys a large amount of prestige and influence apart from his authority as a government officer. In each regency is stationed a European assistant resident, whose instructions are to treat the regent with the consideration due from an "elder brother" towards a "younger," and who has under him a certain number of European *kontroleurs*. The duties of the assistant resident and his young Dutch subordinates are simply those of control and supervision, except where Europeans or quasi-Europeans are concerned.

The advantages claimed for this system are that it supplies public servants thoroughly known by and knowing the people, they being controlled in their turn by men of high culture, with European ideas of justice and public duty. Economy in salaries is one result of a system which enlists in the government service the willing aid of all ranks, even the most exalted, among the Javanese. Although Dutch officials receive lower emoluments, besides enjoying far less leave of absence than members of our Indian Civil Service, still it is impossible in any tropical country to secure the services of highly educated Europeans, except at rates more than adequate to command the very best native talent in the market. The dignity and privileges attaching to the government service, and the hope of one day being promoted to its higher offices, render it a career eagerly sought after by native gentlemen of position, who are ready to fill the lower grades at merely nominal salaries. But fixed salaries form only a portion of the emoluments of a Javanese chief in the public service; he receives also a percentage on the amount of taxes collected and coffee delivered by him, besides the arbitrary power, which he still possesses in spite of recent enactments, over the labor of the cultivators. And herein seems to lie the practical weakness of this theoretically excellent system, viz., in the imperfect nature of the control which it enables the Dutch officials to exercise over the Javanese. How far it is possible to protect the poorer classes of Asiatics against their immediate superiors, even by the most efficient European supervision, may be open to question, but the Dutch system in this respect certainly seems to require amendment. The local European officials in Java possess no direct authority over the regents and other native functionaries; nor do they incur direct responsibility on their behalf, as they would if the natives were their own immediate subordinates. The assistant resident of a division is indeed the "elder brother" of the regent, takes precedence of him as president of the *landraad*, or local council, gives him general directions as to collections of taxes, repairing of roads and bridges; but if complaints or accusations are made against the regent to the assistant resident he can only hold an inquiry and report upon the case, through the resident to the central government in Batavia, with whom all real power rests, and who can dismiss without explanation or appeal any official, however exalted. Should a kontroleur have reason to complain of the conduct of a native functionary in a subordinate rank, and should he fail to obtain satisfaction from the offender's native superiors, the case would have to be carried upwards until it reached the supreme government from lack of power in the assistant resident, or even the resident, to deal with it, except in the way of a report.

In British India, on the other hand, native officials are in every sense subordinate to the collector or assistant collector, who is responsible for their conduct and has power to dismiss them, subject to an appeal, which may be carried even up to the secretary of state. It is clear that such an arrangement affords a more efficient control than that of the Dutch, where native functionaries have been guilty of corruption or oppression, although the ultimate court of appeal may be the same in both cases. In Netherlands India

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the Europeans and natives may almost be said to constitute two distinct services, working together as naval and military forces do upon a joint expedition; the senior service takes precedence of the junior, and has more gold and silver upon its umbrellas of state, but in its own department, that of native affairs, the junior is not directly responsible to the senior service, which can only appeal to an authority supreme alike over both. Now it is alleged that the central government punish or remove high native officials with extreme reluctance, and regard with disfavor those who bring charges against them, however well authenticated such charges may be. If there be truth in this accusation, and if the omnipotent authorities in Batavia are not willing to do justice strictly and impartially against their own native employes, it is upon them, and not upon the Dutch provincial officers, that the real blame and responsibility must rest. Unless the European assistant residents and kontroleurs are encouraged and supported in any efforts they may make for the protection of the helpless villagers, they will be sorely tempted to let things alone, to live on pleasant terms with their Javanese colleagues, and to report that all is as tranquil or contented in the provinces as it appears superficially to be. Even with the best intentions, and with absolute power at his back, any European in dealing with Asiatics must often find himself utterly unable to protect persons who will in no way take their own part. The first difficulty is to induce them when injured to make a complaint, and the next is to prevent them from withdrawing it when they are confronted with the oppressor against whom they have ventured to complain. This must not be forgotten in considering the present subject, seeing that the Dutch are accused, not of actively oppressing the Javanese, but of failing to protect them against their own chiefs.

It may well be that a mistake has been committed in bestowing upon native chiefs in government pay such a position of dignity and emolument as enhances the natural awe of their subjects, and overshadows that of the Europeans, their nominal superiors. If the idea has got abroad in Java that the native chiefs are regarded as indispensable to the administration, and that the government can hardly be induced to displace them whatever may be their conduct towards their subjects, it is most important that such an idea should be immediately dispelled. Regents strong in the favor of the paramount power are secure against revolt, and are in a position to oppress their people more grievously than independent chiefs could venture to do, and, therefore, for their oppressive acts the paramount power is responsible.

The accusations made by political opponents against the government of Netherlands India can scarcely fail to have a certain basis of truth, for they are founded upon the statement that men are liable to act in an indolent and selfish manner, preferring their own ease and interests to the welfare of those beneath them. Authority is concentrated in the hands of the governor-general and his ministers, who have been hitherto accustomed to govern after a secret and irresponsible fashion, free from the control of independent criticism. Under such a system it was only natural that abuses should spring up, and that internal reformers should be regarded as troublesome innovators, while reform from outside was altogether excluded. But changes have recently taken place, and many reforms have been effected; the old policy of concealment and monopoly has been modified, if not abandoned, and public opinion, as expressed in the home and colonial press, now counts for something in the administration. India attracts now so much attention in the Dutch Chambers as to create alarm in some quarters lest parliamentary pressure may become too important a factor in Indian affairs, and lest ignorant interference may do more harm than can be compensated by good intentions alone. One important advantage the Dutch appear to have gained by giving the most influential classes among the Javanese a direct interest in the maintenance of the existing *régime*. While the regents with their numerous grades of subordinate officers hold positions in no way inferior to those held by them under native sovereignty, and while they conduct the internal administration in the judicial and revenue departments, they have little inducement to desire the expulsion of the Dutch from Java. One of the most serious defects in our own Indian rule is that it offers no satisfactory career, civil or military, to an educated native gentleman of rank and distinction, and although it encourages the development of a cultivated class, it provides no field for their energies. Such a class cannot fail to become a source of embarrassment, if not of actual danger, unless we manage to utilize the natural leaders of the people, as the Dutch have done. We have now, however, governed British India for so long a time without native co-operation,

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

except in the inferior grades, that we are in a very different position to the Dutch, whose most influential and high-born subjects have never lost the habit nor the desire of serving the powers that be, while ours would have to learn what they have not practised for generations.

The Dutch for their part have been content to govern their subjects in accordance with native ideas, and in making their Oriental conquests have talked very little about the duty of a great Christian nation to convert and civilize ignorant barbarians. They have made no attempt to introduce a national system of education, they even discourage the study of Dutch and other European languages, and they do not profess to regard a native as in any way a political equal. But if their ideal of government is not very exalted, they have fairly fulfilled it, such as it is. They have given to Java peace, prosperity, and religious toleration, with security of person and property; and after paying for the maintenance of all these blessings they consider themselves entitled to appropriate to their own uses the surplus revenue. They do not pretend to govern Java for the benefit of the Javanese alone, and they claim for their own people a portion of the wealth which they have there created. But it may be doubted whether the trade monopoly and the *batig slot*, or favorable balance paid by Java to Holland, do not inflict a greater injury on the enterprise and energy of the home country than on those of the colony itself.

After all, the worst fault of the Dutch government in Java seems to be a habit of putting an unduly favorable aspect upon affairs, of saying peace when there is no peace, and of making optimistic reports to the home authorities. In the words of Max Havelaar: "The government of Netherlands India likes to write to its masters in the mother country that everything is going on as well as can be wished. The residents like to make the same announcement to the government. The assistant residents, who themselves receive hardly any other than favorable reports from the kontroleurs, send in their turn no disagreeable tidings to the residents." According to the same author it is well understood that the government regard with special favor those officials who never trouble them with complaints or vexatious reports as to the conduct of the native functionaries, and he says it has become proverbial that the government will dismiss ten European residents rather than one native regent, and that reasons of state are always to be found for sparing a chief who may have acted oppressively towards the people under his jurisdiction. If such be really the policy of the government it may be expected that subordinates will prove either unable or unwilling to do otherwise than carry it out, and that there will be no effectual appeal for the Javanese against the rapacity and tyranny of their chiefs.

It is laid down in the constitution and regulations of Netherlands India that the special duty of European officials is the protection of the natives, and from the governor-general downwards all are bound by oath to "protect the native population against oppression, ill-treatment, and extortion." This oath is probably not kept by all to the very best of their ability, but at least the charge of pecuniary corruption is not brought against the Dutch Civil Service; this distinguished and honorable body of men being blamed only for lack of energy and courage in denouncing injustice in which they themselves have no share. Still it is the condemnation of the judge when the guilty are absolved, and an omnipotent governor-general must be held responsible for the shortcomings of his subordinates as well as his own.

The antiquities of Java are of the highest interest, they belong principally to an early period in the history of the island, if not to a prehistoric period, and none of any importance exist that are not of a date prior to the Mahometan conquest. Buddhism as a religion has now no votaries in Java, except strangers from distant China, while Brahmanism has been expelled from the great island where it once reigned supreme, although still holding its own in the little island of Bali, eastward of Java. Mahometanism is the religion professed for three centuries by ninety-nine per cent. of the Javanese, but these centuries have not produced a single edifice or work of art to tell their tale to posterity. Mosques, palaces, and tombs in other lands are the enduring monuments of Mahometan wealth, energy, and architectural skill, but in Java these are wanting alike in beauty of form, richness of material, and solidity of structure. This is especially remarkable in the case of imperial and royal tombs, which are in Hindostan the most magnificent and permanent of all Mussulman edifices, and in Java are mere wooden booths, without painting, carving, or any other decoration. Very different are the massive temples and colossal statues of

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Boro Boedoer, Mendoet, and Brambanan, where the extinct religions of Hindostan have raised monuments that still defy the injuries of time, and have escaped the hand of the iconoclast. In moist tropical climates the most formidable destroyer of buildings is the vegetation, which forces asunder and throws down the largest blocks of masonry, and has inflicted no little damage upon the Hindoo ruins of Java; most literally does "the wild fig-tree split their monstrous idols." The government has not failed to take some measures for the protection of these ancient monuments, and although more might be done with advantage, the most remarkable temples are cleared of vegetation, and the images of Buddha now run little risk of losing their heads either through Mussulman hatred of idolatry or Christian love of mischief.

The law with reference to treasure-trove is eminently calculated to preserve for the public benefit such curiosities as are discovered in Netherlands India. All precious objects found upon government land (including nearly all the country) are duly credited to the finder, who receives either the full value of each article, or else the article itself, in case the government do not care to acquire it; all ancient monuments situated upon government soil are the property of the public, and the public officials are responsible for their protection. Antiquities which belong to private owners may not be removed from Netherlands India without the permission of the governor-general; if so removed, the home government enjoy the right of pre-emption for the public museums. This last regulation applies to works of art, such as statues and sculptures, but does not include coins or medals. All finders of valuable articles are bound to give notice at once to the public authorities, who have the right of pre-emption; but as the full estimated value must be paid, the temptation to concealment is removed, and the destructive effect of our own barbarous law of treasure-trove is avoided, while the interests of the public are maintained. Until within the last two years only one-half of the value was payable to the finder; but as it was stated on competent authority that valuable antiquities had been lost to the public in consequence, a resolution was passed by the governor-general placing the law in its present satisfactory state. Although care is thus taken of curiosities when found, Dutchmen do not exhibit the same energy as Englishmen in exploring or discovering picturesque and interesting localities, and are wonderfully fond of the steamy flats near the sea to the neglect of hill sanitaria. The European troops are quartered principally in the low country, and the splendid military hospital of Batavia loses half its utility from not being at an elevation of three thousand feet above the sea, which in so moist a climate is considered to be the most salubrious height. The present war minister is in favor of following the British example, and transferring a larger proportion of the Europeans to inland stations; but it is clear that Netherlanders have a weakness for level plains and canals, which remind them of home.

There are four Javanese princes still enjoying a certain degree of independence. The Soesoehoenan * of Soerakarta represents the Mahometan emperors of Java, and is treated with the highest possible respect; but a fort garrisoned by European troops commands his capital and palace. A similar fort overlooks Djokjokarta, the capital of the sultan, who is the second native sovereign. The two remaining princes are of inferior rank, and can hardly be regarded as independent; but each of them entertains a body of fairly disciplined troops. The legion of Pangeran Adipati Ario Mangkoe Negoro at Solo numbers nearly a thousand men, embracing all three arms of the service, and this prince, who is a remarkably enlightened and liberal-minded man, sent a contingent commanded by one of his sons to assist the Dutch in the war of Atjeh.

Netherlands India is garrisoned by an army specially enlisted for that purpose, the national army of Holland not being liable to colonial service. The European portion of this force numbers about twelve thousand men, and, theoretically, two-thirds of them are Netherlanders; but of late years an increasing proportion of foreigners has been recruited and sent out to India. In 1875 the foreign recruits outnumbered the Netherlanders as two to one; but the pressure of the war in northern Sumatra was assigned as a reason for this divergence from an accepted principle of policy. Formerly, many Africans from the Dutch possessions in Guinea were enlisted for Indian service, and a certain number are still included among the so-called European forces. Europeans and natives are formed into separate companies and mixed battalions, the flank companies, all the officers, and a majority of

* The diphthong "oe" in Dutch is pronounced like "oo" in English.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the non-commissioned officers being European, but Christianized natives and half-castes are classed with the whites. Many white soldiers marry Javanese women, and they are allowed to take their families with them wherever they go. The deck of a steamer bound for the seat of war presented a strong contrast to that of a British troopship in smartness and comfort, and the accommodation afforded to the European soldiers with their dusky helpmates and comrades was slender enough; but the gallant fellows did not seem to be dissatisfied, and the mixed battalions are apparently a success. When our own native army in India undergoes the reform which it so urgently requires, some useful hints may be taken from the Dutch, and they may in their turn learn from us how to dress European soldiers within the tropics.

The Mahometan religion is professed by the Javanese; but the spirit of Islam has failed to take possession of this race, and the stranger in Java is astonished at the absence of outward and visible signs to indicate the popular faith of the country. In the centre of every town or large village is the *aloen-aloen*, an extensive grassy lawn, shaded with lofty tamarind and *waringi* trees (*Ficus benjamicus*), and surrounded by the principal buildings, public and private, of the place. Among these is always conspicuous a pagoda-like edifice, which is the mosque; but few and far between are the worshippers there, while the public performance of devotional exercises, at fixed hours, irrespective of locality, a spectacle so familiar to the traveller in other Mahometan countries, is not practised by the Javanese. The only religious observance witnessed by us among the peasantry was the presentation of coins and flowers as offerings to certain Hindoo idols, relics of the ancient faith still occupying niches in the ruined temples of Brambanan. The Mussulman priest is an important functionary, and is recognized as such by the Dutch authorities, but less in a religious than in a civil capacity, as the learned expounder of Mahometan law. A certain number of pilgrims proceed from Java to Mecca (in 1875 there were thirty-four hundred and twenty-eight), and the white turban of a hadji may be seen here and there in the streets among the lacquered and gaily painted hats of Sunda or the peaked caps worn by the Javanese proper, but the probability is that it encircles the head of a Malay or an Arab. Some of the regents are said to be zealous followers of the prophet, and strong objections are entertained by them against the admittance of unbelievers into mosques; but it must be remembered that the conquerors who introduced Mahometanism into Java were of Malay race, and that many of the present chiefs are descended from those fierce and fanatical vikings of the equator. It is, however, in the treatment of women, especially those of high rank, that Javanese fashions are most at variance with those of continental Asia and with general Mahometan custom.

The degree of emancipation enjoyed by Javanese ladies was strikingly illustrated during an interview most politely granted to us by the sultan of Djokjokarta. Attired according to etiquette in full evening costume, although it was an early hour in the morning, we were conducted by the Dutch officer in command of the sultan's horse-guards into the inmost court of the far-spreading *kraton*, or palace enclosure, within which three thousand people reside. Except a few sentries, and one or two officials stripped to the waist in Javanese court fashion, not a man was visible in any of the squares through which we passed, and when we reached the audience chamber there sat his Highness, without courtiers or attendants; but, to our extreme amazement, six charming young ladies were seated in a row on his left hand. We scarcely ventured to look at them, unveiled as they were, but our Dutch friend, after introducing us to the sultan, with whom we shook hands, quietly remarked, "Now you must shake hands with the princesses, with all of them; they expect you to do so."

Fresh from Indian durbars, where a mere allusion to the invisible occupants of the zenana would be a breach of decorum, we could hardly trust our eyes and ears; but each young lady held out her hand with a pleasant smile, and we were afterwards seated between the sultan and his blooming family of daughters. Attendants, literally crawling upon the floor, now approached the august presence, bringing tea, which was dispensed to us by the royal damsels, almost as if we had been in an English drawing-room at five o'clock in the afternoon. Unfortunately our conversation was somewhat restricted, as the English idea could only reach the Javanese mind after undergoing four translations, either oral or mental, through the obliging Dutch captain, who interpreted in French and Malay. Meanwhile, the sound of music attracted our attention, and the sultan courteously suggested that we might like to see a little more of his palace. We

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

found that the music proceeded from a large open pavilion, where the queen, or principal sultana, was engaged in superintending a dancing-lesson. The pupils were the daughters of court dignitaries and nobles, more than twenty in number, all very young, and evidently taking the greatest pains in the performance of their graceful position drill.

The dancing was accompanied by singing and by the pleasing notes of the *gamelong*, which may be described as the Javanese pianoforte, played by women seated on the floor, and producing a liquid melody peculiar to itself, and very different from the harsh discordance of Oriental music in general. The youthful figures of the girls in their bright and elegant drapery, their earnest faces and elaborate movements, together with the melodious orchestra, combined to render this by far the most pleasing nautch which I have yet seen anywhere in the East, although it was merely a private performance of beginners. The queen was seated on the floor beside a low table, playing at cards with her maids of honor, and received us most graciously, inviting us to inspect everything, even to his Highness's private apartments, and in fact to make ourselves quite at home. The whole affair was like a scene out of "Alice in Wonderland," and we almost expected to be addressed by one of the sultan's many large dogs, or the tame crested pigeons as heavy as hen-turkeys. We were three European gentlemen alone (for the sultan did not accompany us) in a zenana, received by the inmates with friendly, unembarrassed politeness, and allowed to wander at will through marble halls open on all sides to the light of day: there were no lattices, no veils, no guards, not even any dueñas, for all the ladies were young, and many of them very good-looking. To my companion, a member of the Indian Civil Service, thoroughly familiar with Indian habits and ideas, this kindly reception *en famille* by the sultan of Djokjokarta was a new and surprising experience. In Hindostan, the Mussulman religion is professed by a small minority only; but Mussulman ideas as to the seclusion of women have a far more general acceptance, although quite foreign to Hindoo traditions and customs.

Travelling in the interior of Java is particularly agreeable; the roads are good, ponies are abundant, and light vehicles for posting are easily obtained. At all places of importance there are comfortable hotels, kept by Europeans and subsidized by government. Without a subsidy such hotels could not possibly be maintained, as they are not used by the natives, and European travellers are rare: in the year 1875 only seventeen strangers are recorded as having obtained official permission to travel in Netherlands India. The Dutch officials, moreover, have the hospitable habits of Europeans in the East, so that it is not easy to see how the hotel-keepers make a living; yet they seem to flourish, and in a country where Malay is the sole vehicle of communication with the people it is pleasant to find an Italian or German interpreter in one's host, who frequently is not a Netherlander.

The light posting carriages are drawn by four ponies, which are changed frequently, and keep up an excellent pace, where the road is tolerably level. At the hills bullocks or buffaloes are harnessed as leaders, and frequently, where the road descends into a deep ravine, the horses are removed, and a small army of men and boys with ropes attach themselves to the carriage, lowering it into the valley, and hauling it up again on the opposite side. The rivers are well bridged, and these steep inclines, which might be obviated by a little engineering skill at a moderate expense, are the only impediments to rapid locomotion upon the principal roads. The scenery is beautiful and varied, the people and their dwellings are most picturesque, and the total absence of caste enables a stranger, without fear of giving offence, to enter any of the numerous shops and refreshment houses, and partake, along with the natives, of fruit, sweetmeats, coffee, and various refreshing but not inebriating drinks. Everywhere around (especially in Sunda or western Java) eye and ear are refreshed by the sight of fresh verdure and the sound of rushing streams; those who know what it is to ride all day under a vertical sun, without a blade of grass or a drop of water being visible for miles in any direction, can best appreciate the charm of driving along a good road with four stout Makassar ponies through this lovely garden of the tropics.

In order fully to appreciate the scenery and vegetation of Java it is well to ascend one of the volcanic cones in the western portion of the islands, such as the Pangerango Mountain, where an elevation of ten thousand feet can be attained, and which presents a variety of botanical attractions such as can hardly be seen elsewhere. From base to summit the jungle is dense and luxuriant, but you climb gradually from palms, musaceæ and tree-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ferns, through tall forest trees festooned with creepers and epiphytous orchids, to the flora of a temperate climate, and the familiar forms of artichoke and strawberry, primula and plantago. Down the steep slopes tumble many streams, their temperature varying between the boiling point and icy coldness, and in the tepid spray of the hot cascades tree-ferns attain their greatest size, rivalling tall palms in height, and excelling them in the gracefulness of their feathery fronds. Near the top of the mountain trees diminish in size, but the undergrowth is still so thick that it is almost impossible to leave the path. The crater on the highest peak is extinct and overgrown with vegetation, but clouds of mephitic vapor rise from a huge crater somewhat lower, and spread desolation around; when the volcano is active, these vapors reduce large tracts of forest to blackened skeletons, but nature soon repairs her own ravages in a climate like that of Sunda. Animals are rarely heard and yet more rarely seen in these dense jungles, but occasionally a troop of large monkeys may leap crashing from tree to tree, or a great hornbill may fly overhead on creaking wings, and near the summit the twittering of small warblers reminds one of Europe, almost as much as do the honeysuckle and St. John's wort. Large game, in the shape of rhinoceros, tiger, deer, wild bull and wild boars, is indeed abundant in the forests of Java, but is not easily dislodged in such cover, and tigers are more frequently destroyed with poison than in any other manner. The poison used is a decoction from the root of a tree, and has the effect of paralyzing the animal, which is usually found alive and helpless within a short distance of the poisoned carcase and is then despatched. If the tiger is dead when found the skin is sure to be worthless, but by this method splendid specimens are obtained when the track is taken up immediately. Wild pigs do much damage in the rice-fields, and the villagers use for scaring them an ingenious mechanical contrivance, which is worked by the water-power used in irrigation; there are two distinct species indigenous in Java and they afford considerable sport, being shot with the aid of beaters and dogs.

Java is in perfection just after the rains, during the months of April and May, when the whole country, from the smoking craters of the interior to the swamps of the seacoast, is clothed with a vegetation so luxuriant that the ruddy color of the volcanic soil is only visible where a recent landslip has occurred; even precipitous banks are densely festooned with green, and so saturated is the ground with moisture that watercresses flourish on the steep face of roadside cuttings. In plain and valley every square yard of soil, except the village burial-ground, is cultivated and irrigated; magnificent crops of sugarcane, rice, and indigo form a sea of verdure, out of which rise like islands numberless groves of bamboos, cocoanut palms, and fruit-trees. Concealed in these groves are the *dessas*, or native villages, and under their shade is usually cultivated the coffee, which "pays the rent." Some of the lower ranges have been denuded of trees, and display a certain amount of open pasture, but as a rule the mountains are covered with virgin forest, except where clearings have been made for plantations of tea, coffee, or cinchona. High above this fair scene a faint white cloud may be seen curling upwards from the apex of a lofty cone, indicating the volcanic energy that now slumbers beneath, but has broken out violently even within the last few years, and may do so again at any moment.

It may be asked whether the geological condition of Java is not a symbol of its political state, and whether a fair surface does not cover hidden fires in the hearts of the Javanese people. It may be so, but not even a faint white cloud is visible to warn the stranger that such hidden fires exist. Everything externally is tranquil, and in the absence of all means of coercion, tranquillity may be accepted as a fair evidence of contentment. In the wide and populous district of the Preanger Regencies for example, there are no troops at all. A few European soldiers in civil employ and a few native policemen represent the power of the sword, and the most perfect order prevails throughout this beautiful province. The productiveness of the country appears to keep pace with the increasing population. The wants of the masses in all tropical countries are few and simple, and in Java these are amply supplied. While the masses thus enjoy comparative prosperity, those of rank and influence, who might otherwise be dangerous, are enlisted on the side of the government by the possession or the prospect of honorable and lucrative employment. Besides, the Javanese are a gentle and submissive race, unaccustomed to the use of firearms, and could never be formidable as insurgents in a military sense,*

* A Dutch poem describes in glowing language "the last day of the Hollanders in Java," when the long-pent-up fury of the Javanese is to break forth.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

although Englishmen in the East, who have not visited Java, sometimes assert that Dutch rule is so arbitrary and oppressive as to engender a spirit of chronic disaffection, and that the Javanese are watching for an opportunity to expel their tyrants and take shelter under the British flag; but I could see no evidence for such an opinion. Without pretending to investigate the inward desires or aspirations of the Javanese, and judging solely from external facts, I believe that the Dutch sovereignty is about as popular and as secure as the rule of a few aliens over a great subject population can ever be made, and that the country flourishes under it as well as a subject country can ever be expected to do.

Tokens of respect, savoring strongly of servility, are still shown in the more remote districts to all Europeans, as well as to high native officials, but the prestige of a white face, apart from gold or silver lace, is not so great in the neighborhood of cities and railroads. On the approach of a superior it is incumbent on all natives to remove their hats, to dismount if on horseback, and if on foot to sit down upon the ground; those who wish to be particularly respectful will even turn their backs upon the great man, as if afraid to look him in the face. When the golden umbrella of the Dutch president passes along a crowded street, denoting the presence of the highest official of the province, a very singular effect is produced, the people sinking down before this conspicuous badge of office, and rising again behind it, like a field of ripe corn in a breeze. The Dutch authorities demand honor and precedence for themselves and other Europeans, but they also set an admirable example of urbanity and even of friendliness in general intercourse with natives. The absence of caste prejudice and religious fanaticism among the Javanese permits a considerable amount of sociability to arise between the two races, and the tone adopted by Europeans towards natives in Java is remarkably devoid of the arrogance and irritability by which in other countries it is too often characterized. It is a very unusual thing for a white man to strike or even to menace a native, and acts of violence, when they do occur, are severely punished. While I was in Batavia, a foreign ship's captain, accustomed, perhaps, to less impartial laws, was undergoing a considerable term of imprisonment for laying violent hands upon a native car-driver.

Perhaps the good-temper and urbanity characteristic of the Dutch in Java may be due partly to the general adaptation of their mode of life to the climate, in which respect they are more successful than our own countrymen, although they decline to adopt the *punkah*. They rise early, and until the meal, known as *rijst-tafel*, which takes place about midday, it is customary to appear in dresses adopted from the natives, and fashioned of the lightest and coolest materials in various colors. The dress of the ladies consists usually of a gaily-colored skirt and a white jacket, with slippered feet, and hair hanging loose or tied in a knot at the back of the head; and very becoming it is, as well as comfortable and cool. If the tight and multifarious garments of Europe have been assumed during the course of the morning, they are again discarded for the afternoon siesta. Until the cool of the evening no one is visible, and if an inexperienced stranger should attempt an afternoon visit, he will inevitably be received with the announcement, "*Tidoer*" (asleep). After sunset, refreshed with a bath and dressed in correct European costume, but without hats, ladies and gentlemen sally forth, driving and walking, this being the fashionable time for paying visits, which may, however, be postponed until after dinner. Should there happen to be moonlight, a drive may be taken even as late as midnight, or there may be an open-air concert in the grounds of a club, where the friends and families of the members are made welcome. The presence of children is a conspicuous feature at the opera and other evening entertainments, and is a natural result of the long repose during the heat of the day, indulged in by all, except a few whose business avocations are such as to prevent them from choosing their own time for work and relaxation.

Planters of tea or coffee in the hill country of Java have as agreeable a calling as any set of men that I have come across, and it would indeed be difficult to find any more kindly and hospitable, or more contented with the lot which has fallen unto them in such pleasant places. They lead active, independent lives, with continuous but not laborious occupation, being able at almost any season to take a holiday for the sake of sport, society, or change of scene. The climate at high elevations is the most favorable to quality in coffee and tea, although heavier crops can be grown in the low country, and the same climate allows Europeans to keep their children around them, and to bring up the youngsters as well-educated, as merry, and almost as

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

rosy, as if the peaks towering above them were the snowy Alps, and not the fiery Merapi or Gedeh. Labor can be obtained at moderate rates, while excellent roads and bridges facilitate the conveyance of produce to market. Over a docile and industrious population they exercise a patriarchal sway, although they are invested with no magisterial authority, and a planter is obliged to have recourse to a native official if he wishes to punish a refractory coolie. This is sometimes cited as a grievance by European gentlemen, but it seems, in combination with other circumstances, to promote most satisfactory relations between the planters and those whom they employ. The Javanese are a solemn and silent race, even as children, and it is pleasant to see their faces light up at the approach of the master of the plantation, as he passes along with a kindly word or a smile, ready to give a patient hearing to any desirous of addressing him. Joyous cries of "*Toean! toean!*" (master) from the children furnish a tribute of popularity which is above suspicion; and upon one plantation, where we spent several pleasant days, even the absurd tameness of every sort of animal testifies to the rule of kindness governing the whole establishment.

But the amicable relations existing besween masters and coolies are due, not only to the kindliness of individuals, but also to the peculiar position occupied by planters in Java. They compete with the government as producers of coffee, and are ready to pay good wages to free laborers; they are therefore the natural enemies of monopoly and forced labor, and deserve as such the title of "protectors of the poor," to which planters elsewhere can seldom lay claim. To the advice and influence of eminent Dutch planters are largely due the recent reforms introduced into the culture system of Java, and in particular the increased price now payable to the villagers for the government coffee. It has been made a ground of attack against the colonial policy of the Dutch, that they discourage the construction of railroads and the settlement within their territories of independent capitalists, who would develop the resources of the country but might interfere with existing monopolies. Restrictions as to strangers residing in Netherlands India have been, however, relaxed of late years, and in 1875 one hundred and twenty-eight Euro peans, ninety-seven of whom were Netherlanders, received official permission to settle in the country. Only in the northwestern provinces do private individuals hold estates in fee-simple, but in other parts the government will lease land to planters and settlers, and will relieve from compulsory gratuitous labor the people employed upon plantations. Coffee and sugar have been hitherto the most valuable products of Java, but the motto "*In te spero*" has been adopted by a firm of very successful tea-planters, who base their hope chiefly on obtaining for Java tea a higher reputation than it enjoys at present in the London market. Should they succeed in accomplishing this, the cultivation of tea would rapidly develop; but the general climate and soil of Java are favorable rather to quantity than to quality, especially as regards tea and tobacco, in marked contrast to Hindostan, where both these plants attain the highest excellence.

The peculiar form of the island, and the easy communication by sea between the great centres of population, render an elaborate railway system unnecessary in Java, either for military or commercial purposes. Railroads have been constructed, running from the principal ports on the northern coast, into the interior of the island, and linking Buitenzorg, the governor-general's country residence, with Batavia, also Soerakarta and Djokjokarta, the capitals of the great native princes, with Samarang. These lines have been constructed with free labor by the Netherlands India Railway Company, to whom a concession has recently been made for very considerable extensions, with a state guarantee of five per cent. interest for forty years. At the same time the government have purchased the Batavia and Buitenzorg railway (about forty miles in length), paying five million guilders to the company. A State railway is in course of construction in the eastern districts of Java. Now it seems that the existing lines are precisely those most required for developing the resources of the island, and when the proposed extensions are completed the most important districts will all be brought into direct communication with the coast. At any rate, the revenues of the country have not hitherto been burdened with annual payments to European capitalists for large sums of money sunk in the construction of unprofitable railroads; Java pays tribute to Holland, but that tribute has not taken the form of guaranteed interest. Well-intentioned but ill-considered proposals for developing Asiatic resources by the aid of European capital have contrib-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

uted not a little to embarrass the finances of British India, and the Dutch authorities in Java are also subjected to increasing pressure from home as to embarking upon similar schemes. The pressure, however, is less, and the power of resistance greater than in our own case.

Beyond all tropical countries Java seems to attract the love and admiration of strangers settling upon her shores, who speak of her as "*nôtre Java bien-aimé*," and are fond of describing her as "the finest island in the world." Swiss mountaineers are at one with lowlanders of Holland upon this subject, and even islanders from Britain can hardly express dissent.

ERICA.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE GERMAN OF

FRAU VON INGERSLEBEN.

XIX.

CONVERSATIONS.

WERNER and Fritz accompanied the departing visitors to the boat, and while the latter walked on with one of the officers, Werner, apparently by accident, lingered behind with Ottomar. The two friends at first walked side by side in silence, but when they had placed a sufficient distance between themselves and the rest of the party, Ottomar began, —

"Tell me, Werner, how do you fare?"

"As well as one can who has committed a hopeless blunder," replied the latter bitterly.

"You would not listen to me when I warned you. However, I think you are man enough to endure and overcome even the most unpleasant consequences of your course."

"Have no fear, I too can live without sunlight, if it must be," replied Werner covering his eyes with his hand.

"Leave our house, I most earnestly entreat you to do so."

"No, I will remain," cried Werner passionately; "the affair has gone too far to be remedied by my departure."

"And Sidonie, Werner? You have made her acquaintance, she neither can nor will forgive you. It is not only your own unhappiness that you have caused."

Werner laughed, though by no means joyously. "Oh, my dear Ottomar, that fear reveals your own kind heart, but at the same time such great simplicity that I can scarcely believe you really feel it. You certainly know as well as I that these ladies need only one hand to hold the interesting '*Almanach de Gotha*,' and like good Christians always keep the other free for the Bible, from which they draw consolation for every situation in life. I suppose the real root of this piety is the struggle to reserve in heaven the superior position which on earth is secured to them by the '*Almanach de Gotha*.'"

The young man's tone was so sharp, so bitterly scornful, that Ottomar looked at him in alarm. "Pray don't allow yourself to be embittered in this way, Werner," he said earnestly. "I really do not know you in this contemptuous mood. You must certainly end the matter as soon as possible."

Werner had regained his composure, and answered more calmly. "That won't do, Ottomar, and, if you wish to know the whole affair, it won't do on your account. Your splendid old father is a little too fond of hunting and gambling, and has got his business matters into the most horrible confusion. My misfortune shall, I hope, prove an advantage to you, but I must work hard for some time longer."

"I have feared this many months," replied Ottomar thoughtfully. "My mother does everything in her power, but — I can frankly say, unfortunately — my good father is not so much henpecked as he seems, and as would be desirable for us. He only allows her to have absolute control over things which are troublesome or indifferent to him; in other matters, on the contrary, he jealously guards his authority as master of the house, and does not even permit her to exert the influence which, as his wife and a very clever woman, she is entitled to claim."

"Yes, your mother is one of the most politic ladies I have ever met."

Although the words were uttered without any tinge of irony or bitterness, only the darkness prevented the speaker from perceiving the sudden flush that crimsoned Ottomar's cheeks. "Do not judge my mother hastily, according to your present feelings, Werner," he answered quickly. "Her character is not one to be easily read, and a superficial observation would lead to very false conclusions. I assure you that the nearer you approach her, the farther you penetrate into the recesses of that reserved nature, the greater will be your love and reverence."

"It was far from my intention to wound

* Copyright 1877, by Littell & Gay.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

you by any remark about your mother. How could you so misunderstand me, my dear Ottomar?" said Werner quietly.

"I am eager to believe so, Werner, and my defence was directed more against people in general than to you in particular. The sense of the injustice I have done her on your account was especially oppressive to me to-day. She attributed this discomfort to a visit to Rheinau, which was both welcome and unwelcome to me, since my interest in the beautiful Rosa was again brought under discussion."

"To speak frankly, Ottomar, the beautiful Rosa's money would probably be very desirable for you, and I hope to succeed in making this clearly understood by your mother."

"Don't deceive yourself, Werner. Wise and sensible as she is, clearly and impartially as she usually surveys all circumstances, this is her one weak point."

"In spite of all her intelligence, she is hopelessly under the dominion of this miserable '*Almanach de Gotha*,'" said Werner, with a bitter laugh; then, as if instantly realizing his error, added hastily, "Forgive me, Ottomar! Forgive my ill-humor. Besides, I must have been greatly deceived in my observations, or the countess would put no obstacles in the way of the brother's proposing for Lia's hand."

"You have judged correctly enough, I think so myself."

"Well, and ——"

"This time I must laugh at *your* simplicity, Werner," replied Ottomar in a tone whose gayety was somewhat forced. "Are you childish enough not to see the difference between the heir and one of the graces who are not too richly endowed with the gifts of fortune?"

"And do you really love Rosa?"

Ottomar did not answer immediately, then he said slowly, "I do not know, I hardly think so."

"A strange reply, Ottomar."

"Strange, but perfectly true. Perhaps I should feel nothing but the old childish friendship, if I did not know that mamma trembles at every word I speak to her. But hush! it seems to me that the others are listening to our conversation."

"No fear of that! Landsheim is much too absorbed in recalling his conversation with Lia, and Lerchfeld too much engrossed in enjoying the cigar of which he has been deprived for hours, to feel an interest in anything else."

The gentlemen in question, however, who had probably exhausted the few subjects of conversation they possessed in common, waited for them so unmistakably, that the two friends put the best face possible on the matter, and continued their walk in their company.

"I most earnestly entreat you, Fritz," said Count Gernerode, when he had hastily walked a short distance in advance of the rest of the party, "not to be so childish, but tell me what has happened."

"That is," replied Fritz laughing, "be kind enough to consider yourself a lemon, and allow yourself to be thoroughly squeezed. But to-day, most honored lieutenant and beloved cousin in the twentieth degree, I unfortunately know next to nothing moreover, I hope you won't blame me for finding my cousin more interesting than my sisters."

"Oh, stop that confounded folly, Fritz!" angrily exclaimed the cousin in the twentieth degree; "I hope you have not forgotten my commission."

"And I hope you have not forgotten that I am not your grace's valet, and therefore only discharge your commissions as far as it is convenient to me."

"Fritz, you took a fancy to my six-barrelled revolver, you may find it in your room some day, if you are sensible."

"Ah! so the lieutenant is pulling another string," cried Fritz, laughing. "I am really sorry I can do nothing just now to earn the revolver. Mamma, who sees through everything, keeps a strict watch on me, and there is no chance of telling Olga any secret."

"If Sonnenstein had trusted you with one, she would probably make fewer difficulties," said the officer bitterly.

"None at all, my dear Rüdiger; on the contrary, she would smooth the way. The other day at the concert she called Olga's attention to the young man's interesting pallor, which harmonized so admirably with the gentle melancholy expressed in his features."

"Indeed!" replied Rüdiger ironically, "and what did Olga say?"

"Olga made no answer at all, but I took the liberty of remarking that the harmonious pallor was unfortunately caused by a terrible cold in the head, with which Sonnenstein had been afflicted for several days."

"Well done, Fritz, that was a clever answer," exclaimed the young officer laughing. "The ladies often think pale, melancholy faces very interesting."

"Yes, indeed, Rüdiger!" replied Fritz gravely; "I told Olga so at the concert, when she was troubled about your pale, gloomy expression."

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

"Well, and what did you say?" asked Rüdiger anxiously.

"I said the gloomy pallor was only a faint reflection of the effects of a spree, from which you had suffered quite severely in the morning."

"That is too bad!" the young officer burst forth angrily. "Really, Fritz, you deserve ——"

"A beating?" asked Fritz amiably.

"That is what one gets by having anything to do with a child," muttered Rüdiger furiously.

Fritz glanced mischievously at his companion. "Well, Rüdiger, just have a little patience, I shall gradually learn to understand these delicate distinctions, and know that the truth is only to be spoken about Sonnenstein, while you, on the contrary, require a poetical halo."

"You are an unruly kobold, Fritz," said the young count in a calmer tone, "and I ought not to have allowed my composure to be disturbed by your pranks. Of course you were not guilty of such a blunder."

"I'll think over the matter, Rüdiger, and give you exact information. What do you say to Prince Eduard's sprained ankle?"

"Oh! I could rave at my own folly, that such an idea never occurred to *me*. In spite of the distant relationship between us, the countess has never thought of inviting me to stay."

"And I doubt whether even a sprained ankle would have procured you the invitation. There are plenty of comfortable carriages in the stables, which, under such sad circumstances, would convey you home in the easiest manner. I should therefore advise you, as a friend, to try to secure mamma's favor, rather than Olga's."

"I fear her aversion concerns my purse more than my person, and since I don't see in what way I can obtain a higher place on the civil list, it will be difficult to overcome. At least do me the favor to tell Olga that ——"

"Why! here we are at the Rhine," said a voice close behind them. Unnoticed by the eager speakers, the group in the rear had now almost overtaken them, and Countess Olga therefore did not hear what her distant cousin wished to communicate.

Werner and Fritz remained on the shore for some time, watching the disappearing boat, and then turned and retraced their steps. "I shall probably be obliged to play the part of lemon again," muttered the boy, looking askance at his companion. But he was mistaken; Werner walked on in silence, without asking a question; nay, he scarcely answered the merry chatter of his young companion.

The inmates of the castle were just going to supper when they entered. Count Rodenwald, who liked a rich and abundant table, and was unwilling to give up the early dinner hour, could not be induced to think this meal unnecessary. He merely endured the tea as a little refreshment, and as almost every day brought guests from the city and the neighboring estates and villas, the early tea hours seemed pleasant and convenient even to the mistress of the house.

The prince, to whom every attention had been offered on account of his accident, resolutely declined them all, refused to exchange his boot for one of Count Rodenwald's slippers, and would only consent to have a cushion brought, on which he gracefully rested the lame foot. He would not relinquish the privilege of escorting the lady of the house to the table, while the count, with more courtesy than he usually showed, offered his arm to his beautiful niece.

The prince was really curious to see the odd figures, which, according to Sidonie's account, appeared from all quarters at meal-times. But when only the governess entered, followed by Werner and Fritz, he turned towards her with a question about the report. Sidonie did not hear it, or did not think it worth answering, for she began a conversation about other things, and the prince was so bewitched by the magic of her charms that he forgot everything else.

This spell seemed to exert an equal influence after supper, and the hostess vainly reminded his Highness that his foot required rest. The non-appearance of the prince's valet, who was to have been sent from Bonn by the gentlemen on their return, prevented the countess from breaking up the party, and they therefore remained in the drawing-room some time.

At last the arrival of the servant compelled the prince to say farewell for the night, and his departure seemed very welcome to the daughters of the house, for they instantly withdrew to their chambers, while Sidonie's flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes showed no signs of weariness. When the young people had disappeared, the count, yawning violently, rose from his sofa corner to go to his own room, but his wife laid her hand lightly on his shoulder, saying, —

"One moment more, my dear Edwin, if you please."

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

"But for heaven's sake, Vally, what can you want in the middle of the night?" asked her husband in surprise.

The lady smiled. "It is not much after eleven. Your watch goes a little faster at night, my dear Edwin."

"Well, what is it then?" and the master of the house threw himself back on his sofa with a very resigned air.

The countess remained standing before her husband, and, bending towards him, said in a half-jesting tone,—

"Much as I dislike to play the governess, Edwin, I must do so now."

"I thought so; now we have it," cried the count indignantly. "At least be kind enough to enumerate the list of my sins as quickly as possible, I am tired."

"So it seems, my dear Edwin," said the countess with delicate irony, "or you would scarcely have sat down in the corner of the sofa directly after supper, and gone fast asleep."

"Oh! I heard everything you said," protested her husband in a somewhat embarrassed tone.

"True, this is the manner in which you often show your interest in the amusement of your guests," continued his wife in her former tone, "but to-day the case was somewhat different. Our neighbors and friends know and love you, they esteem and value your admirable qualities, and —— "

"Pray, Vally, spare your flatteries! You only bestow your bits of sugar when there is a particularly bitter pill to swallow."

"And therefore make concessions to your amiable little weaknesses," continued the lady without noticing the interruption. "But the prince is a comparative stranger, this is the first time he has spent the evening with us, and you ought to have sacrificed a half-hour's sleep to his rank and estimable character. He will be more at home here after a time, and then —— "

"Then of course will also value my admirable qualities, that is what you were probably going to say, Vally. Besides, even a short-sighted mortal like myself can see without spectacles that you are sailing with a fair wind towards a match between him and Sidonie."

"Your figures of speech are not quite so well chosen, my dear Edwin," said the lady in the same tone of quiet sarcasm, "as they undoubtedly would be if you took a little more time to reflect upon them. Besides, if I really favored a marriage between the young pair, I should only be yielding to the wishes of both."

"But Sidonie, I think, is just the same as betrothed. Hardeck wrote me a short time ago —— "

"That is an arrangement made in early childhood, which both parties have declared themselves unwilling to fulfil. Besides, Count Meerburg seems to be a man destitute of all consideration; for under any circumstances it would have been his duty to visit us."

"I think he is travelling in Egypt and God knows where."

"He returned a long time ago. Sidonie feels this neglect very bitterly, and therefore is still more opposed to the intended marriage."

"Well, I don't care! I'll give my blessing upon the alliance with the prince, especially if I can go to bed, Vally."

"But, not, I hope, until you have promised me to stop this very unsuitable jesting with Olga."

"The devil knows what you consider unsuitable," muttered the master of the house. "Perhaps you would like it better if I joked with her about that long, lean hop-pole, Sonnenstein?"

"Certainly, my dear Edwin. That would be perfectly suitable. Sonnenstein is one of the best matches in the country, belongs to an ancient family, and has large estates."

"But his father did not bear the best reputation, and nobody cared to associate with him. He is said to have practised usury like the meanest Jew in the world."

"I think no one says anything against the son."

"No, but he is called a great simpleton. Now Gernerode is a very different fellow. Tall and handsome, sits his horse like a centaur, and shoots like a Norwegian bear-hunter."

"But in my opinion these qualities are not specially advantageous to a married man," said the countess coldly. "Besides, Sonnenstein is no simpleton, it is only his somewhat awkward manner that produces the impression. A wife like Olga will soon change that, and exert an extremely beneficial influence over him."

"So the unlucky Sonnenstein is to undergo a course of training too," muttered the count with a half-amused expression.

A look of pain flitted over the countess's features. She bent towards her husband, and said, in a tone far warmer than one would have expected from those stern lips,—

"Are you really unhappy, Edwin? Believe me, I am still more so in the thought that I am unable to give you joy."

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

"Why, what idea have you taken into your head, Vally?" replied the count peevishly; "everybody knows that you are an exemplary wife, what causes this ridiculous sentimentality? I sincerely wish, however, that the girls were all happily married, for there will be no peace until then. Unfortunately, there are too many of them, and before Lolo's turn comes, I shall probably be worried into my grave. Besides, another one will arrive day after to-morrow, but I hope, Vally, we shall not have to provide a husband for her too."

"You need not fear, Edwin. Erica will only be a member of our household for a short time."

"What do you intend to do with her then? Where is she to go?"

"Katharina, who, as you are aware, knows her, has already pleaded very earnestly for permission to take her. But I must test Erica's character very carefully before I give my consent, for Katharina is a fool, and, what is worse, a malicious fool, who is hard to deal with, and still more difficult to guide."

The count hastily started from his seat on the sofa. "Listen to me, Vally, I don't like this at all! I don't see why Erica can't remain with us. You were reared by her grandparents, for before your uncle Steinbach died you were as poor as a church mouse — that is, I mean of course quite poor — and so this is a debt of gratitude which we must discharge."

"You look at the matter in a false light, my dear Edwin," said the countess quietly; "the point in question has nothing to do with our advantage, but Erica's. Believe me, I have thoroughly weighed and sifted the whole affair, and given gratitude its full share in it."

"Of course you always have in reserve a special share of wisdom, which we ordinary mortals do not comprehend, so do as you choose. But I shall bring her home from the station myself, I insist upon that at least."

"I am very glad of it, Edwin, but I must not forget to tell you that old Countess Ingolstein is coming to pay us a long visit in a few days."

The count again sprang from his sofa, as if he had been raised by a spring. "Merciful heavens! *this* too, Vally," he exclaimed. "I shall order my travelling carriage at dawn to-morrow, and not return until I know the air is clear again."

"I hope you will not set out on this journey, Edwin, but on the contrary do the honors of your house with your usual cordial, though somewhat off-hand manner."

"That unlucky old Countess Ingolstein counts her marriageable grandsons and granddaughters by the dozen; there is certainly another net to be woven."

"Perhaps so, my dear Edwin," replied his wife laughing, "but aside from that, she belongs to a very noble family, and is allied to the best blood in Germany. Her second daughter is reigning princess of Rüningen, and we are obliged to show due consideration to such a relative."

"Well, one must search for the relationship with a microscope, it is a degree farther off than Gernerode's, which you will not acknowledge."

A slight frown darkened the countess's brow. "I believe, Edwin, that matter is so plain that it requires no explanation," she said in a tone of displeasure.

"It is rather difficult to follow your train of thought, my dear Vally. I shall be compelled to make out a list of the relatives who are agreeable to you, and carry it about in my breast pocket. But don't be angry, Vally! In consideration of the fat old countess's ruling and marriageable descendants, I'll play whist with her every evening at six pennies a point, though, Heaven knows, it isn't the pleasantest thing in life. Are you satisfied, and may I at last go to sleep? I can't keep my eyes open for weariness."

"Good night, my dear Edwin," replied his wife in a somewhat formal tone. "Oh! by the way, did you send off those important letters to Cologne early this morning, or not until the afternoon?"

The count, who was just leaving the room, paused as if rooted to the ground. "I really entirely forgot them!" he cried, drawing a long breath. "It is very unfortunate."

"It is indeed, as it may cause us heavy losses. If you like, I will write them myself at once, and send a messenger to the city on horseback, that they may go by the early train."

"You are my good fairy, Vally, I always say so. Now good-night and pleasant dreams," added the count kindly, without thinking that he had just deprived his wife of her night's rest by the burden imposed upon her.

The countess did not seem tired, for she turned towards the window, opened it, and leaned far out of the casement. The moon was flooding the lawn and shrubbery with its silvery light, which was also faintly reflected from the surface of the little lake. She gazed so intently into the park that it seemed as if she wished to distinguish something under the shadow

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

of the trees, and the melancholy expression of her features lent them unusual softness, and distinctly showed how completely she was absorbed in her reflections.

Suddenly she covered her eyes with her hands, and a heavy sigh escaped her lips, but the next instant her face once more assumed its former calm expression, she closed the window, rang the bell, ordered a servant to prepare to ride to Bonn, and then sat down at her table to write the letters.

Morning was already dawning, when she sealed the envelopes, handed them to the servant, and retired to her chamber.

XX.

THE OLD AND NEW HOME.

SINCE the terrible moment which separated Erica from her mother and her home, she had lived quietly and peacefully in the pastor's family, where she was treated with the most sincere affection and kindness. The child's natural grief for the loss of her mother was allowed full vent, and thus exhausted itself and left her mind free to once more admit the demands of life. By degrees her wild anguish melted into quiet sorrow, and in the same proportion the outward world again claimed her interest.

True, her walks were still always directed to her mother's grave, but her thoughts were no longer occupied solely with the beloved dead. The sea and forest gradually regained their old charms, and the brown eyes once more eagerly followed the white sails that furrowed the broad surface of the water.

Moreover, thoughts of the future obtained a more and more prominent place in her mind, her fear of it constantly increased; a separation from home seemed unutterably painful, and she also dreaded to enter a family of strangers. She grouped together all that she had seen of that other world — which had certainly been somewhat hostile to her — in order to form some idea of her unknown relatives.

The more brilliant the colors she selected, the greater was the contrast to her own person, and as youth easily runs to extremes, it afforded her a certain sorrowful satisfaction to pursue this contrast to the utmost limits of possibility. It was certain that she could only play the part of Cinderella, as Fräulein Molly had done among her relatives, and she felt so little inclination for the *rôle*, that at the thought her lips curled with an expression of defiance that had never before appeared in her character, perhaps only because opportunity had been wanting.

At last she tried to protect herself against her impending fate. She spoke frankly to the pastor, and begged him not to let her go away. In spite of her small share of worldly knowledge and prudence, she clearly perceived that she must not tell her guardian the true reason of her dislike to her relatives, since he would neither understand nor be disposed to consider feelings, which had a large mixture of vanity and arrogance. She therefore spoke only of her sorrow at being forced to leave her home and her true friends, and earnestly entreated him to save her from a fate, which, as she knew from her mother's lips, had not been the fixed purpose of the dying woman.

The pastor, however, did not think himself authorized to gratify Erica's wish, for the invalid had expressed in the strongest terms her joy that Erica would make the acquaintance of her relatives.

It would be very hard for him to give up his oldest daughter, as he called Erica, but he was so accustomed to obey the demands of duty, that this did not throw the slightest weight into the scale of his resolution.

Thus spring came only too soon, and with it the parting hour. Erica visited all the scenes which were familiar and dear to her, to bid them a solemn farewell. Her heart grew more and more heavy, for where could the spring be so wondrously beautiful as here, where else could it pour out its gifts with such lavish abundance? Now the tangled vines were twined gracefully around the verandas and houses, the blinds opened, and the fresh air streamed into the long-closed rooms. All the people in Waldbad rubbed the winter sleep from their eyes and prepared to receive the summer guests. Erica's old friends and acquaintances would soon arrive, and she must go away to a strange place.

And had not Elmar promised to come back this summer? How often she had recalled those words, how often asked herself whether he would keep his promise! Memories of him, which had been completely crowded into the background by her mother's death, unconsciously rose more and more vividly before her mind. She recalled every circumstance of their acquaintanceship, and on her lonely walks it was always his image that hovered before her memory.

Her departure would now separate her from him forever, he would inquire in

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

vain and then soon forget her. As a shield against this last thought, her imagination busied itself with the possibility of meeting him at the house of her relatives. They lived on the Rhine, and Caroline had said that his estates were not far from the frontiers of France, so he could not be a great distance away. He had given the pastor his address, that he might call upon him if his assistance should ever be necessary; she looked for the place on the map, but unfortunately there was no very large one at the parsonage, and she could not find the name.

It was a very fortunate accident that Consul Sternau was going to the Rhine on business just at this time, and would take charge of Erica, — the pastor himself would accompany her to Stettin. She went to every house, every hut, to bid the occupants farewell, and begged all to care for her mother's grave. Old Christine was almost angry, surely she was there to attend to the grave. The duty of taking charge of an empty house gave her plenty of leisure, and Erica rejoiced over the comfortable situation of the faithful old servant.

Christine felt special satisfaction in the thought that she could devote her attention to the well in summer as usual. "It is principally the pump, Erica," she said to the latter, "which made us get such a high price for the house. It is certainly worth a few thousand thalers to have the best water in the place, and I'm only surprised that our wise pastor doesn't think so too. Besides, I don't feel very much troubled about your going away, for I know you will soon come back and take your own little room in our house."

"What put that into your head, Christel?" asked Erica in surprise.

"I dreamed it, and afterwards went to Frau Wilms and consulted the cards, and they said so too."

"We will hope so, Christel," replied Erica, sighing. "But if the princess is really the purchaser, it will hardly be the case."

"Do you think the princess is the owner, Erica?"

"I don't know, Christel, but it doesn't seem exactly probable," replied Erica, changing the conversation with apparently causeless haste.

When Erica entered the carriage which was to convey her from her home forever, she cast a long farewell glance at the blue, boundless waves of the sea, on which the sunlight was sparkling, and then sank back overwhelmed with grief. Half the population of Waldbad was assembled, and the leave-taking of the fishermen and their wives and children did not end until the pastor gravely told his young coachman to drive on.

As in those days there were only short distances which could be traversed by rail, the journey to the Rhine was much longer than now, although the consul travelled by extra post and did not stop either day or night. At first Erica was completely absorbed in her own thoughts, and all the old gentleman's efforts to cheer her were unavailing, but afterwards she began to be interested in the country through which they passed, and when they at last took the cars at Cologne, thought she must be dreaming when the conductor announced the goal of her journey.

She left the train with a beating heart, and looked timidly at the crowd of strangers who thronged the station. It was a singular and therefore oppressive feeling to find herself among such a number of unfamiliar faces, and she clung anxiously to the consul's arm. The latter was occupied in looking for the person who had been sent to meet Erica, and seeing a servant in the livery described in the letter, instantly approached him.

Beside the man stood a fair-haired, fresh-complexioned, somewhat stout gentleman, who seemed to be attentively scanning the travellers. When he saw an elderly man with a young girl advancing towards him, he said to the servant, —

"Johann, old fellow, look, there they are!" and then went hastily towards the pair, stopped before Erica, and exclaimed cordially, "You must certainly be Erica, those are your mother's beautiful brown eyes."

The brown eyes gazed with a somewhat puzzled, but very joyful glance into the good-natured countenance before them. Was this the dreaded uncle, at whose cold, reserved manners she had expected to tremble? Could any country nobleman in her native province be more kindly and cordial than this aristocratic dweller on the Rhine? A sigh of relief escaped her lips, she smiled, and involuntarily held out her hand.

The consul made the necessary explanations for her.

"So this is Erica," continued the gentleman, with the same good-natured kindness. "Well, how do you do, my little mouse, give me a kiss and let me look at you, that I may see whether you resemble your mother. You are certainly a pretty, well-bred little girl. What do the women

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

mean" — the count suddenly paused in embarrassment, and then hastily added, "Come, my little pet, we must go; the horses have been waiting half an hour, and are ready to dash the carriage to pieces."

He took leave of the consul, and Erica was now compelled to say farewell to her last friend. She gave him a thousand messages to all at home, and begged him to tell the pastor in particular how much she was pleased with her uncle. The count laughed heartily at this commission, and said that he was equally overjoyed to make his niece's acquaintance. So they parted gaily, and Erica entered the carriage in the most cheerful mood. The spirited horses dashed swiftly forward, they soon reached the opposite bank of the Rhine, and ere long stooped before the castle-like house, which for some time was to be Erica's home.

Her heart again beat violently as she passed through the beautiful hall, to make the acquaintance of her aunt and cousins. The family was assembled in a room whose open windows afforded a view of the beautiful grounds. Count Rodenwald, who held Erica's hand in his, led her forward, saying, —

"Well, children, here is Erica. Welcome her and kiss her, and then give her something to eat. I suppose she is hungry, to judge from the wolfish appetite I have myself."

Perhaps it was only the contrast with her uncle's unceremonious manner, that made Erica fancy her aunt's formal greeting cold, for there was really no lack of cordiality. She embraced and kissed her niece, and then introduced her to her cousins. Countess Sidonie, who could not be numbered among them, had remained a little aloof, but, after looking keenly at Erica, came forward and said smiling, —

"We dwellers on the Rhine are like Highlanders, and claim kinship to the twentieth degree, so you must let me welcome you as a cousin too."

Erica gazed in mingled admiration and surprise at the tall, aristocratic young girl, who spoke to her so kindly, but she could find no words to answer, and was utterly unable to reply to the greetings offered on all sides. This, however, seemed scarcely expected, the young ladies who knew that Erica had come to the house to be "trained," as their papa called it, thought her embarrassment perfectly natural, and were good-natured enough to do everything in their power to save her from the unpleasant consciousness of her awkwardness.

They therefore accompanied her to her room, where she was left alone for some time to arrange her dress, as well as to become in some degree accustomed to her new surroundings. The impression produced upon her was far more favorable than she had expected; for although the ladies of the family were quite as elegant and aristocratic as she had anticipated, their manner fortunately showed no signs that they intended to allot to her the dreaded *rôle* of Cinderella.

She could not reflect upon the matter long, for she was soon summoned to join the family circle at dinner. Her seat was placed between Edith and her young cousin Fritz, but the latter seemed very dilatory, for his chair was still empty.

"Where is Fritz?" asked the countess, who could not endure any such negligence on the part of a member of the family. "I remember I did not see him come with you."

The count made a hasty gesture of annoyance, and struck his forehead with his hand. "Well, this is a fine business, Vally! I entirely forgot the youngster, and left him in Bonn."

The countess was evidently much annoyed by the news; she cast a grave, almost reproving glance at her husband, but controlled her indignation and said with a half-smile, "It is certainly unfortunate for poor Fritz."

"Ah! well, he can come with the boatman, it is certainly not too late yet."

"The post-bag has been lying on your table for half an hour, Count Rodenwald," said Werner.

The poor count could not shake off his embarrassment. "Indeed," he murmured, "I entirely overlooked it. But why does no one ever remind me of anything?" he continued, in a loud, angry tone. "Why do I have two lazy rascals sitting on the box, if they can't think for me occasionally?"

He looked angrily at Johann, but the latter — who when alone with the count never hesitated to defend himself — did not venture to utter a syllable in the countess's presence, but continued to pass the soup-plates with the same grave, dignified manner. The strict mistress, however, would not suffer her servants to be unjustly reproached, and instantly undertook the defence of the accused Johann.

"You forget, my dear Edwin, that Fritz went to Bonn in the boat, and therefore neither Johann nor the coachman could

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

know of his presence there; otherwise they would undoubtedly have reminded you to take him."

Perhaps the last remark might have conveyed a slight reproach to her husband, at any rate the count took it so, for he answered angrily,—

"The whole affair springs entirely from your exaggerated attentions to that young fop, Prince Eduard. What was the use of sending Fritz to make special inquiries about his health? He was as lively as a fish in water yesterday, and if he didn't dance, it was only because nobody whistled for him."

Countess Sidonie looked up from her plate and glanced at her aunt, who was sitting beside her, but the latter did not raise her eyes. Singularly enough all the young ladies seemed to take a deep interest in the clearness of their soup, a slight, uncomfortable pause ensued, and all felt relieved when the door was suddenly thrown open, and Fritz entered the room.

"Here I am!" he cried laughing. "I hope you will make preparations to kill a fatted calf and order singing and dancing to celebrate the return of the lost son. Ah! my chair has been placed beside the new cousin," he continued, taking his seat. "That's a very charming attention. As I know you are Erica," he added, turning gaily towards her, "and you are probably equally well aware that I am Fritz, we need no introduction. Only you must be told one thing, that in our family children under twenty call each other thou."

"Could you not check your torrent of eloquence long enough to permit me to ask you how you got home, my dear Fritz?" asked the countess, in a somewhat reproving tone.

"In the best way in the world, mamma. Just as I reached the station, I saw our carriage rolling away at some little distance, and could easily conclude that papa had forgotten the idol of his heart. I quickly formed my plan and went to the Star, where I knew I should find Sonnenstein, who was just driving away. He took the suggestion that he should go round by Dorneck as a special favor to himself, which considered in the right light it certainly was, and so I sat down in the most comfortable corner of the carriage, and alighted just now at the door."

"That was very kind in Sonnenstein, and you ought to have invited him to dinner. How is the prince?"

"Just as well as ever, mamma. He is all ready to sprain his ankle again at the next visit."

The countess did not seem particularly pleased with her son's last answer, for she turned away and spoke to Sidonie. Meantime Erica wondered at the variety of dishes offered to her; it seemed quite impossible to eat all these nice things. Count Rodenwald, who sat opposite, mistook her abstemiousness for diffidence, and pressed her so urgently to take something more, that only the countess's interference saved her from indigestion.

Her young neighbor talked in the gayest manner during the whole dinner, but when they rose from the table, he became faithless, and with a laughing apology offered his arm to Sidonie. Erica perceived with some surprise that Count Rodenwald ceremoniously offered his arm to his wife, and escorted her out of the dining-room. As her cousins followed in pairs, she joined the procession, and went into the grounds, where coffee was served in a vine-covered arbor. Werner and the governess alone were absent from the little circle, and either for this reason, or because all felt in better humor, the conversation was much more free and unconstrained than at the table. Various allusions were made to events with which Erica was unfamiliar, and for the first time a feeling of loneliness, of being in the way, stole over her.

But this state of affairs did not last long, for directly after coffee was served Fritz asked her to walk in the park with him, and his merry conversation soon recalled her former mood.

"I want to tell you, Erica," he said, "we too are in certain measure assigned to each other, so we must strike up a friendship. I have only been here a few months, for I was educated by my uncle, who lives in Eifel. Well, the training of my dear old uncle, the fox-hunter, as Sidonie calls him, has not turned out exactly as mamma desired, so I have come home as a rough diamond to be polished into a brilliant. You, little heather-blossom ——"

An involuntary gesture silenced him. He noticed with surprise the deep blush that crimsoned Erica's cheeks, and was still more astonished when she asked, in a somewhat faltering voice, —

"Who told you that, Fritz?"

"Who told me, Erica?" he answered laughing, "my eyes, my brilliant though unpolished reason."

"I have sometimes been called so before — and — and so I thought — you had been told," faltered Erica in great confusion.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Fritz paused before her and gazed earnestly into her face. "*Et tu, Brute?*" he said, pathetically. "Erica, you have no idea of the extent of the perspective you have opened. We have four graces here already — for even the saucy schoolgirl, Edith, makes pretensions to admiration, though she is a year younger than I — who are surrounded like suns by adoring moons. All these various luminaries produce a most decided summer heat, and the warmth is quite enough for one family."

"I don't understand you, Fritz," murmured Erica, with another blush.

Much to the dissatisfaction of the boy, but on the contrary greatly to Erica's relief, the conversation between the young couple was now interrupted by others, and the remainder of the walk was taken with a large party.

XXI.

IN THE FAMILY.

THE larger circle and totally different surroundings into which Erica suddenly saw herself transplanted, at first produced an almost bewildering influence upon her. She learned so many new things, saw so much that was beautiful, that she could not understand all these impressions, but contented herself with yielding to them. The contrast between her former and present life was so greatly in favor of the latter, that she smiled at her old fear as a childish fancy.

Unfortunately we are all only too much inclined to bestow our special attention on the beautiful husk, and thus it was perfectly natural that the easy, aristocratic life of the new relatives should win the victory over the simple parsonage, with its narrow, commonplace routine of everyday existence. How could the pastor's wife, constantly engaged in the kitchen and nursery, dear and kind as she was, compare with her stately aunt, whose wider view of life embraced other and far greater interests? Even the atmosphere of careless good-nature that surrounded her uncle always possessed a certain something which plainly marked the man of rank, and the pastor's manner, which, spite of his ministerial dignity, was somewhat angular, always suffered when compared with this negligent ease.

Comparisons with the habits of the family, which in Erica's eyes invested even the most ordinary events of everyday life with a certain halo, were still more unfavorable to the parsonage. The housekeeping machinery, which in the latter home appeared so often that one might almost be induced to forget it was only the means to an end, here remained completely out of sight; the fruits were enjoyed without being reminded of the trouble of planting and watering. What a turmoil of baking and coffee-making, what flushed faces and occasionally scolding words always preceded the coming of visitors in the parsonage, while here guests were almost a part of the programme of daily life, and did not seem to require any special orders from the mistress.

When the folding-doors of the dining-room were thrown open, and the ladies in elegant toilettes, and even her uncle in his comfortable frock coat, entered and took their seats with a certain degree of formality, the whole matter acquired an appearance of solemnity. The liveried servants who so quietly took their usual places, and moved so noiselessly and quickly that Erica at first had some difficulty in being ready for their attendance, strengthened the impression made by the numerous courses to which she was unaccustomed.

There was certainly very little ceremony at the parsonage at meal-times, which were usually preceded by Erica's hunting for the scattered children, and when she had collected the little flock, the master of the house, who, absorbed in some train of thought, had failed to hear the summons to dinner, was usually missing, and at last dragged out in his dressing-gown by his desperate wife. Serving the food, though the work was performed by a single maid-servant, was nevertheless somewhat noisy, and the pastor's wife — whose eyes constantly watched the unfortunate Guste — continually exclaimed: "Take care of the plates, Guste! you knock them about as if china could not break. Don't hold the dishes so, you will spill everything, and don't let the spoons fail on the floor, you have dropped enough already."

True, the more brilliant exterior of her new home did not lessen either the love or earnest gratitude which Erica cherished for her foster-parents, but it aided her to overcome her sorrow at parting from them far more than she realized, and even helped her — so dependent are we upon external things — to become accustomed to the unusually cool temperature of feeling which pervaded the family circle, and — like autumnal skies — diffused sunlight without undue heat.

Count Rodenwald's warm reception had so completely won Erica's heart, that he could not fail to retain his advantage for a

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

long time. His easy, good-natured manner was doubly attractive, because it reminded her of her home, and she was therefore neither disposed nor able to attempt any more profound analysis of his character. She rejoiced in his kindly cordiality, without inquiring into its real cause, and though he was certainly inclined to consider only his own pleasure, she thought this perfectly natural for the master of the house. Although even her ingenuous nature soon discovered that her uncle's society did not specially improve her, nay, on the contrary that he liked to amuse himself with her little weaknesses, she did not reproach him for it, since he never set up for her instructor, and moreover entertained her as well as himself.

Thus her feelings were exactly like those of the children of the family, and even the servants, who all showed Count Rodenwald the greatest affection. In consideration of his pleasant, cordial manner, they cheerfully bore causeless blame, and sometimes even violent anger, which was usually called forth by some error he had himself committed. His inexorably strict, but perfectly just wife never rejoiced in love so warm. She was more feared than loved, but in compensation for this, received a far greater share of respect, and a piece of negligence which might easily have been shown the count, would never have been offered to the countess.

In the wider circle of their acquaintances, the married pair received precisely the same relative share of respect and affection that was bestowed upon them in their own household. When the count answered with a cordial nod and a few friendly words the joyous greetings that everywhere saluted him, his wife responded more formally to the reverential bows her appearance called forth. On seeing the former, people dropped their work to be ready to answer a jest; at the sight of the latter, on the contrary, every one felt an involuntary impulse to be industrious, since her keener eyes would instantly detect the slightest approach to indolence.

The countess's strict household was considered by all the humbler citizens in the neighborhood as the best school where their daughters could be trained to the duties of their future callings, and she was always besieged with requests of this kind. As a rule, the petitioners pleaded on such occasions the godfathership of the count. The latter, with most amiable readiness, accepted every request to stand as godfather, presided at the christening feast with great hilarity, to the delight of the host, and then left all the duties growing out of this relationship to be performed by his wife. Godchildren as cooks and waiting-maids, or valets and gardeners, graduated in vast numbers from the household. The master of the house quietly accepted the praises the admirably trained Lisettes and Lebrechts brought him, and secretly sighed over the lectures of his wife, who most earnestly entreated him to put some limits to these extensive obligations.

Erica's feeling towards her aunt was affection mingled with extreme timidity. Her nature seemed so unapproachable, the gulf formed between them by age and position so impassable, that she despaired of ever being able to cherish any warmer emotions. She could now laugh merrily at her former fear that she would ever be degraded to the situation of a Cinderella in this household. Under the countess's rule, even the most insignificant kitchen maid did not feel herself so oppressed, since though strictly watched in the performance of her duties, she was also protected in her rights. The countess treated Erica exactly like her own daughters, nay, even lavished still greater attention upon her.

Slight as was the evidence of it in external things, Erica felt this constant watchfulness in a thousand trifles, and would have been far more grateful if the consciousness of this perpetual observation had not oppressed and often rendered her uncomfortable. Besides, she did not know exactly what to do to please her aunt, since the standard her mother and teacher had hitherto given her seemed to have no existence here. The countess rarely issued a positive command, or reproved a fault, but directed Erica's own attention to it, and let example and the atmosphere that surrounded her exert its influence.

The young girl soon began to instinctively feel every breach of social etiquette which she committed; by degrees she also obtained familiarity with the laws that ruled in this sphere, and took her position in the family circle on equal terms. Her quick perceptions enabled her to understand her surroundings with a tolerable degree of accuracy, and although the halo through which she had at first seen them was somewhat diminished, enough pleasant and beautiful things remained to make her stay with her relatives seem desirable.

The lavish scale of expenditure on which the household arrangements appeared to be conducted, showed itself, on

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

closer examination, to be a well-regulated, carefully calculated system of housekeeping, and if the countess apparently troubled herself very little about household cares, it was only because she understood the great art of directing the labor of the servants. She had all the threads of the great establishment in her hand, and required the most thorough account of the work of all her domestics. There was not one of them who did not know him or her self to be overlooked, and would not have feared the keen eyes of the mistress of the house.

Erica, who had been considered by the pastor's wife almost a child, now gradually learned to understand the management of a great household, and by equally slow degrees felt herself an active member of it. She had her own sphere, her strictly appointed duties, which were certainly not difficult to fulfil, as they neither robbed her of much time nor imposed a heavy burden upon her, but which must be punctually and carefully performed, and therefore made her accustomed to order and exactness. Her cousins were in precisely the same condition, each had her allotted task, and the elegant young ladies, whose lives seemed to be devoted solely to amusement, appeared, on closer acquaintance, to be strictly reared to the performance of household duties.

Sidonie alone formed an exception to this rule, as she occupied an exceptional position in the family. Several years ago, when death had robbed her of her parents in quick succession, she had entered the household, but her education was conducted on such widely different principles, that the countess seemed in her case to have completely set aside her usually immovable rules.

On her estates at the old family castle of her race, Sidonie had been reared more like a sovereign princess than the child of a simple count. The old servants, whose forefathers had served the family in the same positions for centuries, saw in their lord a sovereign who possessed unlimited power over their fate, and regulated their conduct accordingly. The lonely life at the castle, only interrupted by the humble visits of the inhabitants of the little city at its feet, favored the arrogant self-esteem, which was only increased by occasional intercourse with people of the same rank, who were also isolated in their own little world.

This seclusion not only heightened the feeling of personal dignity, but prevented a just understanding of the interests of the present day. The strong, irresistible torrent of new ideas had only cast the spray of its waves at the foot of this castle founded on a rock, and the inmates had carefully endeavored to protect themselves against the flood. They were not content with simply lamenting the "good old times," but clung to them with an iron grasp, and as every glance, every entrance into the world only too plainly showed the contrast between matters without and within the castle, they were all the more inclined to shut themselves up more closely than ever, and add still greater strength to the wall between them and the outside world.

In this way the contrast naturally became yet more distinct, and though a child of modern times would probably feel a little inclination to laugh at the sight of this ancient world, it contained so much that was really lofty and noble that on a closer examination the sense of the ridiculous would be silenced. Duty stood in close connection with right, and the strange formality was only a somewhat comprehensive paraphrase of the old motto, *noblesse oblige*. It would certainly be a universal loss if the battering-rams of the present day should level these old family castles, instead of, like good pioneers, building bridges to them from the rocks in the valley. Such a poetic charm pervades the towers and dungeons of these old feudal manors, the singular mode of life in their ancient halls, that the southern portion of our native land possesses a decided advantage over the northern in these very historical traditions.

Amid these surroundings and in the views of this world, Sidonie had been reared. As an only child and sole heiress, she was even more the centre of universal attention than would perhaps have been the case under different circumstances. Thus a feeling of self-esteem had taken root in her childish heart, which gave her bearing a dignity beyond her years, and though it certainly protected her from many a youthful folly, also deprived her of many a youthful pleasure. When about ten years old, a distant relative suddenly put forth claims, which, if legitimate, would deprive Sidonie of the larger portion of her property. Young Count Meerburg's guardian had found a document, according to which his ward was the real heir of most of Count Hardenfels' estates.

True, these estates were entailed on the oldest male heir, but it had hitherto been

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

supposed that in default of male descendants of the race, the daughters would inherit the property. Documents supporting this view of the case were found in the archives of the castle, nevertheless the proofs brought forward by the zealous guardian seemed incontestable, and a long, unpleasant, and — for Sidonie's interest — very uncertain law-suit appeared inevitable, when Count Hardenfels himself proposed a compromise by means of a marriage between the two children, a plan which was cheerfully accepted by the other party, so that the affair seemed finally settled.

The two young people thus destined for each other were once brought together, as if by accident, but they showed no liking for each other's society, and the attempt was not renewed. Meantime, Sidonie's parents and young Count Meerburg's guardian died, and Sidonie, without any protest from the other claimant, took possession of the property.

She had gone to the house of Count Rodenwald, her mother's brother, and though the family heard of the contract, they had not the most distant idea of its importance.

Count Meerburg, who had attained his majority a few years before, seemed on his side to attach little importance to his union with Sidonie, for even when, after several years spent in travelling, he returned home, he had hitherto neglected to take any step towards consummating the marriage, thereby increasing Sidonie's aversion to the enforced nuptials; and as she herself felt constrained to fulfil the contract only from a sense of filial piety, this negligence almost made her believe herself absolved from the necessity of the sacrifice.

In her uncle's house, where, notwithstanding all aristocratic feelings and class prejudices, the stream of new ideas flowed freely, Sidonie had at first scarcely been able to see her way clearly. She met with so many strange and unfamiliar things that she was bewildered; and this novelty, on closer examination, was so different from what she had supposed, the world assumed a shape so entirely unlike her expectations, that she was almost stupefied. With a simplicity which often provoked smiles from those who surrounded her, she observed these new relations, found familiar, matter-of-course things singular, and many others, which were well adapted to excite universal surprise, perfectly natural.

Her greatest perplexity was of course excited by the numerous highly cultured people who were not of noble birth, but nevertheless surrounded by all the luxuries of life, and whose perfect acquaintance with all the forms of social etiquette made them appear thoroughly aristocratic. Without ever giving the matter a serious thought, she had really believed that people who did not belong to the nobility were all employes and servants of the latter class, and only made an exception in behalf of clergymen — though even them she thought exclusively of as castle chaplains.

Now she encountered an unknown throng of human beings, who bore such an unexpected stamp of equality, that it was unpleasant to her, wounded her self-esteem. Besides, she saw — what she had thought equally impossible — persons of the most noble birth in very reduced circumstances. A distant cousin, whose armorial bearings dated from the earliest centuries, had given her a terrible shock, when in reply to a question about the number of her drawing-rooms, she laughingly answered: "My dear, I have none at all, and receive my callers in my sitting-room. An officer's wife must not occupy a great many apartments, furniture is very troublesome when one is constantly moving." Sidonie could not understand such deficiencies, except as a token of the most pitiable deprivation, and admired the heroism of the young wife's gay laugh.

In a certain sense she fared like Erica; she saw herself transported into a new world, only the two young girls were obliged to enlarge their views of life from widely different standpoints. Sidonie possessed sufficient good sense to accommodate herself to her new surroundings, but the bias received in early childhood had already become too strong to permit an entire transformation in her views of life. She had certainly obtained a wider field of contemplation, but she did not consider what she saw necessary or even good, yielded with a mental protest to the laws of this changed, disjointed world, and was secretly inclined to consider it what the Bible termed the opposite of right and pious.

Nothing but her real amiability, her thoroughly noble nature, could counterbalance the narrow-mindedness and prejudice which sometimes appeared with startling prominence. Her intense pride, which was almost unconsciously softened by girlish modesty and diffidence, scarcely seemed offensive, but appeared a natural attribute of the beautiful, queenly figure. The winning cordiality that sometimes

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

burst through the cold reserve of her manner, was doubly charming from the force of contrast, and though her bearing was usually repellent rather than attractive, she was perhaps all the more eagerly sought.

She had become warmly attached to her aunt, to whom she felt sympathetically attracted, and with her cast aside her cold reserve, displayed the deepest affection, cheerfully submitted to her keen intelligence and quiet dignity, and thus, in the course of time, was almost dearer to the countess than her own daughters. While the latter were still induced with difficulty to adopt their mother's views, Sidonie readily understood them, and what the young girls felt as a slight restraint, to which they yielded with sighs, Sidonie found a matter of course, and perfectly agreeable.

Thus she and the eldest son of the house were more warmly attached to the countess than to her husband, and as in every large family little cliques are unconsciously formed, she and her cousin Ottomar drew closer to the countess, making a circle which of late Edith, though as yet not fully emancipated from the schoolroom, had tried to join. The other children, on the contrary, were more attached to their father, and though they perhaps esteemed the countess's talents more highly, their hearts drew them towards the good-natured count.

When Erica entered the circle and, attracted by her uncle's affectionate cordiality, gave him a special place in her heart, she involuntarily receded from Sidonie, and drew nearer to her cousins. The young ladies met her with the same warmth, and tried to make her feel at home among them, an effort for which Erica was extremely grateful, until she detected a shade of patronage that was somewhat oppressive.

Although ignorance of social forms now made her irresolute and embarrassed, her nature was too independent not to speedily feel these chains burdensome, and at the same time try to shake them off. Besides, to her great surprise, she gradually perceived that she was far superior to her cousins in actual knowledge. Moreover, although in consequence of the peculiar circumstances of her early education, Erica's mental horizon was at first far more limited than her cousins, it now, after she had entered this new world, became much wider. For instance, relations that were utterly incomprehensible to Sidonie, and in which she knew not how to act, Erica thoroughly understood, and instantly solved the problem.

Gifted with great keenness both of bodily and mental vision, which was increased by early training, she surprised not only her cousins, but sometimes even her aunt, by her quick comprehension of things hitherto utterly unfamiliar, and thus soon exerted over the younger members of the family an influence which completely paralyzed the superiority afforded them by their greater skill in matters of etiquette. Yet, in spite of this mutual intercourse, no really warm affection existed between them, perhaps in consequence of an unconscious feeling of jealousy. Moreover, her two older cousins were for the present so engrossed with their love affairs, and the similar misfortune of knowing that the men chosen by their hearts were not favored by their mother, drew the two sisters so closely together, that they had scarcely room for a third person in their thoughts.

Sidonie had approached Erica with heartfelt sympathy, and imagined her to be a person so harshly treated by fate, that she was almost unpleasantly surprised when she perceived that Erica herself did not view her position in this light. While she was affected to tears by the description of the young girl's childhood, she heard Erica speak of former days with delight, and saw her eyes beam joyously when reflecting upon the past. Her warm sympathy was transformed into astonishment, and at last into a sort of indifference, so that for the present there was a very slight tie between them.

Therefore it happened, almost as a matter of course, that Erica became most intimate with her young cousin Fritz, to whom she was united by the very bond of interest Sidonie lacked. His education, so far as unlimited freedom of movement was concerned, had resembled Erica's, and thus the habit of rambling about unrestrained, which was entirely foreign to the other members of the family, drew them together. As the pastor had earnestly entreated Erica not to neglect her studies, and she was scarcely able to continue them alone, she was attracted to the young governess, and thus of course saw a great deal of her youngest cousin, Lolo. She was teased a little about her youthful companions, and jestingly included under the title of "the children," which appellation was perhaps the principal reason for Edith's absence, since she dreaded to be called by that name, even in sport. This was the sole cause of a want of harmony

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

between herself and Fritz, which rarely occurred in the family; for while Edith, as a young lady, attempted to look down on the "boy" Fritz, the latter decidedly asserted his year of seniority.

"The children," however, sometimes justified their name by behaving somewhat foolishly. After Erica had partially overcome the bewilderment at first produced by the glittering exterior of her new home, she often painfully felt the loss of the unrestrained freedom she had hitherto enjoyed. She would not give the name of walk to the short strolls of the people here, and her aunt strictly forbade her to ramble about in her old way. Only when accompanied by others, and thus of course by Fritz, was she permitted to climb the hills, feast her eyes on the wide horizon, and breathe freely, unoppressed by the narrow limits of the beautiful valley.

She was wholly unintelligible to the others when she spoke of this narrowness. They laughed when she said she needed a horizon that extended for miles, in order to breathe easily, attributed the fancy to an almost absurd predilection for her old home, and thought time and habit would soon make her smile at it herself.

Even the luxuriant fruitfulness of the happy valley, which at first had so charmed her, now caused a vague sense of oppression, for her eyes had no opportunity to gaze over barren, desert tracts of country, and revel in their wild romance, in which the charm of the terrible blended with the deep solitude. In the same way, the green Rhine seemed beautiful, but a little narrow, and its waves, when contrasted with the towering surges of the sea, too tame and peaceful. Her aunt's prohibition to row on the river, on account of possible danger, secretly excited an inclination to laugh.

The more familiar she became with her new surroundings, the more the first halo disappeared, and the more decidedly every comparison resulted in favor of her former home. As if in punishment, all the things which had at first so greatly outshone her memories of her old life, now turned against her and tortured her with sharp stings. Even the long floating dresses her aunt had had made for her as soon as she arrived, and with which at first she was so much delighted, now seemed like fetters, for they constantly prevented any freedom of motion. Homesickness weighed more and more heavily on her heart, and though she tried to conceal this sorrow from those who surrounded her, it gnawed all the more painfully within, and she would gladly have sacrificed all the splendor around her for the simple life of former days.

Her cousin Fritz, whose education had been somewhat similar to her own, and who had therefore entered with difficulty, and not without some little resistance, into the smooth current of daily life in his parents' house, was a real consolation to her. In him she found some one who understood her, who possessed the same tastes, and as her aunt seemed to approve of the companionship, it was Erica's best support through this trying time.

True, this approval was only apparent on the countess's part, but her quick intelligence soon perceived that here a somewhat more devious path must be pursued to reach the goal. She therefore gave Erica more feedom than she herself liked, because thus alone could she hope to gradually induce the young girl to adopt the habits of the household.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

SCHOOLS OF MIND AND MANNERS.

THE word education has always carried with it two distinct ideas — the acquisition of knowledge, and the discipline which fits for society. One man means by it the power that stimulates thought and brings it in relation with the past; another, the training which adapts the individual for intercourse with his kind. The education of knowledge is compatible with an utter deficiency in the habits and qualities which help men socially; the education which takes the body in hand, and the mind as it regulates temper and manners, may accomplish its object with little help from large and accurate knowledge, or culture of the purely intellectual faculties. We say culture, as distinct from native sense, for a basis of understanding is indispensable for all success; nor can the merest external training effect its purpose unless the intellect works even energetically towards the aim in view. The brain has its part in every effort — nothing is well done without its sustaining action. In old days we find these two modes of training had their appropriate spheres and seasons rigidly assigned to them. Collegiate life drilled the mind: the court — if the pupil had to be made a fine gentleman — took the body and manners in hand, and educated through the outside and the contagion of example; through deportment, expression, action, voice — all that mani-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

festation of self that acts on others, and which is caught by observation, and by contact with what is decorous and graceful in manner and phrase. In universities men were made learned; in high-bred society they were taught to please: neither sphere infringed on the other. Those who passed their lives in colleges thought polite society frivolous; and fine gentlemen and ladies regarded the seats of learning as the homes of "rusticity and morosity." Of course there were acknowledged exceptions — the scholars who were also men of the world, and men of distinguished manners who were also deeply read; but it used to be assumed that learning and manners could not be learned in the same school. The satirists of last century delighted in showing up the uncouth pedantry of the one class, and the ignorance, levity, and affectation of the other. The accomplished gentleman must first learn from books, and then set forth on his travels; from which, if we may judge from the notices of the time, more marvels were expected than were often compassed. The bear and the bear-leader, fresh from the seat of learning, made a poor figure to practised eyes. "Most of our travelling youth," writes Lady Pomfret from Florence (1740), "neither improve themselves nor credit their country. This, I believe, is often owing to the strange creatures that are made their governors, but as often to the strange creatures that are to be governed." But the system was an acknowledged one. This "inundation of poor creatures" had a recognized claim on their compatriots; and the great lady, in fact, made her drawing-room at Florence a school of manners, when, to provide against the inconveniences of this inundation as a constant invasion, she opened it for a general reception once a week. "I shall be at home every Friday evening, and at no other time, when I shall also have the pleasure of seeing all the Florentine nobility, whose hospitality and politeness I can never enough commend." But this all belongs to a past day. Learning and propriety of manners have agreed to a compromise. If we have fewer prodigies of erudition, we have fewer prodigies of another sort. Our scholars have learnt even to dispute and quarrel in polite terms; and college training, if it does not accomplish what nothing but intercourse with good general society can accomplish, at least does not overlay its pupils with a rust hard to be rubbed off.

So far, however, in our remarks, education has meant only the education of men. In the last century, at any rate, the one prevailing idea of education for women scarcely included learning at all. It meant simply and emphatically the discipline which fits for society. Through more than half that period manners were the thing in question — manners, and how to improve them; for clearly there was everywhere a great falling off from what had been, whether in France or England. We find Madame de Maintenon (in 1707) confiding to her friend, the Princesse des Ursins, in very plain language, her feelings on this point: "I confess to you that the females of the present day are to me insupportable: their ridiculous and immodest dress — their snuff, wine, gluttony, coarseness, and indolence — are all so opposite to my taste, that it is natural for me to dislike them." "The Spectator," at a date two or three years later, remarks upon the same characteristics, and dreads the conclusion of the war for the influence peace may have upon English ladies. "The whole discourse and behavior," he writes, "of the French, is to make the sex more fantastical, or, as they are pleased to term it, more 'awakened,' than is convenient either with virtue or discretion. To speak loud in public assemblies, to let every one hear you talk of things that should only be mentioned in private or in a whisper, are looked upon as parts of a refined education. At the same time, a blush is unfashionable, and silence more ill-bred than anything that can be spoken." Under this teaching he records the behavior of a fine lady, newly returned from France, at the performance of "Macbeth," who, before the rising of the curtain, breaks out in a loud soliloquy, "When will the dear witches enter?" and before the play was half through, has formed a little audience for herself. "This pretty childishness," he says, "is not to be attained in perfection by ladies who do not travel for their improvement," to add, as it were, point to their ignorance; in imitation of those ladies of the court of France who thought it ill-breeding to pronounce a hard word right — for which reason they took frequent occasion to use hard words, that they might murder them. This authority further adds "that a lady of some quality at court having accidentally made use of a hard word in a proper place, and pronounced it right, the whole assembly was out of countenance for her."

We are not to wonder, when the acknowledged school of politeness had fallen into this decadence, that English manners should be open to criticism. A writer in

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"The Tatler" laments (Aug. 1709) "the unaccountable wild method in the education of the better half of the world — the women. We have no such thing as a standard of good breeding." "I was the other day at my Lady Wealthy's, and asked one of her daughters how she did. She answered, she never conversed with men. The same day I visited at Lady Plantwell's, and asked her daughter the same question; she answers, 'What is that to you, you old thief?' and gives me a slap on the shoulder." "Certain it is," he adds, "that the taste of grace and beauty is very much lowered. The fine women they show me nowadays are at best but pretty girls to me, who have seen Sacharissa, when all the world repeated the poems she inspired. They tell me I am old: I am glad I am so, for I do not like your present young ladies." He is apt to think that parents imagine their daughters will be accomplished enough if nothing interferes with their growth or their shape. He sees with indignation crowds of the female world lost to society, or condemned to a laziness which makes life pass away with less relish than in the hardest labor, and forms the idea of a female library, for the cultivation of their minds, with the promise, however, that the books shall not be so deep as to hurt a single feature by the austerity of their reflections. Books, however, came very little into the popular ideas of the right training for girls. Needlework, and a good carriage, were the two points aimed at as the important things. The father wants to send his little girl of nine to a boarding-school in a good air. "I would endeavor," he writes, "she might have education — I mean, such as may be useful, as working well, and a good deportment." The wife opposes "that she is too much a woman, and understands the formalities of visiting and a tea-table so very nicely, that none, though much older, can exceed her." All that is said or implied by Swift of the ignorance of women of this period is borne out by the essayists. He complains that "not one gentleman's daughter in a thousand can read or understand her own natural tongue, as any one may judge who can have the patience to hear them when they are disposed to mangle a play or a novel. They are not so much as taught to spell in their childhood, nor can ever attain to it in their whole lives."

But women, as a fact, being so much more independent than men of regular hard head-training, we mean in everyday social intercourse, — having, as we see, such a knack of catching the prevailing tone of thought, — this ignorance did not really press on the literary public mind to the same extent as hoydenish manners. The finely-mannered woman, whether she could spell or not, being necessarily a woman of good understanding, held her own wherever she found herself.

But all this while there was a tradition of better teaching. One lady wrote an essay to revive the ancient education of gentlewomen in religion, manners, arts, and tongues, with an answer to the objection against this way of education; and the few women who were educated in book education were taught on a thorough plan. Dr. Carter, father of *the* Miss Carter, gave to all his children alike a learned education. The daughters showed a singular aptitude. "My sister Margaret," writes the distinguished Elizabeth, "is studying, or rather seizing upon, Greek." But how extraordinary these pursuits were in women we may gather from the fact, that it was gravely put about in Deal that Miss Carter was going to be a member of Parliament. "Here's all Deal," writes a member of her family, "is in amazement that you want to be a member of the Parliament House; and Mrs. —— was told it, but so strongly affirmed that it was no such thing, that she came to our house to ask." All learning in those days, indeed, all literary taste, turned a woman into a celebrity with the drawbacks of the position. Thus Johnson amuses himself with Lady Hartford's poetical turn in his life of Thomson. "'Spring,'" he writes, "was published in 1728, with a dedication to Lady Hartford; whose practise it was to invite, every summer, some poet into the country, to hear her verses and assist her studies. This honor was one summer conferred on Thomson, who took more delight in carousing with Lord Hartford and his friends than assisting her ladyship's poetical operations, and therefore never received another summons." And yet this lady, besides being a good wife who nursed her husband tenderly in the frequent fits of gout earned by these carousals, was a woman of cultivation and intelligence, as we see from her correspondence with her friend Lady Pomfret, whose experience of travellers of the grand tour we have quoted above. But the rarity of literary distinction in the women of her day, gave a tone to those who cultivated their minds which provokes a smile in the modern reader. These two retired ladies of the bedchamber compliment one

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

another on the excellence of each other's letters, in a strain which sounds almost fulsome to our ears, but is really honest surprise in both that so much thought, observation, and accuracy of expression should flow from a female pen. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, more witty and less estimable, comes into their circle. It was an intellectual set of fine ladies, distinct and by themselves. More popular than art, poetry, or the classics, or the books that dealt with such matters, was a volume from the French, "The Art of being Easy at all Times and in all Places, written chiefly for the use of a Lady of Quality" — a work which, if it only succeeded in imparting its lessons to the reader, was not only a useful study for that time, but one which none, even of our more enlightened day, would willingly be without. No age is without its examples of women who have left their mark on literature beyond their own time; but we gather that the Countesses and Lady Mary's, the Miss Carters and Miss Talbots, did not advocate for the use of their sex the same teaching they had acquired for themselves. There is no doubt that the clever women who wrote or led society thought manners the most material point for young ladies with whom they were concerned. Dignity of deportment and behavior, the graces which set off women in society, the good breeding that made home peaceful and delightful, the piety which regulated private conduct without disturbing social life, formed the ideal of the most thoughtful and serious. Some did not go so far in their requirements; and with these there probably was not wanting a sense of complacency in being singular in their attainments. But also there was no machinery for a diffused higher education for girls. We do not doubt that the *unlearning* was more valuable than the teaching of the ordinary school.

I am glad [writes Mrs. Montague, as late as 1773] you intend sending my eldest niece to a boarding-school. What girls learn at these schools is trifling, but they unlearn what would be a great disservice — a provincial dialect, which is extremely ungenteel, and other tricks that they learn in the nursery. The carriage of the person, which is of great importance, is well attended to, and dancing is well taught. As for the French language, I do not think it necessary unless for persons in very high life. All the boarding-schools are on very much the same plan, so that you may place her wherever there is a good air and a good dancing-master.

This seems worldly enough. Whatever a woman's actuating principles, they would now have been veiled by a decorous reference to religion and morals. But, in truth, manners were the paramount consideration in all polite circles, as constituting the only distinction — as they will always be the main distinction — between classes; and how to shine in the drawing-room was the test of them. It was this prevalent idea that stirred the republican spirit of Day to write his "Sandford and Merton," and provoked the sting of the epilogue, —

Hearts may be black, but all should wear clean faces;
The graces, boys! the graces, graces, graces!

But good people, with whom religion was a reality, laid much the same stress upon good breeding. It was a virtue as well as a grace. Mrs. Delany is almost as serious as the worldly fine lady when she comes to the dancing-master. "Dunoyer," she writes to her sister, who consults her on education, "is now, I believe, the best dancing-master in London. His price is high, but he will give the Pauline a better air in a month than a less skilful dancing-master would in three. I believe Lady Cowper has good interest with him, and that may make him take more pains." And she adds, "There is nothing I wish so much for Mary, *next* to right religious principles, as a *proper* knowledge of the polite world." The ordinary teaching that girls were put under she takes for granted; but clearly, to be perfectly well-bred both at home and abroad was a point of more weight with her than accuracy and extent of knowledge. "Nobody can do so much good in the world who is *not* well-bred as those that *are*." These were the days, indeed, when superficial teaching was thought the proper teaching for girls; when every science had its feminine language, as Hindu ladies talk with a difference and with softer terminations than their lords; as "The Young Ladies' Geography," which is to be read instead of novels, "A Young Ladies' Guide to Astronomy," "The Use of the Globe for Girls' Schools," and "The Ladies' Polite Letter-Writer," and so on. At a date when men learned to be scholars and gentleman, not simultaneously, but in a course, it was not unnaturally taken for granted that thoroughness of knowledge in girls was incompatible with the prime essential in woman, perfect manners, — that she should look well, hold herself well, behave herself with dignity and

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

grace. Ruling in her own sphere, she must be content with an entirely subordinate place where dry knowledge was in question. If she knew more than other women, she was to conceal it, and beware of the example of

> The reasoning maid, above her sex's dread,
> Had dared and read, and dared to say she read.

We have changed all this, not only in tone but in practice. There is no more condescension to feminine weakness in the teaching of girls; what they learn under the modern fashionable system they may learn thoroughly. But as it does not belong to human nature, stationary or progressive, to observe a golden mean — as it is inevitable, where one thing is in the ascendant, that something else should go down — we are not sure that the supreme point now made of mental cultivation, as we see in the modern literature of education, does not threaten a very serious falling off in manners. It is not only neglect but a positive counter-teaching in certain quarters that strikes us, as though the old rules of good behavior, and any strict discipline on this point stood in the way of intellectual development. It speaks for itself that good teaching must be better than bad, and that good teaching disposes to a love of learning; nor do we see any necessary connection between advance of knowledge and decay of manners. To us, indeed, it seems that unless the training of manners, in the full sense of the word, goes along with the teaching of knowledge, the teaching fails of its main purpose as culture.

As one may say that there is a way of learning trifles which strengthens mind and will, all depending on the learner's view of life as a performance or a duty, so there may be a way of acquiring knowledge which yet makes very little impression on character and conduct. In this sense a cultivated manner may be as good a guarantee of a cultivated mind as the most well-chosen list of books plodded through under the stimulus of emulation or some imminent examination; or even for the love of it, if the social duties and checks of good breeding are untaught and disregarded. For, in fact, what a great deal of study of motives and character and of self-study also, what a training of sympathies, goes to the formation of a courteous and engaging manner! Separate learning from discipline, and we really do not know where we are, or what benefit we are conferring on the pupil. To the run of people the use of learning is, in some sense, remote from the lessons learnt, and may be resolved into discipline rather than knowledge. How few people have to do in after-life with the precise teaching of their childhood and youth! What difference, we might ask, does it make to most women whether the astronomy they learnt as girls was called "the use of the globes" or not? Let us not be understood as undervaluing that inestimable advantage, exact knowledge; only we believe the common experience will justify our impression that fructifying knowledge of this high order is for the few. The majority of people learn through the reading of others, not through their own: one part of mankind browses among books for the intellectual nourishment of the species. It is not what most people acquire for themselves at first hand which places them above their ignorant forefathers, but the atmosphere they breathe, the enlightenment of the age, through the influence of its choicer or more laborious spirits. What they read or skim for themselves — or perhaps we should say, what they might read, what they are politely assumed to read — tells little on them; they cannot assimilate it, their private stock of learning being mainly of use in helping to conceal their ignorance; but they hear others talk, they catch a tone, and thus learn unconsciously and accidentally, aided no doubt by glimmerings of once faintly apprehended truth.

What, then, becomes of those who have never been taught that great fundamental in good manners, the habit and art of listening? an art which, to judge by the training of some children, threatens to become obsolete, an art which no people can learn late in life. Writers on the duties of the religious life tell us that contemplation is a habit of mind difficult of acquirement, and needing much practice and self-control. Listening is the same to children, when the talk that passes is not addressed to them individually, when their attention is not courted by lowering the tone to their taste. Yet for certain spaces of time to listen both to conversation and reading as a discipline, we think all who were ever subjected to it will allow to have been a very strengthening, invigorating process. The human voice conveys ideas which, read in books, would excite no interest, make no impression; and even dulness, compulsory quiet, often stimulates thought, by compelling the mind to turn to itself, which desultory reading, to escape from it, would never

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

have stirred. There is an activity and inventiveness of mind especially induced by inevitable quiet, of which biography furnishes striking examples, and which we believe many a private experience can bear witness to; and there is a study of character which can scarcely take its rise early enough for the finer perceptions without this condition.

This train of thought has been stimulated, not so much by the absence of old-fashioned discipline in manners and the first principles of good breeding in modern households, as by the tone now adopted in books for the young; books written not merely for amusement, but instruction — books not addressed to the parents, but their children; ridiculing old restraints; assuming that the race has been oppressed long enough by absurd restrictions; that children have come into the world to make a noise; that it is the part of good parents to put up with it, and to make every household arrangement with a view to their sole pleasure and convenience. Hitherto manners have always been considered one of the ends of education; but we see tokens of abatement of that jealous care on the subject which alone can succeed in its object. Neglected manners are rarely good manners. No doubt in fiction, and in descriptions of childhood for older readers, a certain wildness and defiance of rule is treated as a proof of spirit, and so far of promise; but it is comparatively lately that books written for children with a didactic purpose, represent disregard of proprieties as the natural indications of mental and moral superiority. At the risk of being thought to make a bugbear of trifles, we will illustrate our argument by an extract from a popular child's serial, we do not doubt in the nursery or school-room of very many of our readers; and bearing on its title-page the name of a clergyman in deservedly high and general esteem: —

It was one of the great conveniences of Redburn vicarage, that you could make yourself heard all over the house without the least trouble. For example, if there were not enough bread-and-butter cut for the school-room tea, you had only to shout " Bread-and-butter ! " at the top of your voice, and Dinah quickly brought up a fresh supply from the kitchen; or if Perry was up on the top of the house administering a worm to a particularly interesting family of starlings in the chimney-pot, and did not notice the time, and eight o'clock struck, Hugh had just to call out "Prayers ! " at the foot of the stairs, and down came Perry, leaving a worm wriggling out of a wide-open yellow mouth. Dr. Guest was of opinion that this was owing much more to the strong lungs and loud voices of his family than anything especially convenient about the house; but the children differed from him. So bells became quite unnecessary articles at the vicarage, which was a good thing, as there was scarcely one that was not broken.

The father, it goes on to say, does not like this state of things, and when he comes home tired from parish visiting, complains to his wife " somewhat bitterly " that the house is a bear-garden. " My dear, what are these children about ? It is really almost intolerable." Mrs. Guest looked at him and only smiled. She was the gentlest, sweetest, best little mother in the world. You know what a good mother means ? It means, among other things, " no nerves," " no headaches," " no fancies," " no thought of self ; " and so she only smiled at the racket going on. Is not this as much as to say that the children of the house are masters of the house; that if the father complains that his house is turned into a bear-garden, he is a grumbler; that the real, true, and admirable mother prefers her children's pleasure to her husband's comfort; that if the mother has " nerves " and " headaches," it is her duty to suppress them, and not damp her children's spirits by using them as a plea for suppressed voices and cautious treading; that no one with admitted infirmities can fulfil the mother's part; that consideration is due, not from children to their parents, but from parents to their children; that home is to be ruled by boy-and-girlhood suffrage ? We know that some will think we are turning a joke into a serious matter; but it is not a joke to instil into children's minds that this is a pleasant state of things, and that those boys and girls are fortunate who can shout for bread-and-butter, and bawl " Prayers ! " from the bottom of the house to its chimney-pots. Of course these unruly young folks are clever, and conscientious, and so on; but what we complain of is, that they are supposed to be cleverer and more studious and more high-principled *because* they lead this wild, rude life. We are quite willing to allow that children should have their own region for noise and license, because their minds are cramped without it; but the moment this region is extended beyond proper limits — the moment, at least, when the sense of a barrier is lost — their education takes a retrograde step. The children whose father and mother are also gentleman and lady, and who are yet allowed to shout,

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

bawl, and riot, unreproved, are losing caste, and fitting themselves for a lower social level. In cases where the government schools have good and able teachers, the checks imposed by the civilities and refinements of social life constitute the main difference between the education of distinct classes. A clever child of the artisan class has, wherever there is a free library, access to the best books on all subjects, and has perhaps better grounding than, at any rate, the girls of a class many grades above it; *but* it has no restraints. No eye regulates its movement, no sensitiveness modulates the intonation, no authority interposes with its rules. There is no spot sacred to order, decorum, subdued voice, and periods of inevitable silence. What we fear in the present concentration of attention upon book-learning in our leading authorities and administrators of general education (in reaction for a like concentration upon manners in the last century which followed the collapse spoken of), is the deposition of the drawing-room from its place as an educator. Sydney Smith somewhere remarks on the superiority he has observed in point of behavior and manners of the children of people of rank. He does not go into causes, — the view is suggested by a particular instance; but the superiority, such as it is, is surely due to the sense of respect which all surroundings must infuse into the minds of children who see their elders live in state, in a solemnity of splendor and order which their wildest spirits cannot dream of turning into Bedlam. But every drawing-room — every room, indeed, the peculiar seat and throne of father and mother — the room where that mysterious outlet to the world, "company," is received and entertained, exercises this awe-inspiring sense in its degree. It is not the positive splendor but the relative which impresses the child's imagination. Manners have no sanctuary in the laborer's cottage, as ordinarily ruled, nor in the long rows of artisan dwellings; but wherever the mother presides in her proper domain, there she may set up — if she has the art, and much more, the patience — may set up a school which shall fit her child for society, in its graceful civilized sense, by inculcating habits which go farther than books in adapting not only manners but mind, we will say, for this arena.

The apprehension of society as an idea is one of the distinctions between gentility and the commonalty. The younger members of the working-classes have more intercourse with each other out of family life than their social betters; but they have not the idea of a social sphere instilled into their minds, as it is upon those whose early observation is set to work — of a sphere where they are to be viewed on all sides, and judged by a general opinion. The necessity of self-repression makes room for thought, which those children miss who have no formalities to observe and no customs to respect — who blurt out every irrelevance — who interpose at will with question and opinion as it enters the brain. It is this unrestraint which lays the foundation of that self-centred view of life to be observed in the socially untrained. It is by listening, not by talking, that sympathy is acquired — that intellectual sympathy that makes men companionable. This abandonment of old restraints, of which we are jealous, may be one of the reasons why conversation as an art is going out. Children don't learn to talk by chattering to one another, and saying what comes uppermost; neither does reading suffice to this end, single-handed. Good talk should first be recognized as such in others. Attention is the most influential tutor in the fitting use of the tongue. Where we see good talk disregarded by a party of young people, there, we may be sure, the chances of their ever shining socially are small indeed. Mere listening with intelligence involves an exercise of mental speech. Not, of course, that we would confine children to the act of attention; but good talk cannot be maintained under interruption, and observant silence opens the pores of the mind as impatient demands for explanation never do.

Taking all this into account, while freely admitting the superiority of modern teaching from books, we yet regard them as only partial educators. Now and then, even, the sight of children brought up in the old system, which put behavior first — not because it *is* a system, but that the tastes of the mother lean that way — awakes a tender though blind regret for the old relation of lessons to the day's work. For still there are children who accept their lessons as tasks to be learnt, without much considering the future use they are to be put to; whose keener interests are for what they see and hear; whose minds are present to the scene around them; who respond with dutiful alacrity to the training of manners; who are obedient to rule, courteous, friendly, hospitable to strangers in their small, innocent way; who greet with a smile welcome

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

company, and brighten under it; who watch their mother's eye and obey her behests, and so doing catch her grace of air and movement. These are children, whatever their literary attainments, who will grow into gentle, refining influences; who will perpetuate good traditions, and maintain the charm as well as the virtues of family life. And, moreover, whatever their store of exact knowledge, they will have a diction and facility of expression which perhaps will more than stand comparison with others deeper read but less practised in social intercourse. It all comes to this: on the one hand, children cannot learn manners without being trained to them; on the other, it is equally certain that want of thoroughness in early teaching is a defect scarcely to be got over in after-life, and often bitterly resented as well as regretted by the sufferer. But each day will have its notions of the relative importance of the two, and throw the weight of its influence on the popular side.

While we generalize, our real subject, and often our argument, relates mainly to the education of women. It has been in this that the distinction between the two principles of training with which we began is seen in most marked contrast. The ordinary education of the last century and that of the modern high school presents this contrast in its most pointed divergence of aim. It cannot be denied that the advocates of thoroughness are supported by the success of girl students in many an unaccustomed field of competition. But the stimulus of emulation, in their case so potent, has its period, and wants that succeeding goad of necessity which follows the boy into life. He has all along known that his learning is means towards a very intelligible end. If the girl (not required to work for a living) thinks so in the class-room, society soon undeceives her. Only a genuine love of knowledge (and the rarity of this, in the universal experience, shows that it must always be rare) will sustain her enthusiasm. Hence we see, in so many cases, that the girl whose education has been one of exceptional severity of strain both in its subjects and thoroughness in battling with them, collapses at once when thrown into the natural interests of her age, and cannot be distinguished from other girls either in the interests that absorb her or the aims she works towards. It may be that she is even less fitted for the new scene, the spirit of emulation following her into the fresh arena. The strong excitements of girlhood find her less prepared than where the moral grounding of manners, with all their unconscious yet ever-binding restraints, has been the especial object of the educator. All we would argue is, that these restraints should have been inculcated along with the cultivation of intellect, that it is as great injustice to the child to permit license in manners, as to leave it to scramble into knowledge or to miss the road for want of an adequate guide. It is an especial injustice to the girl of merely average intelligence to assume that if the teaching is but sound, and morals duly inculcated, manners may go to the wall, and be treated as a joke; for if accurate knowledge and grasp of what is once acquired is beyond the learner's intellectual calibre, and the manners have been left to themselves, where is she?

But in treating matters thus seriously, we may be doing our plea injustice. The school of manners, like all other schools, must have its recreation-time, its play-grounds, its theatre of performance. In these days of boating, cricket, football, and athletic games of boys and men — games which take up the time from graver studies, and yet excite the emulation not only of the players, but of tutors and governors in our seats and high places of learning, and which interest the public more than intellectual contests and successes, which are their more proper concern — we do not think it necessary to apologize for the place dancing held in the old system of girls' training. All notices of the last century both as regards the bringing up of girls and the habits of social family life, show that dancing was an education in a sense quite different from what it is, and indeed can be, now, under the changes fashion has accomplished. When Dr. Guthrie slipped a bank-note into a poor scholar's hand, discovering his talent, and pitying the awkwardness which would stand in the way of its development, and told him he would be "much the better of a quarter at the dancing," he had not "round dances" in his mind, but the acknowledged discipline of another school of the art. Dancing had in fact two aspects. It was a grave study, as the main road to a graceful action and carriage; and it was a domestic habit and constant resource; a standing diversion, not confined to ball-rooms and state days, nor to the girlhood and boyhood of life, but a universal relaxation and exercise up to middle life, and almost beyond, to judge by the fiction of the period. The accomplishment, once acquired, was a distinc-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

tion; nor was it allowed to rust for want of use. The *chaperones* of that day were not condemned to sit in dazed, yawning rows. It was possible, nay, expected of mothers — even in supreme family ceremonials, of grandmothers — to give the sanction of their participation in the performance. Mrs. Delany, who represents for her sex the mind and accomplishments of her century — admired, respected, imitated in youth and venerated in age — brings the full weight of her prestige to bear upon the uses and importance of dancing in this twofold character. No tutor or head of a house in our day can more keenly appreciate a boating triumph than she the ordeal of a state ball successfully passed by some youthful favorite. Whether it is Lady Betty Bentinck rehearsing her clothes and jewels, and practising dancing in her train, under the tender scrutiny of mother and friend, "looking mighty well, and a very genteel figure," who finds the ball, for which these studies were made, very delightful, for all the heat and crowding; or Miss Wesley (aunt of the Duke of Wellington), "the finest girl I ever saw," "performing miracles at the castle, and much the best dancer there." Her frequent notices of the Wesley family show that this crowning distinction was not won without care. If the duke ever said that the battle of Waterloo was won at Eton and Harrow, something of the same kind might be said of his own share in the victory. One does not immediately see the connection between generalship and iron will, and that success in the arts of music and dancing which distinguished his progenitors; but the fact remains. "I never met," Mrs. Delany writes, "so delightful a man as my hero, Mr. Wesley (first Lord Mornington); so much goodness and friendliness combined." At one time he is her partner in a dance of twenty couple; at another, he and she entertain the young people. "I was placed at the harpsichord, and after jangling a little, Mr. Wesley took his fiddle and played to his daughters' dancing." Again: "We mustered up five couple, and danced two hours. The master of the house (Mr. Wesley) fiddled and danced the whole time." This cheerful family only folllowed the fashion. She looks forward one Christmas to a fortnight in the country, where there is to be company enough to make six couple for country-dances; and "we are to dance every night." Dancing was so habitual a resource, that fiddles were apparently as readily at hand as in Molière's comedies. "While we were eating, fiddles were sent for — a sudden thought. We began before eleven, and held briskly to it till half an hour after two. We were eight couple of as clever dancers as ever eye beheld, though I say it that should not." The ball-room was an arena, and also a spectacle for the lookers-on. People complimented one another, and received the felicitations of friends. "First you must know," writes Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, "that I led up the ball, which you will stare at; but what is more, I believe in my conscience, I made one of the best figures there." These records belong to much the same time that the learned Elizabeth Carter relieved her severer youthful studies by similar relaxations in less courtly scenes. "I walked three miles yesterday," she writes, "in a wind that I thought would have blown me out of this planet, and afterwards danced nine hours, and then walked back again."

That this training of the person in a particular exercise had success in its own line, and results in keeping with the care and time devoted to it, we gather from a description of this same country-dance, in its most finished performance, given by De Quincey in his impressions of a state ball at Windsor, to which he, with an Eton schoolfellow, was invited by Queen Charlotte. To him it had a mystic significance almost Dantesque. As embodying the poetry of our subject — not to say its tragedy — and as a characteristic example of the writer's exquisite style, the reader will not resent our giving the passage without curtailment: —

Of all the scenes which this world offers, none is to me so profoundly interesting, none (I say it deliberately) so affecting, as the spectacle of men and women floating through the mazes of a dance; under these conditions, however, that the music shall be rich, resonant, and festal, the execution of the dancers perfect, and the dance itself of a character to admit of free, fluent, and *continuous* motion. But this last condition will be sought vainly in quadrilles, etc., which have for so many years banished the truly beautiful *country-dances* native to England. Those whose taste and sensibility were so defective as to substitute for the *beautiful* in dancing the merely *difficult*, were sure, in the end, to transfer the depravations of this art from the opera-house to the floors of private ball-rooms. The tendencies even then were in that direction, but as yet they had not attained their final stage; and the English country-dance was still in estimation at the courts of princes. Now, of all dances, this is the only one, as a class, of which you can truly describe the motion to be *continuous* — that is, not interrupted or fitful,

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

but unfolding its fine mazes with the equability of light in its diffusion through free space. And wherever the music happens to be not of a light trivial character, but charged with the spirit of festal pleasure, and the performers in the dance so far skilful as to betray no awkwardness verging on the ludicrous, I believe that many people feel as I feel in such circumstances — viz., derive from the spectacle the very grandest form of passionate sadness which can belong to any spectacle whatsoever. *Sadness* is not the exact word, nor is there *any* word in any language (because none in the finest languages) which exactly expresses the state — since it is not a depressing but a most elevating state to which I allude. . . . From all which the reader may comprehend, if he should not happen experimentally to have felt, that a spectacle of young men and women *flowing* through the mazes of an intricate dance, under a full volume of music, taken with all the circumstantial adjuncts of such a scene in rich men's halls; the blaze of light and jewels, the life, the motion, the sea-like undulation of heads, the interweaving of the figures, the ἀταχυχλωσις or self-revolving both of the dance and the music, "never ending, still beginning," and the continual regeneration of order from a system of motions which forever touch the very brink of confusion, — that such a spectacle with such circumstances, may happen to be capable of exciting and sustaining the very grandest emotions of philosophic melancholy to which the human spirit is open. The reason is, in part, that such a scene presents a sort of mask of human life, with its whole equipage of pomps and glories, its luxury of sight and sound, its hours of golden youth, and the interminable revolution of ages hurrying after ages, and one generation treading upon the flying footsteps of another; whilst all the while the overruling music attempers the mind to the spectacle, the subject to the object, the beholder to the vision.

The country-dance has always been the pet of English literature, whether as a picture, a school of manners, or the natural and yet orderly exercise for youthful spirits. They have gone out, and dances rather exciting than exhilarating have taken their place. But as the excitement does not extend to the observer as did the exhilaration, the pleasures of the round dance remain unsung. How pleasant are all the notices of the country-dance in Miss Austen, whether it is Fanny Price for once in spirits, and practising her steps before the ball, or Mrs. Elton wondering how her style and Frank Churchill's will suit; or the young people counting up available couples, getting up an extempore dance at a moment's notice, or suggesting that fine analogy between the country-dance and marriage, with which Henry Tilney puzzles his partner, whose attention has been rudely called off from him by John Thorpe! "You will allow that in both man has the advantage of choice; that it is an engagement between man and woman, formed for the advantage of each; that it is their duty each to endeavor to give the other no cause for wishing that he or she had bestowed themselves elsewhere," and — while she still sees them as "so very different" — his concession, "In one respect there certainly is a difference. In marriage, the man is supposed to provide for the support of the woman, the woman to make the house agreeable to the man; he is to purvey, she is to smile. But in dancing, their duties are exactly changed; the agreeableness, the compliance, are expected from him, while she furnishes the fan and the lavender-water. That, I suppose, was the difference of duties which struck you?" Miss Austen, no less than Mrs. Delany, wrote in the long reign of the country-dance, without a thought of its being superseded. George Eliot looks back upon it tenderly as a thing of the past — as the dance in which all classes can mingle, and all ages take their share. Thus, "Mr. Poyser, to whom an extra glass had restored his youthful confidence in his good looks and good dancing, walked along quite proudly 'to be introduced to his partner the great lady of the Hall,' secretly flattering himself that Miss Lydia had never had a partner in *her* life who could lift her off the ground as he could." "Pity it was not a boarded floor!" adds the writer, "then the rhythmic stamping of the thick shoes would have been better than drums. That merry stamping, that gracious nodding of the head, that waving bestowal of the hand, where can we see them now?" Walter Scott, who could scarcely have known the pleasures of dancing from experience, is as regretful in his tone. Late in life he writes in his journal with mingled pleasure and bitterness: "Here [in the assembly rooms at Durham] I saw some very pretty girls dancing merrily that old-fashioned thing called a country-dance, which old England has now thrown aside as she would her creed if there were some foreign frippery offered instead." Nor was verse wanting in its appropriate dirge. A writer in the *London Magazine*, 1823, denounces the immediate success of the substitute, then received into favor: —

> Look where we will, joy seems estranged,
> The dance its very mirth has changed,
> Now formal, once how thrilling!
> The limb alive, the spirit supple,
> The gallant casting off two couple,
> All frozen to quadrilling.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

All things come to an end; so it may be said that the country-dance only shared the common fate. But in looking for causes, we find it had at one and the same time two enemies, each in strongest opposition to the other, but united in their attack on this point. And first we will name fashion.

No event [writes Mr. Raikes] ever produced so great a sensation in English society as the introduction of the German waltz in 1813. Up to that time the English country-dance, Scotch steps, and an occasional Highland reel, formed the school of the dancing-master, and the evening recreation of the British youth even in the first circles. But peace was drawing near, foreigners were arriving, and the taste for Continental customs and manners became the order of the day. The young Duke of Devonshire, as the Magnus Apollo of the drawing-rooms in London, was at the head of these innovations; and when the kitchen-dance became exploded at Devonshire House, it could not long be expected to maintain its footing in less celebrated assemblies. In London, fashion is or was everything. Old and young returned to school, and the mornings which had been dedicated to lounging in the Park were now absorbed at home in practising the figure of the French quadrille, and whirling a chair round the room to learn the step and measure of the German waltz.

Beau Brummel, of whom nothing stands the test of time — not a single saying, not a single taste or sentiment — advises a friend to educate his daughters in France on this very argument. "English education," he explains, "may be all very well to instruct the hemming of a handkerchief and the ungainly romp of a country-dance, but nothing else." Fashion, however, was somewhat slower in its conquests sixty years ago than now; but to the middle classes the attack on dancing came at the same time from another quarter. Young people were told that dancing was wrong. Davie Deans's objections were put into English. It was a shocking thing for immortal souls to spend their time in what at best was trifling away precious moments. Young girls were asked how they should like to die dancing; and as they could not say they should, they felt without an answer. It was one thing to dance with as little question of the right to do so as the children in the market-place, and another to have to defend the practice against the vehement denunciations of religious enthusiasm, versed in all the arguments of controversy. Dancing under protest, dancing knowing that the act would bring the performer under sentence of excommunication in certain quarters, changed the character of the pleasure to sensitive minds. This onslaught was partly due to the descent of religious controversy into another rank of thinkers. It will generally be observed that the leaders of a movement are tolerant of the habits and amusements of the classes who make no pretence of climbing to their heights of thought. The head that has been at work on hard knots, and battling with heads of equal strength in controversy, finds relief in the contemplation of youth making merry after its kind; but where the critic is on the same intellectual plane with the dancer, and must either censure or share the sport, then the polemical instinct finds its field. Yet, after all the changes we note, many have been due to some undercurrent of thought, with which neither religion nor fashion had much to do. In fact, young people were beginning to regard society as an intellectual arena. Cleverness which, in Mrs. Delany's time, had related to the heels, now took its throne in the head. It was an age of good talkers; every circle had its example. Poetry was a telling influence; fancy and invention were awakened — not only in some distant, unapproachable region, but in many a home family circle. German came into fashion; a smattering of mathematics was acquired; there was an interchange of sentiment on subjects not hitherto supposed within the feminine range. Young ladies no longer turned from talk worth hearing to discuss in a whisper the last cargo of fans, but were among the most eager and therefore charming of listeners. With sparkling eyes, as we find them described, and blushes, showing the courage of the venture, they would make their voices heard in advocacy of a favorite author; and so a new era began.

The religious world of young ladies relieved more active labors of benevolence by fancy work, with which they filled the baskets of itinerant *protégés;* the bright girls of another school felt an innocent breath of intellectual ambition, and would at any time rather talk with a clever man than dance with him: and thus dancing ceased to be the education it had been, with all its painful early training in the matter of deportment.

That deportment had its discipline of a very severe kind, we gather from autobiographers. Thus Mrs. Sherwood describes her childhood as passed in steel collars and back-boards, as well as restrictions of another kind; for her mother never allowed her children to interrupt conver-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

sation — "they were compelled to listen, whether willing or not." The name of this lady — subsequently a pillar of a certain sentimental religious party school — brings us to the mention of the boarding-school to which she went after this strict home rule — one remarkable for the number of noted women it introduced into the world. It was kept first at Reading, then in London, by a Monsieur and Madame St. Quentin — he a French emigrant, and friend of Dr. Valpy. There the pupils saw much of emigrants, learnt to speak French, acted plays, etc.; and whether an extraordinary amount of talent and genius found its way there, or whether a vein was struck at a lucky point of time — whether success was due to good steady teaching or to the unusual relaxations which prevailed there — certain it is that a list of distinguished names are associated with this school; names with nothing in common in tone or aim, but which remain familiar sounds for some distinction or other. Among them we will mention besides Mrs. Sherwood, L. E. L., Miss Mitford, Lady Caroline Lamb, and even Jane Austen, who was there as a mere child, not to separate her from her beloved sister Cassandra. This school is a connecting link between the schools described by Mrs. Montague as places where girls don't learn much, but unlearn the tricks of the nursery, and the higher girls' schools of the present century, alive at least in theory to the duty of fitting girls, not only in their manners for society, but in their minds for the world. There happen to have fallen in our way some records (found in the papers of a lady, once a pupil of remarkable attractions and acquirements) of superior girls' schools — superior, we must assume, from their results; established, the one early in the century, the other some twenty or more years later; both, however, impressing the reader with the change that years have wrought on popular ideas on female training. It is the custom of novelists and educational reformers alike to hold up the mistress of the old, fashionable, or genteel boarding-school to ridicule; but we must say that both these examples show an uncommon fitness for the task undertaken, and a most conscientious sense of duty. The date of the first letters belong to about the time when Beau Brummel, in retirement and disgrace, warned his friend against English training, lest he should see his "girls coming into the room upon their elbows, hear them talk in broad native phraseology, and thump the 'Woodpecker' upon a discordant spinet. Probably Mrs J., as we will call her — who from her writing and other tokens we gather to have been elderly — would have thought any of these enormities better than the slippery graces, which were all he cared for. For, incidentally, we find her imparting to this her favorite pupil her views of the basis of education to be laid in early childhood.

> Whatever the child's temper, there can be no hesitation as to the grand basis, her understanding rightly the condition of the human race as beings accountable to God for that obedience to his commands which, from their fallen nature, they cannot pay if they do only *what they like.* This a child can comprehend, as also its obvious consequences, the necessity of self-control; it can likewise comprehend from the declaration, "In the sweat of thy brow," etc., that nothing good can be obtained without labor; and when convinced of these fundamental truths it will receive a summons to an impalatable task as the voice of wisdom and kindness, and not as an exercise of arbitrary power. There may be deficiency in the performance, but not a resistance of the will; whereas, obedience without the acquiescence of a child's judgment reaches only the outward momentary act, leaving the will uncurbed, and perhaps rebellion striking deeper root within.

This strikes us as the thought of a very practical mind, as indeed is shown all along. Thus, on the dress of her pupils, she writes to the mother, "As I do not like my pupils at their naturally attractive age to be rendered conspicuous by too gay a display, I am tenacious of their style of dress being neat and simple." And she goes on with rules which we imagine would scarcely be tolerated by the young ladies whom we meet in gay files of becoming and varied costumes. There is every sign of thorough grounding, of the work of education going on zealously, and being made pleasant to the pupils — Mrs. J. herself full of plans and resources for bringing home to the mind the teaching that she considers suited to the feminine character and intellect. Deportment and dancing are duties like the rest, and very vigilantly attended to. And that religion was a subject of very earnest teaching, and all the influences of Church ordinances brought to bear, we gather from the mother's comment on her daughter's confirmation. She writes: —

> Your account of your confirmation was truly gratifying to us, and the impression it has made upon your mind could not but afford us the most heartfelt pleasure. It is a ceremony much too little thought of in the present day. When I mentioned the preparation and exam-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ination you would have to undergo to the F—— people, they laughed at me, and said it was never usual to examine respectable people for confirmation.

Being a responsive and favorite pupil, the subject of all this care keeps up a correspondence after leaving, and pays visits, which give us further insight into school life. Thus, a year or two after, she describes herself on a week's visit as a schoolgirl again. "Tuesday last I danced quadrilles with M. N. He said if I would practise with the young ladies a week it would set me up again. I could acquire all the new steps very well in a week." And she gives the history of a curtsy, on paying a call with her dear hostess: —

Mrs. J. begged me before entering the room, not to discredit her school by my curtsy. My heart beat violently. I approached the venerable Mrs. A. with the profoundest respect, put my feet in order to make a complete curtsy, extended my hand, seeing she was inclined to shake hands with me, and began to drop; but unluckily the old lady's arm was so confined with rheumatism, that by the time I had nearly reached the ground our hands were about a yard apart, when they ought to have joined. I was struck with the ludicrousness of the incident, and completely disconcerted.

It was not only on points of ceremony that Mrs. J. adhered to ideas once formed. She represents her class. Strong opinions are necessary in the teacher. No one can inculcate principles without a tenacity of grasp on them herself; and, naturally, we find indications on all hands of what is called prejudice. Mrs. J. was clearly a character. Her young friend having been to see the Roman Catholic chapel in Moorfields, just built, it was made the subject of a homily. Mrs. J., writes one pupil, "laments greatly that that persecuting Church should be so much countenanced. She fears that this land will again see Queen Mary's reign:" to which Mrs. J. adds a postscript of warning much in the spirit of the old precept, "Beware of Papishes, and learn to knit," though couched in language more becoming the intellectual pretensions both of teacher and scholar. In politics she is even more decided in tone: "Never marry a Whig," is her emphatic and repeated injunction. It was the time when politics ran high, and the unfortunate Queen Caroline was before the world, at once a prominent subject and object. Processions such as Theodore Hook commemorates in verse, — the half-a-score Mile-enders got up as Highlanders and shivering in kilts; the tailors escaped from their jailers, passing for sailors, — defiled before the door of Mrs. J.'s nursery of loyalty and propriety. On the Helot principle, the girls were allowed a furtive peep at the show of "tinkers and shopkeepers' apprentices." "One of the hired carriages stopped opposite, containing," writes one, "some *ladies* and *gentlemen*, whose *footman* took from his pocket a bottle and one glass — it appeared like malt liquor of some kind. When he had poured it out, he presented it to the ladies, who, without any ceremony, drank, and appeared to enjoy it. Then the procession moved on, and the bottle was again placed in the footman's pocket." In spite of teaching and warning, however, Radicalism found its way to a *quondam* pupil. It is touching to read how keenly the desertion is felt: —

I have myself met with a sore vexation — no less than of having one of my late pupils disgrace herself by going to Brandenburgh House, where some address was presented to the poor queen. Little did I expect that a young person (of whose heart and understanding I had so good an opinion) would so soon forget the sentiments inculcated upon her whilst under my roof, as within a few months after quitting it to join a tag-rag and bob-tail rabble, consisting, in spite of satin gowns and ostrich-plumes, of every variety of vulgarity and disreputability. Having identified herself with such, she has rejected and forfeited my esteem, and therefore I can never see her again with pleasure. Had it been from compulsion, I should have acquitted her; but her parents, whatever may be their politics, are too indulgent not to have excused her going, had she felt a repugnance to it.

We extract such passages to show the influence aimed at, and in most cases secured. Mrs. J. was an influence in a sense it would be difficult for a schoolmistress to be now. The personal character was a power, and one that extended itself beyond the period of direct contact. Thus she has views on the position of woman as subordinate out of her own province, and had a test by which to gauge a pupil's intellectual cultivation. It was enough if she could have appreciated and enjoyed Dr. Johnson's society, and been by him thought worthy of it. She fears that her pupil is too ambitious of intellectual distinctions, and warns her that

the acquirement of knowledge is delightful within proper limits, beyond which it becomes vanity and vexation of spirit. To be learned, a genius, or in any way a prodigy, I account to be a misfortune to a female, as it removes her from her natural sphere. Providence has endowed each sex with the faculties requisite

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

to perform the respective duties assigned to it, and successfully ordained that from the right fulfilment of these, happiness shall result. Had a *third order* been necessary, doubtless one would have been created, a *mid-way* kind of being. A woman, therefore, striving to transform herself into such, is at the best unproductive of good, and in most instances only makes herself discontented.

It is of course observable that the subordination of the sex in no way interferes with the good lady's value for her own opinion on large questions. We give the passage as good sense still in its measure, and as a sign of the clash between eighteenth and nineteenth century ideas then beginning to be felt. For this repression of genius as unwomanly, though belonging to the ideas of the time, was giving way under the new currents of thought rising to the surface of society. In letters dating some ten years later, from the other specimen schoolmistress whose correspondence we have access to, younger in character as well as in age, we find a longing for originality as something above mere powers of gaining knowledge. In speaking of a young woman distinguished for her acquirements, her criticism is that she has little of the cleverness for which she gets such credit.

I know her well. I know she is not gifted as she passes for being. Industry and memory, with all her life devoted to effect what these can do, have done much; but no compass of mind, no powers to investigate and combine, no one original idea — always the mere copyist.

This, we see, is a governess who would not allow freshness and originality in a pupil to escape her, nor fail to cultivate it when detected. But in her rules she is, like Mrs. J., strongly against display, though not so distinct in wording. "Young things should trust more to their carriage than to finery; the less remarkable the bonnet the better, the less ribbon the better," — and so on. And of show, off in another field: "If any dare tell you I cultivate a passion for display and showing blue, do me the justice to correct them by word as well as by deed." What we observe in these letters is the distinctly feminine ideal in the mind of all the writers. Dress, language, manners, all have the ladylike in view. No lady could travel without an escort. This difficulty constitutes one of the troubles and expenses of the time. On one occasion it was planned that two brothers were to take charge of their respective sisters and travel home together. "Will calls it great *fun*," writes his fastidious sister. "Though we do not use that word, perhaps we feel the same thing." Any approach to slang was forbidden to the cultivated girlhood of that period; and *fun*, it seems, was not free from the charge of keeping low company — the critics of the previous century telling inferior authors that they mistook *vulgarity* for ease, *fun* for humor, and *pertness* for wit. It was the time when language as well as dress had to be distinctly feminine — when neither foresaw the rough-and-ready uses to which they would one day be turned. Certainly the convenience of an independent work-a-day existence was then little consulted in costume. The contrast between the head-gear of that time and this, represents at one glance the change that has come over things. "Bonnets," writes the same Will, reporting London fashion, "are about the size of the top of a post-chaise." At any rate, thus overshadowed, no girl would be mistaken for her brother, which she can easily be now, with hands in her coat-pockets, and a hat the facsimile of his own, as she fits herself out for all sports and all weathers. All publicity was felt, not so much unfeminine, as impossible. The distinction between private and professional life was one not conceivably to be got over by the women of the home life and the social circle. The English character was supposed incapable, except under professional training, of throwing aside its natural reserve. In the letters before us we find a pupil describing to her sister her singing-lessons, and the master's difficulties under this insular infirmity. "S—— is an invaluable master, though a most conceited creature. His accompaniments are the most delightful I ever heard, which he performs with the greatest ease. He complains without ceasing of the want of feeling in the English ladies, and endeavors in vain to make us smile and sigh and look sad in the proper places." This sort of sheepishness here disclosed is combated in our whole modern system of life as well as education, and with considerable success.

We may have seemed desultory to our readers, but we can assure them that we have never lost sight of our opening distinction between the two meanings of the word education. We have gone through some varieties of it; all — the training of manners, the discipline of deportment, the old quaint ceremonials, the restraints of silence, the decorums of polite society, the curtsies and obeisances of the humbler classes, the deference of the young towards

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the old, the observance of children for their parents, the severities of home rule, the long practice and self-restraint necessary to success and full enjoyment even of the favorite recreation, — all imply training more or less painful and laborious; a never-relaxed vigilance in the teacher — docility, patience, and self-command in the learner. Our survey tends to the conclusion that at no time have manners been so left to form themselves as now. We hear of people forgetting their manners, but some of our youth stand in danger of never learning them. While so great a point is made of thoroughness in all other learning, the mere ABC grounding of manners threatens to be left untaught. It seems supposed that, given so much intellectual culture, boys and girls, by the mere process of growing old, turn into polite, considerate men and women. We do not believe it. Many arts and sciences are more easily acquired late in life than a good manner. If people are to behave well, they must be early taught to behave — a practice that demands unceasing sacrifices of minute personal liking to the general pleasure and convenience.

Lately hints have been thrown out that in certain high circles high breeding is going out of vogue. We do not fly at such high game, especially as culture of mind is there alleged to be as much neglected as refinement of manner. It is the classes with whom thoroughness of knowledge is felt of such supreme importance, who need to be sometimes reminded that, in intercourse with his fellows, it is, after all, manners that make the man.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

WILL O' THE MILL.

THE PLAIN AND THE STARS.

THE mill where Will lived with his adopted parents stood in a falling valley between pine woods and great mountains. Above, hill after hill soared upwards until they soared out of the depth of the hardiest timber, and stood naked against the sky. Some way up, a long grey village lay like a seam or a rag of vapor on a wooded hillside; and when the wind was favorable, the sound of the church bells would drop down, thin and silvery, to Will. Below, the valley grew ever steeper and steeper, and at the same time widened out on either hand; and from an eminence beside the mill it was possible to see its whole length and away beyond it over a wide plain, where the river turned and shone, and moved on from city to city on its voyage towards the sea. It chanced that over this valley there lay a pass into a neighboring kingdom; so that, quiet and rural as it was, the road that ran along beside the river was a high thoroughfare between two splendid and powerful societies. All through the summer, travelling carriages came crawling up, or went plunging briskly downwards past the mill; and as it happened that the other side was very much easier of ascent, the path was not much frequented, except by people going in one direction; and of all the carriages that Will saw go by, five-sixths were plunging briskly downwards and only one-sixth crawling up. Much more was this the case with foot-passengers. All the light-footed tourists, all the pedlars laden with strange wares, were tending downward like the river that accompanied their path. Nor was this all; for when Will was yet a child a disastrous war arose over a great part of the world. The newspapers were full of defeats and victories, the earth rang with cavalry hoofs, and often for days together and for miles around the coil of battle terrified good people from their labors in the field. Of all this, nothing was heard for a long time in the valley; but at last one of the commanders pushed an army over the pass by forced marches, and for three days horse and foot, cannon and tumbril, drum and standard, kept pouring downward past the mill. All day the child stood and watched them on their passage — the rhythmical stride, the pale, unshaven faces tanned about the eyes, the discolored regimentals and the tattered flags, filled him with a sense of weariness, pity, and wonder; and all night long, after he was in bed, he could hear the cannon pounding and the feet trampling, and the great armament sweeping onward and downward past the mill. No one in the valley ever heard the fate of the expedition, for they lay out of the way of gossip in those troublous times; but Will saw one thing plainly — that not a man returned. Whither had they all gone? Whither went all the tourists and pedlars with strange wares? whither all the brisk barouches with servants in the dicky? whither the water of the stream, ever coursing downward and ever renewed from above? Even the wind blew oftener down the valley, and carried the dead leaves along with it in the fall. It seemed like a great conspiracy of things animate and inanimate; they

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY · Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

all went downward, fleetly and gaily downward, and only he, it seemed, remained behind, like a stock upon the wayside. It sometimes made him glad when he noticed how the fishes kept their heads up stream. They, at least, stood faithfully by him, while all else was posting downward to the unknown world.

One evening he asked the miller where the river went.

"It goes down the valley," answered he, "and turns a power of mills — six-score mills, they say, from here to Unterdeck — and it none the wearier after all. And then it goes out into the lowlands, and waters the great corn country, and runs through a sight of fine cities (so they say), where kings live all alone in great palaces, with a sentry walking up and down before the door. And it goes under bridges with stone men upon them, looking down and smiling so curious at the water, and living folks leaning their elbows on the wall and looking over too. And then it goes on and on, and down through marshes and sands, until at last it falls into the sea, where the ships are that bring parrots and tobacco from the Indies. Ay, it has a long trot before it as it goes swinging over our weir, bless its heart!"

"And what is the sea?" asked Will.

"The sea!" cried the miller. "Lord help us all, it is the greatest thing God made! That is where all the water in the world runs down into a great salt lake. There it lies, as flat as my hand and as innocent-like as a child; but they do say when the wind blows it gets up into water mountains bigger than any of ours, and swallows down great ships bigger than our mill, and makes such a roaring that you can hear it miles away upon the land. There are great fish in it five times bigger than a bull, and one old serpent as long as our river and as old as all the world, with whiskers like a man, and a crown of silver on her head."

Will thought he had never heard anything like this, and he kept on asking question after question about the world that lay away down the river, with all its perils and marvels, until the old miller became quite interested himself, and at last took him by the hand and led him on to the hilltop that overlooks the valley and the plain. The sun was near setting, and hung low down in a cloudless sky. Everything was defined and glorified in golden light. Will had never seen so great an expanse of country in his life; he stood and gazed with all his eyes. He could see the cities, and the woods and fields, and the bright curves of the river, and far away to where the rim of the plain trenched along the shining heavens. An overmastering emotion seized upon the boy, soul and body; his heart beat so thickly that he could not breathe; the scene swam before his eyes; the sun seemed to wheel round and round, and throw off strange shapes as it turned, which disappeared with the rapidity of thought, and were succeeded by others. Some of these were like gigantic and shadowy birds, and some like contorted and gesticulating men, who vanished before they had time to complete a single gesture. Will covered his face with his hands, and burst into a violent fit of tears; and the poor miller, sadly disappointed and perplexed, saw nothing better for it than to take him up in his arms and carry him home in silence.

From that day forward Will was full of new hopes and longings. Something kept tugging at his heartstrings; the running water carried his desires along with it as he dreamed over its fleeting surface; the wind, as it ran over innumerable tree-tops, hailed him with encouraging words; branches beckoned downwards; the open road, as it shouldered round the angles and went turning and vanishing fast and faster down the valley, tortured him with its solicitations. He spent long whiles on the eminence, looking down the rivershed and abroad on the fat lowlands, and watched the clouds that travelled forth upon the sluggish wind and trailed their purple shadows on the plain; or he would linger by the wayside, and follow the carriages with his eyes as they rattled downward by the river. It did not matter what it was; everything that went that way, were it cloud or carriage, bird or brown water in the stream, he felt his heart flow out after it in an ecstasy of longing.

We are told by men of science that all the ventures of mariners on the sea, all that countermarching of tribes and races that confounds old history with its dust and rumor, sprang from nothing more abstruse than the laws of supply and demand, and a certain natural instinct for cheap rations. To any one thinking deeply, this will seem a dull and pitiful explanation. The tribes that came swarming out of the north and east, if they were indeed pressed onward from behind by others, were drawn at the same time by the magnetic influence of the south and west. The fame of other lands had reached them; the name of the eternal city rang in their ears; they were not colonists, but

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

pilgrims; they travelled towards wine and gold and sunshine, but their hearts were set on something higher. That divine unrest, that old stinging trouble of humanity that makes all high achievements and all miserable failure; the same that spread wings with Icarus, the same that sent Columbus into the desolate Atlantic, inspired and supported these barbarians on their perilous march. There is one legend which profoundly represents their spirit, of how a flying party of these wanderers encountered a very old man shod with iron. The old man asked them whither they were going; and they answered with one voice: "To the eternal city!" He looked upon them gravely. "I have sought it," he said, "over the most part of the world. Three such pairs as I now carry on my feet have I worn out upon this pilgrimage, and now the fourth is growing slender underneath my steps. And all this while I have not found the place." And he turned and went his own way alone, leaving them astonished.

And yet this would scarcely parallel the intensity of Will's feeling for the plain. If he could only go far enough out there, he felt as if his eyesight would be purged and clarified, as if his hearing would grow more delicate, and his very breath would come and go with luxury. He was transplanted and withering where he was; he lay in a strange country and was sick for home. Bit by bit, he pieced together broken notions of the world below: of the river, ever moving and growing until it sailed forth into the majestic ocean; of the cities, full of brisk and beautiful people, playing fountains, bands of music and marble palaces, and lighted up at night from end to end with artificial stars of gold; of the great churches, wise universities, brave armies, and untold money lying stored in vaults; of the high-flying vice that moved in the sunshine, and the stealth and swiftness of midnight murder. I have said he was sick as if for home; but the figure is inadequate. He was like some one lying in twilight, formless preexistence, and stretching out his hands lovingly towards many-colored, many-sounding life. It was no wonder he was unhappy, he would go and tell the fish: they were made for their life, wished for no more than worms and running water and a hole below a falling bank; but he was differently constituted, full of desires and aspirations, itching at the fingers, lusting with the eyes, whom the whole variegated world could not satisfy with aspects. The true life, the true bright sunshine, lay far out upon the plain. And oh! to see this sunlight once before he died! to move with a jocund spirit in that golden land! to hear the trained singers and sweet church-bells, and see the holiday gardens! And O fish! he would cry, if you would only turn your noses down stream, you could swim so easily into the fabled waters, and see the vast ships passing over your head like clouds, and hear the great water-hills making music over you all day long! But the fish kept looking patiently in their own direction, until Will hardly knew whether to laugh or cry.

Hitherto the traffic on the road had passed by Will, like something seen in a picture: he had perhaps exchanged salutations with a tourist, or caught sight of an old gentleman in a travelling cap at a carriage window; but for the most part it had been a mere symbol, which he contemplated from apart and with something of a superstitious feeling. A time came at last when this was to be changed. The miller, who was a greedy man in his way, and never forewent an opportunity of honest profit, turned the mill-house into a little wayside inn, and, several pieces of good fortune falling in opportunely, built stables and got the position of postmaster on the road. It now became Will's duty to wait upon people, as they sat to break their fasts in the little arbor at the top of the mill-garden; and you may be sure that he kept his ears open, and learned many new things about the outside world as he brought the omelette or the wine. Nay, he would often get into conversation with single guests, and by adroit questions and polite attention, not only gratify his own curiosity, but win the good-will of the travellers. Many complimented the old couple on their serving-boy; and a professor was eager to take him away with him, and have him properly educated in the plain. The miller and his wife were mightily astonished and even more pleased. They thought it a very good thing that they should have opened their inn. "You see," the old man would remark, "he has a kind of talent for a publican; he never would have made anything else!" and so life wagged on in the valley, with high satisfaction to all concerned but Will. Every carriage that left the inn-door seemed to take a part of him away with it; and when people jestingly offered him a lift he could with difficulty command his emotion. Night after night he would dream that he was awakened by flustered servants, and that a splendid equipage waited at the door to carry him down into the plain;

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

night after night, until the dream, which had seemed all jollity to him at first, began to take on a color of gravity, and the nocturnal summons and waiting equipage occupied a place in his mind as something to be both feared and hoped for.

One day, when Will was about sixteen, a fat young man arrived at sunset to pass the night. He was a contented-looking fellow, with a jolly eye, and carried a knapsack. While dinner was preparing, he sat in the arbor to read a book; but as soon as he had begun to observe Will, the book was laid aside; he was plainly one of those who prefer living people to people made of ink and paper. Will, on his part, although he had not been much interested in the stranger at first sight, soon began to take a great deal of pleasure in his talk, which was full of good nature and good sense, and at last conceived a great respect for his character and wisdom. They sat quite far into the night; and about two in the morning Will opened his heart to the young man, and told him how he longed to leave the valley, and what bright hopes he had connected with the cities of the plain. The young man whistled, and then broke into a smile.

"My young friend," he remarked, "you are a very curious little fellow to be sure, and wish a great many things which you will never get. Why, you would feel quite ashamed if you knew how the little fellows in these fairy cities of yours are all after the same sort of nonsense, and keep breaking their hearts to get up into the mountains. And let me tell you, those who go down into the plains are a very short while there before they wish themselves heartily back again. The air is not so light nor so pure; nor is the sun any brighter. As for the beautiful men and women, you would see many of them in rags and many of them deformed with horrible disorders; and a city is so hard a place for people who are poor and sensitive that many choose to die by their own hand."

"You must think me very simple," answered Will. "Although I have never been out of this valley, believe me, I have used my eyes, I know how one thing lives on another; for instance, how the fish hangs in the eddy to catch his fellows; and the shepherd, who makes so pretty a picture carrying home the lamb, is only carrying it home for dinner. I do not expect to find all things right in your cities. That is not what troubles me; it might have been that once upon a time; but although I live here always, I have asked many questions and learned a great deal in these last years, and certainly enough to cure me of my old fancies. But you would not have me die like a dog and not see all that is to be seen, and do all that a man can do, let it be good or evil? you would not have me spend all my days between this road here and the river, and not so much as make a motion to be up and live my life? I would rather die out of hand," he cried, "than linger on as I am doing."

"Thousands of people," said the young man, "live and die like you, and are none the less happy."

"Ah!" said Will, "if there are thousands who would like, why should not one of them have my place?"

It was quite dark; there was a hanging lamp in the arbor which lit up the table and the faces of the speakers; and along the arch, leaves upon the trellis stood out illuminated against the night sky, a pattern of transparent green upon a dusky purple. The fat young man rose, and taking Will by the arm, led him out under the open heavens.

"Did you ever look at the stars?" he asked, pointing upwards.

"Often and often," answered Will.

"And do you know what they are?"

"I have fancied many things. Are they eyes?"

"They are worlds like ours," answered the young man. "Some of them less; many of them a million times greater; and some of the least sparkles that you see are not only worlds, but whole clusters of worlds turning about each other in the midst of space. We do not know what there may be in any of them; perhaps the answer to all our difficulties or the cure of all our sufferings: and yet we can never reach them; not all the skill of the craftiest of men can fit out a ship for the nearest of these our neighbors, nor would the life of the most aged suffice for such a journey. When a great battle has been lost or a dear friend is dead, when we are hipped or in high spirits, there they are unweariedly shining overhead. We may stand down here, a whole army of us together, and shout until we break our hearts, and not a whisper reaches them. We may climb the highest mountain, and we are no nearer them. All we can do is to stand down here in the garden and take off our hats; the starshine lights upon our heads, and where mine is a little bald, I daresay you can see it glisten in the darkness. The mountain and the mouse,— that is like to be all we shall ever have to

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

do with Arcturus or Aldebaran. Can you apply a parable?" he added, laying his hand upon Will's shoulder. "It is not the same thing as a reason, but usually vastly more convincing."

Will hung his head a little, and then raised it once more to heaven. The stars seemed to expand and emit a sharper brilliancy; and as he kept turning his eyes higher and higher, they seemed to increase in multitude under his gaze.

"I see," he said, turning to the young man. "We are in a rat-trap."

"Something of that size. Did you ever see a squirrel turning in a cage? and another squirrel sitting philosophically over his nuts? I needn't ask you which of them looked more of a fool."

THE PARSON'S MARJARIE.

AFTER some years, the old people died, both in one winter, very carefully tended by their adopted son, and very quietly mourned when they were gone. People who had heard of his roving fancies supposed he would hasten to sell the property, and go down the river to push his fortunes. But there was never any sign of such an intention on the part of Will. On the contrary, he had the inn set on a better footing, and hired a couple of servants to assist him in carrying it on; and there he settled down, a kind, talkative, inscrutable young man, six feet three in his stockings, with an iron constitution and a friendly voice. He soon began to take rank in the district as a bit of an oddity: it was not much to be wondered at from the first, for he was always full of notions, and kept calling the plainest common sense in question; but what most raised the report upon him was the odd circumstance of his courtship with the parson's Marjarie.

The parson's Marjarie was a lass about nineteen, when Will would be about thirty; well enough looking, and much better educated than any other girl in that part of the country, as became her parentage. She held her head very high, and had already refused several offers of marriage with a grand air, which had got her hard names among the neighbors. For all that, she was a good girl, and one that would have made any man well contented.

Will had never seen much of her; for although the church and parsonage were only two miles from his own door, he was never known to go there but on Sundays. It chanced, however, that the parsonage fell into disrepair, and had to be dismantled; and the parson and his daughter took lodgings for a month or so, on very much reduced terms, at Will's inn. Now, what with the inn, and the mill, and the old miller's savings, our friend was a man of substance; and besides that, he had a name for good temper and shrewdness, which make a capital portion in marriage; and so it was currently gossipped, among their ill-wishers, that the parson and his daughter had not chosen their temporary lodging with their eyes shut. Will was about the last man in the world to be cajoled or frightened into marriage. You had only to look into his eyes, limpid and still like pools of water, and yet with a sort of clear light that seemed to come from within, and you would understand at once that here was one who knew his own mind, and would stand to it immovably. Marjarie herself was no weakling, by her looks, with strong, steady eyes and a resolute and quiet bearing. It might be a question whether she was not Will's match in steadfastness, after all, or which of them would rule the roast in marriage. But Marjarie had never given it a thought, and accompanied her father with the most unshaken innocence and unconcern.

The season was still so early that Will's customers were few and far between; but the lilacs were already flowering, and the weather was so mild that the party took dinner under the trellis, with the noise of the river in their ears and the woods ringing about them with the songs of birds. Will soon began to take a particular pleasure in these dinners. The parson was rather a dull companion, with a habit of dozing at table; but nothing rude or cruel ever fell from his lips. And as for the parson's daughter, she suited her surroundings with the best grace imaginable; and whatever she said seemed so pat and pretty that Will conceived a great idea of her talents. He could see her face as she leaned forward, against a background of rising pine woods; her eyes shone peaceably; the light lay around her hair like a kerchief; something that was hardly a smile rippled her pale cheeks, and Will could not contain himself from gazing on her in an agreeable dismay. She looked, even in her quietest moments, so complete in herself, and so quick with life down to her finger tips and the very skirts of her dress, that the remainder of created things became no more than a blot by comparison; and if Will glanced away from her to her surroundings, the trees looked inanimate and senseless, the clouds hung in heaven like dead things, and even the mountain-tops were disenchanted. The

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

whole valley could not compare in looks with this one girl.

Will was always observant in the society of his fellow-creatures; but his observation became almost painfully eager in the case of Marjarie. He listened to all she uttered, and read her eyes, at the same time, for the unspoken commentary. Many kind, simple and sincere speeches found an echo in his heart. He became conscious of a soul beautifully poised upon itself, nothing doubting, nothing desiring, clothed in peace. It was not possible to separate her thoughts from her appearance. The turn of her wrist, the still sound of her voice, the light in her eyes, the lines of her body, fell in tune with her grave and gentle words, like the accompaniment that sustains and harmonizes the voice of the singer. Her influence was one thing, not to be divided or discussed, only to be felt with gratitude and joy. To Will her presence recalled something of his childhood, and the thought of her took its place in his mind beside that of dawn, of running water, and of the earliest violets and lilacs. It is the property of things seen for the first time, or for the first time after long, like the flowers in spring, to reawaken in us the sharp edge of sense and that impression of mystic strangeness which otherwise passes out of life with the coming of years; but the sight of a loved face is what renews a man's character from the fountain upwards.

One day after dinner, Will took a stroll among the firs: a grave beatitude possessed him from top to toe; and he kept smiling to himself and the landscape as he went. The river ran between the stepping-stones with a pretty wimple; a bird sang loudly in the wood; the hilltops looked immeasurably high, and as he glanced at them from time to time, seemed to contemplate his movements with a beneficent but awful curiosity. His way took him to the eminence which overlooked the plain; and there he sat down upon a stone, and fell into deep and pleasant thought. The plain lay abroad with its cities and silver river; everything was asleep, except a great eddy of birds which kept rising and falling and going round and round in the blue air. He repeated Marjarie's name aloud, and the sound of it gratified his ear. He shut his eyes, and her image sprang up before him, quietly luminous and attended with good thoughts. The river might run forever; the birds fly higher and higher till they touched the stars. He saw it was empty bustle after all; for here, without stirring a foot, waiting patiently in his own narrow valley, he also had attained the better sunlight.

The next day, Will made a sort of declaration across the dinner-table, while the parson was filling his pipe.

"Miss Marjarie," he said, "I never knew any one I liked so well as you. I am mostly a cold, unkindly sort of man; not from want of heart, but out of strangeness in my ways of thinking; and people seem far away from me. 'Tis as if there were a circle round me, which kept every one out but you; I can hear the others talking and laughing; but you come quite close. Maybe, this is disagreeable to you?" he asked.

Marjarie made no answer.

"Speak up, girl," said the parson.

"Nay, now," returned Will, "I wouldn't press her, parson. I feel tongue-tied myself, who am not used to it; and she's a woman, and little more than a child, when all is said. But for my part, as far as I can understand what people mean by it, I fancy I must be what they call in love. I do not wish to be held as committing myself; for I may be wrong; but that is how I believe things are with me. And if Miss Marjarie should feel any otherwise on her part, mayhap she would be so kind as shake her head."

Marjarie was silent, and gave no sign that she had heard.

"How is that, parson?" asked Will.

"The girl must speak," replied the parson, laying down his pipe. "Here's our neighbor who says he loves you, Madge. Do you love him, ay or no?"

"I think I do," said Marjarie, faintly.

"Well, then, that's all that could be wished!" cried Will heartily. And he took her hand across the table, and held it a moment in both of his with great satisfaction.

"You must marry," observed the parson, replacing his pipe in his mouth.

"Is that the right thing to do, think you?" demanded Will.

"It is indispensable," said the parson.

"Very well," replied the wooer.

Two or three days passed away with great delight to Will, although a bystander might scarce have found it out. He continued to take his meals opposite Marjarie, and to talk with her and gaze upon her in her father's presence; but he made no attempt to see her alone, nor in any other way changed his conduct towards her from what it had been since the beginning. Perhaps the girl was a little disappointed, and perhaps not unjustly; and yet if it had been enough to be always in the

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

thoughts of another person, and so pervade and alter his whole life, she might have been thoroughly contented. For she was never out of Will's mind for an instant. He sat over the stream, and watched the dust of the eddy, and the poised fish, and straining weeds; he wandered out alone into the purple even, with all the blackbirds piping round him in the wood; he rose early in the morning, and saw the sky turn from grey to gold, and the light leap upon the hilltops; and all the while he kept wondering if he had never seen such things before, or how it was that they should look so different now. The sound of his own mill-wheel, or of the wind among the trees, confounded and charmed his heart. The most enchanting thoughts presented themselves unbidden in his mind. He was so happy that he could not sleep at night, and so restless that he could hardly sit still out of her company. And yet it seemed as if he avoided her rather than sought her out.

One day, as he was coming home from a ramble, Will found Marjarie in the garden picking flowers; and as he came up with her, slackened his pace and continued walking by her side.

"You like flowers," he said.

"Indeed I love them dearly," she replied. "Do you?"

"Why, no," said he, "not so much. They are a very small affair, when all is done. I can fancy people caring for them greatly, but not doing as you are just now."

"How?" she asked, pausing and looking up at him.

"Plucking them," said he. "They are a deal better off where they are, and look a deal prettier, if you go to that."

"I wish to have them for my own," she answered, "to carry them near my heart, and keep them in my room. They tempt me when they grow here; they seem to say, 'Come and do something with us;' but once I have cut them and put them by, the charm is laid, and I can look at them with quite an easy heart."

"You wish to possess them," replied Will, "in order to think no more about them. It's a bit like killing the goose with the golden eggs. It's a bit like what I wished to do when I was a boy. Because I had a fancy for looking out over the plain, I wished to go down there — where I couldn't look out over it any longer. Was not that fine reasoning? Dear, dear, if they only thought of it, all the world would do like me; and you would let your flowers alone, just as I stay up here in the mountains." Suddenly he broke off sharp. "By the Lord!" he cried. And when she asked him what was wrong, he turned the question off, and walked away into the house with rather a humorous expression of face.

He was silent at table; and after the night had fallen and the stars had come out overhead, he walked up and down for hours in the courtyard and garden with an uneven pace. There was still a light in the window of Marjarie's room: one little oblong patch of orange in a world of dark blue hills and silver starlight. Will's mind ran a great deal on the window; but his thoughts were not very lover-like. "There she is in her room," he thought, "and there are the stars overhead: a blessing upon both!" Both were good influences in his life; both soothed and braced him in his profound contentment with the world. And what more should he desire with either? The fat young man and his counsels were so present to his mind, that he threw back his head, and putting his hands before his mouth, shouted aloud to the populous heavens. Whether from the position of his head or the sudden strain of the exertion, he seemed to see a momentary shock among the stars, and a diffusion of frosty light pass from one to another along the sky. At the same instant, a corner of the blind was lifted and lowered again at once. He laughed a loud ho-ho. "One and another!" thought Will. "The stars tremble, and the blind goes up. Why, before Heaven, what a great magician I must be! Now if I were only a fool, should not I be in a pretty way?" And he went off to bed, chuckling to himself: "If I were only a fool!"

The next morning pretty early, he saw her once more in the garden, and sought her out.

"I have been thinking about getting married," he began abruptly; "and after having turned it all over, I have made up my mind it's not worth while."

She turned upon him for a single moment; but his radiant, kindly appearance would, under the circumstances, have disconcerted an angel, and she looked down again upon the ground in silence. He could see her tremble.

"I hope you don't mind," he went on, a little taken aback. "You ought not. I have turned it all over, and upon my soul there's nothing in it. We should never be one whit nearer than we are just now, and, if I am a wise man, nothing like so happy."

"It is unnecessary to go round about with me," she said. "I very well remem-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ber that you refused to commit yourself; and now that I see you were mistaken, and in reality have never cared for me, I can only feel sad that I have been so far misled."

"I ask your pardon," said Will stoutly; "you do not understand my meaning. As to whether I have ever loved you or not, I must leave that to others. But for one thing, my feeling is not changed; and for another, you may make it your boast that you have made my whole life and character something different from what they were. I mean what I say; no less. I do not think getting married is worth while. I would rather you went on living with your father, so that I could walk over and see you once, or maybe twice a week, as people go to church, and then we should both be all the happier between whiles. That's my notion; but I'll marry you if you will," he added.

"Do you know that you are insulting me?" she broke out.

"Not I, Marjarie," said he; "if there is anything in a clear conscience, not I. I offer you all my heart's best affection; you can take it or want it, though I suspect it's beyond either your power or mine to change what has once been done, and set me fancy-free. I'll marry you, if you like; but I tell you again and again, it's not worth while, and we had best stay friends. Though I am a quiet man I have noticed a heap of things in my life. Trust in me, and take things as I propose; or, if you don't like that, say the word, and I'll marry you out of hand."

There was a considerable pause, and Will, who began to feel uneasy, began to grow angry in consequence.

"It seems you are too proud to say your mind," he said. "Believe me, that's a pity. A clean shrift makes simple living. Can a man be more downright or honorable to a woman than I have been? I have said my say, and given you your choice. Do you want me to marry you? or will you take my friendship, as I think best? or have you had enough of me for good? Speak out for the dear God's sake! You know your father told you a girl should speak her mind in these affairs."

She seemed to recover herself at that, turned without a word, walked rapidly through the garden, and disappeared into the house, leaving Will in some confusion as to the result. He walked up and down the garden, whistling softly to himself. Sometimes he stopped and contemplated the sky and hilltops; sometimes he went down to the tail of the weir and sat there, looking foolishly into the water. All this dubiety and perturbation was so foreign to his nature and the life which he had resolutely chosen for himself, that he began to regret Marjarie's arrival. "After all," he thought, "I was as happy as a man need be. I could come down here and watch my fishes all day long if I wanted: I was as settled and contented as my old mill."

Marjarie came down to dinner, looking very trim and quiet; and no sooner were all three at table than she made her father a speech, with her eyes fixed upon her plate, but showing no other sign of embarrassment or distress.

"Father," she began, "Mr. Will and I have been talking things over. We see that we have each made a mistake about our feelings, and he has agreed, at my request, to give up all idea of marriage, and be no more than my very good friend, as in the past. You see, there is no shadow of a quarrel, and, indeed, I hope we shall see a great deal of him in the future, for his visits will always be welcome in our house. Of course, father, you will know best, but perhaps we should do better to leave Mr. Will's house for the present. I believe, after what has passed, we should hardly be agreeable inmates for some days."

Will, who had commanded himself with difficulty from the first, broke out upon this into an inarticulate noise, and raised one hand with an appearance of real dismay, as if he were about to interfere and contradict. But she checked him at once, looking up at him with a swift glance and an angry flush upon her cheek.

"You will perhaps have the good grace," she said, "to let me explain these matters for myself."

Will was put entirely out of countenance by her expression and the ring of her voice. He held his peace, concluding that there were some things about this girl beyond his comprehension, in which he was exactly right.

The poor parson was quite crestfallen. He tried to prove that this was no more than a true lovers' tiff, which would pass off before night, and when he was dislodged from that position, he went on to argue that where there was no quarrel there could be no call for a separation; for the good man liked both his entertainment and his host. It was curious to see how the girl managed them, saying little all the time, and that very quietly, and yet twisting them round her finger and insen-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

sibly leading them wherever she would by feminine tact and generalship. It scarcely seemed to have been her doing — it seemed as if things had merely so fallen out — that she and her father took their departure that same afternoon in a farm-cart, and went farther down the valley, to wait until their own house was ready for them in another hamlet. But Will had been observing closely, and was well aware of her dexterity and resolution. When he found himself alone he had a great many curious matters to turn over in his mind. He was very sad and solitary, to begin with. All the interest had gone out of his life, and he might look up at the stars as long as he pleased, he somehow failed to find support and consolation. And then he was in such a turmoil of spirit about Marjarie. He had been puzzled and irritated at her behavior, and yet he could not keep himself from admiring it. He thought he recognized a fine, perverse angel in that still soul which he had never hitherto suspected; and though he saw it was an influence that would fit but ill with his own life of artificial calm, he could not keep himself from ardently desiring to possess it. Like a man who has lived among shadows and now meets the sun, he was both pained and delighted.

As the days went forward he passed from one extreme to another; now pluming himself on the strength of his determination, now despising his timid and silly caution. The former was, perhaps, the true thought of his heart, and represented the regular tenor of the man's reflections; but the latter burst forth from time to time with an unruly violence, and then he would forget all consideration, and go up and down his house and garden or walk among the fir woods like one who is beside himself with remorse. To equable, steady-minded Will this state of matters was intolerable; and he determined, at whatever cost, to bring it to an end. So, one warm summer afternoon he put on his best clothes, took a thorn switch in his hand, and set out down the valley by the river. As soon as he had taken his determination, he had regained at a bound his customary peace of heart, and he enjoyed the bright weather and the variety of the scene without any admixture of alarm or unpleasant eagerness. It was nearly the same to him how the matter turned out. If she accepted him he would have to marry her this time, which perhaps was all for the best. If she refused him, he would have done his best, and might follow his own way in the future with an untroubled conscience. He hoped, on the whole, she would refuse him; and then, again, as he saw the brown roof which sheltered her peeping through some willows at an angle of the stream, he was half inclined to reverse the wish, and more than half ashamed of himself for this infirmity of purpose.

Marjarie seemed glad to see him, and gave him her hand without affectation or delay.

"I have been thinking about this marriage," he began.

"So have I," she answered. "And I respect you more and more for a very wise man. You understood me better than I understood myself; and I am now quite certain that things are all for the best as they are."

"At the same time," — ventured Will.

"You must be tired," she interrupted. "Take a seat and let me fetch you a glass of wine. The afternoon is so warm; and I wish you not to be displeased with your visit. You must come quite often; once a week, if you can spare the time; I am always glad to see my friends."

"Oh, very well," thought Will to himself. "It appears I was right after all." And he paid a very agreeable visit, walked home again in capital spirits, and gave himself no further concern about the matter.

For nearly three years, Will and Marjarie continued on these terms, seeing each other once or twice a week without any word of love between them; and for all that time I believe Will was nearly as happy as a man can be. He rather stinted himself the pleasure of seeing her; and he would often walk half way over to the parsonage, and then back again, as if to whet his appetite. Indeed there was one corner of the road, whence he could see the church spire wedged into a crevice of the valley between sloping fir woods, with a triangular snatch of plain by way of background, which he greatly affected as a place to sit and moralize in before returning homewards; and the peasants got so much into the habit of finding him there in the twilight, that they gave it the name of "Will o' the Mill's Corner."

At the end of the three years, Marjarie played him a sad trick by suddenly marrying somebody else. Will kept his countenance bravely, and merely remarked that, for as little as he knew of women, he had acted very prudently in not marrying her himself three years before. She plainly knew very little of her own mind; and in spite of a deceptive manner, was as fickle and flighty as the rest of them. He had

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

to congratulate himself on an escape, he said, and would take a higher opinion of his own wisdom in consequence. But at heart, he was reasonably displeased, moped a good deal for a month or two and fell away in flesh, to the astonishment of his serving-lads.

It was perhaps a year after this marriage, that Will was wakened late one night by the sound of a horse galloping on the road, followed by precipitate knocking at the inn-door. He opened his window and saw a farm servant, mounted and holding a led horse by the bridle, who told him to make what haste he could and go along with him; for Marjarie was dying, and had sent urgently to fetch him to her bedside. Will was no horseman, and made so little speed upon the way, that the poor young wife was very near her end before he arrived. But they had some minutes' talk in private, and he was present and wept very bitterly while she breathed her last.

The day broke as he walked homewards. One by one the stars melted and disappeared; one by one the hilltops kindled and grew bright. The river sang in the hush; and Will felt an immense contentment swallowing up a little sorrow, as the sea covers a grain of sand or the day extinguishes a star. She had loved him as he had loved her, as something set apart over life; and henceforward they might continue to love each other, without jar or difficulty, without doubt or after-thought, across the gulf of death. He had been contented in his love when they were two miles apart; he might have been contented if all the seas had flowed between them; and should he not be contented now, when she was caught up into another world, immeasurably far indeed, but perfectly secure and happy?

DEATH.

YEAR after year went away into nothing, with great explosions and outcries in the cities on the plain; red revolt springing up and being suppressed in blood, battle swaying hither and thither, patient astronomers in observatory towers picking out and christening new stars, plays being performed in lighted theatres, people being carried into hospital on stretchers, and all the usual turmoil and agitation of men's lives in crowded centres. Up in Will's valley only the winds and seasons made an epoch; the fish hung in the swift stream, the birds circled overhead, the pine-tops rustled underneath the stars, the tall hills stood over all; and Will went to and fro, minding his wayside inn, until the snow began to thicken on his head. His heart was young and vigorous; and if his pulses kept a sober time, they still beat strong and steady in his wrists. He carried a ruddy stain on either cheek, like a ripe apple; he stooped a little, but his step was still firm; and his sinewy hands were reached out to all men with a friendly pressure. His face was covered with those wrinkles which are got in the open air and which, rightly looked at, are no more than a sort of permanent sunburning; such wrinkles heighten the stupidity of stupid faces, but to a person like Will, with his clear eyes and smiling mouth, only give another charm by testifying to a simple and easy life. His talk was full of wise sayings. He had a taste for other people; and other people had a taste for him. When the valley was full of tourists in the season, there were merry nights in Will's arbor; and his views, which seemed whimsical to his neighbors, were often enough admired by learned people out of towns and colleges. Indeed, he had a very noble old age, and grew daily better known; so that his fame was heard of in the cities on the plain; and young men who had been summer travellers spoke together in *cafés* of Will o' the Mill and his rough philosophy. Many and many an invitation, you may be sure, he had; but nothing could tempt him from his upland valley. He would shake his head and smile over his tobacco-pipe with a deal of meaning. "You come too late," he would answer. "I am a dead man now; I have lived and died already. Fifty years ago you would have brought my heart into my mouth; and now you do not even tempt me. But that is the object of long living, that a man should cease to care about life." And again: "There is only one difference between a long life and a good dinner: that, in the dinner, the dainties come last." Or once more: "When I was a boy, I was a bit puzzled, and hardly knew whether it was myself or the world that was curious and worth looking into. Now, I know it is myself, and stick to that."

He never showed any symptom of frailty, but kept stalwart and firm to the last; but they say he grew less talkative towards the end, and would listen to other people by the hour in an amused and sympathetic silence. Only, when he did speak, it was more to the point and more charged with old experience. He drank a bottle of wine gladly; above all, at sunset on the hilltop, or quite late at night under the stars in the arbor. The sight of something attractive and unattainable seasoned

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

his enjoyment, he would say; and he professed he had lived long enough to admire a candle all the more when he could compare it with a planet.

One night, in his seventy-second year, he awoke in bed in such uneasiness of body and mind, that he rose and dressed himself and went out to meditate in the arbor. It was pitch dark, without a star; the river was swollen, and the wet woods and meadows loaded the air with perfume. It had thundered during the day, and it promised more thunder for the morrow. A murky, stifling night for a man of seventy-two! Whether it was the weather or the wakefulness, or some little touch of fever in his old limbs, Will's mind was besieged by tumultuous and crying memories. His boyhood, the night with the fat young man, the death of his adopted parents, the summer days with Marjarie, and many of those small circumstances, which seem nothing to another, and are yet the very gist of a man's own life to himself — things seen, words heard, looks misconstrued — arose from their forgotten corners and usurped his attention. The dead themselves were with him, not merely taking part in this thin show of memory that defiled before his brain, but revisiting his bodily senses as they do in profound and vivid dreams. The fat young man leaned his elbows on the table opposite; Majarie came and went with an apronful of flowers between the garden and the arbor; he could hear the old parson knocking out his pipe or blowing his resonant nose. The tide of his consciousness ebbed and flowed: he was sometimes half asleep and drowned in these recollections of the past; and sometimes he was broad awake, wondering at himself. But about the middle of the night, he was startled by the voice of the dead miller calling to him out of the house as he used to do on the arrival of custom. The hallucination was so perfect that Will sprang from his seat and stood listening for the summons to be repeated; and as he listened, he became conscious of another noise besides the brawling of the river and the ringing in his feverish ears. It was like the stir of horses and the creaking of harness, as though a carriage with an impatient team had been brought up upon the road before the courtyard gate. At such an hour, upon this rough and dangerous pass, the supposition was no better than absurd; and Will dismissed it from his mind, and resumed his seat upon the arbor chair; and sleep closed over him again like running water. He was once again awakened by the dead miller's call, thinner and more spectral than before; and once again he heard the noise of an equipage upon the road. And so thrice and four times, the same dream, or the same fancy, presented itself to his senses; until at length, smiling to himself as when one humors a nervous child, he proceeded towards the gate to set his uncertainty at rest.

From the arbor to the gate was no great distance; and yet it took Will some time; it seemed as if the dead thickened around him in the court, and crossed his path at every step. For, first, he was suddenly surprised by an overpowering sweetness of heliotropes; it was as if his garden had been planted with this flower from end to end, and the hot, damp night had drawn forth all their perfumes in a breath. Now the heliotrope had been Marjarie's favorite flower, and since her death not one of them had ever been planted in Will's ground.

"I must be going crazy," he thought. "Poor Marjarie and her heliotropes!"

And with that he raised his eyes towards the window that had once been hers. If he had been bewildered before, he was now almost terrified; for there was a light in the room; the window was an orange oblong as of yore; and the corner of the blind was lifted and let fall as on the night when he stood and shouted to the stars in his perplexity. The illusion only endured an instant; but it left him somewhat unmanned, rubbing his eyes and staring at the outline of the house and the black night behind it. While he thus stood, and it seemed as if he must have stood there quite a long time, there came a renewal of the noises on the road: and he turned in time to meet a stranger, who was advancing to meet him across the court. There was something like the outline of a great carriage discernible on the road behind the stranger, and, above that, a few black pine-tops, like so many plumes.

"Master Will?" asked the new-comer, in brief military fashion.

"That same, sir," answered Will. "Can I do anything to serve you?"

"I have heard you much spoken of, Master Will," returned the other; "much spoken of, and well. And though I have both hands full of business, I wish to drink a bottle of wine with you in your arbor. Before I go, I shall introduce myself."

Will led the way to the trellis, and got a lamp lighted and a bottle uncorked. He was not altogether unused to such com-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

plimentary interviews, and hoped little enough from this one, being schooled by many disappointments. A sort of cloud had settled on his wits, and prevented him from remembering the strangeness of the hour. He moved mechanically like a person in his sleep; and it seemed as if the lamp caught fire and the bottle came uncorked with the facility of thought. Still, he had some curiosity about the appearance of his visitor, and tried in vain to turn the light into his face; either he handled the lamp clumsily, or there was a dimness over his eyes; but he could make out little more than a shadow at table with him. He stared and stared at this shadow, as he wiped out the glasses, and began to feel cold and strange about the heart. The silence weighed upon him, for he could hear nothing now, not even the river, but the drumming of his own arteries in his ears.

"Here's to you," said the stranger, roughly.

"Here is my service, sir," replied Will, sipping his wine, which somehow tasted oddly.

"I understand you are a very positive fellow," pursued the stranger.

Will made answer with a smile of some satisfaction and a little nod.

"So am I," continued the other; "and it is the delight of my heart to tramp on people's corns. I will have nobody positive but myself; not one. I have crossed the whims, in my time, of kings and generals and great artists. And what would you say," he went on, "if I had come up here on purpose to cross yours?"

Will had it on his tongue to make a sharp rejoinder; but the politeness of an old innkeeper prevailed; and he held his peace and made answer with a civil gesture of the hand.

"I have," said the stranger. "And if I did not hold you in a particular esteem, I should make no words about the matter. It appears you pride yourself on staying where you are. You mean to stick by your inn. Now I mean you shall come for a turn with me in my barouche; and before this bottle's empty, so you shall."

"That would be an odd thing, to be sure," replied Will, with a chuckle. "Why, sir, I have grown here like an old oak-tree; the devil himself could hardly root me up: and for all I perceive you are a very entertaining old gentleman, I would wager you another bottle you lose your pains with me."

The dimness of Will's eyesight had been increasing all this while; but though he was now as good as blind, he was somehow conscious of a sharp and chilling scrutiny which irritated and yet overmastered him.

"You need not think," he broke out suddenly, in an explosive, febrile manner that startled and alarmed himself, "that I am a stay-at-home because I fear anything under God. God knows I am tired enough of it all; and when the time comes for a longer journey than ever you dream of, I reckon I shall find myself prepared."

The stranger emptied his glass and pushed it away from him. He looked down for a little, and then leaning over the table, tapped Will three times upon the forearm with a single finger. "The time has come!" he said, solemnly wagging his head.

A nasty thrill spread from the spot he touched. The tones of his voice were dull and startling, and echoed strangely in Will's heart.

"I beg your pardon," he said, with some discomposure. "What do you mean?"

"Look at me, and you will find your eyesight swim. Raise your hand; it is dead-heavy. This is your last bottle of wine, Master Will, and your last night upon the earth."

"You are a doctor?" quavered Will.

"The best that ever was," replied the other; "for I cure both mind and body with the same prescription. I take away all pain and I forgive all sins; and where my patients have gone wrong in life, I smooth out all complications and set them free again upon their feet."

"I have no need of you," said Will.

"A time comes for all men, Master Will," replied the doctor, "when the helm is taken out of their hands. For you, because you were prudent and quiet, it has been long of coming, and you have had long to discipline yourself for its reception. You have seen what is to be seen about your mill; you have sat close all your days like a hare in its form; but now that is at an end; and," added the doctor, getting on his feet, "you must arise and come with me."

"You are a strange physician," said Will, looking steadfastly upon his guest.

"I am a natural law," he replied, "and people call me Death."

"Why did you not tell me so at first?" cried Will. "I have been waiting for you these many years. Give me your hand, and welcome."

"Lean upon my arm," said the stranger, "for already your strength abates. Lean on me as heavily as you need; for though I am old, I am very strong. It is but

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

three steps to my carriage, and there all your trouble ends. Why, Will," he added, "I have been yearning for you as if you were my own son; and of all the men that ever I came for in my long days, I have come for you most gladly. I am caustic, and sometimes offend people at first sight; but I am a good friend at heart to such as you."

"Since Marjarie was taken from me," returned Will, with a break in his voice, "I declare before God you were the only friend I had to look for."

So the pair went arm-in-arm across the courtyard.

One of the servants awoke about this time and heard the noise of horses pawing before he dropped asleep again; all down the valley that night there was a rushing as of a smooth and steady wind descending towards the plain; and when the world rose next morning, sure enough Will o' the Mill had gone at last upon his travels. R. L. S.

From The Spectator.

THE DEATH OF VICTOR EMANUEL.

THE pope has enjoyed, in his own view at least, an hour of supreme triumph, and it has been a Christian one. He has forgiven, with all the plenitude of authority with which the system of Rome invests him, the dying sinner who in health tore from his hands the last temporal dominion of the Church. In all history we know of no scene more strikingly dramatic than this of the pale old priest, unable to leave his couch, in hourly expectation of death, yet in his prostration asserting superiority to the soldier-king who had dethroned him, and sending his forgiveness and the order for the sacraments of the Church to the daring, dissolute trooper, whose destiny it has been to carry up to their culminating point the fortunes of the oldest reigning house, save one, in Europe,— to remake a State divided for a thousand years, and to reduce or raise the Church of Rome once more to a purely spiritual power in the world. Victor Emanuel, king of Italy, has always seemed to observers outside Piedmont something of an enigma, but in Savoy and Turin he has been, from the second year of his reign, thoroughly comprehended. King of Piedmont or king of Italy, he has been from first to last what every ancestor has been, since, a thousand years ago, the dukes of Maurienne found themselves independent, and the race began to hope that north or south, in Provence or in Italy, it should carve out a sufficient realm. No race in Europe has been more consistent. Open the history of France or Italy where you will, and there is always a duke of Savoy, a prince of Savoy, a king of Piedmont, a king of Sardinia, Philibert or Humbert, Amadeo or Victor — the house is too old for a surname — holding the mountain-gates between the two countries, allying himself with both or either, or betraying either or both, but always, amidst all changes, maintaining a reputation for daring, for adroitness, and for a certain determined persistence, which impressed observers even when the politics of the house became most tortuous, or in appearance vacillating. Neither Bourbon nor Hapsburg could ever destroy the house they hated, and even Napoleon failed. The original type of the race is that of the German robber-knight, the bold, unscrupulous baron, who uses his position to crush all whom he can reach; but it was modified by the geographical position of their possessions, hemmed in as they were between stronger States, without a language or a nationality, until the Savoyard became a hereditary diplomatist whom the subtlest feared, a statesman who conciliated while he tyrannized over his few people, a soldier who waged war rather as a captain of free lances than a sovereign. Brave, dissolute, ununscrupulous, yet with some statesmanlike insight and extraordinary tenacity, the line from Humbert II. (1078) down to Victor Emanuel, through eight hundred years of varied fortune, might always have been accurately described as the soldier-dynasty of the Alps, with all the vices and many of the virtues the world attributes to the soldier and the hungry mountaineer. The greatest man of the house till Victor Emanuel appeared, the wonderful general whom our fathers so much admired, and who, by the side of Marlborough, upheld through a long career of victory the cause of Europe against Louis XIV., and who signed himself habitually "Eugenio von Savoye," because he was as much Italian as German, and as much Frenchman as either, appears in his memoirs, under all his court varnish and all his magnanimity, a thorough Savoyard, daring, ambitious, dissolute, luxurious, and persistent as a river. In Victor Emanuel, this last quality, always so perceptible in his house, took a shape that made the fortune alike of his dynasty and of Italy. When after the dark day of Novara he ascended the throne, his subjects expected in the sullenly brave young prince so deeply connected with the Austrian house, an Ital-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

ian Hapsburg, a thorough reactionary, and in part they were not deceived. No man had more of the feeling of kingship or the pride of birth than Victor Emanuel, and no man more confidence in his own right to rule. He compelled his Parliament to sign the peace which saved Piedmont; he quarrelled in the very crisis of his fate with Cavour, because the great minister made a remark which the king considered derogatory to his house; he refused the throne of the Peninsula, if he were to be called "King of the Italians;" and he would often aver to the last that it was "hard work to guide his political team." He was, in fact, by temperament a king of the old type, but he had acquired, either from some teaching of his father or the circumstances of his own history, an absolute conviction that to carry his father's policy to success, and rear the throne his father had designed, he must be a constitutional king, and from that resolve he never swerved. His Austrian relatives implored and threatened him to give up the *Statuto;* the priests, whom he, as a dissolute and superstitious man, greatly feared, menaced him with every spiritual suffering; his closest female kinsfolk declared the incessant deaths in his house a judgment from heaven; but the proud, hot-tempered, bull-headed soldier never swerved from the word he had given. He would keep the Constitution as his father had sworn, and maintain his father's cause, and all Italy in one twelvemonth recognized that he was faithful, and fell at the feet of the only Italian prince who could be trusted. Before he had won a province, every Italian city used periodically to be placarded with "*Viva Verdi*," the name of the composer containing the initials of "Vittorio Emanuele, Rè d'Italia," and in every advance his troops had behind them the army of the people.

The popular confidence in Victor Emanuel never wavered, and it was well deserved. Dissolute in private life, a trooper in bearing, a rude sportsman in taste and habits; with no knowledge of literature, and little taste for art; speaking by preference a dialect as rough as the broadest Yorkshire, and never thoroughly mastering Italian; a second-rate general in all but daring; at once reckless and ignorant of finance — so reckless that his debts were a permanent trouble to the treasury, and so ignorant that he never could understand how his vast nominal income went — the king had three of those great qualities which build up in a favoring cycle of circumstance durable thrones. He never feared, or disliked, or tricked the people. He could take a great risk, as he did when he invaded the Romagna; or exercise a grand self-control, as he did when, almost apoplectic with rage, he agreed to the peace of Villafranca, or when he signed away, on the demand of Napoleon, the cradle of his house. And he could recognize and accept and use great servants. His was probably not the insight which has made of the Hohenzollern the most powerful monarch in the world, the insight which picked out Moltke from among soldiers of fortune and Bismarck from among petty squires; but still, among the statesmen around him the king chose right. He alone after Novara insisted, in the teeth of enormous opposition, on choosing Massimo d'Azeglio. There is reason to believe that he hated Cavour personally, though at a time when he was absolute he had selected him; but he never but once, and then for a moment, deserted his great servant. He chafed under Ricasoli's stern rein, but he never overthrew him. He must have writhed often under recent ministers, especially in ecclesiastical affairs, but he never deserted them, even under pressure which to him, at heart a superstitious Catholic, must have been tremendous. It was not that he simply suffered them. To the last his power over every ministry was considerable, and was exercised freely, especially as regards the army and foreign affairs; but he never violated the Constitution, and never acted without his ministers' knowledge. As he told Gambetta, the last foreign statesman who saw him alive, had he been king of France Gambetta would have been his premier, and would have been supported. The origin of his loyalty was, in part at least, his utter fearlessness, which rescued him from that suspiciousness alike of the people and of personages which besets kings, and in part the result of a feeling that he should be personally happier if all went wrong at last, and he was again the chamois-hunting prince of Piedmont; but he was loyal to the bone, and his loyalty built Italy. No man less trusted, however superior in personal character or in intellectual powers, could have excited the same devotion, or received such adhesion from the determined, suspicious republicans whom Italy, in her long years of suffering, had bred. Mazzini never accepted him, but the Mazzinians ceased to plot. In the land of the dagger he was safer from attempts on his life than Queen Victoria in England, and the grief of his whole people at his death shows at once the confidence he had attracted and their keen political sense, which saw that

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

here, in this rough soldier, was the standard round which all parties and all provinces could rally for the battle of freedom and nationality. That his death endangers the monarchy in Italy we do not believe. Great as the attraction of the example of France is on Italy, the Italians know that the Constitution will secure them all a republic could. They have no Bourbons to destroy, and the new king, though not popular, is free from many of the difficulties which beset his father, especially the hatred borne to him by Ultramontanes, and enjoys the benefit of the deep devotion felt throughout Italy towards his wife, the "Pearl" of the house of Savoy. That the ministry will miss the aid of Victor Emanuel's popularity, of his rough, keen sense in affairs, and of his intimate knowledge of persons, is likely enough; but in Italy genius is endemic, and his place will be supplied. He is not a heroic figure, in our sight, but there are compensations in character; history will pardon the king's vices, as the Church has done, and there will in time, if Italy lasts, gather round the founder of her dynasty that softening halo of distance and indistinctness for which time is now too new. They are all passing, the great figures of our half of the century; and when the old priest has gone, scarcely one of the visible figures present when it began will be still before the world.

From The Examiner.

THE VICE OF TALKING SHOP.

It is very wrong to talk shop. That is one of society's most venerated precepts, even if — not wholly unlike most venerated precepts, in higher codes of morality — it is one of the least obeyed. Not to know it is not to know the rudimentary "my duty towards my neighbor" of social religion. And to enforce it — as occasion may require, of course — must be the duty of every self-respecting diner-out. For if you fall among shop-talkers whose shop is not yours you may get thrown into the background. The predicament is serious; it is not only that you may be prevented from taking part in the conversation with your accustomed excellence, but that you may have to hold your tongue altogether; and, in spite of the many compliments paid to silence by the many sages who have wished to do all the talking themselves, people are apt to assume that when a man says nothing in company it is because he can find nothing to say. And at any rate no one likes to play the part of the mummy at an Egyptian banquet, to be the blank guest whose silence conveys a protest against the whole proceedings, and concerning whom the other guests must needs feel that the best they can do with him is to let him alone. He who finds himself in such a pass will no more doubt that it is a vice to talk shop than he would doubt that it is a vice not to pay one's debts if somebody else persevered in owing him an inconveniently large sum of money.

And yet there is something to be said on behalf of shop. The rule of society no doubt is that we should talk of what we do not know rather than of what we do know; still there are many men, and perhaps some women, who are absolutely unable to obey the rule — except negatively, by not talking of anything. Women who mix at all with the world readily acquire the knack of talking companionably of what they know nothing about — a great many women indeed seem less to acquire it than to have it as a birthright; obedience to the rule sits upon them as easily and as fitly as the furbelows and gauzes in which a man would find himself like a fly in a cobweb. Therefore women, even women with specialities, rarely talk shop. In fact, partly under the dread of those fatal adjectives "blue," "gushing," "strong-minded," and partly from a sort of mental prudery — one which has its good side but also its bad — which objects, as it were, to the real woman being too accurately scanned, they more usually shrink from any discussion of subjects in which they feel a close interest. But there is a large tale of men who never arrive at being able to talk on subjects about which they have neither information nor concern; and the question is, whether in their case it is not worth while to relax the stringency of the rule.

Suppose a man's shop has so engrossed him that it really is the only thing he knows or cares about. He is not uneducated, perhaps not even narrow-minded, but his intellect is not of the much-embracing order, and his profession or his purpose has so absorbed his intellectual sympathies that, just as if he were some great artist, all he sees and learns gets somehow dovetailed into the one theme of his life. Whenever circumstances have led to a man's occupying his time and his thoughts in one especial manner with any sort of zeal, he will unconsciously acquire such a readiness in detecting everything that has the remotest affinity to his paramount topic that it can never be quite out of his memory. There will always be the

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

temptation to get back to it — set him down where you will, some byway brings him back into the familiar highway. Cleverness will not place him out of risk. Indeed, the cleverer he is, the more likely he is to become, to this extent, the slave of his shop. This is not meant of the man of genius, of course, the many-sided man, but of the busy, practical man of common life. Say that he is of more than average intellect, that he has talent, and, still better, a wise and honest love for his science, his art, or whatever may be the name of his work, he will be at a disadvantage as compared with the man who, failing either in the ability or in the energy necessary for concentration, has been enabled to learn a little plausible ignorance on a good many topics of general interest. Now over-concentration may be damaging to the balance of his mind, and without doubt concentration which is in other respects not over-concentration is detrimental to him as a conversationalist, lessening the superficies over which his tongue can travel. But since the poor fellow is so ill off that there is only one class of topics on which he can enter readily, may there not be something gained for his associates as well as for him in letting him go his own way? If one found oneself in the company of the philosopher who has concentrated his life on the dative case, it might be better to put him to discourse on the dative case than to elicit his dulness on the weather. One might not succeed in achieving even a temporary sympathy with his fervor, but one would at least have learned something about the dative case. And a man must be very stupid indeed — or else his listener is very stupid indeed — who can talk freely and earnestly on a subject which thoroughly interests him without the listener's becoming interested, if not in the subject, at least in the interest it has for its exponent. Nor need the listener's interest be lessened, surely, if he is hearing several men skilled and eager in some special pursuit talking with each other, instead of only one such man talking with him.

From The Spectator.

BARON MUNCHAUSEN'S FROZEN WORDS.

THE telephone is the wonder of the day, but among the inventions to which the investigation of this subject has given rise is one of a kind which to us — accustomed as we now are to the electric telegraph — appears still more marvellous than even the telephone itself, one which would enable us to talk further into the future than the telephone will ever enable us to talk into space. Every one remembers the story of Baron Münchausen hearing the words which had been frozen during the severe cold, melting into speech again, so that all the babble of a past day came floating about his ears. Well, that extravagant piece of nonsense appears to have been realized by modern science, though not precisely by Baron Münchausen's suggested method. Professor Barrett's interesting lectures on the telephone contained an account of the invention we refer to, which might strictly be called a telephone in the *time*-sense, since it will so reproduce the tone of words once spoken as to enable those who take the proper measures, to reel them off again in the very same voice as that of the speaker, months — and we may soon, perhaps, be able to say years — after the speaker himself is dead. We do not pretend to describe the talking phonograph minutely, but the principle of it is this. A vibrating metal diaphragm is so arranged as to vibrate in unison with the voice of the speaker, who must be near it, and direct his voice towards it. In connection with this metal diaphragm is a pointer, so adjusted as to dot a piece of tinfoil placed spirally on a revolving drum, with every vibration of the diaphragm. The rate at which the drum revolves must be carefully noted, for in retranslating the effect of the dots on the tinfoil into the vibration of the pointer attached to another vibrating plate, as the drum revolves past it, so as to reproduce in these new plate-vibrations the sound of the original voice, if the revolution were faster than before, the same words would be heard, but in a higher key; while if it were slower, the same words would be heard, but in a lower key. It is, then, quite possible to keep this register of a speech as long as the tin-foil will last without being injured by oxidization. And at present that seems to be only for a few months. Still it is quite conceivable even now, that five or six months after a speech had been uttered, you should hear it reeled off, as it were, from the tin-foil register, by the help of the revolving drum, and a new pointer, pressed by a gentle spring against the tinfoil, so as to enter the dotted apertures previously made in it and excite the old vibrations, as it so enters them, in a new vibrating-plate, so as to form a perfect reproduction both in voice and expression of the words in the original sentence, and indeed so as to make an ignorant person believe that the same lips were repeating what they had

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

uttered months ago, in the very same manner and with the same cadence. In this way you may literally bottle a speech and reproduce it months hence; nor is there anything absurd in the principle in the joke of *Punch's* last "Comic Almanack," which suggested the bottling of various operatic performances and turning on the various taps at given signals. It is even scientifically conceivable, — we do not say it is very probable, — that after this fashion the nineteenth century may talk to the twenty-ninth, and be heard in the very words and cadences of a thousand years ago, — that a speech of Mr. Gladstone's, for example, or of Mr. Carlyle's, or of Mr. Biggar's should be thus registered on some more permanent equivalent for the tin-foil, and the rate of the revolution of the drum be carefully noted as the process takes place, so that when after a thousand years have elapsed, and when a generation of men probably far more different from ourselves than we are from the Saxons of Alfred's time are living here, this voice from the far-away past may be heard, reiterating counsels the very occasion of which is forgotten, or droning out complaints and accusations, the irrelevance of which shall then seem even greater, if that be possible, than it seems to us now. Talk of the urns of your ancestors' ashes, — the drums of their ancestors will be our posterity's most affecting mode of recalling their day. We might conceive every house furnished with such drums and vibrating plates, each stored with some speech, the speaker of which has long since been dead, and the anniversary of birth or death solemnized by the liberation of some one of such speeches from its long entombment. At the accession of each new monarch, we might have a chosen assembly called together to hear the most momentous speech from the throne ever delivered by the most remarkable of his predecessors, since the epoch when this method of preserving speech was first invented, — a Pope Leo XXI., for instance, surrounded by his cardinals, inclining his ear to the vibrating plate, from which should proceed the address uttered by Pio Nono to his last consistory, or a Hohenzollern of the twenty-first century summoning his cabinet to hear with him, for the third or fourth rehearsal, it may be, the precise words of the last assault directed against the see of Rome by the great Prince Bismarck. Nay, we may have speeches prepared expressly for posterity, as so many speeches have, in a metaphorical sense, been said to be. Lord Beaconsfield is just the man to lecture posterity on the great Asian mystery. What is to prevent him from creating a corporate body whose charter shall require them to preserve a drum and tin-foil scroll indented with his prophecy of the mode in which the Asian mystery will unfold itself, — the prophecy to be rehearsed once in every century after his death till its complete fulfilment shall have been verified? Doubtless the prospect is a formidable one. For, what with the many decipherers of apocalyptic riddles, and the many decipherers of scientific and metaphysical riddles, and the many decipherers of currency riddles, who are quite sure that they are right, we may well anticipate that a large part of the occupation of posterity will be either the task of reverentially listening to our very bad attempts at reading the future, or of irreverentially destroying the records intended, but not calculated, to inspire them with admiration of our foresight. Indeed the "drum ecclesiastic" alone, if when properly spiralled with tin-foil it can thus be made to yield back the ancient sounds of primeval controversy, would find quite occupation enough for the ears of posterity, to drown all the drums military of a pretty large Continental war.

But to turn from the more whimsical aspects of this very curious discovery to its more impressive aspects, certainly nothing of modern invention has proved so extraordinary an illustration of the subjective character of space-and-time distinctions as these two kinds of telephones, — the telephone which enables a man to speak at one point and be heard at another, hundreds of miles distant, and the still more curious telephone which enables a man to speak at one point of time and be heard when not only his name, but even his nation, it may be, is forgotten. Some thirty years ago or more a very curious little book was published, entitled "The Stars and the Earth," in which it was shown how, if an eye could be imagined riding on a ray of light reflected from an opening flower and passing on it through endless space and time, such an eye would always see that flower as it was in the same momentary phase of opening in which it appeared at the time that ray was first reflected from it, and would so see it to all eternity, whereas if it travelled the least bit faster, so as to overtake — say, in a thousand years — the ray which left the flower a minute sooner, that eye would be reading backwards the change which we see accomplished in a minute, but would have it spread and subdivided over the period of a thousand years. In the same

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

way, if an eye could be imagined travelling in the direction of the same ray of light, but rather slower, so as to fall *behind* it by a minute in a thousand years, then it would see the *next* minute, instead of the previous minute, of that opening blossom's history, stretched out to the length of a thousand years. All this was intended to illustrate the extremely subjective character of the nature of time, and to prove that it only requires us to imagine a different relation between our eye and the light reflected from any object, to make a thousand years appear as one day and one day as a thousand years. For of course, if the retina in question were conceived as travelling from the earth so rapidly that in a minute's time it could overtake the ray which left the earth a thousand years ago, then for that one point of space, such a retina would travel in a minute over the history of a thousand years. Well, that was but an imaginative illustration of the subjective character of the meaning of time. But here is a real illustration of it which we may all witness. It may happen even in the lifetime of living men that real conversations will be carried on between the most distant points which beings with earthly bodies can manage to reach; and it may happen, too, also in the lifetime of living men, that the perfect semblance of the voice of one who died during a man's infancy may vibrate in his ear, and repeat his own very words, in his young contemporary's old age. The future, indeed, may hear more wonderful things still. It may hear the voices of every century from and after the nineteenth, though of none before it, reproduced ages hence. The problems which we discuss so hotly as to the mode in which the Greeks and Romans spoke their language may have no existence in relation to the pronunciation of words in any age later than this, for the actual sound of every existing provincial dialect may be reproduced literally, and this for ears to which not only such dialects, but the most classical forms of the most classical languages of our day, will have become quite obsolete. The thirtieth century may hear the orations of a Welsh Eisteddfod and the broad clamor of a Yorkshire horse-fair, in the very accents of our own time. Surely, nothing could be more impressive as a lesson on the undue importance which we attach to time. "We have heard with our ears, and our fathers have told us," may in future apply not merely to the fathers we have seen, but to the forefathers we have never seen. The distinction between dead and living languages, indeed, may thus be in great measure obliterated. The ancient world, — ancient, that is, to our posterity — may be — to the ear, at least, and to the eye also, so far as photography can make it so, — present and living still. Men may live, as it were, in the nineteenth century and in the twenty-ninth at the same time, belonging indeed to the twenty-ninth, but hearing auricular confessions communicated straight from the nineteenth. Will a man so situated have any notion like that which we attach to the irrecoverable "past"? Will he not live in a sort of focus of all spaces and all times, hardly distinguishing, as we do, ancient from modern, and hardly even the near from the distant? Whatever he may lose by that rather bewildering position, he will certainly gain a clearer view of the highly subjective character of time and space, and its almost purely personal significance, — a significance, that is, requiring entirely separate interpretation, in reference to the particular conditions of particular organizations.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

MILK SUPPLY.

A BRIEF notice appeared in the newspapers a few days ago of the formal opening of a cluster of model dwellings attached to the premises of the Aylesbury Dairy Company at Bayswater. But the erection of these dwellings in St. Petersburgh Place is only the last touch of an organization which may fairly stand as a model for similar enterprises.

Milk is, of course, one of the most important items in the food supply of any great population. It is the sole food of a large number of hand-fed infants, the main element in the dietary of all young children, and for the population generally, whether in health or in sickness, it is of the most serious moment that the milk supply should be not only of good quality and safe from deterioration, but also free from contact with those particles of contagion by which modern sanitary science has shown it to be peculiarly liable to contamination. Until a very recent date the milk trade had received little of the advantages which capital and scientific skill can bestow. It was for the most part in the hands of small tradesmen, and prior to the year of the cattle-plague, when London was studded with small cowsheds, the arrangements of the small dairies of London retained something of old-world simplicity, and were accepted with little questioning as belonging to a traditional

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

type. When, however, cows were swept away by the rinderpest and cowsheds abolished, London had to supply itself from the surrounding counties. About the same time the inquiring analysts began to discover, not only that the cow with the iron tail had more than its fair share of the business, but that, in spite of all that laws could ordain or magistrates could enforce, there were no means of securing with certainty, by the agency of the police court, a really pure milk supply, as the law could never compel milkmen to sell milk above the minimum standard of a supposed invalid cow whose milk does not contain more than ten per cent. of solids, although the experience of all who have investigated the subject shows that honest average milk has a standard of "eleven and one-half per cent. of solids." At about the same time Dr. Ballard, by the investigation of an epidemic of typhoid at Islington, showed that the use of contaminated water in some way or other mixed with milk, which he did not venture to pronounce adulterated, was capable of spreading disease; and subsequent experience in Marylebone, at Eagley, at Penrith, and a dozen other places, told the same tale.

Taught by these facts, and profiting by an experience of some few years gained by Mr. G. Mander Allender (a Berkshire farmer who had successfully commenced a system of supplying pure milk from his own and contiguous farms direct to Londoners through a depot established at Bayswater), the Aylesbury Dairy Company have gradually developed a system of milk supply which, under the direction of scientific experts, has been ingeniously surrounded by a great number of precautions and safeguards.

The first precautions, we note, are taken at the farms. All of these are surveyed and inspected as to their drainage and water supply, the method of cleansing the milk-pails, of cooling the milk, etc. Very stringent conditions are laid down under the advice of the general sanitary superintendent, and maintained by the control of a visiting inspector and sanitary engineer. The collecting sheds of the company at Swindon and the building in which milk is set for cream occupy half an acre of ground, and are of special construction; duly asphalted, thoroughly ventilated, and built so as to be without access of sewer gas. Connected with this is a large cheese-factory, where the skimmed milk and surplus milk is converted into different qualities of cheese. This cheese-factory is on a large scale, and on new models, partly American; and in an adjoining field are erected large model piggeries, where five hundred to six hundred pigs are constantly fattening on the surplus whey. Thus economy and efficiency and perfection of quality are secured.

The milk from fifty farms is brought to London twice a day in cans specially devised to minimize jolting, which have received the medal of the Society of Arts. In London, again, instead of being brought into some little shop dignified with the title of dairy, but communicating with dwelling rooms, or into underground cellars with open drains, the milk is received into a spacious and carefully arranged dairy, tiled, paved, cooled, and shut off from all access of sewer gases, and free from communication with any dwelling house. Every churn of milk is sampled and tested for cream and specific gravity, and the results recorded in a register. The outgoing churns containing milk are all "plumbed" with a leaden seal, such as that used at the custom-house, and the numbered churns are once more sampled, the quality of the sample being again registered in the office. Finally, perambulating inspectors daily take samples of the milk, as it is being delivered at one or another customer's house, and these samples are once more compared with the registered results recorded against the numbered and registered and sealed churns when they were despatched. The accessory operations of the company's business, such as butter-making, are conducted with similar exactness, the latter being churned daily by machinery over ice and with the use of French pressure-mills, which completely free it from extraneous buttermilk and water, of which the excess spoils the quality of a large proportion of even pure English butter. The apparatus for filling the churns and cleansing them with superheated steam, and all the details of the duties of the men, have been thought out with care. The erection of dwellings in which the whole of the milk-carriers and their families are housed and kept under sanitary supervision is one of the most important and the last-added element of safety; and these buildings, too, which were last week inspected by Mr. Lyon Playfair, Mr. George Goodwin, Surgeon-General Mackinnon, C. B., and others well versed in such matters, are pronounced to be also well worthy of imitation as models of good sanitary dwellings for working men. Thus to house and to isolate the milk-carriers who enter twice daily so many houses is an obviously useful sanitary precaution.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume XXI. | No. 1757.—February 16, 1878. | From Beginning, Vol. CXXXVI.

CONTENTS.

I. LORD MELBOURNE, ... *Quarterly Review*, ... 387
II. ERICA. Part XII. Translated for THE LIVING AGE, from the German of . . *Frau von Ingersleben*, ... 410
III. CONGREGATIONAL SINGING, ... *Cornhill Magazine*, ... 419
IV. MACLEOD OF DARE. By William Black. Part III., ... *Advance Sheets*, ... 428
V. MURDER OF COMMISSIONER FRASER — DELHI, 1835. A Tale of Circumstantial Evidence, ... *Fraser's Magazine*, ... 440
VI. DULCISSIMA! DILECTISSIMA! A Passage in the Life of an Antiquary, ... *Macmillan's Magazine*, . . . 445

POETRY.

MOTHERHOOD, ... 386
A JAPANESE LOVE-SONG, ... 386
THE BLOOM OF THE HEART, . . . 386

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

MOTHERHOOD.

"Her lot is on you" — woman's lot she meant,
The singer who sang sweetly long ago;
And rose and yew and tender myrtle blent,
To crown the harp that rang to love and woe.
Awake, O poetess, and vow one strain
To sing of motherhood, its joy, its pain.

What does it give to us, this mother love —
In verse and tale and legend glorified,
Chosen by lips divine as type above
All other passions? Men have lived and died
For sisters, maiden queens, and cherished wives,
Yet, sealed by God, the one chief love survives.

Yet what is it it gives us? Shrinking dread,
Peril, and pain, and agony forgot,
Because we hold the ray of gladness shed,
By the first cry from lips that know us not,
Worth all that has been paid, is yet to pay,
For the new worship, born and crowned that day.

Then nursing, teaching, training, self-denial,
That never knows itself, so deep it lies,
The eager taking up of every trial,
To smooth Spring's pathway, light her April skies;
Watching and guiding, loving, longing, praying,
No coldness daunting, and no wrong dismaying.

And when the lovely bud to blossom wakes,
And when the soft shy dawn-star flashes bright,
Another hand the perfect flower takes,
Another wins the gladness of the light;
A sweet, soft, clinging, fond farewell is given;
Still a farewell, and then alone with Heaven.

With Heaven! Will he take the tired heart,
The God who gave the child and formed the mother,
Who sees her strive to play her destined part,
And, smiling, yield her darling to another?
Ay, on his cross he thought of Mary's woe;
He pities still the mothers left below.

Tinsley's Magazine. S. K. PHILLIPS.

A JAPANESE LOVE-SONG.

Yes, 'tis autumn, dearest, see
Cold, rough signs on every side;
Listen to the fluttering leaf,
Borne before the tempest tide.
Listen to the mournful song,
Wafted from the pine-trees tall;
Listen to the torrent's voice,
Loud resounding over all.

It was in the gladsome spring,
When we met and told our love;
Nature sang in ecstasy,
The skies were bright and blue above.
Then we hoped, and had no thought
That darksome days could ever be;
The golden hours flitted by
In mirth and loving revelry.

Then summer came — we lovers still
Trifled the long sweet hours away;
In scented woods, and deep, dark shades,
With jest and smile, and old-world lay.
Or, on the cool, broad river's wave,
Floating along, we wove our dream,
Nor thought of those who toiled for gain
In the great city's busy stream.

'Tis autumn now, and winter soon
Will change the fair world's smiling face;
A year, alas! will then have flown,
To us a fleeting moment's space.
Oh, ere the spring come back again,
In all her radiancy divine,
May fortune smile upon our love,
And let me call thee, dearest, mine!

All The Year Round.

THE BLOOM OF THE HEART.

Under the blue of the mid-May sky,
Under the shadow of beech and lime,
Watching cloud-shallops drift idly by,
Free from the thraldom of fate and time;
Lulled by the murmur of breeze and stream,
Twitter of songster, flutter of spray,
That sweetly blend with the waking dream,
And whisper one magical word alway;
Held by the spell of an exquisite face,
A voice that is dearer than all things dear,
Ah, but the world is a fairy place
In the bloom of the heart, the May of the year!

Sitting alone in the waning light,
In the dead November's leaden dearth,
Watching the mists rise ghostly white,
And blend in the shadows, and quench the earth;
Musing for aye on the might-have-been —
Sweet might-have-been that may not be! —
The tender hopes and the fancies green
That faded and fluttered from life's fair tree;
Haunted alway by a vanished face,
A voice that is hushed in the midnight drear,
Ah, but the world is a weary place
In the gloom of the heart, the gray of the year!

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

Tinsley's Magazine.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

From The Quarterly Review.

LORD MELBOURNE.*

William, Lord Melbourne, occupied a peculiar as well as eminent position amongst the most distinguished of his contemporaries. The social aspect of his career is quite as striking as the political. Indeed, he interests less as a statesman than as a man; and in the narrative of his life, his personal qualities should stand out in broad relief. It has been truly said of him that he rose to be prime minister of England without commanding eloquence or lofty ambition — lazily and loungingly, as it were — by the spontaneous display of fine natural abilities, by frankness, manliness, and good sense. To realize, to appreciate him, we must have his look and manner before us: we must know not only what he said but how he said it. It is difficult to recall a speech of his, or a scene in which he figured, without recalling his fine form and features, without involuntarily reverting to the well-known lines: —

> Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
> Of social pleasure, ill-exchanged for power:
> Seen him uncumbered with a venal tribe,
> Smile without art, and win without a bribe.

Personal intimacy, therefore, was an almost indispensable qualification in a biographer, to which we do not understand Mr. Torrens to lay claim; nor has he had access to the correspondence in the possession of the family. But he has some marked qualifications for such a task, especially the invaluable one of a long practical acquaintance with the administration of affairs and the working of our system of government. He was appointed a commissioner of the poor-law inquiry in Ireland in 1835. We find him private secretary to Mr. Labouchere (Lord Taunton) in 1846, and member for Dundalk from 1848 to 1852. He has represented Finsbury since 1865, and has carried or suggested more than one important measure of legislation. He is also the author of several works, historical and economical, giving ample evidence of acquirement and capacity. As might be expected, he has produced a book which will command and reward attention. It contains a great deal of valuable matter and a great deal of animated, eloquent writing. The chief objection to it is its length. One volume would have contained all that is individually applicable to Lord Melbourne, and it was worse than superfluous to take us over ground (Catholic emancipation and the Reform Bill, for example) which we have trodden so often of late years that we could find our way across it blindfold. Although he is a declared, decided Whig, his views are broad and tolerant, and we seldom see reason to find fault with his tone; but it is the soundness of his information, the authenticity of his statements, that we shall not unfrequently be compelled to question as we proceed.

In the summary we are about to attempt of the leading events of Lord Melbourne's life, we assume that our readers know as much as they care to know of the general course of legislation, the ministerial changes and the party conflicts, of his time; and we shall keep constantly before us what ought to be the distinctive aim and purpose of biography.

A preliminary chapter of the "Memoirs" is devoted to the manor of Melbourne, the family through which it passed to the Lambs, the gradual rise of the Lambs till they reached the peerage, and the acquisition by an ancestor of Brocket Hall. Melbourne came to them from the Cokes: Sir John Coke, the "Sir Plume" of the "Rape of the Lock," devised it to his son, with remainder to an only daughter Charlotte, who, in 1740, married Matthew Lamb, the son of a Mr. Lamb who is described as a practitioner (*i.e.* an attorney) of long standing in Southwell. He had a brother named Peniston, who, we are told, was admitted to practice at the bar about 1714, when, having long been qualified to earn a considerable income by what is called pleading under the bar, "he went on pleading and demurring, weaving settlements and ravelling threads of adverse wills, till, looking upon parchment, he had ceased to view and half forgotten that there was any shire in the realm but that in which he laid the venue of his life."

* *Memoirs of the Right Honorable William, Second Viscount Melbourne.* By W. M. Torrens, M.P. In 2 vols. London, 1878.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Still, "as his balance rose at Child's, he dreamed pleasant dreams of estates thereafter to be settled strictly in tail male on his own or his brother's progeny;" and, dying unmarried, he left his accumulated wealth to be laid out in land to be settled on his nephew Robert, and, failing issue by Robert, on Matthew in tail male. "This condition proved to be the golden hinge on which eventually the gate of splendor opened to the family." This Peniston died in 1734. Matthew followed his uncle's calling, and became known as a careful, energetic man, who had a taste for the improvement of land and an instinctive faculty for developing its resources: —

For many years he is understood to have acted as confidential adviser to Lords Salisbury and Egmont in matters relating to their extensive estates; and being ever careful to turn opportunities to account, he profited largely by the knowledge thus gained of men and circumstances.

Unless he is much belied, he feathered his nest pretty handsomely at their expense. A visitor at Brocket was surprised at being told by the gamekeeper that a right of fishing through a portion of the property, quite up to the park, belonged to Lord Salisbury. When this was mentioned to Lord Melbourne, he replied with characteristic frankness, "Well, I believe my grandfather did the Salisburys out of some land in that direction, and was generous enough to leave them the fishing."

Brocket was purchased by Matthew of the representatives of Sir Thomas Winnington in 1746, and all the farms originally belonging to the estate were gradually got back and reannexed. Not long afterwards, the Melbourne estate devolved upon him by the death of his brother-in-law. He had sat for Stockbridge, a hired seat, since 1741. He was created a baronet in 1755, and subsequently represented Peterborough in three Parliaments. He died in 1768, leaving to his only son, Peniston, property estimated at nearly half a million.

Without any of the talents which those who went before him had turned to account, the young baronet found himself at three-and-twenty a person of no small consideration. Women persuaded him that he was handsome; politicians only wanted to know what were his views; in the county it was hoped he would reside constantly, and complete the improvements at Brocket his father had begun. Society opened its arms to so eligible a recruit, and before six months he was the suitor, slave, and betrothed of one of the fairest women of her time.

This was Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, one of the most gifted and fascinating women of her time. Her charm, her social influence, were lifelong. As her personal attractions faded, they were replaced by heart and mind. She was three times painted by Reynolds with more than artistic feeling; and Lord Byron spoke of her, on her death in 1818, as "the best, and kindest, and ablest female I ever knew, old or young." To have been the mother of Lord Melbourne and Lady Palmerston was as proud a boast as to have been the mother of the Gracchi or the mother of the three Dupins.* The list is long of celebrated men who inherited their finest qualities from mothers, but Lord Melbourne is indebted for something more tangible to his. The rise of the family, the advantageous position in which he found himself when he entered the political and social arena, were almost entirely owing to her. The father is accurately described as a "good-for-little, apathetic, kindly man, who never had a quarrel in his life, and who probably never lay awake an hour fretting about anything." There is a notice of him in Messrs. Leslie and Tom Taylor's "Life of Reynolds," which does not convey a favorable impression. After naming him among the friends of Reynolds, they say: —

Lord Melbourne was indeed at this moment (January, 1772) the protector of pretty Mrs. Baddeley. Those who are so inclined may read his ill-spelt, ungrammatical, and fulsome love-letters to her in the "Life" of her, published by her worthy companion, Mrs. Steele. In one of these he tells her that he has been to see her picture at Reynolds', and thinks it will be well done; in another he rejoices that as there is no "Rannela" (where she was then singing) that night, he can enjoy the felicity of a visit to her whom he loves every "min-

* A monument in Père la Chaise is inscribed, "*A la Mère des Trois Dupins.*"

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

nitt" of his life, "Setterday, Sunday, and every day."

The year after his marriage he was created an Irish baron, by the title of Lord Melbourne of Kilmore; an Irish viscount in 1781; and an English peer in 1815. On the formation of the heir-apparent's household he was named gentleman of the bedchamber: the prince, be it observed, being one of the warmest admirers of his wife. At the Westminster election, when a vote for Fox was purchased by a kiss, she played a part only second to that of Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, or Mrs. Crewe.

To people these rooms (the Pantheon) we have to call up many of the most beautiful and best known of Sir Joshua's sitters. On this particular occasion (of the opening, Jan. 22, 1772) a great many of the ladies, we are told, chose to adopt male dominoes, and appeared as masculine as many of the delicate macaroni things we see everywhere. Among the most distinguished of these "pretty fellows" were the Duchess of Ancaster, Lady Melbourne, and Mrs. Damer.*

We catch occasional glimpses of Lady Melbourne and her gay doings in Walpole's letters: —

March 27, 1778. — The quadrilles were very pretty. Mrs. Damer, Lady Sefton, Lady Melbourne, and the Princess Czartoriski in blue satin, with blond and *collets montés à la reine Elizabeth:* Lord Robert Spencer, Mr. Fitzpatrick, and Lord Carlisle, and I forget whom, in like dresses, with red sashes, black hats with diamond loops, and a few feathers before, began.

Referring to a petition of Lord Foley and his brother to set aside their father's will, Walpole writes: —

All the ladies, Melbournes, and all the bishops' wives that kill their servants by vigils, are going about the town lamenting these poor orphans, and soliciting the Peers to redress their grievances.

. . . .

Tuesday, May 12, 1778. — I supped after the opera at Mrs. Meynel's with a set of the most fashionable company, which, take notice, I very seldom do now, as I certainly am not of an age to mix often with young people. Lady Melbourne was standing before the fire, and adjusting her feathers in the glass, says she, "Lord! they say the Stock will blow up: that will be very comical."

Much depends upon the tone in which this kind of thing is said. We can believe almost anything of her dissipated habits, but she certainly was not a fool. To gratify her and give full scope to her aspirations, her husband bought a splendid mansion in Piccadilly — the Albany now stands upon its site — and hurried on the improvements at Brocket, which, ugly enough without, became, as it remains, all that comfort and luxury could combine within. At both houses she collected round her the most brilliant society of the most brilliant episode of the social life of England. One of her dearest friends was Mrs. Damer, and we find them constantly coupled in the fashionable correspondence of the time.

August 27, 1783. — (To Seymour Conway.) As I was visiting this morning I received an express from your daughter (Mrs. Damer), that she will bring Madame de Cambis and Lady Melbourne to dinner here to-morrow. I shall be vastly pleased with the party, but it puts Philip and Margaret to their wits' end to get them a dinner: nothing is to be had here: we must send to Richmond and Kingston and Brentford.*

They shone in private theatricals, and after mentioning the co-operation, "by pen, voice, or sympathetic presence," of Fox, Sheridan, and Fitzpatrick, Mr. Torrens adds: —

Another intimate of both ladies, who equally delighted in all that was best in art, and whose great possessions enabled him to become one of its most generous and judicious promoters, was young Lord Egremont. . . . In early life Lord Egremont professed to be no more than a man of pleasure, given to hospitality, fond of the turf, content to be a cause of war among strategic mothers. Rather shy and taciturn, many outshone him in the ball-room, none in the morning ride or garden walk. There was in his voice and manner, say his contemporaries, that fascination for women, and even for men, which neither knew how to resist. At Melbourne House he was a constant guest, and through a long course of years his friendship and sympathy were never wanting.

* Life of Reynolds, vol. i., p. 433.

* Walpole's Letters, vol. vii.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

There is a portrait of him at Brocket so wonderfully like Lord Melbourne that it is impossible to help being struck by it. Late in life he was taking Sir Edwin Landseer and another visitor round the grand saloon, when Landseer, coming opposite the portrait, gave a start, and involuntarily turned round to look at him. "Ay," said Lord Melbourne, "you have heard that story, have you? But it's all a d—d lie, for all that."

We may here say, once for all, that no story or anecdote of Lord Melbourne is complete without this now universally condemned expletive. It would be the portrait of Cromwell without the warts. Lord Houghton alludes to Sydney Smith as having "checked the strong, old-fashioned freedom of speech in Lord Melbourne, by suggesting that they should assume everything and everybody to be damned, and come to the subject." We once before expressed a conviction that Sydney Smith never ventured on such a liberty with Lord Melbourne; who, however, certainly carried the old-fashioned freedom to an extent that might have justified a serious remonstrance on the part of a grave divine.

Peniston Lamb, the eldest son, was born May 3, 1773, and died, unmarried, January 24, 1805. William, born March 15, 1779, was therefore brought up with the prospects of a younger son till he was twenty-six. He went to Eton in 1790, where among the most remarkable of his school-fellows were Sumner (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), Stewart (afterwards Lord Stuart de Rothesay), Hallam, Brummel (the prince of dandies) and Assheton Smith (the prince of foxhunters). Nothing is recorded of him as an Etonian, except that he left the school not a bad classic. In July, 1796, he was entered a fellow commoner of Trinity College, Cambridge, and went into residence in the October following. He had a strong dislike to mathematics, and followed his own taste in reading, instead of aiming at distinction by pursuing the prescribed studies of the university, except so far as the classic poets and historians were concerned. Being destined for the bar, he was entered at Lincoln's Inn on the 21st of July, 1797, and proceeded to keep his law terms simultaneously with his college terms. It would appear that he had carefully cultivated the art of composition, for in Michaelmas term, 1798, he won the declamation prize by an oration, delivered in the chapel of Trinity, on "The Progressive Improvement of Mankind." This oration received the highest compliment ever paid to a juvenile composition of the sort; a compliment which might help to mitigate Macaulay's sarcasm at prize essays, as having this in common with prize cattle — that the one might furnish materials for making candles and the other for lighting them.

One of the very few speeches which Charles James Fox is said to have reduced to writing before delivery, was the speech in moving a new writ for Tavistock on the death of the Duke of Bedford. It concluded thus: —

I will conclude with applying to the present occasion a beautiful passage from the speech of a very young orator. It may be thought to savor too much of the sanguine views of youth to stand the test of a rigid philosophical inquiry, but it is at least cheering and consolatory; and that, in this instance, it may be exemplified is, I am confident, the sincere wish of every man who hears me. "Crime," says he, "is a curse only to the period in which it is successful; but virtue, whether fortunate or otherwise, blesses not only its own age, but remotest posterity, and is as beneficial by its example as by its immediate effect."

In the course of conversation at Brocket, a visitor told the story of Moore asking Rogers what he did, when people who wanted his autograph requested him to sign a sentence. "Oh, I give them, 'Ill-gotten wealth never prospers;' or 'Virtue is its own reward.'" "Then the more shame for you," Luttrell broke in, "to circulate such delusions." Lord Melbourne laughed, and said, "I am afraid I was as bad as Rogers, when, contrasting virtue with crime, I said that crime was a curse only to the period in which it was successful; and that virtue, whether fortunate or not, is beneficial by its example. Is the conqueror who arrests the march of civilization, or the usurper who destroys the liberties of his country, or the traitor who betrays them, a curse only to his contemporaries? Nor, I fear, is the example of unfortunate virtue so influential as that of prosperous vice."

This was not the first composition of his that attracted attention. It seems to have escaped the biographer that Lord Melbourne was the author of the epistle to the editor of the "Anti-Jacobin," published in the *Morning Chronicle* of January 17, 1798. The beginning shows that the veil of secrecy had been lifted.

Whoe'er ye are, all hail! whether the skill
Of youthful Canning guides the rancorous
quill,

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

With powers mechanic far above his age
Adapts the paragraph and fills the page —
Or Hammond, leaving his official toil,
O'er this great work consumes the midnight oil.

The lines which attracted most attention were these: —

I swear by all the youths that Malmesbury chose,*
By Ellis, sapient prominence of nose,
By Morpeth's gait, important, proud, and big,
By Leveson-Gower's crop-imitating wig.

The answer by Canning is prefaced by the admission that the "Epistle" is by far the best of all the attacks that the combined wits of the cause have been able to muster against the "Anti-Jacobin." It begins: —

Bard of the borrow'd lyre! to whom belong
The shreds and remnants of each hackney'd song:
Whose verse thy friends in vain for wit explore,
And count but one good line in eighty-four!

The one good line is the one italicized, but the epistle contains many quite as good.

The modern Athens was then in the height of its celebrity, and it was a prevalent belief that a year or two spent at a Scotch university was a necessary supplement to the education of an Englishman destined for public life. Lord Lansdowne, Lord Palmerston, and Lord Russell were placed under professorial tuition at Edinburgh; and William Lamb, after leaving Cambridge, became a resident pupil of Professor Millar at Glasgow, where he spent the winter of 1799 and part of the following winter in sedulous attendance on Millar's lectures on constitutional lore and Mylne's on metaphysics. "In the collegiate debating club he took a constant and brilliant part, being distinguished for aptitude of historic illustration and for caustic humor in reply."

It should be mentioned that, some time prior to his being fixed in London, the house in Piccadilly had been exchanged, to oblige the Duke of York, for his Royal Highness's mansion at Whitehall, since known as Melbourne (now Dover) House. It was here, May 11, 1800, that the Prince of Wales was dining when the news arrived of Hatfield's attempt to assassinate the king in the royal box at Drury Lane with a pistol fired from the pit. The prince, then on bad terms with his father, said it was mere rumor and showed no inclination to move, till Lady Melbourne succeeded in convincing him that the commonest sense of propriety required him to repair immediately to the theatre, where his Majesty had resolved on remaining with the queen as if nothing had occurred. The prince went; and after tendering his congratulations in due form, attended the preliminary inquiry which was conducted in the presence of the culprit.

Before midnight the prince returned to Whitehall to thank his hostess for persuading him to earn for once the praise of filial duty. His young equerry on the occasion was wont to tell the story with humor all his own, making the best of it for his Royal Highness, and dwelling with affectionate emphasis on the promptitude and tact shown by his mother. He was thenceforth more frequently included in the invitations to Carlton House, and became unluckily an early partaker in its revelries.

Another early incident has been left unnoticed by the biographer. When Miss Berry's play, "Fashionable Friends," was represented for the first time in May, 1802, the prologue was written by Robert Spencer, now best remembered through the "Rejected Addresses," and the epilogue by William Lamb; the burden of of which was the advantages of peace. It was not a successful effusion; and the play itself was withdrawn after three nights, although the full strength of fashion was put forth in its support.

Lamb was called to the bar in Michaelmas term, 1804, but his practice was limited to a single attendance at the Lancashire sessions, where, through the recommendation of Scarlett (Lord Abinger), he received a guinea brief. He used to say that the first sight of his name on the back gave him the highest feeling of satisfaction he ever experienced, very far transcending his enjoyment on being appointed prime minister.* He had made up his mind to follow the profession in right earnest, and was taking to it with a zest, when his elder brother died, and visions of briefs were dissipated by the higher aspirations of ambition and the brighter dreams of love. In the course of the following year he had become member for Leominster and the accepted lover

* For his abortive mission to Lille.

* "Lord Melbourne," Hayward's "Essays," First Series, 1858. We have drawn freely on this essay, which is based on personal reminiscences and information supplied by near relatives of Lord Melbourne and others who knew him best. The fault found with it by Lady Palmerston was, that it did not give her brother sufficient credit for the earnestness which, she always maintained, was the essential element of his character.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

of Lady Caroline Ponsonby (only daughter of the third Earl of Bessborough), to whom he was married June 3, 1805. To say that it was not a happy marriage is saying little. It blighted the best part of his life, warped his tone of mind, and haunted him with mortifying recollections to his dying day. Yet she possessed many qualities which justified his choice, and she never entirely lost her power of fascinating him. She was personally attractive without being pretty or handsome; rather below the middle height, well-made though thin, with light hair which she was fond of wearing like a boy.

> Her voice was ever soft,
> Gentle, and low: an excellent thing in woman.

She had abundant fancy and feeling, which are amongst the choicest gifts of nature, although they are apt to lead astray and to degenerate into waywardness or willfulness. Her very caprice gave piquancy and variety. She might tease, provoke, and irritate, but she never failed to interest. She was the counterpart of Pope's Calypso: —

> Strange graces still, and stranger flights, she had:
> Was just not ugly, and was just not mad:
> Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create
> As when she touched the brink of all we hate.

We believe it to be perfectly true that when, after one of their serious quarrels, everything was arranged for a separation, and he had gone down to Brocket till the formal documents could be prepared, she followed him, and lay down like a faithful dog at the door of his room, so that he could not come out without treading on her. The next morning when the men of business arrived, they found her sitting on his knee, feeding him with bread and butter.

They got on tolerably well for six or seven years. At all events, there was no outward or visible sign to the contrary. Her craving for excitement was lulled by the pleasures and cares of maternity. She gave birth to a son, August 11, 1807, to whom the prince stood sponsor. Miss Berry sets down: —

> *May* 3, 1808. — Dined at Lady Melbourne's. Went up to the top of the house with Lady Caroline Lamb to see her little boy asleep, who a very few years after was seized with fits and his life despaired of. He is too big of his age — only eight months.

"Life," adds the biographer, "was preserved, but only to himself to prove a burden and to his father a grief incurable."

Lady Caroline gave birth to a daughter, still-born, January 30, 1809, and mention is made of a third child, who died young.

Mr. Torrens is not particular about dates. He does not give that of Lamb's election for Leominster, but leaves us to infer that it was towards the end of 1805 or the beginning of 1806, when the ministry of all the talents had just come into office. They were most of them his personal friends, and he agreed with them in all leading points, especially as regarded Catholic emancipation and a more liberal policy for Ireland. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Fox, and on his death inscribed some tolerable lines upon his pedestal.

On the 19th of December, 1806, Lamb moved the address in reply to the speech from the throne. This appears to have been his maiden effort. His next was when, on the formation of Perceval's cabinet, which was pledged to resist all concession to the Catholics, Mr. Brand moved that it was contrary to the first duty of the confidential servants of the crown to restrain themselves by any pledge, expressed or implied, from offering to the sovereign any advice which the course of circumstances might require. Lamb seconded the motion in a carefully prepared speech, which gives his biographer an occasion for some pointed remarks on what he thinks the inevitable fate of orations written down and got by heart. But all the greatest orators have been in the habit of composing their speeches; and we suspect that nothing first-rate was ever strictly and literally improvised. Perhaps the best course for a debater is to think out the subject, carefully arrange his matter in his mind, or even write down his principal arguments so as to be complete master of them, and trust to the inspiration of the moment for the words. Lamb was at no period of his life an orator. He was at his best in short, pithy, impulsive sentences, or replies on the spur of the occasion. Among the numerous, too numerous, selections from his speeches given by the biographer, there is not one that will pass muster as a specimen of eloquence. But this is no reflection on their effectiveness in debate, for what people are wont to call eloquence is that which gives pleasure or excites emotion independently of the subject or the purpose.

The seizure of the Danish fleet (September 1807) afforded the Whigs an opportunity for what they intended to be a damaging onslaught on the ministry; but the attack was so tamely led by their new

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

leader, Ponsonby, and so dashingly repelled by Canning, that although Lamb voted with his party, his confidence in their power to achieve anything was daunted, and (adds the biographer) his belief in his own capacity for debate waxed so cold that he did not make any attempt to speak during the session of 1808.

His attendance, like that of Althorp, at this period was desultory, and broken by many intervals devoted to pleasure; but he was generally ready to be in his place when the elders whom he trusted thought it needful or important.

. . . .

In the daily round of refined and luxurious existence, time glided by. The lot had fallen to him in pleasant places. As yet there was no shadow on his path; and if, contrary to the belief of Holland House, the Tories should last forever, he was ready to say with Mr. Fox, "that in the company of witty men and pretty women, with plenty of fresh air, old books, and nothing to do, life was very endurable."

The way of life at Melbourne House may be inferred from an entry in Miss Berry's journal: —

Thursday, April 7, 1808. — I went to Lady Caroline Lamb's. An immense assembly. We came away at half past twelve and walked beyond the Admiralty to the carriage. Many of the company were not away till near three, and the Prince of Wales and a very few persons supped below in Lady Melbourne's apartment and were not gone till past six; Sheridan of the number, who was completely drunk.

Lamb's name does not once occur as a speaker in the "Hansard" of 1809. In 1810 he supported Mr. Fuller's motion to abolish sinecures, Romilly's anti-hanging bills, as they were called, and Brand's motion for an inquiry into the state of the representation.

In October, Mr. Lamb, accompanied by Lady Caroline, met Lord Palmerston at the house of Mr. Conyers, where there was a shooting party, but the woods were so full of traps and spring-guns that the owner "dared not set his foot in any of his plantations lest he should leave it behind him." He shot better than his friend (Lord P.), who tells, in his own characteristic way, how he brought down but one brace of pheasants, owing to the high wind which blew: but Lamb was luckier, and always found the wind lower when he fired, which was a knack he had through life, which stood him in good stead in politics as in sporting.

Lord Palmerston's laying the blame on the wind may recall the foreigner who complained that the English rabbits were too short. It was told of a noble lord (Lord Ashbrook), who never touched a feather during an entire day's shooting at Holkham, that the keeper, by way of consolation, remarked that he had seen people shoot worse than his lordship. "How can that be, when I have missed bird after bird?" "Ay, but your lordship misses them so clean!" This story would nearly fit Lord Palmerston. During his later years, when he was as fond as ever of the sport, he has been known to fire off both barrels at birds a hundred yards off.

Lamb took an active part in the discussion of the Regency Bill in 1810, and was intrusted by his party with the duty of moving an amendment on the resolution for limiting the functions of the prince. He was followed by Canning, who complimented his "young friend, as he was glad in public and in private to call him," on the moderation of tone and the fitness of topics he had relied on. The amendment was defeated, and the consequent position of the crown was pointedly described by the couplet in which the regent, alluding to his royal father's condition, is made to say: —

A strait waistcoat on him, and restrictions on me,
A more limited monarchy scarcely could be.

It may be taken for granted that Lamb shared the disappointment of his friends, when, at the expiration of the restrictions, they were thrown over by the regent, whose disclaimer of "predilections," in a letter to the Duke of York, was so happily paraphrased by Moore: —

You know, my dear Fred, I have no predilections:
My heart is a sieve, in which hopes and affections
Are danced up and down for a moment or two,
And the finer they are the more sure to slip through.

The regent was still anxious to retain some of the old ties, or disinclined to break with Lady Melbourne, for Lord Melbourne was requested to continue lord-in-waiting, and the request was considered a command. The natural opponents of Perceval, the advocates of Catholic emancipation, were weakened by the insurmountable dislike of Lord Grey and Whitbread to Canning; but on March 19th, 1812, Lord Boringdon (afterwards Lord Morley) moved an address to the regent for the formation of an administration independently of parties and creeds. The result is told by Miss Berry: —

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Thursday, March 19. — Went to Lady Castlereagh's, where there was an assembly entirely of ladies. There were only three men in the room when we arrived. All the male world was in the House of Lords to hear the motion of Lord Boringdon. Near midnight we went to Melbourne House to Lady Caroline Lamb. They were at supper; fifteen ladies waiting the arrival of the gentlemen from the House. An hour passed before they came. All Opposition *en masse*, and all the Canning party, himself excepted, with a fallen look, after their *cheval de bataille*, Lord Wellesley, had entirely failed them at the hour of need, not having chosen to open his mouth.

At the ensuing dissolution Lamb lost his seat, a victim to the "No Popery" cry, along with many of his friends, and on September 10th, 1812, Brougham writes to Lord Grey: —

Romilly, Tierney, and Lamb being out of Parliament is a great imputation on some of their friends, who must not thereafter talk of the fickleness and wrong-headedness of the people. These professors of party attachments had no sort of scruple to dissolve the regular Whig interest, or leave it with one single leader in the House of Commons, rather than forego the gratification of giving some cousin or toad-eater a power of franking letters!

Lamb remained out of Parliament four years, and, if we may trust his biographer, spent part of the time in melancholy reflections on the bad use he had made of his opportunities:

He had learned by experience that he was no orator, and that plausibility, good taste, coincidence of opinion with many who listen, sound logic, and an occasional dash of sarcasm — not too saucy from a young man on one of the back benches — will not command a hearing, secure a report in the morning papers, or evoke a careless "devilish good," from the chattering critics at the clubs next day. In spite of many advantages of person, voice, address, leisure, acquaintance, connections, and not a few sincere well-wishers, he had as yet accomplished nothing which scores of young men of his class had not accomplished on their way to epicurean obscurity.

We do not agree in this. We do not believe that he despaired of himself, or that his friends despaired of him. The qualities recapitulated — good taste, sound logic, and an occasional dash of sarcasm — if they would not invariably command a hearing, would rescue any man from epicurean obscurity at any time. And Lamb was an epicurean of the high intellectual order — not an *Epicuri de grege porcus*. The only Delilahs that could seduce him from practical politics, or the graver business of life, were books and the refined, cultivated companionship of the fair sex. Unluckily these four years were not permitted to glide away smoothly, leaving no reminiscences but those of well or pleasantly spent hours. They were dashed with agitation and troubled by domestic trials, in which his sense of honor and his feelings of self-respect, as well as his best affections, were involved. Lady Caroline's volatility was arrested and her fancy fixed for a period by the sudden appearance of a dazzling and lurid meteor amongst the stars of fashion. She met Byron when he had just flashed into fame, under circumstances which she thus described to Lady Morgan: —

Lady Westmoreland knew him in Italy. She took on her to present him. The women suffocated him. I heard nothing of him, till one day Rogers (for he, Moore, and Spencer were all my lovers, and wrote me up to the skies — I was in the clouds) — Rogers said, "You should know the new poet," and he offered me the MS. of "Childe Harold" to read. I read it, and that was enough. Rogers said, "He has a club foot, and bites his nails." I said, "If he was ugly as Æsop I must know him." I was one night at Lady Westmoreland's; the women were all throwing their heads at him. Lady Westmoreland led me up to him. I looked earnestly at him, and turned on my heel. My opinion, in my journal, was, "Mad — bad — and dangerous to know." A day or two passed; I was sitting with Lord and Lady Holland, when he was announced. Lady Holland said, "I must present Lord Byron to you." Lord Byron said, "That offer was made to you before; may I ask why you rejected it?" He begged permission to come and see me. He did so the next day. Rogers and Moore were standing by me: I was on the sofa. I had just come in from riding. I was filthy and heated. When Lord Byron was announced, I flew out of the room to wash myself. When I returned, Rogers said, "Lord Byron, you are a happy man. Lady Caroline has been sitting here in all her dirt with us, but when you were announced, she flew to beautify herself." Lord Byron wished to come and see me at eight o'clock, when I was alone; that was my dinner-hour. I said he might. From that moment, for more than nine months, he almost lived at Melbourne House. It was then the centre of all gaiety, at least in appearance.*

Lady Caroline was a wild talker, and Lady Morgan was not the most reliable of diarists. Lord Byron's first manner was not of a nature to make a new acquaintance set him down as "mad, bad, and dangerous to know," or to justify Madame

* Lady Morgan's Memoirs, vol. ii., p. 202.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

de Staël's warning when she told Lady Caroline that he was a demon; although to think a man dangerous, or be told that he was a demon, was the likeliest of all ways to make a woman of ill-regulated fancy and sensibility, craving for excitement, fall in love with him. Their passion, or rather fever-fit of gratified vanity, has become historical. It was short-lived, and was converted, at least on one side, into the exact opposite — into something bordering on hate, with exceptional rapidity. There is a maxim of Rochefoucauld, "*Ce qui fait que les amants et les maîtresses ne s'ennuient point d'être ensemble, c'est qu'ils parlent toujours d'eux-mêmes.*" Some one else has defined love as "*égoïsme à deux.*" But the gentleman must talk of the lady and the lady of the gentleman. They will soon feel tired if each only talks of himself or herself, as Byron and Lady Caroline did. They were too much alike to get on well together long; both morbidly self-conscious; both gifted or cursed with imagination and sensibility; both aiming at intellectual distinction. They were rivals as well as lovers: it was diamond cut diamond, instead of diamond outshining pearl and pearl content to be outshone. As Lord Holland was carrying an antique censer, taken from a cabinet, to show some one, he paused before Byron and Lady Caroline, and said to her, "You see I bear you incense." "Offer it to Lord Byron," was the reply, "he is used to it." This was ominous: —

And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin:
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said.

A very eminent man of letters, who died not long since, frankly avowed that his *beau ideal* of a mistress or a wife was a pretty woman who would sit on a footstool at his feet, look up fondly in his face, listen to him with rapt attention, and only interrupt him to whisper that he was the handsomest and cleverest creature upon earth. Byron's theory of female perfection was substantially the same. But the part she was required to play did not suit Lady Caroline. Her favorite worship was self-worship; and instead of treating his poetry as the only poetry worthy of the name, she was constantly bringing him verses of her own, which threw him into a state resembling that of Hogarth's enraged musician. The conduct of both was so extravagant as to verge on the comic and recall the parody of "The Stranger:" —

She, seeing him, scream'd and was carried off kicking,
And he banged his head 'gainst the opposite door.

Fashion is lenient to its votaries and its idols —

the few
Or many, for the number's sometimes such,
Whom a good mien, especially if new,
Or name or fame for wit, war, sense or nonsense,
Permits whate'er they please, or did not long suit.

The world, at least in its ordinary mood, instinctively distinguishes between offences against the conventionalities and what is positively or morally wrong. Lady Caroline's imprudence and contempt of form caused ample allowances to be made for her: nobody suspected her of worse than was openly displayed or lay upon the surface. She was like the air, a chartered libertine; her reputation was little if at all affected: and she retained her social position to the last. Besides, she had redeeming bursts of well-directed enthusiasm. At a dinner at Paris, after the occupation in 1815, she suddenly asked one of the party, in the hearing of the rest, whom he supposed *she* thought the most distinguished man she ever knew in mind and person, refinement, cultivation, sensibility, and thought. The person addressed suggested Lord Byron. "No," was the reply, "my own husband, William Lamb."

In public she persevered in monopolizing Byron whenever they met. She has been described to us by an eye-witness as hurrying up to him at Osterley Park the moment she entered the room, seating herself by his side, and showing by look and manners that she would "endure no rival near the" — sofa. The story of her stabbing herself — with scissors or a metal dagger-shaped paper-knife — is confirmed by a document preserved amongst the Byron relics. It is an invitation card, with a memorandum in Byron's handwriting: —

LORD BYRON,
4, Bennet Street,
St. James.

LADY HEATHCOTE,
At home,
Monday, July 5th, 1813.
A small Waltzing Party,
10 o'clock.

This card I keep as a curiosity, since it was at this ball (to which it is an invitation) that Ly. Caroline L. performed ye Dagger Scene — of indifferent memory.

He first got bored, then irritated, then

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

savage. She one day entered his lodgings when he was out, and finding Beckford's "Vathek" on the table, wrote under his name, on the blank leaf at the beginning, "Remember me." Under this inscription he wrote: —

> Remember thee! remember thee!
> Till Lethe quench life's burning stream,
> Remorse and shame shall cling to thee,
> And haunt thee like a feverish dream.
>
> Remember thee! Ay, doubt it not;
> Thy husband too shall think of thee;
> By neither shalt thou be forgot,
> Thou *false* to him, thou *fiend* to me.*

The husband is commonly the last to hear of that in which he is most deeply interested, and Lamb was so used to his wife's eccentricities, to call them by no harsher name, that an *escapade* more or less did not count. According to Lady Morgan, she said: —

He cared nothing for my morals. I might flirt and go about with what men I pleased. He was privy to my affair with Lord Byron, and laughed at it. His indolence rendered him insensible to everything. When I ride, play, and amuse him, he loves me. In sickness and suffering he deserts me. His violence is as bad as my own.

This is in flat contradiction to her letters, in which she uniformly speaks of him as the kindest and noblest of men. If we may believe her, the last feather that broke the camel's back, the drop that made the cup overflow, was not the affair with Lord Byron but an alleged act of wanton cruelty to her page.

The boy was a little *espiègle*, and would throw detonating balls into the fire. Lord Melbourne always scolded me for this, and I the boy. One day I was playing ball with him, he threw a squib into the fire. I threw the ball at his head, it hit him on the temple, and he bled. He cried out, "Oh, my lady, you have killed me!" Out of my senses, I flew into the hall and screamed, "Oh God, I have murdered the page!" The servants and people in the street caught the sound, and it was soon spread about. William Lamb would live with me no longer.

All his family united in insisting on our separation. Whilst this was going on, and instruments drawing out — that is, in *one month* — I wrote and sent "Glenarvon" to the press. I wrote it, unknown to all (save a governess, Miss Welsh), in the middle of the night. It was necessary to have it copied out. I had heard of a famous copier, an old Mr. Woodhead. I sent to beg he would come to see Lady Caroline Lamb at Melbourne House. I placed Miss Welsh, elegantly dressed, at my harp, and myself at a writing-table, dressed in the page's clothes, looking a boy of fourteen. He addressed Miss Welsh as Lady Caroline. She showed him the author. He would not believe that this schoolboy could write such a thing. He came to me again in a few days, and he found me in my own clothes. I told him William Ormond, the young author, was dead. When the work was printed, I sent it to William Lamb. He was delighted with it; and we became united just as the world thought we were parted forever.

This is simply incredible. "Glenarvon" had no literary merit, and its sole claim to interest or popularity, instead of conciliating her husband, would have revived and embittered the recollection of his wrongs; the hero being meant for the noble poet, and the heroine, Calantha, for herself. Byron writes to Moore, November 17, 1816: —

By the way, I suppose you have seen "Glenarvon." Madame de Staël lent it me to read from Capet last autumn. It seems to me that if the authoress had written the truth and nothing but the truth — the whole truth — the romance would not only have been more *romantic* but more entertaining. As for the likeness, the picture can't be good. *I did not sit long enough.*

It is perfectly clear that the *liaison* did not long survive the dagger scene, July 1813. Lady Caroline told Lady Morgan that her mother took her to Ireland with the view of breaking off the connection, and that it was at Dublin she received the "cruel" letter published in "Glenarvon," which Lord Byron declared to be the only true thing in the book. The copy given by her to Lady Morgan is without a date. Yet Mr. Torrens states that in "this year" (1816) Lord Byron married Miss Milbanke with the advice and approval of Lady Melbourne, and "in spite of many petulant warnings of evil to come" from Lady Caroline.

* "Works" (Murray's complete edition). The identical copy of "Vathek," with the lines in Lord Byron's handwriting, was seen by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who carefully committed them to memory, and says that the verse printed second stood first, and that the second ran thus: —

> "Remember thee! yes, yes, till Fate
> In Lethe quench the guilty dream,
> Yet then, e'en then, remorse and hate;
> Shall vainly quaff the vanquish'd stream."

What (he says) helped him to retain a vivid recollection of the lines was a discussion with Lord Glenelg, to whom he repeated them, whether "baffled" would not be better than "vanquished." The book which he saw had been borrowed for him by Mr. Murray from Lord Byron before he left England.

After repeating the verses and stating incidentally (Dec. 28, 1877) that he was in his ninety-second year, Lord Stratford gave a lucid exposition of the manner in which he thought the Eastern question might be settled.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Ere long he (Lord Byron) heard of her complainings at his absence and alienation: and he had the effrontery to address to his peevish and hypochondriacal friend the lines beginning, —

And sayest thou, Cara, etc.,

in which, to excuse the discontinuance of his visits, he tells her that in fact he is thinking of nobody else, and apologizes for conjugal perfidy by the assurance that "falsehood to all else is truth to thee."

Lord Byron was married January 2nd, 1815, and quitted England forever in April, 1816. The verses to Cara (if written by Lord Byron, which we doubt) were certainly not addressed to Lady Caroline. Neither were the lines beginning: "Farewell, if ever fondest prayer," which Mr. Torrens states were addressed to her by Lord Byron "on quitting England." In Murray's edition they are dated 1808. In Mr. Torrens's brief notice of the noble poet, almost everything is wrong. He did not quarrel with Lord Carlisle for not asking him to dinner; he was not Hobhouse's Cambridge "classfellow;" and "Childe Harold" was published only two days after the maiden speech in the House of Lords.

A strong proof that the Byron affair was not the immediate cause of the projected separation was that Lord Byron's friendship with Lady Melbourne remained unbroken till her death, in 1818. There is a French maxim, *La mère a toujours une tendresse pour l'amant de sa fille;* but we never heard that this tenderness extended to the admirer of the daughter-in-law.

November 24th, 1813, Lord Byron sets down in his diary: —

I have had a letter from Lady Melbourne, the best friend I ever had in my life, and the cleverest of women. I write with most pleasure to her, and her answers are so sensible, so *tactique*. I never met with half her talent. If she had been a few years younger, what a fool she would have made of me, had she thought it worth her while, and I should have lost a valuable and most agreeable *friend*.

Mem. A mistress never is or can be a friend. While you agree, you are lovers; and when it is over, anything but friends.

He has versified this *Mem.*, although it is far from universally true: —

No friend like to a woman man discovers,
So that they have not been nor may be lovers.

Long after his mother's death, Lord Melbourne is reported to have said, "Ah, my mother was a most remarkable woman; not merely clever and engaging, but the most sagacious woman I ever knew. She kept me right as long as she lived."

Lamb (as we must still call him) resumed his Parliamentary career in 1816. The biographer is rather obscure upon the point, but we collect that he re-entered the House as member for Portarlington, which he very soon exchanged for Peterborough. He broke ground by a speech in support of an amendment moved by the leader of opposition, Ponsonby; his chief topic being that the military establishments had not been reduced to a peace footing. Canning, in reply, referred to him as one "who never spoke without making a deep impression by his eloquence and ability." These were no words of course. Long before he came decidedly to the front, there prevailed a wide-spread belief in his latent capacity and suppressed power. About this time (or shortly afterwards) he had just left a dinner at Carlton House, when the regent, turning to one of the remaining guests, said with emphasis: "Sligo, mark my words, that man will some time or other be prime minister." *

In the course of a debate on Lord John Russell's annual motion for Reform in 1827, Mr. Hobhouse (Lord Broughton) had made a powerful speech, followed by a pause, when a member rose at a considerable distance from the speaker and made a telling reply of about twenty minutes' duration, almost every sentence of which was received with acclamation. A listener in the gallery (the present writer) turned round and asked a reporter (afterwards a distinguished member of the Irish bar) who it was. "That," was the reply, "is William Lamb; and Lord Castlereagh used to say that he might become prime minister, if he would only shake off his carelessness and set about it."

It was at his instance that his brother George stood for Westminster in 1818, and throwing off his habitual nonchalance he took the lead in organizing a systematic canvas of the constituency. Lady Georgiana Morpeth and Lady Caroline played the parts so efficiently filled by the Duchess of Devonshire in 1784. Desirous of gaining over Godwin, whose name was deemed important to the cause, Lady Caroline opened a correspondence with him, and although she failed in her immediate object, she made the acquaintance of a remarkable man, and the letters to which it led are highly valuable as throwing light on her character and the affectionate terms on which she lived with her husband. In 1821, Godwin wrote to ask

* Our authority is the present Marquis of Sligo; who, without being able to fix the precise date of the incident, is certain that it occurred during the regency.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

her aid in promoting a subscription for his benefit, a request with which she readily complies. In the ensuing letter she gives free expression to her feelings and thoughts, betraying in every other sentence her incurable self-consciousness: —

There is nothing marked, sentimental, or interesting in my career. All I know is that I was happy, well, rich, joyful, and surrounded by friends. I have now one faithful, kind friend in William Lamb, two others in my father and brother — but health, spirits and all else, is gone, gone how? Oh, assuredly not by the visitation of God, but slowly and gradually by my own fault.*

. . . .

Pray say a few wise words to me. There is no one more deeply sensible than myself of kindness from persons of high intellect, and at this period of my life I need it. I have nothing to do, I mean necessarily. There is no particular reason why I should exist: it conduces to no one's happiness, and, on the contrary, I stand in the way of many. Besides, I seem to have lived five hundred years, and feel I am neither wiser, better, nor worse than I began. My experience gives me no satisfaction, all my opinions and beliefs and feelings are shaken, as if suffering from frequent little shocks of earthquake.

The author of the book in which these letters appear goes on to say "that one new acquaintance was made by Godwin in 1830, the last of the long series of younger friends. This was Edward Bulwer, known better to this generation as Lord Lytton, who came to sit at the feet of the writer of 'Caleb Williams.'" He was introduced to Godwin by Lady Caroline Lamb in the following letter, which is without date and was certainly written many years before 1830, probably in 1823: —

Mr. Bulwer Lytton, a very young man and an enthusiast, wishes to be introduced to you. He is taking his degree at Cambridge; on his return pray let me make you acquainted with him. . . . Hobhouse came to me last night: how strange it is I love Lord Byron so much now in my old age, in despite of all he is said to have said. But I also love Hobhouse because he so warmly takes his part.

In July, 1824, she was driving in an open carriage, when a funeral came by. She asked whose it was, and the reply was, "Lord Byron's." The biographer states that she never recovered from the shock. At first she lay as one stunned, incapable of exertion and without interest of any kind. She then resumed her pen and pencils, and was occupied with her favorite books and music in a manner to give hopes that the dark cloud had been uplifted. But she speedily relapsed, and indulged in all sorts of caprices and vagaries. It is told of her that one day coming into the dining-room whilst the butler was arranging the decorations for the table, she told him that they wanted feature, expression, and elevation; that the centre-piece in particular was too low; then ordering it to be removed, she stepped into the vacant place and assumed a picturesque attitude to illustrate her idea.

The butler rushed from the room, and finding Lamb in the library, begged him for God's sake to come to the rescue. The moment he saw her he said only in the gentlest tone of expostulation, "Caroline, Caroline!" then took her in his arms and carried her out of doors into the sunshine, talking of some ordinary subject to divert her attention from what had happened. That evening she received her friends with as calm a look and tone as in happier days; but what an ordeal for him to pass through!

What an ordeal indeed! At times it was too much for him. He resolved on separation, and, as regards absence and estrangement, was separated at intervals. But how impute to guilt, or punish as criminal, irregularities which were clearly owing to a disordered intellect and were always bordering on, if they did not actually reach, insanity! If he kept away from Brocket, he left her its undisturbed occupant, and whenever she expressed a wish to see him or his presence was needed to keep her quiet, he was there to soothe and watch over her.

At the same time, he was watching over a son whom he tenderly loved, and trying to read in his fine features the signs of the complete intelligence and mental soundness they were never destined to reflect. If Lord Melbourne occasionally sought distraction in things that were not domestic, let it be remembered what sort of domesticity awaited him in his own home. If he was sometimes cynical or distrustful of mankind and womankind, let it never be forgotten how his best affections had been converted into instruments of torture, how his finest feelings had been turned against him. No wonder that he was fond of repeating one of the "detached thoughts" of Horace Walpole: "To those who think, life is a comedy — to those who feel a tragedy."

"Later in this year (1818) Sheridan died, and William Lamb was among the well-born crowd who followed him to the grave. His admiration was unbounded

* William Godwin: his Friends and Contemporaries. By C. Kegan Paul. 1876.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

for his genius." This, combined with his friendship for Tom Sheridan, led (it is added) to his seriously contemplating the biography of the deceased orator and wit.

He went in for a preliminary course of reading in old English comedy from Beaumont to Congreve, and long afterwards he used to excite the wonder of the superficial and the admiration of the learned frequenters of Holland House by reciting whole colloquies from Wycherley and long speeches from Massinger. This was preparatory to writing the earlier portions of his work, and delightful preparation it was. Then there was a course of more laborious study in the orations, English, Irish, French, Roman, Greek. Their differences of style and comparative anatomy had for him a charm that they never had before.

. . . .

Of the earlier Irish school he had little or no means of judging. Fox and Wyndham were the *penates* of his house, and the latter was with him a sort of idol. Canning he could listen to forever; but the man who he always said was the most irresistible in argument he had ever heard was Plunket. By the time he had come to settle conclusions about all these, something of his youthful preference for Sheridan was shaken; for he could not reconcile them with his unbridled freaks of fancy and tendency to over-decoration. This did not cool his biographic zeal, or abate his ambition to be the author of a book that every one would read. After many postponements and changes of design he at length began, and actually wrote the introductory portions of the life of the orator *as we have it now*.

Having got thus far, he began to flag, and shrank away from the drudgery of collecting facts and collating authorities for a consecutive narrative: —

He had got together all the best marbles and bronzes, sacrificial tools and incense-burners for his temple, but to go quarrying for the stones and digging out the rubbish for the foundation, or making the cement and trowelling it into the numberless interstices that must be filled up — heigh-ho! perhaps somebody else would do it better: why not Thomas Moore, an enthusiast by nature, a skilled workman by trade?

There was some hesitation and some demur: the poet, we are told, instinctively knew that, professionally considered, it was not a job that would pay. We should say that he instinctively knew the exact contrary, and it is matter of fact that he got a thousand pounds down at starting. But the hesitation did not last.

Moore was told by everybody he dined with that he was just the man to embalm Sheridan's memory in frankincense and myrrh. The minstrel boy liked the compliments better than the work, and took to it reluctantly. Lamb proffered him all the aid in his power, and sent him his notes and sketches, with the introductory chapters which only were written. *Eventually they made their appearance, with little adaptation, at the beginning of Sheridan's life, accompanied with due acknowledgments.*

Here Mr. Torrens's imagination has fairly run away with him. We cannot take upon ourselves to deny that Lord Melbourne went through the exhaustive course of preparation attributed to him; but when all that we have the means of testing looks like the baseless fabric of a vision, we are justified in being sceptical as to the rest. Sheridan died in 1816, not 1818. Moore did not publish the "Life" till 1825, nine years afterwards, and it was originally meant to accompany his collected edition of the works. There are no introductory chapters. There are no acknowledgments. Lamb's name is not so much as mentioned in the preface, and only once (*à propos* of his marriage) in Moore's "Journals;" where may be read the precise circumstances under which (in 1824) Moore contracted for the "Life." The sole semblance of authority for Mr. Torrens's detailed statement is a note (vol. i., p. 408) in which two paragraphs are quoted from "an unfinished life" by a person unnamed, who, from the description, may be inferred to be Lord Melbourne. This note proves that Moore made no other use whatever of the manuscript.

In November 1818, Lamb, then member for Hertfordshire (it is not stated when he was chosen), supported Lord Althorp's motion for a committee to inquire into the state of the country. In 1819 the next stirring affair in which he was engaged was the renewed contest for Westminster, when he accompanied his brother to the hustings and witnessed his mortifying defeat; Burdett and Hobhouse being returned. Queen Caroline next came upon the scene. Nearly all Lamb's private friends and political connections were against the prosecution, and his votes were mostly given in accordance with their view.

On all Irish questions which, soon after the accession of George IV., began to assume formidable dimensions, he took the Liberal side, but his love of order and his confidence in Lord Wellesley induced him to support the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act and the passing of the Insurrection Bill in 1822. On September

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

2, 1825, he intimated his intention not to present himself again as a candidate for the county, stating that he was induced to come to this determination solely by personal and private considerations, having accepted an offer to stand for Hertford, where he was opposed by Mr. T. Duncombe, who fairly frightened him off the course by intimations and insinuations of the most unjustifiable sort. One of the most malignant attacks of this kind (we learn from the biographer) alluded openly to his wife, and was subscribed "Glenarvon." He might have retorted with telling effect against any but a case-hardened adversary. His place was taken, at his suggestion, by Henry Bulwer, "who," Mr. Torrens states, "had already shown that he possessed capability and ambition to win distinction in a different sphere from his elder brother." His elder brother was a quiet country gentleman: Edward, Lord Lytton, was the youngest of the three.

Canning's accession to the premiership was Lamb's real starting-point as a working practical statesman. On the 27th of April, 1827, he was returned for Newport by a small majority. A petition was threatened, but before it could be presented he was appointed chief secretary for Ireland. On Canning's proposing him, the king is reported to have said, "William Lamb, William Lamb — put him anywhere you like." Instead of standing again for Newport, he got elected for Bletchingley, obligingly vacated for him by Mr. William Russell. He started for Ireland early in July, leaving Lady Caroline at Brocket on the plea of ill-health, but taking with him his son, from whom he could not bear to be separated.*

The peculiar duty to which Canning's parting instructions pointed was one for which Lamb was admirably fitted by knowledge of mankind, charm of manner, temper, and tact. He was to pave the way for Catholic emancipation and an entire change of policy by gradual changes of men and measures, bringing the friends of toleration to the front, and transferring some portion of the power which the exclusionists had held so long as almost to regard it as their patrimony. Mr. Torrens, Irish by birth and education, was an Irish official when the traditions of Lamb's secretaryship were fresh; and although (since coming upon the Sheridan episode) we cannot help suspecting that the Irish atmosphere has exercised its prescriptive influence upon his facts,* we see no reason to doubt the substantial accuracy of the animated passages in which he describes the effect of the new secretary's arrival at the castle: —

From the outset he resolved to see and hear for himself everybody and everything. The prescriptive reserve which haunted the secretary's office he put aside with no other notice than a hearty laugh. Peel had encircled the department with an arctic zone of distrust which, save by a few adventurers, was impenetrable: Goulburn was the centre of a mere fog, without light or sound or motion. His successor came to bring brighter and more hopeful weather. The staff of the department viewed his proceedings with surprise at first and then with sorrow. Some hinted doubts as to whether he was quite aware of the sort of persons he consented to see, and inwardly they deplored the obstinacy of his imprudence in seeming to talk to them just as he would to old acquaintances. Old Mr. Gregory groaned; melancholy Mr. Mangin sighed; the sententious attorney-general, Mr. Joy, kept his mind to himself except when asked point-blank for an opinion, and then flavored it with a sneer. The versatile solicitor-general, Mr. Doherty, who had fought for his kinsman the prime minister at Liverpool elections, and hoped that he would now have his reward, was all things to all men; and finding that Lamb loved a joke, plied him with specimens innumerable of Celtic fun. But the secretary went his own way, and kept to it.

. . . .

The messengers of the office used to say long after his time, "When Mr. Lamb was here the only orders were, 'Show him in;'" and though he could not promise to grant one in fifty of their requests, they invariably went away in better humor than they came, and muttering as they passed the sentry at the gate, "Not a bad kind of man that." At the end of an early letter to the Home Office full of details of business he says: "I have a dozen fellows talking to me whilst I write this letter, which will account for its incoherence," in regard to official formalities; for there was none as to substance and sense.

We have neither space nor inclination to follow Mr. Torrens through his detailed account of Lamb's Irish administration, which is clever and spirited, and would be valuable for its information if we could implicitly depend upon it. But after coming on such a statement as that the local taxes of Dublin amounted to 250,000*l.* per annum (they were less than half), we can hardly be expected to take on trust much that he has obviously not paused to verify. We are far from suspecting him

* His son died Nov. 27th, 1836. The only signs of complete intelligence were displayed a few hours before his death.

* It was Mr. Kinglake who said that, when St. Patrick expelled poisonous reptiles from Ireland, he also drove out facts.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

of wilful inaccuracy, but his colored, allusive, gushing style is precisely that by which both writer and reader may be misled. Besides, there is a great deal of matter, curious in itself, which has little or no bearing on the immediate subject of the biography. Bulwer, in his "Life of Lord Palmerston," has given an undue preponderance to the foreign policy with which he himself was diplomatically engaged: and Mr. Torrens has been similarly tempted to devote a disproportioned space to the country of his birth, not excepting periods when Lord Melbourne had little or nothing, directly or personally, to do with it.

Canning's death made no ostensible change in Lamb's position till the Duke of Wellington's accession to the premiership, when, in reply to a complimentary letter from the duke requesting him to retain the office he had hitherto filled with so much credit, he wrote that he must postpone his decision till he had conversed with his Grace upon the whole of the intended arrangements. He finally left Ireland on the 23rd of January, 1828, and on his arrival at Melbourne House found Lady Caroline dying. The tone of her letters was habitually so desponding that he had distrusted the accounts she had recently written to him of her real state.

She lingered only a few days longer, for the most part in a state bordering on unconsciousness. Her brother William, who throughout her illness had been unremitting in his care, warmly expressed his sense of the solace which her husband's frequent letters had afforded her, and the tenderness of his demeanor when he came. "William Lamb behaved throughout as I always knew he would."

. . . .

In spite of all her waywardness and folly, Lamb was beyond all doubt passionately fond of his wife. She retained to the last a strong influence over him, and years after her death he used to speak of her with tears, and ask moodily, "Shall we meet in another world?"

He consented to retain his office under the duke until the forced resignation of Huskisson, when Lord Palmerston, Lord Dudley, and Lamb met to resolve upon the course which it was incumbent on them to pursue. Their conference is described by Lord Palmerston in his journal:—

We all left Huskisson (then living in Downing Street) together, and Dudley proposed that we should walk up a little way, our cabriolets following. He was in the middle and said, "Now we are by ourselves in the street, and nobody but the sentry to hear us, let me know, right and left, what is meant to be done—'in' or 'out.'" I said "out," and Lamb echoed "out." "Well," said Dudley, "I am under some embarrassment as to what I shall do." . . . He said that the Colonial Office would be filled by a moderate Tory, a man of promise, a member of a Tory family. Lamb then said that for his part he did not happen to know any young member of a Tory family who was a man of promise, but by Dudley's own showing the character and complexion of the government were to be altered, first by withdrawing Huskisson and then by putting in his place a decided Tory. That this would decide him at all events. . . .

Dudley said that there was something in attaching oneself to so great a man as the duke. "For my part," said Lamb, "I do not happen to think the duke so very great a man; but that's a matter of opinion." I left them, and on my return home wrote to the duke a letter of resignation, which was to be sent to him early the next morning.*

Bulwer (Lord Dalling) adds in a note, that George IV. was very anxious that Lamb should remain.

At least the Duke of Cumberland requested that I would go to him and mention, as the king's particular desire, that he would not quit the government. I gave the message, and carried back a civil answer, but one that left no doubt of Mr. Lamb's determination.†

Mr. Torrens states that, after Lamb's resignation, Jerdan called on him and persuaded him to resume his contributions to the *Literary Gazette.*

They had previously been casual, but now became more frequent, being chiefly criticisms on theological or ethical works. Some of his reviews were of plagiaristic or platitudinarian volumes of sermons, and are spiced with keen, though not irreverent humor.

As these must have been short, it is to be regretted that we have not been treated to a specimen or two. They would have been more to the point than the frequent and discursive views of general politics, able as these are, which occupy so large a portion of the book.

Peniston, the first Lord Melbourne, died on the 22nd of July, 1828, and the accession of William to the title and estates gives occasion to the biographer for philosophizing in his peculiar way on the position and prospects of the new peer. He writes as usual with spirit and vivacity, but he has the Macaulay fondness for effect, and he thinks nothing of rounding a sentence at the expense of a date or a

* Journal, April 24, 1828, quoted by Bulwer in his "Life of Lord Palmerston."

† Life of Lord Palmerston, vol. i., p. 272.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

fact. Twenty-five years sounds better than nineteen, so he begins: —

For five-and-twenty years Lamb had been a member of the House of Commons, a favorite there, seldom refused a hearing, the intimate of its greatest men, and for a season the occupant of a difficult post; yet he had not made a speech worth remembering, and the Cabinet — the crown of Parliamentary strivings — had never been conceded him.

He had made many speeches which the biographer has thought worth quoting, and he had established a reputation which was to place him at the head of the Cabinet in due course.

Half a century spent and gone, and how little to show for it! He would have given a great deal to have had a fervid, even a fantastic faith in anything worth working for. He had been born a Whig, bred a courtier, drawn by conviction into Canningism, and persuaded to retain office under the Duke of Wellington. But Whiggery was said to be worn out. There was no longer a court genial, generous, or gay; Canning was dead, and the great soldier's administration seemed tottering to its fall. Utilitarian levelling like that of Bentham he regarded as nonsense. State parsimony like Joseph Hume's he thought a pettifogging blunder. Radicalism after the manner of Hunt and Cobbett he called mere ragamuffinism. He envied Stanley, *as he said*, the equal pleasure he took in fighting a main of cocks and defending the abuses of the Established Church. He coveted Palmerston's light-heartedness and india-rubber temperament, and Lansdowne's delight in the arts and in the duties of hospitality. Althorp's devotion to his wethers and shorthorns, and Holland's happiness in his great dinners and amusement at my lady's whimsicality, were alike to him marvels of contentedness. He was inactive, yet he was not at ease.

It is difficult to imagine a more erroneous estimate of a character. It would make out an earnest, high-minded man, with a noble career before him and intuitively conscious of it — so much so that his fortune was divined from his bearing — to be like the hero in "*L'Homme Blasé*," better known to the English public as "Used Up." No man had so many objects of interest at all times; and the notion of his envying the lighter qualities or amusements of his distinguished contemporaries is preposterous. Would any one who really knew Lord Holland envy his "happiness in his *great* dinners and *amusement* at my lady's whimsicality"? How did Mr. Torrens become acquainted with all these peculiar reflections and envies of Lord Melbourne fifty years since?

A few pages on, he quotes with approbation an extract from Haydon's diary for November, 1833: —

The scene at the lord mayor's dinner was exquisite; the mischievous air of over-politeness with which Lord Brougham handed in the lady mayoress; the arch looks of Lord Melbourne; the supercilious sneer of Lord Stanley at a City affair, as he calls it. In the ball-room I said to Lord Stanley, "Lord Melbourne enjoys it." "There is nothing Lord Melbourne does not enjoy, said he." Can there be a finer epitaph on a man? It is true of Lord Melbourne, who is all amiability, good-humor, and simplicity of mind.

But Lord Melbourne, it seems, had not given up hope.

He would try again, try on; but how? While he pondered, an unexpected shadow fell upon his path that looked like the realization of hope long deferred. It proved illusory, and vanished into nothing, as out of nothing it almost seemed to come: *but it changed the whole condition of the man*, and served undoubtedly to hasten his advancement to the first rank in his party.

What was this unexpected shadow which, although it proved illusory, changed the whole condition of the man?

Late in August Mr. Greville mentions a party at Stoke, during which he asked the new viscount if the rumor was true that he had been offered the admiralty. "He said he had never heard of it." Yet the rumor had its significance.

The significance was that the Duke of Clarence (soon to be William IV.) had just relinquished the post of lord high admiral, and it was of importance that he should be adequately replaced by a board with a president who would command confidence.

That the ex-secretary for Ireland, who had never been in the Cabinet, should hear himself talked of as a probable first lord of the admiralty in a circle closely associated with the court, could not but sound like an augury of things to come.

The reasons which induced Lord Melbourne to resign office under the duke were still in full force. They had been confirmed rather than shaken. To suppose that he could be tempted by a higher office to abandon his principles and his Canningite friends would have been more likely to be resented as an affront. He had never even heard of the rumor, but the bare mention of it by Greville changed the whole condition of the man, and was hailed as an augury of things to come!

We pass on to the formation of the Reform Cabinet. "Why did he" (Lord

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Grey) "regard Melbourne as most fit?" Mr. Torrens's answer to this query recalls the celebrated passage in Madame de Sévigné: "*Je vous le donne en dix: je vous le donne en cent*," etc. After ringing the charges on various items of unfitness, and suggesting that Lord Melbourne (who, according to the same authority, had just been exalted to the seventh heaven by being talked of for the admiralty) would probably have been satisfied with the duchy or the privy seal, the explanation is that his fitness for the place seemed from the first to have struck Lord Holland.

His clear blue eye rested fixedly on Melbourne, and if any doubt had previously existed in the mind of the premier it would have been dispelled by his advice, and the recollection that no one would be more acceptable personally to the king. What, then, were those distinctive qualities which recommended their possessor so irresistibly? William IV. liked him because, as he used to say, "he was a great gentleman;" by which he meant that under all circumstances he felt that he could appeal not only to his sense of honor, but to his generosity and genuine loyalty to the State.

Lord Melbourne was a gentleman in the highest sense of the term, but he was not what is commonly called a great gentleman; he had not the air or manner of a *grand seigneur*. William IV. never liked him, and the words placed in the sailor-king's mouth are wholly unlike what he "used to say."

What has been treated as an important (and turned out in one instance an unlucky) appendage to the new secretary for the home department, was his private secretary, "Tom Young," who was misunderstood by Mr. Charles Greville and is misdescribed by Mr. Torrens: —

Young had been recommended to the home secretary by the Duke of Devonshire as a shrewd, handy sort of man, whom he had found as purser of his yacht more serviceable than men of better breeding. To his surprise, and that of others, Melbourne named him private secretary, and, as he said, made use of him as a weather-guage when nicer instruments were off their balance. Had he checked the habitual bluntness of the man, or winced at his innate vulgarity, he would have been no longer useful. "Through him," he would say, "I am able to look down below; which for me is more important than all I can learn from all the fine gentleman clerks about me." By long sufferance Tom Young grew too familiar, not only with his chief, but with persons who could brook it less good-humoredly. But he was devoted, indefatigable, had a keen discernment of the foibles and oddities of his master; and, save on one occasion, served him sagaciously and well.

Young had been a purser in the royal navy, from which he retired with an independence, travelled, and gained a footing on the outskirts of society. On the occasion of the Duke of Devonshire's special embassy to Russia, the functionary (Mr. Jones, of the victualling office) charged with the outfit was looking about for some one to undertake the general management of the commissariat arrangements during the voyage out and home, when Young was suggested to him and engaged. The duke was pleased with him, invited him to Devonshire House, and recommended him to Lord Melbourne. Although neither refined nor cultivated, he was not vulgar, obtrusive, nor blunt. He had temper, tact, and fair average manners. He was a really good-natured fellow, always anxious to oblige, and eminently what the French call *serviable*. He had a numerous acquaintance, especially among active stirring people just below the upper stratum of society. Thus, he was hail-fellow-well-met with the wire-pullers of the Reform agitation, with Place, Atwood, and Joseph Parkes; as well with Barnes of the *Times*, Black of the *Morning Chronicle*, and Fonblanque of the *Examiner*. The state of affairs was critical, and a man of this kind was invaluable at the Home Office. No doubt Lord Melbourne learnt from him what he could not have learned from "fine gentlemen clerks;" but he had nothing in common with the "*Græculus esuriens*" of Juvenal or the "starving Frenchman" of Johnson; and we are quite sure that Lord Melbourne never sneered or winced at him, never talked of looking down below "through him," and never admitted him to anything approximating to intimacy or companionship so as to encourage undue familiarity. The words which Mr. Charles Greville puts into his mouth, and which Mr. Torrens tacitly adopts, are completely out of keeping with the character.

The only new fact supplied by the biographer — and we presume on authority — touching Lord Melbourne's participation in the Reform Bill, is his saying, "I am for a low figure. Unless we have a large basis to work upon we shall do nothing." In the debate on the second reading he made no attempt to justify his inconsistency: he frankly and fully admitted that he had been opposed to Parliamentary reform, that he had even objected to giving the

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

franchise to Manchester and Birmingham; but he contended that the declared will of the country left the legislature no alternative.

His brother George, under secretary at the Home Office, was as much given to the use of profane expletives as himself. The late Lord Ossington used to relate that, encountering Lord Melbourne when about to mount his horse at the door of the office, he called his attention to some required modifications in the new Poor Law Bill. Lord Melbourne referred him tc George. "I have been with him," was the reply, "but he d—d me, and d—d the bill, and d—d the paupers." "Well, d—n it, what more could he do?" was the rejoinder. Half the point of this story is lost in Mr. Torrens's version, which makes the under secretary d—n the clauses of an education bill instead of the paupers.

All topics of a private nature are treated with proper feeling and good taste by the biographer — we wish we could add, with accuracy. After tracing the origin of Lord Melbourne's acquaintance with Mrs. Norton — a delicate topic which subsequently became too important to be suppressed — he says that to celebrate her younger brother's birthday she asked to dinner, along with two of her husband's colleagues in the magistracy and some members of her family, Lord Melbourne and the author of "Vivian Grey," "in whom she had recently discovered the son of her father's intimate friend." A man more unlikely to be intimate friend of Tom Sheridan than Disraeli the elder, we can hardly imagine, but let that pass.

Young Disraeli was not long returned from his travels in the East, with traits of which he had interested her on the occasion of their first acquaintance. He had just then been defeated in an attempt to get into Parliament for the borough of Wycombe, *where he attributed his failure to want of support by the Whigs.* Mrs. Norton presented him after dinner to the home secretary, who had the power, she said, of retrieving the disappointment if he chose; and whose frank and open manner led to a long conversation, in which Mr. Disraeli mentioned the circumstances of his late discomfiture, *dwelling on each particular with the emphasis which every young man of ambition since Parliament was invented is sure to lay upon the broken promises and scandalous behavior of his victorious foes.* The minister was attracted more and more as he listened to the *uncommonplace* (just described as commonplace) language and spirit of the youthful politician, and thought to himself he would be well worth serving. Abruptly, but with a certain tone of kindness which took away any air of assumption, he said, "Well now, tell me, — what do you want to be?" The quiet gravity of the reply fairly took him aback — "I want to be prime minister." Melbourne gave a long sigh, and then said very seriously: —

"No chance of that in our time. It is all arranged and settled. Nobody but Lord Grey could perhaps have carried the Reform Bill; but he is an old man, and when he gives up, he will certainly be succeeded by one who has every requisite for the position, in the prime of life and fame, of old blood, high rank, great fortune, and greater ability. Once in power, there is nothing to prevent him holding office as long as Sir Robert Walpole. Nobody can compete with Stanley. I heard him the other night in the Commons, when the party were all divided and breaking away from their ranks, recall them by the mere force of superior will and eloquence: *he rose like a young eagle above them all, and kept hovering over their heads till they were reduced to abject submission.* There is nothing like him. If you are going into politics and mean to stick to it, I dare say you will do very well, for you have ability and enterprise; and if you are careful how you steer, no doubt you will get into some port at last. But you must put all these foolish notions out of your head; they won't do at all. Stanley will be the next prime minister you will see."

The internal improbability, not to say absurdity, of all this must be obvious to any one who has the slightest knowledge of the two principal actors in the scene. It places both of them in a ridiculous light: the youthful aspirant not yet in Parliament gravely replying, "I want to be prime minister;" and the home secretary as gravely explaining to him that the place was bespoken and that he had better think of something else. Can any one believe that Lord Melbourne spoke of Stanley in such terms? Who reported the dialogue to Mr. Torrens? To cap the improbability, Mr. Disraeli had stood as a Tory-Radical against the Whig candidate, Colonel Grey, at Wycombe, and was, as he always has been, the declared enemy of the Whigs. What really took place will be best prefaced by an anecdote in an essay published in 1858, to which Mrs. Norton contributed and which she carefully revised: —

Many years since, a right honorable gentleman, who now holds a conspicuous position before the world, had recently returned from the East, when he was asked to dinner to meet Lord Melbourne, who good-naturedly turned the conversation on the manners and customs of the countries recently visited by this gentleman. "Your lordship," he remarked, "appears to have derived all your notions of Oriental matters from the 'Arabian Nights Entertainments.'" "And a devilish good

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

place to get them from," rejoined Lord Melbourne, rubbing his hands and laughing.*

As the conversation proceeded, the gentleman, in a semi-serious tone, or in the proud consciousness of latent power which he afterwards expressed on a memorable occasion in the House of Commons, said that what he looked forward to was the premiership. "And I wish you may get it," quietly observed Lord Melbourne. This is the sole foundation of the dialogue which Mr. Torrens reports in such detail.

His account of the action "Norton against Lord Melbourne" is correct in the main, and we may as well dispose of it at once. The trial took place on the 22d of June, 1836.

The witnesses were chiefly discarded servants, nearly all of damaged character,† who had been, for a considerable time before, kept out of the way at the country-seat of Lord Grantley, and none of whom professed to be able to swear to any circumstances within the three preceding years. At the close of the plaintiff's case, late in the day, the attorney-general asked for an adjournment; but on an intimation from the jury, in which the judge also concurred, he waived the suggestion, and without calling witnesses proceeded to analyze the evidence that had been adduced. He branded the whole story as a tissue of fabrications which it was impossible men of discernment and impartiality could believe; and though his client was inadmissible as a witness, he was authorized to state upon the honor of a peer that the charge was entirely false. The judge left the issue fairly to the jury, who, without leaving the box, returned a verdict of acquittal. A loud cheer broke forth at the announcement, which was echoed by the crowd waiting without the court. At an audience next day William IV. cordially congratulated the minister on having baffled the machinations which, he did not doubt, had had their origin in sinister aims fomented by the meaner animosities of party.

Still the evidence, such as it was, remained uncontradicted, and left on many minds an unfavorable impression, which would have been obviated by full knowledge. It was therefore most unlucky that the trial was not adjourned, and that witnesses were not called for the defence; for on collating dates, it appeared that, during the entire period (two months) of the year specified by the servants, Mrs. Norton was suffering from a dangerous confinement, and saw no one but her medical attendants and her family.

According to the received code of honor, when a lady's reputation is concerned, a gentleman is bound to act like the loyal servant who (in 1716), when twitted with having sworn falsely to save Stirling of Keir's life, said he would rather trust his soul with God than his master's life with the Whigs. Lord Melbourne's solemn denial might not go for much, if he had not twice volunteered to reiterate it. Wilde (afterwards Lord Truro) was known to dislike undertaking a bad case, either from love of justice or haply because he disliked being beaten. When therefore he refused a brief for the defence — really because he had refused a retainer on the other side and intended not to act at all — Lord Melbourne, misunderstanding the motive, sent a message pledging his honor that justice and right were on his side.

Some years afterwards, when the Custody of Infants Act had been passed, Mrs. Norton resolved on applying to the Court of Chancery for her children, and it was understood that the application would be resisted on the grounds of moral unfitness. At all events, it was necessary to come prepared with affidavits negativing the imputation of infidelity; and one day a friend of hers engaged in getting up the case, received a message from Lord Melbourne, with whom he was personally acquainted, requesting him to call the next morning early. Calling between ten and eleven, he found Lord Melbourne in his dressing-gown and slippers in the act of shaving. "So," was the abrupt address, "you are going to revive that business. It's confoundedly disagreeable." "You know, my lord, that Mrs. Norton can't live without her children." "Well, well, if it must be done, it must be done effectively. You must have an affidavit from me. The story about me was all a d—d lie, as you know. Put that into proper form, and I'll swear it."

The circumstances under which Lord Melbourne became premier in July, 1834, and was summarily ejected in the following November, although already made tiresome by repetition, could not well be omitted or glossed over in this biography; but we are utterly at a loss to know why twenty pages are filled with the contest for the speaker-

* Hayward's "Essays." First Series. Vol. i., p. 261.

† Fielding says of one of his characters that, "not knowing what to say, she followed her instinct as chambermaid and lied." This instinct was strongly manifested by two of the female witnesses, who swore that Mrs. Norton was in the habit of rouging; that she always put on rouge when Lord Melbourne was expected, and renewed it after he had gone away. One of the jury, who was acquainted with Mrs. Norton, told the writer that he needed nothing more to convince him that they were lying, lying spitefully and in concert.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ship in 1835 — unless for the purpose of proving that Mr. Spring-Rice (afterwards Lord Monteagle) was aggrieved by being set aside, and was a much more important person than (after he had held high office) he was commonly considered by his contemporaries. But it is one of Mr. Torrens's weaknesses — an amiable one — to go out of his way to do justice, or more than justice, to his personal friends; and a letter from Lord Macaulay (from India, August 11, 1834) to Mr. Spring-Rice is introduced apparently for the sole purpose of elevating that gentleman: —

What shall I find you when I come back? Whatever you choose, that is my firm opinion. The game is in your own hands, and if you are not prime minister, or very near it, when I return — which will be, I hope, before the end of 1839 — I shall say that you have played the game ill.

. . . .

But Stanley's opinions are aristocratical, and his manners unpopular. Lord Althorp's talents are not eminent; and either of them may any day be translated to the House of Lords. I see no man among the Whigs so well qualified as yourself, by talents for business and talents for debate combined, to lead the House of Commons — or, in other words, to rule the empire. Stick to the *Centre Gauche*. Gain their confidence, and you may do what you please. *This is the game that I would have tried, if I had remained in England.* It is a game which you can play, and which nobody *now* in the House of Commons can play but yourself.

We cannot say that this letter lessens our distrust of Lord Macaulay's judgment or brings us over to his estimate of his friend, who was a clever, bustling, thoroughgoing politician, and an amiable man, but not the metal of which prime ministers are made.

The chief difficulties which Lord Melbourne had to encounter on his resumption of the premiership in April, 1835, were occasioned by Lord Brougham, who laid claim to the lord-chancellorship; and O'Connell, who had been led to expect the Irish attorney-generalship. O'Connell bore his disappointment like a man of sense, and supported the government as before. Brougham, after a short interval of suppressed irritation, broke out in a succession of intemperate sarcasms and diatribes against them. It was in reply to a brilliant display of this kind that Lord Melbourne rose and said: —

My lords, your lordships have heard the powerful speech of the noble and learned lord, one of the most powerful ever delivered in this House, and I leave your lordships to consider what *must* be the nature and strength of the objections which prevent any government from availing themselves of the services of such a man.

This is one of the most crushing replies in the annals of debate, turning the adversary's own admitted powers against him, leaving him in the position of the struck eagle, who

View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quivered in his heart.

A graphic description of Lord Melbourne in the House of Lords is given by Haydon: —

In the Irish Church debate the duke spoke well, without hesitation, enforcing what he said with a bend of his head, striking his hand forcibly and as if convinced on the papers. He finished, and to my utter astonishment, up starts Melbourne like an artillery rocket. He began in a fury. His language flowed out like fire; he made such palpable hits that he floored the duke as if he had shot him. But the moment the stimulus was over, his habitual apathy got ahead; he stammered, hummed, and hawed. It was the most pictorial exhibition of the night. He waved his white hand with the natural grace of Talma, expanded his broad chest, looked right at his adversary like a handsome lion, and grappled him with the grace of Paris.

On one occasion, exasperated by an unexpected move in party tactics by Lord Lyndhurst, he was provoked into saying: "The noble Duke (of Wellington) would not have taken such a course, but *he* is a gentleman." Lord Lyndhurst sprang to his feet: "Does the noble viscount mean to say that I am not a gentleman?" The offensive expression was instantly and handsomely withdrawn.

The years of Lord Melbourne's life to which he always looked back with unmitigated satisfaction, to which the biographer might point as the brightest illustration of his career, are those which intervened between the accession and the marriage of the queen. If, as is universally agreed, no monarch, male or female, ever better understood or more conscientiously fulfilled the highest duties of a constitutional sovereign, all honor to the sagacious, high-minded counsellor who watched over her with parental care whilst those duties were new, and devoted his best energies to guide and confirm the inborn rectitude of purpose and elevation of character, by which the prosperity of a great empire and the well-being of millions have been nobly upheld. It would be difficult to name a

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

more impressive scene than that of the elderly statesman reading to the young and inexperienced sovereign the verses in which Solomon, asked by God in a dream what he wished to be given him, replies: —

7 And now, O Lord, my God, thou hast made thy servant king instead of David my father: and I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in.

8 And thy servant is in the midst of thy people which thou hast chosen, a great people, that cannot be numbered nor counted for multitude.

9 Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this thy so great a people? *

On its being invidiously remarked to the Duke of Wellington that Lord Melbourne was a great deal at the palace, the duke sharply replied: "I wish he was always there." On August 24, 1841, the duke gave his public testimony to this effect in the House of Lords: —

"I am willing to admit that the noble viscount has rendered the greatest possible service to her Majesty. I happen to know that it is her Majesty's opinion that the noble viscount has rendered her Majesty the greatest possible service, making her acquainted with the mode and policy of the government of this country, initiating her into the laws and spirit of the constitution, independently of the performance of his duty as the servant of her Majesty's crown; teaching her, in short, to preside over the destinies of this great country."

In his later years Lord Melbourne had doubts whether he had given the proper advice to her Majesty on the occasion of what was called the "bedchamber question," in 1839. He admitted that he was unduly biassed by an unwillingness to blight the prospects of his followers: "I counted up more than two hundred of my intimate acquaintance, or their families, who would be half ruined and heartbroken by my going out." In reference to this affair, he said: "You should take care to give people who are cross time to come round. Peel's fault in that business, when he failed to form a government, was not giving the queen time to come round."

Amongst the most curious of the scattered notices of Lord Melbourne, which Mr. Torrens has culled from various sources, are some passages from the "Memoirs of Haydon," to whom he sat for his portrait in 1832. The artist speaks of him as having a fine head, and looking refined and handsome. Finding him free and easy, Haydon turned the conversation on one of his own favorite projects: —

With regard to art, he was afraid history would never have the patronage which portraiture obtained. Haydon said the government alone could do it. The minister ejaculated, "How?" "First by a committee of the House, then by vote." Melbourne was afraid selections might be invidious. The painter rejoined that the selected would be more likely to be envied than otherwise. He asked, had not sculptors had every opportunity, and had they generally done as well as they ought? Haydon replied "that they had not. But it was no argument, because one class of artists had acted as manufacturers that others must do so too." Melbourne, "Then we shall see what a popular Parliament will do. If Hume is not against it your scheme may be feasible."

The scheme has been tried, but without the anticipated result of creating a demand for historical pieces, which, for obvious reasons, can never be equally in request with portraits. Calling one morning, in January 1835, Haydon found Lord Melbourne reading the *Edinburgh Review*.

He began instantly, "Why, here are a set of fellows who want public money for scientific purposes, as well as you for painting; they are a set of ragamuffins!" "That's the way," said I; "nobody has any right to public money but those who are brought up to politics. Are not painting and science as much matter of public benefit as political jobbing? You never look upon us as equals; but any scamp who trades in politics is looked on as a companion for my lord." "That is not true," said he. "I say it is," said I; and then he roared with laughter and rubbed his hands.

Calling again on the 1st of March, he found Lord Melbourne reading the Acts, in a quarto Greek Testament that had belonged to Johnson, given him by Lady Spencer.

"Is not the world, Lord Melbourne, an evidence of perpetual struggle to remedy a defect?" "Certainly," he mused out. "If, as Milton says, we were sufficient to have stood, why did we fall?" Lord Melbourne rose bolt up, and replied, "Ah, that's touching on all our apprehensions." We then swerved to art.

Controversial divinity and ecclesiastical history were his favorite studies. He astonished M. Van de Weyer by his familiarity with the history of the Gallican Church, and its resistance to papal usurpation in 1682, when Bossuet played so prominent a part. He had no predilection for science, and there is a current story that, on being pressed to give Faraday a

* 1 Kings iii.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

pension, he parried the application by pretending to mistake him for an astron omer.

Asking how it was that Raphael was employed to decorate the Vatican, he was reminded that Raphael was a great painter. "But was not his uncle, Bramante, architect to the pope? It was a job." *

His dislike of humbug, pretension, and the affectation of knowledge, occasionally led him into the opposite extreme, and gave plausibility to the good-humored raillery of Sydney Smith: —

"Our viscount is somewhat of an impostor. Instead of being the ignorant man he pretends to be, before he meets the deputation of tallow-chandlers in the morning, he sits up half the night talking with Thomas Young about melting and skimming, and then, although he has acquired knowledge enough to work off a whole vat of prime Leicestershire tallow, he pretends next morning not to know the difference between a dip and a mould. I moreover believe him to be conscientiously alive to the good or evil that he is doing, and that his caution has more than once arrested the gigantic projects of the Lycurgus of the Lower House (Lord John Russell). I am sorry to hurt any man's feelings and to brush away the magnificent fabric of levity and gaiety he has reared; but I accuse our minister of honesty and diligence."

What Johnson said of Thurlow was equally true of Lord Melbourne: "Sir, he is a fine fellow: he fairly puts his mind to yours." But if you had no mind to put or be put to, the sooner you got out of his way the better. He had been induced to ask a literary man of note to one of his small dinner-parties by hearing that he was well versed in Massinger and Marlowe, with whom the gentleman had only a superficial acquaintance, but was ashamed to own it. "There now," was Lord Melbourne's comment, "that fellow has been trying for half an hour to make me believe he knows a great deal of what he knows nothing. We won't have *him* again."

On the breaking up of a Cabinet dinner at his house in South Street, at which the first step towards free-trade in corn, the substitution of a fixed duty for the sliding scale, had been settled, he called out from the top of the staircase to the retiring guests: "Stop a minute; let's all be of one mind. Is it to lower the price of bread, or isn't it?" a point on which the political economists were then far from unanimous. Hardly a year before, he had declared in the House of Lords that any minister who tampered with the corn laws must be mad.

Mr. Torrens conveys the impression that the spirited policy of England in the Syrian question was entirely owing to Lord Palmerston. This was not so. When Thiers (October 1840) announced an intention to call out an extraordinary conscription of one hundred and fifty thousand men, Lord Melbourne wrote to the king of the Belgians to this effect: "Thiers' announcement is a threat. By G—d! I won't stand it. If this goes on, I will immediately call Parliament together, and see what they think of it." This letter was passed on to the king of the French, and the Thiers ministry came to a speedy end.*

His patronage caused him an infinity of trouble and anxiety, because he was unfeignedly anxious to distribute it with an exclusive reference to merit and the public good. We find him in 1837 complaining of an epidemic amongst deans and judges; and "as for the bishops, it was his positive belief that they died to plague him." The judicial appointment most questioned was that of Baron Maule. His caustic wit had been freely exercised at the expense of his predecessors on the bench, who protested against him as a colleague; and attention had been called to his habits by the fire at the temple, which began in his chambers. But he had every qualification for a judge, except morals, which were a minor consideration from the premier's point of view. On Maule's name being mentioned at a dinner party some time after the appointment, a celebrated beauty (not a Sheridan) looked up and asked with a lisp: "Pray, Lord Melbourne, is that the man you made a judge *for* burning down *the Tower?*" A part of the Tower had recently been burned down.

He was less scrupulous about blue ribbons, regarding them merely as means of rewarding or conciliating support, and careful only to avoid wounding vanity and self-love. He declined taking the garter, saying that he did not want to bribe himself. There was a well-known reply of his to an earl soliciting a marquisate, beginning: "My dear ——, how can you be such a d—d fool?" Referring to it when it got abroad, he said that he could understand people being anxious for peerages, but not their caring so much about the grade; and he acted up to his principle by refusing an earldom. When a list of would-be baronets was laid before him, he exclaimed:

* Life of Reynolds, p. 308, note.

* *Ex relatione* Lord Palmerston, June, 1865.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

'I did not know anybody cared any longer about these sorts of things. Now I have a hold on the fools."

It is unnecessary to dwell on the defeat of his ministry, and his resignation, August 28, 1841. From her Majesty's journal it appears that he betrayed no depression or chagrin: "For four years," he said, "I have seen you every day; but it is so different now to what it would have been in 1839: the prince understands everything so well."

During the closing years of his life, he retained a keen relish for intellectual intercourse; and at the little dinners in South Street and Bolton Street, the fulness, richness, and piquancy of his conversation were as remarkable as ever. He preferred bold, ready talkers when they had anything in them; and defended a lady who was thought too bold and positive, by saying: "That's what I like her for: she speaks out." On being told that George Smythe (Lord Strangford) wished to be introduced to him, he exclaimed, with evident satisfaction: "What! do these young fellows want to know *me*? Bring him to dinner by all means."

These young fellows did want to know him. It was a valued, envied privilege to be admitted to his companionship. It was he who, with failing health, gradually withdrew from the world, not the world that withdrew from him. It was therefore with wondering incredulity that we came upon these passages of the biography: —

Throughout his long and chequered life Melbourne had had his sorrows and his troubles. But the greatest of his trials was to come, in the sense of being neglected. Too susceptible not to feel, and too proud to masquerade in gay looks when his soul was sad within him, he chafed daily at the indifference with which he was treated, not merely by the common herd of fashion, but by those who for years had compassed him round with blandishments of what he had taken for respect and attachment. For a time he tried to persuade himself that the numerous omissions to call were partly accidental. Some were sick, and some had gone abroad; some were time-servers and shabby dogs who had learned to trim, and were ashamed to look in the face their old patron: was he not better without them? But as weeks and months rolled on, and the bed of the once full stream of attention grew more and more dry, the hope of its ever returning again shrank within him.

. . . .

One who truly and unalterably loved him found him in the afternoon looking more than usually dejected. "I am glad," he exclaimed, "you are come. I have sat here watching that timepiece, and heard it strike four times without seeing the face of a human being; and had it struck the fifth I feel that I could not have borne it."

He had only to say the word, and troops of admiring friends and affectionate relatives would have gathered round him. If Lady Palmerston had lived to be told that her idolized brother was abandoned or neglected when she was at the height of her social distinction and popularity! No doubt he had his moments of despondency, when it was painful to be alone. What highly gifted man or woman has not? —

Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow —
Hearts that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

But far from complaining of neglect and ingratitude, he has been heard to declare more than once that his long tenure of office had made him think better of mankind. Pitt, according to Wilberforce, had arrived at the same conclusion.

Lord Melbourne particularly prided himself on the part he had taken during the Reform Bill agitation in preserving order. Great, therefore, were his mortification and surprise when, at the trial of Smith O'Brien in 1848, a letter from Young to Sir William Napier was produced, dated Home Office, June 25th, 1832, sealed with the official seal, and containing these words: —

Are you aware that, in the event of a fight, you were to be invited to take the command at Birmingham? Parkes got a frank from me for you with that view, but had no occasion to send it.

The vexation caused by this incident certainly aggravated Lord Melbourne's last illness. He died on the 24th November, 1848.

Differing on many points from Mr. Torrens, we recognize in him a man of undoubted ability, earnestly intent on raising an appropriate monument to one whom he esteems and admires. But we must say that he has an odd way of setting about it. He is always blowing hot or cold: there is no average temperature in his praise or dispraise. He leaves the impression that he never fairly thought out the character he has undertaken to delineate. Lord Melbourne may have been strong-minded or weak-minded, of a cheerful and hopeful, or a desponding and querulous disposition, but he could not have been all at once.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Even as regards his qualities of statesmanship, the biographer seems unable to come to a definite conclusion.

In his preface he says that the early impression made on him by Lord Melbourne "has not been effaced by any combination of high qualities in the statesmen he has subsequently known;" and he must have known all Lord Melbourne's successors in the premiership. Yet in the body of the work (vol. ii., p. 98) we read: —

It would be idle to claim for Melbourne the strength of will, the originality of resource, the knowledge of detail, or the unfailing eloquence, which in varying degrees characterized *most* of his predecessors and successors in the civil primacy. But he had a quality which they lacked, and which, at the juncture in question, tended in no small degree to bring about the unanimity wherewith it was agreed to have him a second time for chief of the party. He had no enmities and no enemies.

Dating from the fall of Walpole, he had twenty predecessors in the "civil primacy," and fourteen of them were: Pelham, Devonshire, Newcastle, Bute, George Grenville, Rockingham, Grafton, Shelburne, Addington, Portland, Perceval, Liverpool, Goderich, Wellington. Will Mr. Torrens, after reading this list, reiterate his assertion that Lord Melbourne was inferior in essential qualities to most of his predecessors in the civil primacy? Or, if he does reiterate it, how is he to maintain the honored subject of his biography in the proud position he has elsewhere claimed for him? But then the man who ended (we are told) by having no friends, had no enmities and no enemies. Is this a matter of congratulation or laudation? We incline to think with Sir Oliver Surface that it is not: —

Sir Oliver. Everybody speaks well of him [Joseph]! Pshaw! Then he has bowed as low to knaves and fools as to the honest dignity of genius and virtue.

Sir Peter. What, Sir Oliver! Do you blame him for not making enemies?

Sir Oliver. Yes, if he has merit enough to deserve them.

Lord Melbourne had merit enough to deserve both friends and enemies, merit enough to throw any co-existing demerit into the shade, merit enough to give him permanent rank as a high-bred, high-minded, highly cultivated, thoroughly English statesman of whom the contemporary and every succeeding generation of Englishmen may feel proud.

ERICA.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE GERMAN OF

FRAU VON INGERSLEBEN.

XXII.

OLD AND NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

It was a very pleasant surprise to Erica to find in Dorneck not only a Catholic, but an Evangelical church.

Although the latter are rare on the Rhine, since by far the larger majority of the population is Catholic, this little church had been built and endowed by Count Rodenwald's father, so Erica once more had a parsonage where she could make herself at home, and she soon earnestly requested permission to go there.

Fritz, who during his stay at his father's house daily received lessons from the pastor, instantly offered to accompany her. The parsonage stood at the end of the village, and in order to reach it they were obliged to pass through the principal street, which strongly resembled that of a city. Bakers', butchers', shopkeepers', and even lawyers' signs appeared, and now and then a villa, surrounded by gardens, which was occupied in summer by some family residing in the neighboring city. The pastor's little front garden, with its gillyflowers and mignonette, seemed to Erica like an old acquaintance, and the vine-covered house reminded her of the dwelling of her foster-parents.

The door stood open, and as no one was to be seen in the entry, Fritz unceremoniously walked into the sitting-room, where a young man sat at a table bending over a book, in which he was so completely absorbed that he did not hear the stranger's entrance.

"Tear yourself from your studies a moment, most revered Herr Reinhardt," cried Fritz, "and condescend to show us the way to the mistress of the house."

The young man hastily looked up, but instead of rising remained motionless, staring at the new comers.

"Fräulein Erica, you here!" he stammered at last, while his whole face crimsoned with surprise or pleasure. "How could I hope to see you here?" he added a little more calmly, approaching her.

Erica cordially held out her hand and answered laughing,—

"I think, Herr Reinhardt, you might have been more prepared for the meeting than I. Did you not hear I was expected?"

* Copyright 1877, by Littell & Gay.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Not a syllable, or how could I have neglected to come to the castle?"

"Well, mountains and valleys don't meet, but old friends do!" cried Fritz. "So you know Herr Reinhardt, Erica? I suppose he was careless enough to trust himself to the waves of the Baltic."

"He is my foster-father's nephew, and often came to Waldbad."

"This is a capital coincidence, but it doesn't absolve Herr Reinhardt from the duty of taking us to the lady of the house."

The young man, who seemed to have been rendered mute by his delight, bowed and led the way to the garden, where the pastor's wife was weeding her vegetables.

She received the visitors with great cordiality, and as a little flock of children appeared, with whom Erica instantly made friends, she left the parsonage with a feeling of great satisfaction, and in reply to her hostess's kind invitation promised a speedy repetition of the visit.

"Tell me, Erica," said Fritz on the way home, "was that Herr Reinhardt the originator of 'heather blossom'?"

Erica's brown eyes glanced mischievously at her cousin.

"How wise you are, Fritz!" she said, in a tone that harmonized admirably with the glance. "You see through every secret. One must be on one's guard against you."

The conversation was interrupted by the loud rattling of a carriage which rolled rapidly up the street. The occupants were Herr von Sonnenstein and another gentleman, who were engaged in such an eager conversation that they did not notice the pedestrians. Erica had scarcely cast a glance at the vehicle, when she started violently and turned so pale that Fritz looked at her anxiously.

"What is it, Erica, another acquaintance?" he asked, trying to assume a jesting tone. Erica did not answer immediately, she needed time to collect her thoughts. "I hope," she said at last, without replying to the question, "that those gentlemen are not going to call at Dorneck."

"To be sure they are. There is a great attraction there for Sonnenstein. Look, the carriage is just turning towards the castle."

"And Wehlen? Is he an acquaintance too. Does he often come here?"

"Wehlen? I have never heard the name. Sonnenstein is probably bringing him to our house for the first time. But what is the matter with this Wehlen. Why does he frighten you so?"

Erica again paused a few moments before she answered. She was considering how far she might be justified in expressing her perhaps unfounded suspicions.

"Herr von Wehlen does not like me," she said at last evasively, "and has shown his aversion so decidedly that I am afraid of him."

She seemed to wish to prove the truth of her words by her actions, for she became absent-minded and grave, and they completed the walk to the castle in almost total silence. On reaching home Erica went directly to her own room, and did not join the family for a long time.

The two gentlemen already mentioned happened to be the only visitors, and Fritz was greatly surprised to hear Sonnenstein's companion addressed as Herr von Ramsdorff. Erica must certainly have been mistaken, and yet it did not seem so, for Fritz saw a dark shadow flit over the stranger's countenance at the young girl's entrance. But he instantly regained his composure, and, advancing towards her, greeted her as an old acquaintance. Erica was so confused, and showed so little ease of manner, that her cousin came to her assistance and engaged the stranger in an animated conversation. When the name of Ramsdorff was mentioned, Wehlen turned to Erica — whose astonishment was plainly mirrored in her features — and said, laughing,—

"You are doubtless surprised to see your old acquaintance Wehlen transformed into a Herr Ramsdorff, but the matter is very simple after all. My name is Ramsdorff-Wehlen, and as an old aunt Ramsdorff has distinctly intimated an intention of making me her heir, I can well consent to please her by dropping the Wehlen and thus emphasizing the Ramsdorff."

The story sounded very natural and plausible, yet Erica did not believe it. This change of name was another justification of her fears that Wehlen had entered the family circle for some evil purpose.

He seemed to be on very intimate terms with Herr von Sonnenstein, for the latter resisted even the magic of Olga's presence to take a walk in the park with him. Wehlen put his arm in his companion's, and when they had left the rest of the party a little behind, began an eager conversation.

"To be frank, my dear baron, I must unfortunately acknowledge that you have less prospect of success than, judging

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

from your circumstances and personal attractions, I thought possible. My task will be far more difficult than I supposed."

Sonnenstein looked anxiously into his companion's face.

"But you don't despair. You freely offered me your assistance before I ventured to request it, and ——"

"Have no fear, baron. I am in the habit of keeping my word under all impediments, only we must drop the original plan, and enter upon the business rather more energetically. I will hire one of these pretty villas and remain in Dorneck during the summer, in order to be constantly on the watch, and shape my course according to circumstances."

"You are really too kind, I am most sincerely grateful."

"Oh! it gives me pleasure to be able to do any one a favor," replied Wehlen laughing, "but there is one delicate point about the matter. My rich aunt unfortunately is not yet ready to die, and as I am poor ——"

"Of course my purse is at your disposal, since you are incurring all these expenses for me."

"That is the only consideration which can induce me to accept your offer. We must now direct our attention to the papa, for he evidently favors the rival in a most incomprehensible manner."

"Too true!" replied Sonnenstein dejectedly.

"And how are we to get hold of the old gentleman?"

Sonnenstein looked at his companion in astonishment. "I really don't know," he answered frankly.

Wehlen's lips curled. "I believe I do," he whispered. "But see, baron," he continued, raising his voice, "there are the ladies, so I suppose I must give up the pleasure of your society. Obedient as a trained poodle," he muttered between his teeth, gazing after his companion's retreating figure with a look of bitter scorn. "A rich simpleton and an old gentleman who is fond of pleasure. I think the affair will do. The presence of this little demon is disagreeable, to be sure. Who would have expected her appearance here? However, the serpent's gaze lures birds, why should my eyes be powerless to affect this awkward little girl? Besides, the point in question does not concern children, but very different affairs."

A few days after the visit which had so greatly agitated Erica, the long-expected arrival of old Countess Ingolstein set the whole household in a state of confusion, and completely changed the daily routine of life.

True, the old lady's appearance by no means justified this general excitement; her corpulence, small stature, and red face were anything but imposing, nay, on the contrary, extremely commonplace. Her manner, even, had a slight touch of that ease which persons of strong character readily take as a token of good-nature, and Erica could therefore scarcely understand why Count Rodenwald had spoken of this visitor with such a resigned expression.

But she was again destined to learn that, at first sight, things often look very differently from what they appear on closer examination. It was not long before she sighed over the constraint and weariness this visit imposed upon her, and there was probably not a single member of the family who would not have sympathized with her in this respect.

The good old lady herself neither intended to impose any such constraint, nor in her unsuspiciousness had the slightest idea of the possibility of such a thing.

Having always lived in the narrow circle of a home, similar to the one in which Sidonie had spent her childhood, she was as ignorant in regard to the world at large as the young girl herself had been. She was therefore always forced to judge everything by her own standard, and as she was treated with the greatest consideration, this, without her knowledge or desire, caused annoyance wherever she went.

The seclusion in which she lived had not only left her a child in regard to the views of the outside world, but also given her a wonderful freshness and capability of enjoying various amusements, which proved a source of inconvenience to those who could not fully share her feelings. This caused the singular spectacle of an exchange of characters, and the young people, out of consideration for the old lady, were compelled to enter into pleasures which they usually regarded as things of the past. The old countess's innocent delight did not always afford a sufficient compensation for this constraint, and when a poor play was attended, a commonplace concert heard, or pictures of very mediocre merit admired, the members of the family not compelled to form part of the escort were always envied.

Moreover, the countess, who usually led such a lonely life at her castle, was very fond of large parties, and wanted to be continually in young people's society.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The daughters of the house, who usually spent the morning in their own rooms and did not join the family circle until the afternoon, were therefore now obliged to assemble in the drawing-room directly after breakfast, and only separated to dress for dinner. Erica, who did not find the above-mentioned entertainments tiresome, because she herself had never before enjoyed them, was doubly wearied by these long forenoons.

The conversation usually turned upon subjects which she did not understand, and were utterly uninteresting. The old lady, whose family was large and possessed numerous branches, could make it her theme for hours, nay, she often revelled in family histories the whole forenoon. The countess, whose extensive circle of acquaintances embraced most of the persons who figured in these stories, felt an interest in them, which she politely magnified, and Sidonie, who was nearly related or acquainted with all, felt glad to hear the latest news of them, and thus constantly induced the old lady to go on. The intrusive existence of these unknown Egons, Walters, Maries, and Malvinas, became the most horrible torture to Erica, and though she listened sympathizingly to a long story about the illness of a Clara whom she had never seen, the detailed account of an unknown Eginhard's opinions, which were a matter of indifference to her, soon drove her to desperation.

She now made the acquaintance of that "*Almanach de Gotha*," which Werner had mentioned so bitterly, and whose very existence she had hitherto not suspected, and saw such interest displayed in this unknown book, such importance attributed to its contents, that she began to feel a little ashamed of her ignorance. A forenoon rarely passed without the guest's reading a few extracts from the "*Gotha*," as she called it, to shorten the title.

Familiar as the old lady was with all the families of the nobility, she could not oppose the "*Gotha*," and humbly bowed to its authority.

One morning, when Erica was bending over her sewing without taking the slightest interest in the conversation, a remark from Sidonie suddenly fell upon her like a thunderbolt.

"He looks like my cousin Elmar Altenborn," she heard the latter say.

"Do you call Elmar your cousin, Sidonie?" replied the old countess. "You are scarcely entitled to do so; his father was not related to you, and his second wife, I think, still less so."

"True, poor Elmar is only noble on one side of the house, but from a child I have always liked him so much better than Katharina, that I am glad to call him cousin. It is incomprehensible how, under the circumstances, Elmar can be so far superior to his sister in every respect."

"Nature sometimes plays strange pranks," said the old lady pathetically. "Besides the pure blood of the ancient Reich-baronial family may well gloss over the mother's. Elmar's grandmother is a Countess Geissenheim — whose sister was reigning Duchess of Rudolphingen — and, as you know, my own cousin."

Little taste as Erica had hitherto shown for genealogy, she now began to feel an interest in it, and was sorry when the conversation turned upon other subjects. While strolling about in the park with Fritz that afternoon, she asked suddenly,—

"Fritz, am I in the '*Gotha*' too?"

Fritz laughingly shook his head.

"Why, I am a Baroness von Hohenstädt!" said Erica angrily, with a defiant toss of her little head.

Fritz laughed still more heartily. "You make claims to a place in the '*Gotha*,' you simple little Pomeranian girl! That *is* rich. Why, I myself am only mentioned in an appendix to the book."

"And why am I not in it?"

"Because, aside from all other considerations, you belong to a barbarous people, who fraudulently deck themselves out in the names of some of the Germans who have wandered to their country."

"What, Fritz? Do you mean to say that we Pomeranians are not Germans?"

"Your pastor seems to have cradled you in delusive fancies. It is only slave-blood that flows in your veins, my poor Erica, and if the old countess suffers you to join her train, it is only because your relationship to me reflects a certain lustre upon you."

"Pshaw! I won't listen to your nonsense. Tell me, instead, what *Reichsfreiherr* means."

"Why, what *Reichsfreiherr* interests you?"

The color deepened in Erica's cheeks. "Well, *Reichsgraf*, then," she said smiling.

"Why, you see, Erica, the word '*Reich*' before the title divides the nobility into two classes; those who do not have the '*Reich*' belong to the lower, the happy possessor of it, on the contrary, to the highest aristocracy."

"And what is the distinction?"

"You ask a little too much at once.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

This *Reich* nobility dates its origin from the golden days when the dear God reared his little nursery of ruling races. The young scions, it is true, were all fit for a throne, but unfortunately subjects were lacking, and the world was too small. This terrible deficiency of kingdoms was of course very sad, and as the whole misfortune really proceeded from a geographical error on the part of God, an attempt was made to compensate for it, as far as possible, by inventing equality of birth. That is, it was agreed that the lord of a million — we will say, for the sake of argument, thalers — should be entitled to no more consideration than he who possessed only a hundred pennies. The theory was beautiful, ideal, humane, for the poor man was thus, at least in his own opinion, made the peer of the millionaire, and therefore rich himself. These wealthy people — singularly enough — do not discharge the duty of giving with the same readiness that the poor display in fulfilling their obligations to receive. The latter, therefore, are naturally irritated against the wealthy egotists, and wrapping themselves in the beautiful consciousness of their own loyalty, assure Germany that the sanctity of this contract is securely treasured in their hearts. Thus the world knows where heroism and virtue find a resting place, and egotism does not rule alone."

"Did you learn all this wisdom from your uncle the fox-hunter, Fritz?" suddenly asked Sidonie, who had approached them unobserved.

Fritz laughed so roguishly, that it almost seemed as if he had been conscious of the young lady's presence before, and intended his words for her ear. "No, Sidonie," said he, "Uncle Bruno cares nothing about such things. I picked up my wisdom from Werner, who troubles himself a great deal about matters that don't concern him."

"So you are merely a parrot, Fritz?"

There was so much sharpness in the tone of Sidonie's musical voice, that Erica looked at her in astonishment, while Fritz, on the contrary, answered good-naturedly, —

"Dispose of your property according to your own pleasure, most beautiful and honored cousin. Your parrot can tell you many more such things, if you feel disposed to hear him."

Sidonie, however, did not seem inclined to jest, for she turned to Erica and asked if she had called upon the countess.

Erica cast an inquiring glance at Sidonie, who answered with a half-smile, "If you have not yet done so, Erica, don't neglect it to-morrow. My aunt would consider it a want of attention to her."

"But I am with her from morning till night," replied Erica, after she had partly recovered from her astonishment.

"Nevertheless, you are expected to pay her a formal visit in her own room. The best time seems to me to be just before dinner, when the countess has finished her afternoon toilette."

"Put on your shawl and best gloves, Erica, send your card to her by the footman, and if you can keep your face straight during the ceremony, you will do well."

"Hush, parrot!" said Sidonie; but there was no longer any sharpness in her tone, and her delicate white hand rested caressingly on the boy's curly hair.

XXIII.

THE RECEPTION AT COURT.

COUNT RODENWALD did not feel very well, at least so he assured his family, and especially his guest. He particularly regretted the condition of his health, because he had anticipated so much pleasure from his dear cousin's visit, and hoped to show her many things which would perhaps contribute to her entertainment. The old lady was quite touched by the great kindness of her "beloved cousin," and therefore doubly regretted an indisposition which deprived her of so much enjoyment.

If the count unfortunately was unable to join the numerous pleasure parties arranged for the afternoons, his illness happily did not prevent him from occasionally going to hunt wild ducks, or driving into Bonn, where troublesome business matters detained him so long that he did not return home until late in the evening, and thereby, to his great regret, lost the game of whist, which, in obedience to the promise made his wife, he often played with the guest.

The good old lady sincerely rejoiced that she could thus do something to help amuse the invalid, and therefore prolonged the game as much as possible. Little suspecting the torture inflicted upon her partner, who, besides being an admirable player, was accustomed to high stakes, she kindly offered to try piquet with him in the forenoon. The count, however, would not accept so great a sacrifice, and fortunately found compensation for his self-denial in another quarter.

Herr von Ramsdorff-Wehlen had speedily executed his plan of hiring one of the little villas in Dorneck, and, to Erica's

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

horror, one day presented himself to the family as a neighbor, which he certainly was in the most literal sense of the word, since his new residence adjoined the park. He had scarcely heard that the master of the house was not very well, and therefore often absent from the family circle, when, with most amiable readiness, he offered to share his sick room and endeavor to entertain the count.

Whether the gentlemen played piquet in their solitude was not clear, but at any rate they smoked a great many cigars, and consumed such a quantity of claret, that the countess, to whom the butler always reported the amount of wine used, began to feel very uneasy. Perhaps it was owing to this circumstance that the count's illness increased, for he appeared still more rarely in his wife's drawing-room, though he was in much more cheerful spirits than before.

Erica found herself in a most painful situation. She thought it her duty to inform the family of the suspicion that rested upon Wehlen, and yet with the lapse of time this suspicion had grown so vague that it sometimes seemed as if she had cherished it without cause. Besides, her uncle was evidently so much captivated with Wehlen, so fond of his society, that it appeared still more difficult to destroy this pleasure. She instinctively felt the consideration which the whole family showed towards the count. Familiar and affectionate as were the relations between the father and children, freely as they went to him with every request, because almost sure that it would be granted, they carefully avoided the slightest interruption of his comfort or pleasure. This was a thing from which every one timidly shrank, and the countess alone sometimes ventured to cross the universally respected limits, though only when it was absolutely necessary.

Erica would therefore have made her communication to the latter, if she could have found her a moment alone, but she lacked courage to ask her aunt for a private interview. In this embarrassment she hit upon the expedient of speaking to Werner, knowing that he possessed the entire confidence of both the count and countess.

Werner listened to her story attentively, allowed her to fully explain all the circumstances of the intended abduction, and then said eagerly: "I saw at the first glance that this Ramsdorff or Wehlen was a dangerous adventurer. He probably has designs upon the count's purse, and wants to tempt him to gamble. The only question is how we can prevent his doing so, for the count will permit no interference in this respect, and even the countess's influence would be powerless, especially as this Wehlen is a good shot, a fearless horseman, and entertaining companion, who will therefore be indispensable to the count in a short time."

Erica asked sadly, if, difficult as it would be, she might not be of use by telling her uncle the state of affairs.

"The sacrifice would be totally useless, Fräulein Erica," said Werner with a peculiar smile. "You have done everything in your power to prevent harm by telling me the facts. I will speak to the countess myself, and we will then see what is to be done."

This conversation soothed Erica in regard to her own conduct, and the next few days brought so much excitement that her mind was somewhat diverted from the affair. News arrived that the king and queen would visit the Rhine, and receive the homage of the Rhenish nobility at the castle of Brühl. Although Erica was not personally concerned — since she herself felt that she was not yet sufficiently "trained" for such an occasion — she was borne along by the whirl of excitement into which her cousins were thrown by the anticipation of this reception at court.

The question of dress became for the moment a matter of such paramount importance, that even the family histories receded into the background, and the household resembled a consulting committee under the direction of the old countess. This presidency, however — as every one knew except herself — was only apparent, the real leader was the mistress of the house. Sidonie gave the ladies the least trouble, as a complete outfit was ordered for her from the most fashionable dressmaker; but as the countess, from motives of economy, did not wish to make the same arrangement for her own daughters, the preparation of their toilettes cost far more labor.

The old countess had declared that, under these circumstances, she should be under the absolute and very pleasant necessity of prolonging her visit a few weeks. This time it was the Countess Rodenwald's turn to sigh. The castle, although a spacious edifice, was not very large in proportion to the number of occupants, and the countess — who was expecting a family to visit her on the way back from a watering-place — was somewhat embarrassed by the prolonged stay of her guest.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

True, the good old lady, as she herself declared, had joyfully occupied as little space as possible, in order not to be too great a burden to her dear relatives, but with her servants she still retained six of the guest-chambers, and therefore other visitors, even if their requirements were equally moderate, might well cause the countess some little perplexity. She prepared her daughters and nieces for the possibility of being obliged to give up some of their rooms, and the young ladies did not greet the prospect thus set before them with much pleasure. Erica was the only one who felt differently, she was so overjoyed by the news that she blushed with mingled agitation and delight.

Was not Elmar also a dweller on the Rhine, would not he too wish to show his allegiance to the king, and was he not, moreover, Sidonie's cousin; so what was more natural than that he should be numbered among the expected guests? As the summer advanced she had wondered more and more whether he would probably go to Waldbad, ask for her, and be sorry not to find her. So while the other young girls were revelling in the anticipation of the gayety which would be caused by the coming of the court, Erica's heart was full of trembling expectation of the things that might happen after the reception was over.

At last the long-hoped-for day arrived, and the ladies disappeared for several hours in their dressing-rooms, to emerge in great magnificence and splendor. The count's health fortunately seemed to be very good, for it did not prevent him from accompanying the party. He had wished to go to Cologne the night before, in order to drive comfortably from there to Brühl, while the countess — on account of the large and unnecessary hotel-bills — opposed the plan, and said that they could easily drive the three miles directly from the castle. Her husband was a little annoyed by his wife's whim, and therefore went alone with Wehlen — for whom he had himself obtained an invitation — in a two-seated carriage, thus compelling two other equipages to be ordered for the remainder of the family, since five ladies in court dress could not possibly find room even in the largest carriage.

The toilettes were all very elegant and tasteful, and the old countess — who never travelled without all her diamonds — glittered and sparkled, spite of her sixty years, like a fairy queen. Sidonie, in a light green dress embroidered with gold, and a diadem of emeralds and diamonds in her dark hair, looked like an empress. All eyes were involuntarily fixed upon the beautiful vision, and Fritz gave utterance to the universal sentiment when he bent his knee before her, exclaiming, —

"Hail, my queen!"

"Rise, vassal!" replied Sidonie, smiling, "and in token of our favor, carry this shawl."

"Most gracious sovereign, you are more brilliant than the shining stars, more radiant than the dazzling sunlight, than — than — language is powerless, Sidonie, and so I will carry the shawl to the carriage without farther words."

Fritz, however, was guilty of great negligence in performing his duty of vassal, for he stood chatting gaily with his sisters, while Sidonie was about to enter her carriage. The servants happened to be engaged in helping the old countess into the other vehicle, and Werner stood alone beside the open door. He offered Sidonie his hand to assist her, but she drew back, saying coldly, —

"I will wait for one of the servants."

"They are all occupied at this moment," replied Werner quietly, "so permit me to offer my assistance, countess."

The delicate lips drooped in the scornful curve that sometimes marred the beautiful face, and she said less coldly, but with a shade of contempt in the tone, "If you insist upon rendering a lackey's service, it is not my fault."

"To render such lackey's service to a lady is a gentleman's duty," replied Werner, with the same quiet unconcern as before. The expression of Sidonie's lips said as plainly as if she had uttered the words, "If one *is* a gentleman," but Werner did not suffer himself to be disturbed, and would probably have continued the conversation, if Fritz had not darted up to the carriage.

"Your shawl, my queen!"

"My knight is very negligent; I shall be compelled to withdraw my favor."

"Adored sovereign, I hope your sea-green dress will dispose your heart to indulgence, and you will suffer mercy to take the place of justice."

Sidonie changed color. "I advise you to improve your knowledge of shades, sir knight, then you won't fall into the error of calling a dress like mine sea-green."

The carriages rolled away, and after the young people left at home had looked after them a few moments, they prepared to go into the house.

"You know, Edith," said Fritz, "children and dogs stay at home, as papa used

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

to say, when we teased to go on some long expedition, and this principle unfortunately seems to be carried out to-day."

Edith did not answer, but tossed her head and hurried up to her own room, while Erica and Werner went to the park, where Fritz joined them. The mischievous kobold that inhabited his mind seemed to be particularly active to-day, for he had scarcely reached Erica's side before he asked, —

"Do you know what that red spot on Sidonie's cheeks meant? She has heard that Count Meerburg will be at Brühl to-day."

"Is it really true?" asked Erica in surprise, while Werner looked steadily at the ground.

"Certainly. The old countess had a letter from one of her one hundred and fifty grandchildren this morning, which contained the news."

"Then we shall probably soon see the count here," observed Erica.

"I suppose he will come to-morrow, for only a polar bear could see Sidonie to-day and not fall head over ears in love with her. But you express no opinion, Werner; your thoughts are doubtless elsewhere. Are you lamenting that you could not go to court to-day?"

"You have guessed it, Fritz," cried Werner, laughing. "I confess I should like to be at Brühl this evening. I have aristocratic tastes, and like to see an assembly of the *élite*, whether of birth, art, or science."

"Do these aristocratic tastes extend only to large companies, and fail to embrace prominent individuals?"

"Right again, Fritz. I love true nobility, wherever and in whatever shape I find it, and that sentence which Goethe puts into a woman's mouth, and yet only a man can truly feel, 'There is no means of defence against a great nature except love,' I fully realize, because I have often and gladly perceived its truth."

"And why should not a woman feel this truth as keenly as you?"

"Because a woman possesses a larger share of that heavenly trait, humility, which protects her from hatred, while only love can save us. It grieves me to the heart, when I see that even great souls cannot fight their way to this love, but waste in petty opposition powers which, if acting in loving unison, might accomplish wonders. It is strange enough that, in a period which calculates almost solely by aggregate strength, individual consciousness should be cultivated to such a degree. There is the same contradiction in it as in the experience that we unselfish Germans cannot completely lose sight of our own personality, though that greatest of egotists, the Englishman, sometimes succeeds in doing so."

"And what causes these reflections just now, Werner?"

"Perhaps because I feel that it is well for me to rise from individuals to people in general. Moreover, I was particularly excited by a book I read to-day. It was an admirable novel, but contained such a narrow-minded, prejudiced, and therefore unjust representation of the nobility, that the book was almost spoiled for me."

"You have a particular fancy for the nobility, Werner, but everybody does not share your predilection, and perhaps this very spice renders the book more interesting to the public."

"That is just it," replied Werner eagerly, without noticing the boy's raillery. "With the public in general, feeling takes the place of thought, and whoever knows how to flatter its prejudices has right on his side, while people are only too ready to cover their own feeble arguments by the authority of a well-known name. The old saying, '*Noblesse oblige*,' does not concern the nobility of birth alone, but every individual whom God, by any superiority, has raised above his fellow-men and thereby ennobled. The author *ought* to be the peer of the king, but he must also, precisely because both stand on the heights of humanity, think royally in every respect. He must never forget that love alone gives a moral right to censure, and that if he does not bestow the reproof to correct and purify, but abuses his power to gratify any petty feeling, he thereby casts a stain upon his character, to efface which he must put forth all the energies of his mind. I was ashamed of the author who so wantonly sullied his beautiful work, and ashamed of the nobility that had given such an author so little opportunity to shake off these prejudices."

"I have never felt ashamed in consequence of any of my reading," replied Fritz, "but I've often laughed at the queer society into which the astonished reader is sometimes introduced. The author might perhaps have encountered these personages in the moon, for I at least have never yet met such baronesses and counts on earth."

"Fortunately, these caricatures are not very well represented in society, and most of these figures *are* caricatures. But it is all the more repulsive to be reminded of

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the annoyances of life just when we hope to be able to forget them. It is different with the English; these egotists can lay aside their identity for a time, and rise into a higher, purer mental atmosphere. With us, selfishness strikes its roots too deeply into the soul, and since it seems as if the human race were obliged to carry about its allotted portion, I almost wish we were just as disagreeable outwardly, if we might thereby make ourselves freer in mind.

"As for the German nobility in particular, it certainly does not fulfil its task, but its failure is exactly in proportion to the deficiencies of the German people. Divided against itself, it has little resemblance to the closed phalanx with which the English nobility confronts us. Its lack of property is a reasonable cause of reproach — nobility without money can scarcely command reverence — but at the same time people oppose the only thing that can correct this defect, the law of primogeniture, whose drawbacks are easily discovered, while the advantages are steadily overlooked.

"Men scornfully remark upon the nobles' lack of skill in industrial enterprises, which almost always prove their ruin, and at the same time reproach them for holding aloof from trade. The instinct that guides the nobility is a correct one, for *the aristocracy must not understand how to gain property, but to use it.* As the artist, as the author, transfigures his subject, thereby raising it, and us with it, into a higher sphere, the nobleman must also take a loftier view of life, and, unhampered by the ordinary cares and anxieties of existence, strive to give this life a nobler meaning.

"We therefore judge him by quite a different and far stricter standard. The egotism that would be perfectly justifiable in the merchant or manufacturer — who must strive with the needs and toils of life — and without which his ruin would be inevitable, could not be pardoned in a nobleman. His purpose in life must never be his own advantage, and in and by this self-renunciation he pays a portion of the price of his distinguished position. Since he is thereby under double obligations to the public, the public welfare is his special task. To defend and serve his native land must be his first object, and therefore the army or diplomacy will probably claim his powers.

"It is the author's right, nay, his duty, to set forth the dark side of the nobility. Let him pitilessly expose in the pillory the man who forgets that he is only raised above the people to be able to serve them better, let him mercilessly show how often the owner of a brilliant name has no perception of his mission. But the light must also be suffered to appear beside the shadow; the battle of partisan hatred belongs to other lists, and no arbitrary distortion, but calm reflection, nay, loving comprehension, is imperiously demanded here. If he acts otherwise, he forgets his own nobility, and instead of obtaining for the people the treasures that belong to them, destroys them in a suicidal war.

"The Englishman is proud of his historic name, his ancient castle, and rich estates. They belong to *him*, because they belong to the nobility, and their accidental possessor considers himself the steward of the nation. We lack this feeling of unity; *L'union fait la force* is a motto too little prized, and if we now see the people struggling and striving towards it, all we who call ourselves noble, though we may not belong to the nobility, ought to consider it a sacred duty to assist them."

"You speak enthusiastically, Werner; really, you deserve not only to be a nobleman, but to be called one."

"I hope so, Fritz," answered Werner gravely. "It is precisely because I feel that the nobility of birth cannot fulfil its mission without wealth, that I desire to have a law of primogeniture. It will protect the family against the individual, and moreover impress upon Germans the great truth that individual freedom must have its limits for the sake of public welfare, as we unfortunately still cherish the error that freedom is connected with independence of will, while on the contrary it is the true sister of necessity.

"True, even without wealth, we have a closely allied community of noble blood, which for the present must perform the principal share of the task of the German nobility. The peculiarity of the Prussian army, in which every officer is a nobleman and therefore feels his obligations as such, has much to do with making that people the firm, self-sacrificing unit it is represented to be. Bound by the closest ties, and yet open to all, this army stands as a unit, and is the high school of noble sentiments to all Prussia. Every nation needs one. America is visibly degenerating for the want of it, and the constant struggling and striving for money is therefore increasing to absolute repulsiveness. But there, too, the fermentation will cease, and then the new world will find sufficient time to give nobility, art, and science a home. Refined manners and noble feel-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

ings will smother the rudeness and thirst for gain, and the ideal will be interwoven with the practical into a beautiful whole."

"I fear we shall never live to see that happy time, Werner. But you say nothing, Erica, you are not interested in the conversation."

"You are mistaken, Fritz," replied Erica, "it interests me much more than family histories and the '*Gotha*.'"

"So you don't like the '*Almanach de Gotha*,' Fräulein Erica?" asked Werner, laughing.

"No, but as my name is not to be found in it, my want of interest is perhaps mere selfishness. You were speaking of the 'Prussian' army just now, Herr Werner; at home we should say 'our.' The people on the Rhine are rather peculiar in this respect. A gentleman in the cars told me that he was a Rhenish Prussian. If any one in our province should call himself an Oder or an Elbe Prussian, he would be laughed at."

"Yes, the people here do not feel so completely incorporated with the Prussians, but that will come in time. Look, there is Countess Edith on the veranda. I am afraid she has already waited for us to come to tea, so we must hurry."

"If I tell her you have been glorifying the nobility, Werner, she will be perfectly satisfied. Besides, I shall direct my attention to this subject, too. I have often been vexed by these constant attacks, and believe that the nobles and Jews are beginning to change parts."

"Perhaps Nemesis is at work here, Fritz."

"What, Werner? I hope you are not going to take sides with the Jews."

"You will do so yourself, if you think the matter over quietly. Only a people of the greatest natural nobility could live so long in this mire of degradation without being morally ruined, and yet the centuries have cast but few stains upon their character, and one or two generations will be sufficient to efface them."

"I feel as if I had fallen from the clouds, Werner. You a defender of the Jews, perhaps even a champion of their emancipation!"

"I think it a simple duty to make them our equals in social life; to give them the same representation in the government I should consider a misfortune. We cannot imitate the good example of the French, because the Jews are very different from us, and therefore could not enter into German ideas, but must always hold aloof. Although Börne swings the scourge of his satire over those who attack the Jews, not on account of God, but the market, he is a little too much of a partisan there. I think we are quite right not to wish to be crowded out of our own mart, and to act otherwise would be rather too much like the conduct of King Lear, and merit the mockery of his court fool."

"Well, and how will you escape from the dilemma?"

Werner smiled. "My solution is very simple, so simple that I would scarcely confess it to any one else for fear of ridicule. We ought first to treat the Jews in a Christian manner, endeavor to give them an example of true religion, and thus gradually win their affection. Then *their* advantages will become *ours*, and while we people of feeling have cause to fear the Jewish intellect, we shall derive the greatest benefit from this cordial intercourse. It will put iron into our heads and hearts, and thus harden and steel those who are effeminate."

"Well, Werner, if I tell Edith that you really expect her to marry a Jew in order to make him a Christian and a German, all your praise of the nobility will be of no avail. But I'll be as mute as a fish, and now let us go in to tea."

From The Cornhill Magazine.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

THE last twenty-five or thirty years have seen great changes in the musical tastes and habits of the English people. In the sanctuary, in the concert-room, and in the drawing-room there is a striking difference between the popular music of now and thirty years ago. And to this the tavern, the singing-saloon, and the street are no exception. The old songs of sensuality have almost entirely disappeared, and most of the drawing-room music of our time is almost if not altogether free from anything to which an enlightened Christian would seriously object. For this general popularizing of better sentiments and better music the nation owes something to distinguished men who belonged to an earlier day. Julien, Russell, and Hullah have done much to raise the popular taste, and the effect of their labors will continue to be felt for years to come. The two former have passed away; the latter is with us still. It would be an injustice not to mention the national services of such great artists as Costa, Reeves, and Best.

Speaking more particularly of general

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

congregational singing, it may be said that the Wesleyans of fifty years ago were specially distinguished for the fire and force of their singing. There might be a lack of art, but you were always sure of heartiness. In this respect, as in others, the Wesleyans are somewhat changed. They have increased their musical education, but the energy and earnestness of their singing are diminished. This is partly owing to the congregations leaving the organ and choir to do the singing for them, and as long as they are content with a vicarious worship of this sort, their devotional fervor will be comparatively unemployed during the singing. Their falling off in congregational singing may be partly attributed to another cause. Education is spreading among the people, and the social level of the Wesleyans is higher than it was. Their children learn vocal music and the piano, and some of them know too much of music to like bad singing, and so avoid imperfect psalmody by remaining silent in the chapel. Without the slightest desire to give any opinion in this article as to the relative value of religious parties, it may be said in justice, and we trust without any offence, that of late years the Ritualists have decidedly taken the lead in popular congregational music. In fact, the fervor and popular character of their church music has proved not a little attractive to multitudes, and especially to the young.

It is not our design to discuss the religious and devotional part of the question of congregational music; that essential of the religious life may be safely left to the ministers and to the denominational organs of the various Churches. There is one remark, however, which may be made without offence in these pages. The practice of using music and singing in a place of worship merely as a relief from the prose of reading and preaching cannot be too severely condemned. If singing the praise of the great Creator cannot be made a part of the worship, and is a mere relief and easement from other parts of the service, then the Friends, who employ no music in their worship, are the more consistent in a religious point of view. Religious people are quite aware that worship by the aid of music has its human side as well as its divine, and it is most consistent with the highest reverence for the divine to endeavor to make the human as perfect as possible. Surely we are not to suppose that the only true reverence is not to exercise the understanding at all, and yet there are good people who act as though they believed it the duty of all to leave congregational music entirely to itself, lest the human should become too prominent, and the divine should shrink away before it.

The subject of congregational singing may be approached from many points of view, and discoursed upon with many and widely different purposes, but we neither write for the scorner, the professor, nor the clown. Believing as we do, that there is good in the music of the sanctuary, that the multitude are powerfully affected by it, and that many have by it been cheered amid the sorrows of life, and helped into nobler conditions of the spirit, it is our aim to contribute something to the wider diffusion, the greater improvement, and the better enjoyment of these human elements in divine worship. A subject in which the great body of the people are so much concerned needs an occasional and popular discussion.

It is worth while to have the best congregational singing possible in the circumstances, for the edification of those who do worship, and for the attraction of those who do not. Of the overwhelming majority of congregations it may be safely said that they do not sing as well as they can and ought. The musical part of the service is too often regarded as something perfunctory and subordinate. Now if the devotion and religious life were good in proportion as the music is bad, one might be reconciled to it; but there can be nothing in bad singing essential to the promotion of true religion. The majority of congregations do not know how much refreshment and enjoyment is to be got out of congregational singing, because they never put themselves to the expense and trouble of making the most and the best of it. Let no reader suppose that there is any cheap and easy road to excellent congregational music. It cannot be had without expense, pains, time, patience, toil, perseverance, and culture. These are the price of superior and delightful congregational singing, and any congregation paying this price will get the advantage of impassioned, powerful, polished, and sustained vocal music; for it may be safely said, as a general truth, that the difference between the singing in St. Paul's Cathedral and in the village choir is one of culture and expense.

In the success of congregational singing almost everything depends upon its aims, and those who have the direction of it. The end which is not definitely sought will not be obtained, and when the only aim is to have a choir performance with-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

out regard to the congregation, the result will be that the choir will have the singing entirely to themselves. It is useless to speak of congregational singing if they cannot join in the music. The true aim is that instruments, choir, and congregation unite and blend together in the production of one body of devotional psalmody.

But the true purpose is too often frustrated by the whims and incompetence of those who have the chief direction. The trustee manager very often knows little or nothing of music, and either does not interfere when he ought, or else interferes for his own whims. It is not impossible for him to look upon the music department of the church as a private preserve of his own, and he will have such music as pleases himself and a few of his friends, while the majority of the congregation are left out of consideration altogether. He is the best manager who gets the best congregational singing, and he is the worst whose music interests nobody but himself and his uncultured admirers. Where the congregation does not sing there is no congregational singing, and there will be none until arrangements are made which will satisfy and engage the great body of the people.

The most ardent lover of congregational singing can only make the best of his materials, and if he cannot get his ideal, he must be content with the best he can attain.

The use of musical instruments in places of worship has ceased to be a matter of discussion in England, and nearly all the churches are settling down to organs and harmoniums; and it is certain that these instruments, with their capabilities of improvement, have become permanent institutions in the sanctuaries of this country.

Good organs, with the sweetness and firmness of subdued power, are not difficult to obtain; and so the harsh, hard, and brassy tones are more easy to avoid. There is much more difficulty with the player than with the instrument. If good organists were as plentiful as good organs, the churches might consider themselves as entering into a musical millennium. The one thing needful in the organists of the present day is not execution. The one thing lacking to so many of them is taste and judgment. It is no uncommon thing for a minister to stand before an organist who works off his tunes like a horse in a mill, without the slightest regard to the sentiment of the hymn, the tune that would be suitable for it, or the speed at which the music should be taken. According to mechanical organists, the funeral hymn, and the psalm of joyful adoration, must be taken exactly at the same speed, and the same tune will do for either of them. Wherever an organist of this mechanical and intractable class is master, the congregational singing is ruined.

It is generally the work of the organist to select the music, to play the instrument, and to train the choir and congregation; though he is frequently under some direction and control from the clergyman and the secretary of the choir committee.

The production of the best possible congregational singing is impossible without the selection of the most suitable music. Congregations are not exclusively composed of musical artists and highly educated musicians, and they never will be. Put together in one place of worship the choirs of St Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, and let their only congregation be the professional singers in London; let these meet together for worship on the Sabbath day; what music would they choose? Certainly they would never choose as their only psalmody some most difficult, elaborate, and highly ornamental music which too many provincial choirs murder in vain attempts to execute it, not for the good of the congregation, but for the glorification of themselves. Such a service of vocal artists as we are thinking of in London would be distinguished by the simple grandeur and stately reverence of its music. Let any one of the first vocal artists of the day have the choosing of the music for an ordinary congregation, and his first and only consideration would be which tunes will be best suited for united worship, which music comes best within the reach of all the people, and which tune will be most likely to unite them all in one melodious burst of praise. The music ought to be selected, not for the gratification of the organist or a few vain amateurs, but for the hearty reception and the musical quickening of all the congregation.

The constant introduction of new tunes is a practice very injurious to congregational singing. The people have not time to learn them, nor do they see the necessity for burdening their memory with a superfluous mass of music. It is not difficult for the organist and choir with the music-books open before them to execute new tunes for their own pleasure; but their pleasure is not the chief end of vocal

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

worship; their only delectation ought to be in helping the congregation to sing; and this end can never be gained by constantly changing the music. Considering the limited musical attainments of congregations generally and the little time they can give to united practice, it is far the best to keep almost absolutely to one set of tunes; and we may rely upon it there never can be more than two tunes suitable for any one given hymn. When tune and hymn are suitably wedded to each other, and never separated, they recall each other, and are most helpful to the soul in the service of song.

Many people who are accustomed to an organ in public worship have never seriously formulated to themselves what the use of it is, or ought to be. Definite ideas and convictions on the right use of the organ in worship are needful for its highest and best-received utility. The function of the organ in relation to the voices of the congregation is to sustain them, to lead them, and to blend them. The tendency of a body of voices when singing is to droop, become flat, and to fall into lower notes. This phenomenon has been proved again and again, and the members of any family may easily test it for themselves. Strike a chord, and let several persons commence singing from it, and after they have sung several verses without being accompanied by the instrument, strike the same chord again, and you will find that the voices have fallen half a note or a note, probably a note and a half if the singers are uncultured. The organ prevents this falling tendency, because it supplies a platform of sound upon which the voices may rest, and they cannot even force themselves below the plane without harshness, discord, and all the disagreeable sounds of being out of tune. Congregations sing without notes, without marking time, and have only the ear to guide them. Under these circumstances they cannot be kept together, unless they have some one to guide them, and this is what the organ and choir should do. The melody should be so strongly marked by the organist that the congregation cannot mistake it as it is interpreted to them by the organ and the leading singer. Some organists get such a handful of chords that it is next to impossible to tell what tune they are playing, and even the choir find it difficult to be sure of the air, and mark it distinctly. A skilful organist will remember that his chief duty is not to show how many notes his hands and feet can bring out of the instrument at once, but how he can keep the congregation to the right time and tune; and if he is firm and judicious he will mostly succeed. The practice of playing over the air before the singing begins is excellent, only some organists defeat the purpose of it by drowning the air in the multiplicity of chords. The organist should always keep to a suitable speed, and the choir and congregation should take their time entirely from him. If you ask some religious people, "Do you sing?" they will answer, "Not alone; but I can sing in the congregation, when all are singing." By this they really mean that they are destitute of the true intervals in the scale, that they cannot produce the singing voice properly, and that the quality of their own voice is disagreeable to their ear. Their notes are miserably defective, and remind one of the working of a saw in which several of the teeth are broken out. A saw with complete teeth well set works evenly, but when some of the teeth are broken out it sticks and jerks, and the regular and even working of it is impossible. So the voices in which the intervals are not correctly fixed work unevenly and in jerks, producing false notes, and an intermittent stream of sound disagreeable and out of tune. When such voices join in the congregational singing, these unpleasantnesses are drowned in the general volume of sound, and so become less disagreeable to their owners than when singing alone. In a large congregation there must be many uncultured, and some very bad voices, and the result is that the united sound is not full, liquid, sweet, and smooth. It is rather full of cracks and crevices, and jagged, going roughly and hardly, like a broken-toothed saw. The great advantage of an organ is that it pours a stream of correct notes into the volume of sound coming from the congregation, neutralizing and overpowering the incorrect notes, filling up the cracks and crevices, making the combined music soft and liquid, and drawing the ear of the congregation to better expression. The extent to which an organ blends the voices is one of its greatest benefits.

It may contribute something to the formation of a healthy public opinion against bad organ-playing in relation to public singing, if we point out some of the common faults of defective and half-trained organists. In some instances, no mortal can tell what will be the time of the singing from the speed at which the organist plays over the tune. It seems as though he were keeping the time a secret, only to

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

be disclosed when the congregational singing actually began. Some players make the widest and most startling contrasts between the loud and soft passages, and if these contrast-men could have their way with the music, they would be satisfied with nothing less than to pass at once from the soft flute to a loud peal of thunder. Grace-notes, runs and flourishes, such as were never written in hymn-tunes by any composer who was not an actual inmate in a lunatic asylum, are put in by the organist to the gratification of his pride and the destruction of everything like congregational singing. Perhaps the most painful and ludicrous performance by which a minister can be annoyed is the skipping and octave arpeggio with which some organists occasionally disturb the singing; they have only to go a little further and get somebody to shake a large bunch of keys in the orchestra in imitation of the tambourine, and then the suggestion of the leaping dance would be complete. Another instrument of torture, not unused by organists who occasionally become oblivious of the laws of good taste, consists in the abrupt and transient introduction of a few notes of the air played one or two octaves higher than the singing of the congregation. It suddenly begins, as it were, in the distance, like the piping wind, and while the shrill whistle attracts the startled attention of everybody, those who are painfully used to the extravagant innovation resort to the old soliloquy: "Here they are again, the drum and fife band, coming up behind the preacher." Sometimes it is impossible to hear with any enjoyment the singing of the congregation by reason of the persistent loud playing of the organ. The performer forgets that his work is not to overwhelm and drown the voices, but to help them, and develop them to the best advantage. Other organists have the habit of occasionally dying away in a whisper, as though they played best for the congregation when the congregation could not hear their pedantic whispers. To sing with a whispering organ is like walking on thin ice. There is nothing to sustain the voices of the congregation, nothing to blend them, and nothing to give them confidence. A good and judicious organist will neither try to show off himself nor his instrument in the house of God. His sole aim will be to assist in giving musical expression to those devotional sentiments which are in the hymn, and which are often inspired afresh by good singing. The use of the organ stops is a severe test to the performer, and the result of mixing the stops often indicates the difference between the true artist and the mere mechanical executant. Occasionally we have known an organist to be seized, in the midst of a solemn hymn, with a sudden fit of making the sound of his instrument as much unlike the human voice as possible; the congregation may be singing correctly, heartily, and with good intonation, when, in an instant, the organ gives a positive shriek of unearthly noises, which passes through the congregation like an electric shock. If the preacher is not too disgusted to look into the faces of the people while the jar is upon their nerves, he will behold them saying to themselves, "What has happened? Where are all our voices going to? What has thrown them out of tune? Is the organ crazy, or does the player really know what he is doing?" We have heard organists who were determined to assert themselves by their loud playing. Using at least five times more power than they had any occasion to do, they gave neither the choir nor the congregation the slightest chance of making their voices sufficiently heard. For a while the vocalists have tried to make themselves heard, but have been obliged to give up in despair, for the stoutest human lungs are no match for organ bellows worked by hydraulic pressure.

Even if the generality of the members of religious congregations had received a very good education in vocal music, which they certainly have not, it would still be necessary to have a choir, if the highest success of congregational singing is to be obtained. There must be persons present who can be relied upon for the singing whenever that part of the worship is required. Absence, indisposition, and all the various accidents of attendance to which congregations are liable, show how needful it is to have a body of singers whose attendance and efficiency can be trusted. What the organ is to the choir and the congregation, that the choir is, or ought to be, to the congregational singing. The singing of a very good choir is the model upon which the congregational voice may mould and form itself. It is the work of the choir to animate the vocal powers of the congregation, to call forth the congregational voice, and to lead and sustain it by filling the ears of the people with correct and pleasing sounds. Rightly used the choir-singing is as a melodious fountain from which the voices of the congregation may derive musical life and artistic nourishment.

It is only in large towns, and where money is no object, that the best choirs can be obtained, and while it may be cheerfully

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

admitted that the best artists should be well paid, it is greatly to be regretted that the gratuitous services of well-trained amateurs are not sufficiently available. There are many who can and ought to sing without money and without price, and as some of these believe that the singing service is a part of divine service, it is a pity they do not come forward and do it without being paid for it.

The churches can do no more than make the best use of the materials they can command, and most of us must wait a long time for the ideal, if it ever comes at all. As to how many singers there should be in the choir depends upon the size of the congregation and the means at command. If the highest efficiency is the only question to be considered and the means at command are ample, the answer is easy. Four bases, two baritones, two tenors, two sopranos, two contraltos, and eight boys, twenty in all, would make an admirable choir. There are those who object altogether to having females in a choir, but that is a question not within the province of discussion for this article.

One of the greatest musical necessities of our time is the supply of a sufficient number of competent teachers of choir and congregational singing, and until this want is supplied, the psalmody of the people will never be what it ought to be. So much in it depends upon instruction and so little upon originality and invention for all the ordinary uses of art, that unless competent teaching is supplied, a high degree of excellence can never be attained. It is altogether a mistake to suppose that because a gentleman can teach the piano or the organ, he can therefore teach singing. The organist, as such, may teach the choir to sing in time and tune, he may show them the difference between *piano* and *forte*, and that is about all he can do, unless he himself is specially gifted, or has been specially instructed in the vocal art. The teaching of singing is an art of itself, which in ordinary circumstances cannot be taught unless it has been learned. In private life, no person who wishes to attain to a high degree of excellence will ever think of completing their vocal studies without taking lessons from one specially distinguished for teaching singing, and everybody knows that vocal artists must finish their preparations in Italy. It is not a question whether the choir or congregation can be taught to sing in time and tune, for that is chiefly mechanical work. Two people may sing the same piece of music with equal mechanical correctness, and yet the music which they produce may be only a specimen of the delightful and the uninteresting; and all the difference is made by the production and management of the voice and by taste. It is in these three last things that choirs and congregations fail, and it is in these especially that they need to be instructed. To produce the voice in the best way, to accustom the ear and the imagination to scale practice, and the practice of various and correct intervals, is the essential preliminary of all excellent singing. But the organist cannot impart what he does not possess; and for this work special teachers are required all over the country. Such disciplinary practice ought to form a part of the work of all choirs and congregations when they come together for exercise in congregational music. Such discipline of voice is imperatively needed, but how difficult it is to enforce it! Many organists will not take the trouble, and many singers would think it beneath them to go through the drill. They want to sing tunes, tunes, only tunes. With them that is everything.

Superior choir-masters might get a very good living, and by employing them the singing of the churches might be greatly improved. The masses are in the dark as to the best methods of producing the singing voice, and who shall enlighten them? Unfortunately when men have come forward to teach congregational singing, they have sometimes proved themselves only musical quacks. Some new invention, some royal road to success, and some new tune-book have been their pride and joy; and six months after their departure, the congregations who took their lessons have sung no better than they did before.

Any organist who has to train a choir or congregation, or both, will find great assistance in Helmore's "Church Choirs," published by Masters, price one shilling. It is an excellent little book for the essential principles of producing and managing the singing voice, and its exercise should be practised again and again. It is indispensable for the choir and congregation to be drilled in producing the voice, and in such exercises as will develop the notes, and give them fulness, firmness, sweetness, and precision.

It may not be out of place to note some of the blemishes and defects of choir-singing as they have been sometimes painfully realized through a long and various course of observation. It is no easy matter so to subdue the pride and individuality of choir-singers as to induce them to

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

blend their voices together. Each, in some instances, seems inclined to make his part separate and independent from all the rest; and so it sounds not like twenty voices flowing into one common result, but twenty voices with twenty independent results. The *toute ensemble* of the choir and congregation voices is a prime essential for superior congregational song. When all the voices mingle and unite in producing one strain of sound the intonation is perfect. The individual voices still give coloring to the whole, but the individual distinctness is not detrimental to the intermingling. This excellent effect cannot be produced without study and practice. The singers should try to sing into each other's voices so that there may be unity and sympathy of tone. There are choir-singers who imagine that this unity comes as a matter of course. They do not practise together, they are not used to each other's voices, and when they pass into the performance of their music on the Sabbath their rendering of it is marked, not by the blending and interfusion of voices, but by that multitudinous and separate enunciation of sound which makes the true musician feel that the organ is vainly trying to blend a number of incohesive, self-willed, and antagonistic notes. Very often in country choirs and congregations one or two singers appear to be determined to set up for themselves. They are anxious that their voice should be heard separately from all the rest, and this they easily accomplish if their voice is at all strong. They give their voice what is called "a sort of twang" or "unusual flavor," to the delight of their own vanity, and to the disgust of all educated musicians. This unenviable distinction is generally gained by purposely singing out of tune; either too flat or too sharp, as the case may be; or perhaps both in turn for a change. These peculiar "twangs" are out of place in worship, and whatever gratification of individual vanity they may bring, they ought to be put down for the sake of art and reverence.

It is the ambition of some singers to "sing people down," as it is called. Such self-asserting musicians strain themselves to the uttermost, not so much to make themselves heard as to prevent other people from being heard. They go to the very verge of shouting and bawling to prove what a powerful voice they have. This overpowering rant completely prevents any approach to delicate expression. Where it prevails there is no harmony. The music is of the roughest and coarsest kind, in fact it is hideous.

If the reader is a minister, and happens to give out his hymns a verse at a time, instead of allowing the much better way of singing the hymn through without a break, he will sometimes find himself completely bewildered by the pronunciation of the choir behind him. Only forget what verse you gave out last, through thinking about your sermon, and you will be completely bewildered as to what verse to give out next. It is very often impossible for any human being to make out what words the choir behind you are singing. You have to strain your ears to the uttermost to catch the faintest indication of the words. All this tormenting gabble and slur of indistinct and slovenly pronunciation is the sole result of inattention and bad training. By all means let it be reformed both by teachers and singers.

In some ordinary places of worship, anthems are attempted. It is not for us to discuss the question here whether or not anthems are adapted for the religious purposes of worship. One thing is clear: they ought not to be undertaken, unless they can be rendered well. For ordinary choirs to attempt them is only to bring themselves under the censure and ridicule of competent judges. In an artistical point of view, ordinary choirs gratify none but themselves and others like them by their incompetent and blundering attempts to execute anthem parts. The result is a revelation of individual weakness which would be better hidden in the common mass of general song. We never remember hearing a single anthem rendered by any ordinary choir which was worth listening to. Many of the performances are little better than a painful burlesque upon art and religion. The best choirs alone should attempt music of this kind. The reader who wants to hear this kind of music to perfection must go to St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey.

Much more might be got out of the Sunday schools for congregational and choir-singing, with a little pains and good judgment. There are sweet singing voices in every Sunday school, and if they were only picked out and carefully trained, would be of great use. Every Sunday school should have a singing class for occasional practice on a week-day. It would not cost much of expense or labor to raise the general character of Sunday-school singing, and this would tell beneficially though indirectly on the congregations. The Sunday-school anniversary is a fine opportunity for the scholars. They take great interest in it, and are often very

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

diligent in getting up their music for it. Boys and girls can be greatly interested in public singing on the Sabbath, as is evident in their diligence and eagerness in relation to the Sunday-school anniversary.

About the worst use a congregation can make of a choir is to leave it to do the singing for the people. To say nothing of human worship by proxy, the congregation which leaves the choir to do all the singing misses many advantages. Yet this is too often the case, and in some quarters increasingly so. In too many places of worship, the work of the choir is becoming a separate and independent performance, and the body of the congregation look on with indifference, or listen with interest, as the case may be. You may call it a Sunday concert in the house of God, but never call it congregational worship when the people pay little heed to the singing, and take little personal part in it. Either the congregations should take more part and interest in the vocal worship, or leave it to the choir altogether, merely following them, programme in hand, as at an oratorio. Few congregations are prepared for such a decision as would exclude them altogether from the singing part of worship except as listeners. Then, if they would not give up their right to sing, let them show their appreciation of the privilege by more skilful and hearty singing.

Good congregational singing is not to be had without toil and cost. If it could come by merely wishing for it, then many congregations would sing much better than they do. They need to inform themselves what really is good congregational singing, and then lay themselves out for it accordingly. A minister cannot from the pulpit give much advice about singing; still less can he go into the details of art criticism. A few remarks occasionally calling upon all the congregation to join more heartily in the singing, is the most that he can undertake with propriety and success. The congregation needs to be called together apart from worship, and solely for practice and instruction in the vocal art. A skilful and judicious teacher can soon point out the usual faults, and lead them on by intelligent practice to better work. Occasional practice in congregational singing is indispensable, and there is no first-class work done without it. The exercises for the production of the voice should be gone through, as also exercises in the different intervals and through various keys. A month's practice of this kind will be of more use for improvement than the singing of a hundred tunes.

Those who take part in the psalmody of the congregation should be encouraged to practice the exercises at home. The unison practice has many advantages, but it does not supersede private practice. The defects of the voice may be pointed out very clearly in the singing class. They can be most effectually corrected by private practice; and those who will persevere in private for only half an hour a day will soon be able to make a better public contribution to the general worship of song.

If too many cooks spoil the broth, it is equally true that too many tune-books spoil the singing. One or two tune-books may be used at home for family practice, but six or seven books do more harm than good. Many families have given up altogether practising the psalmody of their church, because they have neither time nor patience to pick the tunes out of many books. One tune-book, even if somewhat inferior, well known to the families of the congregation, and constantly used by them at home, is better than a dozen volumes of tunes to which they have no access. Reference has been made to the popular singing of the Ritualists. Their success is greatly owing to the all but universal use of one tune-book, "Hymns Ancient and Modern." It is for the want of this unity, among other causes, that the Wesleyans have fallen off in their singing. There is no other Church in which so many different tune-books are used; this may be partly caused by the fact that the Wesleyans have published no new tune-book for many years past. Since this article was written the evil has been remedied, and a new Methodist tune-book has just been given to the people. It is having a large circulation, and is pronounced by competent judges to be a very excellent work, and admirably suited for its purpose. The sooner it is used in all the choirs and congregations, the sooner will the Wesleyans be on the road to their old fame for hearty, united, and congregational singing all over the land. In some churches it is the custom to announce the name of the tune, and where not more than one or two tune-books are used this is a good plan. The people may then have their tune-books in the pews, and those who can sing from notes may do so.

Familiarity with many congregations and their ways of singing enables one to sketch with passable accuracy some of the faults to be avoided. If the place were not sacred, it would be highly amusing to

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

listen to the grotesque attempts made to extemporize parts or "seconds," as they are called, in the congregational singing. You may be listening gravely enough, and the music may be going quite steadily, when all of a sudden somebody near you breaks out with a little solo of *his* (it is generally the men that do it) own; and before you can recover your surprise, the ludicrous little solo has done its work by gratifying the vanity of its author, who immediately submerges himself in the general sound. On one occasion, when Sir William Fairbairn was in France, he had to explain to his host the nature of home-brewed ale. In the course of the same visit he was asked to perform on the violin, when he astonished the party by giving them his best tune, "The Keel Row." It was a wretched performance, and the excited host, unable to bear it any longer, exclaimed in broken English, "Top, top, monsieur; egad that be home-brewed music." How much better it would be if the extemporizing soloists in the house of God would keep their "home-brewed music" to themselves!

Grace-notes are great favorites with many amateur musicians, and the taste for them needs to be kept under very severe restraint. Turns, shakes, and cadenzas are well enough as put down by the author of the music, and in the execution of great artists are sometimes enchanting, but for ordinary organists to be quavering, trilling, turning, and shaking is to distract attention and spoil the music by breaking in upon its steady, plain, and progressive harmony. Yet who has not been annoyed by the unreasonable grace-notes of the organist in the gallery and the singer in the pew?

Some individual singers in congregations might be called jerkers and spouters from the way in which they perform. As if seized by some sudden impulse, they start out of the ordinary level of their singing, and annoy their neighbors by rushing into a violent jerk, and by fits and starts they do this through all the hymn. You might think from their steady quietness that they had settled into the regular emission of even sounds; but before you have time to come to this conclusion they put on a violent spurt like some hurried and nervous oarsman. Probably they think they have got hold of a striking style, but they are alone in their opinion. People must sing regularly and always if they wish to make a complete and conscientious contribution to this part of divine worship.

There are good and bad notes in most voices. On one occasion in Italy, a composer, wishing to get rid of one of his opera singers, wrote his solos for the objectionable artist so as to bring in all his worst notes very frequently. The singer soon resigned his post. The difference between the good and bad notes in the same voice are sometimes strikingly brought out even in divine worship. A man finds out his best note, and makes it his pet note. Whenever his pet note occurs in the tune he feels he must make the most of his only chance. So he holds the note as if he loved it far more than all the others; holds it as if he could not let it go: the result is, that he breaks the time, and if his voice is strong, a number of the people are thrown out with him. We do not say, glory in your worst notes; but beware of your pet notes, and do not break the time by holding them beyond the proper length.

Individual faults in congregational singing are not the only ones; there are others of a general character. One of the most common is that of dragging the time, especially in villages. There seems a natural tendency in some congregations to go slower and slower, and the slower the time of their music the more weary they become. This excessive slow singing is quite as fatiguing to the voice as very rapid singing; in fact it is rather more so, because each note has to be held much longer. The result is, that the singing, when the fault is unchecked, degenerates into a sleepy and oppressive drawl. Unless the organist and choir are very true and firm to their time, they will find it impossible to keep the congregation from falling into this disagreeable defect. If congregations would always follow the lead of the organ and choir, they might keep out of this fault effectually.

Occasionally it appears as if the singing of the congregation were being carried on in two separate divisions. Owing to inattention or the misleading influence of one or two strong voices in a particular part of the congregation, the singing becomes divided, and one division will find itself half a bar behind the other. It is well when the chasm closes, and the voices come together again, but it would be much better if the gulf were never allowed to yawn.

There are organists, choirs, and congregations to whom most of these strictures would only slightly apply; but the vocal worship of all popular assemblies would be greatly improved by increased

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

and more intelligent attention to the true art of singing; and to stimulate this we have written with no unkindness, and with every good wish for the prosperity of the art, and the happiness of those concerned in it. Even in a human point of view, there are few influences more refreshing than those of good congregational psalmody. It has been our happy fortune, though, alas! not often, to be elevated and charmed by beautiful congregational singing. The tune was suitable to the words; no voice made itself heard by disagreeable distinction from the rest; the voice notes and the organ notes flowed into each other, and, blending together, rolled on in one sweet, strong, full, and liquid stream of song; and as we felt the firmness and precision of the music, and watched the delicate shadings of expression, as the compact and polished tones were poured through their finished course, we could not help exclaiming, would that every organist and choir and congregation were equally successful in art and refined in musical taste!

[*Published by arrangement with* HARPER & BROTHERS.]

MACLEOD OF DARE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER IV.

WONDER-LAND.

A COOL evening in June, the club windows open, a clear twilight shining over Pall Mall, and a *tête-à-tête* dinner at a small, clean, bright table — these are not the conditions in which a young man should show impatience. And yet the cunning dishes which Mr. Ogilvie, who had a certain pride in his club, though it was only one of the junior institutions, had placed before his friend, met with but scant curiosity: Macleod would rather have handed questions of cookery over to his cousin Janet. Nor did he pay much heed to his companion's sage advice as to the sort of club he should have himself proposed at, with a view to getting elected in a dozen or fifteen years. A young man is apt to let his life at forty shift for itself.

"You seem very anxious to see Miss White again," said Mr. Ogilvie, with a slight smile.

"I wish to make all the friends I can while I am in London," said Macleod. "What shall I do in this howling wilderness when you go back to Aldershot?"

"I don't think Miss Gertrude White will be of much use to you. Colonel Ross may be. Or Lord Beauregard. But you cannot expect young ladies to take you about."

"No?" said Macleod, gravely; "that is a great pity."

Mr. Ogilvie, who, with all his knowledge of the world, and of wines, and cookery, and women, and what not, had sometimes an uneasy consciousness that his companion was covertly laughing at him, here proposed that they should have a cigar before walking up to the Piccadilly Theatre; but as it was now ten minutes to eight, Macleod resolutely refused. He begged to be considered a country person, anxious to see the piece from the beginning. And so they put on their light top-coats over their evening dress, and walked up to the theatre.

A distant sound of music, an odor of escaped gas, a perilous descent of a corkscrew staircase, a drawing aside of heavy curtains, and then a blaze of yellow light shining within this circular building, on its red satin and gilt plaster, and on the spacious picture of a blue Italian lake, with peacocks on the wide stone terraces. The noise at first was bewildering. The leader of the orchestra was sawing away at his violin as savagely as if he were calling on his company to rush up and seize a battery of guns. What was the melody that was being banged about by the trombones, and blared aloud by the shrill cornets, and sawed across by the infuriated violins? "When the heart of a man is oppressed with care." The cure was never insisted on with such an angry vehemence.

Recovering from the first shock of this fierce noise, Macleod began to look around this strange place, with its magical colors and its profusion of gilding; but nowhere in the half-empty stalls or behind the lace curtains of the boxes could he make out the visitor of whom he was in search. Perhaps she was not coming, then? Had he sacrificed the evening all for nothing? As regarded the theatre or the piece to be played, he had not the slightest interest in either. The building was very pretty, no doubt; but it was only, in effect, a superior sort of booth; and as for the trivial amusement of watching a number of people strut across a stage and declaim — or perhaps make fools of themselves to raise a laugh — that was not at all to his liking. It would have been different had he been able to talk to the girl who had shown

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

such a strange interest in the gloomy stories of the northern seas; perhaps, though he would scarcely have admitted this to himself, it might have been different if only he had been allowed to see her at some distance. But her being absent altogether? The more the seats in the stalls were filled — reducing the chances of her coming — the more empty the theatre seemed to become.

"At least we can go along to that house you mentioned," said he to his companion.

"Oh, don't be disappointed yet," said Ogilvie; "I know she will be here."

"With Mrs. Ross?"

"Mrs. Ross comes very often to this theatre. It is the correct thing to do. It is high art. All the people are raving about the chief actress; artists painting her portrait; poets writing sonnets about her different characters — no end of a fuss. And Mrs. Ross is very proud that so distinguished a person is her particular friend."

"Do you mean the actress?"

"Yes; and makes her the big feature of her parties at present; and society is rather inclined to make a pet of her too — patronizing high art, don't you know. It's wonderful what you can do in that way. If a duke wants a clown to make fellows laugh after a Derby dinner, he gets him to his house and makes him dance; and if the papers find it out, it is only raising the moral status of the pantomime. Of course it is different with Mrs. Ross's friend: she is all right socially."

The garrulous boy was stopped by the sudden cessation of the music; and then the Italian lake and the peacocks disappeared into unknown regions above; and behold! in their place a spacious hall was revealed — not the bare and simple hall at Castle Dare with which Macleod was familiar, but a grand apartment, filled with old armor and pictures and cabinets, and showing glimpses of a balcony and fair gardens beyond. There were two figures in this hall, and they spoke — in the high and curious falsetto of the stage. Macleod paid no more heed to them than if they had been marionettes. For one thing, he could not follow their speech very well; but, in any case, what interest could he have in listening to this old lawyer explaining to the stout lady that the family affairs were grievously involved? He was still intently watching the new-comers who straggled in, singly or in pairs, to the stalls. When a slight motion of the white curtains showed that some one was entering one of the boxes, the corner of the box was regarded with as earnest a gaze as ever followed the movements of a herd of red deer in the misty chasms of Ben-an-Sloich. What concern had he in the troubles of this overdressed and stout lady who was bewailing her misfortunes and wringing her bejewelled hands?

Suddenly his heart seemed to stand still altogether. It was a light, glad laugh — the sound of a voice he knew — that seemed to have pierced him as with a rifle-ball; and at the same moment from the green shimmer of foliage in the balcony there stepped into the glare of the hall a young girl with life and laughter and a merry carelessness in her face and eyes. She threw her arm around her mother's neck and kissed her. She bowed to the legal person. She flung her garden hat on to a couch, and got up on a chair to get fresh seed put in for her canary. It was all done so simply and naturally and gracefully that in an instant a fire of life and reality sprang into the whole of this sham thing. The woman was no longer a marionette, but the anguish-stricken mother of this gay and heedless girl. And when the daughter jumped down from the chair again — her canary on her finger — and when she came forward to pet and caress and remonstrate with her mother, and when the glare of the lights flashed on the merry eyes, and on the white teeth and laughing lips, there was no longer any doubt possible. Macleod's face was quite pale. He took the programme from Ogilvie's hand, and for a minute or two stared mechanically at the name of Miss Gertrude White printed on the pink-tinted paper. He gave it him back without a word. Ogilvie only smiled; he was proud of the surprise he had planned.

And now the fancies and recollections that came rushing into Macleod's head were of a sufficiently chaotic and bewildering character. He tried to separate that grave and gentle and sensitive girl he had met at Prince's Gate from this gay midcap, and he could not at all succeed. His heart laughed with the laughter of this wild creature; he enjoyed the discomfiture and despair of the old lawyer as she stood before him twirling her garden hat by a solitary ribbon; and when the small white fingers raised the canary to be kissed by the pouting lips, the action was more graceful than anything he had ever seen in the world. But where was the silent and serious girl who had listened with such rapt attention to his tales of passion and revenge, who seemed to have some mysterious longing for those gloomy shores he

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

came from, who had sung with such exquisite pathos "A wee bird cam' to our ha' door"? Her cheek had turned white when she heard of the fate of the son of Maclean: surely that sensitive and vivid imagination could not belong to this audacious girl, with her laughing, and teasings, and demure coquetry?

Society had not been talking about the art of Mrs. Ross's *protégée* for nothing; and that art soon made short work of Keith Macleod's doubts. The fair stranger he had met at Prince's Gate vanished into mist. Here was the real woman; and all the trumpery business of the theatre, that he would otherwise have regarded with indifference or contempt, became a real and living thing, insomuch that he followed the fortunes of this spoiled child with a breathless interest and a beating heart. The spell was on him. Oh, why should she be so proud to this poor lover, who stood so meekly before her? "Coquette, coquette" (Macleod could have cried to her), "the days are not always full of sunshine; life is not all youth and beauty and high spirits; you may come to repent of your pride and your cruelty." He had no jealousy against the poor youth, who took his leave; he pitied him, but it was for her sake; he seemed to know that evil days were coming, when she would long for the solace of an honest man's love. And when the trouble came — as speedily it did — and when she stood bravely up at first to meet her fate, and when she broke down for a time, and buried her face in her hands, and cried with bitter sobs, the tears were running down his face. Could the merciful heavens see such grief, and let the wicked triumph? And why was there no man to succor her? Surely some times arise in which the old law is the good law, and a man will trust to his own right arm to put things straight in the world. To look at her! — could any man refuse? And now she rises and goes away, and all the glad summer-time and the sunshine have gone, and the cold wind shivers through the trees, and it breathes only of farewell. Farewell, O miserable one! the way is dark before you, and you are alone. Alone, and no man near to help.

Macleod was awakened from his trance. The act drop was let down; there was a stir throughout the theatre; young Ogilvie turned to him.

"Don't you see who has come into that corner box up there?"

If he had been told that Miss White, just come up from Prince's Gate, in her plain black dress and blue beads, had just arrived and was seated there, he would scarcely have been surprised. As it was, he looked up and saw Colonel Ross taking his seat, while the figure of a lady was partially visible behind the lace curtain.

"I wonder how often Mrs. Ross has seen this piece," Ogilvie said. "And I think Colonel Ross is as profound a believer in Miss White as his wife is. Will you go up and see them now?"

"No," Macleod said absently.

"I shall tell them," said the facetious boy, as he rose and got hold of his crush hat, "that you are meditating a leap on to the stage to rescue the distressed damsel."

And then his conscience smote him.

"Mind you," said he, "I think it is awfully good myself. I can't pump up any enthusiasm for most things that people rave about, but I do think this girl is uncommonly clever. And then she always dresses like a lady."

With this high commendation, Lieutenant Ogilvie left, and made his way up-stairs to Mrs. Ross's box. Apparently he was well received there, for he did not make his appearance again at the beginning of the next act, nor, indeed, until it was nearly over.

The dream-world opens again; and now it is a beautiful garden, close by the ruins of an old abbey, and fine ladies are walking about there. But what does he care for these marionettes uttering meaningless phrases? They have no more interest for him than the sham ivy on the sham ruins, so long as that one bright, speaking, pathetic face is absent: and the story they are carrying forward is for him no story at all, for he takes no heed of its details in his anxious watching for her appearance. The sides of this garden are mysteriously divided: by which avenue shall she approach? Suddenly he hears the low voice — she comes nearer. Now let the world laugh again! But, alas! when she does appear, it is in the company of her lover, and it is only to bid him good-by. Why does the coward hind take her at her word? A stick, a stone, a wave of the cold sea, would be more responsive to that deep and tremulous voice, which has now no longer any of the arts of a wilful coquetry about it, but is altogether as self-revealing as the generous abandonment of her eyes. The poor cipher! he is not the man to woo and win and carry off this noble woman, the unutterable soul-surrender of whose look has the courage of despair in it. He bids her farewell. The tailor's dummy retires. And she? in her agony, is there no one to

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

comfort her? They have demanded this sacrifice in the name of duty, and she has consented: ought not that to be enough to comfort her? Then other people appear, from other parts of the garden, and there is a Babel of tongues. He hears nothing; but he follows that sad face, until he could imagine that he listens to the throbbing of her aching heart.

And then, as the phantasms of the stage come and go, and fortune plays many pranks with these puppets, the piece draws near to an end. And now, as it appears, every thing is reversed, and it is the poor lover who is in grievous trouble, while she is restored to the proud position of her coquetries and wilful graces again, with all her friends smiling around her, and life lying fair before her. She meets him by accident. Suffering gives him a certain sort of dignity; but how is one to retain patience with the blindness of this insufferable ass? Don't you see, man — don't you see that she is waiting to throw herself into your arms? and you, you poor ninny, are giving yourself airs, and doing the grand heroic! And then the shy coquetry comes in again. The pathetic eyes are full of a grave compassion, if he must really never see her more. The cat plays with the poor mouse, and pretends that really the tender thing is gone away at last. He will take this half of a broken sixpence back: it was given in happier times. If ever he should marry, he will know that one far away prays for his happiness. And if — if these unwomanly tears —— And suddenly the crass idiot discovers that she is laughing at him, and that she has secured him and bound him as completely as a fly fifty times wound round by a spider. The crash of applause that accompanied the lowering of the curtain stunned Macleod, who had not quite come back from dream-land. And then, amid a confused roar, the curtain was drawn a bit back, and she was led — timidly smiling, so that her eyes seemed to take in all the theatre at once — across the stage by that same poor fool of a lover; and she had two or three bouquets thrown her, notably one from Mrs. Ross's box. Then she disappeared, and the lights were lowered, and there was a dull shuffling of people getting their cloaks and hats and going away.

"Mrs. Ross wants to see you for a minute," Ogilvie said.

"Yes," Macleod answered absently.

"And we have time yet, if you like, to get into a hansom and drive along to Lady Beauregard's."

CHAPTER V.

IN PARK LANE.

THEY found Mrs. Ross and her husband waiting in the corridor above.

"Well, how did you like it?" she said.

He could not answer off-hand. He was afraid he might say too much.

"It is like her singing," he stammered at length. "I am not used to these things. I have never seen anything like that before."

"We shall soon have her in a better piece," Mrs. Ross said. "It is being written for her. That is very pretty, but slight. She is capable of greater things."

"She is capable of anything," said Macleod simply, "if she can make you believe that such nonsense is real. I looked at the others. What did they say or do better than mere pictures in a book? But she — it is like magic."

"And did Mr. Ogilvie give you my message?" said Mrs. Ross. "My husband and I are going down to see a yacht-race on the Thames to-morrow — we did not think of it till this evening any more than we expected to find you here. We came along to try to get Miss White to go with us. Will you join our little party?"

"Oh yes, certainly — thank you very much," Macleod said eagerly.

"Then you'd better meet us at Charing Cross, at ten sharp," Colonel Ross said; "so don't let Ogilvie keep you up too late with brandy and soda. A special will take us down."

"Brandy and soda!" Mr. Ogilvie exclaimed. "I am going to take him along for a few minutes to Lady Beauregard's — surely that is proper enough; and I have to get down by the 'cold-meat' train to Aldershot, so there won't be much brandy and soda for me. Shall we go now, Mrs. Ross?"

"I am waiting for an answer," Mrs. Ross said, looking along the corridor.

Was it possible, then, that she herself should bring the answer to this message that had been sent her — stepping out of the dream-world in which she had disappeared with her lover? And how would she look as she came along this narrow passage? Like the arch coquette of this land of gaslight and glowing colors? or like the pale, serious, proud girl who was fond of sketching the elm at Prince's Gate? A strange nervousness possessed him as he thought she might suddenly appear. He did not listen to the talk between Colonel Ross and Mr. Ogilvie. He did not notice that this small party

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

was obviously regarded as being in the way by the attendants who were putting out the lights and shutting the doors of the boxes. Then the man came along.

"Miss White's compliments, ma'am, and she will be very pleased to meet you at Charing Cross at ten to-morrow."

"And Miss White is a very brave young lady to attempt any thing of the kind," observed Mr. Ogilvie confidentially, as they all went down the stairs; "for if the yachts should get becalmed off the Nore, or off the Mouse, I wonder how Miss White will get back to London in time?"

"Oh, we shall take care of that," said Colonel Ross. "Unless there is a good steady breeze we sha'n't go at all; we shall spend a happy day at Rosherville, or have a look at the pictures at Greenwich. We sha'n't get Miss White into trouble. Good-by, Ogilvie. Good-bye, Sir Keith. Remember ten o'clock, Charing Cross."

They stepped into their carriage and drove off.

"Now," said Macleod's companion, "are you tired?"

"Tired? I have done nothing all day."

"Shall we get into a hansom and drive along to Lady Beauregard's?"

"Certainly, if you like. I suppose they won't throw you over again."

"Oh no," said Mr. Ogilvie, as he once more adventured his person in a cab. "And I can tell you it is much better — if you look at the thing philosophically, as poor wretches like you and me must — to drive to a crush in a hansom than in your own carriage. You don't worry about your horses being kept out in the rain; you can come away at any moment; there is no fussing with servants, and rows because your man has got out of the rank — HOLD UP!"

Whether it was the yell or not, the horse recovered from the slight stumble; and no harm befell the two daring travellers.

"These vehicles give one some excitement," Macleod said — or rather roared, for Piccadilly was full of carriages. "A squall in Loch Scridain is nothing to them."

"You'll get used to them in time," was the complacent answer.

They dismissed the hansom at the corner of Piccadilly, and walked up Park Lane, so as to avoid waiting in the rank of carriages. Macleod accompanied his companion meekly. All this scene around him, the flashing lights of the broughams, the brilliant windows, the stepping across the pavement of a strangely-dressed dignitary from some foreign land, seemed but some other part of that dream from which he had not quite shaken himself free. His head was still full of the sorrows and coquetries of that wild-spirited heroine. Whither had she gone by this time — away into some strange valley of that unknown world?

He was better able than Mr. Ogilvie to push his way through the crowd of footmen who stood in two lines across the pavement in front of Beauregard House, watching for the first appearance of their master or mistress; but he resignedly followed, and found himself in the avenue leading clear up to the steps. They were not the only arrivals, late as the hour was. Two young girls, sisters, clad in cream-white silk with a gold fringe across their shoulders and sleeves, preceded them; and he was greatly pleased by the manner in which these young ladies, on meeting in the great hall an elderly lady who was presumably a person of some distinction, dropped a pretty little old-fashioned courtesy as they shook hands with her. He admired much less the more formal obeisance which he noticed a second after. A royal personage was leaving; and as this lady, who was dressed in mourning, and was leaning on the arm of a gentleman whose coat was blazing with diamond stars, and whose breast was barred across with a broad blue ribbon, came along the spacious landing at the foot of the wide staircase, she graciously extended her hand and said a few words to such of the ladies standing by as she knew. That deep bending of the knee he considered to be less pretty than the little courtesy performed by the young ladies in cream-white silk. He intended to mention this matter to his cousin Janet.

Then, as soon as the princess had left, the lane through which she had passed closed up again, and the crowd became a confused mass of murmuring groups. Still meekly following, Macleod plunged into this throng, and presently found himself being introduced to Lady Beauregard — an amiable little woman who had been a great beauty in her time, and was pleasant enough to look at now. He passed on.

"Who is the man with the blue ribbon and the diamond stars?" he asked of Mr. Ogilvie.

"That is Monsieur le Marquis himself — that is your host," the young gentleman replied — only Macleod could not tell why he was obviously trying to repress some covert merriment.

"Didn't you hear?" Mr. Ogilvie said

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

at length. "Don't you know what he called you? That man will be the death of me — for he's always at it. He announced you as Sir Thief Macleod — I will swear he did."

"I should not have thought he had so much historical knowledge," Macleod answered gravely. "He must have been reading up about the clans."

At this moment Lady Beauregard, who had been receiving some other late visitors, came up and said she wished to introduce him to — he could not make out the name. He followed her. He was introduced to a stout, elderly lady, who still had beautifully fine features, and a simple and calm air which rather impressed him. It is true that at first a thrill of compassion went through him; for he thought that some accident had befallen the poor lady's costume, and that it had fallen down a bit unknown to herself; but he soon perceived that most of the other women were dressed similarly, some of the younger ones, indeed, having the back of their dress open practically to the waist. He wondered what his mother and Janet would say to this style.

"Don't you think the princess is looking pale?" he was asked.

"I thought she looked very pretty — I never saw her before," said he.

What next? That calm air was a trifle cold and distant. He did not know who the woman was, or where she lived, or whether her husband had any shooting, or a yacht, or a pack of hounds. What was he to say? He returned to the princess.

"I only saw her as she was leaving," said he. "We came late. We were at the Piccadilly Theatre."

"Oh, you saw Miss Gertrude White," said this stout lady; and he was glad to see her eyes light up with some interest. "She is very clever, is she not? — and so pretty and engaging. I wish I knew some one who knew her."

"I know some friends of hers," Macleod said, rather timidly.

"Oh, do you, really? Do you think she would give me a morning performance for my fund?"

This lady seemed to take it so much for granted that every one must have heard of her fund that he dared not confess his ignorance. But it was surely some charitable thing; and how could he doubt that Miss White would immediately respond to such an appeal?

"I should think that she would," said he, with a little hesitation; but at this moment some other claimant came forward, and he turned away to seek young Ogilvie once more.

"Ogilvie," said he, "who is that lady in the green satin?"

"The Duchess of Wexford."

"Has she a fund?"

"A what?"

"A fund — a charitable fund of some sort."

"Oh, let me see. I think she is getting up money for a new training-ship — turning the young ragamuffins about the streets into sailors, don't you know?"

"Do you think Miss White would give a morning performance for that fund?"

"Miss White! Miss White! Miss White!" said Lieutenant Ogilvie. "I think Miss White has got into your head."

"But that lady asked me."

"Well, I should say it was exactly the thing that Miss White would like to do — get mixed up with a whole string of duchesses and marchionesses — a capital advertisement — and it would be all the more distinguished if it was an amateur performance, and Miss Gertrude White the only professional admitted into the charmed circle."

"You are a very shrewd boy, Ogilvie," Macleod observed. "I don't know how you ever got so much wisdom into so small a head."

And indeed, as Lieutenant Ogilvie was returning to Aldershot by what he was pleased to call the cold-meat train, he continued to play the part of mentor for a time with great assiduity, until Macleod was fairly confused with the number of persons to whom he was introduced, and the remarks his friend made about them.

What struck him most, perhaps, was the recurrence of old Highland or Scotch family names, borne by persons who were thoroughly English in their speech and ways. Fancy a Gordon who said "lock" for "loch;" a Mackenzie who had never seen the Lewis; a Mac Alpine who had never heard the proverb, "The hills, the Mac Alpines, and the devil came into the world at the same time"!

It was a pretty scene; and he was young, and eager, and curious, and he enjoyed it. After standing about for half an hour or so, he got into a corner from which, in quiet, he could better see the brilliant picture as a whole: the bright, harmonious dresses; the glimpses of beautiful eyes and blooming complexions; the masses of foxgloves which Lady Beauregard had as the only floral decoration of the evening; the pale canary-colored panels and silver-fluted columns of the walls; and

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

over all the various candelabra, each bearing a cluster of sparkling and golden stars. But there was something wanting. Was it the noble and silver-haired lady of Castle Dare whom he looked for in vain in that brilliant crowd that moved and murmured before him? Or was it the friendly and familiar face of his cousin Janet, whose eyes, he knew, would be filled with a constant wonder if she saw such diamonds and silks and satins? Or was it that *ignis fatuus* — that treacherous and mocking fire — that might at any time glimmer in some suddenly presented face with a new surprise? Had she deceived him altogether down at Prince's Gate? Was her real nature that of the wayward, bright, mischievous, spoiled child whose very tenderness only prepared her unsuspecting victim for a merciless thrust? And yet the sound of her sobbing was still in his ears. A true woman's heart beat beneath that idle raillery: challenged boldly, would it not answer loyally and without fear?

Psychological puzzles were new to this son of the mountains; and it is no wonder that, long after he had bidden good-bye to his friend Ogilvie, and as he sat thinking alone in his room, with Oscar lying across the rug at his feet, his mind refused to be quieted. One picture after another presented itself to his imagination: the proud-souled enthusiast longing for the wild winter nights and the dark Atlantic seas; the pensive maiden, shuddering to hear the fierce story of Maclean of Lochbuy; the spoiled child, teasing her mamma and petting her canary; the wronged and weeping woman, her frame shaken with sobs, her hands clasped in despair; the artful and demure coquette, mocking her lover with her sentimental farewells. Which of them all was she? Which should he see in the morning? Or would she appear as some still more elusive vision, retreating before him as he advanced?

Had he asked himself, he would have said that these speculations were but the fruit of a natural curiosity. Why should he not be interested in finding out the real nature of this girl, whose acquaintance he had just made? It has been observed, however, that young gentlemen do not always betray this frantic devotion to psychological inquiry when the subject of it, instead of being a fascinating maiden of twenty, is a homely-featured lady of fifty.

Time passed; another cigar was lit; the blue light outside was becoming silvery; and yet the problem remained unsolved. A fire of impatience and restlessness was burning in his heart; a din as of brazen instruments — what was the air the furious orchestra played? — was in his ears; sleep or rest was out of the question.

"Oscar!" he called. "Oscar, my lad, let us go out!"

When he steathily went down-stairs and opened the door and passed into the street, behold! the new day was shining abroad — and how cold, and still, and silent it was after the hot glare and the whirl of that bewildering night! No living thing was visible. A fresh, sweet air stirred the leaves of the trees and bushes in St. James's Square. There was a pale lemon-yellow glow in the sky, and the long, empty thoroughfare of Pall Mall seemed coldly white.

Was this a somnambulist, then, who wandered idly along through the silent streets, apparently seeing nothing of the closed doors and the shuttered windows on either hand? A policeman, standing at the corner of Waterloo Place, stared at the apparition — at the twin apparition, for this tall young gentleman with the light top-coat thrown over his evening dress, was accompanied by a beautiful collie that kept close to his heels. There was a solitary four-wheeled cab at the foot of the Haymarket; but the man had got inside and was doubtless asleep. The Embankment? — with the young trees stirring in the still morning air; and the broad bosom of the river catching the gathering glow of the skies. He leaned on the gray stone parapet, and looked out on the placid waters of the stream.

Placid, indeed, they were as they went flowing quietly by; and the young day promised to be bright enough; and why should there be aught but peace and good-will upon earth toward all men and women? Surely there was no call for any unrest, or fear, or foreboding? The still and shining morning was but emblematic of his life — if only he knew, and were content. And indeed he looked contented enough, as he wandered on, breathing the cool freshness of the air, and with a warmer light from the east now touching from time to time his sun-tanned face. He went up to Covent Garden — for mere curiosity's sake. He walked along Piccadilly, and thought the elms in the Green Park looked more beautiful than ever. When he returned to his rooms he was of opinion that it was scarcely worth while to go to bed; and so he changed his clothes, and called for breakfast as soon as some one was up. In a short time — after his

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

newspaper had been read — he would have to go down to Charing Cross.

What of this morning walk? Perhaps it was unimportant enough. Only, in aftertimes, he once or twice thought of it; and very clearly indeed he could see himself standing there in the early light, looking out on the shining waters of the river. They say that when you see yourself too vividly — when you imagine that you yourself are standing before yourself — that is one of the signs of madness.

CHAPTER VI.

A SUMMER DAY ON THE THAMES.

It occurred to him as he walked down to the station — perhaps he went early on the chance of finding her there alone — that he ought seriously to study the features of this girl's face; for was there not a great deal of character to be learned, or guessed at, that way? He had but the vaguest notion of what she was really like. He knew that her teeth were pearly white when she smiled, and that the rippling golden-brown hair lay rather low on a calm and thoughtful forehead; but he had a less distinct impression that her nose was perhaps the least thing *retroussé;* and as to her eyes? They might be blue, gray, or green, but one thing he was sure of was that they could speak more than was ever uttered by any speech. He knew, besides, that she had an exquisite figure: perhaps it was the fact that her shoulders were a trifle squarer than is common with women that made her look somewhat taller than she really was.

He would confirm or correct these vague impressions. And as the chances were that they would spend a whole long day together, he would have abundant opportunity of getting to know something about the character and disposition of this new acquaintance, so that she should no longer be to him a puzzling and distracting will-o'-the-wisp. What had he come to London for but to improve his knowledge of men and of women, and to see what was going on in the larger world? And so this earnest student walked down to the station.

There were a good many people about, mostly in groups chatting with each other; but he recognized no one. Perhaps he was looking for Colonel and Mrs. Ross; perhaps for a slender figure in black, with blue beads; at all events he was gazing somewhat vacantly around when some one turned close by him. Then his heart stood still for a second. The sudden light that sprang to her face when she recognized him blinded him. Was it to be always so? Was she always to come upon him in a flash, as it were? What chance had the poor student of fulfilling his patient task when, on his approach, he was sure to be met by this surprise of the parted lips, and sudden smile, and bright look? He was far too bewildered to examine the outline of her nose or the curve of the exquisitely short upper lip.

But the plain truth was that there was no extravagant joy at all in Miss White's face, but a very slight and perhaps pleased surprise; and she was not in the least embarrassed.

"Are you looking for Mrs. Ross," said she, "like myself?"

"Yes," said he; and then he found himself exceedingly anxious to say a great deal to her, without knowing where to begin. She had surprised him too much — as usual. She was so different from what he had been dreaming about. Here was no one of the imaginary creatures that had risen before his mind during the stillness of the night. Even the pale dreamer in black and blue beads was gone. He found before him (as far as he could make out) a quiet, bright-faced, self-possessed girl, clad in a light and cool costume of white, with bits of black velvet about it; and her white gloves and sunshade and the white silver chain round her slender waist were important features in the picture she presented. How could this eager student of character get rid of these distressing trivialities? All night long he had been dreaming of beautiful sentiments and conflicting emotions: now his first thought was that he had never seen any costume so delightfully cool and clear and summer-like. To look at her was to think of a mountain-spring, icy cold even in the sunshine.

"I always come early," said she, in the most matter-of-fact way. "I cannot bear hurry in catching a train."

Of course not. How could any one associate rattling cabs, and excited porters, and frantic mobs with this serene creature, who seemed to have been wafted to Charing Cross on a cloud? And if he had had his will, there would have been no special train to disturb her repose. She would have embarked in a noble barge, and lain upon couches of swan's-down, and ample awnings of silk would have sheltered her from the sun, while the beautiful craft floated away down the river, its crimson hangings here and there just touching the rippling waters.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

"Ought we to take tickets?"

That was what she actually said; but what those eloquent, innocent eyes seemed to say was, "*Can you read what we have to tell you? Don't you know what a simple and confiding soul appeals to you? — clear as the daylight in its truth. Cannot you look through us and see the trusting, tender soul within?*"

"Perhaps we had better wait for Colonel Ross," said he; and there was a little pronoun in this sentence that he would like to have repeated. It was a friendly word. It established a sort of secret companionship. It is the proud privilege of a man to know all about railway tickets; but he rather preferred this association with her helpless innocence and ignorance.

"I had no idea you were coming to-day. I rather like those surprise parties. Mrs. Ross never thought of going till last evening, she says. Oh, by the way, I saw you in the theatre last evening."

He almost started. He had quite forgotten that this self-possessed, clear-eyed, pale girl was the madcap coquette whose caprices and griefs had alternately fascinated and moved him on the previous evening.

"Oh, indeed," he stammered. "It was a great pleasure to me — and a surprise. Lieutenant Ogilvie played a trick upon me. He did not tell me before we went that — that you were to appear."

She looked amused.

"You did not know, then, when we met at Mrs. Ross's, that I was engaged at the Piccadilly Theatre?"

"Not in the least," he said earnestly, as if he wished her distinctly to understand that he could not have imagined such a thing to be possible.

"You should have let me send you a box. We have another piece in rehearsal. Perhaps you will come to see that."

Now if these few sentences, uttered by those two young people in the noisy railway station, be taken by themselves and regarded, they will be found to consist of the dullest commonplace. No two strangers in all that crowd could have addressed each other in a more indifferent fashion. But the trivial nothings which the mouth utters may become possessed of awful import when accompanied by the language of the eyes; and the poor commonplace sentences may be taken up and translated so that they shall stand written across the memory in letters of flashing sunlight and the colors of June. "*Ought we to take tickets?*" There was not much poetry in the phrase; but she lifted her eyes just then.

And now Colonel Ross and his wife appeared, accompanied by the only other friend they could get at such short notice to join this scratch party — a demure little old lady who had a very large house on Campden Hill which everybody coveted. They were just in time to get comfortably seated in the spacious saloon carriage that had been reserved for them. The train slowly glided out of the station, and then began to rattle away from the mist of London. Glimpses of a keener blue began to appear. The gardens were green with the foliage of the early summer; martins swept across the still pools, a spot of white when they got into the shadow. And Miss White would have as many windows open as possible, so that the sweet June air swept right through the long carriage.

And was she not a very child in her enjoyment of this sudden escape into the country? The rapid motion, the silvery light, the sweet air, the glimpses of orchards and farmhouses and mill-streams — all were a delight to her; and although she talked in a delicate, half-reserved, shy way with that low voice of hers, still there was plenty of vivacity and gladness in her eyes. They drove from Gravesend station to the riverside. They passed through the crowd waiting to see the yachts start. They got on board the steamer; and at the very instant that Macleod stepped from the gangway on to the deck, the military band on board, by some strange coincidence, struck up, "A Highland lad my love was born." Mrs. Ross laughed, and wondered whether the band-master had recognized her husband.

And now they turned to the river; and there were the narrow and shapely cutters, with their tall spars, and their pennons fluttering in the sunlight. They lay in two tiers across the river, four in each tier, the first row consisting of small forty-tonners, the more stately craft behind. A brisk northeasterly wind was blowing, causing the bosom of the river to flash in ripples of light. Boats of every size and shape moved up and down and across the stream. The sudden firing of a gun caused some movement among the red-capped mariners of the four yachts in front.

"They are standing by the main halyards," said Colonel Ross to his womenfolk. "Now watch for the next signal."

Another gun was fired; and all of a sudden there was a rattling of blocks and chains, and the four mainsails slowly rose,

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

and the flapping jibs were run out. The bows drifted round: which would get way on her first? But now there was a wild uproar of voices. The boom end of one of the yachts had caught one of the stays of her companion, and both were brought up head to wind. Cutter No. 3 took advantage of the mishap to sail through the lee of both her enemies, and got clear away, with the sunlight shining full on her bellying canvas. But there was no time to watch the further adventures of the forty-tonners. Here and closer at hand were the larger craft, and high up in the rigging were the mites of men, ready to drop into the air, clinging on to the halyards. The gun is fired. Down they come, swinging in the air; and the moment they have reached the deck they are off and up the ratlines again, again to drop into the air until the gaff is high hoisted, the peak swinging this way and that, and the gray folds of the mainsail lazily flapping in the wind. The steamer begins to roar. The yachts fall away from their moorings, and one by one the sails fill out to the fresh breeze. And now all is silence and an easy gliding motion, for the eight competitors have all started away, and the steamer is smoothly following them.

"How beautiful they are! — like splendid swans," Miss White said: she had a glass in her hand, but did not use it, for as yet the stately fleet was near enough.

"A swan has a body," said Macleod. "These things seem to me to be all wings. It is all canvas, and no hull."

And indeed, when the large top-sails and big jibs came to be set, it certainly appeared as if there was nothing below to steady this vast extent of canvas. Macleod was astonished. He could not believe that people were so reckless as to go out in boats like that.

"If they were up in our part of the world," said he, "a puff of wind from the Gribun Cliffs would send the whole fleet to the bottom."

"They know better than to try," Colonel Ross said. "Those yachts are admirably suited for the Thames; and Thames yachting is a very nice thing. It is very close to London. You can take a day's fresh air when you like, without going all the way to Cowes. You can get back to town in time to dine."

"I hope so," said Miss White, with emphasis.

"Oh, you need not be afraid," her host said, laughing. "They only go round the Nore; and with this steady breeze they ought to be back early in the afternoon. My dear Miss White, we sha'n't allow you to disappoint the British public."

"So I may abandon myself to complete idleness without concern?"

"Most certainly."

And it was an enjoyable sort of idleness. The river was full of life and animation as they glided along; fitful shadows and bursts of sunshine crossed the foliage and pasture lands of the flat shores; the yellow surface of the stream was broken with gleams of silver; and always, when this somewhat tame and peaceful and pretty landscape tended to become monotonous, they had on this side or that the spectacle of one of those tall and beautiful yachts rounding on a new tack or creeping steadily up on one of her opponents. They had a sweepstakes, of course, and Macleod drew the favorite. But then he proceeded to explain to Miss White that the handicapping by means of time-allowances made the choice of a favorite a mere matter of guess-work; that the fouling at the start was of but little moment; and that on the whole she ought to exchange yachts with him.

"But if the chances are all equal, why should your yacht be better than mine?" said she.

The argument was unanswerable; but she took the favorite for all that, because he wished her to do so; and she tendered him in return the bit of folded paper with the name of a rival yacht on it. It had been in her purse for a minute or two. It was scented when she handed it to him.

"I should like to go to the Mediterranean in one of those beautiful yachts," she said, looking away across the troubled waters, "and lie and dream under the blue skies. I should want no other occupation than that: that would be real idleness. With a breath of wind now and then to temper the heat; and an awning over the deck; and a lot of books. Life would go by like a dream."

Her eyes were distant and pensive. To fold the bits of paper, she had taken off her gloves: he regarded the small white hands, with the blue veins and the pink almond-shaped nails. She was right. That was the proper sort of existence for one so fine and pale, and perfect even to the finger-tips. Rose-leaf — rose-leaf — what faint wind will carry you away to the south?

At this moment the band struck up a lively air. What was it?

O this is no my ain lassie,
Fair though the lassie be.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"You are in great favor to-day, Hugh," Mrs. Ross said to her husband. "You will have to ask the band-master to lunch with us."

But this sharp alterative of a well-known air had sent Macleod's thoughts flying away northward, to scenes far different from these flat shores, and to a sort of boating very different from this summer sailing. Janet, too: what was she thinking of — far away in Castle Dare? Of the wild morning on which she insisted on crossing to one of the Freshnist Islands, because of the sick child of a shepherd there; and of the open herring-smack, and she sitting on the ballast stones; and of the fierce gale of wind and rain that hid the island from their sight; and of her landing, drenched to the skin, and with the salt water running from her hair and down her face?

"Now for lunch," said Colonel Ross; and they went below.

The bright little saloon was decorated with flowers; the colored glass on the table looked pretty enough; here was a pleasant break in the monotony of the day. It was an occasion, too, for assiduous helpfulness, and gentle inquiries, and patient attention. They forgot about the various chances of the yachts. They could not at once have remembered the name of the favorite. And there was a good deal of laughter and pleasant chatting, while the band overhead — heard through the open skylight — still played,—

O this is no my ain lassie,
Kind though the lassie be.

And behold! when they went up on deck again they had got ahead of all the yachts, and were past the forts at the mouth of the Medway, and were out on an open space of yellowish-green water that showed where the tide of the sea met the current of the river. And away down there in the south a long spur of land ran out at the horizon, and the sea immediately under was still and glassy, so that the neck of land seemed projected into the sky — a sort of gigantic razor-fish suspended in the silvery clouds. Then, to give the yachts time to overtake them, they steamed over to a mighty ironclad that lay at anchor there; and as they came near her vast black bulk they lowered their flag, and the band played "Rule, Britannia." The salute was returned; the officer on the high quarter-deck raised his cap; they steamed on.

In due course of time they reached the Nore light-ship, and there they lay and drifted about until the yachts should come up. Long distances now separated that summer fleet; but as they came along, lying well over before the brisk breeze, it was obvious that the spaces of time between the combatants would not be great. And is not this Miss White's vessel, the favorite in the betting, that comes sheering through the water, with white foam at her bows? Surely she is more than her time-allowance ahead? And on this tack will she get clear round the ruddy little light-ship, or is there not a danger of her carrying off a bowsprit? With what an ease and majesty she comes along, scarcely dipping to the slight summer waves, while they on board notice that she has put out her long spinnaker boom, ready to hoist a great ballooner as soon as she is round the light-ship and running home before the wind. The speed at which she cuts the water is now visible enough as she obscures for a second or so the hull of the light-ship. In another second she has sheered round; and then the great spinnaker bulges out with the breeze, and away she goes up the river again. Chronometers are in request. It is only a matter of fifty seconds that her nearest rival, now coming sweeping along, has to make up. But what is this that happens just as the enemy has got round the Nore? There is a cry of "Man overboard!" The spinnaker boom has caught the careless skipper and pitched him clean into the plashing waters, where he floats about, not as yet certain, probably, what course his vessel will take. She at once brings her head up to wind and puts about; but meanwhile a small boat from the light-ship has picked up the unhappy skipper, and is now pulling hard to strike the course of the yacht on her new tack. In another minute or two he is on board again; and away she goes for home.

"I think you have won the sweepstakes, Miss White," Macleod said. "Your enemy has lost eight minutes."

She was not thinking of sweepstakes. She seemed to have been greatly frightened by the accident.

"It would have been so dreadful to see a man drowned before your eyes — in the midst of a mere holiday excursion."

"Drowned?" he cried. "There? if a sailor lets himself get drowned in this water with all these boats about, he deserves it."

"But there are many sailors who cannot swim at all."

"More shame for them," said he.

"Why, Sir Keith," said Mrs. Ross,

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

laughing, "do you think that all people have been brought up to an amphibious life like yourself? I suppose in your country, what with the rain and the mist, you seldom know whether you are on sea or shore?"

"That is quite true," said he gravely. "And the children are all born with fins. And we can hear the mermaids singing all day long. And when we want to go anywhere we get on the back of a dolphin."

But he looked at Gertrude White. What would she say about that far land that she had shown such a deep interest in? There was no raillery at all in her low voice as she spoke.

"I can very well understand," she said, "how the people there fancied they heard the mermaids singing — amidst so much mystery, and with the awfulness of the sea around them."

"But we have had living singers," said Macleod, "and that among the Macleods, too. The most famous of all the song-writers of the western Highlands was Mary Macleod, that was born in Harris — Mairi Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh, they called her, that is, Mary the daughter of red Alister. Macleod of Dunvegan, he wished her not to make any more songs; but she could not cease the making of songs. And there was another Macleod — Fionaghal, they called her, that is, the Fair Stranger. I do not know why they called her the Fair Stranger — perhaps she came to the Highlands from some distant place. And I think if you were going among the people there at this very day, they would call you the Fair Stranger."

He spoke quite naturally and thoughtlessly; his eyes met hers only for a second; he did not notice the soft touch of pink that suffused the delicately tinted cheek.

"What did you say was the name of that mysterious stranger?" asked Mrs. Ross — "that poetess from unknown lands?"

"Fionaghal," he answered.

She turned to her husband.

"Hugh," she said, "let me introduce you to our mysterious guest. This is Fionaghal — this is the Fair Stranger from the islands — this is the poetess whose melodies the mermaids have picked up. If she only had a harp now — with sea-weed hanging from it — and an oval mirror ——"

The booming of a gun told them that the last yacht had rounded the light-ship. The band struck up a lively air, and presently the steamer was steaming off in the wake of the procession of yachts. There was now no more fear that Miss White should be late. The breeze had kept up well and had now shifted a point to the east, so that the yachts, with their great ballooners, were running pretty well before the wind. The lazy abandonment of the day became more complete than ever. Careless talk and laughter; an easy curiosity about the fortunes of the race; tea in the saloon, with the making up of two bouquets of white roses, sweet-peas, fuchsias and ferns — the day passed lightly and swiftly enough. It was a summer day, full of pretty trifles. Macleod, surrendering to the fascination, began to wonder what life would be if it were all a show of June colors and a sound of dreamy music: for one thing, he could not imagine this sensitive, beautiful, pale, fine creature otherwise than as surrounded by an atmosphere of delicate attentions and pretty speeches, and sweet, low laughter.

They got into their special train again at Gravesend, and were whirled up to London. At Charing Cross he bade good-bye to Miss White, who was driven off by Mr. and Mrs. Ross along with their other guest. In the light of the clear June evening he walked rather absently up to his rooms.

There was a letter lying on the table. He seized it and opened it with gladness. It was from his cousin Janet, and the mere sight of it seemed to revive him like a gust of keen wind from the sea. What had she to say? About the grumblings of Donald, who seemed to have no more pride in his pipes now the master was gone? About the anxiety of his mother over the reports of the keepers? About the upsetting of a dog-cart on the road to Lochbuy? He had half resolved to go to the theatre again that evening — getting, if possible, into some corner where he might pursue his profound psychological investigations unseen — but now he thought he would not go. He would spend the evening in writing a long letter to his cousin, telling her and the mother about all the beautiful, fine, gay summer life he had seen in London, so different from anything they could have seen in Fort William or Inverness, or even in Edinburgh. After dinner he sat down to this agreeable task. What had he to write about except brilliant rooms and beautiful flowers, and costumes, such as would have made Janet's eyes wide — of all the delicate luxuries of life, and happy idleness, and the careless enjoyment of people whose only thought was about a new pleasure? He gave a

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

minute description of all the places he had been to see — except the theatre. He mentioned the names of the people who had been kind to him; but he said nothing about Gertrude White.

Not that she was altogether absent from his thoughts. Sometimes his fancy fled away from the sheet of paper before him, and saw strange things. Was this Fionaghal the Fair Stranger — this maiden who had come over the seas to the dark shores of the isles — this king's daughter clad in white, with her yellow hair down to her waist, and bands of gold on her wrists? And what does she sing to the lashing waves but songs of high courage, and triumph, and welcome to her brave lover coming home with plunder through the battling seas? Her lips are parted with her singing, but her glance is bold and keen: she has the spirit of a king's daughter, let her come from whence she may.

Or is Fionaghal the Fair Stranger this poorly dressed lass who boils the potatoes over the rude peat fire, and croons her songs of suffering and of the cruel drowning in the seas, so that from hut to hut they carry her songs, and the old wives' tears start afresh to think of their brave sons lost years and years ago?

Neither Fionaghal is she — this beautiful, pale woman, with her sweet, modern English speech, and her delicate, sensitive ways, and her hand that might be crushed like a rose-leaf. There is a shimmer of summer around her; flowers lie in her lap; tender observances encompass and shelter her. Not for her the biting winds of the northern seas, but rather the soft luxurious idleness of placid waters, and blue skies, and shadowy shores. *Rose-leaf — rose-leaf — what faint wind will carry you away to the south?*

From Fraser's Magazine.

MURDER OF COMMISSIONER FRASER — DELHI, 1835.

A TALE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

In the grounds of Easter Moniack, the seat of the ancient family of Fraser of Reelig, near Inverness, there stands, under the shade of a wide-spreading cedar of Lebanon, a small cenotaph, sacred to the memory of four sons of the family, three of whom were in the service of the Honorable East India Company, and died in India.

The circumstances attending the death of one of the sons — William Fraser — are so curious, that a narrative of them may not be without interest to your readers.

William Fraser was a distinguished member of the Bengal civil service, and held, in 1835, the important office of commissioner of Delhi, under which denomination was included an area of some twenty thousand square miles, and a population of probably not less than three millions of people, besides several small *quasi* independent chiefships. He was a man deservedly popular with the natives of all ranks, and was beloved by them, more particularly by the lower classes, with whom, on many occasions, he showed strong sympathy; but being a man of considerable force of character and decision of purpose, he sometimes made enemies.

Upon the 22d March, 1835, between six and seven o'clock in the evening, Mr. Fraser was returning on horseback, attended only by an unarmed servant mounted on one of his spare horses, from an official visit to the rajah of Kishengurh, and was just entering his own grounds, when a native trooper rode up, and, as he passed, discharged his carbine into Mr. Fraser's back. So close was the assassin when he fired, that Mr. Fraser's coat was singed with the powder. The balls passed through his body, he sprang up in his saddle, and then fell dead on the ground. The trooper was seen by the terror-stricken servant to ride off at speed in the direction of the city of Delhi, situated about a mile distant. The servant rode to Mr. Fraser's house, gave the alarm, and his people hastening to the spot found their master dead, but his body still warm. All that the servant, a lad of about sixteen years of age, could say was, that the assassin was a horseman armed with a sword and carbine.

Mr. (now Lord) Lawrence happened to be at the time magistrate of the adjoining district of Paneeput. Early on the morning of the 23d March he received a brief note in Persian from one of his police officers, stating that news had just arrived to the effect that on the previous evening a trooper had ridden up to the commissioner as he was returning from his ride, and fired his carbine into his "sacred body," killing him on the spot.

Mr. Lawrence was much shocked at this tragic intelligence; and thinking that, as he was intimately acquainted with Delhi, he might be of use to Mr. T. Metcalfe, the senior civil officer, and to the magistrate, Mr. Simon Fraser, in tracing the murderer, he instantly ordered his

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

horse, and rode off to Mr. Metcalfe's house, a distance of forty miles. In reply to his inquiries, Mr. Metcalfe told him that no satisfactory traces of the murderer had been found; that no one was suspected; and that, further, some men of the Goojur caste, well known for their skill in tracking, had been sent to the scene of the murder, to follow up, if possible, the tracks of the assassin's horse. They had succeeded in doing so to a spot where the road divided into three branches, two leading into the country, and the third to the Cabul gate of the city of Delhi.

The Goojurs apparently considered it very improbable that any man in his senses, after the commission of such a crime, would venture himself into Dehli, full as it was of government police, and where he could scarcely hope to escape observation and arrest; they therefore did not think it worth while to examine the road leading to the city, but tried, without success, to follow up the tracks along the two roads branching into the country. It was too dark when they abandoned their ineffectual search for further examination toward the city. Recommencing the search the next morning, they found that all marks of the previous night had been obliterated by the footsteps of early travellers passing to and from the town. The Goojurs were therefore completely at fault, and could give no further assistance. Mr. Metcalfe, however, informed Mr. Lawrence that an old chief — Futteh Khan, a resident of Delhi (who was in receipt of a pension for good service under the Duke of Wellington in the pursuit of the celebrated outlaw Doondiah Waugh in 1804) — had just been calling on him, and, after expressing his deep sorrow for the sad fate of Mr. Fraser, observed that it might possibly turn out that his own nephew, Shumshoodeen Khan, the nawab of Ferozepore, had been implicated in the murder. Mr. Metcalfe, however, expressed his doubts of the nawab's having any share in the affair, and said that he thought very likely the old pensioner's accusing his nephew arose from some motives of private enmity. Mr. Lawrence remarked that it might be so; but as in hunting, when the scent is lost, one casts about at a venture to recover it, so in this case they must take up any chance clue which might present itself, in the hope of its leading to the object sought for. Therefore he would advise that in the absence of anything more tangible, it would be well to follow the clue suggested by Nawab Futteh Khan.

Accordingly, Mr. Lawrence left Mr. Metcalfe's house, and went to that of the magistrate, Mr. Simon Fraser, to whom he told the conversation that had passed between Mr. Metcalfe and the old pensioner. The magistrate stated that he was aware that the nawab of Ferozepore was at enmity with the late commissioner, in consequence of some proceedings of that officer in connection with the Ferozepore State. The late nawab had left two sons: the elder illegitimate, who had succeeded his father; and the younger, the son of his married wife, for whom no provision had been made. The late commissioner, thinking the case a very hard one, had been endeavoring to force the ruling nawab, Shumshoodeen, to assign a portion of his territory for the support of his younger brother, which the nawab bitterly resented, and hence his enmity to Mr. William Fraser.

Thinking that these facts, added to the suspicions expressed by the old pensioner, gave them a clue which they should at once follow up, Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Simon Fraser proceeded together to visit the house in the city of Delhi belonging to the nawab Shumshoodeen, in the hope of obtaining information which might lead to the detection of the murderer. On arriving at the house, and entering the court-yard in which it stood, they found no one, nor did any person respond to their repeated calls. Mr. Fraser then proposed to Mr. Lawrence that they should enter the house; that Mr. Lawrence should remain and watch below, while he went upstairs and looked about him. This they did. Mr. Lawrence, to occupy the time, sauntered about the court-yard, and came upon a very good-looking chestnut horse standing at his picket.

Being fond of horses Mr. Lawrence went up and began to examine the animal, and had reason to admire some of his points. While so doing, a man of the Goojur caste, whom until then he had not observed, joined Mr. Lawrence, who praised the animal to him. The Goojur, while admitting the merits of the horse, somewhat abruptly remarked, "Yes, sir; but do you not perceive that the hind hoofs are wider than the front ones?" And then, taking up a straw, he measured a hoof before and behind with it; and holding it up to view, said, "There is just one straw's difference between the one and the other; and the same difference was seen in the tracks of the horse which the murderer of Mr. Fraser rode. I am certain that this is the animal that was ridden by the murderer." As the Goojur was saying this, a native trooper, in undress, lounged up. On Mr. Lawrence

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

beginning to question him, he said that the horse belonged to him; that he was an orderly of Shumshoodeen Khan, the nawab of Ferozepore — a district some ninety miles south of Delhi; and that he had been sent on a special duty to the city.

Mr. Lawrence said, "This is a nice horse."

"Yes," said the man, "he is a fine horse; but he is very sick, and has not been able to eat much for a week, nor to do his work."

Upon this Mr. Lawrence, feeling strong doubts as to the truth of the statement, and espying the saddle and other furniture of the horse at a little distance on the ground, walked up to them, and moving them with his foot, observed the *tobrāh*, or nose-bag, full of grain, ready for the animal. He picked it up, and slung it on the horse's head, who commenced at once feeding greedily, proving that the trooper's statement was evidently not very correct. As Mr. Lawrence stood watching the animal, he was joined by the magistrate, who said he could find no one in the house, but that, as he came down the staircase, his eye lighted on some fragments of paper floating on the top of a large bucket of water. These fragments, on taking them up, bore all the appearance, to him, of a Persian letter, which had been read, torn up, squeezed together, and then thrown away. Even in their then condition, the magistrate, who was a man of quick apprehension and a good Persian scholar, could discern words in that language indicating instructions as to some transaction. He therefore put the papers into his pocket, with a view to further examination. Mr. Lawrence then told Mr. Fraser of the peculiarity in the horse's feet pointed out by the Goojur, and his own suspicion that the trooper was probably connected with the murder. Mr. Lawrence got into a conversation with the trooper about the late murder, as to who might have been connected with it, without making any special allusion to the nawab, his master; and without arousing his suspicions he induced the man to accompany him out of the nawab's premises, down the Chandeny Chowk (or great market-place) of Delhi, past the Begum Sumroo's garden, until they reached the magistrate's *kutcherry* and treasury, where there was a guard of sepoys posted under a native officer.

Mr. Lawrence then suggested to Mr. Fraser that it would be expedient to arrest the trooper, to which the latter consenting, they summoned the subhadar, who came up with two or three sepoys. Mr. Lawrence then turning to the trooper said to him: "This is an awkward business, this murder of the commissioner; and as it strikes me you must know something of the matter, you shall remain here under restraint until our doubts regarding you are cleared up." They then handed over the trooper, whose name was Wassil Khan, to the subhadar, with directions to keep him in confinement until further orders.* Subsequently, the nawab's house being searched, Wassil Khan's sword, which had been recently sharpened, was found among his clothes; but no trace of the carbine with which the murder had apparently been committed was forthcoming.

They then proceeded to Mr. Metcalfe's house, and reported to him all that had occurred, pointing out how, to their minds, it corroborated the old pensioner Futteh Khan's suspicions. It struck them both that in all probability the trooper had perpetrated the deed; that he, as a trusty follower of the nawab, had been instigated to it by his master, he himself having no motive of his own to engage in such an affair. At nightfall Mr. Lawrence again met the magistrate at his house, who informed him that, on coming home, he had tried to put the pieces of the Persian letter together, and to fix them with gum, but that they so stuck together, and the ink was so faded by the action of the water, that he was inclined to give up as useless any attempt to decipher the writing, and was about to do so, when Dr. Graham, civil surgeon of Delhi, called upon him, and, seeing how he was engaged, proposed to go for some chemicals which would restore the color of the ink. This was done; the letters became clear, and the writing proved to be a note from the nawab Shumshoodeen Khan to his servant Wassil Khan, to the following purport: "You know the object for which I sent you into Delhi; and I have repeatedly told you since, how important it is for me that you should buy 'the dogs.' If you have not yet done so, you must do it without delay; it is most *urgent* and necessary." It was then repeated, "It is necessary, it is very necessary, to buy the dogs."

The magistrate read the letter to Mr. Lawrence, and asked his opinion about it. He immediately replied: "I am certain 'the dogs' mean the commissioner, Wil-

* Wassil Khan was a Mogul, tall and well-made: he was known as an expert horseman and an excellent shot; just such a fellow as was *capable* of making a desperate resistance had time and opportunity availed; but taken at disadvantage, he probably thought it was his best chance to succumb to circumstances, and trust that no evidence of any importance would be found against him. He proved to be a desperate villain; but, nevertheless, undeniably possessed great courage, fortitude, and devotion to the cause of his master.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

liam Fraser, whom the trooper was sent by his master, the nawab, to waylay and murder; and as there was some delay on the trooper's part, the nawab wrote this letter to him, enjoining him to do the work speedily." The magistrate concurred in this view, and Mr. Lawrence then left, and with this fresh evidence of the nawab's complicity, returned to the commissioner, telling him what had transpired, and urging him to send for the nawab at once, on the plea of wishing to consult him, as suspicions had arisen against one of his servants, the trooper Wassil Khan, in connection with the murder. The commissioner demurred, on account of the nawab's position and influence in the country, thinking it possible also that he would not obey the summons; but Mr. Lawrence continued to urge the measure, saying, "The nawab would either come or not come: if he did *not*, his refusal would give reasonable ground for believing that he was implicated — a result which he would probably be careful to avoid; and if *he came*, there would be this great advantage, that being out of his own territory, the nawab could not use his influence, as he otherwise certainly would do, to stifle the inquiries which ought at once to be instituted in the Ferozepore state by a special officer deputed for that purpose." Mr. Metcalfe then agreed to send for the nawab, and to depute Mr. C. Gubbins, magistrate of the adjoining district of Goorgaon, to prosecute inquiries. The nawab obeyed the commissioner's summons; and the coast being thus clear, Mr. Gubbins was able to pick up gradually, in conversation with the people, bits of intelligence throwing light on the case. He thus ascertained that it was the general impression there was a man on foot with the trooper on the fatal night, which had not hitherto been supposed. Mr. Gubbins learnt his name and abode, but could not get hold of him; as, for some reason or other not then clear, he had taken to the adjacent hills, and would not come in. This man was said to be Unyah Meo, a noted freebooter, well known for his power of enduring great fatigue, and for his swiftness of foot. Every endeavor was made by the government officers, but in vain, to arrest Unyah, or to induce him to surrender himself; and it was supposed that, fearing the vengeance of the nawab on himself and family if he gave evidence against him, and also the punishment which would be inflicted by the government if he admitted his complicity in the murder, Unyah continued to elude pursuit.

Colonel Skinner, the well-known commander of the corps of irregular cavalry called "Skinner's Horse," and a most intimate friend of William Fraser, had from the first exerted himself to help the magistrate in this difficult matter. With that view, Skinner had used every means in his power to induce Unyah to come in, but for a long time without success. At last Skinner received an anonymous Persian letter stating that the writer was well acquainted with the man whom he was in search of; and as he (the writer) was also desirous of bringing the murderer to justice, he would aid Mr. Skinner in his endeavors to secure the man. If, therefore, Skinner would send a party of horse under a native officer to a certain village in Bulundshuhur district, some twelve miles from Delhi, on a certain night, he would find the man he wanted. Whether this letter was written at Unyah's suggestion or otherwise, never transpired. Skinner acted on the information of the anonymous writer, and sent the party, which duly arrived in the village, but could find no one answering to the description of Unyah Meo. The party was just about quitting the village on their return to Delhi when suddenly a man appeared, and walking up to the native officer said, "I know whom you are seeking; I am Unyah Meo. I will go with you."

On being made over to the magiatrate, Unyah agreed to tell all he knew of the murder. He stated that the nawab Shumshoodeen Khan, being at enmity with the late commissioner, had instructed his servant Wassil Khan to go to Delhi, to watch his opportunity, and to kill Mr. Fraser some night as he was returning in the dusk from his customary evening ride. As William Fraser was well known to the natives for his great strength and remarkable courage, the nawab did not consider it prudent to devolve the task of murdering him on one single man, as in that case there would be a great chance of failure. The nawab had therefore sent Unyah Meo to remain in Delhi with the trooper, and to accompany him on all occasions when he went out with the intention of waylaying the commissioner. Unyah's instructions were to remain close by, so that when the carbine was fired, in the event of the shot not proving fatal, he could run up and help to despatch the commisssioner: however, as the shot killed the commissioner on the spot, there was no occasion for Unyah to interfere. At the suggestion of the assassin he at once started off to convey the intelligence to the nawab. Unyah ran all that night and the next day, arriving on the following evening at Ferozepore, a distance

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

of ninety miles. He entered the fort, and going straight to the door of the nawab's room, which was only closed by a thick curtain, told the orderly on duty to go in and inform the nawab that Unyah Meo had arrived and wanted to see him immediately, as he had very important news for him. The man went in and Unyah, with the natural caution and suspicion of his profession, crouching down lifted the corner of the curtain which closed the door to see what would follow, and hear what the nawab might say. The servant woke the nawab, who, on hearing of Unyah's arrival, ordered him to be admitted at once, but at the same time warned the servant in a low voice to take especial care, that when the nawab dismissed Unyah he should on no pretext be allowed to leave the fort. Unyah went in and told the nawab of the successful murder of the commissioner, at which he expressed great delight, and promised Unyah a handsome reward. He was then dismissed, and told to wait in the fort until the next morning, when he should receive the promised present, and he might then be allowed to go to his home.

But Unyah, remembering the orders he had overheard not to allow him to leave the fort, and surmising that they boded no good to him, slipped down to the gateway, and making some excuse to the sentry on duty there to allow him to pass through, sped away as fast as he could to his own house, situated in the jungle at a distance of seven miles from the fort, which he very soon reached. Unyah had two wives; he explained his situation to them, and said he must hide himself as best he could, for he was too tired to go further; it was pretty certain the nawab's horsemen would be sent to seize him. He then made a hasty meal, and going up to the flat roof of the house, his wives covered him up with some sheaves of straw placed there to dry.

Unyah's surmises were correct, for shortly after the nawab's horsemen arrived, as he had expected, and questioned the women as to whether they had seen Unyah. They, of course, denied all knowledge of him; and the horsemen, having searched the house in vain, returned to the fort, having made the women promise that should Unyah return he was to go at once to the nawab, who was anxious to reward him for his good services. Next morning Unyah, refreshed by his night's rest, fled to the hills, and defied every effort to find him, until he surrendered himself, as already related, to Skinner's troopers.

Ever since the murder of Mr. Fraser search had been made by the police, but in vain, to find the carbine used by Wassil Khan. It happened, however, that one evening, some time after the murder, a woman was drawing water from a deep well close to the Cabul gate of Delhi. While so employed, the rope broke, and the vessel attached to it sank into the water. She called her husband to her assistance; and he, letting a hook down fastened to a rope, pulled up not the lost vessel but a carbine, scarcely at all rusted, and bearing the appearance of having been recently discharged. On its being shown to Unyah, he at once recognized it as the weapon used by Wassil Khan.

Other evidence, tending to establish the guilt of the nawab and the trooper, was procured by degrees. Thus the grain-merchant who had supplied forage for the horse deposed that he had done so at the trooper's request for several days preceding the murder; then people of the bazaar adjacent to the nawab's house at Delhi, gave evidence that Wassil Khan had been in the habit of riding the animal out every afternoon, and that on the night of the murder he had returned with his horse in a lather, showing he had ridden hard. There happened to be a mosque near the scene of the murder, in which it was proved Wassil Khan had been seen on the very evening in question saying his prayers for an unusually long time, and that on their completion he had ridden his horse sharply off, as if intent on business of importance. It further appeared, that on the fatal night the commissioner had been detained later than usual, owing to the visit he had paid to the rajah of Kishengurh.

Both the nawab and the trooper were tried by a special commissioner, deputed by the government for the purpose, and their guilt being clearly proved, they were condemned to death. They were hanged close to the Cashmere gate of the city, and both retained their resolution to the last, and denied all knowledge of the murder.

Thus perished Nawab Shumshoodeen Khan, a chief of considerable position and wealth, all of which he owed to the British government, who had raised his father from comparatively humble circumstances for his services during the wars with the Mahrattas in the years 1802–3. The father was a man of ability, and was bred up in a school which demanded the exercise of the virtues of moderation, vigilance, and industry. In his old age he was highly respected and even honored; whilst the son, having no such inducements to self-restraint, passed a life of self-indulgence and recklessness, and came to an untimely and disgraceful death.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Some of the Mohammedans of Delhi regarded the nawab as a martyr, and erected a tomb to his memory, which was in due time regarded as a sacred shrine, to which numbers resorted to worship.

Of all the government officers employed in the investigation of this case, Lord Lawrence is now the sole survivor. Of those who have died, Mr. S. Fraser the magistrate, and Dr. Graham, met with violent deaths. Mr. S. Fraser, then holding the office of commissioner of Delhi, was killed in the king's palace by the mutineers on the morning of 11th May, 1857; and Dr. Graham was shot dead about the same time by the rebels at Sealkote in the Punjab, both falling in the execution of their duty.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

DULCISSIMA! DILECTISSIMA!

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF AN ANTIQUARY.

"COME, my dears," said I, looking in upon the room where my children were engaged in their various avocations, "come and see what a very interesting acquisition I have got to my collection of antiquities. It is the remains of a little Roman girl just discovered close to the place where the foundations of the Roman villa were turned up last summer; and it seems very probable that this little girl was a daughter of the house. Here is the glass jar — a more elegant and beautiful one than I have ever before seen used for the purpose — which contains her ashes; here is the lamp to light her on her last dark journey; here are the little ornaments she used to wear — mark especially this exquisitely enamelled *fibula;* here are her little shoes all quaintly studded with brass nails."

"O what funny shoes!" exclaimed one; "there must have been very bad roads in those days, when even little girls wore shoes studded with nails like that."

"On the contrary," said I, "the Romans were the first road-makers in the world; but never mind that now, here is the stone tablet which records her history, and a very interesting one it is."

D M
LVC. METELLAE
FILIOL. DVLCISS. DILECTISS.
VIX. ANN. VI.

"The letters D M at the top stand for Diis Manibus, something like," said I, with a free translation suited to family comprehension, "our 'Sacred to the Memory of.' The inscription then reads thus: 'Sacred to the memory of Lucia Metella, a little daughter most sweet, most tenderly beloved. She lived six years.' Observe that the Romans always, as Dr. Bruce remarks, avoided the mention of death; they tell us how long a person lived, never when he died. But is it not interesting," I went on, "to find more than a thousand years ago, and among a stern and warlike people like the Romans, these little touches of family tenderness and love?"

"O how very interesting! What a charming acquisition! How excited Dr. Harris (Dr. Harris was the antiquary of the district next in repute to myself) will be when he sees it!" were the various parting remarks made by my auditors, as they scampered back to their ordinary employments.

All but one. My Lily, my youngest, the apple of my eye, still stood, her fair head resting on her slender arms, gazing in silence, her lips slightly parted, a tear trembling in each soft blue eye, upon the relics of the little Roman girl. At last she spoke.

"Papa," she said, "this little girl was just the same age that I am."

"Yes, my darling," I said, "that is so; and moreover," I added, as a playful diversion to the child's gloom, "both your names begin with L — another coincidence."

But the thought that was in the child's heart was too deep for playfulness. After a pause she spoke again in pleading tones.

"Dear papa," she said, "it seems so pitiful for this poor little girl to lie here among all these queer things."

"My darling," said I, "these queer things, as you call them, are Roman things, such as this little girl was accustomed to see around her every day during her lifetime. Indeed, many of them came from the villa of which it seems very probable that she was the daughter."

"But, dear papa," she said, "you would not like *me*, when I am gone, to be laid out like a curiosity, and have strangers come and examine the little things I used to be fond of, and remark what funny shoes I had."

"Well — but, my dear child," said I, "what would you do with her?"

"I would bury her," she said, with childish seriousness, "in the garden, beneath the weeping ash, where good old Cato and my dear little dicky and Willy's white rabbit are buried. And — and," she added, in a lower voice, "I would add upon the stone, if there is room, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.'"

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

"My darling," I said, "I think all that would be a little incongruous; but I'll tell you what we might do," I went on, as a device occurred to me, which I thought might soothe the feelings of the child, "you shall gather from time to time fresh flowers to lay upon her as she lies, and then, if her poor little spirit can look down upon this world, she will see that, though a thousand years have passed, one dear little English girl still watches over her with tenderness and love."

"O yes," she said, brightening at the idea, "I think she would like that. I will gather fresh snowdrops for her now, and then when summer comes again I will change them for violets."

"*When summer comes again!*" A sudden pang of foreboding shot through my heart as the dear child spoke. She too was most sweet — she too was most tenderly beloved. But we were not without our fears on her account, and anxious whispers had passed between my wife and myself respecting her. But I cast aside the fears, as presently she returned, eager in her little work of love, with the snowdrops she had gathered, and, sitting down by my side as I was engaged in making out the maker's name upon the vase, she wove them with deft fingers into a pretty wreath, which done, she reverently laid it in its place, and hand-in-hand we left the room together.

The next morning after breakfast I had a considerable amount of congenial work to do. In the first place there was a full and detailed account of these interesting discoveries for the county society of which I was president, then a more condensed report for the Society of Antiquaries, of which I was a fellow, various questions of detail had to be examined and elucidated, and in the course of the morning an artist was to come up to take photographs of all these rare and beautiful objects. While I was thus engaged my wife entered the room with a troubled countenance.

"I am very uneasy," she said, "about dear Lily; she talks in such a strange way about a little girl in white that appeared to her last night. Of course it's all imagination, but I am afraid it looks as if there was something not quite right with her."

"We must have it looked to immediately," I replied gravely; "perhaps we ought to have had some better advice before. I will send off at once to London for Dr. S——, and as the distance is not great, we may have him with us this evening. In the mean time, will you send Lily to me, and let me hear what she has to say?"

"Now, my darling," I said, as Lily entered the room, "come and tell papa all about it."

She climbed upon my knee, threw her arms about my neck, and hiding her face against my breast, as is sometimes the wont of children when they have something grave to relate, she went on.

"I fell asleep, you know, papa dear, with my thoughts full of this poor little girl. I awoke in the night with a trouble, I could scarcely tell what, upon my mind. When I looked up, I saw standing by my bedside a little girl dressed all in white, and pale — oh! so pale. She held in her hand a wreath of snowdrops like the one that I had made, and looking at me with a mournful expression, but still very, very kindly, she stretched forth her hand as if to hand me back the wreath. When I looked again, she had disappeared."

I reasoned for some time with the child, trying to persuade her that what she fancied she had seen was only the result of her own excited imagination; but I could clearly see that though her deference to me prevented her from disputing anything I said, her belief in the reality of what she had seen remained unshaken. I saw too that the feeling on her mind was something more than mere sentiment. I saw how deeply she felt pained that the loved daughter of a thousand years ago should be treated so differently to our loved ones of to-day, and I resolved that, great as the sacrifice was, it should not stand in the way of the happiness, and perhaps the health, of my beloved child.

So at last I said to her, "Well now, my darling, just tell me what you think should be done, and what this little girl would like if she could tell us."

She burst into tears, flung her arms round my neck, and sobbed out, —

"O dear papa, I know you are so fond of it!"

"My darling," I said, "all the antiquities in the world are as nothing — *nothing* compared to my dear little girl's peace of mind."

"O dear papa," she said, through her tears, "how can I ever, ever love you enough!"

"My darling," said I, "I know you love me as I love you. But now, what is it you think this little girl would like?"

"I think that what she wants is to be laid in her grave in peace."

"And so it shall be," I replied; "and it shall be done at once."

So we dug a grave in the corner of the

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

garden where all the departed pets of the family were laid, and had it carefully lined with flat stones like a miniature vault, and therein we two — the puzzled gardener looking on — reverently laid the young Roman girl, with all her little treasures disposed around her, filled in the earth, and set up the stone tablet at the head.

We had scarcely finished our task when a well-known form was seen stalking up the avenue, and Lily, touching my hand in a little tremor, whispered, —

"O papa! Doctor Harris!"

Dr. Harris was the vice-president of the society of which I was president, an ardent antiquary, and in the main a very good fellow. But he was one of those men whose excessive vitality sometimes gives an appearance of roughness to their manner. I knew full well that the sensitive nature of my little girl made her rather shrink from his somewhat boisterous advances; and I had a pretty shrewd guess that poor Dr. Harris, glaring over the remains with his portentous spectacles, was in the mind's eye of the child when she made her appeal on Lucia's behalf. He was, morevoer, a man utterly destitute of sentiment, and in fact the last person we should have liked to come upon us in our present employment. I advanced to meet him, intending to explain it to him privately. But as he approached, he hallooed out with all the force of his lungs, —

"Lucky dog! I've heard of your discovery. Everything comes to you. Why does not some little Roman girl fling herself into *my* arms?"

And as he spoke he stretched out his arms, either in indication of his readiness to receive such a visitor, or as a salutation to my little girl, who had sheltered herself behind me. I took him aside to explain to him the state of the case.

"The fact is," said I, "that my dear little girl, whose health you know is rather delicate, took it so much to heart, that for her sake I have buried all the relics again."

"I see," he said, "and when the fit's over you'll dig them up again."

"Not so," said I, for some of my little girl's earnestness had imparted itself to me; "she shall lie in her grave for me till God comes to judge the world."

"Well, but I say," he went on, "suppose I come up some morning with a brand new doll, promise me you won't stand in the way of business."

"My dear friend," said I, "when you have a little girl like my Lily — I recommend you to take the preliminary steps" (the doctor was a bachelor) — "you will get to know something of what such little minds are capable."

"Ah!" he said; "*ah!* Now let me in my turn give you a little bit of advice. In case a couple of doctors come up some morning to interview you, if they should try to lead the conversation to this subject, be on your guard lest it should turn out to be a case of *de lunatico inquirendo*."

So saying, all in perfect good humor, "it was," as people said, "his way," he took his departure, leaving me for once not sorry to get rid of him.

By-and-by the photographer came up, and instead of the relics he was sent for to depict, we found him some work to do in the shape of sundry little groups of merry and happy children.

And towards evening the great physician from London made his appearance. He was one of those few men who, in addition to the skill born of natural sagacity and vast experience, are indued with something of that subtle intuitiveness which is a gift not to be acquired. And moreover, he had that winning charm of manner which makes even the most sensitive of patients yield up their inmost secrets. He listened with much attention and interest to the story we had to tell him, and had a long interview with Lily by herself before he came to us in the study, where we were anxiously waiting for his opinion.

"Well!" he said, "there is no great harm done as yet, but your little girl will require great care — very great care." And he then went into various details, which it is not necessary here to recapitulate. Before taking his departure, however, he said, —

"Just one word more. Let me tell you, my friend, you never did a wiser thing than when you yielded to your little girl's — whim I don't like to call it, for it seems more of a sacred feeling, about the Roman girl. I know well what a sacrifice it must have been, but I frankly own to you that I would not have liked to be responsible for the case of this child — so sensitive as she seems to be to certain deep impressions — with such a burthen on her pure, unselfish little mind."

"I cannot tell you, doctor," said I, "how thankful I am to you for that opinion, for now, thus fortified, I can set down my foot on all cavillers and scoffers. But does there not seem to be something not easy to understand in all this?" I went on. "My little girl retired to rest so perfectly satisfied with what I proposed, that it is difficult to conceive how anything could have arisen out of her own inner

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

consciousness to produce such a remarkable impression upon her mind."

"I think it may be accounted for on natural principles," he replied. "Your little girl's own idea was a genuine one. She felt pained that the remains of a beloved daughter should be exposed to the vulgar gaze, like, to use her own words, 'a curiosity.' Your alternative proposal, intended for the purpose of soothing her mind and at the same time keeping your treasures, was, however well-intentioned, something of a sham. Her deference to you, and perhaps a specious show of sentiment in the proposal, reconciled her to it in the first instance. But in the stillness of the night her little mind, brooding over it, waking or sleeping, came at last to see it in its true light, and produced on her, unduly excited as she probably was, this remarkable impression. This seems to me a fair way of accounting for it, but nevertheless I would not say that there is no other. Much as I despise the opinions of those who would have us believe that the spirits of the loved departed come back to twitch our hair and to play tricks upon tables, I dare not say that between two loving and kindred spirits circumstances may not arise to create a mysterious bond of sympathy for which it is beyond our philosophy to account."

"Something of that sort," said I, "seems to have been the belief of the Romans, who held that the *manes*, or spirits of the departed, attached themselves as guardian angels to kindred spirits yet on earth."

"Well, however it be," said he, rising to take his leave, "there is no doubt that the best cure for all such mental disturbances is a perfect state of bodily health. And I trust that with the return of warm summer weather, your dear little girl may regain all her wonted health and spirits."

"Amen!" said I, "doctor, amen!"

. . . .

Summer had come again. The golden sunlight shed a glory on our stately elms, and cast their flickering shadows on the grass; the birds — we all loved and cherished them — sang their blithe carols on every side; all nature around seemed wakened to new life and loveliness. Within, all was darkness and desolation; for the edict had gone forth that Lily was to die, and not to live.

I had prayed, as I had never prayed before, that God would spare me this one ewe lamb, but it was not to be. In spite of all that skill and tenderness could do, the disease had of late so rapidly gained ground, that now even love could no longer hope. She had seen, she told us, the little Roman girl once more, bright and glorious as an angel, with outstretched arms and loving smiles, waiting to welcome her; and too well we knew what that sign meant.

I stole to her bedside for the few minutes during which, in her now weak state, I was allowed to be with her. I found her propped up with pillows, so that she could get a view of the loved garden corner where, among the childish graves, the sunlight flecked with gold the grey memorial stone of Lucia. Her fair hair, soft and glossy as floss-silk, hung round her in tangled waves, that told of the restlessness of weariness and pain. Her sweet face was drawn in by hard, cruel lines, till the blue eyes stood out unnaturally large and bright; her poor little wasted arms trembled as she stretched them out to me. The wan little face lighted up with smiles as I approached, and, taking her hand in mine, bent over her to listen to her accents, now scarcely above a whisper.

"O dear papa," she said, "how I have longed for your coming! It is of you I have been thinking all this morning. How good you have been to me always — always — and especially that one time when you gave me up Lucia! She will be the first to meet me, for she will run before the rest, and I will take her by the hand, and lead her up to dear Aunt Mary and grandmamma; and I will take her aside and tell her all, and she shall love you — oh, how she shall love you! And then, oh, dearest — dearest papa! — when you — come — we ——" The lips still moved with loving words, but the feeble voice was choked.

Yet three days more, and I stood again by her bedside — to kiss for the last time the dear lips that should never smile a welcome to me more — to press for the last time the little hand that should never twine itself in mine again. All trace of weariness and pain had passed away; she lay, her long silky lashes veiling her drooped eyes, as in the slumber of innocence and peace. And on her breast — laid by unseen hands — was a cluster of summer violets.

They sleep together in God's acre — the loved ones of a thousand years apart. It was Lily's last request that the little Roman girl should rest by her side under the shadow of the text, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

O Dulcissima! Dilectissima!

R. FERGUSON.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume XXI. | No. 1758.—February 23, 1878. | From Beginning, Vol. CXXXVI.

CONTENTS.

I. A FRENCH CRITIC ON GOETHE. By Matthew Arnold, ... Quarterly Review, ... 451
II. WITHIN THE PRECINCTS. By Mrs. Oliphant. Part III., ... Advance Sheets, ... 462
III. NATURAL RELIGION. Part IX., . . . Macmillan's Magazine, . . 477
IV. MACLEOD OF DARE. By William Black. Part IV., ... Advance Sheets, ... 489
V. THE GREAT FOURFOLD WATERFALL, . . . Fraser's Magazine, ... 493
VI. AN OXFORD LECTURE. By John Ruskin, . Nineteenth Century, ... 502
VII. THE CRUELTY OF PECUNIARY CRIME, . . Spectator, ... 508
VIII. THE EMOTIONS DUE TO CHRISTMAS BILLS, Spectator, ... 510

POETRY.

A FLORENTINE CARNIVAL SONG OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, . . . 450
SONNET, ... 450
"SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH," 450
FAREWELL, ... 450

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage.*

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

A FLORENTINE CARNIVAL SONG OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

COMPOSED BY ANTONIO ALAMANNI,

AND SUNG BY A COMPANY OF MASQUERS, HABITED AS SKELETONS, ON A CAR OF DEATH DESIGNED BY PIERO DI COSIMO.

SORROW, tears, and penitence
Are our doom of pain for aye:
This dead concourse riding by
Hath no cry but penitence!

E'en as you are, once were we:
You shall be as now we are:
We are dead men, as you see:
We shall see you dead men, where
Nought avails to take great care,
After sins, of penitence.

We too in the Carnival
Sang our love-songs through the town;
Thus from sin to sin we all
Headlong, heedless, tumbled down:
Now we cry, the world around,
Penitence! oh, penitence!

Senseless, blind, and stubborn fools!
Time steals all things as he rides:
Honors, glories, states, and schools,
Pass away, and nought abides;
Till the tomb our carcase hides,
And compels this penitence.

This sharp scythe you see us bear,
Brings the world at length to woe:
But from life to life we fare;
And that life is joy or woe:
All heaven's bliss on him doth flow
Who on earth does penitence.

Living here, we all must die;
Dying, every soul shall live:
For the king of kings on high
This fixed ordinance doth give:
Lo, you all are fugitive!
Penitence! Cry penitence!

Torment great and grievous dole
Hath the thankless heart mid you:
But the man of piteous soul
Finds much honor in our crew:
Love for loving is the due
That prevents this penitence.

Sorrow, tears, and penitence
Are our doom of pain for aye:
This dead concourse riding by
Hath no cry but penitence!

Cornhill Magazine. J. A. S.

SAY not the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

A. H. CLOUGH.

SONNET.

I KNOW a royal castle-builder. He
Has planned (in clouds) a house beyond compare,
And furnished it with treasures passing rare
Gathered from distant lands across the sea.
Fountains gush forth; and many a curious tree
Shadows rich lawns broidered with bright parterre
Of scented shrubs and flow'rs. And birds are there
Well skilled in notes of sylvan minstrelsy.
Closed is the door. Unopened are the gates.
The blossoms droop, and eke the birds are dumb,
The builder sadly sits as one who waits
For some loved friend — alas! who does not come.
In his fair mansion will he ever dwell?
One little maid — and only she — can tell.

Evening Mail.

FAREWELL.

MY love, I love thee with a love undying,
But love so fraught with sorrow that my heart,
Weary of waiting for a bright to-morrow,
Will say for thy sweet sake, dear love, we part!

Farewell, my darling! Yes, my own forever,
Wher'er I go, by land or sea, my star,
My star to guide me, guard me, ah, oh never
Can we forget, although we're sundered far!

Have pity, God! oh, hold her in thy keeping,
Upon her way I pray thee shed thy light.
Farewell! One kiss! Oh, cease thy bitter weeping,
I go into the night!

W. S. REED.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

From The Quarterly Review.

A FRENCH CRITIC ON GOETHE.*

It takes a long time to ascertain the true rank of a famous writer. A young friend of Joseph de Maistre, a M. de Syon, writing in praise of the literature of the nineteenth century as compared with that of the eighteenth, said of Chateaubriand, that "the Eternal created Chateaubriand to be a guide to the universe." Upon which judgment Joseph de Maistre comments thus: "Clear it is, my best of young men, that you are only eighteen; let me hear what you have to say at forty"—"*On voit bien, excellent jeune homme, que vous avez dix-huit ans; je vous attends à quarante.*"

The same Joseph de Maistre has given an amusing history of the rise of our own Milton's reputation:—

No one had any suspicion of Milton's merits, when one day Addison took the speaking-trumpet of Great Britain (the loudest-sounding instrument in the universe), and called from the top of the Tower of London: "*Roman and Greek authors, give place!*"

He did well to take this tone. If he had spoken modestly, if he had simply said that there were great beauties in "Paradise Lost," he would not have produced the slightest impression. But this trenchant sentence, dethroning Homer and Virgil, struck the English exceedingly. They said one to the other: "What, we possessed the finest epic poem in the world, and no one suspected it! What a thing is inattention! But now, at any rate, we have had our eyes opened." In fact, the reputation of Milton has become a national property, a portion of the Establishment, a Fortieth Article; and the English would as soon think of giving up Jamaica as of giving up the pre-eminence of their great poet.

And Joseph de Maistre goes on to quote a passage from a then recent English commentator on Milton—Bishop Newton. Bishop Newton, it seems, declared that "every man of taste and genius must admit 'Paradise Lost' to be the most excellent of modern productions, as the Bible is the most perfect of the productions of antiquity." In a note M. de Maistre adds: "This judgment of the good bishop appears unspeakably ridiculous."

Ridiculous, indeed! but a page or two later we shall find the clear-sighted critic himself almost as far astray as his "good bishop" or as his "best of young men:"—

The strange thing is that the English, who are thorough Greek scholars, are willing enough to admit the superiority of the Greek tragedians over Shakespeare; but when they come to Racine, *who is in reality simply a Greek speaking French*, their standard of beauty all of a sudden changes, and Racine, who is at least the equal of the Greeks, has to take rank far below Shakespeare, who is inferior to them. This theorem in *trigonometry* presents no difficulties to the people of soundest understanding in Europe.

So dense is the cloud of error here that the lover of truth and daylight will hardly even essay to dissipate it; he does not know where to begin. It is as when M. Victor Hugo gives his list of the sovereigns on the world's roll of creators and poets: "Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Lucretius, Virgil, Horace, Dante, Shakespeare, Rabelais, Molière, Corneille, Voltaire." His French audience rise and cry enthusiastically, "*and Victor Hugo!*" And really that is perhaps the best criticism on what he has been saying to them.

Goethe, the great poet of Germany, has been placed by his own countrymen now low, now high; and his right poetical rank they have certainly not yet succeeded in finding. Tieck, in his introduction to the collected writings of Lenz, noticing Goethe's remark on Byron's "Manfred,"—that Byron had "assimilated 'Faust,' and sucked out of it the strangest nutriment to his hypochondria,"—says tartly that Byron, when he himself talked about his obligations to Goethe, was merely using the language of compliment, and would have been highly offended if any one else had professed to discover them. And Tieck proceeds:—

Everything which in the Englishman's poems might remind one of "Faust," is in my opinion far above "Faust;" and the Englishman's feeling, and his incomparably more beautiful diction, are so entirely his own, that I cannot possibly believe him to have had "Faust" for his model.

* *Goethe* in *Etudes Critiques de Littérature.* Par Edmond Scherer. Paris, 1876.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

But now there comes a scion of the excellent stock of the Grimms, a Professor Hermann Grimm, and lectures on Goethe at Berlin, now that the Germans have conquered the French, and are the first military power in the world, and have become a great nation, and require a national poet to match; and Professor Grimm says of "Faust," of which Tieck had spoken so coldly: "The career of this, the greatest work of the greatest poet of all times and all peoples, has but just begun, and we have taken only the first steps towards drawing forth its contents."

If this is but the first letting out of the waters, the coming times may, indeed, expect a deluge.

Many and diverse must be the judgments passed upon every great poet, upon every considerable writer. There is the judgment of enthusiasm and admiration, which proceeds from ardent youth, easily fired, eager to find a hero and to worship him. There is the judgment of gratitude and sympathy, which proceeds from those who find in an author what helps them, what they want, and who rate him at a very high value accordingly. There is the judgment of ignorance, the judgment of incompatibility, the judgment of envy and jealousy. Finally, there is the systematic judgment, and this judgment is the most worthless of all. The sharp scrutiny of envy and jealousy may bring real faults to light. The judgment of incompatibility and ignorance are instructive, whether they reveal necessary clefts of separation between the experiences of different people, or reveal simply the narrowness and bounded view of those who judge. But the systematic judgment is altogether unprofitable. Its author has not really his eye upon the professed object of his criticism at all, but upon something else which he wants to prove by means of that object. He neither really tells us, therefore, anything about the object, nor anything about his own ignorance of the object. He never fairly looks at it, he is looking at something else. Perhaps if he looked at it straight and full, looked at it simply, he might be able to pass a good judgment on it. As it is, all he tells us is that he is no genuine critic, but a man with a system, an advocate. Here is the fault of Professor Hermann Grimm, and of his Berlin lectures on Goethe. The professor is a man with a system; the lectures are a piece of advocacy. Professor Grimm is not looking straight at "the greatest poet of all times and all peoples;" he is looking at the necessities, as to literary glory, of the new German empire.

But the definite judgment on this great Goethe, the judgment of mature reason, the judgment which shall come "at forty years of age," who may give it to us? Yet how desirable to have it! It is a mistake to think that the judgment of mature reason on our favorite author, even if it abates considerably our high-raised estimate of him, is not a gain to us. Admiration is positive, say some people, disparagement is negative; from what is negative we can get nothing. But is it no advantage, then, to the youthful enthusiast for Chateaubriand, to come to know that "the Eternal did" *not* "create Chateaubriand to be a guide to the universe"? It is a very great advantage, because these over-charged admirations are always exclusive, and prevent us from giving heed to other things which deserve admiration. Admiration is salutary and formative, true; but things admirable are sown wide, and are to be gathered here and gathered there, not all in one place; and until we have gathered them wherever they are to be found, we have not known the true salutariness and formativeness of admiration. The quest is large; and occupation with the unsound or half-sound, delight in the not good or less good, is a sore let and hindrance to us. Release from such occupation and delight sets us free for ranging farther, and for perfecting our sense of beauty. He is the happy man, who, encumbering himself with the love of nothing which is not beautiful, is able to embrace the greatest number of things beautiful in his love.

We spoke a year ago of the judgment of a French critic, M. Scherer, upon Milton. We propose now to draw our readers' attention to the judgment of the same critic upon Goethe. To set to work to discuss Goethe thoroughly, so as to arrive

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

at the true definite judgment respecting him, seems to us a most formidable enterprise. Certainly we should not think of attempting it within the limits of a review-article. M. Scherer has devoted to Goethe not one article, but a series of articles. We do not say that the adequate, definitive judgment on Goethe is to be found in these articles of M. Scherer. But we think they afford a valuable contribution towards it. M. Scherer is well-informed, clear-sighted, impartial. He is not warped by injustice and ill-will towards Germany, although the war has undoubtedly left him with a feeling of soreness. He is candid and cool, perhaps a little cold. Probably he will not tell us that "the Eternal created Goethe to be a guide to the universe." He is free from all heat of youthful enthusiasm, from the absorption of a discoverer in his new discovery, from the subjugation of a disciple by the master who has helped and guided him. He is not a man with a system. And his point of view is in many respects that of an Englishman. We mean that he has the same instinctive sense rebelling against what is verbose, ponderous, roundabout, inane — in one word, *niais* or silly — in German literature, as a plain Englishman has. This ground of sympathy between Englishmen and Frenchmen has not been enough remarked, but it is a very real one. They owe it to their having alike had a long-continued national life, a long-continued literary activity, such as no other modern nation has had. This course of practical experience does of itself beget a turn for directness and clearness of speech, a dislike for futility and fumbling, such as without it we shall rarely find general. Dr. Wiese, in his recent useful work on English schools, expresses surprise that the French language and literature should find more favor in Teutonic England than the German. But community of practice is more telling than community of origin. While English and French are printed alike, and while an English and French sentence each of them says what it has to say in the same plain fashion, a German newspaper is still printed in black letter, and a German sentence is framed in the style of this which we quote from Dr. Wiese himself: "*Die Engländer einer grossen, in allen Erdtheilen eine Achtung gebietende Stellung einnehmenden Nation angehören!*" The Italians are a Latin race, with a clear-cut language; but much of their modern prose has all the circuitousness and slowness of the German, and from the same cause — the want of the pressure of a great national life, with its practical discipline, its ever-active traditions, its literature, for centuries past, powerful and incessant. England has these in common with France.

M. Scherer's point of view, then, in judging the productions of German literature, will naturally, we repeat, coincide in several important respects with that of an Englishman. His mind will make many of the same instinctive demands as ours, will feel many of the same instinctive repugnances. We shall gladly follow him, therefore, through his criticism of Goethe's works, letting him as far as possible speak for himself, as we did when we were dealing with his criticism on Milton. As we did then, too, we shall occasionally compare M. Scherer's criticism on his author with the criticism of others. We shall by no means attempt a substantive criticism of our own, although we may from time to time allow ourselves to comment, in passing, upon the judgments of M. Scherer.

We need not follow M. Scherer in his sketch of Goethe's life. It is enough to remind our reader that the main dates in Goethe's life are his birth in 1749; his going to Weimar with the grand duke, Carl-August, in 1775; his stay in Italy from September 1786 to June 1788; his return in 1788 to Weimar; a severe and nearly fatal illness in 1801; the loss of Schiller in 1805, of Carl-August in 1828; his own death in 1832. With these dates fixed in our minds, we may come at once to the consideration of Goethe's works.

The long list begins, as we all know, with "Götz von Berlichingen" and "Werther." We all remember how Mr. Carlyle, "the old man eloquent," who in his younger days, fifty years ago, betook himself to Goethe for light and help, and found what he sought, and declared his gratitude so powerfully and well, and did

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

so much to make Goethe's name a name of might for other Englishmen also, a strong tower into which the doubter and the despairer might run and be safe — we all remember how Mr. Carlyle has taught us to see in "Götz" and in "Werther" the double source from which have flowed those two mighty streams — the literature of feudalism and romance, represented for us by Scott, and the literature of emotion and passion, represented for us by Byron.

M. Scherer's tone throughout is, we have said, not that of the ardent and grateful admirer, but of the cool, somewhat cold critic. Already this tone appears in M. Scherer's way of dealing with Goethe's earliest productions. M. Scherer seems to us to rate the force and the interest of "Götz" too low. But his remarks on the derivedness of this supposed *source* are just. The Germans, he says, were bent, in their "*Sturm und Drang*" period, on throwing off literary conventions, imitation of all sorts, and on being original. What they really did, was to fall from one sort of imitation, the imitation of the so-called classical French literature of the seventeenth century, into another.

"Götz von Berlichingen" is a study composed after the dramatized chronicles of Shakespeare, and "Werther" is a product yet more direct of the sensibility and declamation brought into fashion by Jean Jacques Rousseau. All in these works is infantine, both the aim at being original, and the way of proceeding to be so. It is exactly as it was with us, about 1830. One imagines one is conducting an insurrection, making oneself independent; what one really does is to cook up out of season an old thing. Shakespeare had put the history of his nation upon the stage; Goethe goes for a subject to German history. Shakespeare, who was not fettered by the scenic conditions of the modern theatre, changed the place at every scene; "*Götz*" is cut up in the same fashion. I say nothing of the substance of the piece, of the absence of characters, of the nullity of the hero, of the commonplace of Weislingen "the inevitable traitor," of the melodramatic machinery of the secret tribunal. The style is no better. The astonishment is not that Goethe at twenty-five should have been equal to writing this piece; the astonishment is that after so poor a start he should have ever gone so far.

M. Scherer seems to us quite unjust, we repeat, to this first dramatic work of Goethe. Mr. Hutton pronounces it "far the most noble as well as the most powerful of Goethe's dramas." And the merit which Mr. Hutton finds in "Götz" is a real one; it is the work where Goethe, young and ardent, has most forgotten *himself* in his characters. "There was something," says Mr. Hutton (and here he and M. Scherer are entirely in accord), "which prevented Goethe, we think, from ever becoming a great dramatist. He could never lose himself sufficiently in his creations." It is in "Götz" that he loses himself in them the most. "Götz" is full of faults, but there is a life and a power in it, and it is not dull. This is what distinguishes it from Schiller's "Robbers." "The Robbers" is at once violent and tiresome. "Götz" is violent, but it is not tiresome.

"Werther," which appeared a year later than "Götz," finds more favor at M. Scherer's hands. "Werther" is superior to "Götz," he says, "inasmuch as it is more modern, and is consequently alive, or, at any rate, has been alive lately. It has sincerity, passion, eloquence. One can still read it, and with emotion." But then come the objections: —

Nevertheless, and just by reason of its truth at one particular moment, "Werther" is gone by. It is with the book as with the blue coat and yellow breeches of the hero; the reader finds it hard to admit the pathetic in such accoutrement. There is too much enthusiasm for Ossian, too much absorption in nature, too many exclamations and apostrophes to beings animate and inanimate, too many torrents of tears. Who can forbear smiling as he reads the scene of the storm, where Charlotte first casts her eyes on the fields, then on the sky, and finally, laying her hand on her lover's, utters this one word: *Klopstock!* And then the cabbage-passage! . . . "Werther" is the poem of the German middle-class sentimentality of that day. It must be said that our sentimentality, even at the height of the "Héloïse" season, never reached the extravagance of that of our neighbors . . . Mlle. Flachsland, who married Herder, writes to her betrothed that one night in the depth of the woods she fell on her knees as she looked at the moon, and that having found some glowworms she put them into her hair, being careful to arrange them in couples that she might not disturb their loves.

One can imagine the pleasure of a victim of Kruppism and corporalism in relating that story of Mlle. Flachsland. There is an even better story of the return of a Dr. Zimmermann to his home in Hanover, after being treated for hernia at Berlin; but for this story we must send the reader to M. Scherer's own pages.

After the publication of "Werther" began Goethe's life at Weimar. For ten years he brought out nothing except occasional pieces for the court theatre, and

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

occasional poems. True, he carried the project of his "Faust" in his mind, he planned "Wilhelm Meister," he made the first draft of "Egmont," he wrote "Iphigeneia" and "Tasso" in prose. But he felt the need, for his work, of some influence which Weimar could not give. He became dissatisfied with the place, with himself, with the people about him. In the autumn of 1786 he disappeared from Weimar, almost by a secret flight, and crossed the Alps into Italy. M. Scherer says truly that this was the great event of his life.

Italy, Rome above all, satisfied Goethe, filled him with a sense of strength and joy. "At Rome," he writes from that city, "he who has eyes to see, and who uses them seriously, becomes solid. The spirit receives a stamp of vigor; it attains to a gravity in which there is nothing dry or harsh — to calm, to joy. For my own part, at any rate, I feel that I have never before had the power to judge things so justly, and I congratulate myself on the happy result for my whole future life." So he wrote while he was in Rome. And he told the Chancellor von Müller, twenty-five years later, that from the hour when he crossed the Ponte Molle on his return to Germany, he had never known a day's happiness. "While he spoke thus," adds the chancellor, "his features betrayed his deep emotion."

The Italy, from which Goethe thus drew satisfaction and strength, was Græco-Roman Italy, pagan Italy. For mediæval and Christian Italy he had no heed, no sympathy. He would not even look at the famous church of St. Francis at Assisi. "I passed it by," he says, "with disgust." And he told a young Italian who asked him his opinion of Dante's great poem, that he thought the "*Inferno*" abominable, the "*Purgatorio*" dubious, and the "*Paradiso*" tiresome.

We have not space to quote what M. Scherer says of the influence on Goethe's genius of his stay in Rome. We are more especially concerned with the judgments of M. Scherer on the principal works of Goethe as these works succeed one another. At Rome, or under the influence of Rome, "Iphigeneia" and "Tasso" were re-cast in verse, "Egmont" was resumed and finished, the chief portion of the first part of "Faust" was written. Of the larger works of Goethe in poetry, these are the chief. Let us see what M. Scherer has to say of them.

"Tasso" and "Iphigeneia," says M. Scherer very truly, mark a new phase in the literary career of Goethe.

They are works of finished style and profound composition. There is no need to enquire whether the "Iphigeneia" keeps to the traditional data of the subject; Goethe desired to make it Greek only by its sententious elevation and grave beauty. What he imitates are the conditions of art as the ancients understood them, but he does not scruple to introduce new thoughts into these mythological *motives*. He has given up the aim of rendering by poetry what is characteristic or individual; his concern is henceforth with the ideal, that is to say, with the transformation of things through beauty. If I were to employ the terms in use amongst ourselves, I should say that from romantic Goethe had changed to being classic; but, let me say again, he is classic only by the adoption of the elevated style, he imitates the ancients merely by borrowing their peculiar sentiment as to art, and within these bounds he moves with freedom and power. The two elements, that of immediate or passionate feeling, and that of well-considered combination of means, balance one another, and give birth to finished works. "Tasso" and "Iphigeneia" mark the apogee of Goethe's talent.

It is interesting to turn from this praise of "Tasso" and "Iphigeneia" to that by Mr. Lewes, whose "Life of Goethe," a work in many respects of brilliant cleverness, will be in the memory of many amongst our readers. "A marvellous dramatic poem," Mr. Lewes calls "Iphigeneia." "Beautiful as the separate passages are, admirers seldom think of passages, they think of the wondrous whole." Of "Tasso," Mr. Lewes says: "There is a calm, broad effulgence of light in it, very different from the concentrated *lights* of effect which we are accustomed to find in modern works. It has the clearness, unity, and matchless grace of a Raphael, not the lustrous warmth of a Titian, or the crowded gorgeousness of a Paul Veronese."

Every one will remark the difference of tone between this criticism and M. Scherer's. Yet M. Scherer's criticism conveyed praise, and, for him, warm praise. But "Tasso" and "Iphigeneia" mark, in his eyes, the period, the too short period, during which the forces of inspiration and of reflection, the poet in Goethe and the critic in him, the thinker and the artist, in whose conflict M. Scherer sees the history of our author's literary development, were in equilibrium. "Faust," also, the first part of "Faust," the only one which counts, belongs by its composition to this period. By common consent it is the best of Goethe's works. For while it has the benefit of his matured powers of thought, of his command over his materials, of his

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

mastery in planning and expressing, it possesses by the nature of its subject an intrinsic richness, color, and warmth. Moreover, from Goethe's long and early occupation with the subject, "Faust" has preserved many a stroke and flash out of the days of its author's fervid youth. To M. Scherer, therefore, as to the world in general, the first part of "Faust" seems Goethe's masterpiece. M. Scherer does not call "Faust" the greatest work of the greatest poet of all times and all peoples, but thus he speaks of it: —

Goethe had the good fortune early to come across a subject, which, while it did not lend itself to his faults, could not but call forth all the powers of his genius. I speak of "Faust." Goethe had begun to occupy himself with it as early as 1774, the year in which "Werther" was published. Considerable portions of the first part appeared in 1790; it was completed in 1808. We may congratulate ourselves that the work was already, at the time of his travels in Italy, so far advanced as it was; else there might have been danger of the author's turning away from it as from a Gothic, perhaps unhealthy, production. What is certain is, that he could not put into "Faust" his preoccupation with the antique, or, at any rate, he was obliged to keep this for the second part. The first "Faust" remained, whether Goethe would or no, an old story made young again, to serve as the poem of thought, the poem of modern life. This kind of adaptation had evidently great difficulties. It was impossible to give the story a satisfactory end; the compact between the doctor and the devil could not be made good, consequently the original condition of the story was gone, and the drama was left without an issue. We must, therefore, take "Faust" as a work which is not finished, and which could not be finished. But, in compensation, the choice of this subject had all sorts of advantages for Goethe. In place of the somewhat cold symbolism for which his mind had a turn, the subject of "Faust" compelled him to deal with popular beliefs. Instead of obliging him to produce a drama with beginning, middle, and end, it allowed him to proceed by episodes and detached scenes. Finally, in a subject fantastic and diabolic there could hardly be found room for the imitation of models. Let me add, that in bringing face to face human aspiration represented by Faust and pitiless irony represented by Mephistopheles, Goethe found the natural scope for his keen observations on all things. It is unquestionable that "Faust" stands as one of the great works of poetry; and, perhaps, the most wonderful work of poetry in our century. The story, the subject, do not exist as a whole, but each episode by itself is perfect, and the execution is nowhere defective. "Faust" is a treasure of poetry, of pathos, of the highest wisdom, of a spirit inexhaustible and keen as steel. There is not, from the first verse to the last, a false tone or a weak line.

This praise is discriminating, and yet earnest, almost cordial. "'Faust' stands as one of the great works of poetry, and, perhaps, the most wonderful work of poetry in our century." The *perhaps* might be away. But the praise is otherwise not coldly stinted, not limited ungraciously and unduly.

Goethe returned to "the formless Germany," to the Germanic north with its "cold wet summers," of which he so mournfully complained; to Weimar with its petty court and petty town, its society which Carl-August himself, writing to Knebel, calls "the most tiresome on the face of the earth," and of which the ennui drove Goethe sometimes to "a sort of internal despair." He had his animating friendship with Schiller. He had also his connection with Christiana Vulpius, whom he afterwards married.

That connection both the moralist and the man of the world may unite in condemning. M. Scherer calls it "a degrading connection with a girl of no education, whom Goethe established in his house to the great embarrassment of all his friends, whom he either could not or would not marry until eighteen years later, and who punished him as he deserved by taking a turn for drink — a turn which their unfortunate son inherited." In these circumstances was passed the second half of Goethe's life, after his return from Italy. The man of reflection, always present in him, but balanced for a while by the man of inspiration, became now, M. Scherer thinks, predominant. There was a *refroidissement graduel*, a gradual cooling down, of the poet and artist.

The most famous works of Goethe which remain yet to be mentioned are "Egmont," "Hermann and Dorothea," "Wilhelm Meister," the second part of "Faust," and the *Gedichte*, or short poems. Of "Egmont" M. Scherer says: —

This piece also belongs, by the date of its publication, to the period which followed Goethe's stay in Rome. But in vain did Goethe try to transform it, he could not succeed. The subject stood in his way. We need not be surprised, therefore, if "Egmont" remains a mediocre performance, Goethe having always been deficient in dramatic faculty, and not in this case redeeming his defect by qualities of execution, as in "Iphigeneia." He is too much of a generalizer to create a character, too meditative to create an action. "Egmont" must be ranked by the side of "Götz;" it is a product of the same

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

order. The hero is not a living being; one does not know what he wants; the object of the conspiracy is not brought out; the unfortunate count does certainly exclaim, as he goes to the scaffold, that he is dying for liberty, but nobody had suspected it until that moment. It is the same with the popular movement; it is insufficiently rendered, without breadth, without power. I say nothing of Machiavel, who preaches toleration to the princess regent and tries to make her understand the uselessness of persecution; nor of Claire, a girl sprung from the people, who talks like an epigram of the "Anthology:" "Neither soldiers nor lovers should have their arms tied." "Egmont" is one of the weakest among Goethe's weak pieces for the stage.

But now, on the other hand, let us hear Mr. Lewes: "When all is said, the reader thinks of Egmont and Clärchen, and flings criticism to the winds. These are the figures which remain in the memory; bright, genial, glorious creations, comparable to any to be found in the long galleries of art!"

Aristotle says, with admirable commonsense, that the determination of what a thing is, is *ὡς ἂν ὁ φρόνιμος ὁρίσειεν*, "as the judicious would determine." And would the judicious, after reading "Egmont," determine with Mr. Lewes, or determine with M. Scherer? Let us for the present leave the judicious to try, and let us pass to M. Scherer's criticism of "Hermann and Dorothea." "Goethe's epic poem," writes Schiller, "you have read; you will admit that it is the pinnacle of his and all our modern art." In Professor Grimm's eyes, perhaps, this is but scant praise, but how much too strong is it for M. Scherer!

Criticism is considerably embarrassed in presence of a poem in many respects so highly finished as the antico-modern and heroico-middle-class idyl of Goethe. The ability which the author has spent upon it is beyond conception; and, the kind of poem being once allowed, the indispensable concessions having been once made, it is certain that the pleasure is doubled by seeing, at each step, difficulty so marvellously overcome. But all this cannot make the effort to be effort well spent, nor the kind of poem a true, sound, and worthy kind. "Hermann and Dorothea" remains a piece of elegant cleverness, a wager laid and won, but for all that, a feat of ingenuity and nothing more. It is not quite certain that our modern societies will continue to have a poetry at all; but most undoubtedly, if they do have one, it will be on condition that this poetry belongs to its time by its language, as well as by its subject. Has any critic remarked how Goethe's manner of proceeding is at bottom that of parody, and how the turn of a straw would set the reader laughing at these farm-horses transformed into coursers, these village innkeepers and apothecaries who speak with the magniloquence of a Ulysses or a Nestor? Criticism should have the courage to declare that all this is not sincere poetry at all, but solely the product of an exquisite dilettantism, and — to speak the definitive judgment upon it — a factitious work.

Once again we turn to Mr. Lewes for contrast: —

Do not let us discuss whether "Hermann and Dorothea" is or is not an epic. It is a poem. Let us accept it for what it is — a poem full of life, character, and beauty; of all idyls it is the most truly idyllic, of all poems describing country life and country people it is the most truthful. Shakespeare himself is not more dramatic in the presentation of character.

It is an excellent and wholesome discipline for a student of Goethe to be brought face to face with such opposite judgments concerning his chief productions. It compels us to rouse ourselves out of the passiveness with which we in general read a celebrated work, to open our eyes wide, to ask ourselves frankly how, according to our genuine feeling, the truth stands. We all recollect Mr. Carlyle on "Wilhelm Meister," "the mature product of the first genius of our times:" —

Anarchy has now become peace; the once gloomy and perturbed spirit is now serene, cheerfully vigorous, and rich in good fruits . . . The ideal has been built on the actual; no longer floats vaguely in darkness and regions of dreams, but rests in light, on the firm ground of human interest and business, as in its true scene, and on its true basis.

Schiller, too, said of "Wilhelm Meister," that he "accounted it the most fortuuate incident in his existence to have lived to see the completion of this work." And again: "I cannot describe to you how deeply the truth, the beautiful vitality, the simple fulness of this work has affected me. The excitement into which it has thrown my mind will subside when I shall have thoroughly mastered it, and that will be an important crisis in my being."

Now for the cold-water douche of our Genevese critic: —

Goethe is extremely great, but he is extremely unequal. He is a genius of the first order, but with thicknesses, with spots, so to speak, which remain opaque and where the light does not pass. Goethe, to go farther, has not only genius, he has what we in France call *esprit*, he has it to any extent, and yet there are in him sides of commonplace and

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

silliness. One cannot read his works without continually falling in with trivial admirations, solemn pieces of simplicity, reflections which bear upon nothing. There are moments when Goethe turns upon society and upon art a ken of astonishing penetration; and there are other moments when he gravely forces an open door, or a door which leads nowhere. In addition, he has all manner of hidden intentions, he loves byways of effect, seeks to insinuate lessons, and so becomes heavy and fatiguing. There are works of his which one cannot read without effort. I shall never forget the repeated acts of self-sacrifice which it cost me to finish "Wilhelm Meister" and the "Elective Affinities." As Paul de Saint-Victor has put it, "when Goethe goes in for being tiresome he succeeds with an astonishing perfection, he is the Jupiter Pluvius of ennui. The very height from which he pours it down, does but make its weight greater." What an insipid invention is the pedagogic city! What a trivial world is that in which the Wilhelms and the Philinas, the Eduards and the Ottilias, have their being! Mignon has been elevated into a poetic creation; but Mignon has neither charm, nor mystery, nor veritable existence, nor any other poetry belonging to her — let us say it right out — except the half-dozen immortal stanzas put into her mouth.

And, as we brought Schiller to corroborate the praise of "Wilhelm Meister," let us bring Niebuhr to corroborate the blame. Niebuhr calls "Wilhelm Meister" "a menagerie of tame animals."

After this the reader can perhaps imagine, without our quoting it, the sort of tone in which M. Scherer passes judgment upon "*Dichtung und Wahrheit*," and upon Goethe's prose in general. Even Mr. Lewes declares of Goethe's prose: "He has written with a perfection no German ever achieved before, and he has also written with a feebleness which it would be gratifying to think no German would ever emulate again."

Let us return, then, to Goethe's poetry. There is the continuation of "Faust" still to be mentioned. First we will hear Mr. Carlyle. In "Helena" "the design is," says Mr. Carlyle, "that the story of 'Faust' may fade away at its termination into a phantasmagoric region, where symbol and thing signified are no longer clearly distinguished," and that thus "the final result may be curiously and significantly indicated rather than directly exhibited." "Helena" is "not a type of one thing, but a vague, fluctuating, fitful adumbration of many." It is, properly speaking, "what the Germans call a *Mährchen*, a species of fiction they have particularly excelled in." As to its composition, "we cannot but perceive it to be deeply studied, appropriate, and successful."

The "adumbrative" style here praised, in which "the final result is curiously and significantly indicated rather than directly exhibited," is what M. Scherer calls Goethe's "last manner."

It was to be feared that, as Goethe grew older and colder, the balance between those two elements of art, science and temperament, would not be preserved. This is just what happened, and hence arose Goethe's last manner. He had passed from representing characters to representing the ideal, he is now to pass from the ideal to the symbol. And this is quite intelligible; reflection, as it develops, leads to abstraction, and from the moment when the artist begins to prefer ideas to sensation he falls inevitably into allegory, since allegory is his only means for directly expressing ideas. Goethe's third epoch is characterized by three things: an ever-increasing devotion to the antique as to the supreme revelation of the beautiful, a disposition to take delight in æsthetic theories, and, finally, an irresistible desire for giving didactic intentions to art. This last tendency is evident in the continuation of "Wilhelm Meister," and in the second "Faust." We may say that these two works are dead of a hypertrophy of reflection. They are a mere mass of symbols, hieroglyphics, sometimes even mystifications. There is something extraordinarily painful in seeing a genius so vigorous and a science so consummate thus mistaking the elementary conditions of poetry. The fault, we may add, is the fault of German art in general. The Germans have more ideas than their plasticity of temperament, evidently below par, knows how to deal with. They are wanting in the vigorous sensuousness, the concrete and immediate impression of things, which makes the artist, and which distinguishes him from the thinker.

So much for Goethe's "last manner" in general, and to serve as introduction to what M. Scherer has to say of the second "Faust" more particularly: —

The two parts of "Faust" are disparate. They do not proceed from one and the same conception. Goethe was like Defoe, like Milton, like so many others, who after producing a masterpiece have been bent on giving it a successor. Unhappily, while the first "Faust" is of Goethe's fairest time, of his most vigorous manhood, the second is the last fruit of his old age. Science, in the one, has not chilled poetic genius; in the other, reflection bears sway and produces all kind of symbols and abstractions. The beauty of the first comes in some sort from its very imperfection; I mean, from the incessant tendency of the sentiment of reality, the creative power, the poetry of passion and nature, to prevail over the philosophic intention and to make us forget it.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Where is the student of poetry who, as he reads the monologues of Faust or the sarcasms of Mephistopheles, as he witnesses the fall and the remorse of Margaret, the most poignant history ever traced by pen, any longer thinks of the "Prologue in Heaven" or of the terms of the compact struck between Faust and the tempter? In the second part it is just the contrary. The idea is everything. Allegory reigns there. The poetry is devoid of that simple and natural realism without which art cannot exist. One feels oneself in a sheer region of didactics. And this is true even of the finest parts, — of the third act, for example, — as well as of the weakest. What can be more burlesque than this Euphorion, son of Faust and Helen, who is found at the critical moment under a cabbage-leaf! — no, I am wrong, who descends from the sky "for all the world like a Phœbus," with a little cloak and a little harp, and ends by breaking his neck as he falls at the feet of his parents? And all this to represent Lord Byron, and, in his person, modern poetry, which is the offspring of romantic art! What decadence, good heavens! and what a melancholy thing is old age, since it can make the most plastic of modern poets sink down to these fantasticalities worthy of Alexandria!

In spite of the praise which he has accorded to "Tasso" and "Iphigeneia," M. Scherer concludes, then, his review of Goethe's productions thus: —

Goethe is truly original and thoroughly superior only in his lyrical poems (the *Gedichte*), and in the first part of "Faust." They are immortal works, and why? Because they issue from a personal feeling, and the spirit of system has not petrified them. And yet even his lyrical poems Goethe has tried to spoil. He went on correcting them incessantly; and, in bringing them to that degree of perfection in which we now find them, he has taken out of them their warmth.

The worshipper of Goethe will ask with wrath and bitterness of soul whether M. Scherer has yet done. Not quite. We have still to hear some acute remarks on the pomposity of diction in our poet's stage pieces. The English reader will best understand, perhaps, the kind of fault meant, if we quote from "The Natural Daughter" a couple of lines not quoted, as it happens, by M. Scherer. The heroine has a fall from her horse, and the court physician comes to attend her. The court physician is adressed thus: —

Erfahrner Mann, dem unseres König's Leben,
Das unschätzbare Gut, vertraut ist . . .

"Experienced man, to whom the life of our sovereign, that inestimable treasure, is given in charge." Shakespeare would have said *Doctor*. The German drama is full of this sort of roundabout pompous language. "Every one has laughed," says M. Scherer, "at the pomposity and periphrasis of French tragedy." The heroic king of Pontus, in French tragedy, gives up the ghost with these words: —

Dans cet embrassement dont la douceur me flatte,
Venez, et recevez l'âme de Mithridate.

"What has not been said," continues M. Scherer, "and justly said, against the artificial character of French tragedy?" Nevertheless, "people do not enough remember that, convention being universally admitted in the seventeenth century, sincerity and even a relative simplicity remained possible" with an artificial diction; whereas Goethe did not find his artificial diction imposed upon him by conditions from without — he made it himself, and of set purpose.

It is a curious thing; this style of Goethe's has its cause just in that very same study which has been made such a matter of reproach against our tragedy-writers — the study to maintain a pitch of general nobleness in all the language uttered. Everything with Goethe must be grave, solemn, sculptural. We see the influence of Winckelmann, and of his views on Greek art.

English readers will be familiar enough with complaints of Goethe's "artistic egotism," of his tendency to set up his own intellectual culture as the rule of his life. The freshness of M. Scherer's repetition of these old complaints consists in his connecting them, as we have seen, with the criticism of Goethe's literary development. But M. Scherer has some direct blame of defects in his author's character which is worth quoting: —

It must fairly be confessed, the respect of Goethe for the mighty of this earth was carried to excesses which make one uncomfortable for him. One is confounded by these earnestnesses of servility. The king of Bavaria pays him a visit; the dear poet feels his head go round. The story should be read in the journal of the Chancellor von Müller. "Goethe after dinner became more and more animated and cordial. 'It was no light matter,' he said, 'to work out the powerful impression produced by the king's presence, to assimilate it internally. It is difficult, in such circumstances, to keep one's balance and not to lose one's head. And yet the important matter is to extract from this apparition its real significance, to obtain a clear and distinct image of it.'" Another time he got a letter from the same sovereign; he talks of it to Eckermann with the same devout emotion — he "thanks Heaven for it as for a quite spe-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

cial favor." And when one thinks that the king in question was no other than that poor Louis of Bavaria, the ridiculous dilettante of whom Heine has made such fun! Evidently Goethe had a strong dose of what the English call "snobbishness." The blemish is the more startling in him, because Goethe is, in other respects, a simple and manly character. Neither in his person nor in his manner of writing was he at all affected; he has no self-conceit; he does not pose. There is in this particular all the difference in the world between him and the majority of our own French authors, who seem always busy arranging their draperies, and asking themselves how they appear to the world and what the gallery thinks of them.

Goethe himself had in like manner called the French "the women of Europe." But let us remark that it was not "snobbishness" in Goethe, which made him take so seriously the potentate who loved Lola Montes; it was simply his German "corporalism." A disciplinable and much-disciplined people, with little humor, and without the experience of a great national life, regards its official authorities in this devout and awestruck way. To a German it seems profane and licentious to smile at his Dogberry. He takes Dogberry seriously and solemnly, takes him at his own valuation.

We are all familiar with the general style of the critic who, as the phrase is, "cuts up" his author. Such a critic finds very few merits and a great many faults, and he ends either with a phrase of condemnation, or with a phrase of compassion, or with a sneer. We saw, however, in the case of Milton, that one must not reckon on M. Scherer's ending in this fashion. After a course of severe criticism he wound up with earnest, almost reverential praise. The same thing happens again in his treatment of Goethe. No admirer of Goethe will be satisfied with the treatment which hitherto we have seen Goethe receive at M. Scherer's hands. And the summing-up begins in a strain which will not please the admirer much better: —

> To sum up, Goethe is a poet full of ideas and of observation, full of sense and taste, full even of feeling no less than of acumen, and all this united with an incomparable gift of versification. But Goethe has no artlessness, no fire, no invention; he is wanting in the dramatic fibre and cannot create; reflection, in Goethe, has been too much for emotion, the savant in him for poetry, the philosophy of art for the artist.

And yet the final conclusion is this: —

> Nevertheless, Goethe remains one of the exceeding great among the sons of men. "After all," said he to one of his friends, "there are honest people up and down the world who have got light from my books, and whoever reads them, and gives himself the trouble to understand me, will acknowledge that he has acquired thence a certain inward freedom." I should like to inscribe these words upon the pedestal of Goethe's statue; no juster praise could be found for him, and in very truth there cannot possibly be for any man a praise higher or more enviable.

And in an article on Shakespeare, after a prophecy that the hour will come for Goethe, as in Germany it has of late come for Shakespeare, when criticism will take the place of adoration, M. Scherer, after insisting on those defects in Goethe of which we have been hearing so fully, protests that there are yet few writers for whom he feels a greater admiration than for Goethe, few to whom he is indebted for enjoyments more deep and more durable, and declares that Goethe, although he has not Shakespeare's power, is a genius more vast, more universal, than Shakespeare. He adds, to be sure, that Shakespeare had an advantage over Goethe in not outliving himself.

After all, then, M. Scherer is not far from being willing to allow, if any youthful devotee wishes to urge it, that "the Eternal created Goethe to be a guide to the universe." Yet he deals with the literary production of Goethe as we have seen. He is very far indeed from thinking it the performance "of the greatest poet of all times and of all peoples." And this is why we have thought M. Scherer's criticisms worthy of so much attention; because a double judgment, somewhat of this kind, is the judgment about Goethe to which mature experience, the experience got "by the time one is forty years old," does really, we think, bring us. We do not agree with all M. Scherer's criticisms on Goethe's literary work. We do not ourselves feel, in reading the *Gedichte*, the truth of what M. Scherer says, that Goethe has corrected and retouched them till he has taken the warmth out of them. We do not ourselves feel the irritation in reading Goethe's "Memoirs," and his prose generally, which they provoke in M. Scherer. True, the prose has none of those positive qualities of style which give pleasure, it is not the prose of Voltaire or Swift; it is loose, ill-knit, diffuse; it bears the marks of having been, as it mostly was, dictated — and dictating is a detestable habit. But it is absolutely free from affectation; it lets the real Goethe reach us. In other respects we agree in the main with the judg-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ments passed by M. Scherer upon Goethe's works. Nay, some of them, such as "Tasso" and "Iphigeneia," we hesitate to extol so highly as he does. In that peculiar world of thought and feeling, wherein "Tasso" and "Iphigeneia" have their existence, and into which the reader too must enter in order to understand them, there is something factitious; something devised and determined by the thinker, not given by the necessity of nature herself; something too artificial, therefore, too deliberately studied, — as the French say, *trop voulu*. They cannot have the power of works where we are in a world of thought and feeling not invented but natural — of works like the "Agamemnon" or "Lear." "Faust," too, suffers by comparison with works like the "Agamemnon" or "Lear." M. Scherer says, with perfect truth, that the first part of "Faust" has not a single false tone or weak line. But it is a work as he himself observes, "of episodes and detached scenes," not a work where the whole material together has been fused in the author's mind by strong and deep feeling, and then poured out in a single jet. It can never produce the single, powerful total impression of works which have thus arisen.

The first part of "Faust" is, however, undoubtedly Goethe's best work. And it is so for the plain reason that, except his *Gedichte*, it is his most straightforward work in poetry. Mr. Hayward's is the best of the translations of "Faust" for the same reason — because it is the most straightforward. To be simple and straightforward is, as Milton saw and said, of the essence of first-rate poetry. All that M. Scherer says of the ruinousness, to a poet, of "symbols, hieroglyphics, mystifications," is just. When Mr. Carlyle praises "Helena" for being "not a type of one thing, but a vague, fluctuating, fitful adumbration of many," he praises it for what is in truth its fatal defect. The "*Mährchen*," again, on which he heaps such praise, calling it "one of the notablest performances produced for the last thousand years," a performance "in such a style of grandeur and celestial brilliancy and life as the Western imagination has not elsewhere reached;" the "*Mährchen*" woven throughout of "symbol, hieroglyphic, mystification," is by that very reason a piece of solemn inanity, on which a man of Goethe's powers could never have wasted his time, but for his lot having been cast in a nation which has never lived.

Mr. Carlyle has a sentence on Goethe which we may turn to excellent account for the criticism of such works as the "*Mährchen*" and "Helena:" —

> We should ask [he says] what the poet's aim really and truly was, and how far this aim accorded, not with us and our individual crotchets and the crotchets of our little senate where we give or take the law, but with human nature and the nature of things at large; with the universal principles of poetic beauty, not as they stand written in our text-books, but in the hearts and imaginations of all men.

To us it seems lost labor to inquire what a poet's *aim* may have been; but for aim let us read *work*, and we have here a sound and admirable rule of criticism. Let us ask how a poet's work accords, not with any one's fancies and crotchets, but "with human nature and the nature of things at large, with the universal principles of poetic beauty as they stand written in the hearts and imaginations of all men," and we shall have the surest rejection of symbol, hieroglyphic, and mystification in poetry. We shall have the surest condemnation of works like the "*Mährchen*" and the second part of "Faust."

It is by no means as the greatest of poets that Goethe deserves the pride and praise of his German countrymen. It is as the clearest, the largest, the most helpful thinker of modern times. It is not principally in his published works, it is in the immense *Goethe literature* of letter, journal, and conversation, in the volumes of Riemer, Falk, Eckermann, the Chancellor von Muller, in the letters to Merck and Madame von Stein and many others, in the correspondence with Schiller, the correspondence with Zelter, that the elements for an impression of the truly great, the truly significant Goethe are to be found. Goethe is the greatest poet of modern times, not because he is one of the half-dozen human beings who in the history of our race have shown the most signal gift for poetry, but because, having a very considerable gift for poetry, he was at the same time, in the width, depth, and richness of his criticism of life, by far our greatest man. He may be precious and important to us on this account above men of other and more alien times, who as poets rank higher. Nay, his preciousness and importance as a clear and profound spirit, as a master critic of life, must communicate a worth of their own to his poetry, and may well make it seem to have a positive value and perfectness as poetry, more than it has. It is most pardonable for a student of him, and may even for a

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

time be serviceable, to make this error. Nevertheless, poetical defects, where they are present, subsist, and are what they are. And the same with defects of character. Time and attention bring them to light; and when they are brought to light, it is not good for us, it is obstructing and retarding, to refuse to see them. Goethe himself would have warned us against doing so. We can imagine, indeed, that great and supreme critic reading Professor Grimm's laudation of his poetical work with lifted eyebrows, and M. Scherer's criticisms with acquiescence.

Shall we say, however, that M. Scherer's tone in no way jars upon us, or that his presentation of Goethe, just and acute as is the view of faults both in Goethe's poetry and in Goethe's character, satisfies us entirely? By no means. We could not say so of M. Scherer's presentation of Milton; of the presentation of Goethe we can say so still less. The faults are shown, and they exist. Praise is given, and the right praise. But there is yet some defect in the portraiture as a whole; tone and perspective are somehow a little wrong; the distribution of color, the proportions of light and shade, are not managed quite as they should be. One would like the picture to be painted over again by the same artist with the same talent, but a little differently. And meanwhile, we instinctively, after M. Scherer's presentation, feel a desire for some last words of Goethe's own, something which may give a happier and more cordial turn to our thoughts, after they have been held so long to a frigid and censorious strain. And there rises to our minds this sentence: "*Die Gestalt dieser Welt vergeht; und ich möchte mich nur mit dem beschäftigen, was bleibende Verhältnisse sind.*" "*The fashion of this world passeth away;* and I would fain occupy myself only with the abiding." There is the true Goethe, and with that Goethe we would end!

But let us be thankful for what M. Scherer brings, and let us acknowledge with gratitude his presentation of Goethe to be, not indeed the definitive picture of Goethe, but a contribution, and a very able contribution, to that definitive picture. We are told that since the war of 1870 Frenchmen are abandoning literature for science. Why do they not rather learn of this accomplished Genevese, to whom they have given the right of citizenship, to extend their old narrow literary range a little, and to know foreign literatures as M. Scherer knows them?

WITHIN THE PRECINCTS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER IV.

LADY CAROLINE.

LADY CAROLINE was in the drawing-room at the Deanery alone. Now that her daughter was married this was no unusual circumstance. It was late in the summer evening, after dinner, and she lay on a great square sofa so placed that the view from the large window was dimly visible from it, had she cared for the view. As a matter of fact, at no hour of the twenty-four, however bright or tempting it might be, did Lady Caroline care much for the view; but still, when a room is artistically arranged, such a possibility cannot be altogether kept out of consideration. This evening, however, there was no light to see anything by. The room was dark, nothing distinctly visible in it but the great broad Elizabethan window which filled one end. The upper part of this window was filled with old painted glass in silvery tinted quarries, soft greys and yellows, surrounding the golden and ruby glories of several blazons of arms, and drawing the eye irresistibly with the delight of radiant color; underneath opened the great plain all dim and wide, a suggestion of boundless air and distance rather than a landscape, while in the room itself nothing was distinct but here and there a glimmer of reflection from a mirror breaking the long line of the walls. Nor was its only occupant very distinguishable as she reclined upon her sofa in absolute stillness and tranquillity. The lace on her head and about her throat showed faintly white in the corner, that was all. Perhaps if the mind could have been seen as well as the body, Lady Caroline's individual soul, such as it was, would have told for little more amid the still life around: a something vaguely different from the chairs and softly cushioned sofas, a little more than one of the dim mirrors, a little less than a picture, was this human creature to whom all the rest belonged. She had lived irreproachably on the earth for a number of years (though not for nearly so many years as the great part of her furniture), and fulfilled all her functions very much as they did, honestly holding together, affording a temporary place of repose occasionally, convenient for household meals, and ordinary domestic necessities. Perhaps now and then Lady Caroline conferred something of the same kind of solace and support

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

which is given to the weary by a nice, warm, soft easy-chair, comfortably cushioned and covered; but that was about the highest use of which she was capable. She was waiting now quite tranquilly till it pleased the servants to bring her lights. They were in no hurry, and she was in no hurry. She never did anything, so that it was immaterial whether her room was lighted early or late, and on the whole she liked this dim interval between the active daylight, when people were always in motion, and the lamps, which suggested work, or a book, or something of the sort. Lady Caroline, though she had not very much mind, had a conscience, and knew that it was not quite right for a responsible creature to be without employment; therefore she made certain efforts to fulfil the object of her existence by keeping a serious volume on the table beside her, and putting in a few stitches now and then in a piece of wool-work. But at this hour there was no possibility for the most anxious conscience to speak, and Lady Caroline's was not anxious, only correct, not troubling itself with any burden beyond what was necessary. It may be supposed, perhaps, that she was sad, passing this twilight quite alone, so soon after the marriage and departure of her only daughter; but this would have been a mistake, for Lady Caroline was not sad. Of course she missed Augusta. There was no one now to wake her up when she dozed, as now and then happened, in a warm afternoon after luncheon; and, as a matter of fact, one or two visitors had actually been ushered into the drawing-room while her head was drooping upon her right shoulder, and her cap a little awry. But at this tranquil hour in the dark, when nobody expected anything of her, neither without or within — neither conscience, nor the dean, nor society — it cannot be said that any distressful recollection of Augusta mingled with her thoughts. Nor, indeed, had she any thoughts to mingle it with, which was perhaps the reason. She was very comfortable in the corner of her sofa, with nothing to disturb her. Had Jarvis her maid been at hand to tell her what was going on in the precincts, or any bit of gossip that might have floated upward from the town, it would probably have added a little more flavor to her content; but even that flavor was not necessary to her, and she was quite happy as she was.

Some one came into the room as she lay in this pleasant quiet. She thought it was Jeremie coming to light the candles, and said nothing; but it was not so dignified a person as Mr. Jeremie, the dean's butler, who was generally taken for one of the canons by visitors unacquainted with the place. This was indeed a shirt-front as dazzling as Jeremie's which came into the soft gloom, but the owner of it was younger and taller, with a lighter step and less solemn demeanor. He gave a glance round the room to see if any one was visible, then advanced steadily with the ease of an *habitué* among the sofas and tables. "Are you here, Aunt Caroline?" he said. "Oh, you are there! Shall I ring for lights? it must be dull sitting all by yourself in the dark."

"If you please, my dear," said Lady Caroline, who, having no will of her own to speak of, never set it in opposition to anybody else's; answering a question as she did thus promptly, there was no occasion at the same time to answer a mere remark.

"I am afraid you are moping," he said, "missing Augusta. To be sure, it does make a great difference in the house."

"No, my dear," said Lady Caroline, "I can't say I was thinking of Augusta. She is quite happy, you know."

"I hope so," he said, laughing. "If they are not happy now, when should they be happy? the honeymoon scarcely over, and all sorts of delights before them."

"Yes; that is just what I was going to say," said Lady Caroline; "so why should I mope?"

"Why, indeed?" He took his aunt's soft hand into his, and caressed it. Rollo was fond of his aunt, strange though it may appear. She had never scolded him, though this was the favorite exercise of all the rest of his family. When he came home in disgrace she had always received him just the same as if he had come in triumph. Whoever might find fault with him for wasting his talents, or disappointing the hopes of his friends, his Aunt Caroline had never done so. He could not help laughing a little as he spoke, but he caressed her soft white hand as he did so, compunctious, to make amends to her for the ridicule. Lady Caroline, it need not be said, attached no idea of ridicule to his laugh. "But I have come to tell you," said Rollo, "that I have been out again walking up and down the Dean's Walk, as I did the night of the wedding, and I have not been able to hear a note of your singer — the girl with the wonderful voice."

"Did I say there was a girl with a wonderful voice, my dear? I forget."

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Not you, but Augusta; don't you remember, Aunt Caroline, a girl in the cloisters, in — in the lodges, a Miss — I don't remember the name. Lottie something, Augusta called her."

"Ah! Augusta was too ready to make friends. It is Miss Despard, I suppose."

"Well; might we not have Miss Despard here some evening? If her voice is as fine as Augusta said, it might be the making of me, Aunt Caroline. An English *prima donna* would make all our fortunes. And unless I hear her, it is not possible, is it, I appeal to your candor, that I can judge?"

"But, my dear!" But was a word which scarcely existed in Lady Caroline's vocabulary. It meant an objection, and she rarely objected to anything. Still there was a limit to which instinct snd experience alike bound her. She was not unkind by nature, but rather the reverse, and if there was anything that approached a passion — nay, not a passion, an emotion — in her nature, it was for the poor. She who was little moved by any relationship, even the closest, almost loved the poor, and would take trouble for them, petting them when they were sick, and pleased to hear of all their affairs when they were well — conscience and inclination supplementing each other in this point. But the poor, the real "poor," they who are so kind as to be destitute now and then, with nothing to eat and all their clothes at the pawnbroker's, and their existence dependent upon the clergyman's nod, or the visit of the district lady — these were very different from the chevaliers in their lodges. There even Lady Caroline drew the line. She did what was suggested to her in a great many cases, but here she felt that she could make stand when necessity required. Not the people in the lodges! the shabby genteel people who thought they had claims to be treated as ladies and gentlemen, as if they were in society. The very mildest, the very gentlest must pause somewhere, and this is where Lady Caroline made her stand. "My dear," she said, something like a flush coming to her sallow cheek, for Jeremie by this time had brought the lamps and lighted the candles and made her visible, "I have never visited the people in the lodges. I have always made a stand there. There was one of them appointed through my brother Courtland, you know — your papa, my dear — but when Beatrice asked me to notice them I was obliged to decline. I really could not do it. I hope I never shrink from doing my duty to the poor; but these sort of people — you must really excuse me, Rollo; I could not, I do not think I could do it."

Mr. Ridsdale had never seen anything so near excitement in his aunt's manner before. She spoke with little movements of her hands and of her head, and a pink flush was on her usually colorless face. The sight of this little flutter and commotion which he had caused amused the young man. Jeremie was still moving noiselessly about, letting down a loop of curtain, kindling a distant corner into visibility by lighting one of the groups of candles upon the wall. The room was still very dim, just made visible, not much more, and Jeremie's noiseless presence did not check the expression of Lady Caroline's sentiments. She made her little explanation with a fervor such as, we have said, her nephew had never before seen in her. He was greatly astonished, but he was also, it must be allowed, somewhat disposed to laugh.

"You must pardon me," he said, "for suggesting anything you don't like, Aunt Caroline. But did not Augusta have Miss Despard here?"

"Oh, yes — with the rest of her people who sang. Augusta was always having her singing people — who were not in our set at all."

"I suppose that is all over now," said Rollo in a tone of regret.

"Oh, not quite over. Mrs. Long brought some of them the other day. She thought it would amuse me. But it never amused me much," said Lady Caroline. "Augusta was pleased, and that was all. I don't want them, Rollo; they disturb me. They require to have tea made for them, and compliments. I am not so very fond of music, you are aware."

"I know; not fond enough to give up anything for it; but confess it is often a resource after dinner, when the people are dull?"

"The people are always just the same, Rollo. If they have a good dinner, that is all I have to do with them. They ought to amuse themselves."

"Yes, yes," he resumed, laughing. "I know you are never dull, Aunt Caroline. Your thoughts flow always in the same gentle current. You are never excited, and you are never bored."

A gentle smile came over Lady Caroline's face; no one understood her so well. She was astonished that so many people found fault with Rollo. He was, she

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

thought, her favorite nephew, if it was right to have a favorite. "It is no credit to me," she said. "I was always brought up in that way. But girls do not have such a good training now."

"No, indeed — the very reverse, I think — they are either in a whirl of amusement or else they are bored. But, Aunt Caroline, people in general are not like you. And for us who have not had the advantage of your education, it is often very dull, especially after dinner. Now you are going to have a gathering to-morrow. Don't you think it would be a good thing to have a little music in the evening, and ask Miss Despard to come and sing. That is not like taking any notice of the chevaliers, poor old fellows! Have her to amuse the people just as you might have Punch and Judy, you know, or some of the sleight-of-hand men."

"I should never think of having either the one or the other, Rollo."

"But a great many people do. It was quite the right thing for a time. Come, Aunt Caroline! My uncle is often bored to death with these duty dinners. He will bless you if you have a little music afterwards and set him free."

"Do you really think so? I can't understand why you should all talk of being bored. I am never bored," said Lady Caroline.

"That is your superiority," said the courtier. "But we poor wretches often are. And I really must hear this voice. You would not like to stand in the way of my interests now when I seem really about to have a chance?"

"It is a very curious thing to me," said Lady Caroline, stimulated by so much argument to deliver herself of an original remark, "that such a clever young man as you are, Rollo, should require to connect yourself with singers and theatres. Such a thing was never heard of in my time."

"That is just it," he said, putting on a mournful look. "If I had not been a clever young man, things would have gone a great deal better with me. There was nothing of that foolish description I am sure, Aunt Caroline, in your time."

"No," she said; then added, almost peevishly, "I do not know how to communicate with the girl, Rollo. She is out of society."

"But only on the other side of the way," he said. "Come, write her a note, and I will take it myself, if Jeremie or Joseph are too grand to go."

"Must I write her a note? I never in my life sent a note to the lodges," said Lady Caroline, looking at her hands as if the performance would soil them. Then she added, with a look of relief, "I very often see her when I am out for my drive. You can tell the coachman to stop if he sees her, and I will tell her to come — that will be much the better way."

"But if she should be engaged?"

Lady Caroline gave him a very faint smile of amiable scorn and superior knowledge. "You forget these people are not in society," she said.

To make head against this sublime of contempt was more than Rollo could do. Lady Caroline vanquished him as she had vanquished many people in her day, by that invincible might of simple dulness against which nothing can stand.

Mr. Rollo Ridsdale was one of the many very clever young men in society who are always on the eve of every kind of fame and fortune, but never manage to cross the border between hope and reality. He had been quite sure of success in a great many different ways: at the university, where he was certain of a first class, but only managed to "scrape through" the ordeal of honors in the lowest room; in diplomacy, where he was expected to rise to the highest rank, but spoiled all his chances by a whisper of a state secret, of no importance to anybody, when only an unpaid *attaché*; in the House of Commons, where he broke down in his maiden speech, after costing what his family described as a "fortune" to secure his election; and finally, in commerce, where his honorable name was just secured from the *éclat* of a disgraceful bankruptcy by the sacrifice of a second "fortune" on the part of the family. It is but fair to add, however, that Rollo had nothing to do with the disgracefulness of the commercial downfall in which he was all but involved. And here he was at eight-and-twenty once more afloat, as the fashionable jackal and assistant of an enterprising *impresario*, indefatigable in his pursuit of the prima donna of the future, and talking of nothing but operas. This was why he had made that moonlight promenade, under Lottie Despard's windows on the evening of his cousin's wedding-day. He did not know her, but Lottie knew him as the populace know all, even the most insignificant, members of the reigning family. Lady Caroline's nephew, Augusta's cousin, was of much more importance to the community than any of the community had been to him up to this moment, though the thoughts which passed through Lottie's mind, as, with extreme surprise, she recognized him gazing

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

up at her window, suggested a very different hypothesis. What could Lottie imagine, as, with the most bewildering astonishment, she identified Mr. Ridsdale, but that he had seen her as she had seen him, and that it was admiration at least, if not a more definite sentiment, which brought him to wander in front of the window, as poor young Purcell did, whose delusion she regarded without either surprise or compassion? Rollo Ridsdale was a very different person; and Lottie had been too much bewildered by his appearance to found any theory upon it, except the vaguest natural thrill of flattered pleasure and wonder. Was it possible? When a young man comes and stares at a lady's window, going and returning, waiting apparently for a glimpse of her, what is any one to suppose? There is but one natural and ordinary explanation of such an attitude and proceeding. And if Lottie's fancy jumped at this idea, how could she help it? It gave her a little shock of pleasure and exhilaration in her depressed state. Why should she have been exhilarated? It is difficult to say. She did not know anything of Mr. Ridsdale — whether his admiration was worth having or the reverse. But he was Lady Caroline's nephew, who had always been inaccessible to Lottie; he was Augusta's cousin, who had neglected her. And, if it really could be possible that, notwithstanding this, he had conceived a romantic passion for Lottie, what could be more consolatory to the girl who had felt herself humiliated by the indifference and contempt with which these ladies had treated her? The idea brought the light back to her eyes, and her natural gay courage revived again. She would make reprisals, she would "be even with them," and pay them back in their coin; and where is the girl or boy to whom reprisals are not sweet?

This, however, is a digression from Lady Caroline, who went to her tranquil couch that night with a heavier heart than she had known for years. It was a revolution which had occurred in her life. During Augusta's reign she had been passively resistant always, protesting under her breath against the invasion of the singing people of all kinds into her sacred and exclusive world. She had supported it with heroic calm, entrenching herself behind the ladies who were really in society, and whom she could receive without derogation; but to Lottie and the other people who were outside of her world she had never shown any civility, as she was glad to think, on surveying the situation that night. She had not brought it on herself. She had never shown them any civility. A salutation with her eyelids, a cup of tea from her table, the privilege of breathing the same air with her — this had been all she had ever done for her daughter's *protégées*, and hitherto nobody, she was obliged to allow, had presumed upon it. But *that* Miss Despard was not like the timid and respectful singing ladies from the town. She was a bold young woman, who thought herself as good as any one, and looked as if she ought to be talked to, and taken notice of, as much as any one. And it was not possible to get rid of her as the ladies in the town could be got rid of. Lady Caroline could not go out of her own door, could not go to church, without meeting Miss Despard, and feeling what she called within herself "the broad stare" of that dangerous girl. And now was it possible, was it conceivable, that she was herself to take the initiative and re-invite Miss Despard? Not for years, if indeed ever in her life, had Lady Caroline gone to bed with such a weight on her mind. She sighed as she lay down on that bed of down — nay, not of down, which is old-fashioned and not very wholesome either, nowadays, people say — but on her mattress of delicately arranged springs, which moved with every movement. She sighed as she lay down upon it, and the springs swayed under her; and she sighed again in the morning as she woke, and all that had happened came back into her mind. Poor dear Rollo! She did not like to cross him, or to go against him, since he had made so great an object of it. Oh that Augusta had but held her peace, and had not inflamed his mind about this girl's voice! After all, her voice was nothing wonderful; it was just a soprano, as most girls' voices were; and that she, Lady Caroline, should be compelled to exert herself — compelled to go against her principles, to come into personal contact with a person of a different class! She who had always been careful to keep herself aloof! It was very hard upon Lady Caroline. She sighed at breakfast so that the dean took notice of it.

"Is there anything the matter?" he said. "Rollo, do you know what is the matter? This is the third time I have heard your aunt sigh."

"I am sure she does not look as if anything was the matter," said Rollo, with that filial flattery which women like, at Lady Caroline's age.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

She gave him a faint little smile, but shook her head and sighed again.

"Bless my soul!" said the dean, "I must look in upon Enderby, and tell him to come and see you."

"Oh, there is nothing the matter with me," Lady Caroline said; but she had no objection to see Enderby, who was the doctor and always very kind. It even pleased her to think of confiding her troubles to him, for indeed she had the humbling consciousness upon her mind that she had never been a very interesting patient. She had never had anything but headaches, and mere external ills to tell him about. She had never till now been able to reveal to him even a headache which had been caused by trouble of mind. Lady Caroline, though she was dull, had a faint wish to be interesting as well as other people, and it would be a relief to pour out this trouble to his sympathizing ear. The ladies of the town did not love — any more than Lady Caroline did, and the other ladies in the cloisters — those nondescripts, neither one thing nor another, neither people to visit, nor people to be altogether ignored, who lived in the chevaliers' lodges — and she knew that she was sure of sympathy from the doctor, whose wife at least must have suffered from them too.

The idea of meeting Lottie when she went out was a very happy one, Lady Caroline thought. She could not but feel that necessity was producing invention within her. Perhaps she might not meet Lottie, perhaps Lottie might be frightened and would decline to come. She drove out that afternoon with a little excitement, full of hope, if she felt also the palpitation of a little fear. These emotions made quite a pleasant and unusual stir in the dull fluid that filled her veins. She was half disturbed and half pleased when she found that Rollo proposed going with her, a very unusual compliment from a young man. He said it was because he had hurt his foot and could not walk. "Dear me!" Lady Caroline said, "I will send Jarvis to see if it is a sprain." "Oh no, it is not a sprain," he said; "a little rest is all it requires." "You will find carriage exercise very nice," Lady Caroline said; "a perfect rest — and much more amusement than walking, which tires one out directly." And thus they set out perfectly pleased with each other. But the coachman had got his instructions carefully from Rollo's own lips, and there was now no possibility of escape for the poor lady, over whom Rollo himself had mounted guard. They had not gone above a few yards from the Deanery door, when the carriage suddenly drew up with a jar, to the side of the high terrace pavement which lay in front of the lodges. Rollo, who was on the alert, looked eagerly out, and saw a light, erect figure, full of energy and life, coming up in the plainest of morning frocks, one of those simple toilettes which fashion has lately approved. She looked perfectly fresh, and like the summer morning, as she came along, with a little basket in her hand; and suddenly it burst upon Rollo, as Lottie raised her eyes with a glance of astonished interest in them, wondering why it was that Lady Caroline's carriage should stop there, that this unknown girl was extremely handsome — a thing for which the young man had not been prepared. "Is this Miss Despard? but she will be gone unless you send to her. Shall I go and call her to you?" he said.

"Oh, she will come when she sees I want her," said Lady Caroline. But the only answer he made was to jump up and let himself out of the carriage before Joseph could get off from the box. He went up to Lottie with his hat in his hand, very much surprised in his turn by the vivid blush which covered her cheeks at sight of him. He was flattered, and he was surprised; was it a mere trick of unformed manners, the *gaucherie* of a girl who had never been in society, and did not know how to behave herself? or was it that she saw something unusually fascinating in himself, Rollo? To see so handsome a girl blush at his approach was a tribute to his attractions, which Rollo was not the man to be indifferent to. He almost forgot the business side of the transaction, and his hunt after a prima donna, in the pleasure of such an encounter. Could she have seen him somewhere before and been "struck" with him? Rollo wondered. It was an agreeable beginning. He went up to her with his hat in his hand as if she had been a princess. "I beg your pardon," he said, "my aunt, Lady Caroline Huntington, has sent me to beg that you would let her speak to you for a moment." Lottie looked at him bewildered, with eyes that could scarcely meet his. She could hardly make out what he said in the sudden confusion and excitement of meeting thus face to face the man whom she had seen under her window. What was it? Lady Caroline asking to speak with her, awaiting her there, in her carriage, in the sight of all St. Michael's! Lottie stood still for a moment, and gazed at this strange sight, unable to move or speak

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

for wonder. What could Lady Caroline have to say? She could not be going, on the spot, out of that beautiful chariot with its prancing horses, to plead her nephew's suit with the girl who knew nothing of him except his lover-like watch under her window. Lottie could not trust herself to make him any reply — or rather she said idiotically, "Oh, thank you," and turned half reluctant, confused, and anxious, to obey the call. She went to the carriage door, and stood without a word, with her eyes full of wonder, to hear what the great lady had to say.

But it was not much at any time that Lady Caroline had to say. She greeted Lottie with the usual little movement of her eyelids. "How do you do, Miss Despard?" she said. "I wanted to ask if you would come to the Deanery, this evening, for a little music?" There was no excitement in that calmest of voices. Lottie felt so much ashamed of her wonderful vague absurd anticipations, that she blushed more hotly than ever.

"At half past nine," said Lady Caroline.

"You have not presented me to Miss Despard, Aunt Caroline, so I have no right to say anything; but if I had any right to speak, I should say I hope — I hope — that Miss Despard is not engaged, and that she will come."

How earnest his voice was; and what a strange beginning of acquaintance! Lottie felt half disposed to laugh, and half to cry, and could not lift her eyes in her confusion to this man who — was it possible? — was in love with her, yet whom she did not know.

"Oh, I am not engaged — I — shall be very happy." What else could she say? She stood still, quite unaware what she was doing, and heard him thank her with enthusiasm, while Lady Caroline sat quite passive. And then the splendid vision rolled away, and Lottie stood alone wondering like a creature in a dream, on the margin of the way.

CHAPTER V.

AT THE DEANERY.

LOTTIE stood as if in a dream, hearing the ringing of the horses' hoofs, the roll of the carriage, and nothing more; all the sounds in the world seemed to be summed up in these. She could scarcely tell what had happened to her. A great honor had happened to her, such as might have impressed the imagination of any one in that little world of St. Michael's, but not so great a thing as she thought. Lady Caroline had asked her to tea. It was something, it was much; it was what Lady Caroline had never done to any one in the lodges before. Even Mrs. Seymour, whose husband was really *one of the Seymours*, people said, and whom Lady Courtland had begged Lady Caroline to be kind to, had not been so honored. But for all that, it was not what Lottie thought. She stood there with her heart beating, feeling as if she had just fallen from the clouds, in a maze of bewildered excitement, scarcely able to realize what had befallen her — and yet that which had befallen her was not what she thought. Most things that happen to us are infinitely better in thought and in hope than they are in reality; but this was doubly, trebly the case with poor Lottie, who found the cause of this new happiness of hers in a delusion, a mistake, most innocently, most unwittingly occasioned. It was not a thing that anybody had intended. Rollo Ridsdale had meant no harm when he strolled along the Dean's Walk in the evening on two separate nights, looking up at Lottie's window and hoping to hear her sing that he might tell his partner of a new voice to be had for the asking. And neither had Lottie meant any harm; it was not vanity, it was the most natural conclusion from what she saw with her own eyes. How could she doubt it? He must have seen her when she was not aware of it, and fallen in love with her, as people say, at first sight — a romantic compliment that always goes to a girl's heart. There was no other interpretation to be put upon the fact of his lingering about looking up at her window. She had said to herself it was nonsense; but how could it be nonsense? What other explanation could any one give of such a proceeding? And now he had managed to make Lady Caroline, she who was the queen of the place and unapproachable, take his cause in hand. For what other possible reason could Lady Caroline, who never noticed any one out of her own sphere, have paid this special and public compliment to Lottie, and invited her to paradise, as it were, to tea — not afternoon tea, which means little, but *in the evening?* But here Lottie's fancies became so bewildering that she could not follow herself in her thoughts; much less would it be possible for us to follow her. For, if Lady Caroline had thus interfered on her nephew's behalf, securing for him a personal introduction and an opportunity of making her acquaintance, what could this mean but that Lady Caroline was on

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

his side and meant to help him and approved of his sentiments? This thought was too wonderful to be entertained seriously; it only glanced across the surface of Lottie's mind, making her laugh within herself with a bewildered sense that there was something absurd in it. Lady Caroline stoop from her high estate to lift her, Lottie, to a place upon that dazzling eminence! The girl felt as if she had been spun round and round like a teetotum, though it was an undignified comparison. She did not know where she might find herself when, dizzy and tottering, she should come to herself. All this time Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, at her window where she always sat surveying everything that went on, had been knocking an impatient summons with her knuckles on the pane; and this it was at last which brought Lottie to herself. She obeyed it with some reluctance, yet at the same time she was glad to sit down somewhere till the giddiness should go off and the hurry of her thoughts subside. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy met her with a countenance full of interest and eagerness; a new incident was everything to her. She was as eager as if it was of vital importance to know every word that Lady Caroline said.

"Then what was she saying to ye, me dear?" cried the old lady, from whom excitement almost took away the breath.

"She did not say anything," said Lottie, relieving her feelings by a little laugh. "She never does say anything; she asked me to tea."

"And you call that nothing, ye thankless creature! It's spoilt ye are, Lottie, me darling, and I always said that was what would come of it. She asked you to tea? sure it'll be afternoon tea for one of the practisings, like it was in Miss Augusta's day?"

"No, I am going to go in after dinner. It is not the first time, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy; Augusta has often asked me. What else did I get my white frock for? — for there are no parties here to go to. She used to say: 'Come in, and bring your music.' It is not me they want, it is my voice," said Lottie, assuming a superiority of wisdom which she did not possess.

"All in good time, me dear," said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. "And did my Lady Caroline bid you to bring your music too? The daughter is one thing, and the mother is clean another. I hope you've got your frock in order, me darlin'; clean and nice and like a lady? You should send it to Mrs. Jones to iron it out; she's the plague of my life, but she's a beautiful clear-starcher — that I will say for her; and if you want a ribbon or so, me jewel, or anything I have that ye may take a fancy to — there's my brooch with O'Shaughnessy's miniature, sure ne'er a one of them would find out who it was. You might say it was your grandpapa, me honey, in his red coat with his medals; and fine he'd look on your white frock ——"

"Thank you!" said Lottie in alarm; "but I never wear anything, you know, except poor mamma's little pearl locket."

"Sure I know," said the old woman with a laugh; "a body can't wear what they haven't got! But you needn't turn up your little nose at my big brooch, for when it was made it was the height of the fashion, and now everything that's old is the height of the fashion. And so me Lady Caroline, that's too grand to say 'Good morning to ye, ma'am,' or 'Good evening to ye,' after ye've been her neighbor for a dozen years, stops her grand carriage to bid this bit of a girl to tea, and Miss Lottie takes it as cool as snowballs, if ye please. Well, well, honey! I don't envy ye, not I; but you're born to luck as sure as the rest of us are born to trouble, and that all the Abbey can see."

"I born to luck! I don't think there is much sign of it," said Lottie, though with a tumultuous leap of the heart which contradicted the words. "And what is there, I should like to know, that all the Abbey can see?"

"If you think I'm going to tell you the nonsense that is flying about, and put fancies in your little head!" said the old Irishwoman, "go your ways, and see that your frock is in order; and I'll run in and see you dressed, me pet, and I'll bring the brooch and the box with me best ribbons; maybe at the last you'll change your mind."

Lottie went home with her head in the clouds; was she indeed "born to luck"? Was she going to be transplanted at once without the tedious probation which even in poetry, even in story-books, the good heroine has generally to go through, into that heaven of wealth and rank and luxurious surroundings which she felt to be her proper sphere? It was not that Lottie cared for luxury in its vulgarer forms; she liked what was beautiful and stately — the large noble rooms, the dignified aspect which life bore when unconnected with those small schemes and strugglings in which her existence was spent; but above all she liked, it must be allowed, to be uppermost, to feel herself on the highest round of the ladder, and hated and re-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

sisted with all her soul the idea of being inferior to anybody. This was the thing above all others which Lottie could not bear. She had been brought up with the idea that she belonged by right of nature to the upper classes, a caste entirely removed by immutable decree of Providence from shopkeepers and persons engaged in trade, and to whom it was comparatively immaterial whether they were poor or rich, nothing being able to alter the birthright which united them with all that was high and separated them from all that was low. But this right had not been acknowledged at St. Michael's. She and her family had been mixed up in the crowd along with the O'Shaughnessys, and the Dalrymples, and all sorts of common people; and nobody, not even the O'Shaughnessys, had been impressed by the long descent of the Despard family and its unblemished gentility. Something else then evidently was requisite to raise her to her proper place, to the sphere to which she belonged. Lottie would not have minded poverty, or difficulty, or hard work, had she been secure of her "position;" but that was just the thing of which in present circumstances she was least secure. It was for this reason that Lady Caroline's notice was sweet to her — for this that she had been so deeply disappointed when no sign of amity was accorded to her on the wedding-day. And this was why her heart leapt with such bewildering hope and excitement at the new event in her career. She did not know Mr. Ridsdale; perhaps his admiration or even his love were little worth having; and nothing but what are called interested motives could have possibly moved Lottie to the thrill of pleasure with which she contemplated his supposed attachment. A girl whose head is turned by the mere idea of a lover who can elevate her above her neighbors, without any possibility of love on her part to excuse the bedazzlement, is not a very fine or noble image; yet Lottie's head was turned, not vulgarly, not meanly, but with an intoxication that was full of poetry and all that is most ethereal in romance. A tender, exquisite gratitude to the man who thus seemed to have chosen her, without any virtue of hers, filled her heart; and to the great lady who, though so lofty, and usually cold as marble to the claims of those beneath her, could thus forget her pride for Lottie. This feeling of gratitude softened all the other emotions in her mind. She was ready to be wooed, but then the very manner of the first step in this process, the lingering outside her window, which was a sign of the tenderest, most delicate, and reverential love-making (but she did not think it so in the case of poor young Purcell), showed what a respectful, ethereal, poetical wooing it would be. Thus Lottie's whole being was full of the most tremulous, delicious happiness, all made up of hope and anticipation, and grateful admiration of the fine, generous sentiments of her supposed lover, even while it was founded, as you may say, on self-interest and ambition, and sentiments which were not generous at all.

And with what a flutter at her heart she put on her white muslin frock, which (not having any confidence in Mrs. Jones) she ironed herself most carefully and skilfully, with such interest in keeping it fresh as no Mrs. Jones in the world could have. For girls who have no ornaments to speak of, how kind summer is, providing roses, which are always the most suitable of decorations! One knot of them in her hair and one at her breast — what could Lottie want more? Certainly not the big brooch with Major O'Shaughnessy in his red coat, which her old friend was so anxious to pin the roses with. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy thought it would be "such a finish," and prove satisfactorily that it was not poverty but fancy that made Lottie decorate herself with fresh flowers instead of the fine artificial wreath with a nice, long trail down the back, which was what the old lady herself would have preferred. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, however, was mollified by the girl's acceptance of the Indian shawl which she brought to wrap her in. "And you might just carry it into the room with you, me dear, as if ye might feel chilly," said the old lady, "for it's a beauty, and I should like me Lady Caroline to see it. I doubt if she's got one like it. Good-night and a pleasant evening to ye, me honey," she cried, as under charge of Law, and with her dress carefully folded up, Lottie with her beating heart went across the broad gravel of the Dean's Walk to the Deanery door. It was a lovely summer night, not dark at all, and the signor was practising in the Abbey, and the music, rolling forth in harmonious thunders, rose now more now less distinct as the strain grew softer or louder. A great many people were strolling about, loitering, when Lottie came out, skimming over the road in her little white shoes, with the roses in her hair. All the rest of her modest splendors were hidden by the shawl, but these could not be hidden. The people about all turned their

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

heads to look at her. She was going to the Deanery. It was the same in St. Michael's as visiting the queen.

The dean's dinner-party had been of a slightly heavy description. There were several of the great people from the neighborhood, county people whom it was necessary to ask periodically. It was so distinctly made a condition, at the beginning of this story, that we were not to be expected to describe the doings on Olympus, nor give the reader an insight into the behavior of the gods and goddesses, that we feel ourselves happily free from any necessity of entering into the solemn grandeur of the dinner. It was like other dinners in that region above all the clouds. The ladies were fair and the gentlemen wise, and they talked about other ladies and gentlemen not always perhaps equally wise or fair. Mr. Rollo Ridsdale was the greatest addition to the party. He knew all the very last gossip of the clubs. He knew what Lord Sarum said to Knowsley, upbraiding him for the indiscretion of his last Guildhall speech. "But everybody knows that Knowsley is nothing if not indiscreet," Rollo said; and he knew that, after all, whatever any one might say to the contrary, Lady Martingale *had* gone off with Charley Crowther, acknowledging that nothing in the world was of any consequence to her in comparison. "Such an infatuation!" for, as everybody knew, Charley was no Adonis. Lady Caroline shook her head over this, as she eat her chicken (or probably it was something much nicer than chicken that Lady Caroline ate). And thus the *ménu* was worked through. There was but one young lady in the party, and even she was married. In Augusta's time the young people were always represented, but it did not matter so much now. When all these ladies rose at last in their heavy dresses that swept the carpet, and in their diamonds which made a flicker and gleam of light about their heads and throats, and swept out to the drawing-room: all, with that one exception, over middle age, all well acquainted with each other, knowing the pedigrees and the possessions each of each, and with society in general for their common ground, the reader will tremble to think of such a poor little thing as Lottie, in her white muslin, with the roses in her hair, standing trembling in a corner of the big drawing-room, and waiting for the solemn stream of silk and satin, and society, in which she would have been engulfed at once, swallowed up and seen no more. And what would have happened to Lottie, had she been alone, without any one to stand by her in the midst of this overflowing, we shrink from contemplating; but happily she had already found a companion to hold head with her against the stream.

For when Lottie came in, she found some one before her in the drawing-room, a tall, very thin man, with stooping shoulders, who stood by the corner of the mantelpiece, on which there were candles, holding a book very close to his eyes. When Lottie went in, with her heart in her mouth, he turned round, thinking that the opening of the door meant the coming of the ladies. The entrance, instead, of the one young figure, white and slender, and of Lottie's eyes encountering him, full of fright and anxiety, yet with courage in them — the look that was intended for Lady Caroline, and which was half a prayer, "Be kind to me!" as well as perhaps the tenth part of a defiance — made a great impression upon the solitary inmate of the room. He was as much afraid of what he thought a beautiful young lady, as Lottie was of the mistress of the house.

After this first moment, however, when she perceived that there was nobody alarming, only a gentleman (an *old* gentleman, Lottie contemptuously, or rather carelessly concluded, though he was not more in reality than about five-and-thirty), she regained her composure, and her heart went back to its natural place. Lottie knew very well who the gentleman was, though he did not know her. It was Mr. Ashford, one of the minor canons, a very shy and scholarly person, rather out of his element in a community which did not pretend to much scholarship or any special devotion to books. Perhaps he was the only man in St. Michael's whom Lottie had ever really desired to make acquaintance with on his own account; but indeed it was scarcely on his own account, but on account of Law, about whom she was always so anxious. Mr. Ashford took pupils, with whom he was said to be very successful. He lived for his pupils, people said, and thought of nothing else but of how to get them into shape and push them on. It had been Lottie's dream ever since she came to St. Michael's to get Law under Mr. Ashford's care; and after she had recovered the shock of getting into the room, and the mingled thrill of relief and impatience at finding that there was nobody there as yet to be afraid of, Lottie, whose heart always rose to any emergency, began to speculate how she could make friends with Mr. Ashford. She was

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

not afraid of him: he was short-sighted, and he was awkward and shy, and a great deal more embarrassed by her look than she was by his. And he was being badly used — much more badly used than she was. For Lottie reflected, with indignation, that to ask a gentleman like Mr. Ashford after dinner, was an insult to him, and that he must therefore stand in need of consolation and support. She ranged herself by him instantly, instinctively. They were the two who were being condescended to, being taken notice of — they were the natural opponents consequently of the fine people, the people who condescended and patronized. Mr. Ashford, on his side, stood and looked at her, and did not know what to do. He did not know who she was. She was a beautiful young lady, and he knew he had seen her in the Abbey; but further than this Mr. Ashford knew nothing of Lottie. The signs which would have betrayed her lowly condition to an experienced eye said nothing to him. Her white muslin might have been satin for anything he could tell, her little pearl locket a priceless ornament. He did not know how to address such a dazzling creature, though to any ordinary person in society Lottie's attire would have suggested bread-and-butter, and nothing dazzling at all.

"It is a beautiful evening," said Lottie, a little breathless. "It is scarcely dark yet, though it is half-past nine o'clock."

To both these unquestionable statements Mr. Ashford said "Yes," and then he felt himself called upon to make a contribution in return. "I have just found a book which somebody must have been reading," he said, growing red with the effort.

"Oh, yes; is it a very interesting book? What is it about?" said Lottie, but this was something for which Mr. Ashford was not prepared. He got redder than ever and cleared his throat.

"Oh! it does not seem about anything in particular. I have not really had time to read it;" then he made a hasty dash at an abstract subject, and said, with a falter in his voice, "Are — are you fond of reading?" This question at once lit up Lottie's face.

"Oh, *very*, very fond! But I have not many books nor much time. I always envy people who can read everything they please. Mr. Ashford, I wonder if I might speak to you about something — before they come in," said Lottie, coming a step nearer, and looking eagerly at him with her dangerous blue eyes.

Mr. Ashford got the better of his shyness in a moment. It did not embarrass him when there was anything to be done. He smiled upon her with a most beautiful beaming smile which altogether changed the character of his face, and put a chair for her, which Lottie, however, did not take. "Surely," he said, in his melodious voice, suddenly thawed out of the dryness which always got into his throat when he spoke first to a stranger. It has not yet been said that Mr. Ashford's chief quality as respected the community at St. Michael's was an unusually beautiful mellow voice. This was his chief claim, as it was Lottie's only one, to entertainment at the Deanery. "If there is any way in which I can be of use to you?" he said.

"Oh yes; so much use! They say you think a great deal about your pupils, Mr. Ashford," said Lottie, "and I have a brother whom nobody thinks much about ——"

That was the moment Lady Caroline chose to return to the drawing-room. The door opened, the ladies swept in one by one, the first looking suspiciously at both Mr. Ashford and Lottie, the second who knew Mr. Ashford giving him a smile of recognition, and looking suspiciously only at Lottie, the rest following some one example, some the other. Lottie knew not one of them. She looked trembling for Lady Caroline, and hoped she would be kind, and save her from the utter desolation of standing alone in this smiling and magnificent company. But Lady Caroline, coming in last of all, only made her usual salutation to the stranger. She said, "Good evening, Miss Despard," as she swept her long train of rustling silk over the carpet close to Lottie's trembling feet, but she put out her hand to Mr. Ashford. "It was so good of you to come," she said. Alas! Lottie was not even to have the comfort of feeling on the same footing with the minor canon. He was carried off from her just as he had begun to look on her with friendly eyes. The stream floated towards the other side of the room, where Lady Caroline seated herself on her favorite square sofa. Lottie was left standing all alone against the soft grey of the wall, lighted up by the candles on the mantelpiece. When a person belonging to one class of society ventures to put a rash foot on the sacred confines of another, what has she to expect? It is an old story, and Lottie had gone through it before, and ought to have had more sense, you will say, than to encounter it again. But the silly girl felt it as much as

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

if she had not quite known what would happen to her. She stood still there feeling unable to move, one wave of mortification and indignation going over her after another. How could they be so cruel? What did they ask her for if they meant to leave her to stand there by herself? And Mr. Ashford, too, was cruel. She had made up her mind to stand by him; but he had been carried away by the first touch; he had not stood by her. Lottie could have torn off the roses with which she had decked herself so hopefully, and stamped her foot upon them. She almost wished she had the courage to do it, to cry out to those careless people and let them see what unkindness they were doing. Meantime she made a very pretty picture without knowing it. "Look at that pretty, sulky girl against the wall," said the young married lady to her mother. "Lady Caroline must have set her there on purpose to look handsome and ill-tempered. How handsome she is! I never saw such eyelashes in my life; but as sulky as a thunder-cloud."

"Go and talk to her and then she will not be sulky," said the mother, who, though by instinct she had looked suspiciously at Lottie, was not unkind; nay, was a kind woman when she saw any need for it. Neither were the others unkind — but they did not see any need for it. It was Lady Caroline's business, they thought, to entertain her own guests.

Lottie, however, had her triumph later when she sang, all the whispered conversation in the room stopping out of sheer astonishment. Her voice had developed even within the last month or two, during which there had been no singing in the Deanery, and as the signor, who had come in after his practising, played her accompaniments for her, and did his very best to aid and heighten the effect of her songs, her success was complete. He had never accompanied her before, which was a fact Lottie did not remember. And she did not notice either in her preoccupation — thinking nothing of this but much of less important matters — that he knew everything she could sing best, and humored, and flattered, and coaxed her voice to display itself to the very fullest advantage, as only a skilful accompanyist can. No doubt he had his motive. As for Rollo Ridsdale, he stood on the other side of the piano looking at Lottie with a gaze which seemed to go through and through her. It meant in fact the real enthusiasm of a man who knew exactly what such talent was worth, and the less practical but still genuine enthusiasm of the amateur who knew what the music was worth as well as the voice. In the one point of view he saw Lottie's defects, in the other he saw all that could be made of her. An English prima donna! a real native talent as good as anything that ever came out of Italy, and capable of producing any amount of national enthusiasm! Rollo's eyes shone, his face lighted up, he did not know how to express his delight. He said to himself that she would make "all our fortunes," with an exaggeration common to his kind. "I knew I was to be charmed, Miss Despard, but I did not know what delight was in store for me," he said, with eyes that said still more than his words. Lottie's eyes with their wonderful lashes sank before his. He thought it was perhaps a pretty trick to show that remarkable feature, and since he was sensible at all points to the beautiful, he did full justice to them. "By Jove! how well she would look on the stage! Those eyelashes themselves! that pose! What a pensive Marguerite, what a Lucia she would make!" He longed to rush up to town by the late train and rush upon his astonished partner, shouting, "I have found her!" "You will not deny me one more?" he said, turning to her with glowing eyes.

Poor silly Lottie! She grew crimson with pleasure and excitement, pale with excitement and feeling. What did she know about the young fellow's motives? She knew only that he had kept watch at her window, lounging about for a glimpse of her, a thing which to be sure explains itself; and that every note she sang seemed to make him happier and happier, and more and more adoring. The incense was delicious to her. She had never had it before (except perhaps from poor young Purcell — a nobody! what did he matter?), and the happiness of flattered vanity and soothed pride raised her to a pinnacle and climax of soft delight, such as she had never thought possible. It seemed almost more than Lottie could bear. Even Lady Caroline was so flattered by the plaudits addressed to her on the entertainment she had provided for her guests, that a sense of superior discrimination came over her placid mind, pleasantly exciting its tranquillity. "Yes, I knew that she was going to have a beautiful voice," she said. And she smiled, and accepted the thanks with an agreeable sense that she had deserved them. As for Rollo Ridsdale, it was he who got Miss Despard's shawl and wrapped her in it when the dreadful moment came, as he said, for her departure.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"You have no carriage; you live on the other side of the way; then you must permit me to see you to your door," he said, "and to thank you once more for all the pleasure you have given me. This will be a white day in my recollection; I shall begin the dates in my history from the time when I first heard —— "

"Mr. Ashford is going Miss Despard's way. And, Rollo, your aunt wants you, I think. We have all been so much delighted that we have forgotten the progress of time, and Lady Caroline is not very strong. Mr. Ashford," said the dean, "I am sure we may leave to you the privilege of seeing Miss Despard to her own door."

"And I am here," said the signor. Nevertheless, poor Lottie felt as if she had stepped suddenly out of heaven to earth again when she found herself between the musician and the minor canon outside the Deanery door.

CHAPTER VI.

LAW.

LAW went with his sister dutifully to the door in the great cloister. He did not care much for the honor and glory of going to the Deanery, but he was pleased to walk with Lottie in her pretty evening dress with the roses in her hair. This gave him a certain gratification and sense of family pride, though he scoffed at that sentiment in general. Law did not feel that on the whole he had much to be proud of. Still, he was proud of Lottie, who was a creature quite out of the common, and like nobody else he had ever seen. He waited till the Deanery door was opened to her. That was a world of which Law knew nothing, and did not want to know anything. How Lottie had managed to get among these fine people, and why she liked to get among them, were equally strange to him. He admired her for the first, and wondered at her for the last. She was the only lady belonging to the chevaliers who had ever got footing in the Deanery; and this was just like Lottie, just what he would have expected from her, he said to himself; but how she could stand those old fogies, with their pride and their finery, that was what he could not tell. All the same, it gave him a certain gratification to leave her there in her element among the great people. And when the door closed upon him Law went off about his own business. He went through the cloister, and a curious little back cloister beyond — for there were many intricacies about the Abbey, the different degrees of the hierarchy being very distinct, one cloister for the chapter, another for the minor people, and a third for the lay clerks. He went through the little square of the minor cloister, and came out upon a stone staircase which abridged the slopes of St. Michael's Hill, and led straight down into the town. The lights had begun to be lighted in the picturesque street which wound round the foot of the hill; they twinkled here and there in the shops opposite, and appeared in glimmers in the villages across the river. The dim, misty plain lying doubly broad in the twilight, stretching out vaguely to the sky, was here and there defined by one of those twinkles which showed where a group of houses stood together. The town was all out in the streets and on the river this lovely evening: boats floating dimly about the stream, people walking vaguely up and down the hill. And the air was filled with pleasant, soft, uncertain sounds of talking, of footsteps, now and then the clocks chiming or striking, and a bugle sounding faint and far from where the soldiers were quartered, for there was a military depôt not far off. Law stopped at the head of the Steps, as they were called, and looked down over all this scene. The mere notion of being out in the *grand air*, as the French call it, with somehow a fuller sense of space and width than we can find a word for, was pleasant to Law; but if he paused, it was neither to enjoy the picture before him, nor was it because he had no definite place to go to. He knew very well where he was going. No vagueness on that point was in his mind, and he did not care a brass farthing for the landscape; but he paused at the head of the steps and looked about, just as a child will pause before eating his cake, a pause of anticipation and spiritual enjoyment of the dainty before it goes to his lips. Then he ran down the steps three at a time, skimming down the long flights, turning the corners like a bird. To take care of his sister had been duty, but Law was about his own business now.

What was Law's business? In all St. Michael's there was not a more idle boy. He was over eighteen, and he did nothing. Vague hopes that he would get some appointment — that something would turn up for him — that he would suddenly awake and find himself in an office somehow, doing something and making money — had been in his own mind and that of his family all his life. Law had no objection. Had some one taken him and set him down at once in any office, it was quite possible that he might have done the best he could in his place, and succeeded as

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

well as most men; but in the mean time there were a great many preliminaries to go through, for which Law had never been required or encouraged to fit himself. In these days of examination, when the pitifullest little bit of an office builds up those prickly thorns, those red-hot ploughshares before its door, how was he to get into any office without education? He had spent all his earlier years, as has been seen, in eluding school as cleverly as possible, and doing as little as he could of his lessons; and now here he was on the verge of manhood, with nothing to do and no great wish to do anything; a great, straight, powerful young fellow, without any absolute aim or tendency to evil, but good for nothing, not capable of anything, with neither purpose nor object in his life. He could row very well when any one would give him an oar. He was not amiss at cricket when any one asked him to play. He could walk with any man, and had won a race or two, and was quite capable of competing for a high jump, or for throwing a cricket-ball, or any of those useful accomplishments; but as for anything else he was not capable. He hated books with that sincere and earnest hatred which seems possible only to those who know books to be the preliminary of everything — a peculiarity of this examining age. Never before surely was such a candid and thorough detestation of the tools of knowledge possible. Law knew that no door could possibly open to him without them, and therefore he hated and despised them, illogically, no doubt, but very cordially all the same; and so went drifting along upon the stream, not asking what was to become of him, never thinking much of the subject, though he suffered greatly from want of pocket-money, and would gladly have made some exertion from time to time to obtain that, had he known what to do.

This want of pocket-money is the grand drawback to the education or no education of the youths of the nineteenth century. So long as they can have enough of that, what a pleasant life is theirs! For it does you no particular harm to be supposed to be "working for an examination," so long as you don't work much for that, and are exempted, for the sake of it, from all other kinds of work. Boating and cricketing and running races, and every kind of exercise, are known nowadays to be compatible with the hardest mental labor, and he is a stern parent indeed who interferes with his son's training in such essential points. But all these delights are more or less dependent upon pocket-money. Law, whose bread and cheese had never yet failed, and whose conscience was not active, would have found his life quite pleasant but for that; but it was hard upon him not to be able to pay his subscription to a cricket-club, nor the hire of a boat, nor even the entry-money for a race, though that was sure to repay itself abundantly if he won it. This was very hard upon him, and often stimulated him to the length of a resolution that he would work to-morrow and conquer all his subjects, and "scrape through" by sheer force of will, so as to have an income of his own. But the habit of idleness unfortunately overcame the resolution next morning, which was a pity, and Law "loafed," as he himself said, not being able to afford to "do anything." It is needless to inform the instructed who have to do with youths working for examinations, that it is cricket and boating and athletics these heroes mean when they talk of "having something to do."

Law, however, had a pleasure before him which had no connection with pocket-money. He went straight down with the directness of habit, till he came to a lane very tortuous and narrow, crowded with builders'-yards and coal-merchants, and affording glimpses of the little wharves where a little traffic was carried on, edging the river. Threading his way through them, he came to a red-brick house, the front of which overhung the stream with its projecting gable. Law went in through a door which stood open always, and showed signs of much and constant use. There were lodgings up-stairs, which were very pleasant in summer, and which were always let, and made a very comfortable item in the earnings of the family; but it was not up-stairs that Law went, though that would have done him good. On the first floor, in the room with the square window, which overlooked and indeed overhung the river, the excellent curate was living with whom Law occasionally "read," and to whom no doubt he would have said he was going had Lottie seen him at this door. But Law had no intention of disturbing the curate, who for his part did not want his pupil. He passed the staircase altogether, and pushed open a green baize door, beyond which was a short passage leading into a room, all ablaze with gas. The door of the room was wide open, and so were the windows, to admit all the air that was possible, and round the large table between sat three or four young women working and talking.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

They were very busy; the great table was covered with silk and muslin, and all kinds of flimsy trimming, and though they chatted they were working as for bare life. As Law sauntered in they all looked up for a moment, and threw a smile or a nod or half a dozen words at him, but scarcely intermitted a stitch. "We're awful busy; we can't so much as look at you; we've got some wedding things to finish for to-morrow," said one fair-haired girl who seemed specially to appropriate his visit. She pushed her chair a little aside without pausing in her work, as if accustomed to make room for him; and Law took a chair and placed it sideways, so that he could lean his idle elbow on the table between this busy needlewoman and the rest. Perhaps as a stormy sea gives zest to the enjoyment of tranquillity on shore, so the extreme occupation of this workroom made him feel his own absolute leisure more delightful.

"Who is going to be married?" he said.

"Oh, you know just as well as I do. I am sure you have heard us talking of it for the last week. Polly, didn't you tell Mr. Despard all about it? It's a lady, you know. It's Miss Hare at the Golden Eagle, who is one of your papa's great friends. I don't know what the captain will do when she's gone. Polly, do you?"

"I don't know what the captain has to do with her, nor me neither," said the young lady at the head of the table. The rest of the girls were sisters, with fair frizzy locks a little out of order after the long day's work, what with the warmth of the room, and the fluttering of the faint breeze from the river that ruffled the well-crimped tresses. But Polly was of a different stamp. She had a mountain of dark brown hair upon her head in plaits and curls and puffs innumerable, and though she was sallow in complexion, had commanding features, a grand aquiline nose, and brilliant eyes. "The captain nor me, we haven't much to say to that sort," said Polly. "I don't go with them that has a word and a laugh for everybody. What I like is a young lady that respects herself. If you work for your living, that's not to say that you ain't as good as the best of them. Stick up for yourself, and other folks will think of you according, that's what I say."

"I am sure Miss Hare always sticks up for herself," said the girl by Law's side. "Going to be married in a veil, like one of the quality!"

"And so would I, if it was me," cried Polly. "The quality! What are they better than us, only they've got a pocket-ful of money? If I was the queen, I'd do away with them all. I'd be the queen, and all the rest should be the people. There shouldn't be one more than another, or one greater than another, only me. And then shouldn't I do whatever I pleased, and cut off their heads if they said a word?"

This instinctive perception of the secret of despotism made Law laugh, who thought he knew a great deal better. "It would be a funny world with Queen Polly over it," he said. "I hope you'd take me for your prime minister."

Polly gave him a look of saucy malice. "I'd take the captain," she said.

"Has he been here to-night, Emma? I think he's always coming here," said Law, under his breath. It was a kind of growl which the young fellow gave out when he spoke low, in the voice which not very long ago had been treble, a soprano, as clear and pure as Lottie's — but it was extremely bass now.

"He wants to know," said Emma, with a glance at the others as she pinned her work straight, "if the captain has been here;" upon which there was a chorus of laughter, making Law red and angry. He turned upon them with a furious look.

"I should like to know how you would all like it," said the boy, "if your governor were to come poking in the very same place where ——"

"Oh, you may make yourself quite easy, Mr. Lawrence," said Polly, with a toss of her elaborately-dressed head. "He don't meddle with you. The captain is a man of taste, he ain't a boy like some folks. He knows what's what, the captain does. Other girls may have their fancies; I don't say anything against that, but give me a man as knows the world, and knows what he wants. That's the sort for me."

"She gets more insufferable than ever. I wonder how you can put up with her," said Law under his breath.

"Doesn't she!" said Emma in a whisper. "I wish she had never come into our workroom; but she has taste, mother says, and we have to put up with it. Everything has to give way to the work," the girl added, threading her needle; and as she made a knot upon the end of the new thread, she shook her head with a sigh.

Everything has to give way to the work! Law could not but smile, feeling the superiority of his gentlemanhood. With him it was the work that gave way to everything. "Poor little Em!" he said, with

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

a little laugh. She was only seventeen, a year younger than he was; her fore-finger was seamed into furrows with her needle, and sometimes bled, which called forth no sympathy, but only scoldings, from the forewoman or her mother, when an unlucky red mark appeared on a hem. Emma did not very much mind the scoldings, which came natural to her, and she never made any comparison of herself with Law. He was *a gentleman*, that made all the difference. And it was a great deal nicer, and much more important, to have such a fine fellow to keep company with, than a young painter or carpenter, or even a tailor, which was what 'Liza had to be content with. Mr. Despard was a very different sort of person. As Law whispered to her, Emma felt her heart swell with pride. She went on with her work all the same, sometimes threatening to prick him with the needle which was at the end of that long thread. Emma was only "running a skirt," not trusted as yet with the more difficult parts of the work, and she pointed her needle at Law's nose when he came too close. But it was very sweet to her to have him there. Polly might brag as she pleased of the captain — the captain was old, and what was the good of him? He did nothing but puff Polly up with pride, the younger girls thought, and nothing would ever come of it. But Law was young, and there was no telling what might come of that. Emma threatened him with her needle, but in her heart was very proud of him. And there he sat and talked to her, while Lottie was having her little triumph among all the fine people at the rectory. The Welting girls were all pleased to have Law there. They liked to talk of Mr. Despard, "from the castle," and how they "could not keep him out of their workroom." By-and-by they began to joke about his idleness, the only idle one among so busy a company. "Can't you give him something simple to do — a skirt to run up or a long hem?" "Oh yes," said Emma. "Do, Polly, he bothers me so I can't get my skirt done." Polly opened her drawer and drew out from it the current number of a distinguished periodical, which all these young women admired.

"I'll tell you what he can do," she said, "and make himself useful — for we've got to sit up all night a'most, and there's nothing makes work go like reading out loud. Mr. Lawrence, if you want to be as good as your professions, and help us young ladies on, as are far harder worked than the like of you knows of even, there's the last number of the *Family Herald*, and we're all that anxious we don't know how to bear it, to hear how Lady Araminta got on ——"

"Oh, give it me," said Emma, with her eyes sparkling. "Oh, give it me! Oh, you nasty, cruel creature, to have it in your drawer all the time, and never to tell!"

"I'll give it to Mr. Despard," said Polly; "and we'll all be done half as soon again if he'll read it out loud ——"

"Give it here," said Law with lordly good-nature, and he began at once upon his task. How the needles flew as he read! Lady Araminta was a wonderful heroine. She wore nothing less than velvet and satin, and carried her diamonds about with her wherever she went, and the title-deeds of her estate in the bosom of her dress. Law leaned his long arm on the table, sometimes pausing to take breath and playing with Emma's pins and cotton. He would thus tantalize them now and then, when the story grew most exciting and his auditors most breathless. He was *bon prince* among them all, very good-natured and willing to please them, though Emma had his special vows. His head was not so much turned as was the head of virtuous Lottie, listening to the applause of Mr. Rollo Ridsdale, but he was very happy with this little court about him all the same.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

NATURAL RELIGION.

X.

The instinct on which we pride ourselves in political contests seems to desert us in religious. In politics we firmly grasp the principle that the issue must always be practical, never merely logical or speculative. We steadfastly put aside the question, Is this or that true? and as steadfastly keep before our eyes the question, Ought this or that to be done? It is curious to see that in the great religious debate of the day the opposite course is followed, and that it is supposed to be a proof of a masculine way of thinking to put aside the question what ought to be done until the public has made up its mind what is true.

We find ourselves surrounded in religion, as in polity, with a vast and ancient system of institutions. Each system has its practical object. If by the political system we defend ourselves against our

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

enemies, and preserve order and shelter industry, so by the religious we have been in the habit of cherishing by co-operation the higher life among us, of worshipping together, of receiving instruction together in the highest matters. Now as to the political system, we have been perfectly well aware that it was a makeshift, that other systems elsewhere might be intrinsically better — nay, we have had no objection to admit that the theory upon which our political constitution was for long periods supposed to rest, might be radically false. And yet we have always steadily refused to entertain the question of pulling this system down and building up another in its place. For a long time we absolutely refused to reform it, for fear of shaking its foundation; and now that we have overcome this timidity, we find that a process of gradual reform may save us the risk and anxiety that would attend all schemes of destructive criticism and fundamental reconstruction.

It would have been possible to proceed in another way. We might have given to dogma the same importance in politics that it has had in religion. Suppose we had formulated in the sixteenth century the principles or beliefs which we supposed to lie at the basis of our national constitution. Suppose we had made a political creed. A very strange creed it would have been! The doctrine of divine right and the power of kings to cure disease, possibly too the whole legend of Brute and the derivation of our state from Troy would have appeared in it. This creed once formulated would have come to be regarded as the dogmatic basis upon which our constitution rested. Then in time criticism would have begun its work, philosophy would have set aside divine right, science would have exploded the belief about the king's evil, historical criticism would have shaken the traditionary history, and each innovation would have been regarded as a blow dealt at the constitution of the country. At last it would have come to be generally thought that the constitution was undermined, that it had been found unable to bear the light of modern science. Men would begin publicly to renounce the constitution; officials would begin to win great applause by resigning their posts from conscientious doubts about the personality of King Arthur; and those who continued orthodox would declare that they felt more respect for such persons, much as they deplored their heresies, than they could feel for other officials who continued to receive the emoluments of the State when it was suspected that they had altogether ceased to believe in the cure of the king's evil, and when they explained away with the most shameless laxity the divine right of the sovereign. If any of this latter school, whom we may call the Broad State, should argue that the State was a practical institution, not a sect of people united by holding the same opinions, that it existed to save the country from invasion and houses from burglary, they would be regarded as impudent sophists. Was not the creed there? Were not all officials required to subscribe it? How then could it be affirmed that the State did not stand upon community of opinion, upon dogma? And if any of these sophists were evidently not impudent, but well-meaning and high-minded, they would be regarded as wanting in masculine firmness and the courage to face disagreeable truths. It would be generally agreed that the honest and manly course was to press the controversy firmly to a conclusion, to resist all attempts to confuse the issue, and to keep the public steadily to the fundamental points. Has the sovereign, or has he not, a divine right? Can he, or can he not, cure disease by his touch? Was the country, or was it not, colonized by fugitives from Troy? And if at last the public should come by general consent to decide these questions in the negative, then it would be felt that no weak sentiment ought to be listened to, no idle gratitude to the constitution for having, perhaps, in past times saved the country from Spanish or French invasion; that all such considerations ought sternly to be put aside as irrelevant; that as honest men we were bound to consider, not whether the constitution was useful or interesting, or the like, but whether it was *true*, and if we could not any longer say with our hands on our hearts that it was so, then, in the name of eternal truth, to renounce it and bid it farewell!

In spite of its logical appearance, we should all feel that this course was not only practically absurd, but actually illogical. It does not follow because a creed has been put forward as the basis of an institution and this creed has been disproved that the institution has been deprived of its foundation. There is another alternative. An ungrounded claim may have been made for the creed, and the institution may really stand upon quite a different foundation. When we are told nowadays, See how the tide of scepticism has risen round the creeds of the Church,

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

until the very first article of all is just disappearing beneath the waves! what can possibly remain of the Church, or of Christianity, in this spiritual deluge? It is obvious to answer, Christianity at rate is older than the creeds; is it not possible that a mistake was made when it was supposed that those creeds contained the very essence of Christianity? Surely this is a thing not even unlikely; for history shows that great societies or institutions, rising out of profound needs dimly felt, commonly give a more or less unsatisfactory account of their own origin. It was never supposed that imperial Rome was destroyed when doubt was thrown on the story of the asylum, or papal Rome, when it was questioned whether St. Peter was ever in Italy.

But what we feel most when we are considering political questions is the practical absurdity of this scholastic, dogmatic way of proceeding. To ask a large public to constitute itself into a jury to decide philosophical or critical questions is to put it into a false position. *Ignoramus* is the only verdict which, if it is modest, it will venture in such a case to return. Their views on such matters people must take with what caution they can from those who know better, and they may be sure that they will modify them in the taking, so that the most carefully stated philosophical propositions will acquire something of a mythological character in passing into popular creeds. We are aware in politics that we are only safe in discussing what ought to be done, and that we must carefully avoid raising the question, What is philosophically true? And so, though we are well aware that the State must have a philosophical basis, that there must be some theoretical ground both for authority and liberty, yet we carefully put all these questions aside, and feel that the State is real and indestructible only so long as we see that it defends us, that it gives us prosperity and well-being.

It is not equally easy to maintain this position with respect to our religious constitution. The wants which the State supplies are so urgent and palpable, that in comparison with them all mere political doctrines seem secondary; but the wants of the higher life, on the contrary, are by most of us but dimly felt, and seem shadowy, or, as we call it, sentimental, in comparison with theological dogma. Hence the same public which despises doctrinairism in politics is just as decided and united in despising everything but doctrinairism in religion. It is, in fact, so decided on this point, that it will scarcely listen to argument about it, and seems incapable even of a passing suspicion that it may be wrong. With the same contemptuous laugh with which in politics it puts aside abstract theories for practical needs, it refuses in religion to listen to practical views, and thinks it masculine to look only at articles of technical theology attacked and defended by controversial specialists.

Yet a time will naturally come when men's eyes will be opened to their enormous mistake. Perhaps, indeed, this time is now coming, for it is necessarily brought nearer by every apparent victory of the attacking party in the controversy. So long as the reigning theology maintains itself successfully, no practical question comes in view; but no sooner does it appear shaken than the question occurs, What is to be done? and the assailants themselves, embarrassed by their own success, are compelled, if only for decency's sake, to offer some equivalent for what they destroy. In such moments it flashes upon us all that religion belongs just as little as politics to the schools, and that the concern of practical men in the one department as much as in the other is not with scholastic controversies but with urgent practical needs, and that they deal not with a *tabula rasa* on which a new spiritual house might be built up from the foundation on a new design, but with an ancient house in which we have all lived for centuries, and which it would be exceedingly troublesome and uncomfortable, if not impious, to pull to the ground.

The doctrinaire method might indeed be justified by necessity if certain assumptions which are popularly made were true. If the clergy were right in supposing that they were commissioned to defend an immovable fortress of dogma, that in the original scheme of their religion no allowance was made for such a thing as progress, then indeed it would be impossible for them to regard the spiritual wants of man in the same plain, practical way in which the politician studies those more material wants which are supplied by the State. On this question, however, we need say nothing more; we have dwelt long enough already on that which is too evident to be mistaken, that in the original scheme of Christianity nothing is so grand and admirable as the treatment of progress, no point so capital as the further development which is reserved for the

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

system, and the indefinite vista which is opened in the future of new dispensations not less divine than the old. It is too evident to be mistaken, that, so far from the clerical school being fettered by the terms of their original charter so that they are not allowed to be progressive though they would, it is the narrowness of their own prejudices, the exclusiveness of their own professional pedantry, which reads itself into the Bible, and petrifies and fossilizes what is there full of vitality. But there is a misconception on the opposite side which hinders the attacking party from taking practical views, just as this hinders the clerical party of defence. They think that, though in the State it is quite possible to leave speculative questions in abeyance and proceed at once with practical reforms, this is only because those speculative questions do not affect the essence of the State, about which there is really no difference of opinion; but that it is not possible in the Church, where the question in dispute concerns those fundamental beliefs without which there cannot be a Church, actually the very existence of God and of a future life. However we might decide our disputes in political philosophy, they think it would be still necessary to have law courts and policemen, still essential to pay soldiers to keep off the enemy, and still highly convenient to have a post-office to carry our letters; but if on the contrary the religious debate should go against the Church, we should be obliged at last to pull down our pulpits and sell off our communion-tables, inscribe "eternal sleep" upon our cemeteries, suppress the clerical profession, add the Sunday to the working-days, turn our churches into halls for local business and our cathedrals into county markets or concert-halls, and explain to boys at school and youths at the university that, owing to an unfortunate oversight, the human race had taken a wrong path for about eighteen centuries, during which time it had been practically under a sort of mental derangement, and that now it was necessary to forget as soon as possible that idle dream, cancel the whole library of ecclesiastical history and ecclesiastical literature, and begin again at the point where Greek philosophy and classical literature stood when the Oriental inundation submerged them. This fancy too begins to seem a misconception the more the moment draws near for realizing it. There is really no more question of destroying religion than of destroying the State. The wildest innovators in their wildest fit have recognized this. They always set up some goddess of reason, some image of nature if not some supreme being, in place of the objects of worship which they renounced; and since that time how many more concessions of the same kind have been made by those who have been most uncompromising in their attacks on the reigning theology! Churches of the future have been planned in which the old Church has been freely used as a model, the centuries of Christian history have been found to be replete with admirable instruction — instruction to be found nowhere else; it has been discovered that our modern civilization has grown up, not in spite of the Christian Church, but out of and by means of it. Forms of worship adapted for the Church of the future are in preparation or expected, and it is thought that even though death be in reality an eternal sleep, yet it will not in the long run be advisable to say so; but that we must resort again to those "evasive tropes," of "subjective immortality," or "posthumous activity," or the like, which poor humanity has positively never had the fortitude to dispense with since the day when the shade of Achilles reproved Ulysses for "calling death out of its name."

Assuredly many more concessions of the same kind will be made in the future. As the sceptics, who hitherto have had all the irresponsibility of opposition, begin to familiarize themselves with the practical aspect of the subject, they will discover that many dogmas, many phrases to which they have urged abstract objections, may yet practically be quite well allowed to pass, and at times they will feel ashamed of the tastelessness of their captiousness, which has mistaken poetry and prophecy for logic, and criticised the visions of enthusiastic hope as if they were meant for simple matter of fact. Their conversion would be greatly hastened by a little more generosity on the part of their opponents. If it were acknowledged not merely that much of what is urged in the name of modern science may be true even though it seems opposed to clerical formularies, but that it may be actually that addition to our religious knowledge, that further revelation which Christianity itself promises, then it would become still more readily comprehensible that the religious controversy of the age is not the internecine thing it seems to be, and that there is no reason to suppose that it ought to take precedence of all practical religious re-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

forms, and ought to be settled before they can be seriously attended to.

Much has been said of a reconciliation between religion and science upon the ground of speculative controversy; but the terms proposed have generally involved the complete submission of one side or the other, with just some slight salve for its wounded vanity. In speculative controversy, where the only object is speculative truth, all such transactions are corrupt and illusory. What is needed is no such reconciliation between the specialists on both sides, but a proper contempt for the specialists on the part of practical men. Just as in great political crises the lawyers have been pushed on one side, so in great religious crises should the theologians and the scientists. And this would promptly be done if we had the same grasp of the substance of religion which in some countries men have had of the substance of politics. For then we should know that it is the nature of the specialist to be one-sided, that he pays for his special knowledge in a peculiar ignorance of the value and the bearings of it, and that he can scarcely escape, even if he would, from the position and views of an advocate. Do we suppose that religion will be the better for being made the subject of an endless professional litigation? Will not the estate be swallowed up in the costs of the suit?

What this substance of religion is, these papers have been intended to make clear. They have labored to show that no dogmas whatever, not even that of a future life, not even that of a (so-called) personal God, are of such importance that religious life must be suspended, practical religious reforms adjourned until the professional disputants can come to a conclusion about them; nay, that Christianity itself does not depend upon them so absolutely as is supposed. It is true, that if there is no future life for man the value of the present life sinks so much, that any kind of earnestness begins to seem affected and uncalled for, all moral systems and disciplines seem a waste of trouble; but even then we should remain Christians rather than anything else; even then, practical men would call it wise to make the best of a spiritual constitution, in which "nineteen hundred years have garnered up their hopes and fears," which has actually brought together, nursed, and educated to civilization, all the progressive races — which has amassed for mankind an inestimable treasure of sacred memories, sacred thought, sacred imagination — rather than to supersede it by another, which after all the exhausting convulsions of the Revolution could teach nothing which could not be equally well taught now if the progressive character of Christianity were once restored to it. But if we stop at all short of the absolute negation of a future life — if we only think with Mr. Mill the hope of it worth studious cherishing, then it becomes at once frivolous to allow the disputes of the schools to interrupt us in the work of removing the corruptions and improving the machinery by which the higher life, by which religion, is kept alive and spread among populations always gravitating downwards towards the life of the beaver, or fox, or swine.

There is but one consideration that could make us think otherwise, and it need not affect us much in England. When a religious system, great and true in its first conception, has merely fallen into the hands of a profession, and so been crippled and made petty, sentimental, and childish, nothing is needed but to rescue and restore it. But it may no doubt sink lower, so that its intrinsic merits can no longer save it, nay, positively increase the necessity of destroying it. If we looked at Christianity with the eyes of a French Liberal, if we saw it not merely hampered by a feeble clericalism, but made the tool of a powerful and subtle sacerdotalism, the case would be very different. Then we might say, it concerns us little what the original character of Christianity may have been. It comes before us as part and parcel of a system which crushes us. If it was originally beautiful and glorious, so much the worse; our enemy is made all the more mischievous by being dressed in such charms. We cannot afford to do it justice when we meet it in company with that which threatens us with destruction. An echo of this is heard in our English religious controversies. Charges are brought against Christianity which have no meaning here, but would be quite reasonable where Christianity is practically convertible with Ultramontanism and Jesuitism. English Liberalism confounds its cause too much with the Liberalism of the Continent, and talks wildly, as if it were struggling with an organized cosmopolitan priesthood; nay, it actually turns against a Church dependent on the State the arguments and the invective which were originally used against a Church whose offence it is to have practically deprived the State of its independence. A foreign definition of Christianity has crept in among us which identifies it with the organized Church of the Middle Ages. Such a definition is wholly out of place in a country

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

which has for centuries drawn its religious inspiration from the Bible. To our people, the Church of the Middle Ages, that Church against the survival of which Continental Liberalism struggles, is a thing which would be unknown, even by tradition, but for some cathedrals which witness of its glory, and for Smithfield memories, which attest the fierceness of its last struggles. The Christianity which has influenced us so powerfully, and is still so fresh in all our minds, has scarcely anything in common with that mediæval Church. It has, in fact, scarcely any connection with the Middle Ages. Its Bible is not a mediæval book, but a book of the ancient world restored to general use and knowledge in the Renaissance. Our popular Christianity has its beginning where mediævalism ends; its earliest traditions are of a struggle like that of modern Liberalism against spiritual tyranny; the great occurrences in its history are emancipations, resistances, heroic achievements, the defeat of the Armada, the Covenant, the voyage of the "Mayflower," the emancipation of the slave. Priestly influence has here and there played a great part in it, as in Scotland; but the staple of its history, as of its Bible, deals with a resistance to priestly influence, and sets up the prophet against the priest or the scribe.

Let us not passively echo the party brawls of other countries as if we had not party brawls enough of our own. And let us not allow our own religious life to sink into a mere party brawl. Party life just now is at a low ebb among us, as well as religious life. There is a strong feeling that each may be enlivened a little by contact with the other. Sometimes we think we could almost feel religious again if we had a good squabble about a conscience clause. Sometimes, on the other hand, we feel that we should have more enjoyment of our Liberalism if there were a Church to disestablish. Surely cynicism could scarcely be carried to a greater length than in the recent suggestion that the Liberal party might get back to office if the Nonconformists could see their way to an organized onslaught upon the Church.

If we sweep away the cobwebs of inherited prejudices and inveterate partisanship, we shall see at the bottom of these Church controversies a practical question of vast importance which there is hope of solving by union, but not by disunion. We see the struggle of the lower with the higher life.

If this phrase, lower life, or the old religious phrase, world, seems vague, let us translate them into the language of plain facts. We mean then that each class of society shows in its own way that when the mere cares of livelihood are satisfied, or if they are not felt, it does not know how to pass the time. In other words, it has no life beyond that of the animal. Is it vague to say that the lower classes *will* go to the public-house? This means that when they have their wages they can think of nothing else which they would like to do but to drink and chat. Is it vague to say that the middle class in general is given up to money-making, that the small part of their life which is otherwise occupied falls into humdrum uniformity without charm or freshness; that they measure men's worth and importance by their wealth, and that in choosing the occupation by which money is to be made they are generally ready to renounce any inborn preference or vocation for the chance of making a larger sum? Is it vague to say of the higher classes that they appear to have lost the high ambitions which used once not to be uncommon among them, that they are neither performing great public services nor setting the example they might set of a dignified, beautiful, and beneficent life, but, their animal wants being satisfied, appear to desire nothing further except amusement for the passing hour, and strong sensations that may keep off ennui?

This is the want; what is wanted is the higher life. Now all Church organizations whatsoever exist for no other purpose than to supply it, to foster the growth of such life in men, to give it food and exercise. Churches are *not* societies of men bound together by holding the same opinions. No fancy more idle ever passed into a commonplace. Holding the same opinions is not in itself a tie to bind men together. If they agree, why should they come together? It is rather when people differ that they desire to meet. Churches are united as other societies are by a practical object, which is the desire to save men's souls. If indeed we allow a clergy to garble this phrase, and to persuade us that our souls are not threatened by the danger which is visible to all, the danger of being drowned in worldliness or animalism, but by quite another danger which we should never have found out but for a supernatural revelation, and which is to be avoided, not by the means which our higher instincts point out, but by quaint processes which seem to have something of magic about them, then no

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

doubt a Church will come practically to mean the society of people who have been induced to believe this story. But this too is a consideration which is of little importance in England. The religious writers of the last age — a Maurice and others — have broken the neck of that superstition. It is widely diffused through all schools, and has passed into our religious atmosphere, that the heaven beyond the grave and the higher life here are identical, and that the revelation of Christianity is not different in substance from the revelation which comes everywhere in advanced societies to the higher minds. "Soul," and "saving the soul," mean the same thing in a Christian mouth, and in the mouth of any one who takes a high view of life. Without signing any articles we may all take our place in the organizations which have this for their object.

If so, then let us look to see what progress they have made in their work. The vast achievements of the great spiritual heads of humanity strike the eye at once. They have removed the first great difficulties which philosophy might have continued always powerless to deal with. They have cleared a free space for the higher life to expand in. They have made room for it both in time and space. They have claimed for man's higher life a seventh part of his lifetime. They have set up everywhere the church, the Parliament-house of the spiritual State, and they have created the clergy, the official class or administrators of the higher life. The beginnings are made here, but it should have been a matter of course that these were only beginnings. It should have been a matter of course that the work thus begun would need to be developed through centuries, that innovations and changes would be needed in each successive age, that the higher life itself would be found subject to variation and development, and that into ecclesiastical machinery as into political, abuses would creep, that here too usurpations of authority would be committed, and that there would be need to investigate a science of spiritual as of civil government.

But we have adopted quite another and perfectly irrational view of the subject. When we meet with deficiencies or abuses in this department, instead of considering how they may be supplied or corrected, it is our habit to wash our hands of the whole matter, sanctimoniously expressing our regret that we have not found ideal perfection where for some inexplicable reason we had looked for it. We adopt the same vicious method which we love to reprobate in the politics of foreign countries. Instead of persistent activity, unwearied good temper, and timely reform, we adopt a policy of cold abstention and ironical reticence calculated to end in revolution. When we find the clergy monopolizing, as an official class will always strive to do, all functions, we do not resist them but take our revenge by remarking to ourselves with malicious pleasure that in reducing the laity to ciphers they are committing an unconscious suicide and are destroying themselves by destroying the Church. When rival priesthoods tear each other to pieces, we are not alarmed lest the higher life itself should suffer, but rather amused because it gives us occasion to furbush up again some rusty sarcasms. And yet we do not really, if we will ask ourselves the question, wish to see all Churches fall into ruin; we do not really think that it would be convenient to begin again from the beginning; we shrink, when we take the trouble to reflect upon it, from the infinite discomfort that such a revolution would involve, from the despair it would cause to thonsands at the time, and the well-nigh incurable prostration and debility it would leave behind it.

The practical question, if we can bring ourselves to take a practical view, is this: religion or the higher life starts with two great acquisitions, — what is the best use that can be made of them? There is the Sunday, and there are all the churches and chapels in Christendom with the machinery and *personnel* attached to them. We are not to begin by adding the Sunday to the week-days, secularizing all the churches, and unfrocking all the parsons in order that perhaps afterwards we may create a new set of institutions which will certainly be of the same kind. And if not, then it follows that we are not to help the Churches to destroy themselves. We are not to make a ring round the clerical pugilists and applaud their pugnacity; nor are we to say with studied decorum that we decline to assume any responsibility, only if the Churches see their way to committing suicide we are ready to lend them any assistance in our power and to place our party organizations at their disposal. But we are to consider how these great institutions may be put to the best use, how they may be most wisely reformed; and if we find that clerical cliques have got complete possession and control of them, then to resist such usurpation by ordinary temperate methods.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Why then do these two great institutions, the Sunday and the Church, fail of their object? In a country where all enjoy them, why should the higher life remain asleep? A large space is cleared for it. Business is forbidden to absorb the whole field of our life. Why should nothing better grow there? Why should nothing but frivolity, or dulness, or, in a lower class, drinking, fill the hours that are not spent in labor? It is evident, surely, that though we have cleared the field we have not tilled it, though we have got the room we have not furnished it. The Sunday is there, but how terribly dull it is! The Church is there, but who can bring himself to listen to the parson? And yet it is not any defect in the quality of the food offered to it that makes the higher life languish. If not the parson's sermon, yet the sublime Book, the work of ages, and many a lofty liturgy devised in later times, are precisely what one could wish and much more than one could expect. The deficiency is in quantity and variety. The Book itself, though it contains so much, yet does not contain all that is needed. However elevated its language may be, yet it was written two thousand years ago. We confess its insufficiency when we supplement it with a fresh discourse from a living mouth, but what a melancholy contrast between the inspired words of some ancient prophet, words for uttering which he suffered persecution from the professional orthodoxy of his time, and the modern sermon dictated and controlled by that very orthodoxy! But even if an Isaiah could speak from the pulpit as well as from the lectern, do we suppose that that alteration would suffice? Do we suppose that the higher life can live merely on exhortations, however true and impassioned.

When we complain of the deadness of the higher life among us, what is it that we want? What changes would satisfy us? It is when we ask this question that we recognize the pitifulness of the clerical ideal. Those devoted evangelists, whether of the High Church or the Low, are laboring to bring the population into what condition? If they could succeed, the doctrines of Darwin and Strauss would be forgotten as though they had never been broached. In other words, we should think of the universe and the Bible precisely as our fathers did, and all the thought and genius of the past age would appear to have been thrown away. Science would become a "Bridgewater Treatise," poetry would imitate the "Christian Year," and popular literature would be governed by the Religious Tract Society. Who can picture this without seeing at the same time the irresistible mutiny that would follow in the next generation? Meanwhile our working-class, instead of being jolly drunkards, would come "under concern" about the state of their souls and listen to revival preachers; young men of the middle and upper classes would begin to take orders freely, legislation would begin to take an ecclesiastical tinge, and the public mind would be convulsed with new Gorham cases. Is this really what we want? Are these really the signs of His coming, and of a new birth of the higher life among us?

All this was pretty well realized about thirty years ago, and we have seen the insufficiency of it, and, what is more, we have lost it again. It is a paltry ideal, and one which cannot be held when it is grasped, simply because it is so flimsy. We are now all of us asking again, how shall the people be kept from the public-house? And some of us are asking also, how shall the dull Philistinism or emptiness of the other classes be healed? And we have made some steps towards the true solution. We say, it is not enough to tell people to be religious, you must occupy their minds and give them a taste for something better than drinking. And we get up penny readings and popular lectures and working-men's colleges. Dimly at the same time we see that the deficiencies of the better classes are radically of the same kind and require the same remedy. What takes the working-man to the public-house is the same defect which ties the city man to his desk and makes his life monotonous and unlovely. It is the ignorance of anything better, — the want of occupation for his higher life. And something begins to be done for him too. We have begun to purify the idea of culture, and to understand that we must present it for the future as something precious and beautiful in itself, and no longer merely as a means of success and money-making.

These are the new convictions which practical reformers have lately acquired. They have led to a practical rebellion against the clerical revival of the last age, for they amount to a conviction that no such revival can by itself regenerate the country. And the clergy are acknowledging this by enlarging their field, by taking into their province much which hitherto they regarded as secular. They do so under the plea that that which is in

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

itself secular, such as music, architecture, popular science, may be made indirectly serviceable to religion. But meanwhile a great change and advance of opinion has been taking place among the professors of the so-called secular pursuits thus newly patronized. The future historian, describing the present age of English history, will mark it as the period when the English mind first clearly grasped the ideas of art and science. Look at our present clear conception of art in its different varieties all equally to be honored, the poet recognizing himself as the colleague of the painter or musical composer in the same great guild, and see what a space has been traversed since music was scarcely known and painting regarded as an ungentlemanly pursuit, while poetry acknowledged no connection with the sister arts, but rather classed herself with wit or with learning. In like manner, what a change since science asserted herself with the commanding self-consciousness which now distinguishes her! Not long since she lay huddled up indistinguishably with metaphysics and Greek scholarship and theology. Now she proudly stands aloof from all such association, and declares herself called to regenerate the world. Both in the case of art and of science it is a consequence of the new distinctness with which they are now conceived that their dignity is greatly raised. They take a religious character. The artist would be ashamed to speak of himself as a humble caterer for the public amusement, as, for instance, a Walter Scott always did. He is now in a manner bound to exalt his art if not himself, and to call himself a priest of the religion of beauty. Nor can the latter any more be content to speak of science as an elegant and liberal pursuit; it is a point of honor with him now to proclaim himself a votary of the religion of the future.

It has been the object of these papers to piece together all these glimpses which in different quarters are opening upon the world, and divine the whole wide prospect which will shortly lie before us. When we see on the one side the clergy confessing the insufficiency, so to speak, of the fund upon which they draw, and adding to it, under various pretexts, much which they do not acknowledge to be religion; when we see, on the other hand, that precisely this new matter, which the clergy find they cannot do without, is at the very same time declared by those to whose province it belongs to have the character of religion, we are forced to some such conclusion as this:—

The old distinction between sacred and profane, religious and secular, was a perfectly just one, but a mistake was made in drawing the line. The line was so drawn as to leave art and science among things secular, whereas they belong properly to things religious. And consequently the great religious reform for which our age is ripe consists in the full and free admission of art and science, their independence being at the same time preserved, to the honors of religion.

I remind the reader that this reform is only a restoration of the primitive view. In the vigorous periods of religion it is inseparable from science, and finds its manifestation in art, and the traces of this are clearly visible in our own religion. Our Bible begins with a cosmogony which was the science of the Jews. All our earliest art is about us in our cathedrals and churches. The schism that has happened since has not really arisen from any wish on the part of art or science to put off their religious character, but only to become independent of the religion of morality or humanity by which they were controlled. They did not wish to be secular, but to be independent religions. And independent they must still be, only they must be once more recognized as religions.

Practically, what would such a reform involve? It means that all our penny readings and well-meant but too humble efforts to keep the people out of the public-house by amusing them, should be developed into that which they implicitly contain, namely, a full initiation of the whole people in the religion of art; and in like manner that all our popular lectures, schemes of technical education, and so forth, should be developed into such a general initiation as is possible into the religion of science. It means also that art and science in being recognized as religious should be made free of the Sunday; and that, in order to avoid a most deplorable breach with all that is sacred in the past, a most sad quarrel with our dead forefathers, the new institutitions should not conquer their place by aggression upon the parish church and clergy, but should be welcomed to it by their cordial invitation.

How many hesitating steps are constantly taken in this direction! Even Evangelicals admit what High Church men have so long held, that religious services must become what they call more attractive. Here and there we have seen science classes opened in connection with cathedrals, clergymen lecturing on politi-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

cal economy. Something has even been attempted towards a reconciliation between religion and the theatre. And there is one conspicuous case in which the attempt, made in this case centuries ago, has had most important consequences. By means of the oratorio a really fruitful alliance between religion and music was long since concluded. But it is not precisely such alliance as this that is here contemplated. The question is not how Christianity may draw the arts as captives in her triumphal procession, but of setting up the arts in perfect independence to co-operate with Christianity in that work in which, whatever may be their quarrel with Christianity, they are her natural allies, namely, the work of stemming worldliness and fostering the higher life. In the recent discussion of the Sunday question it might be plainly observed how near the settlement of it was now felt to be, and it was also instructive to see in what confusion of words the opponents of the proposal took refuge.

Who now seriously argues that the Sunday is desecrated by attention to art and science? But it is strongly felt that the Sunday must not be abandoned to money-making, and an attempt was made to confuse the two things by pointing to the money that passes at the entrance to theatres and concert-rooms. Certainly, if art and science are not distinguishable from money-making, nothing will be gained by throwing open the Sunday to them, for it is precisely because they are antagonistic to the spirit of money-making, because they are wanted to fill the room which it vacates on Sunday, and prevent it from returning in tenfold force on Monday morning, that we call them in. We call them in in aid to religion, or more properly as having themselves the nature of religion, and if they cannot be active on the Sunday without a little clinking of coin being heard, and an official here and there losing his Sunday freedom, the same is true of religion itself. A new church cannot be opened without increasing the amount of work done on Sunday, work for which money must be paid; and if it has nevertheless been found possible in the main to protect religion from being corrupted by the spirit of money-making, there is no reason why art and science should not be protected in the same way.

And as religion should share its day with art and science, so should it share its local vantage-ground and endowments. Hitherto it has done this in some degree. It has been the patron of primary education; but it has not yet had the courage to hold out the hand unconditionally both to art and science, and give them, without encroaching on their independence, an introduction wherever it has penetrated itself.

We are all anxiously considering how we may better the condition of the working-class — whether for their own sakes, that they may get more out of their lives, or for the sake of the State, that it may be protected from the discontent that undermines it. What good thing can we give them? The suffrage? Increase of wages? Organization to protect them against capital? Or some share in the profits of capital? Or some share in the land? But all these benefits belong to the lower life. The utmost result of them will be more of that leisure, more of that spending-money which the public-house is always waiting to absorb. A much greater gift, rather the only gift worth the giving, would be the gift of new occupations, new pursuits belonging to the higher life. And when once we recognize, not faintly or fitfully, but with decision, that these pursuits are not exclusively what we have hitherto called religion, that they are not exclusively church-going, nor hymnody, nor listening to clerical oratory or philanthropic projects; but that they include the two grand pursuits of art and science, religions also in the strictest sense, surely the prospect of a redemption for poverty and labor grows more distinct before our eyes. It becomes more clear along what road we are to travel, and we perceive the meaning of certain indications which have recently been given us. We have been told of popular amusements in use among other nations, which have often the nature of art, and which make the English traveller blush for the joyless life of labor in his own country; nay, when we have been told of the Ammergau mystery, it has flashed upon us that art itself may be born again, by being associated with labor, as much as labor by being inspired with art. And what is the moral of that story of the Scotch peasant-naturalist? Even if you cannot perceive that that eager study of nature is religion in its purest form, if it almost shocks you to hear it asserted that the object of his worship was actually the true God, still you can hardly help admitting that such worship belongs to the higher life, and is the true counter-charm of the public-house.

Nor is it only for the sake of a disguise under cover of which they may make their way into the Sunday that we would

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

represent art and science as having the nature of religion. It is quite as much because they will never be rightly cultivated until they are recognized as in some sort sabbatical pursuits. When the clerical party brand them as forms of money-making, they only take advantage of the corruption which has fallen upon them from being treated as secular. Here again we only follow plain indications which the history of art gives us. The work of Goethe and Schiller was principally directed to asserting a certain sacredness in art, and to rescuing it from the curse of commonness or vulgarity. So long as it is bandied about in the market, it does not perform its true function; it does not elevate. And is not this its fate among us? Who among us ever speaks of the elevating effect of art? It is a conception quite foreign to our minds. We think of art as amusing, or exciting, or thrilling, but not as elevating. And because we never question that it is a commodity to be bartered against other commodities, we make it up like other commodities for the market; and hence come works of the Dickens school, in which the most startling effects succeed each other without repose.

But will not religion, in the old sense, or at least will not Christianity disappear, when so much hitherto deemed secular throngs into the precincts which were sacred to it? Would not this enlargement of the idea of religion prove a step to the destruction of it? Religion larger would be also fainter, until it was lost to view. Does not the truly religious man resent the suggestion that there is any conection whatever between what he calls religion and science or art? Has not religion a warmth, antipathetic to the hard and cold grandeur of science? Has it not an awful solemnity still more alien to the frivolity of art? Yes; but the fact that Christian feeling has a quality which is all its own does not prevent it from having another quality which it shares with science and art. Christianity has, and always will have, a jealousy of both which tends to become hostility; nevertheless, it is one with them in its resistance to worldliness and to the dominion of the lower life. It would gain much by freely recognizing this affinity. In the first place, it would escape their attacks. Those negations of science which are now so terrible would be very much qualified, if not wholly explained away, if Christianity appeared as the zealous friend of science and the mediator between her and the people; and the half-concealed rebellion of art might be appeased in the same way. But it would gain also a more solid advantage. There is much too sharp a contrast between the insipid vulgarity of an ordinary English life and the height of the moral sublime in the New Testament. The higher life cannot be taught by presenting only ideal examples, or supreme moments of it. It is not all rapture and devotion, but has its routine and its ordinary occupations. These are wanting in our English religion, just as in our English Sunday there is nothing between dulness and divine service. And this routine of the higher life should be furnished by science and art, that is, by pure contemplations into which self-interest does not enter, while admiration and curiosity, the lower forms of worship, are kept awake. Formed in such a routine, would men appreciate the New Testament less than they do? Is it not evident that some such preparation, some such use of happy and peaceful thoughts, is absolutely demanded of those who would enter into the Christian view of life?

But suppose the population on Sunday flocking into picture-galleries and museums, and concert-halls; suppose even plays performed, not indeed the vulgar burlesques or loose comedies that pleased the theatre in its unregenerate days, but such as a Christian Æschylus might write for a Christian Athens, is it not evident that the parson, with his commonplaces, would be left to preach to himself in the deserted church? If it were so, if the church and the parson held their ground by means so purely artificial, would there be any hope of protecting them, or would they be worth protecting? But the considerations here urged do not lead to the conclusion that art and science, because they have the nature of religion, ought to take the place of what has hitherto been called religion among us. This has been asserted over and over again, but the view here taken is different. There is another religion, which is neither art nor science, and which is more important to mankind than either, the region of morality, or of the human ideal, which in its historic form is Christianity. No rebellion would have arisen against this religion, still less would it have been possible to represent it as a womanish sentimentalism, if it had rested on its own merits, and not on the one hand turned art and science into enemies by trying to tyrannize over them; and on the other hand, suffered itself to fall into the hands of a profession. Give back to Christianity the elasticity and the modesty,

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

of which clericalism has robbed it, and it will appear again in its proper place, that is, the highest place among the religions which compose the higher life. But, as religion is larger than Christianity, even when Christianity is most justly conceived, so is the true Christianity far larger than the clerical perversion of it. If it is the religion of the human ideal, and of the human race, evidently the material of it must be all human history, and all the sciences that deal with man. It must not confine itself to a narrow strip of history, the chronicles of a single tribe, or to the narrow thought and science of that tribe. The founders of Christianity connected with their religion, at least, the whole history of the race to which they belonged. They drew no distinction between ecclesiastical and civil history. We, with our wider knowledge, should take not narrower, but still wider views. While we see in the origin of Christianity the highest point in the history of humanity, the simultaneous revelation of the ideal and of the race, we ought to reject no part of the history of humanity, nor to imagine that some of that history is sacred and some profane. In like manner, while we regard one type of humanity as the highest, we ought not to imagine that only one type is worth study or imitation. And when these narrownesses have been avoided, why should the preacher of Christianity fear to be dull? Why should he want topics, or dread the rivalry of art and science? The whole history of mankind is open to him; or, if such catholicity if beyond his conception, at any rate he has the whole history of Christian nations. In what sense can Jewish history be sacred in which the history of Christendom is profane? Teaching on the duties of men, illustrated by history, and connected with a grand consecutive view of the plan running through human history — why should we fear that men would turn a deaf ear to this? They would not do so if they could once rid themselves of the suspicion that the teacher is fettered, or but half sincere, or but half competent.

This view of the coming phase of religion is realistic, and therefore has its shadows. It exhibits religion not as a kind of sacred asylum from all the anxieties and almost all the activities of the mind; not as giving all that the intellect desires while it absolves the intellect from trouble — conclusions without reasoning, knowledge without investigation, and poetry without imagination; but only as an asylum from worldly and material cares. More than this: it does not promise that religion will, in its next phase, render with any certain efficiency that service for which alone many have valued it. Religion may become less potent in consolation, and less able to inspire the hope of immortality into souls not naturally ardent. Those cold misgivings which hitherto have been thought incompatible with all religious beliefs, that there is, after all, nothing "behind the veil," will beset the religious as well as the worldly, as they seem to have done in Old Testament times. In that voyage towards a colder zone on which we are all bound, the story of some discoverable north-west passage will be less universally received, and some will affirm that no land, after all, is to be found about the pole, but only a sea of ancient ice. Is it possible, it will be said, that any religion worthy of the name can subsist amid such uncertainties? And yet religious faith and peace have lived on all this time in spite of an opinion about the future infinitely more appalling than that. Meanwhile, this very uncertainty about immortality, this very aversion of the religious life from the future, will lead to one good result, which perhaps could hardly have been attained by any less painful means. Religion will now, for the first time, fairly undertake that regeneration of the present life and of actual society which it always promised, yet always indefinitely postponed; and in doing so it will, as we have seen, reunite itself with those other inspiring influences from which it ought never to have been separated. Religion will once more be understood as the general name for all the worships or habitual admirations which compose the higher life. We shall no longer be told of high feelings which make men unselfish and pure-minded, and raise them above vulgar cares, but which, nevertheless, have nothing to do with religion. We shall no longer hear it said of some man of science, whose mind is possessed, beyond most men's, with the thought of the eternal laws by which the universe is governed, that "it is to be feared that he is an atheist," nor of some artist, whose heart is touched by a thousand sights which leave other men cold, that "he has no religion." All such high enthusiasms will be recognized as having the very essence of religion, and they will be prized the more rather than the less for appearing in the instinctive, inarticulate state. But of all such enthusiasms it will still be held that the highest and most precious is that which has man for its object, and which manifests itself

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

neither in works of art nor discoveries of science, but in emancipations, redemptions, reconciliations, and in a high ideal of duty; and this is the religion which bears the name of Jesus of Nazareth.

[*Published by arrangement with* HARPER & BROTHERS.]

MACLEOD OF DARE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

LATE one night a carefully-dressed elderly gentleman applied his latch-key to the door of a house in Bury Street, St. James's, and was about to enter without any great circumspection, when he was suddenly met by a white phantom, which threw him off his legs, and dashed outward into the street. The language that the elderly gentleman used, as he picked himself up, need not be repeated here. Suffice it to say that the white phantom was the dog Oscar, who had been shut in a minute before by his master, and who now, after one or two preliminary dashes up and down the street, very soon perceived the tall figure of Macleod, and made joyfully after him. But Oscar knew that he had acted wrongly, and was ashamed to show himself; so he quietly slunk along at his master's heels. The consequence of this was that the few loiterers about beheld the very unusual spectacle of a tall young gentleman walking down Bury Street and into King Street, dressed in full Highland costume, and followed by a white and lemon collie. No other person going to the Caledonian fancy-dress ball was so attended.

Macleod made his way through the carriages, crossed the pavement, and entered the passage. Then he heard some scuffling behind, and he turned.

"Let alone my dog, you fellow!" said he, making a step forward, for the man had got hold of Oscar by the head, and was hauling him out.

"Is it your dog, sir?" said he.

Oscar himself answered by wrestling himself free, and taking refuge by his master's legs, though he still looked guilty.

"Yes, he is my dog; and a nice fix he has got me into," said Macleod, standing aside to let the empress Maria Theresa pass by in her resplendent costume. "I suppose I must walk home with him again. Oscar, Oscar, how dare you?"

"If you please, sir," said a juvenile voice behind him, "if Mr. —— will let me, I will take the dog. I know where to tie him up."

Macleod turned.

"*Cò an so?*" said he, looking down at the chubby-faced boy in the kilts, who had his pipes under his arm. "Don't you know the Gaelic?"

"I am only learning," said the young musician. "Will I take the dog, sir?"

"March along, then, Phiobaire bhig!" Macleod said. "He will follow me, if he will not follow you."

Little Piper turned aside into a large hall which had been transformed into a sort of waiting-room; and here Macleod found himself in the presence of a considerable number of children, half of them girls, half of them boys, all dressed in tartan, and seated on the forms along the walls. The children, who were half asleep at this time of the night, woke up with sudden interest at sight of the beautiful collie; and at the same moment Little Piper explained to the gentleman who was in charge of these young ones that the dog had to be tied up somewhere, and that a small adjoining room would answer that purpose. The proposal was most courteously entertained. Macleod, Mr. ——, and Little Piper walked along to this side room, and there Oscar was properly secured.

"And I will get him some water, sir, if he wants it," said the boy in the kilts.

"Very well," Macleod said. "And I will give you my thanks for it; for that is all that a Highlander, and especially a piper, expects for a kindness. And I hope you will learn the Gaelic soon, my boy. And do you know '*Cumhadh na Cloinne*'? No, it is too difficult for you; but I think if I had the chanter between my fingers myself, I could let you hear '*Cumhadh na Cloinne*.'"

"I am sure John Maclean can play it," said the small piper.

"Who is he?"

The gentlemen in charge of the youngsters explained that John Maclean was the eldest of the juvenile pipers, five others of whom were in attendance.

"I think," said Macleod, "that I am coming down in a little time to make the acquaintance of your young pipers, if you will let me."

He passed up the broad staircase and

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

into the empty supper-room, from which a number of entrances showed him the strange scene being enacted in the larger hall. Who were these people who were moving to the sound of rapid music? A clown in a silken dress of many colors, with bells to his cap and wrists, stood at one of the doors. Macleod became his fellow-spectator of what was going forward. A beautiful Tyrolienne, in a dress of black, silver and velvet, with her yellow hair hanging in two plaits down her back, passed into the room, accompanied by Charles the First in a large wig and cloak; and the next moment they were whirling along in the waltz, coming into innumerable collisions with all the celebrated folk who ever lived in history. And who were these gentlemen in the scarlet collars and cuffs, who but for these adornments would have been in ordinary evening dress? he made bold to ask the friendly clown, who was staring in a pensive manner at the rushing couples.

"They call it the Windsor uniform," said the clown. "*I* think it mean. I sha'n't come in a fancy dress again, if stitching on a red collar will do."

At this moment the waltz came to an end, and the people began to walk up and down the spacious apartment. Macleod entered the throng to look about him. And soon he perceived, in one of the little stands at the side of the hall, the noble lady who had asked him to go to this assembly, and forthwith he made his way through the crowd to her. He was most graciously received.

"Shall I tell you a secret, Lady ——?" said he. "You know the children belonging to the charity; they are all below, and they are sitting doing nothing, and they are all very tired and half asleep. It is a shame to keep them there ——"

"But the prince hasn't come yet; and they must be marched round: they show that we are not making fools of ourselves for nothing."

A sharper person than Macleod might have got in a pretty compliment here; for this lady was charmingly dressed as Flora Macdonald; but he merely said,—

"Very well; perhaps it is necessary. But I think I can get them some amusement, if you will only keep the director of them, that is Mr. ——, out of the way. Now shall I send him to you? Will you talk to him?"

"What do you mean to do?"

"I want to give them a dance. Why should you have all the dancing up here?"

"Mind, I am not responsible. What shall I talk to him about?"

Macleod considered for a moment.

"Tell him that I will take the whole of the girls and boys to the Crystal Palace for a day, if it is permissible; and ask him what it will cost, and all about the arrangements."

"Seriously?"

"Yes. Why not? They can have a fine run in the grounds, and six pipers to play for them. I will ask them now whether they will go."

He left and went down-stairs. He had seen but few people in the hall above whom he knew. He was not fond of dancing, though he knew the elaborate variations of the reel. And here was a bit of practical amusement.

"Oh, Mr. ——," said he, with great seriousness, "I am desired by Lady —— to say that she would like to see you for a moment or two. She wishes to ask you some questions about your young people."

"The prince may come at any moment," said Mr. —— doubtfully.

"He won't be in such a hurry as all that, surely."

So the worthy man went up-stairs; and the moment he was gone Macleod shut the door.

"Now, you piper boys!" he called aloud, "get up and play us a reel. We are going to have a dance. You are all asleep, I believe. Come, girls, stand up. You that know the reel, you will keep to this end. Boys, come out. You that can dance a reel, come to this end; the others will soon pick it up. Now, piper boys, have you got the steam up? What can you give us, now? 'Mony-musk'? or the 'Marquis of Huntley's Fling'? or 'Miss Johnston'? Nay, stay a bit. Don't you know 'Mrs. Macleod of Raasay'?"

"Yes," "Yes," "Yes," "Yes," "Yes," "Yes," came from the six pipers, all standing in a row, with the drones over their shoulders and the chanters in their fingers.

"Very well, then — off you go! Now, boys and girls, are you all ready? Pipers, 'Mrs. Macleod of Raasay.'"

For a second there was a confused roaring on the long drones; then the shrill chanters broke clear away into the wild reel; and presently the boys and girls, who were at first laughingly shy and embarrassed, began to make such imitations of the reel figure which they had seen often enough, as led to a vast amount of scrambling and jollity, if it was not par-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

ticularly accurate. The most timid of the young ones soon picked up courage. Here and there one of the older boys gave a whoop that would have done justice to a wedding dance in a Highland barn.

"Put your lungs into it, pipers!" Macleod cried out. "Well played, boys! You are fit to play before a prince!"

The round cheeks of the boys were red with their blowing; they tapped their toes on the ground as proudly as if every one of them was a MacCruimin; the wild noise in this big empty hall grew more furious than ever — when suddenly there was an awful silence. The pipers whipped the chanters from their mouths; the children, suddenly stopping in their merriment, cast one awestruck glance toward the door, and then slunk back to their seats. They had observed not only Mr. ——, but also the prince himself. Macleod was left standing alone in the middle of the floor.

"Sir Keith Macleod?" said his Royal Highness, with a smile.

Macleod bowed low.

"Lady —— told me what you were about. I thought we could have had a peep unobserved, or we should not have broken in on the romp of the children."

"I think your Royal Highness could make amends for that," said Macleod.

There was an inquiring glance.

"If your Royal Highness would ask some one to see that each of the children has an orange, and a tart, and a shilling, it would be some compensation to them for being kept up so late."

"I think that might be done," said the prince, as he turned to leave. "And I am glad to have made your acquaintance, although in —— "

"In the character of a dancing master," said Macleod gravely.

After having once more visited Oscar, in the company of Phiobaire bhig, Macleod went up again to the brilliantly-lit hall; and here he found that a further number of his friends had arrived. Among them was young Ogilvie, in the tartan of the Ninety-third Highlanders; and very smart indeed the boy-officer looked in his uniform. Mrs. Ross was here too; and she was busy in assisting to get up the Highland quadrille. When she asked Macleod if he would join in it, he answered by asking her to be his partner, as he would be ashamed to display his ignorance before an absolute stranger. Mrs. Ross most kindly undertook to pilot him through the not elaborate intricacies of the dance; and they were fortunate in having the set made up entirely of their own friends.

Then the procession of the children took place; and the fantastically-dressed crowd formed a lane to let the homely-clad lads and lasses pass along, with the six small pipers proudly playing a march at their head.

He stopped the last of the children for a second.

"Have you got a tart, and an orange, and a shilling?"

"No, sir."

"I have got the word of a prince for it," he said to himself, as he went out of the room. "And they shall not go home with empty pockets."

As he was coming up the staircase again to the ball-room he was preceded by two figures that were calculated to attract any one's notice by the picturesqueness of their costume. The one stranger was apparently an old man, who was dressed in a Florentine costume of the fourteenth century — a cloak of sombre red, with a flat cap of black velvet, one long tail of which was thrown over the left shoulder, and hung down behind. A silver collar hung from his neck across his breast: other ornament there was none. His companion, however, drew all eyes toward her, as the two passed into the ball-room. She was dressed in imitation of Gainsborough's portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire; and her symmetrical figure and well-poised head admirably suited the long-trained costume of blue satin, with its *fichu* of white muslin, the bold, coquettish hat and feathers, and the powdered puffs and curls that descended to her shoulders. She had a gay air with her, too. She bore her head proudly. The patches on her cheek seemed not half so black as the blackness of her eyes, so full of a dark, mischievous light were they; and the redness of the lips — a trifle artificial, no doubt — as she smiled seemed to add to the glittering whiteness of her teeth. The proud, laughing, gay coquette: no wonder all eyes were for a moment turned to her, in envy or in admiration.

Macleod, following these two, and finding that his old companion, the pensive clown in cap and bells, was still at his post of observation at the door, remained there also for a minute or two, and noticed that among the first to recognize the two strangers was young Ogilvie, who, with laughing surprise in his face, came

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

forward to shake hands with them. Then there was some further speech; the band began to play a gentle and melodious waltz; the middle of the room cleared somewhat; and presently her Grace of Devonshire was whirled away by the young Highland officer, her broad-brimmed hat rather overshadowing him, notwithstanding the pronounced colors of his plaid. Macleod could not help following this couple with his eyes whithersoever they went. In any part of the rapidly moving crowd he could always make out that one figure; and once or twice as they passed him it seemed to him that the brilliant beauty, with her powdered hair, and her flashing bright eyes, and her merry lips, regarded him for an instant; and then he could have imagined that in a by-gone century ——

"Sir Keith Macleod, I think?"

The old gentleman with the grave and scholarly cap of black velvet and the long cloak of sober red held out his hand. The folds of the velvet hanging down from the cap rather shadowed his face; but all the same Macleod instantly recognized him — fixing the recognition by means of the gold spectacles.

"Mr. White?" said he.

"I am more disguised than you are," the old gentleman said, with a smile. "It is a foolish notion of my daughter's; but she would have me come."

His daughter! Macleod turned in a bewildered way to that gay crowd under the brilliant lights.

"Was that Miss White?" said he.

"The Duchess of Devonshire. Didn't you recognize her? I am afraid she will be very tired to-morrow; but she would come."

He caught sight of her again. That woman with the dark eyes full of fire, and the dashing air, and the audacious smile! He could have believed this old man to be mad. Or was he only the father of a witch, of an illusive *ignis fatuus*, of some mocking Ariel darting into a dozen shapes to make fools of the poor simple souls of earth?

"No," he stammered, "I — I did not recognize her. I thought the lady who came with you had intensely dark eyes."

"She is said to be very clever in making up," her father said, coolly and sententiously. "It is a part of her art that is not to be despised. It is quite as important as a gesture or a tone of voice in creating the illusion at which she aims. I do not know whether actresses, as a rule, are careless about it, or only clumsy; but they rarely succeed in making their appearance homogeneous. A trifle too much here, a trifle too little there, and the illusion is spoiled. Then you see a painted woman — not the character she is presenting. Did you observe my daughter's eyebrows?"

"No, sir, I did not," said Macleod humbly.

"Here she comes. Look at them."

But how could he look at her eyebrows, or at any trick of making up, when the whole face, with its new excitement of color, its parted lips and lambent eyes, was throwing its fascination upon him? She came forward laughing, and yet with a certain shyness. He would fain have turned away.

The Highlanders are superstitious. Did he fear being bewitched? Or what was it that threw a certain coldness over his manner? The fact of her having danced with young Ogilvie? Or the ugly reference made by her father to her eyebrows? He had greatly admired this painted stranger when he thought she was a stranger; he seemed less to admire the artistic make-up of Miss Gertrude White.

The merry duchess, playing her part admirably, charmed all eyes but his; and yet she was so kind as to devote herself to her father and him, refusing invitations to dance, and chatting to them — with those brilliant lips smiling — about the various features of the gay scene before them. Macleod avoided looking at her face.

"What a bonny boy your friend Mr. Ogilvie is!" said she, glancing across the room.

He did not answer.

"But he does not look much of a soldier," she continued. "I don't think I should be afraid of him if I were a man."

He answered, somewhat distantly, —

"It is not safe to judge that way, especially of any one of Highland blood. If there is fighting in his blood, he will fight when the proper time comes. And we have a good Gaelic saying — it has a great deal of meaning in it, that saying, '*You do not know what sword is in the scabbard until it is drawn.*'"

"What did you say was the proverb?" she asked; and for a second her eyes met his; but she immediately withdrew them, startled by the cold austerity of his look.

"'*You do not know what sword is in the scabbard until it is drawn,*'" said he carelessly. "There is a good deal of meaning in it."

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE GREAT FOURFOLD WATERFALL.

It has been said there are three supremely wonderful sights in India — the snowy Himalayan range, the marble vision of the Taj Mahal, and the mysterious sculptured halls of the Ellora caverns; the first earth's immeasurable altar raised by the forces that laid her foundations; the others the work of men's hands, guided by the deepest influences of humanity — sorrow for the dead, and awe of the unknown.

We dispute not the assertion. Many-peaked Olympus, with great Jove and his divinities, were but a footstool under the unapproachable thrones of Kailasa and Gangotri, on which gods older than the Olympians still hold their court and look down upon worshipping millions. Endless are the works of beauty inspired by the love of woman and mourning for its loss, but never from the depths of grief and tender memory arose elsewhere such an ideal of beauty and delicate symmetry as the snow-white structure that with sad and graceful dignity guards the dust of the Indian empress. Sublime is the cathedral soaring high and bearing the symbols of divine life over the dwellings and turmoil of men, with the sunshine piercing its dim aisles and disclosing the memorials of the past and presences that tell of eternity, but no daylight scatters the shadows of that Eastern temple in whose recesses, hewn from living rock, watch the giant gods of a faith, grey at the birth of Christianity, through whose shrines the mystic cry that once rang over the Ægean proclaiming the death of Pan and his brotherhood has not yet sounded.

Yet, granting the three great Indian wonders their places of preëminence, there is a fourth, but little lower, which all the world might be searched to parallel, where the beauty, grandeur, and sublimity of earth and water are concentrated and displayed in unsurpassable magnificence. This marvel is the Falls of Garsoppa, to which we will endeavor to conduct the reader.

On the western coast of India stands Honore, near the boundary between the Madras and Bombay presidencies. A wide river runs into the sea between cliffs of red laterite, which bending northward and southward from the mouth mark out the coast-line. Before the entrance of the river three or four lines of heavy rollers, incessantly rearing their white crests, swelling as they sweep on, and falling over with a hollow roar, indicate the presence of a bar, to cross which safely the quaint Indian trading craft must carefully watch the flow of the tide. Less than a mile beyond, a high rocky islet, green with foliage and crowned with cocoa-trees, shelters innumerable pigeons, whence it takes its name. Inland, a wild, hilly country stretches eastward till closed by the great cloudy barrier of the Ghauts. It is a fair scene in early morning when the sun has just risen over the toothed outline of peaks, clefts, and ridges that crown the mountain rampart. On the red cliff overlooking the river stand the white bungalows of the European residents amid masses of dark-green foliage, and a lofty white pillar, raised by a native regiment to the memory of a general officer who died there, serves as a landmark conspicuous afar over the Indian Ocean. The native town lies inland out of sight buried in groves of cocoa-palms, its narrow busy bazar streets shaded by immense screens of woven leaves stretching from side to side high overhead, a protection alike against burning sun and monsoon showers. Three or four native vessels are dropping down the river, their vociferous crews anxious to cross the bar with the out-running tide, and from the fishing-village of leaf-huts on the strip of sandy beach a score of long narrow black boats have just shot out seaward for the day's toil. It is amazing to watch the hardihood and address of these sinewy fishermen. The flight of boats, with four or five men erect in each, swiftly approach the lines of formidable rollers, where larger vessels warily watch the moment and opportunity, and, never slackening in speed, charge and surmount the foaming waves in succession, often for a moment suspended with bow and stern clear in air on their crests, and then, speeding onward over the smooth expanse beyond, are soon seen like black specks dotted over the fishing-ground.

But we can stay no longer at Honore, once a station, though remote, as pleasant as it was pretty; a centre of administration, with judge's and collector's courts and much commercial activity; but now, through change and rearrangement of headquarters and the growth of rival ports, a decaying, forsaken place. We prepare for a pilgrimage to the wonder far up amongst the distant mountains, which the waters of the river at our feet have passed and are ever murmuring of. Two hours before sunset a large boat capable of carrying some twenty or thirty people

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

is brought up to the little wave-washed jetty under the cliff. On it we embark with attendants, coolies, and baggage, the broad red sail is set square against the sea-breeze blowing briskly up the river, and we sweep up the stream between wooded banks, by reedy, egret-haunted islets and sand-banks, on which alligators lie grim and log like. There is but little sign of human life, only now and then a small boat is seen crossing with people, the only way of communication between villages sparingly scattered beyond either bank. Beholders are always struck by the varied and picturesque scenery of this river. Two and a half centuries ago a Roman knight, Pietro della Valle, travelled widely in the East. The account of his wanderings in the form of letters to a friend was thought worthy of translation into English,* and deservedly; it is full of close observation, accurate description and quaint remark. He passed down the western coast from Goa to Calicut, and wrote copious and entertaining details of all he saw. His eyes were open, in a manner unusual in that age, to natural beauties, and when on October 31, 1623, he ascended this very river to visit the court of a native prince above the Ghauts, no better idea of its course could be given than in the following extract: —

The three leagues of this journey was one of the most delightful passages that ever I made in my life, for the country on either side the River is very beautiful, not consisting of Plains that afford only an ordinary prospect, nor of towering Mountains, but of an unequal surface, Hills and Valleys, all green and delightful to the eye, clothed with thick and high Groves, and many times with fruit Trees, as Indian Nuts, Mango, Amber, and such like, all watered with innumerable Rivulets and Springs of fresh water: The sides of the River all shady, beset with Flowers, Herbs, and sundry Plants, which, like Ivy creeping about the Trees, and Indian reeds of excessive height (called by the country-people *Bambù,* and very thick along the banks), make the wood more verdant; through the middle whereof the River strays with sundry windings. In short, the River of Garsoppa, for a natural thing, without any artificial ornament of buildings or the like, is the goodliest River that ever I beheld.

Looking on the same unchanged scenes which the old traveller describes, we quite agree with his judgment. The sun now sinks and darkness comes on apace; the rustle of the wind and gliding progress of the boat induce slumberousness, and an hour before midnight we find ourselves at the halting-place, as far as boats can go up the river, now little more than a stone's throw wide. Far round us in the jungle extend the ruins of the once royal city of Garsoppa, whence the falls we are about to visit derive their English appellation, not very appropriately, as they are twenty miles distant. It contained of old thousands of houses and seventy-four temples, in one only of which the image of a god still looks from his shrine over the surrounding desolation. Like many others in this part of India, the state of Garsoppa was once ruled by a woman under the prevailing law of inheritance in the female line; as our Roman traveller remarks, "These Gentiles having an opinion (as 'tis indeed) that the Issue by the Woman-side is much more sure of the blood and lineage of the Ancestors than that by the Man-side." However, this custom, though it may insure succession in one way, has its inconveniences, which are severely felt at present, as they must have been in past days. The last queen of Garsoppa fell in love with a stranger, to whom she resigned herself and all her power. In this there was nothing contrary to the existing law, but he so abused his position that the affairs of the kingdom fell into confusion, when a neighboring king, suddenly entering with a great force, took the queen prisoner, slew her paramour, and caused the whole town and palace to be destroyed, so that, as Della Valle reports, "that lately flourishing City is become nothing but a wood; trees being already grown above the ruins of the houses, and the place scarcely inhabited by four cottages of the Peasants."

At the landing-place a pony sent on a couple of days before is awaiting us. Attendants and coolies come on shore and assume their burdens. Three or four men bear on their heads huge bundles of primitive torches, each a long roll of cocoa-leaf midribs and fibres bound together, dry as tinder and extremely light; one will flame for ten minutes or more; then, as it burns out, another is plucked from the bundle and lighted, and so on. A ghaut road, not practicable for wheels, leads hence upward to the Mysore table-land, passing near the falls whither we are bound. Mounting the pony we proceed onward at a foot's pace, for all must accompany us, and the torch-bearers go in front, incessantly waving their torches to keep them alight. The road is not gen-

* The Travels of Sig. Pietro della Valle, a Noble Roman, into East India and Arabia Deserta; in Familiar Letters to his Friend Signor Mario Schipano. London, 1665.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

erally steep, but winds with continual ascent amid the throng of ever-growing hills and along the upward-sloping valleys that lead into the heart of the great central plateau. For an hour we go on in deep darkness, the waving flickering torches only just showing the ground we tread, whilst before and behind darkness glooms like a wall. There is a great silence in the forest, only now and then the murmur of water sounds unwontedly distinct, but we see nothing of the scenery around. Let us then once again borrow a few lines from the old Italian traveller who ascended the same mountains by another pass, not to the falls of which he seems never to have heard, but to the court of the reigning Hindu king at Ikkeri. "Withal," he writes, "the Mountain is so watered with Rivulets and Fountains, and so clothed with Grass and Flowers, that, methought, I saw the most delightful place of the Apennine in Italy. If there be any difference, the Indian Mountain hath the advantage, because the height is much less than that of our Apennine — the ascent more easy, the woods more beautiful and thick, the waters not less musical and clear. If it yields to it in anything 'tis the frequency of inhabited places and the sumptuousness of buildings."

After for an hour or more threading our way through the palpable obscure, the sky in our front begins to brighten, and the trees fringing the heights become more and more visible against it. Presently the gibbous moon comes suddenly up over a long ridge, and, mounting higher and higher, begins to search out and disclose the mountain recesses. Whilst the feet of the long slopes are shrouded in deep blackness, their thickly wooded, many-folded sides are steeped in silvery sheen, tracts of light alternating with depths of inky gloom. The road we follow sometimes passes through clear moonlight and then plunges into ebon shadow. As we mount from the lower valleys the silence of the hills is sometimes broken. Strange sounds burst upon the ear. Now a deep sigh seems to rise up, and anon a sharp call rings out, and now and then a rustle betrays the neighborhood of a furry denizen of the woods. Once or twice a great owl comes sweeping noiselessly along, and on seeing us swerves aside with a startling whoop. After proceeding thus for some ten miles we halt at an open spot where a runlet crosses the road. The men put down their loads, quickly kindle a fire of sticks, sit round it, and pull out their frugal viaticum — a handful of cold boiled rice tied up in a corner of the waist-cloth. The moon is now riding high, and through a long vista we catch a glimpse of the low country, a spark of light glimmering here and there, the dusky sea-line and the moonshine on the watery waste beyond. Soon resuming march for eight or nine miles, the air perceptibly grows keener and the overarching trees larger and more umbrageous. At length we arrive before a long, low building; it is still an hour to daybreak, a white wet mist fills the air, and a strange muffled roar, now swelling now sinking, but sounding remote as though from depths immeasurable, strikes upon the ear.

But we are tired and drowsy, and entering the bungalow, and stretching ourselves on a cot, soon doze off. Suddenly awaking, we find it sunrise; volumes of mist are still wreathing and rolling past, and the strange far-off sound, like low subterranean thunder, continually swells or dies away. We are soon out in the dewy morning air. Nowhere, we think, all the earth over can there be a region more romantic and picturesque than this above the rim of the Ghauts — a land of hills, peaks, and ridges, stretching away in an ordered confusion, never rough, never monotonous, mantled with magnificent forests, of no single growth, but countless varied species, and the underwood fresh and graceful, thronged with beautiful plants and flowers. Amid these is spread a network of winding valleys, seldom very wide or deep, whose flat, fertile bottoms are covered with rice-plots, gardens, and orchards, amongst which may be discerned the frequent homestead, shaded by tall green fans of the plantain, and fruit-trees entwined with pepper-vines. These and the higher hilltops and grassy peaks are the only open spaces, the forest dominates everywhere else, and a few roads pierce its depths like long shadowy arcades.

Through this luxuriant country (on which the lean finger of famine, so killing, alas! on the wide regions eastward, can never heavily be laid) runs a broad, fair river, gathering the tribute of a thousand hills and springs, whose waters, except in the rains, find their way along its rocky bed in several streams. It winds on between banks fringed with trees and festoons of many-colored creepers, but showing no specially striking feature, till at one point, suddenly, with no warning slope or rapid, an appalling abyss opens across its course from bank to bank, and the whole great river disappears into this gulf.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Difficult it is to convey in words any picture of the stupendous scene. There is the river, some three hundred yards in width, flowing through soft woodland, its waters split into many glassy currents, gliding round worn boulders and islets, when instantly bed and banks are gone, and in their place are savage terrific walls of gaunt rock plunging to depths the eyes dare not look into, down which the shuddering waters fall at four points nearly equidistant on the irregular curve of the rim of the abyss.

These are the Falls of Garsoppa, not so famous as they should be, for nowhere the world throughout can there be another such vision.

From the lip of the precipice to the dark pools at its foot is an accurately measured distance of eight hundred and thirty feet, more than twice the height of the top of the cross that surmounts St. Paul's Cathedral, and down this prodigious descent pour the four cataracts, each arrayed in its own special robes of grandeur and beauty. First on the western side is the Great or Rajah Fall; a branch of the river runs over a projecting ledge, and nowhere touching the Titanic wall, which hollows in, descends in a stately unbroken column, gradually widening its shining skirts, into a black unfathomable pool eight hundred and thirty feet below. Imperially sublime the transfigured water passes with majestic calmness through the void in fold after fold of ermine whiteness spreading out its magnificence as it silently nears the end. The precipice runs backward, curving in an irregular bay, on whose farther side the next fall, named the Roarer, shoots slanting down a third of the height into a rocky basin that shoulders out, whence it boils out in a broad massive cataract, plunging five hundred feet into the same pool opposite its kingly neighbor. All the thunder and madness of the element are gathered in this writhing, headlong flood, and it is the voice of its fury that comes up from the abyss, like the roar and tumult of hurrying multitudes in the face of some great monarch moving to his doom. Leaving the bay, next on the general plane of the precipice comes the Rocket Fall, running impetuously over the brim and down the face of the stupendous wall, to which it only just clings with a broad band of glistening foam-white water, speeding in quick gushes incessantly darting out myriads of watery rockets and vaporous arrows, with which all its volume seems alive, and pouring clear at last in a dense shining curtain into its own pool. Last and loveliest, La Dame Blanche glides down the grim colossal rampart in lapse after lapse of delicate lace-like veils, now blowing out in bright misty spray and again quickly gathering up the white folds, and so stealing downward with a whispering murmur, till gently sinking in a sparkling shower into a pool whose ink-black surface is hardly ruffled.

At a point a furlong or two below the falls, on the farther side of the mighty ravine that cleaves the mountains from their feet, a platform has been hewn in the rock whence the whole overpowering precipice and the four falls are disclosed from top to bottom: the eyes at once takes in the sublime column of the Great Fall, the wild tumultuous plunge of the Roarer, the impetuous gush and foam-sheaves of the Rocket, and the hesitating, tremulous beauty of La Dame Blanche. All round the world there can be nothing to match the sight. The opposite side of the profound ravine, which maintains a uniform width and depth as far as seen, rising in tree-crowned crests higher than the line of the falls, sinks in a perpendicular drop of stern grey walls for more than a thousand feet to the floor of the colossal chasm; only here and there a dark rent or stunted tree rooted in a crevice breaks the awful uniformity. On the side where we sit the slopes, densely forest-clad, descend with only less than precipitous steepness. Looking down the ravine, the gaunt rocky faces gradually disappear, and a majestic wooded mountain closes the view. But one cannot turn long from the sublime vision of the falls, and the long pillars of bright water — too long to be taken in at a glance, the eye must follow them — bathed in light, as the Indian sun darts its radiance to their feet. Small trees, patches of herbage and grassy shelves, kept fresh by the spray-rain, soften the front of the abyss about the Rocket and the White Lady; but gloomy, cavernous recesses, which no sunshine reaches, lie hid behind the Great Fall as it pours from its beetling rim. Above in the background the higher summits of the mountains lift green peaks and darkly wooded crests into mid-air, and at the bottom of the falls a sunbow, ever rising slowly higher as the sun's rays penetrate deeper, arches the dark pools with its beautiful soft splendor. In the morning it lies long and low, but ascends with the sun, and after noontide spans the ravine with a glorious lofty semicircle. Not much mist-cloud arises except where the Roarer hurls down its massive volume,

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

but the air is laden with moisture, and often flushes with brilliant colors, as blasts of wind below scatter for a moment the symmetry of the sunbow, and fling wider the shining robe of the Great Fall. No, there can be nothing comparable to it elsewhere. The Staubbach dropping its single smoke-like veil from as lofty a brow, and the enormous flood and breadth and massiveness of Niagara, far less in height, belong to a different order of sublimity. The many torrents of the Zambesi Falls descend but one hundred feet into a long narrow fissure, "a gigantic crack," only eighty feet across. One hears of marvellous cataracts among Norwegian hills and in Californian valleys, but nowhere else are all the wonders and enchantments of water in every aspect of grace and beauty, force, majesty, and terror, so gathered and set in such a frame of surpassing sublimity and awful grandeur amid all the magnificence of tropical mountain scenery.

On an overhanging brow near the ledge over which the stream of the Great Fall glides to its tremendous plunge there is a point called the Rajah's Chair, from some tradition that of old a rajah of that region would resort there and sit on the brink, absorbed by the spectacle. He must have been gifted with a steadiness of brain, no less than an appreciation of scenery, unusual with his race; for on this point few can stand or sit, or do more than lie prone on the breast and cautiously peer over. Even so, the brain reels and sickens. There is the fearful void between the eyes and the dark pools and rock-strewn bottom plumb down below, so far does the rocky rim hang over, and such is the terrific perpendicularity of the dreadful precipice; only here and there far below a jutting point or shelf gives a measure and makes the depth beyond seem still more interminable. Countless flocks of pigeons winging the midway air show, not so gross as beetles, but like swarms of flies. Large stones brought from the river-bed behind and thrown over, fall and fall, and seem to vanish into the lowest depths, but reverberations still continue to come up, and after expectation is wearied, a faint splash tells they have reached the pool. The true height of the falls had long been a debated point, not easy of solution. Lines let down the face of the abyss stuck on the way, and calculations of the time taken by falling stones were delusive; and the general estimate, naturally inclined to excess, was never less than one thousand feet. About twenty years ago, however, a party of officers from a government ship employed in surveying the coast, visited the falls, bringing with them tackle and fathoming apparatus. They contrived to stretch a cable across the inward curve of the precipice above the cauldron into which the upper volume of the Roarer rushes, and slinging on to it a sort of bamboo cradle, which was then drawn out to the middle, let down a deep-sea line and lead to the pool beneath, and ascertained the exact depth from lip of precipice to pool to be eight hundred and thirty feet.

We now return to the vantage point on the farther side of the ravine, beyond whence all the grandeur and glory of the falls are sublimely displayed. One could well sit there the livelong day, but we will follow a narrow track that leads downward to the bottom of the gorge. Very steep and difficult it is, threading the declivity sometimes like a mere stony stairway, and twice or thrice descending slippery faces of rock by a rude ladder. Most of the distance the path passes through deep groves where the tree from which gamboge exudes and the large glossy leaves of the gutta-percha tree are conspicuous. Sometimes through the branches the eye catches the foamy gleam of the cataracts, which are more fully disclosed now and then when the path traverses a moist open space, where bright flowers and orchids stud the dripping shelves, and ferns, especially the curious *Pœcilopteris terminans*, with its long, thin, poignard-shaped, terminal frond, grow thickly. Flights of brilliant butterflies haunt such spots, and the prolonged shrilling of the cicada rings from the surrounding trees. At length the path emerges at the bottom of the gorge, a wild and weird place, strewn with large rounded stones and boulders indescribably slippery from the perpetual spray; the gigantic precipices so closely hemming it in on three sides seem to shut it out from the upper world. Slowly and cautiously we make our way over the perilous slime-covered stones towards the pools that receive the cataracts. A sense of the remote eeriness of the spot, as though it were in some forlorn fairyland, grows over us as we approach the largest and longest of those gloomy waters. Almost one thinks to see a dragon, or some monstrous beast, couched upon the brim. At the farther end the Great Fall descends in a massive shower; the other end is shaken by the furious down-pour of the Roarer. More to the right the water of the Rocket Fall, alive with endless flights of foamy arrows and outdarting shafts of spray, spreads out in a broad curtain that

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

descends over a dark-browed cavern, level with its own pool, and farther on the naiad of the spot, hidden in glistening delicate films and vaporous folds, vanishes in a thick, bright rain. Slowly we wander along the edges of the profound basins, whence many streams running out soon unite and continue their course along the gorge, and pausing before each fall watch their wonderful descent and disappearance. Long streamers of moss and vivid green vegetation hang from the chinks and crannies of the eternally dripping walls, and in guarded nooks and under shelves, ferns, and strange plants and flowers, find root. Especially round the arch of the cavern behind the Rocket grow clusters of some bright red flower, inaccessible and unknown. Here and there a wild plantain or banana clings in a sheltered nook, stretching out its large coarse leaves and small hard clusters, the indigenous stock as the crab of the apple. Looking upward with head strained back, the long jagged rim of the stupendous precipice can be discerned at a bewildering height above, and the tops of the falls seem as though issuing from the sky. The dreadful downward descent cannot be grasped at once, and a sense of fear, feebleness, and oppression spreads over the brain, different, however, from the sickening thrill of dread that grows over the gazer-down from the rim above. Burke, in his "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful," observes: "I am apt to imagine that height is less grand than depth, and that we are more struck with looking down from a precipice than looking up at an object of equal height; but of that I am not so sure." Much depends on temperament. There are some who can stand upon the dizziest edge and look calmly down; but had the great statesman visited a scene like this, we think he would have decided that in the case of a really tremendous precipice there is a far fuller, deeper, and more unwonted pleasurable sensation in looking up to than down from it. In the latter case one is not so much struck as overwhelmed.

The floor of the abyss widens out in front of the falls, especially on the side of La Dame Blanche, but soon resumes its ordinary breadth as the river runs on between its colossal banks, and one of the wonders of the place is from a knoll above, on the side near the Great Fall, to look down on the stream pursuing its way along the bottom of the enormous chasm. Repassing the dangerous stony space, we retreat to the shade where the abrupt declivity meets the floor. Long sitting there alone, the spell of this enchanted spot grows over one more and more. Though seeming to be sunk far aloof from the winds above and the influences of the upper sky, the air around is as full of mystic noises as Prospero's isle. Even when all is still, and the leaves hanging motionless, the voices of the falling waters continually change, sometimes almost dying away, then rising in strange tones of far-off lamentation or sudden triumph; and at times, when the atmosphere is stillest, fierce blasts seem to go by far overhead with a long, wailing sough or unearthly shriek, and the arch of the sunbow and white skirts of the Great Fall are scattered for a moment in iris-tinted fragments, whilst the gulf is filled with moans and weird sounds echoing from steep to steep. The falling waters and long, deep, trough-like ravine doubtless influence the currents of air, but the effect is strange and startling. It is such a fastness as the gods of a dying religion might retreat to from their neglected shrines and temples, and gather to bewail and await the announcement of their final doom. And indeed while watching there in that sunny stillness, broken only by the mystic voices of the air and waters, the forms of the old gods of India almost seem to float and soar amid the rolling clouds of spray and sun-colored wreaths of mist. Siva, Vishnu, and their train, many-armed and monstrous, arrayed in jewelly splendor, gleam for a moment, and vanish in the dim recess beyond the sunbow, and suddenly a fierce rushing, as of harpies on the wing, is heard overhead.

Whilst thus dreaming, the rustle of a light approach along the downward path strikes upon the ear, and presently a man emerges from the bushes and advances over the slippery stones. A Hindu, old and gaunt, wrapped in an orange-colored cloth, and his forehead white with ashes. In his hand he carries a long staff, polished like glass with use. We perceive that he is of the Jăngăm or Vîra Saiva sect, a follower of the great saint Băsăva, an incarnation of Siva. He perceives us not where we sit aside under the overhanging foliage, and stepping, with bare feet, surely and lightly along, he seats himself, drawn together Eastern fashion, on a small sand-bank in the open sunshine.

Seven centuries ago, when Brahmanical ascendency and pretensions — the most crushing and tyrannical system of priestly domination the world has ever known — were strongest and most unquestioned,

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Basava was born, the son of a Brahman in a village of Belgaum, in the southern Mahratta country, upon the western coast. When a boy, it is said, he refused to wear the Brahmanical thread, because the right of assuming it, requiring the adoration of the sun, involved an act of idolatry. Perhaps he did assume, but afterwards renounced it: there was some rebellion against the orthodox creed, and whilst still young he fled to the capital of the Carnataca country, where the reigning prince was a Jaina by religion, and his minister related to Basava. The minister gave the young man employment, and at his death, Basava succeeded to his office, and in time attained great power. Here it seems probable that after comparing the rival creeds of Jainas and Brahmans, and perceiving that both were idolatrous, he resolved to reject them both and worship only Siva, conceived as the one Supreme Being, God and Father of all. No Puritan or Quaker of the old stamp could have gone to work in a more root-and-branch style. He resolutely set himself against the Brahmanical priesthood and principles, and especially their exclusive hierarchial pretensions, renouncing the divine authority of the Vedas, Ramayuna, and Bhagavat Gita on which they are founded, and teaching that all men are equal by birth, and holy in proportion as they are temples of the Great Spirit.

He prohibited the superstitious rites of purification and the tedious funeral ceremonies, which are the burdens heavy and grievous to be borne of orthodox Hindu life, and tenaciously enforced by the Brahmans. Whilst they worship multitudes of gods and reverence the sun, rivers, cows, monkeys, and many animals, Basava declared there is but one God — Sāda-Siva — the ever blessed, a benevolent, gentle deity, somewhat resembling Saturnus, and with nothing but name in common with the Jupiter Siva of the Brahmans, represented always as an austere destroyer. Together with caste, he moreover renounced all Brahmanical observances and distinctions, fasts and feasts, penances and pilgrimages. The emblem of deity adopted by Basava was the Lingam, the most ancient symbol known to the Hindus, and in their minds totally separate from any obscene association. In Saiva Brahman temples it is called Sthâvara Lingam, the fixed or stable image, and to move it would be a great sin; but Basava called it Jăngăma Lingam, the moving or peripatetic image, a Vedic phrase used for a living being, and ordered it to be carried about by all his disciples as part of themselves; hence they are called Jangams, or living images of the deity, much in St. Paul's sense of a living sacrifice. Tiny images of it, the size of a pea, are inclosed in a small silver case or reliquary, and carried suspended on the breast by a string round the neck. Every Jangam is known by this badge. It can never be laid aside, or taken away, or permanently lost, for it is looked upon as part of the body; and should it ever be accidentally lost, the sufferer's friends fast and pray with him till it reappears in his hand, "descending through the air like a bee." This miracle they strongly affirm has repeatedly occurred, and they even declare that were it known to fail their faith would perish. In social matters the Jangams manifest the same determined opposition to all traditionary orthodox observances. By the Brahmans women are regarded with complete contempt, and widows are excluded from society, but the followers of Basava alone amongst Hindus, holding marriage not obligatory, behave with consideration and delicacy towards women, and treat widows with kindness and respect. Their heads are not shaved, and they may marry again. Amongst the Jangams a woman of piety is listened to as reverently as a man, and they accept and return the salutation of women equally as of men, observing that an insult to a woman would be an insult to the image of the deity which she wears, whilst it never even occurs to other Hindus to treat women with civility. Men and women eat together, and bless their meals in the name of their god, *after* which they consider the food holy, and are bound to eat it; it cannot then be defiled by the glance or touch of any person. Eating is expressly termed *sivapuja*, or worship; for the Jangams think with Jeremy Taylor, that "God esteems it a part of his service if we eat or drink; so it be temperately." Their literature is extensive and of high value, distinguished for moderation and purity, and free from the extravagance and abominable filth that characterize Brahmanical writings. They declare the doctrine of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man as distinctly as any modern thinkers, and differ remarkably from other Hindus with regard to a future state, affirming that they will suffer for themselves according as they have done good or evil. Other men are liable to transmigration, but not they who have been brought into the faith. They depart either to heaven or hell, and that state is eternal. Basava's resolute

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

rejection of the established creeds and customs of course raised hosts of enemies; a civil war ensued, in which the prince, his patron, was slain, and this event was soon followed by the death of Basava, who, according to his followers, was "absorbed into the image," or vanished, a significant expression which may cover much. This was coeval with the murder of Thomas à Becket. At the present day the Jangams are very numerous in the Canara and Mahratta countries, and in Mysore and Berar. Several of the petty rajahs of those regions have belonged to them, as is still the case. Pietro della Valle, the first European who mentions them, reports that the king to whose court we have seen him journeying was a "Giangama." As now seen, they are a peaceable race of Hindu puritans, boasting that none of their number are found in courts of justice, where the common Hindu oath would be regarded by them as a crime; and, firm in their faith, boasting also that conversions to Christianity or Mahommedanism are unknown amongst them.*

In Europe the Hindus are regarded as beyond other races bigoted, fettered by caste, and immovable in their religion and customs; but there can be no more striking instance of the revolt of intellect and conscience against idolatry, superstition, and priestly domination than that achieved by Basava, himself the son of a Brahman, "twice born," at an epoch when the sway of his caste was firmest. Again, three centuries later in Bengal, where Brahmanical tyranny was most rigid and supreme over all relations of life and society, Chaitanya, born in the same year with Luther, flung caste to the winds, renounced the priesthood, proclaimed the sufficiency of simple and absolute faith without works, observances, or ceremonial, and died with four millions of followers, a number now believed to be doubled. In truth, Europe has lagged behind India in the sphere of moral and religious insurrection. The Jaina and Buddhist systems, older than Christianity, are instances on the largest scale of triumphs over hierarchical pretensions; triumphs, moreover, continuing through centuries, extending over vast regions, accepted by ruling dynasties, and associated with high civilization, magnificent architecture, and excellent morality. But India also markedly exemplifies how the indestructible human tendency towards sacerdotal direction, authority, and ritual reasserts itself, however slowly, and bears them again to dominion. The Brahman and his power long seemed near extinction; he is now supreme, and his rivals have faded from the land of their origin, and those who still defy him are in comparison but a few scattered dissenters.

Meanwhile, the man whose appearance has recalled these recollections of the history of his creed remains seated motionless on the sand-bank with eyes fixed upon the glorious scene before him. We can hardly conjecture what thoughts are passing through his mind; Hindus are little open to the impressions of natural scenery, and that sympathy with it, when cataracts, rocks, and mountains haunt like a passion, seems wholly alien to their nature; it is rare indeed in any race. Still this is a point on which the European mind hardly understands and fathoms the Hindu enough to form a judgment. Ideas and ways of thinking are so essentially different that something of the same result may be arrived at under very different forms and by very different paths. Indian poetry is far from destitute of the recognition of natural objects and beauties, but generally in subordination to some shrine or god, and introduced in a mechanical sort of way. Every poem, they think, ought to contain descriptions of the seasons, streams, love, morning and evening, etc., in certain formal proportions. But a sense of natural beauty shows itself in them in many ways — their love of flowers, the picturesque sites of their temples, and their veneration of streams and waterfalls, so grateful in a burning land. An educated and reflective man of a sect like the Jangams, whose mind has not been stuffed from childhood with absurd Brahmanical stories and notions of manifold gods and superstitions, may well be open to higher influences, and even be touched with that sublime sense "of something far more deeply interfused" in nature. Presently the man we have been watching rises, and holding in his hand the emblem of his faith suspended on his breast, repeats in a loud emphatic voice, as Hindus always use to do when reciting or reading to themselves, some verses in which we can distinguish the majestic march of a Sanskrit hymn or prayer, composed by the celebrated sage Agastya, and adopted by the Jangams as their *credo* and confession of faith, continually in their mouths, and prefixed as a motto to

* In the foregoing account the writer has been largely indebted to a learned "Essay on the Creed and Customs of the Jangams," by C. P. Brown, M.C.S. Madras, 1840.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

their religious books. It runs thus, closely rendered line for line: —

The Being endless, Giver of goodness, Image of wisdom, whom pain and grief
Never can reach; the Sky His emblem, whose names are countless, and Truth the chief.
The One, everlasting, stainless, steadfast; who knows all secrets, Himself unknown.
Passionless ever, of perfect justice, — Him do I worship, and Him alone.

He who sits at the foot of the World-Tree, on the devout who before Him fall
Understanding and strength bestowing. Lord of the Universe, Teacher of all,
Embodied Glory of grace and mercy; Him I salute and adore, for He
From the burden of life and the bonds of death alone can deliver and set us free!

Scooping up water in his hand and drinking, he draws his cloth round him, and passing with long light steps over the slippery stones disappears on the upward path without having noticed us screened behind some bushes. After a time, and once again advancing to the brim of the dark pools and contemplating the wondrously lovely lapse and vanishing of the waterfalls in their bosom, we too address ourselves to the ascent, which shod feet and limbs less light and spare make far longer and more toilsome than to the ascetic who has gone before.

We do not neglect after moon-rise to resort to the wooded knoll above the Great Fall. Even the full moon at her midmost height cannot reach the lower depths of the gulf, or touch more than half of the mighty precipice, which from its overhanging and inwardly retreating character is mostly shrouded in gloom; only here and there a craggy point, outswelling slope, or rugged projecting brow catches the light and gives hint of the vast wall behind. The four falls descend into the abyss like huge columns of shining silver, writhing and quivering in the moonbeams, till suddenly swallowed and lost in the blackness of darkness. It is a weird and sublime sight, almost more impressive than the stupendous daylight vision. The voices of the water seem to change their tones, and a long lament, mingled with strange gusty sounds and cries as of struggling winds, rises fitfully up, laden with the intimation of appalling depths. By night too the spray clouds over the pools, which seldom mount high during the day, creep upwards in long spectral wreaths, and at dawn may be seen lifting their pale locks and brows over the brim of the abyss, but soon sink back and vanish as the sun mounts up.

Few travellers have visited the spot during the rainy season. At the height of the monsoon the whole forest country is a dripping, weltering wilderness, streamlets and threads of water become torrents, and roads are everywhere blocked up by floods and fallen trees. Movement and business are suspended, and the inhabitants almost as much confined to their homesteads as Arctic dwellers by the polar winter. Then the river, a wide furious flood, unbroken from bank to bank, rolls over the precipice in one tremendous torrent. The force and thunder must be overwhelming and sublime, but nothing can be seen — nothing of the precipice, of the gorge below or the river bed above; all are veiled by the enormous mist-clouds which fill the ravine and chasm, and roll in prodigious volumes far up the valley, ascending above the trees and bordering hills, and burying everything in a blank uniform grey. All is as much lost to view as a mountain prospect involved in clouds, and these clouds neither lift nor disperse whilst the monsoon lasts.

In this luxuriant region there are many marvellous spots; let us finally leave it with a glance at another wonder of nature, even stranger than the falls, and more difficult to convey an idea of by words. Some fifteen or twenty miles northward in the same continuous forest country are the Yêni, or Ladder Rocks, difficult to reach and seldom visited. In a rather low-lying undulating tract, in the heart of the jungle, where trees are broadest and undergrowth thickest, the visitor, long guided through labyrinths of narrow paths, often retarded by thorny bushes and the sharp hooks of rattan trailers, sometimes wading across swamps swarming with nimble leeches, and now and then over the paddy-plots of a lonely homestead, at length sees with surprise strange rocky shapes shooting abruptly above the trees, as cathedral towers rise over woodland. Previously for a long distance no rock has been encountered, the outlines of the country being low and rounded, but now advancing from between wooded eminences two extraordinary objects strike the eye, standing across an open space on either side the entrance of a narrow glen. Not columns or obelisks, not pinnacles or towers, yet unlike any of nature's freaks in rock or stone. Two great piles of rock rise abruptly some four hundred feet above the jungle that closely surrounds them. Huge, and of no describable out-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

line at base, their shape, if shape it can be called, changes continually as they rise, square, rounded, many-sided, breaking out everywhere in overhanging ledges, sharp points and elbows, jagged edges, twisted pendents, and ending in wild irregular spires and turrets. No other rocks are near; they stand clear, sooty-black in color, for iron enters into their texture, which is hard crystalline limestone, grey at the fracture, but blackening on the surface. No more rocks of the kind are known in that part of the country; at this spot only they and their fellows seem to have been thrust up from the bowels of the earth. The narrow glen, between two hundred and three hundred yards in length, is bordered by a succession of these fantastic shapes, not so large or high as the gigantic warders at the entrance. There is nothing of the pillared regularity of Staffa, or rather one might imagine one's-self moving through a Walpurgis *day*, made mysterious by the dim forest-shadows, past "giant-snouted crags" and rocks animated with monstrous life, or amid a throng of the enormous misshapen Afrits of Arabian romance, or a revel of huge lumpish giants turned into stone by some potent magician or Merlin spell. The little glen widens at the end into a sort of amphitheatre, in which stands a pair of the most amazing and fantastic of these nightmare forms. On the right is a great towering mass rather suggesting in outline some vast megatherium, or one of the colossal brood of earth's younger days, its prodigious back covered with a close array of long sharp spines; the other, loftier and less bulky, rising in piles of dislocated angular masses, some poised and hanging on others, seamed with deeply overhanging brows shooting straight up in spires and pinnacles, and over them many-cornered shafts bearing ragged parapets, broken steps and buttresses, all mounting upward and ending in a long lean tooth. Could unlike conditions be compared, one might imagine a fleet of icebergs drifted from their Arctic birthplace into this tropical solitude, and transformed suddenly from white glittering ice into sable stone; the grotesque forms wrought by the magic ministry of frost would not be exceeded by the bizarre outlines of these sun-blackened Indian rocks, surrounded by no blue sea waves, but by the green billows of a forest wilderness. At the base of the great spined rock there are wide and lofty cavernous recesses, with rugged far-projecting eaves, in the hollows of which prodigious swarms of bees have, doubtless for ages, held their stronghold, and, far above reach, filled them with an enormous wealth of Brobdingnagian combs, which hang down in rich waxen stalactites. The deep incessant hum of this innumerable commonwealth is audible at a considerable distance. The natives relate that two European officers once visited the spot, one of whom foolishly and wantonly fired into this formidable fortress, and was instantly attacked by clouds of the defenders, and died from their stings. Since then, they say, it is not safe for any one to go too near the swarming legions of the guarded city.

Such are some of the wonders and impressive sights embosomed in these Indian western wilds. The grand picture of the matchless fourfold falls can never fade from the inward vision of eyes that have looked upon them. At the bungalow hard by a book used to be kept in which visitors wrote their names, and often their impressions, for the most part not unworthy of the spot, for its influence had been too much for even British jocosity. Amongst them a bishop had recorded his thanks to God for having been permitted before death to behold so sublime and glorious a manifestation of the works of his hands, and a German artist wrote that an account of the falls had led him thither all the long journey from his own land, but that he held the toil to be well repaid. Such expressions are nothing exaggerated.

M. J. WALHOUSE.

From The Nineteenth Century.

AN OXFORD LECTURE.*

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

I AM sure that all in this audience who were present yesterday at Dr. Acland's earnest and impressive lecture must have felt how deeply I should be moved by his closing reference to the friendship begun in our undergraduate days; of which I will but say that, if it alone were all I owed to Oxford, the most gracious kindness of the Alma Mater would in that gift have been fulfilled to me.

But his affectionate words, in their very

* Left, at the editor's request, with only some absolutely needful clearing of unintelligible sentences, as it was written for free delivery. It was the last of a course of twelve given this autumn; refers partly to things already said, partly to drawings on the walls; and needs the reader's pardon throughout, for faults and abruptnesses incurable but by re-writing the whole as an essay instead of a lecture.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

modesty, as if even standing on the defence of his profession, the noblest of human occupations! and of his science, the most wonderful and awful of human intelligences! showed me that I had yet not wholly made clear to you the exactly limited measure in which I have ventured to dispute the fitness of method of study now assigned to you in this university.

Of the dignity of physical science, and of the happiness of those who are devoted to it for the healing and the help of mankind, I never have meant to utter, and I do not think I *have* uttered, one irreverent word. But against the curiosity of science, leading us to call virtually nothing gained but what is new discovery, and to despise every use of our knowledge in its acquisition; of the insolence of science, in claiming for itself a separate function of that human mind which in its perfection is one and indivisible, in the image of its Creator; and of the perversion of science, in hoping to discover by the analysis of death what can only be discovered by the worship of life, — of these I have spoken, not only with sorrow, but with a fear which every day I perceive to be more surely grounded, that such labor, in effacing from within you the sense of the presence of God in the garden of the earth, may awaken within you the prevailing echo of the first voice of its destroyer, "*Ye* shall be as gods."

To-day I have little enough time to conclude — none to review — what I have endeavored thus to say; but one instance, given me directly in conversation after lecture, by one of yourselves, will enable me to explain to you precisely what I *mean*.

After last lecture, in which you remember I challenged our physiologists to tell me how a bird flies, one of you, whose pardon, if he thinks it needful, I ask for this use of his most timely and illustrative statement, came to me, saying, "You know the way in which we are shown how a bird flies, is, that any one, a dove for instance, is given to us, plucked, and partly skinned, and incised at the insertion of the wing bone; and then, with a steel point, the ligament of the muscle at the shoulder is pulled up, and out, and made distinct from other ligaments, and we are told 'that is the way a bird flies,' and on that matter it is thought we have been told enough."

I say that this instance given me was timely; I will say more — in the choice of this particular bird, providential. Let me take, in their order, the two subjects of inquiry and instruction, which are indeed offered to us in the aspect and form of that one living creature.

Of the splendor of your own true life, you are told, in the words which, to-day, let me call, as your Father did, words of inspiration, "Yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove, that is covered with silver wings and her feathers with gold." Of the manifold iris of color in the dove's plumage, watched carefully in sunshine as the bird moves, I cannot hope to give you any conception by words; but that it is the most exquisite, in the modesty of its light, and in the myriad mingling of its hue, of all plumage, I may partly prove to you in this one fact, that out of all studies of color, the one which I would desire most to place within your reach in these schools, is Turner's drawing of a dove, done when he was in happy youth at Farnley. But of the causes of this color, and of the peculiar subtlety in its iridescence, nothing is told you in any scientific book I have ever seen on ornithology.

Of the power of flight in these wings, and the tender purpose of their flight, you hear also in your Father's book. To the Church, flying from her enemies into desolate wilderness, there were indeed given two wings as of a great eagle. But the weary saint of God, looking forward to his home in calm of eternal peace, prays rather — "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then should I flee away, and be at rest." And of these wings, and this mind of hers, this is what reverent science should teach you: first, with what parting of plume, and what soft pressure and rhythmic beating of divided air, she reaches that miraculous swiftness of undubious motion, compared with which the tempest is slow, and the arrow uncertain; and secondly, what clue there is, visible, or conceivable to thought of man, by which, to her living conscience and errorless pointing of magnetic soul, her distant home is felt afar beyond the horizon, and the straight path, through concealing clouds, and over trackless lands, made plain to her desire, and her duty, by the finger of God.

And lastly, since in the tradition of the old covenant she was made the messenger of forgiveness to those eight souls saved through the baptism unto death, and in the gospel of the new covenant, under her image, was manifested the well-pleasing of God, in the fulfilment of all righteousness by his son in the baptism unto life,— surely alike all Christian people, old and young, should be taught to be gladdened by her sweet presence; and in every city and village in Christendom she

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

should have such home as in Venice she has had for ages, and be, among the sculptured marbles of the temple, the sweetest sculpture; and, fluttering at your children's feet, their never-angered friend. And surely also, therefore, of the thousand evidences which any carefully thoughtful person may see, not only of the ministration of good, but of the deceiving and deadly power of the evil angels, there is no one more distinct in its gratuitous and unreconcilable sin, than that this — of all the living creatures between earth and sky — should be the one chosen to amuse the apathy of our murderous idleness, with skill-less, effortless, merciless slaughter.

I pass to the direct subject on which I have to speak finally to-day; the reality of that ministration of the good angels, and of that real adversity of the principalities and powers of Satan, in which, without exception, all earnest Christians have believed, and the appearance of which, to the imagination of the greatest and holiest of them, has been the root, without exception, of all the greatest art produced by the human mind or hand in this world.

That you have at present no art properly so called in England at all — whether of painting, sculpture, or architecture* — I, for one, do not care. In midst of Scottish Lothians, in the days of Scott, there was, by how much less art, by so much purer life, than in the midst of Italy in the days of Raphael. But that you should have lost, not only the skill of art, but the simplicity of faith and life, all in one, and not only here deface your ancient streets by the ford of the waters of sacred learning, but also deface your ancient hills with guilt of mercenary desolation, driving their ancient shepherd life into exile, and diverting the waves of their streamlets into the cities which are the very centres of pollution, of avarice, and impiety: for this I *do* care, — for this you have blamed me for caring, instead of merely trying to teach you drawing. I have nevertheless yet done my best to show you what real drawing is; and must yet again bear your blame for trying to show you, through that, somewhat more.

I was asked, as we came out of chapel this morning, by one of the fellows of my college, to say a word to the undergraduates, about Thirlmere. His request, being that of a faithful friend, came to enforce on me the connection between this form of spoliation of our native land of its running waters, and the gaining disbelief in the power of prayer over the distribution of the elements of our bread and water, in rain and sunshine, — seed-time and harvest. Respecting which, I must ask you to think with me to-day what is the meaning of the myth, if you call it so, of the great prophet of the Old Testament, who is to be again sent before the coming of the day of the Lord. For truly, you will find if that any part of your ancient faith be true, it is needful for every soul which is to take up its cross, with Christ, to be also first transfigured in the light of Christ, — talking with Moses and with Elias.

The contest of Moses is with the temporal servitude, of Elijah, with the spiritual servitude, of the people; and the war of Elijah is with their servitude essentially to two gods, Baal, or the sun-god, in whose hand they thought was their life, and Baalzebub, the fly-god, — of corruption, in whose hand they thought was the arbitration of death.

The entire contest is summed in the first assertion by Elijah of his authority, as the servant of God, over those elemental powers by which the heart of man, whether Jew or heathen, was filled with food and gladness.

And Elijah the Tishbite, who was of the inhabitants of Gilead, said unto Ahab, "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word."

Your modern philosophers have explained to you the absurdity of all that, you think? Of all the shallow follies of this age, that proclamation of the vanity of prayer for the sunshine and rain; and the cowardly equivocations, to meet it, of clergy who never in their lives really prayed for anything, I think, excel. Do these modern scientific gentlemen fancy that nobody, before they were born, knew the laws of cloud and storm, or that the mighty human souls of former ages, who every one of them lived and died by prayer, and in it, did not know that in every petition framed on their lips they were asking for what was not only fore-ordained, but just as probably fore-*done?* or that the mother pausing to pray before she opens the letter from Alma or Balaclava, does not know that already he is saved for whom she prays, or already lies festering in his shroud? The whole confidence and glory of prayer is in its appeal to a Father who knows our necessities before we ask, who knows our

* Of course this statement is merely a generalization of many made in the preceding lectures, the tenor of which any readers acquainted with my recent writings may easily conceive.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

thoughts before they rise in our hearts, and whose decrees, as unalterable in the eternal future as in the eternal past, yet in the close verity of visible fact, bend, like reeds, before the fore-ordained and faithful prayers of his children.

Of Elijah's contest on Carmel with that sun-power in which, literally you again now are seeking your life, you know the story, however little you believe it. But of his contest with the death-power on the hill of Samaria, you read less frequently, and more doubtfully.

"Oh, thou Man of God, the King hath said, Come down. And Elijah answered and said, If I be a man of God, let fire come down from Heaven, and consume thee and thy fifty."

How monstrous, how revolting, cries your modern religionist, that a prophet of the Lord should invoke death on fifty men! And he sits himself, enjoying his muffin and *Times*, and contentedly allows the slaughter of fifty thousand men, so it be in the interests of England, and of his own stock on exchange.

But note Elijah's message. "Because thou hast sent to inquire of Baalzebub the god of Ekron, therefore thou shall not go down from the bed on which thou art gone up, but shalt surely die."

"Because thou hast sent to inquire:" he had not sent to *pray* to the God of Ekron, only to *ask* of him. The priests of Baal *prayed* to Baal, but Ahaziah only *questions* the fly-god.

He does not pray, "Let me recover," but he asks, "*Shall* I recover of this disease?"

The scientific mind again, you perceive, — sanitary investigation; by oracle of the God of death. Whatever can be produced of disease, by flies, by aphides, by lice, by communication of corruption, shall not we moderns also wisely inquire, and so recover of our diseases?

All which may, for aught I know, be well; and when I hear of the vine disease or potato disease being stayed, will hope also that plague may be, or diphtheria, or aught else of human plague, by due sanitary measures.

In the mean time, I see that the common cleanliness of the earth and its water is despised, as if *it* were a plague; and after myself laboring for three years to purify and protect the source of the loveliest stream in the English midlands, the Wandle, I am finally beaten, because the road commissioners insist on carrying the road-washings into it, at its source. But that's nothing. Two years ago, I went, for the first time since early youth, to see Scott's country by the shores of Yarrow, Teviot, and Gala waters. I will read you once again, though you well remember it, his description of one of those pools which you are about sanitarily to draw off into your engine boilers, and then I will tell you what I saw myself in that sacred country.

> Oft in my mind such thoughts awake,
> By lone Saint Mary's silent lake;
> Thou know'st it well, — nor fen nor sedge,
> Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge;
> Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
> At once upon the level brink;
> And just a trace of silver sand
> Marks where the water meets the land.
> Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
> Each hill's huge outline you may view;
> Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
> Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake is there,
> Save where, of land, yon slender line
> Bears thwart the lake the scatter'd pine.
>
> . . . .
>
> And silence aids — though the steep hills
> Send to the lake a thousand rills;
> In summer tide, so soft they weep,
> The sound but lulls the ear asleep;
> Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
> So stilly is the solitude.
>
> Nought living meets the eye or ear,
> But well I ween the dead are near;
> For though, in feudal strife, a foe
> Hath lain Our Lady's chapel low,
> Yet still, beneath the hallow'd soil,
> The peasant rests him from his toil,
> And, dying, bids his bones be laid,
> Where erst his simple fathers pray'd.

What I saw myself, in that fair country, of which the sight remains with me, I will next tell you. I saw the Teviot oozing, not flowing, between its wooded banks, a mere sluggish injection, among the filthy stones, of poisonous pools of scum-covered ink; and in front of Jedburgh Abbey, where the foaming river used to dash round the sweet ruins as if the rod of Moses had freshly cleft the rock for it, bare and foul nakedness of its bed, the whole stream carried to work in the mills, the dry stones and crags of it festering unseemly in the evening sun, and the carcase of a sheep, brought down in the last flood, lying there in the midst of the children at their play, literal and ghastly symbol, in the sweetest pastoral country in the world, of the lost sheep of the house of Israel.

That is your symbol to-day, of the Lamb as it had been slain; and that the work of your prayerless science; the issues, these, of your enlightened teaching, and of all the toils and the deaths of the Covenanters on those barren hills, of the prophetic martyrs here in your

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

crossing streets, and of the highest, sincerest, simplest patriot of Catholic England, Sir Thomas More, within the walls of England's central Tower. So is ended, with prayer for the bread of this life, also the hope of the life that is to come. Yet I will take leave to show you the light of that hope, as it shone on, and guided, the children of the ages of faith.

Of that legend of St. Ursula which I read to you so lately, you remember, I doubt not, that the one great meaning is the victory of her faith over all fears of death. It is the laying down of all the joy, of all the hope, nay of all the love, of this life, in the eager apprehension of the rejoicing and the love of eternity. What truth there was in such faith I dare not say that I know; but what manner of human souls it made, you may for yourselves *see*. Here are enough brought to you, of the thoughts of a believing people.* This maid in her purity is no fable; this is a Venetian maid, as she was seen in the earthly dawn, and breathed on by the breeze of her native sea. And here she is in her womanhood, in her courage and perfect peace, waiting for her death.

I have sent for this drawing for you, from Sheffield, where it is to stay, they needing it more than you. It is the best of all that my friend did with me at Venice, for St. George, and with St. George's help and St. Ursula's. It shows you only a piece of the great picture of the martyrdom — nearly all have fallen around the maid, and she kneels, with her two servant princesses, waiting for her own death. Faithful behind their mistress, they wait with her, — not feebler, but less raised in thought, as less conceiving their immortal destiny; the one, a gentle girl, conceiving not in her quiet heart any horror of death, bows her fair head towards the earth, almost with a smile; the other, fearful lest her faith should for an instant fail, bursts into passion of prayer through burning tears. St. Ursula kneels, as daily she knelt, before the altar, giving herself up to God forever.

And so you see her, here in the days of childhood, and here in her sacred youth, and here, in her perfect womanhood, and here, borne to her grave.

Such creatures as these *have* lived — do live yet, thank God, in the faith of Christ.

You hear it openly said that this, their faith, was a foolish dream. Do you choose to find out whether it was or not? You may if you will, but you can find it out in one way only.

Take the dilemma in perfect simplicity. Either Christianity is true or not. Let us suppose it first one, then the other, and see what follows.

Let it first be supposed untrue. Then rational investigation will in all probability discover that untruth; while, on the other hand, irrational submission to what we are told may lead us into any form of absurdity or insanity; and, as we read history, we shall find that this insanity has perverted, as in the Crusades, half the strength of Europe to its ruin, and been the source of manifold dissension and misery to society.

Start with the supposition that Christianity is untrue, much more, with the desire that it should be, and that is the conclusion at which you will certainly arrive.

But, on the other hand, let us suppose that it is, or may be, true. Then, in order to find out whether it is or not, we must attend to what it says of itself. And its first saying is an order to adopt a certain line of conduct. *Do* that first, and you shall know more. Its promise is of blessing and of teaching, more than tongue can utter, or mind conceive, if you choose to do this; and it refuses to teach or help you on any other terms than these.

You may think it strange that such a trial is required of you. Surely the evidences of our future state might have been granted on other terms — nay, a plain account might have been given, with all mystery explained away in the clearest language. *Then*, we should have believed at once!

Yes, but, as you see and hear, that, if it be our way, is not God's. He has chosen to grant knowledge of his truth to us on one condition and no other. If we refuse that condition, the rational evidence around us is all in proof of our death, and that proof is true, for God also tells us that in such refusal we shall die.

You see, therefore, that in either case, be Christianity true or false, death is demonstrably certain to us in refusing it. As philosophers, we can expect only death, and as unbelievers, we are condemned to it.

There is but one chance of life — in admitting so far the possibility of the Christian verity as to try it on its own terms. There is not the slightest possibility of finding out whether it be true or not, first.

"Show me a sign first and I will come," you say. "No," answers God. "Come first, then you shall see a sign."

* The references were to the series of drawings lately made, in Venice, for the Oxford and Sheffield schools, from the works of Carpaccio, by Mr. Fairfax Murray.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Hard, you think? You will find it is not so, on thinking more. For this, which you are commanded, is not a thing unreasonable in itself. So far from that, it is merely the wisest thing you could do for your own and for others' happiness, if there were no eternal truth to be discovered.

You are called simply to be the servant of Christ, and of other men for his sake; that is to say, to hold your life and all its faculties as a means of service to your fellows. All you have to do is to be sure it *is* the service you are doing them, and not the service you do yourself, which is uppermost in your minds.

Now you continually hear appeals to you made in a vague way, which you don't know how far you can follow. You shall not say that, to-day; I both can and will tell you what Christianity requires of you in simplest terms.

Read your Bible as you would any other book — with strictest criticism, frankly determining what you think beautiful, and what you think false or foolish. But be sure that you try accurately to understand it, and transfer its teaching to modern need by putting other names for those which have become superseded by time. For instance, in such a passage as that which follows and supports the "Lie not one to another" of Colossians iii.— "seeing that ye have put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the spirit of him that created him, where" (meaning in that great creation where) "there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free." In applying that verse to the conduct and speech of modern policy, it falls nearly dead, because we suffer ourselves to remain under a vague impression — vague, but practically paralyzing, — that though it was very necessary to speak the truth in the countries of Scythians and Jews, there is no objection to any quantity of lying in managing the affairs of Christendom. But now merely substitute modern for ancient names, and see what a difference it will make in the force and appeal of the passage: "Lie not one to another, brethren, seeing that ye have put off the old man, with his deeds, and have put on the new man, which is renewed to knowledge," *εἰς ἐπίγνωσιν*, according to the knowledge of Him that created him, in that great creation where there is neither Englishman nor German, baptism nor want of baptism, Turk nor Russian, slave nor free, but Christ is all, and in all.

Read your Bible, then, making it the first morning business of your life to understand some piece of it clearly, and your daily business to obey of it all that you understand, beginning first with the most human and most dear obedience — to your father and mother. Doing all things as they would have you do, for the present: if they want you to be lawyers — be lawyers; if soldiers — soldiers; if to get on in the world — even to get money — do as they wish, and that cheerfully, after distinctly explaining to them in what points you wish otherwise. Theirs is for the present the voice of God to you.

But, at the same time, be quite clear about your own purpose, and the carrying out of that so far as under the conditions of your life you can. And any of you who are happy enough to have wise parents will find them contented in seeing you do as I now tell you.

First cultivate all your personal powers, not competitively, but patiently and usefully. You have no business to read in the long vacation. Come *here* to make scholars of yourselves, and go to the mountains or the sea to make men of yourselves. Give at least a month in each year to rough sailors' work and sea fishing. Don't lounge and flirt on the beach, but make yourselves good seamen. Then, on the mountains, go and help the shepherd at his work, the woodmen at theirs, and learn to know the hills by night and day. If you are staying in level country, learn to plough, and whatever else you can that is useful. Then here in Oxford, read to the utmost of your power, and practise singing, fencing, wrestling, and riding. No rifle practice, and no racing — boat or other. Leave the river quiet for the naturalist, the angler, and the weary student like me.

You may think all these matters of no consequence to your studies of art and divinity; and that I am merely crotchetty and absurd. Well, that is the way the devil deceives you. It is not the sins which we *feel* sinful, by which he catches us; but the apparently healthy ones, — those which nevertheless waste the time, harden the heart, concentrate the passions on mean objects, and prevent the course of gentle and fruitful thought.

Having thus cultivated, in the time of your studentship, your powers truly to the utmost, then, in your manhood, be resolved they shall be spent in the true service of men — not in being ministered unto, but in ministering. Begin with the simplest of all ministries — breaking of bread to the poor. Think first of that, not of your own pride, learning, comfort, prospects in life: nay, not now, once come to manhood, may even the obedience to parents check

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

your own conscience of what is your Master's work. "Whoso loveth father and mother more than me is not worthy of me." Take the perfectly simple words of the judgment, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me:" but you must *do* it, not preach it. And you must not be resolved that it shall be done only in a gentlemanly manner. Your pride must be laid down as your avarice, and your fear. Whether as fishermen on the sea, ploughmen on the earth, laborers at the forge, or merchants at the shop-counter, you must break and distribute bread to the poor, set down in companies — for that also is literally told you — upon the green grass, not crushed in heaps under the pavement of cities. Take Christ at his literal word, and, so sure as his word is true, he will be known of you in breaking of bread. Refuse that servant's duty because it is plain, — seek either to serve God, or know him, in any other way, your service will become mockery of him, and your knowledge darkness. Every day your virtues will be used by the evil spirits to conceal, or to make respectable, national crime; every day your felicities will become baits for the iniquity of others; your heroisms, wreckers' beacons, betraying them to destruction; and before your own deceived eyes and wandering hearts every false meteor of knowledge will flash, and every perishing pleasure glow, to lure you into the gulf of your grave.

But obey the word in its simplicity, in wholeness of purpose and with serenity of sacrifice, like this of the Venetian maid's, and truly you shall receive sevenfold into your bosom in this present life, as in the world to come life everlasting. All your knowledge will become to you clear and sure, all your footsteps safe; in the present brightness of domestic life you will foretaste the joy of Paradise, and to your children's children bequeath, not only noble fame, but endless virtue. "He shall give his angels charge over you to keep you in all your ways; and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

From The Spectator.

THE CRUELTY OF PECUNIARY CRIME.

We entirely agree, though not always for the same reasons, with the correspondents who so frequently denounce the lenity of the magistrates towards those found guilty of cruel crimes. The wife-beaters, the men who commit aggravated assaults almost equivalent to murders, and especially the criminals guilty of torture to children, are constantly let off with ludicrously inadequate sentences, sentences which in no degree help either to protect the feeble or to strengthen the conviction among the rougher classes that such offences are grave crimes. But we confess we are not equally in sympathy with a feeling which the same correspondents sometimes express, that crimes against property are punished far too severely. No doubt larcenies occasionally are so punished, and isolated cases of theft under strong temptation, but in the great majority of graver cases the magistrates, and especially the judges, are right in the severe sentences they inflict. There is, we are happy to say, an abhorrence of direct, brutal, physical cruelty growing up among us, which sometimes leads the enthusiastic to forget how terrible the effects of indirect cruelty may be, what tortures innocent persons may suffer from elaborate thefts, and how completely without moral excuse an educated thief, not pressed by hunger, must always be.

The regular lawyer's excuse for the severity of our laws against skilful forms of theft, such as embezzlement, forgery, and fraud, is well known, and is as far as it goes unanswerable. It is necessary to punish such crimes severely, because the motive which prompts them exists in almost all human beings, and the temptation to commit them is scattered all around. Speaking broadly, all men desire to get money. Nine-tenths of them, at least, would rather acquire it with a minimum of exertion. And a very large proportion of them, even though honest under the strong coercion of the law, or through the vigorous conscience which the law builds up, do not at heart care much whether they get it by fair or by unfair means. There are extraordinary shades of difference in the degree of unfairness to which men will consent — a swindler, for example, declining to rob his blind mother — but to some shade a vast number of very respectable persons would, as all experience shows, without the law descend. At the same time, the provocation to this crime is perpetual, so perpetual that special inducements would seem not to be needed at all. The murderer must have a cause for murdering, the brute must have a victim near, the ravisher needs opportunity, but the forger, or the swindler, or the cheat is always provoked and always ready. There is always property

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

to be obtained, and he is always wanting it. In the presence of a passion so general and so easily gratified, the law must be made strong, or society would go to pieces, one-half of it being tempted by impunity to prey perpetually upon the other. There would be perpetual social war, ending in a rapid destruction, not only of property, but of the desire to accumulate what it was so inordinately difficult to keep. Civilization would perish, as in some districts the practice of horticulture dies away, because exertion always ends when no tangible result of exertion can be obtained or preserved. This reason is unanswerable, and is always quoted by statesmen as sufficient answer to any plea for reducing the penalties on pecuniary crime, but it is not, as some writers of recent letters seem to fancy, the only justification for the laws. They forget or have never thought what a scoundrel an educated thief, whatever branch of thieving he pursues, must necessarily be. He, almost alone among criminals, must perform his crimes in cold blood. He must, whether he is forger, embezzler, or only cheat, plan his crime down to its smallest details, coolly, soberly, with deliberation and with all his faculties at their utmost stretch. A man cannot forge in a passion, or under terror, or when nearly blind with drink. He must carefully foresee the consequences of his act, must be careful to avoid all haste or passion, and must be utterly indifferent to any suffering he may inflict, however disproportionate to the gain to himself. The larger his operations the greater intellect they require, the more cool and composed must be his judgment, and the greater the amount of torment the innocent will suffer. The defaulting banker, the lawyer who bolts with his clients' money, the forger who ruins a firm, the embezzler who destroys a family, constantly inflicts as much suffering as the most violent of the brutes whom the magistrates, moved by some reasoning we have never been able to follow, so frequently let off with inadequate sentences. We abhor the brute who half murders his wife, but he is scarcely more cruel than the defaulter who deliberately does acts which send whole families previously decent and respectable to the workhouse or the asylum. We detest the brutal rough, but is he more brutal than the agent who quietly swindles an aged clergyman out of his all, and sends him to die, and his children to live as paupers upon public charity? We are all agreed to hang the murderer, but is he so much worse than the man — we have known the case — who for years deliberately eats up old servants' savings, and leaves them, in dozens at a time, to suicide, starvation, or the Union? There is not a criminal lawyer in the country who does not know of cases where swindlers have destroyed whole families, have wrecked the happiness of dozens of persons, and have inflicted sufferings which in their long duration are as much worse than physical pain as misgovernment is worse than war, merely that they themselves might lead lives a little easier than they otherwise would have done. A fraudulent banker, a swindling attorney, a successful forger, scatters misery broadcast, misery as acute as any ever inflicted by the rough who kicks his wife half dead, or beats a casual passer-by into a long and dangerous illness. Take the old Anglo-Indian graduate — we know of such a case — who after forty years of most honorable labor returns to England with a competence, to be swindled in the first month out of the whole by a rascally agent, and left for another quarter of a century a poverty-stricken pensioner on the charity of a friend. Which suffered most, he or the murderer's victim? Charles Reade, the novelist, has not in the least overstrained his grimly humorous catalogue of some of the minor consequences which followed the fall of Hardie's bank, a fall produced by the banker's habitual theft of his clients' securities for purposes of speculation: —

Mr. Esgar, a respectable merchant, had heavy engagements, to meet which his money lay at the old bank. Living at a distance, he did not hear the news till near dinner-time, and he had promised to take his daughters to a ball that night. He did so, left them there, went home, packed up their clothes and valuables, and next day levanted with them to America, taking all the money he could scrape together in London, and so he passed his ruin on to others. Esgar was one of those who wear their honesty long, but loose; it was his first disloyal act in business. "Dishonesty made me dishonest," was his excuse. *Valeat quantum.*

John Shaw, a steady footman, had saved and saved, from twenty-one years old to thirty-eight, for "footman's paradise," a public-house. He was now engaged to a comely barmaid, who sympathized with him therein, and he had just concluded a bargain for the "Rose and Crown" in the suburbs. Unluckily — for him — the money had not been paid over. The blow fell; he lost his all, — not his money only, but his wasted life. He could not be twenty-one again, so he hanged himself within forty-eight hours, and was buried by the parish, grumbling a little, pitying none.

James and Peter Gilpin, William Scott, and Joel Paton were poor fishermen, and Anglo-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Saxon heroes, — that's heroes with an eye to the main chance; they risked their lives at sea to save a ship and get salvage; failing there, they risked their lives all the same, like fine fellows as they were, to save the crew. They succeeded, but ruined their old boat. A subscription was raised, and prospered so, that a boat-builder built them a new one on tick, price eighty-five pounds; and the publicans said, "Drink, boys, drink, the subscription will cover all; it is up to 120 already." The subscription-money was swallowed with the rest, and the Anglo-Saxon heroes hauled to prison.

Took to the national vice, and went to the national dogs, Thomas Fisher, a saving tinman, and a bachelor: so I expect no pity for him.

To the same goal, by the same road, dragging their families, went the Rev. Henry Scudamore, a curate; Philip Hall, a linendraper; Neil Pratt, a shoemaker; Simon Harris, a greengrocer; and a few more; but the above were all prudent, laborious men, who took a friendly glass, but seldom exceeded, until Hardie's bankruptcy drove them to the devil of drink for comfort.

Turned professional thief, Joseph Locke, working locksmith, who had just saved money enough to buy a shop and good-will, and now lost it every penny.

Turned atheist, and burnt the family Bible before his weeping wife and terrified children and gaping servant-girl, Mr. Williams, a Sunday-school teacher, known hitherto only as a mild, respectable man, a teetotaller, and a good parent and husband. He did not take to drinking, but he did to cursing, and forebade his own flesh and blood ever to enter a church again. This man became an outcast, shunned by all.

Three elderly sisters, the Misses Lunley, well born and bred, lived together on their funds, which, small singly, united made a decent competence. Two of them had refused marriage in early life for fear the third should fall into less tender hands than theirs. For Miss Blanche Lunley was a cripple; disorder of the spine had robbed her of the power to walk or even stand upright, leaving her two active little hands, and a heart as nearly angelic as we are likely to see here on earth. [She died of pity for her sisters' fate.]

It is nonsense to say that a criminal of this kind does not foresee the consequences of his crimes. He knows what want of money means, for it is his dread of it which helps to indurate his own hard egotism. He knows his victim's affairs, for he could not otherwise rob him to advantage. And he foresees the suffering he must cause, or he would not take, as he constantly does, such elaborate precautions to avert or elude his victim's vengeance. Cruelty does not cease to be cruelty because it is of the callous instead of the violent sort, nor is a thief better than a brute, because the thief would as lief rob one man as another, while the brute has usually one special victim. "Rely on it," said an experienced judge to the writer, "the worst men, as men, who come before me, the most cruel, the most base, the most hopeless of improvement are the professional swindlers, the men who make such good defences, and look so neat and clean. They are worse than professional gamblers, who are more cruel than almost any other men." There might be something of the horror of base crimes, as distinguished from the horror for violent crimes, about the speaker, an old and consistent Tory; but he was right to a degree which it is not well that society, even out of a philanthropic motive and for a passing moment, should forget.

From The Spectator.

THE EMOTIONS DUE TO CHRISTMAS BILLS.

If the new doctrine of the rapid selection and sure inheritance of artificial emotions adapted to the peculiar circumstances of men's artificial life be true, we ought to be finding in our children, even in the youngest of them, a special susceptibility and irritability in relation to pecuniary obligation, engrafted on that pride of proprietorship with which they regard their Christmas gifts. If the setter puppy feels the impulse to set whenever that affection of his nerves which is due to the neighborhood of game is set up, even though he may be under no authority which is expecting and trying to confirm the operation of this tendency in him, why should we not see in our children, long before the time comes when they bend beneath the weight of housekeeping liabilities, and are oppressed by the accumulation of those yearly bills which their parents had ever believed in their souls, and proudly proclaimed with their lips, that they discharged punctually week by week, the tendency to shudder at the advent of those long blue lists of parental liabilities? Is it possible that the childish irritability which is usually ascribed to the cessation of the Christmas excitements, may really be due to the rudimentary consciousness of maturer responsibilities awakened by this onset of those ominous blue breakers, in which so many households' peace is wrecked? If this be not so, we suppose we must ascribe the absence of any tendency to the generation of this periodic

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

emotion, to the fact that new blood is constantly modifying the nervous system of class-organizations, and that the season which brings nothing but inadequately estimated obligations to one class, brings perhaps less inadequately estimated receipts to another. For of course, whenever a man whose ancestry have long been in the habit of suffering from the *melancholia Januariensis*,— that is, the despair and indignation with which they discover that after paying everything, as they supposed, weekly or quarterly, they have an innumerable number of exclusively yearly obligations also to discharge, — marries into the class which *reaps* its harvest at the time when his ancestors have been accustomed to be reaped rather than to reap, the chances are that the tendency to the formation of this specific emotion will be suddenly neutralized; and this perhaps suggests the true antidote for the dejection appropriate to the month now passing away. If we were but as capable as the positivists aspire to make us, of "altruistic" emotion, we should feel a specific joy whenever we pay a long bill, not merely in getting rid of the sense of obligation, but in regarding the feelings with which our creditor will pay in the cheque to his banker's, and contemplate the swelling of the credit account to which we have just contributed. And no doubt, if we could feel this as we ought, January would be a month of neutralized feeling on this head; the unpleasant surprise with which we discovered that we owed what we had quite forgotten, would be neutralized by the pleasurable surprise with which we discovered that we had to confer a pleasure of the opportunity of which we were ignorant; and the sense of discomfort with which we should contemplate the dwindling balance at our banker's, would be neutralized by the gratification with which we should think of the growth of our builders' or plumbers' credits at their bankers', and the satisfaction with which the chancellor of the exchequer would be watching the repletion of the treasury. To disinterestedness of this kind, however, few men can probably at present lay any claim, though the present writer does know a lady who was so shocked (sympathetically) at the smallness of one of her tradesmen's Christmas bills, that she bought something extra on purpose to swell the amount at the time she paid it. This, however, for most of us is a "counsel of perfection." And we suspect, therefore, that if the theory of the rapid growth of artificial emotions of this kind be well founded, the intermarriage between families to which January brings large credits, and families to which it brings great payments, must be the explanation of our failure to observe any specific January melancholy apart from the pressure of individual claims.

Perhaps some one may say that the explanation is much simpler, that there is no tendency to the growth of a specific emotion of melancholy due to Christmas bills, because even in the class which has to pay in January, without any special January receipts, so many are equal to the emergency, that no surprise and indignation of the kind we have described are felt. But if there be a man or woman who really does foresee all the claims which will arise in this way, and finds only what was foreseen, we feel sure that such a person is too good, or at all events, too exceptional, to live, and could not expect to transmit his or her virtues to descendants. Professor Huxley says that if he could be offered the choice of always going right and being properly wound up, on condition he should become a machine, he would embrace the offer at once, — but then if he did, of course he would be the consummation of the race. There would be no need for repeating copies of a perfectly regulated machine, one specimen of which is even better than a hundred, because it would take up less space in a museum; and a man who really finds his Christmas bills come up precisely to his expectations, must be a calculating machine, neither more nor less.

Probably the pessimists have no case so strong for their theory that life is an evil so gilded by illusions as to look like a good, even up to the very end of it, as the perennial illusion with which men always say to themselves that *this* Christmas at least there will be nothing more than the ordinary quarter's bills to meet, since such and such a heavy expense which in former years has fallen due at Christmas, has this year not been incurred, or has been defrayed at the time. So we say every year, and every year brings more or less its heavy crop of hardy annuals, in which the place of any deficient expense to which we had lovingly referred in anticipation, is sure to be supplied by two or three others, probably greatly exceeding it in weight. The same thing happens every year, and yet every year again the same illusion returns, only to be once more severely dissipated. Surely here, if anywhere, is an impression for which no experience can account, — since it is wholly contrary to

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

experience, — yet so deep-rooted as to make it certain that it must be in some way advantageous to those who are under its spell, in their conflict for existence. While, then, the pessimist can boast of this constant illusion as one of the great verifications of his teaching that nature so gilds all her pills as to make them seem grateful before they are swallowed, the stern moralist who says that truth must always be the best, and that illusion, as such, can only lead us astray, must be sorely puzzled by this strange provision of nature to brace us by airy and baseless hopes for the stern onset of the Christmas bills. Of course, such a one will say that if we had but known the truth in all its blackness, — if we had really foreseen the sum-total of all such bills as January, nay, even February, brings us, early in December, we should have been better provided for grappling with them, since we should not have cast away so much in preparation for Christmas. But nature knows better than these pedantic adherents of the advantages of realism. The truth is that what we call moral vitality seems to mean a certain over-supply and redundancy of motive for all we do, whether in restraint of action or in stimulating it. Thus we save because we are in a mild panic as to our expenditure; and we spend because we are under some curious illusion as to the scope of our economies or savings. If we were never either over-frightened or over-bold, we should too often put off acting altogether till it was too late, and so lose half the lights and shadows of life, — that is, lose so much living. When are we so niggardly, so stony-hearted towards charities, so blankly indisposed to contrive pleasures for our children or nephews and nieces as in the month which follows the great carnival of the shopkeepers? We suspect that some of the best saving of the whole year will always be found to occur in February and March, just on account of the despair with which January has filled our hearts. And a visible augmentation in the severities of this mood has certainly followed Mr. Lowe's inhumane legislation, which piled the payment of income-tax on the head of all the other Christmas bills in this mid-"winter of our discontent." Cunning philanthropists are now so well aware of this, that they would as soon apply for a fresh subscription or donation in the first month or two of the year, as they would call to ask a business man for assistance or advice just at the moment when he is opening his pile of worrying letters, and is at least as fierce over them as a wild beast is over his meat. Sir Isaac Newton used to try to explain the bright little optical phenomenon called "Newton's rings," by saying, if we remember rightly, that light had "easy fits of reflexion and transmission." That would be an admirable phrase to express the periodic feeling of the middle class with regard to its money, except that just about the winter solstice the fits are rather too violent to be "easy." That class has in the course of the ordinary year alternate fits of reflexion and transmission, but directly the rather spasmodic fit of transmission which marks mid-winter is passed, a fit of very deep and stern reflexion ensues, which is no "easier" than its immediate predecessor, and in the immediate results of that fit a good deal of the saving of the year is done.

And after all, as the severity of the frost gives a new beauty to the mild spring breezes which break it up, and turn all the rivers again into motion, who would care so much for the relaxation of economic principle which is discernible towards May, but for the contrast it presents to the stern rigidity of the previous months? We once heard a lady say it was no fun asking her husband for anything, because it was so easy to get it. She would value it more, if she knew what it was to fail in the matter. And that is the feeling of half the tradesmen, too. The first purchases into which they manage to seduce you after the Christmas bill is settled, are obviously to them the sweetest of all the year. It is not only that such purchases constitute the embryo of the new account, but that there is the consciousness of special tactics and strategy in the victory. They well know that their customers are making a great struggle to prolong the time of cancelled obligations in which the old account can be thought of as cleared off and no new one has yet been opened, and they are just as determined to shorten it as the customer is to lengthen it. Hence the sweetness of the unexpected victory. Call it illusion if you will, what would life be without the changes of light and shade which — if it be illusion — illusion makes? — the changes of mood which break its monotony and render us tolerable to ourselves, — the see-saw of interchanging obligations, — the overcharge of motive that makes both action and self-restraint alike a pleasure instead of an effort, — the mere mental exercise involved in a complete change of parts? After all, Christmas bills are not a pure evil, even to those who have to pay them.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume XXI. | No. 1759.—March 2, 1878. | From Beginning, Vol. CXXXVI.

CONTENTS.

I. MARCH OF AN ENGLISH GENERATION THROUGH LIFE, ... *Quarterly Review*, ... 515
II. DOCTEUR LAVARDIN: A SKETCH, . . . *Macmillan's Magazine*, . . . 525
III. SHAKESPEARE IN FRANCE, ... *Nineteenth Century*, ... 533
IV. ERICA. Part XIII. Translated for THE LIVING AGE, from the German of . . *Frau von Ingersleben*, ... 546
V. FRENCH HOME LIFE. Religion, ... *Blackwood's Magazine*, . . . 559
VI. PLEASANT PEOPLE, ... *Saturday Review*, ... 570
VII. WALKING IN WINTER, ... *Pall Mall Gazette*, ... 573
VIII. ANTOINE CESAR BECQUEREL, ... *Nature*, ... 574

POETRY.

WANTED, A SECRETARY OF STATE, . 514
FIAT JUSTITIA, ... 514
"WHAT WE, WHEN FACE TO FACE WE SEE," 514

MISCELLANY, ... 576

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

WANTED, A SECRETARY OF STATE.

WANTED, a politician
To fill a vacant place
In an administration
Which has sunk into disgrace.
He must not be ambitious
To cherish a good name,
But love humiliation,
And be partial to ill-fame!

Let him not think that England
For others' freedom cares,
Or that the cause of justice
Is part of her affairs;
That whether suffering peoples
Shall bear us love or hate,
Is matter to be pondered
By ministers of state!

To prayers of down-trod Christians
He must listen with a sneer,
But to the Moslem story
Lend sympathizing ear,
And hold that for these evils
'Tis vain to seek a cure,
For Turks must slay and outrage,
That England may endure!

He must not halt or murmur,
Tho' dreading what may come
Of Asiatic schemings,
Which sound like muffled drum;
But let the world imagine
That it is his greatest joy
To be the tool of Judah,
And the lacquey of Alroy!

He must without a scruple
Lead his countrymen to think
That the abyss is distant,
Though they are on the brink;
Must practise double-dealing
To serve his chief's caprice,
And when they're plotting mischief,
Pretend they are for peace!

And lastly, no misgivings
Must cause him to resign,
Or own a higher master
Whose dictates are divine!
On ministers with morals
No statesman can rely,
So people who are pious
Had better not apply!

Spectator. L. F. AUSTIN.

WHAT we, when face to face we see
The Father of our souls, shall be,
John tells us, doth not yet appear;
Ah, did he tell what we are here!

A mind for thoughts to pass into,
A heart for loves to travel through,
Five senses to detect things near,—
Is this the whole that we are here?

Rules baffle instincts, instincts rules;
Wise men are bad, and good are fools;
Facts evil, wishes vain, appear,—
We cannot go, why are we here?

Oh, may we for assurance' sake
Some arbitrary judgment take,
And wilfully pronounce it clear,
For this or that 'tis we are here?

Or is it right, and will it do,
To pace the sad confusion through,
And say: It doth not yet appear
What we shall be, what we are here?

Ah, yet, when all is thought and said,
The heart still overrules the head;
Still what we hope we must believe,
And what is given us receive.

Must still believe, for still we hope
That in a world of larger scope,
What here is faithfully begun
Will be completed, not undone.

My child, we still must think, when we
That ampler life together see,
Some true result will yet appear
Of what we are together here.

A. H. CLOUGH.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

YES, all is ended now, for I have weighed thee—
Weighed the light love that has been held so dear—
Weighed word, and look, and smile that have betrayed thee,
The careless grace that was not worth a tear.

Holding these scales, I marvel at the anguish
For thing so slight that long my heart has torn—
For God's great sun the prisoner's eyes might languish,
Not for a torch by some chance passer borne.

I do not blame thee for thy heedless playing
On the strong chords whose answer was so full—
Do children care, through daisied meadows straying,
What hap befalls the blossoms that they pull?

Go on, gay trifler! Take thy childish pleasure—
On thee, for thee, may summer always shine—
Too stern were Justice should she seek to measure
Thy fitful love by the strong pain of mine.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

From The Quarterly Review.

MARCH OF AN ENGLISH GENERATION THROUGH LIFE.*

THE annual report issued by the registrar-general of births, deaths, and marriages in England is one of the many works performed by official hands of which comparatively little account is taken. Yet the volume always contains much that is valuable, and often much that is really interesting. But the form in which it appears, the long tables of figures, the innumerable columns carefully headed with their separate subjects, the immense mass of details, all are sufficient to turn aside the mere casual reader. And yet it is in the fact of this immense mass of details, combined with their skilful, their scientific arrangement, that the interest of the volume lies. The rise, maintenance, and progression of each generation of our fellow-countrymen is chronicled here, or rather, as each generation is connected by countless links of living interest both with that which precedes it and that which treads on its heels, we can never single out in fact, as we fancy we can in imagination, any one generation from its fellows, and we have laid before us here the gradual development of the entire population. The volume contains, so far as many points of material welfare are concerned, a history of the maintenance and progress of the English nation. The countless incidents which affect the welfare of the people, the births, the marriages, the deaths, the illnesses, the migrations, the adversity, the prosperity, are all reflected in these pages; marked, not indeed in any startling story, or with any striking connection of incidents, but by the slow and regular aggregation of details; the whole forming a history almost perfect in itself, constructed on the principle of allowing the facts to state themselves, preserving them strictly, truthfully, and completely. Separated from each other, these facts would be valueless, and generally devoid of interest. Collected and compacted together, they preserve a record of what has occurred, of the higher value from the fact that it gives a most honest transcript of what has been. It may be compared to one of those strange preservations of the past which have been found in excavating the relics of Pompeii, where the ashes accompanying the outburst of the volcanic forces which destroyed that doomed city have formed a covering so complete for those who were overwhelmed in the catastrophe, that the shape of every limb of the sufferer, of every fold of the garment, has been retained. Modern investigation pours a liquid and plastic material into the mould thus created, and is startled by recovering the almost lifelike image of the once brilliant maiden or the stalwart soldier who succumbed, ages since, before the terrible storm which preserved their forms, as it fixed them, in death.

Almost as complete, almost as minute, is the record of the past preserved by the registration of facts collected by the care of the registrar-general. The chapter in the "Supplement to the Thirty-fifth Annual Report," which narrates the "March of an English Generation through Life," gives a picture, vivid by its lively representation, of the various illnesses and accidents which befall the average inhabitant of our island. It commences by singling out, in imagination, a million children from the moment of birth. Of these, some are born feeble, some are early attacked by disease, their frail and immature forms are surrounded by many perils; it will be found that more than a fourth part of the whole number, taking England all over, will have been removed by death before they reach the age of five years. Most of the survivors have been attacked by some sort of disease, or by more diseases than one. Yet increasing strength enables them to withstand better the onslaughts of illness, and less than a seventh part of the number of deaths recorded in the first period of

* 1. *Thirty-eighth Annual Report of the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages in England.* Presented in both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Hajesty. London, 1877.

2. *Annual Summary of Births, Deaths, and Causes of Death in London and other large Cities*, 1875. Published by the Authority of the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages in England. London, 1876.

3. *Supplement to the Thirty-fifth Annual Report of the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages in England.* Presented in both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. London, 1876.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

five years is enumerated in the second. The deaths between the ages of ten and fifteen are fewer than at any other time of life. It is as if the destroying angel looked compassionately, for a few moments, on the weakened numbers of that mighty host, from which he had already exacted so heavy a tribute. At the age from fifteen to twenty the mortality increases again, especially among women; as consumption and childbirth, for a greater proportional number of deaths occur among those who marry at a very early age — alas! that the fair brides wedded in the first sweet bloom of youth should have to suffer thus — make severe havoc in their ranks. At this age the more dangerous occupations of men over those of women begin to show their influence, and fully eight times as many men as women die violent deaths. The number of deaths from violent causes increases in the next five years — from twenty to twenty-five — while, during it, nearly half the mortality is from consumption. From this point onwards the progress of the career of the remainder is only chronicled by the registrar at intervals of ten years. In the period from twenty-five to thirty-five consumption is again the most fatal disease; most of those who die have already settled into their several avocations, and are fathers and husbands, mothers and wives. Hence the deaths which occur leave more sorrow and trouble behind them than those which takes place at an earlier age. Between thirty-five and forty-five the same conditions continue in the main. The new generation, which is in time to succeed the one whose fate has been the object of inquiry, has now been born. We must not, however, pause to contemplate their career, but must fix our attention on the further progress of the rapidly thinning ranks whose onward march we have been mentally accompanying. The deaths by consumption still predominate; but the strain of time on the structure of the body has also been great at this age, and many succumb to diseases of the principal organs. The violent deaths at this age continue at much the same quota as at the period when men first begin to enter active life. The period from forty-five to fifty-five is justly marked as being "*nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita*," for the million which was surveyed in imagination at the outset has now dwindled down to half that number. The number of deaths at this age is considerably greater than in the preceding decade. Consumption is still very destructive, and diseases of the brain and diseases of the heart show, by the number of their victims, the effect of the continued strain of wear and tear. "To the age of fifty-five," of the million singled out in imagination, to quote from Dr. Farr, from whose remarks the foregoing observations have been condensed, "near the middle of the possible lifetime of humanity in its present state, 421,115 attain, and from this point of time it is possible to look ahead, and discover the particular rocks, foes, collisions, tempests to be encountered, to be dreaded, or to be weathered by the fleet on its way to the utmost butt of existence, and very seamark of its journey's end."

One thing to remark is, that the rate, the degree of danger, which has hitherto increased slowly, now increases at so much faster a pace that, although the number of lives grows less, the number of deaths increases in every one of the next twenty years, and is afterwards sustained for ten years longer, until at last, in the distance, all sink into the elements from which they came.

Of the one hundred women living of the age of fifty-five and upwards, it is worthy of note that eleven are spinsters, forty-three widows, and forty-six wives; of one hundred men nine are bachelors, twenty-four widowers, and sixty-seven husbands.*

To continue the chronicle. At the age of fifty-three the number of men and women surviving becomes equal; but from fifty-five and onward the women exceed the men in number. Between fifty-five and sixty-five the diseases of the lungs, heart, and brain are very fatal to life. Among the men violent deaths are about as common as at the earlier stages. But it is a sad thing to contemplate that sui-

* Supplement to Thirty-fifth Annual Report of the Registrar General, p. xxxii.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

cides are more numerous, the greater number of deaths from that cause, in proportion, occurring at this age. That the cares and troubles of life increase, while vigor and energy decline, probably accounts for this melancholy fact. Between sixty-five and seventy-five the deaths are more numerous than in the ten years previous. By this time the majority of the grandchildren of the generation under consideration have been born, sixty-seven being about the average age of grand-paternity. A second great landmark in the life of the generation is thus passed. The age of seventy-two is that when the greater number of *men* die. From seventy-five to eighty-five the influence of weather upon health becomes more marked. One would hardly expect to find that, on an average, out of every million born, 161,124 reach the age of seventy-five. But by eighty-five this number has dwindled to 38,565, of whom Dr. Farr calculates that only about two hundred and twenty reach the age of one hundred.

Interesting as this chronicle is, recalling as it does to the mind the beautiful story of "The Vision of Mirza," it is impossible to read it, any more than it is possible to read that charming allegory, without a feeling of melancholy. One cannot help reflecting on the regrets which must accompany each departure from life — the hopes unaccomplished, the vigor prematurely cut short, the families dispersed, the histories of pain and sorrow condensed into one brief line of the general statement. One cannot help thinking of the continuous and constantly recurring labors of the father of the family, the lifelong exertions, the struggles to make or to maintain his position; of the labors, less seen but none the less arduous, of the mother, holding the household together with the bond of affection which makes the "house" the "home."

Und füget zum Guten den Glanz und den
Schimmer,
Und ruhet nimmer.

It is well to turn from these pages to those which relate the beneficial influences of improvements in the sanitary arrangements in towns. Thus a notable increase of health in Salisbury, gradually but steadily improving during the course of thirty years; in towns circumstanced as differently from Salisbury as Macclesfield and Wisbech, a diminution; and again an increase of mortality in Hull in the same period, — show how possible it is to combat the necessarily injurious influences of overcrowding and unhealthy occupations, if only there is a resolute determination to do so.

A short but very instructive statement in the report chronicles the different influences which the fact of living in a healthy or an unhealthy district of the country has over the lives of the population. It were natural to expect that in this vast metropolis, with its great density of population, its ceaseless wear and tear, with an atmosphere at all times heavily laden with smoke, with an uncertain and trying climate, life should not attain the length which may be expected in the calm quiet of a country home. But the metropolis is far from containing the least healthy portion of the population of England; the death-rates in the district in which Manchester is situated, and still more in the district of which Liverpool is the centre, are very considerably higher. The picture of "the march of an English generation through life," given in the preceding pages, would have presented very different and far sadder features had it been one which gave the experiences of an equal number of persons living in Manchester or Liverpool. Not only would fewer have reached maturity, but the deaths at almost every age would have been more numerous, and the comfort of those who did reach the higher ages would have been far more seriously interfered with by disease and suffering.

For it must be ever borne in mind that an excessive mortality at any age of life in a district means far more illness, far more distress, far more want, in that district than in those portions of the country which enjoy better health. The man in any rank of life, who is taken away early, probably leaves behind him those to whom his earnings, his assistance and his care, were most valuable. Had he lived longer he would have been able to provide more completely for his children, who have

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

either to be brought up in the workhouse among all the countless disadvantages of a pauper training, or if they struggle on at home, yet miss continually the help which a parent only can give.

Dr. Farr has an interesting chapter on the pecuniary value of life. A certain amount of expense has to be incurred in any class before a child can attain such an age and such strength that it can earn its own livelihood. It is very difficult to estimate what the expenses of even a careful man who passes through the ordinary university career must have been before he is able to earn anything for himself. Among the lower ranks the problem is simpler, though the facts and the general course of events have, making due allowance for difference in station, a considerable similarity.

> The value of any class of lives is determined by valuing first at birth, or at any age, the cost of future maintenance; and then the value of the future earnings. Thus proceeding, I found the value of a Norfolk agricultural laborer to be 246*l*. at the age of twenty-five; the child is by this method worth only 5*l*. at birth, 56*l*. at the age of five; 117*l*. at the age of ten; the youth 192*l*. at the age of fifteen; the young man 234*l*. at the age of twenty; the man 246*l*. at the age of twenty-five, 241*l*. at the age of thirty, when the value goes on declining to 136*l*. at the age of fifty-five: and only 1*l*. at the age of seventy; the cost of maintenance afterwards exceeding the earnings, the value becomes negative; at eighty the value of the cost of maintenance exeeeds the value of the earnings by 41*l*. (Supplement to the Thirty-fifth Annual Report of the Registrar-General, p. xlii.)

A computation of this kind places the value of a population before us in a new light. We see how great the vigor of the productive activity of the inhabitants of these islands must have been which has enabled the British empire to make such vast strides in material wealth during the last forty years, while parting with so many of the youngest and ablest of the community to colonize other lands, and to carry to them that wealth which their labor would otherwise have been worth to the mother country. This branch of the subject, the pecuniary value of life, naturally leads Dr. Farr to consider the health of men engaged in various occupations. In doing this, Dr. Farr has done full justice to the memory of Bernardo Ramazzini, who first collected, towards the latter half of the seventeenth century, a series of careful observations on the diseases of men engaged in different modes of work in the city of Modena; and different as life on the northern slope of the Apennines is from life in England at the present day, yet the classification made by Ramazzini was so complete, that it has been of great service to modern investigators into the same subject.

To commence with those occupations by means of which food and refreshments are distributed to the rest of the community, it is curious to notice, and contrary, we believe, to the ordinary opinion, that the mortality among butchers is greater than the average rate. This is the case whether the butchers carry on their trade in London or the country. Though butchers out of London enjoy healthier lives than those in London, yet, at all but the earlier ages, whether in the country or in the metropolis, the butcher is a less healthy man than his compeers. At the earlier ages, from fifteen to twenty-five, the health of butchers, both in London and in the country, is better than that of the rest of the population of the same ages. This appears to show that butchers are selected lives; that is to say, that young, strong, active, and naturally healthy men, pass into this class of occupation by a kind of natural selection, but that as life goes on, and their original vigor declines, the deleterious influences of their calling gradually affect their health. Fishmongers are not more healthy than butchers. But bakers, though this might not have been expected, do not appear to be more unhealthy than the average of their fellow-citizens, except that as they grow older their occupation appears to tell on them. For the class of publicans we shall prefer to quote Dr. Farr's own words.

> The numerous, useful, and as a body respectable men who supply the community with drinks, food, and entertainment in inns, are shown to suffer more from fatal diseases than the members of almost any other known class. They might themselves institute a strict enquiry into its causes. But there can be little doubt that the deaths will be found due to delirium tremens and the many diseases induced or aggravated by excessive drinking. It seems to be well established that drinking small doses of alcoholic liquors, not only spirits, the most fatal of all the poisons, but wine and beer at frequent intervals without food, is invariably prejudicial. When this is carried on from morning till late hours in the night few stomachs — few brains — can stand it. The habit of indulgence is a slow suicide. The many deaths of publicans appear to prove this. Other trades indulge in the publicans' practice to some extent, and to that extent share the same fate. The dangerous trades

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

are made doubly dangerous by excesses. (Supplement to the Thirty-fifth Report of the Registrar-General, p. iv.)

The clergy generally, whether of the Established Church, whether Dissenting ministers or Roman Catholic priests, have, on an average, good health. It is otherwise with the medical profession. The classes which minister to the health of the body have far less healthy lives than the clergy, and up to the age of forty-five experience a mortality much above the average. The hard struggles of life, anxiety as to success, contact with disease, disturbed rest, are among the causes which appear to lead to this result. Chemists and druggists also are less healthy than the average. So also are commercial clerks, mercers, and drapers. Those engaged in the service of railways likewise experience a high rate of mortality. Coachmakers are a fairly healthy class. Wheelwrights, carpenters, joiners, sawyers, and those who work in wood, have lives healthier than the average of men. The influence of the occupation on health is clearly shown in the case of the blacksmith, who, carrying on his occupation under much the same circumstances as the wheelwright, not necessarily in the towns, but scattered among the villages and hamlets of the country, is nevertheless not so healthy a man as the wheelwright. The health of carvers and of gilders is, on the average, now better than it used to be. But Dr. Farr observes that both the carver and gilder and the plumber and glazier require more protection against the metallic poisons, to the influence of which they are exposed in their several callings. How much may be done by care in these matters is shown in the following sentence : —

The wool, silk, cotton manufacturing population no longer experience an exceptionally high mortality. Lord Shaftesbury and his enlightened colleagues must be gratified, if not entirely satisfied, with the success that has crowned their lifelong labors. And it is creditable to the mill-owners to find the men and boys in their employ suffering less than many other people in towns. (Supplement to the Thirty-fifth Annual Report of the Registrar-General, p. lvi.)

What has been done for the operatives in these branches of manufactures still remains to be done for those who work up the goods which are the produce of their toil. Tailors and shoemakers still need much to be done for their health. Tailors especially are less healthy than the average, and the health of those employed in the earthenware manufacture especially appears to suffer from their occupation.

At the age of joining it is low ; but the mortality after the age of thirty-five approaches double the average ; it is excessively high ; it exceeds the mortality of publicans. What can be done to save the men dying so fast in the potteries, and engaged in one of our most useful manufactures ? (Supplement to the Thirty-fifth Report of the Registrar-General, p. lvii.)

Mining is also an unhealthy occupation. Some classes of mining are more dangerous than others ; but, in the aggregate, miners' lives wear out more rapidly than metal-workers', and both classes are far less healthy than the agricultural laborer. Outdoor occupations, in which there is not an excessive exposure to the vicissitudes of the weather, are beyond doubt the healthiest which a man can undertake. Farmers and agricultural laborers are at the present time among the healthiest classes in the community. For some reason which is not exactly understood, the young farmer appears to have a less healthy life than the laborer of the same age. But, from the age of thirty-five and upwards, the farmer is the healthier of the two. It is to be hoped that an improvement in the condition of the agricultural laborer may be accompanied by an improvement in his health. The health of the largest class of workers in the community is of vast importance to the well-being of the State.

After reviewing the chances of life among the different classes of the community, Dr. Farr proceeds to consider how great a part of the sufferings which they endure is due to preventible causes. Much may be, and has been, done by the law to promote health, by removing or diminishing the causes from which diseases spring. First among these come the two elements of water and air. Legislation has done much to improve the condition of the laborers in factories and mills, but Dr. Farr insists that much more may be still done to secure a removal of dangerous dusts from flour-mills, cotton-mills, and shops. Vegetable dusts, such as those which are produced in a flour-mill, are injurious to life, but they are much less hurtful than mineral dusts. Still there is every reason to think that their removal would be an advantage to the health of those at present exposed to their influence ; but it is probable that it is rather from scientific and mechanical improvements than from legislative ac-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

tion that amelioration in their condition is likely to proceed.

Dr. Farr calls to mind, in speaking of this subject, the Chinese saying which regards the wants of the population as so many "mouths to be satisfied." And when we reflect on the millions who inhabit these islands, on their many and varied wants, on the fact that so large a proportion of their food has annually to be imported, and from great distances, it certainly appears a marvellous thing that all the necessities of so many persons can be supplied. The population contains men in work and men out of work, the extremes of life, the infant and those in extreme old age, the sick, the infirm, the incapable; and it speaks a great deal in favor not only of the charity of neighbors, often but little better off than those they assist, but of the manner in which the poor-relief of the country is administered, that so few people die of want annually among us. "The deaths now ascribed in all England directly to privation are at the rate of three every fortnight — seventy-seven annually." The fact that of these the majority are men, shows that the resolution not to apply for parochial relief is at the bottom of the deaths of many of these sufferers. Otherwise it is obvious that the feebler sex, those who at the best of times are able to earn less, whose powers are more rapidly exhausted, and who form considerably more than half the old folks of the country, would, if unassisted by extraneous relief, die from want in the greater numbers of the two. "Without the institution of poor-relief — imperfect it may be, but still admirable and English — deaths from starvation would, amidst all the chances of life, badness of seasons, the fluctuations of trade, amount to thousands a year." *

The deaths from want and privation touch the heart deeply, and it is only right they should. When one compares the boundless affluence of some members of the community, possessors of wealth sufficient to gratify every fancy, every inclination, every wish of its owner, with the abject want of those unable to procure even the bare necessaries needed to sustain life in the roughest and humblest manner, it seems incredible that any persons should be allowed to die of sheer want in this wealthy land; and doubtless if the necessities of the sufferers had but been known they would have been supplied. But the dulling effects of poverty, added to a reluctance to parade distress, in some cases account for the fact that no application has been made for assistance. And it is as well to turn to the other side of the picture. Those whose death is ascribed by the registrar-general to excess in food greatly exceed in number those who die from want. And this number shows a far larger proportion. "Though their numbers are fewer, the deaths of the wealthy and their servants ascribed to gout greatly exceed the deaths of the poor from starvation. The deaths by gout are nearly six weekly, two hundred and ninety-nine annually." Dr. Farr does not ascribe all these deaths to actual excesses in food, but to untoward combinations. There may be some hereditary predisposition besides actual excess in food and drink. And yet these deaths are but a small part of those which are properly to be ascribed to excess. If there are, as there must be, many more than those who actually succumb from hunger, whose lives have been shortened and rendered unhealthy by privation, on the other hand those whose constitutions have been sapped, and whose deaths have been accelerated by excesses, must be many more indeed than those registered as due to gout. Could an accurate statement be drawn up of all the illness, all the misery which is caused by excess, the suffering caused by it would greatly exceed that induced in this country by want alone.

The relations which exist between the rate of increase of the population and the rate of mortality deserve careful attention. It is possible in some degree to influence for better or for worse the rate of mortality among the population, and it is certainly one of the most remarkable instances of the controlling force of man over the powers of nature to find that by legislative enactments, and by scientific adaptation of means to the desired ends, it lies within his power to influence, not only the happiness, but the length of life of his fellow-creatures. The birth-rate is under control likewise, but not of the same description. "A flow of prosperity in the country is immediately followed and marked by the launch of a whole fleet of marriages. The ruin of an industry or the depression of a trade implies a stagnation of marriages. There are thousands of couples always on the look-out, ready to embark as the prospects brighten." And the numbers of marriages, and the consequent numbers of births, influence the death-rate in more ways than one.

* Supplement to Thirty-fifth Annual Report of the Registrar General, p. lxi.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

If the various districts of England are arranged in order, from those in which the death-rate is least to those in which it is greatest, it is found that the mortality increases with a very constant regularity in proportion to the density of the population. Hence as the numbers thicken, the demand on those numbers also increase. Every additional birth is met by an additional death. The birth-rate has, under any but very unhealthy circumstances, slightly the advantage over the death-rate; but in those districts which are very densely peopled, the increase of the population goes on slowly when it becomes closely aggregated. The population may even under these circumstances tend to diminish. In Liverpool the population would not be kept up in numbers, far less would it increase, if it were not for continual immigration, which supplies fresh blood to fill the gaps made by the unhealthy circumstances which prevail in that town. Such districts are rare in England; but there are a good many instances in which the rate of increase among the population has declined as that population has increased in density. This forms a curious commentary on the balace between advance and retrogression which accompanies the apparent prosperity of a district. The stability of the rate of increase is thus promoted by the fact that the augmentation of numbers brings with it a diminution in the rate of progress.

The improvements which have been made of recent years in official registration have been of service also in other ways than in tracing the progress of disease. Considerable light is also thrown on the condition of the body politic by their means. Thus the remarkable fact that emigrants have returned to this country in such great numbers of recent years, has been traced out clearly by the care which has been bestowed on registration. There is no country in Europe probably in which emigration, and immigration also, have so great an effect on the condition of the people as in England. Emigration plays a great part in influencing the demand for labor, and the number of those who have returned to this country, especially from America, shows how severe the recent crisis in that country must have been, and also that notwithstanding the dense crowding of the population here, and the intensity of the struggle for life, yet the greater wealth, resulting in the more abundant appliances for production in this country, goes a long way to make up for the more abundant natural advantages of other lands.

Other curious points connected with the social condition of the people are recorded in the report. It appears that during the last thirty years woman have been married in England on an average at younger ages than they used to be — that is to say, women are married now at earlier ages than their mothers and probably their grandmothers were. At the present time not much short of a quarter of the brides in England are married under the age of twenty-one. This, beyond doubt, shows a considerable improvement in the condition of the people. And it is satisfactory to find that, while the birth-rate has continued at much the same average, the number of children born in wedlock has progressively increased.

The mortality of unmarried men continues above the average. This may be ascribed in part to the want of the comforts of home; but it is also probably due to the fact that it is rather the weakly men who do not marry. The proportion of those who have signed the marriage registers in writing has greatly increased of late years. And the increase among those who are able to write their own names has been considerably greater among the women than among the men. Thirty or five-and-thirty years ago, though education was generally very backward, it was undoubtedly more backward among the girls than among the boys in England. There are still fewer women able to write their names on their marriage day than men. But the spread of education throughout the country will rapidly show itself in this direction. It appears that marriages by banns rather than by licenses are considerably on the increase in England. Beyond doubt the arrangements for marriages by banns give facilities for clandestine marriages in large towns. The number of names read out, the want of clearness in the reader, render it difficult to trace a name among the multitude. The registrar-general observes in his report for this year that "the banns of ninety-nine couples have been published in the Church of St. Pancras, of one hundred and twenty-five couples in St. Mary's, Lambeth, of two hundred and two couples in the Cathedral Church of Manchester on one Sunday; in many cases the names being merely mentioned, unaccompanied with any announcement of condition, whether bachelor, widow, etc., and in many cases no searching inquiry having been made as

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

to previous actual residence in the parish, or as to consent of parents in case of minors. Nor is the banns-book accessible and open to the public." The registrar-general very naturally compares this state of matters with the care taken to prevent illegal marriages by the registrars. Instances, no doubt, take place in which these safeguards are broken through; and the following extract from the report is suggestive of the necessity of more stringent regulations being established:—

With respect to marriages by license in the Established Church, no interval, during which inquiry may be made by parents or guardians or relatives, is necessary between the application for the granting of a license and the solemnization of the marriage; a clergyman holding the office of surrogate, after administering to one of the parties to be married the oath that there is no legal impediment, may grant a license for a marriage in his own church, which he may himself in a few minutes be called upon to celebrate.

Some years ago two persons called at a church in London at 10.30 A.M. requiring to be married immediately, but producing no license; they were told at the church that by going to Doctors' Commons they might obtain a license and be married that morning. They went accordingly, returned with the license, and were married before twelve o'clock that same day. (Thirty-eighth Annual Report of the Registrar-General, p. xvi.)

It is worth remark that in 1875 the mortality throughout the country was high—while the birth-rate was low. The temperature of the year was exceedingly variable. Though the winter generally was very severe, yet it was broken by periods of warmer weather. These sudden alternations of temperature proved fatal to many persons, especially to those who were beyond the prime of life, while very young children also suffered from these influences in a similar manner. These vicissitudes of temperature appear to have influenced health all over the country, and they show the manner in which the forces of nature will exert their sway, notwithstanding all that man can do to shield himself from their power. Yet, as has been related, much has been done, and much more may be done. The registrar-general's report for 1877 mentions, among other matters, the way in which a watch can be, and has been, kept over some of those districts in which the mortality of the population has been shown to be above the average. Eighteen districts were selected in this manner. They were chosen because the annual rate of mortality was shown to have been higher in them for the ten years, from 1861 to 1870, than in the previous ten years. And special inquiries were made in these districts as to the reasons why the health of the population had retrograded in them. The report states, with regard to these inquiries: "For most of the particulars relating to the hygienic conditions of these eighteen districts, I am indebted to the courtesy of the respective medical officers of health of the urban and rural sanitary areas which are situated in these registration districts.* Now, investigations of this description are very important things. If the health of any district has suffered through the incomplete character of the sanitary works within it, through the fact that these works have been tardily or imperfectly carried on, or are insufficient to keep up with the increase of the population, the results of the inquiry should be made public in very distinct manner. The health of any population is most closely bound up with its well-being. And it is a very important thing for a place to know whether or not its population is more or less healthy than other populations similarly situated in other parts of the country; and further, whether, if it is less healthy, this fact proceeds from causes which are, or are not, preventible. Information of this description would stimulate the exertions of the local officers of health, and would stimulate, too, the local authorities who are charged with carrying out sanitary works in the exercise of their duties.

While feeling that the registrar-general has only been performing his duty in requiring the medical officers, in those districts throughout the provinces in which the mortality has been for a considerable time above the average, to supply him with a statement of the causes likely to affect the public health within their boundaries, it is worth noticing, that matters requiring, but not receiving, attention at least as close, occur continually in London itself. When we say requiring, but not receiving, attention, we do not in the least mean to infer that these matters fail to receive the attention of the registrar-general himself, but that all that lies in his power to do is to report on them. The power of action does not lie, with regard to such subjects, in his hands, and consequently when he has reported he has done all that is in his power to do. We refer at this point to the quality of the water supplied by the Metropolitan Water

* Thirty-eighth Annual Report of the Registrar General, p. xxxiii.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Companies. An analysis of the water furnished by the different companies forms part of the regular reports of the registrar-general. This analysis is based on a chemical examination conducted at the present time by Professor Frankland of the Royal College of Chemistry. It is impossible to give here a complete description of the very careful statement which Professor Frankland periodically draws up, but space may be found for a few of the leading points in it. There are eight companies which supply London with water, but of these, the historic venture of Sir Hugh Myddelton, the "New River Company," and the more modern "East London Company," are considerably the largest and furnish between them not much less than the half of all the water which is used, and considerably more than half what is used in the great mass of London which lies north of the Thames. To show, if there is any need, that the complaints are not of recent standing, we will take the report of the condition of the water supplied in the year 1875. That report contains what may be aptly termed a historic statement of the quality of the water for the eight years previous. The following statement occurs in it:—

The water both of the Thames and Lea has again suffered marked deterioration during the past year, whilst that from deep wells in the chalk has slightly improved. Notwithstanding the application of partial remedies for sewage pollution at Banbury, Eton, and Windsor, and the greater care exercised by most of the companies in the storage and filtration of the water, the organic pollution contained in the Thames water delivered in London, though subject to fluctuations from the greater or less prevalence of floods, does not diminish.

Taking the mean proportion of organic impurity in the Thames water delivered in London in 1868 as 1000, I find that in subsequent years down to 1875 inclusive, the following proportions were present:—

Year.	Proportion of Organic Impurity present in Thames Water as delivered in London.
1868	1000
1869	1016
1870	795
1871	928
1872	1243
1873	917
1874	933
1875	1030

The maximum organic pollution in the water drawn from the Thames occurred in January, February, March, August, and November, when the river was in a very objectionable condition. Of the five companies drawing from this river the West Middlesex Company delivered the best, and the Lambeth Company the worst water.

The most serious pollution of the Lea occurred in the months of January, February, August, November, and December, but the worst water delivered by the New River Company during these months was much superior to that procured from the Thames.

Taking, as before, the mean proportion of organic impurity in the Thames water supplied to London in 1868 as one thousand, I find in that and subsequent years, down to 1875 inclusive, the following proportions in the Lea water delivered by the New River and East London Companies:—

Year.	Proportion of Organic Impurity present in Lea water as delivered in London.
1868	484
1869	618
1870	550
1871	604
1872	819
1873	693
1874	583
1875	751

The water of the Lea, therefore, appears to be progressively, though irregularly, deteriorating in quality, but it is still much superior to that of the Thames. (Annual Summary of Births, Deaths, and Causes of Death in London and other large Cities, 1875. Published by the authority of the Registrar-General, p. xxxv.)

The water supplied by the New River and East London Companies is, it will be observed, among the best in quality which is furnished to the inhabitants of London. The Kent Company, which derives its water from deep wells sunk in the chalk, supplies a class of water which is infinitely purer than that obtained either from the Thames or from the River Lea. As the report continues, "The water of the Thames and the Lea is, at its source, as free from pollution as the chalk-well water; but in its downward course the river water becomes largely contaminated by sewage and the washings of cultivated land, and especially so in winter." It might be possible, therefore, to obtain much purer water both from the Thames and Lea. It is beyond our province to follow here the efforts which have been made recently to prevent the contamination which these rivers receive. At the present time, things may be taken to continue in much the same state as that described in the report of Dr. Frankland; and the registrar-general's report remains a remarkable monument of the care which may be taken to preserve a record of what should be done, and of the want of care

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

which fails to supply any machinery for providing that what ought to be done should be done. The water-supply of London is indeed a subject which would have tested the energies of imperial Rome in her palmiest days of prosperity. A very ingenious and carefully thought out paper, by Mr. Edward Easton and Mr. F. J. Bramwell, read before the Economic Section of the British Association at their late meeting in Plymouth, proposed to cut the Gordian knot of the difficulty, by dividing the water-supply of London into two parts; one of water for the purposes of drinking and of extinguishing fires, to be delivered by a separate and new system of mains and pipes, on a system of continued high pressure; the other of water for washing and other purposes, to be supplied by the existing system. The reason for this division is based on the difficulty of obtaining a sufficient quantity of really pure water for both purposes. It is very doubtful whether this plan would answer in actual practice. We only refer to it as a proof of what is felt to be needed. In the mean time, however, while this scheme is being debated for the use of London, Manchester proposes to send to the Lake district for a supply equal in quality to that which Glasgow already enjoys, and which is drawn from Loch Katrine. These facts show how closely population in this island is already pressing on the means of life. They show the necessity of careful and well-considered legislative action to secure for the large masses of population throughout the country what they require, and of the undesirableness of considering the wants of each place by itself, without regard to the needs of the rest of the community. Meanwhile it is well to observe that the metropolis, notwithstanding all the great improvements recently made in it, is really, in such matters as the mode of dealing with the water-supply, among the most old-fashioned places in the kingdom. This is a natural consequence of its having been the first to attract and to employ arrangements which have remained unaltered and unimproved in London, while they have been carried to greater perfection elsewhere. While a continuous water-supply at a high pressure may be spoken of as general among the large towns of the north, and in other parts of England, London remains the only great example of supply on the intermittent system, with all the attendant disadvantages and inconveniences of cisterns. Great part of the difficulty in this case, as in most cases of the same kind, lies in the details, in the condition of the "fittings." Attention to detail, though distasteful to most minds, lies at the bottom of success in matters of this description. Without question the rearrangement of the existing system to admit of constant supply, would be attended with considerable expense, but there can be little doubt that an improvement in the water-supply would be followed by an improvement in the health of the population; and an improvement in health means — to put it on that ground alone — a great economy.

The report of the registrar-general calls attention to the curious fact, that the numbers of medical men in the country have not increased in proportion to the numbers of the population. The proportion of medical men to population has declined since 1851, when it was 9·7 to 10,000 persons living. In 1861 it was 8·3 to the same number, and in 1871 it was only 7·8. It would be interesting to trace to what this diminution in the number of medical men is due. It is certainly strange that, at a time when the population generally has increased greatly in wealth, and also in its consumption of luxuries, a growth in the number of those who have charge of its health should not have taken place.

The "Supplement to the Thirty-fifth Report of the Registrar-General," on which much of the foregoing statement has been based, contains a most carefully drawn up statistical account of the number of deaths from the prevalent diseases in each of the districts into which the country is divided for registration purposes, and which are more than six hundred in number. These facts are given thus for the ten years over which the inquiry extends. When one sees this enormous mass of detail, and considers the immense labor which must have been employed in its construction, one also has to feel of how much service it would be to the public health if, whenever such a statement is prepared, a copy of the return for each district were sent to the principal local authorities, together with a summary table giving the results for the whole of the country. It would thus be a very easy thing for those living in a particular district to ascertain whether their district were more healthy or less healthy than the average; and, where it differed for the worse from the average, it would be interesting to those living in each place to search out the cause, and, if possible, to guard against the recurrence of the disaster. Such subjects, which affect the welfare of all the inhabitants, would be discussed with great eagerness within the

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

boundaries of each district. And the interest in them is not confined to those living in each district alone. It is not without a deep meaning that "health, wealth, and happiness" are combined in the words of our time-honored liturgy. The health of a family is, as all know full well, closely combined with the happiness of a family. Whatever promotes health, in its broadest meaning, promotes happiness as well, and the nation is in this sense but an aggregate of families. What seems a slight improvement, or a slight deterioration, when carried on for a considerable length of time, produces a very important effect on the condition of the community. The higher civilization which our country has already attained is but a faint foreshadowing of what might be reached were all the hindrances to further progress rooted out or restrained. Dr. Farr has drawn a picture, with no uncertain or feeble hand, of the advance which has been shown to have been made within the short limits of the lifetime of one generation (so far as these matters can be ascertained by a careful system of registration), in health, and more than in health, in education and in morality. No doubt there are many points which cannot be ascertained by these means; but a proper use of them supplies a vast deal of information. It is only needful to allude to the deep feeling of regret which would have been expressed if contrary results had been noted down, to show the value of what has thus been ascertained. And from the results of the past the country may well take courage for the future.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

DOCTEUR LAVARDIN: A SKETCH.

I.

"Patitur qui vincit."

Docteur Lavardin had succeeded in his profession in a way that made more aspiring men envious, his success being due in a great measure to his want of any low ambition. The lamp in his room might be seen burning until the small hours, as he bent over his books and microscope, patiently and enthusiastically searching out the secrets of pathology. His contemporaries pitied him as a man of brilliant promise, stifling his chances by living the life of a hermit. One eminent Parisian doctor, a good deal his senior, took him to task in a kindly, patronizing way, and remarked that he would never get on unless he gave good dinners, and gathered around him a fashionable *clientèle*. "When I was your age, I was apparently as successful as I am now, though I had then to think a good deal more about my creditors than my patients; but the game was worth the candles — nothing succeeds like success; behold me now, physician in ordinary to his Majesty the emperor, cross of the legion of honor, and received in all the best houses of the *beau monde* of Paris. You have the same chances, if you go the same way to work." Any one less self-satisfied than this counsellor would have observed the half-suppressed ironical curve on the lips of the younger man, as he gravely and shortly thanked the elder for his well-meant advice. Ten years later the emperor was not, and his physician in ordinary, having got into serious money difficulties, through his extravagant living, had borrowed largely from Dr. Lavardin, who had then attained a foremost place among the medical men in Paris by sheer hard work.

He had learnt to perfection the great professional art of listening, and treated every case that came before him, whether of gentle or simple, as the most important in hand. He rarely claimed sympathy from others; when he did sacrifice his natural reticence, it was more to place himself in closer communion with the suffering, than for any other reason. There were some who presupposed that beneath his simplicity and truthfulness there lay unfathomed regions of astuteness and worldly wisdom. It was not so, however, he had simply the wit to know how to play the card of truth with tact. In his dealings with sick men, he found it necessary to be abrupt, sometimes to harshness; in most cases cutting them off from a good many selfish pleasures, and frankly telling them that keeping to their work would answer as well, if not better, than a visit to Monaco, or a trip to Vienna. "As for me," declared a spoilt boy of forty, "I can do nothing unless I am in perfect health." "If all acted on that principle, I fear there would be little work accomplished in the world," the docteur had unfeelingly replied. Women, whom he influenced, looked and felt invigorated by his medical advice; those of them who expected him to order their lives according to their wishes always came away with their fees unaccepted, and in time these ladies drifted into the hands of more amenable practitioners.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The relation of such a human being to the world around him must always be full of peril. But the peril is infinitely increased when the protected character of the physician comes into play. It was not until he had reached middle life that Dr. Lavardin felt any danger to himself in his position. The young wife of one of his staunchest friends had come to him for help and comfort in her wretchedness. Her husband, M. d'Hauteville, and Dr. Lavardin had been at school together, and each had achieved a brilliant reputation. D'Hauteville especially had been in the habit of carrying all before him. Later on, success had become not only a habit, but a necessity to his nature. He lived on the excitement of it. During the final examinations, however, at the Ecole Polytéchnique, he could not keep step with Lavardin's steady pace; he became worried and discontented, and soon dropped from even his second place. Lavardin little cared for those competitive successes. He wanted to know things well, because he really cared for the knowledge, but not for the sake of out-distancing his friend. At last came the examination for the coveted mathematical prize — the race was between Lavardin and D'Hauteville. Lavardin knew the prize lay within his own grasp, but, to the surprise of every one, he did not send in his papers on the plea of ill-health, and to D'Hauteville the honors were awarded.

"You were ill on purpose," said D'Hauteville, but the other only laughed it off. "Take my word for it, you will never get on in life if you cede to others — if you let your heart take the place of your head."

"We will see," replied Lavardin, with quiet confidence. "You lay too much stress, D'Hauteville, on the prizes of life; remember there is always a price to be paid for them."

D'Hauteville was now an overworked rising *avocat;* his rich marriage was generally looked upon as one of his successes, yet he had not filled the wide blanks in his wife's passionate, purposeless existence. She had found that her union with him, instead of being the realization of all her young dreams, was but the abrupt awakening to a series of disillusions, to sterner responsibilities and duties, to additional perplexities and fears. She had no children to occupy and engross her, no method of life, no pressing necessity to live for others. Her husband, too busy to be with her much, and trusting in her innate goodness, left her free and unquestioned liberty, while he drowned his own heart's disappointments in the absorption of his daily labors — in his hard-won successes. But she had no absorbing work, and her health gave way.

"Go and consult Lavardin, he will put you right; he is the best friend I have," said her husband, hurrying away with his briefs, after bestowing a passing kiss on her pale, cold brow. So to the physician she went.

She was very lovely, very pathetic, very desolate; with a wide capacity for happiness, for loving, for living. Dr. Lavardin's heart was touched and thrilled. He would fain have dismissed the case, and so guarded his own inward peace. But he could not. He was at first severe, introduced philosophy, told her that happiness is not a thing to be claimed, but that life is both possible and bearable without it. He spoke of time as the great healer, the great modifier, and that we must have compassion one for another. But as visit followed visit, these truths seemed to heal her wound but slightly. Feeling he had been too harsh, he spoke again more gently, until she lifted up her eyes to him with a look he never forgot; then his breath came quick and short; he turned towards her passionately, advanced, checked himself, and wearily sat down in the furthest corner of the room. He occupied himself for a moment in writing, and as Madame d'Hauteville passed out, and the next patient came in, it would have been impossible to discover from his calm manner that he had passed through any inward conflict. *Patitur qui vincit.* Dr. Lavardin suffered, yet he was loyally true to his friend. He became more tolerant, however, to all strictly human and momentary weaknesses. As a young man he had been very hard against any lapse from his own high, untried standard. All young people are pitiless, until they learn through experience the truth of that wise saying, "*Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner.*"

The next news that his patients heard of him was that he had quitted Paris and gone to Amiens, where the cholera was raging, and where doctors were needed. "What a quixotic fool the man is to throw away such a practice to get killed off by pestilence in the provinces. A capital first plunge for beginners, no doubt (to be killed off), but for a man like Lavardin!" So exclaimed the faculty, so mourned his *cliéntele.* It was not quixotism, however; doctors are human, though the fact seems sometimes to be forgotten; and no power would have induced Dr. Lavardin, in his calm senses, to remain in a position where

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

he had the slightest doubt of himself. No one was dependent upon him in Paris; his private practice, though very lucrative, was not what he cared for most. His heart was in hospital work, and he was eager to try new remedies for stamping out the prevailing epidemic. The cholera did not cut him off as his friends predicted, and he lived to experience in himself what he had taught to others, that life is both possible and bearable without any particular happiness. He got greyer, however, and settled more decidedly into a scientifically abstracted middle-aged man, and after the excitement of the cholera had subsided, he in a measure gave up general practice and lived a studious, though a benevolently useful life. The good people of Amiens were very grateful to him for his self-sacrificing devotion during their time of trial, and highly gratified that he was content to take up his abode among them. It showed how quickly appreciative he was of their high moral and intellectual standard, and the generally advanced opinions of the town. Dr. Lavardin became very popular in the *cercle*, though he neither played high nor gossipped, and was very often asked out to dinner, though he was not a professed talker, and had no self-assertion. Those who gave him the benefit of their ideas would remark in a delighted way, "*Il est vraiment fort spirituel;*" though the docteur had in all probability confined himself to expressions such as *bien possible*, *mais oui*, *mais non*, *cela s'entend précisément.* From his sympathetically genial manner he seemed but to refrain from carrying all before him, in order, benevolently, to give younger ones a chance. It was only Sidonie, his housekeeper, who knew how much of ease and energy, sweetness and strife, there was in his nature, and she loved, feared, and respected him for his self-control. The townsfolk thought it a mighty piece of good-luck his getting such a treasure; even M. le Curé had not a better cook, and at the same time it was considered a great chance for Sidonie being under such a master, *un homme comme il y en a peu.*

Sidonie's father had been a well-known manufacturer of the town; long failing health and unfortunate speculations had reduced him to a state of bankruptcy, and obliged his children to make their own way in the world. On the whole, his family had done well, walking uprightly along the straight high-road of life, every one of them except Sidonie (whose character was a mixture of pride and impulse); she had taken, alas! a wrong step on that hard, pitiless road. Her lover died, and for a time she felt all the bitterness of lonely poverty and all the anguish of a proud, dumb despair. Other ways of gaining a livelihood failing her, she succeeded at last in becoming a first-rate *cuisinière;* and as time went on it was she who superintended all the grand repasts served in the town, and recipes revised by her were considered of priceless value. She maintained herself and her child with reticent dignity and independence; indeed there were some people who quite resented this steadiness of behaviour, deeming it an irreconcilable inconsistency. It was only the more liberal-minded who recognized that she was no ordinary woman; in fact, with her reputed book-learning, and her grave, dignified manner, she passed as a rather awe-inspiring personage. When Dr. Lavardin first saw her, in a formidable high cap, completely hiding the shape of her head, and her heavy grey cloak, he gave a little inward laugh, almost misdoubting the rumors he had heard concerning her past life, doubting too whether this delicate-minded lady, with her deep-set eyes and tensely closed mouth, would exactly suit his situation, would unquestioningly obey his behests; for our docteur, though mild, was a mild despot. As Dr. Lavardin stood, with his plump, sunburnt hands crossed meditatively behind him, reading by slow but sure degrees the characters of her face, he startled her self-distrust by abruptly offering extravagantly high wages. Her pale cheeks flushed, but with more pain than pleasure.

"I am not worth that," she said; "I cannot take so much."

"I think differently," he answered; "those are my terms; I shall not change them."

She looked up in his face with wounded pride.

"You are doing it because you are benevolent; but I am not a subject for benevolence; I wish to stand alone, and take but what I rightly earn. I ask only for justice."

"And I consider I am barely doing you justice. Believe me, I am not acting under the impulse of benevolence, I am only giving way to my instinctive knowledge of character." This he said with diffident persuasiveness. "None of us have justice done us," he went on, dropping his eye-glasses and looking down at her smilingly, but with dimmed eyes; "we are always either overrated or underrated; for instance, you have underrated me, in considering me more generous than just."

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Still she protested, still he insisted; she would have her way, he his. It was the first and last battle between them. Of course the stronger gained the victory, and to Sidonie there only remained the hope that, by her devotion to his interests, she might in some small degree repay her master's generosity. When the interview was over, and she had passed out of sight into outside darkness, the severe mouth relaxed, and as hot tears sprang into the impetuous eyes, she bowed her head, crying out as if in pain, "My boy, my boy!"

For this satisfactory arrangement with Dr. Lavardin necessitated a mother's separation from her child. What money, or what assured position could make up to her for her son's loving caresses? As she passed through the lamp-lit streets, her cloak in the sleeting rain clinging damply round her, more than one wayfarer paused, but passed gravely by, on observing the maternal solicitude imprinted on her face.

II.

"He cared not only for 'cases,' but for John and Elizabeth, especially Elizabeth."

MOTHERS recognized at once that Dr. Lavardin was too staid a subject for any matrimonial project, so were happy and at ease with him, and guilelessly expansive, making what use they could of him. Passing over their daughters, they enlarged to him about their difficulties with their sons. One or other of them would naively ask him to find some situation in Paris that would suit her eldest boy — a berth with good emolument, little work, advancing prospects: her son, she was sure, would make a good *attaché*, a rare diplomat, a wise leader of men, if only he had an opening. Dr. Lavardin, as he listened to this fond mother, looking over his spectacles with a serio-comic gleam in his eyes, would never fail to soothe her by gentle compliments, sometimes even unwittingly stroking the fair hand in a grandfatherly way. And however elderly or stout the lady might appear to other eyes, she was sure to have an agreeable consciousness that the docteur admired her, and in truth he did admire the maternal love that made her courageous to ask favors. He did what he could, for no woman ever appealed for help to him in vain.

He would tell the husband in his business-like way of a cashier's place, or a vacancy for a medical student. There were no flatteries in his speech to the man. "The duties are hard; but all work is hard." The father might think that it was very easy for him to talk thus, living in ease and comfort with Sidonie as housekeeper. Yet, after toiling all day, had not the evening of life set in for Dr. Lavardin? Why should he not enjoy complete and remorseless leisure? It was not by chance that he had gained his money and position, but by the sweat of his brow, rising with the dawn, and working far into the night. And now he was supposed to have lived his life, and was going to devote himself to the study of scientific subjects. So the Amiens folk glibly explained the situation. How very ready we all are to shelve our friends, while for ourselves — ourselves — how difficult to realize that we have in truth lived the best part of our lives — we expected so much, and we have? — what we have worked for. We reap? — what we have sown. But why should Dr. Lavardin ever admit or allow others to assert that the fulness of life was over for him? Surely, as long as the beating of his heart goes on evenly and strongly, existence with its mysteries and miracles, its passions, and pains, is still before him. What though he has gained a certain amount of philosophic calm — he can still feel the sunshine and the shadow, the blue sky still bends above him, the world surges around him. There is twilight and night, and the long lonely hours of dawn, when his heart feels desolate — ill at ease — longing for something which has not come to him, has not been attained — dead to scientific problems —

> Blank to Zoroaster on his terrace;
> Blind to Galileo on his turret.

So mused Dr. Lavardin as he wended his way to one of his lady patients, who had neither daughters to dispose of nor sons to settle in life. She was not, however, one of the women whom the docteur influenced, nor yet was she of those who retired from his consulting-room with their fees in their hands, for the very good reason that she never brought hers; she was one of those licensed ladies who "remember to forget" to bring their purses on special occasions.

En revanche, her welcome to Dr. Lavardin in her own house was of the sweetest and easiest. She was charming and amiable, wishing no one ill, except those of course who stood in her way, and all she did then was to push them gracefully but promptly aside. Though left a widow in comfortable circumstances, she, like many others, would have liked more money, could have easily disposed of it, on

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

herself as the jewel, and on her house as the setting of the jewel. As it was "she did her best," as she often told Dr. Lavardin with a plaintive sigh; and he, looking at her and her elaborate setting, sadly re-echoed that sigh. Once on his return from visiting the wretchedest part of the town, amid vice, fever, and death, he had been simple enough to preach her a little sermon — invigorating, impetuous, fervent; inveighing against the temptations of unshared riches — the banefulness of egoistic lives. As he talked he got white and tremulous, walked about the room, looking fiercely in earnest, his face luminous, searching. He stretched out his big brown hands as if to shake her out of herself. An answering movement, a glance of understanding, a checked utterance of impulsive sympathy, might at that moment have subdued and thrilled him, perhaps captivated him forever. But the widow was calculating, not listening — "His voice is too loud; he is too large for ordinary-sized rooms; I should hate to have scenes like this; I like repose and darkness, and it is simply *agaçant* his drawing up all the blinds." This she said to herself consolingly, feeling him drifting out of her reach — beyond her depth. "Decidedly he has passed his first youth," was her after deliberate comment, as she gracefully set herself to answer him, and to enlighten him with her own ideas of life and love, duty and friendship — her aspirations, her hopes, her fears, her sensations — herself (for she too could perorate on her own pet subject). But she had let slip her moment. It was not given her to interpret the expression of eyes intrenched behind their spectacles, nor the movement of lips covered by so thick a moustache.

Such were the little shocks that Dr. Lavardin received on his passage through life. Yet his faith in human nature did not die out; he still went on hoping and believing that "there's perfect goodness somewhere;" always attributing his disillusions to some want in himself. He still continued to visit the widow in her scented and softly cushioned boudoir, listening with a wonderful patience to her monologues, and prescribing mild *tisanes* against a too introspective and luxurious life. Perhaps he hoped in time to influence her — or was it that she was gradually converting him to darkness and repose?

Sidonie had a strong conviction that even the best of men are apt in the end to fall victims to a woman's persistent flatteries; and as the visits went on she trembled for the fate of her master; for what are poor mortals to do but accept, in default of better, something lower than the angels — accept the graceful acting of a feigned love in lieu of the unbecoming and benumbing diffidence of a deep reality. She was aware of this possible phase in men's lives, and in silence waited for what was to come. Being one of those who have felt the heavy clouds of suffering, she was quickly grateful for passing sunlit gleams, and therefore was not going to "forestall her date of grief;" but by fulfilling the claims of every day as it passed maintained her own inward peace. In accepting God's will, knowing that he was great and good, she prayed for the welfare of her master, believing him also to be great and good; and thankfully remembered how she had been sheltered and set on high from the world's rough ways, from women's hard looks, and from men's light words; she had basked securely in the sunshine, and she was not now going to complain because the clouds were again gathering around her.

Possessing still a rich mine of wealth in that maternal love which no one could take from her, she found courage and strength in watching the vigorous young life unfolding itself before her. In her boy's innocent prattle and broad, trustful smiles she drew her comfort, feeling she had her share of love. When the day's work was done her child would occasionally be brought to her, and in a little sanctum opening out of the kitchen the mother and son would have quiet play together in the dancing firelight. They were sitting thus beneath the shadow of the great clock-frame when Dr. Lavardin returned home from one of his visits to the widow sooner than was expected. She did not hear the door open, and was softly singing, —

> Dis, quel est l'amour véritable?
> Celui qui respire en autrui.
> Et, l'amour le plus indomptable?
> Celui qui fait le moins de bruit.

It was the same Sidonie. The only difference in her was that she had her child on her knee and had forgotten all household cares. Her cap had fallen off, and her usually tightly imprisoned hair fell in heavy masses on either side of the fine outline of a noble head. One of the boy's hands had fast hold of a twisted plait, while the other lay sleepily upon her bosom. Dr. Lavardin did not speak, but stood leaning against the doorway, watching, fearing to break the spell. He had seen women under many phases — under the influence of various conflicting passions —

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

radiant with the might of love — dimmed and shrunken with the strain and conflict of self-suppression — glorified with victories over temptations — repellent with the preoccupation of an intriguing mind. But never before had he beheld a face so transformed as was Sidonie's with a pure maternal love. All the severe outlines had disappeared, giving place to dimples and smiles, while the unconscious cooings made a happy rift in the austere line of her mouth. The child took it in gravely and as a matter of course: for when had his mother's eyes looked at him otherwise than softly, or when was her voice other to his ears than the sweetest of all music? Only he nestled closer in the infolding arms, and beat time with his fingers on the gently-heaving breast. But to Dr. Lavardin it did not come as a matter of course.

"You must always have your child with you, Sidonie," he said, speaking and drawing near, though he had meant to have kept silent and retired. "I ought to have thought of it before; but it is your fault; you spoil me and make me selfish. See how the little one has clasped my finger and will not let me go, recognizing a friend, though a tardy one. You know we have plenty of room for him. I make one condition, however, of his becoming a member of our household."

Sidonie looked up shyly perplexed, into a grandly beautiful face, into love-lit, compassionate eyes.

"Which is," he went on, in a mock voice of command, "that you never again wear a cap.

She bowed her head, and touched with trembling, fervent lips the hand held prisoner by her child.

III.

"All people have sometimes a season of mental desperation and aberration, when they do exactly what their friends would least expect."

It was the early, buoyant morning. The widow's casement was open, and in a loose, luxurious wrapper she was leaning out, resting her languid elbows on the window cushion. Beneath, in the busy street, amid odorous piles of fruits and flowers, bright costumes, and shrill voices, passed Sidonie on her way to market, her crown of glistening braids wound round her well-poised head, her dark, subdued face illumined with an intense inner light. She was in the crowd, but not of it. There was a new rhythm in her carriage, a stately cadence in her walk, that at once arrested the widow's attention, who after gazing intently down at her, suddenly closed the window, and with a sharp energy and dangerously sparkling eyes, began the mysteries of an elaborate toilet. It was not the toilet of a woman in dubious anxiety, with passionate pulses, intent on beautifying herself for the sake of him she loves, nor yet that of a gentle, guileless maiden, watching in the mirror the reflected curves of her white arms, as she lingeringly gathers up the glory of her tresses. It was rather the deliberate adornment of an experienced coquette, where there was neither innocence nor passion. The widow was not readily prepared to part with her newly acquired liberty, nor to withdraw the plausible veil that screened her self-indulgent life; she only felt the need of a more piquant interest in that life — a fresh proof that her powers of fascination were not on the wane. If she did not greatly care for Dr. Lavardin, she at any rate greatly cared that he should not go to another. As she put the finishing touch to her reddened lips and the delicate shadow beneath her eyes, she had worked herself up to a pitch of almost righteous indignation. To save Dr. Lavardin from his impending fate would be a deed of charity — an act of grace.

Before Sidonie had returned from market the widow was in the docteur's study.

"I am going the round of my friends, begging for this sad case of starvation," she said, in soft, persuasive accents.

The appeal had been drawn up that morning by herself — the work of her ready imagination — the quick inspiration of a moment. Though the case detailed was a purely fictitious one, she truly meant to give the money she received to the needy, and in after-confession to her priest would omit no tittle of the lies told for so good a cause, believing, as she did, that the end justifies the means.

Dr. Lavardin received her with open arms; he felt that morning as if he could take the whole world into his embraces. He did not sermonize; indeed was quite touched by this newly-awakened consideration for the poor, and felt remorsefully that he had perhaps done her injustice — had been too hard upon her with his sledge-hammer. Here she was, up and dressed betimes, looking almost lovely, and was bestirring herself for others. He himself had idled away the morning hours; Sidonie had not yet shown herself; all night he had dreamed fitfully of a mother and child — of a tangible happiness for himself — of sweet, flickering smiles on a chastened face. And now he was impa-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

tient — expectant, feeling alternately joyous and irritable; and there was nothing and no one to wreak his passing spleen upon until she appeared — this lightly-glancing, softly-speaking fairy, scented and furbelowed.

After perusing her document he looked down at her searchingly, hesitated an instant, and then, as if ashamed of his hesitation, blushingly placed a bank-note upon the paper.

"Thanks, thanks," she exclaimed, drawing close to him, and placing her hand in his. "Do you know," she went on, in a broken, die-away whisper, "that they are talking of you and me in the town? They say you are going to marry at last."

The hand that inclosed hers burned; but before he could speak Sidonie came into the room with the morning letters.

"Adieu, then, and thanks for your contribution," concluded the fairy, disappearing amid soft undulations of drapery. "I need not have taken so much trouble nor have gone so far," she thought, as her careless glance fell upon the grave, colorless face of Sidonie, whose faint voice seemed to come from some difficult distance as she answered the other's complacent salutations.

After leaving Dr. Lavardin's house the widow's intention had been to go direct to the alley so graphically described by herself, and there have persuaded some one or other into the belief that they were starving. But the heat was excessive, the way was long and uncertain, and her breakfast waited for her at home; besides, her reception by Dr. Lavardin had been most flattering. What need for further trouble?

Sidonie had certainly paled under the other's glance, seeming no longer the same woman that had passed on her way rejoicing, illumined with the gladness of the morning; yet, in the might of her love, she felt strong. As she shut herself up in the kitchen, which looked in the garish daylight so bare and commonplace, she began at once her round of duties — the wholesome necessary daily work that makes life possible to so many crushed spirits. For a moment she held her breath as she heard Dr. Lavardin's step in the hall — a quick, eager footfall — but he did not come to her; he passed out by the front door. For a moment she gave a stifled sob, and then, arrested by a little echoing cry from the cot in the chimney-corner, she turned to meet her child's wide, wondering eyes; awakening from his dewy sleep, he was ready to take his cue from her for laughter or for tears. She smiled at him, and talked his childish language, while he answered in his piping treble. She would not take him up, however, till she had finished her work in hand; he must have patience, and she too. And when afterwards she bent to raise him, and felt his rosy lips pressing hers, and the eager little arms twined about her neck, she told herself she had been ungrateful for the wealth she already possessed.

Dr. Lavardin lost much time that day in the town, trying in vain to find the name of the starving people for the purpose of administering instant relief. On the other hand, he gained a good deal of interesting information about himself.

The widow had certainly been correct in her statement concerning the rumors afloat of his contemplated marriage.

"Yes, I certainly am thinking of taking unto myself a wife; *mais vous autres*, you seem to know more about it than I do myself."

This he said laughingly to his friends at the *cercle;* then he was about to hurry home, but was called back for a consultation, and did not regain his liberty till late in the evening. In his own house his study looked bright and inviting, but he passed on to the room beyond, paused for a moment on the threshold, and then entered.

Sidonie was sitting on the same low chair by the fire under the tall clock, but instead of her boy on her knee, she was deep in the study of Pascal's "*Pensées*." She had forgotten her cares and herself, and, like a child entranced with the newest story-book, she sat isolated and absorbed in the pages of the closely-printed volume.

"That is mine," said Dr. Lavardin, coming behind her, and taking the book gently out of her hands. He drew in a chair, and began reading it aloud. But his voice failed him. "I am tired," he said carelessly; "you go on with it." And he threw his head back into the shadow, and watched her while she read. Clearly and firmly, and with unhesitating distinctness, she began at once, her sweet soothing contralto forming a marked contrast to his uneven bass. He had been self-conscious, and had had truant thoughts, but her mind was dipped deep in the subject matter, and she was only conscious of obeying his behests. And so the reading went on, filling the room with reposeful harmony, until the lamp flickered, flared, and finally went out.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Now we have only the firelight," said Dr. Lavardin, leaning forward, and again possessing himself of the volume and the hand that held it. "Sidonie," he went on, "I came home worn out and worried, and this hour has been so full of rest and refreshment. You have been much to me already — very much; will you not be more, and crown my life with blessedness by becoming my wife?"

She lifted her sorrowful face to his.

"I am not worthy to be your wife," she said, trying to withdraw her hand from his firm clasp; but he only held her closer.

"Listen!" he went on. "I have traced and learned by heart your life from the time you were left motherless, and with a father powerless to protect you — there have been headstrong impulses at work — much self-sacrifice — sorrow which purifies. What has been — has been." His voice broke, and he pressed her hand over his burning eyes. "Ah, would to God we had met earlier in life, when we could have helped one another."

"But it is too late now," she said, with mournful resignation.

"No, it is not," he replied, turning upon her suddenly, with a radiant countenance. "It is never too late. You have already attained that peace that comes only to the few who

> have learned to tread the narrow way,
> That leads through labor to the light of day.

Help me to find it; let us labor together. For I too have had experiences that might make me unworthy of your love; but we cannot judge one another by isolated acts; we must look to their whole lives — the standard they set before themselves even though they fail to attain it — the truth and sincerity of their motives, though circumstances and the world's harsh judgment may set against them like the relentless currents of a strong tide."

He did not press her for an answer, but they sat together through the darkening hours, hand clasped in hand, like wayworn travellers, who have at last reached a longed-for bourne of safety and repose.

Dr. Lavardin's parting words to his friends at the *cercle* caused quite a stir of excitement; the news spread like wildfire, with additions and emendations — "Impossible!" "Who is she?" "An old friend?" "No, the widow; I foresaw it long ago." "It is an arrangement." "On the contrary, it is entirely a love-match, with some one quite young, in fact a long attachment." "I don't believe there is a word of truth in it; Dr. Lavardin is only laughing in his sleeve at us — these Parisian fellows will say anything — *capable de tout*." And so there was confusion and discussion, every one professing to know the ins and outs of the case better than his neighbor. The news was a nine-days' wonder, and before the mystery was solved the two whom the gossip most concerned passed amid the clatter of tongues and sabots, and the clanging of many-toned bells, quietly and unnoticed on their way to church, there to be united in the bonds of holy matrimony.

When the travelling-carriage containing the newly-married pair had rolled out of town, the loungers shrugged their shoulders, and touching their foreheads, indicated significantly that "the season of mental aberration" had set in for the docteur; while the women in their *salons* began tardily to realize the fact that this clever, kind, good man had been veritably looking out for a wife all the time he was among them. What was the use of old maiden ladies with their powers of contracting matrimonial alliances if they thus let slip so good a *parti*, and what was the pleasure of hospitably entertaining influential priests if they did not look better after the interests of their flock?

"*Tranquillisez-vous, mes chères âmes*," gallantly replied one of these much-abused agents; "Sidonie was the only woman who would have suited our friend, and in marrying her he has shown himself neither so clever nor so subtle as we believed him; and as for his goodness! he seems to have trifled inexcusably with the widow's affections. The fact is," concluded this *débonnaire* prelate, "that he is not quite up to our Amiens standard."

The docteur little dreamed that while he was giving himself his first holiday in life, and, like a boy released from school, revelling in the delights of new scenes and cities, new languages and faces, that he was the subject of so much comment and speculation at Amiens.

In due time he returned with his wife to his own country, and settled once again in Paris. Many men — most very successful men — would have shrunk from the idea of coming back to the scene of their former triumphs, taking the risk of being forgotten — of being overlooked. But our docteur was very philosophic on such matters, and quietly returned to his old house, and to the same life, "but with such a mighty difference," as he gleefully remarked to Sidonie, who one day was shyly and anxiously questioning him if he did

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

not regret the former excitement of occupation.

"Your voice and the boy's voice are what I care for most in life, and after that to be supreme in the biggest hospital, and I have got my ambitions gratified, and am very happy; the world takes up a fashionable medical man at forty, and may whirl him along till fifty-five, if he can stand the strain, and then he is dropped as suddenly as he is taken up. Now I have dropped myself, and yet somehow I feel that I have risen. I am wedded to you, my Sidonie, and not to a fashionable *clientèle*. A great English poet has said that those 'who love in age think youth is happy because it has a life to fill with love.' You and I are not so young that we can afford to waste the time before beginning to 'fill our lives with love.'"

Gradually the old patients began to return, and the doctor had to limit the number of his new ones, in order to give himself time for his beloved hospital work. Among his friends came D'Hauteville, leaning on the arm of his wife. The brisk, hard energy about him had given place to a softened, touching languor. "I am shattered, Lavardin, somewhat shattered," he said, holding out friendly, though emaciated hands. "I want you to send us for our second honey-moon; our first, you know, was a signal failure — flashed in the pan, didn't it, dear?"

But his wife interrupted him. "I want you to do him as much good physically," she said, turning to the doctor, "as you once did me morally — you roused me out of my selfish lethargy, and from a spoilt child you have made a woman of me."

"And I have come to acknowledge to you, Lavardin, that the prizes of life are not worth striving for, if one sacrifices for them the welfare of those nearest and dearest to us; in our haste to be rich and to be foremost, we may sever the closest ties, and miss all restful happiness."

"Well," said Dr. Lavardin, looking over his spectacles, half comically, half solemnly, "my sentence of punishment to you both is — exile from Paris for the winter to the warm south, and after that" (turning to D'Hauteville) "resumption of your work in a modified degree. We all overwork at one time or another, and then we are apt to fly off at a tangent, and doom ourselves to the penalty of a lifelong holiday; in the same way we make mistakes and suffer from misconceptions, deeming them, in our low estate, irretrievable, everlasting, whereas these faults and failings in our lives perhaps help us to a wiser knowledge of ourselves, and to a more perfect sympathy with our fellow-beings."

MARY CROSS.

From The Nineteenth Century.

SHAKESPEARE IN FRANCE.

ON an April day, in 1616, a group of mourners stood round an open grave in the noble church at Stratford-on-Avon. Within that grave lay the crowned king of all dramatic literature — William Shakespeare. Notwithstanding that distinction, there seems to have been nothing in circumstance or ceremony to distinguish the occasion. They who there mourned the poet dead, were of those who had been best loved by the poet, living. He required no other following, he desired no nobler place of sepulture. To this day, the epitaph high above his head claims for him the right to sleep on there in peace, undisturbed. There lies the burden of fifty-two years of life. Not a long life, counted by days. But life is not to be counted by days, but by deeds. He lives the longest who achieves the most. "*Ego me metior non ætatis spatio sed gloriâ*," as Alexander says in the historical romance, "*De Rebus Gestis Alexandri Magni*," of Quintus Curtius Rufus.

Of the man and the poet who thus passed away, there has been some diversity of opinion. A few persons have affected to doubt whether Shakespeare ever lived at all. Others, allowing him his life, have denied him his works. Finally, some sceptical and critical judges, granting to Shakespeare both his life and his works, are inclined to believe that the works were not especially popular during the author's lifetime, nor altogether worthy of the quasi-idolatry rendered to the works and their author in our own. The truth is, that the greatness of Shakespeare was both asserted and disputed by his contemporaries. Side by side with the ill-natured spurt of Greene, we have the testimony of Meres, who, in 1596, speaks of Shakespeare as being "among the English, the most excellent in both kinds (comedy and tragedy) for the stage." Only two years later, Gabriel Harvey wrote these words: "The younger sort take much delight in Shakespeare's 'Venus and Adonis,' but his 'Lucrece' and his tragedy of 'Hamlet, Prince of Denmark,' have it in them to please the wiser sort." The same year furnishes a second competent witness, Barnefield, who confessed the charm of

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Shakespeare's "honey-flowing vein," and who asserted that "Venus and Adonis" had placed the author's name in "Fame's immortal book." Marston, the third worthy witness, in the year 1598, states that there was "nought" then playing but the woful story of "poor Juliet and Romeo." We further learn that young lawyers were looking into Shakespeare's plays when they should have been studying Coke; and in "The Return from Parnassus" (1600), the author, after referring to plays from university pens, utters the joyous cry, "Why, here's our fellow Shakespeare puts them all down!" Davies of Hereford (1610) calls him "good Will" and "our English Terence." About the same period, an anonymous writer bore witness to the popularity of Shakespeare, in the words: "Believe this; when Shakespeare is gone, and his comedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English Inquisition." Those who would investigate the whole body of evidence as to Shakespeare's popularity in his lifetime and during subsequent years may consult Dr. Ingleby's "Shakespeare's Centurie of Prayse." On the strength of the scattered evidence there brought together, they will certainly agree with the verdict of good Charles Knight, that Shakespeare lived in the hearts of the people; it may be added, of the people of all conditions, from "the wiser sort," who valued him as a great dramatic writer, down to the ostler at the inn at Pie Corner, who had a literary taste, and boasted of possessing "Lucrece" and "Venus and Adonis" among his "pamphlets."

Since the day when Shakespeare was laid to his rest in Stratford Church, he has, through his works, put a girdle round about the earth. The nation that came last within the magic circle to render homage to the magician, was the nation that is geographically nearest to us. But, on this point, France is not without apology, or even justification. Let us consider what may be said in her behalf.

In the sixteenth century the muses gave more than one brilliant son to England. Shakespeare and Marlowe were born probably in the same year, 1564. Ten years later, Ben Jonson first saw the light, in Westminster, 1574. In two years more, Fletcher came into the world, 1576, joined (again at a distance of ten years) by his noble colleague, Beaumont, 1586, a year later than Massinger. Ford was born in the same year as Fletcher, 1576. Now, here are above half-a-dozen dramatic writers, contemporaries, the like of whom was not then to be seen in the world, nor has been seen together in England since. When he who was king among them all died in 1616, the muses were only just beginning to furnish tuneful dramatic sons to France. The seventeenth century was the era of glory, as far as the poetry of the drama is concerned, for that country. In the year in which Shakespeare passed away, there was a boy in the Jesuits' school, in his native city of Rouen, whose name was Pierre Corneille. He was then ten years of age. Very early indeed in life, accident made of him a dramatist. There was, in that same city of Rouen, a young man, Corneille's old schoolfellow, who was deeply in love with one of the youthful beauties of a city once famed for daughters so richly endowed. The lover introduced his friend to the lady, whose name was Milet; and very soon the lady showed more regard for the friend than for the lover. The consequent course of things took such a dramatic character that young Corneille shaped the incidents into a comedy, which he called "*Mélite*." It is not a very remarkable play; but it is one of those weak things which only a young fellow of genius is likely to produce. Corneille, however, left the lady in Rouen, "for good and all," and came up to Paris with the comedy in his pocket. "*Mélite*" is acted, in 1628, with such success that one company did not suffice to satisfy public curiosity. It was played every afternoon on two stages. Years after, Corneille said of it: "'*Mélite*' is not written, according to rule, because I was ignorant of any." He alluded to the Aristotelian rules of unity — of time, place, and action; and it is to be regretted that Corneille came to know and to accept them; to insist on their being observed, yet to be forever on the point of evading them. However, on the French stage at that period only one of the unities was observed — that of time. Every piece was required to be "within the four-and-twenty hours;" but "*Mélite*" broke into a second day!

Corneille was now a briefless barrister. He wrote comedies, by the produce of which he slenderly lived and generously maintained other members of his family. Richelieu had him for a while as one of his poetical secretaries; but as the secretary criticised when he ought to have polished his master's verses, he lost his place. He had written half-a-dozen comedies which are not much better than the cardinal could have written, and which few people even read now, before his tragedy of "*Médée*," in 1635, gave promise of a

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

man. In the following year, when he produced the immortal tragedy — or rather tragic drama — "*Le Cid*," French play-goers acknowledged that in Corneille they had not merely got a man, but a *master* of his art. Shakespeare had been just twenty years dead, when this new foundation of the French stage was so solidly laid. "*Beau comme le Cid*" became a popular expression of comparison. Lines from the play became popular quotations. Small critics flung dirt at the author, and Cardinal Richelieu, who wanted to pass for the first dramatic poet in France, was powerful and paltry enough to induce the Académie to censure the "*Cid*" as immoral and irreligious!

The master had yet to ascend higher, and the steps by which he was led to the summit of dramatic glory were made in his three tragedies, "*Horace*," "*Cinna*," "*Polyeucte*." The last (and some think the grandest) was represented in the season 1639-40. Corneille then descended with the majesty of a great king; still glorious, but with diminished strength. This descent began with "*Pompée*," 1641, a tragedy, the hero of which, like the heroine Peace, in the drama of that name by Aristophanes, never opens his mouth. But Corneille mounted again by the production of his comedy of character, "*Le Menteur*," first acted in 1642. In the remaining years, he gave to the stage "*Théodore Vierge et Martyre*," "*Rodogune*" (the author's, but not the public's, especial favorite), "*Héraclius*," "*Andromède*," "*Don Sanche d'Aragon*," which was a great success till the great Condé sneered at it, and then, to be of the same way of thinking as so illustrious a personage, the public neglected, if they did not hiss it. In 1650, "*Nicomède*" proved that the author could scale the great heights when he chose; but the tragedy is a political essay, to be read and thought over, rather than to be listened to — except as a series of lessons on government. Corneille lived on till 1684, poor, neglected, and adored. The Academy grudgingly opened its doors to him — who, if he had not illustrated all sides of humanity, as Shakespeare had done, had so treated the heroic side as to stand worthily, on that account, near Shakespeare himself.

Corneille was, for a brief season, contemporary with Shakespeare; six years after whose death was born, in Paris (1622), that young Poquelin who assumed the name of Molière, and became the second of the three dramatic glories of France. Like Corneille, Molière was a pupil in a college of the Jesuits. When, after a strolling life, he settled in Paris, he brought with him most of the plays of which we now know him to be the author, but none of his masterpieces. Molière's career in the French capital extended from 1658 to 1673. In the two years, 1666 and 1667, he produced the two dramatic pieces which have, so to speak, made him immortal, namely, "*Le Misanthrope*" and "*Tartufe*." Had he been the author of the latter play only, his dramatic place would be at the head of all the writers of comedy in the world. At his death, in 1673, his satire had made itself so stingingly felt, that the Church refused to honor his body with funeral rites, and a *curé de Paris* amiably expressed his regret that the author of "*Tartufe*" had not been burnt alive, like John Huss!

Shakespeare had been dead three-and-twenty years, when Racine was born (1639) at La Ferté Milon, on the Ourcq. Seventeen years younger than Molière, the same year saw them both winners of the crown of dramatic glory. In 1667, the year of "*Tartufe*," Racine's "*Andromaque*" proved that he who had gracefully rhymed the "*Thébaïde*" and "*Alexandre le Grand*," had received the true inspiration, and that France possessed a successor to Corneille worthy of equal (perhaps of greater) honor. Racine more immediately challenged Corneille when he produced "*Mithridate*," and he somewhat boldly touched the shield of Molière with his comedy "*Les Plaideurs*." The public pronounced the comedy a failure till the Grand Monarque declared it to be a success, and France has accepted the criticism. As to the contest between Corneille and Racine, Mme. de Sévigné thought she was the interpreter of public opinion when she protested that neither Racine nor coffee would long be thought much of in France! This protest, however, has not been endorsed by the dramatic judges of that nation.

The above-named three great dramatic writers, who lived and died within the seventeenth century, were the real founders of the French stage and drama. They naturally won a homage from their countrymen which, quite as justly, continues to be paid to them. But to neither of the glorious three nor to their contemporaries was a name known — that of Shakespeare — which is now as familiar to the intellectual portion of France as those of Corneille, Molière, and Racine, and which is, for the most part, as greatly honored. On the other hand, the names and the works of the three great French dramatists were

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

familiar to playgoers and to the stage in London while those great dramatists yet lived.

Corneille's "*Cid*," slightly altered in the translation, was acted before Charles the First and Henrietta Maria in 1640, just before the English stage and monarchy were suppressed by the Puritans in power. The "*Cid*" was among the first plays that Charles the Second and his queen went to see acted in the public theatre after the Restoration. Pepys says it was delightful to read, but a dull thing to see acted. To the matchless Orinda's translation of Corneille's "*Horace*," played at court, the little Duke of Monmouth spoke the prologue. The play (the last act of which was translated by tuneful Denham) had a great run on the court stage. Another version, at Drury Lane, was set down by Pepys as "a silly tragedy." "*Polyeucte*" was translated for readers. Katherine Philips (Orinda) translated "*Pompée*" with such dramatic success that Lord Orrery in execrable verse, assured her that Corneille, "if he could read it" (to which he was certainly not equal), "would deem the copy greater than the original." Later came a new translation by four fine gentlemen, Buckhurst, Sedley, Godolphin, and Waller. This version was treated with critical sourness by Orinda; and Pepys, reading it as he was rowed from the Custom House to Deptford, declared that it was "a mean play, and the words and sense not extraordinary." On the other hand, the diarist, who saw an English version of Corneille's "*Héraclius*," at the Duke's Theatre, says that it was "an excellent play," and that he saw it to his great content. The English stage also took Corneille's "*Menteur*," which, under various forms, has come down to the present day, and is now made to live and amuse by the perfect acting of Mr. Charles Mathews. Dryden has judged the original. "The most favorable to it," he says, "would not put it in comparison with many of Fletcher's or Ben Jonson's." In 1677, five years before Corneille died, his name was first pronounced on the English stage in the epilogue to Dryden and Lee's version of "Œdipus," which they (and chiefly Lee) built up out of Seneca and Corneille. The subject was there said to be

A weight that bent e'en Seneca's strong muse,
And which Corneille's shoulders did refuse.

Bancroft's treatment of "Sertorius" pleased nobody, and Corneille's "Cinna," which was not put upon our stage till Queen Anne's reign was drawing to a close, failed to attract, though Cinna was acted by Barton Booth.

The next poet in order of birth, Molière, was the great resource of writers of plays in England who lacked invention, or who were too lazy to stir it to activity. The immortal Frenchman is distinguished for a certain refinement. He rarely offends by grossness. If he has to go over delicate ground, he glides gracefully and swiftly over the surface, leaving the subsoil undisturbed; but those who stole whole plays from him, or acts, or scenes, or incidents, were unable or disinclined to follow his example. They ploughed up the surface and plunged through the subsoil, and "struck the offended sense with double stink." Molière offered them the pure and pungent essence of comedy, and his translators, paraphrazers, and imitators presented to the dramatic nostrils of our nation only the nasty materials from which some essences derive their pungency. Except Congreve, who was original in his nastiness and brilliancy, scarcely an English comedy writer can be named from unclean Dryden to filthy Ravenscroft, who did not openly rob or covertly steal from Molière. What they touched they soiled, what they took they polluted.

One example will show with what prompt alacrity the plays of Molière were appropriated by our "adapters." "*Tartufe*" was in its first blush of popularity in France, when a translation of the comedy by the young actor, Medbourne, appeared in 1667. It was, however, not acted, till 1670, at the King's House, Drury Lane. The title-page of the printed English play had, indeed, a smack of impudence in it, for the play is described as "*Tartuffe, or the French Puritan* — written in French by Molière, and rendered into English, *with much addition and advantage*, by Mr. Medbourne, servant to his royal Highness" (the Duke of York). In the dedication, Medbourne says: "How successful it has proved in the action, the advantages made by the actors and the satisfaction received by so many audiences have sufficiently proclaimed." This year, 1670, was the year in which Dryden produced his "Conquest of Granada," in two parts.

On the English stage Lee's "Nero" gave some faint idea of Racine's "Britannicus." In 1677, Racine was represented by Lee's "Alexander the Great" at Drury Lane, and by Otway's "Titus and Berenice" at the theatre in Dorset Gardens. It may, however, be remarked that Racine

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

was not adequately represented on our stage till after his death. His "*Andromaque*," first acted in 1667, was translated and adapted by Phillips, and, under the title of "The Distressed Mother," was first played in England in 1712.

At this last date, nothing whatever seems to have been known of Shakespeare in France. The question arises: who first made our national poet known to the French people? Was it the great Englishman who visited France and lived at Blois? Or the great Frenchman who visited England and lodged in Maiden Lane? Was it Addison, or was it Voltaire? It was not Addison. He had no feeling of homage for Shakespeare. Bracketing the latter with Lee, it was Mr. Addison's opinion that "in these authors the affectation of greatness often hurts the perspicuity of style." It is doubtful if Addison admitted Shakespeare to an honorable place among dramatic poets at all. He certainly refused to rank Shakespeare among them, when Addison himself was in his salad days. In that young time he wrote "An Account of the Greatest English Poets," and he dedicated that rhymed catalogue to his friend Henry Sacheverel — better known later as the "Jacobite Parson." The poets named are "down from Chaucer's days to Dryden's time." Of Chaucer Addison said, "The age has rusted what the poet writ." Spenser could "charm an understanding age no more." Cowley is styled "great." Milton is nobly spoken of, yet with some touch of censure. Incense is flung to Waller and Roscommon, to Denham, Montague, and Dorset; but Dryden is supreme among these "greatest poets."

> Great Dryden next, whose tuneful muse affords
> The sweetest numbers and the finest words.

Shakespeare is left unnamed upon this singular roll-call of the sons of song! The last of the three great French playwrights, Racine, had just died when Addison, in 1699, repaired to France. The Englishman studied French at Blois, and there constructed, upon purely French lines, four acts of his tragedy, "Cato." On his return, through Paris, Addison introduced himself to Boileau, by presenting to him a copy of his "*Musæ Anglicanæ*." The homage was acknowledged by Boileau's assurance that he had no idea the English were half so civilized as that work proved them to be! Boileau then entertained Addison with an account of the theatrical factions whose allegiance was rendered by one side to Corneille, by the other to Racine, adding that he himself belonged to the latter party. Of this golden opportunity to speak of similar differences of opinion in England with respect to our own dramatists, Addison took no advantage. Yet, at that very time, while the many acknowledged no supremacy but Shakespeare's, there were two respectable minorities, one of which bowed the knee to Ben Jonson, and the other doffed their caps to Beaumont and Fletcher. It was therefore not to Addison that the French owed their first knowledge of Shakespeare. The general voice awards the merit to Voltaire; but the acclaim is ill-founded.

Before Voltaire, in 1728, was writing his letters in London, at the sign of the White Perruque, in Maiden Lane, two remarkable men might occasionally be seen looking into St. James's Park from a window of a house in Duke Street, Westminster. One of these men was the Abbé Dubois, on a diplomatic mission here; the other was his secretary, Nicolas Destouches. The secretary was also a dramatic writer, one or two of whose comedies were subsequently shaped for the British stage by sentimental Kelly and neatly-spoken Mrs. Inchbald. Destouches translated a few scenes of "The Tempest," but they were not addressed to the public, and there is reason to believe that even before Destouches a venturous French hand or two had tried its cunning on a scene or so of Shakespeare; but, to all intents and purposes, the French public were as ignorant of our national poet as if he had never existed. Voltaire, when back in France, praised him with no better motive than that of twitting his countrymen with their ignorance. When their admiration was aroused by passages to which he had referred, his jealous temper was alarmed, and he declared that such passages were pearls indeed, but the only pearls that were to be found by scraping on the English dunghill. To an admirer who suggested that, to judge from the samples, Shakespeare was pure human nature, Voltaire made a characteristically coarse remark, which may be euphemized into the assertion that pure, naked human nature nevertheless required to be covered by the tailor and the dressmaker.

Neither Addison, nor Destouches, nor Voltaire introduced Shakespeare to the French nation. The next name that seems to have right with it is that of the amiable and clever Ducis; but Ducis only held Shakespeare as it were by the hand, hesitating to introduce him, half afraid whether

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

the company would welcome or repel the noble stranger. Ducis was of the school of Voltaire, a school which insisted on a religious observance of the impossible unities. That was called Voltaire's system, but "Voltaire's system" was not the especial system of Voltaire. It was in force before France was France; before Gaul was Gaul. It was the rule to which the Greek founders of the tragic drama forced their genius to bow. It was a rule that became lost and was revived; but Italy and not France was the scene of the revival. It was Trissino at the court of Leo the Tenth who polished up, and clapped on the limbs of the modern tragic muse, the heavy fetters of the triple unities.

Let it be first observed that Voltaire, like Dryden, is inconsistent in his criticisms on Shakespeare, who, according to his French unwilling admirer and frantic hater, was a barbarian and a demigod; an inspired genius and a jack-pudding. When people showed some alacrity in accepting the more favorable judgment, Voltaire asserted the more roundly his defamatory views. He wrote "*Le Mort de César*" to show how Shakespeare should have treated that heroic subject. Of the English tragedy it is not necessary to speak. In Voltaire's there is no human nature. Patricians and plebeians use the same lofty language, and history is treated with the most airy indifference. Voltaire's delicacy would not allow him to slay Cæsar by the hand of Brutus, as Cæsar was probably Brutus's father! The murder is achieved behind the scenes by Cassius, who, the deed being done, rushes on the stage, dagger in hand, and delivers a speech to the insurgents, precisely in the style of a modern French patriot, addressing the citizens of Belleville, stirring their vanity by exaggerated flattery, and giving them wind-bag rhetoric for political advice and instruction. These are the words of Monsieur Cassius: —

Peuples! imitez-moi, vous n'avez plus de maître.
Nation de héros! vainqueurs de l'univers!
Vive la Liberté! ma main brise vos fers!
etc., etc.

It was the object of Ducis to unite the system of Voltaire with the subjects taken by Shakespeare, and thereby to win the admiration of the French people for Voltaire's "barbarian." It was the singular fortune of Ducis to succeed as long as he devoted himself to rendering his countrymen in some degree familiar with Shakespeare. His "*Amélise*" had been hissed before he startled the town with the announcement, in 1769, of his tragedy of "Hamlet," after Shakespeare. A description of this first attempt will afford an idea of the method adopted by Ducis in all.

Ducis retains of Shakespeare's personages only five; namely, Hamlet, Claudius, Polonius, Gertrude, and Ophelia. Of these, Polonius is converted into a soldierly confidant of Claudius, and Ophelia is Claudius's daughter. To these are added Norceste, a confidant of Hamlet, and Elvire, who fills the same office to Gertrude. In those days, all great dramatic individuals had their confidants. By informing each other of events known to both, they contrived to let the audience into the secret, lacking which knowledge, the play would have come to a standstill.

Claudius and Polonius have half of the first act between them. Gertrude and Claudius have the other half. During the whole five acts, the scene is an apartment in the royal castle of Elsinore. Claudius describes Hamlet as an unsociable, fierce, languishing, malicious creature, who must not be allowed to succeed to the vacant throne of Denmark. Claudius's friends are prepared to prevent the accession to the crown of a prince who is pictured as having passed the days of his youth in inglorious pursuits, as being tainted by something like madness, and whose highest ambition is to live peaceably, honoring his mother and the gods. Even if such a marrowless phantom were to inherit his father's crown, he could not wear it long, for the hand of death is upon him; and as, in case of his demise, Claudius would ascend the throne, as next heir, it seems expedient that Hamlet should be put out of the story at once. To bring about this conclusion all the sooner, the most odious calumnies against Hamlet have been industriously spread; and as air, earth, and water have been violently disturbed, as fiery portents have agitated the popular mind, and monsters have been seen by mortal eyes which lost their power as they gazed, the courtiers in the interest of Claudius lay it all to some wickedness on the part of young Hamlet, to murder whom would be a pleasure to the gods. Polonius is delighted with the process and its prospects, but, as he is leaving Claudius, on the approach of Gertrude, he delivers himself of the sage remark, that success, and success only, can justify the means taken for the end in view.

The two middle-aged murderers, Claudius

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

and Gertrude, are now together, and Ducis exhibits them in a rare love-scene! The former had murdered the king his brother, because that brother had ignored the services of Claudius to the state, and because Claudius himself was in love with his brother's wife, who reciprocates the feeling with candid alacrity; but she feigns some coyness at going with her fellow-assassin to the hymeneal altar. Claudius presses her like one of Florian's swains at the feet of his nymph, but she will not say him yea. He points out all the very loose parts in the dead king's character, but Gertrude literally "shuts him up" with the cry: "*Arrêtez! il était mon époux!*" indicating thereby, as well as by some ricketty arguments, that though his late Majesty was properly got rid of, it was a shabby thing to take away his character. She postpones the marriage till Hamlet has been crowned. Love, says the delicate lady, was the motive for their crime; and she suggests that they are bound to be sorry for, before they presume to profit by it. Claudius is dismissed with a rather uncivil "*Allez! que l'on me laisse!*" which he obeys in an abject-lover sort of way.

Then comes Elvire, the queen's confidante; but the former says but a few words, and the queen only expresses a desire to get at the secret of Hamlet's moodiness. Their dialogue is cut short because it was time for the act to come to an end. After an interval of five minutes, they renew the conversation on the same spot, and the course of it is a good illustration of French tragedy.

The confidante in most French tragedies is an inquisitive person, and it is necessary that she should be confidentially enlightened. Elvire seems, by her hints, to know everything; Gertrude, therefore, is frank enough to conceal nothing from her. Yes, she had murdered the king, but not in the Shakespearian style. The old king, her husband, was, she says, given to drinking! She

> Empruntait le secours de ces puissants breuvages
> Dont un art bienfaisant montra les avantages.

Of this abuse of a good thing the guilty pair took advantage. Claudius poisoned the royal bowl which Gertrude placed at the thirsty victim's elbow and left there. A short time after, repentance brought her back, but too late — her royal husband had quaffed, and he lay dead on his couch. She is humiliated at having to blush for such a deed, but Elvire treats it as an accident that *will* happen in high life, and Gertrude wishes she may die if she ever weds with her accomplice. A faint idea enters her mind that the gloomy waywardness of Hamlet has something to do with the event, and Norceste is commissioned to get at the bottom of it.

Norceste is a combination of Horatio, Rosencranz, and Guildenstern. Hamlet is brought in to be questioned. The canons of the French stage would not allow of a change of scene in sight of the spectator, so Mahomet comes to the mountain. Norceste is Hamlet's friend — this is the Horatio side of the character — and among the items of news he brings from England, his late residence, is, that the king thereof (he is discreetly left unnamed) has been poisoned in London by his queen, and that considerable political disturbance had ensued. Hamlet then remembers that his late father had revealed to him dreadful things in dreams — the whole truth in fact. Hamlet suggests that Norceste shall tell the story of the royal murder in England to his mother and uncle in Hamlet's presence; if they blanch he will be satisfied that dreams may be dreamed to good purpose, and he will slay Claudius. But, alas! Claudius is Ophelia's father, and if Hamlet slays the sire, the daughter might naturally decline to accept the murderer for her husband; indeed, as an affectionate daughter, she would not be expected to survive the slaying of her father. However this may be, Norceste is to narrate the regicidal act beyond seas; meanwhile Hamlet, remembering that his own father's ashes have been placed in a "vulgar urn," desires Norceste to fetch it from his monument, that he may startle the senses of guilty beholders by continually exhibiting it! Norceste accepts the double commission, and a catastrophe seems imminent, as it always should when the third act is coming on.

But here, where the interest of the audience should be immensely increased, their concern is rather relaxed than more closely knitted. In a mere gossiping group, Norceste tells the news of the murder of the English king, on which Claudius and Gertrude make most commonplace remarks. "He is not disturbed," says Norceste, *aside* to Hamlet. "No," replies the latter, "but look at my mother!" and I very well recollect that this "*Non! mais regarde ma mère*" was one of Talma's great points with which he brought down the house. The story fails to make them fly like guilty things, as the play does in Shakespeare's version; on the

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

contrary, it is Hamlet who retires rather precipitately with his friend; and Gertrude and Claudius, left alone, conclude, the former that Hamlet suspects something, the latter that he knows nothing; but both agree to walk warily, for, as Claudius remarks, "In order to be free from fear at all, we must ever bear in mind that everything may give cause for fear, and may conceal a peril." The only other scene in this act of any importance is the final one between Gertrude and Ophelia. The young lady announces that she has discovered the secret of Hamlet's melancholy and irritability — namely, that they, being mutally in love, see insurmountable obstacles to their union, which would be one of two cousins. But the queen recognizes in the marriage of her son with Claudius's daughter a way for having a comedy instead of a tragedy in Denmark; and the act concludes with a joyous exclamation with reference to charms, virtue, love, and kisses.

Hitherto Ducis has not approached the ground on which Shakespeare develops his story; but the fourth act opens with a soliloquy by Hamlet, which resembles the famous "To be or not to be," inasmuch as the following lines form part of it: —

Mourons! que craindre encore quand on a cessé d'être?
Peut-être! Ah! c'est ce mot qui glace épouvanté
L'homme au bord du cercueil par le doute arrêté.
Devant ce vaste abîme il se jette en arrière,
Ressaisit l'existence et s'attache à la terre.
Dans nos troubles pressants, qui peut nous avertir
Des secrets de ce monde où tout va s'engloutir?
Sans la foi qu'il inspire, et la terreur sacrée
Qui défend son passage et siége à son entrée,
Combien de malheureux iraient dans le tombeau,
De leurs longues douleurs déposer le fardeau!
Ah! que ce port souvent est vu d'un œil d'envie
Par le faible agité sur les flots de la vie!
Mais il craint dans ses maux, au-delà du trépas,
Des maux plus grands encore et qu'il ne connaît pas.
Redoutable avenir! tu glaces mon courage!
Va! laisse à ma douleur achever son ouvrage.

Now, it will probably occur to every one who will compare the two soliloquies on life and death that the French Hamlet feels the pain of mysterious uncertainty, but that Shakespeare's Hamlet gives to the feeling a poetic and sublime expression. It is the same with the interview between Hamlet and his mother at which Ophelia is present, and where the ghost of Hamlet's father is supposed once or twice to appear. The whole is Shakespeare without vigor or dignity, and when the scene closes with a blustering declaration by Hamlet to Claudius, who has come on the stage for the purpose of hearing it, that *he*, Hamlet, is king of Denmark, and will be controlled neither in his royal power nor in his human affections, he gains little respect for such vaporing. Claudius and Polonius resolve that Hamlet shall be controlled in both respects. Rebellion is decided upon, Hamlet is to be seized, with his ultimate fate marked out in Claudius's words that "a fallen king has no long space to live;" but nothing is to be made known to Ophelia, seeing that the lover would be more highly prized by her than the father.

Elle irait à l'amant sacrifier le père;

with which remark Claudius opens the rebellion and closes the fourth act.

Throughout the fifth act Hamlet is never off the stage. He enters, receiving from Norceste the urn containing his father's ashes, which is always in his arms or at his side. He holds it during a long interview with Ophelia, who, confessing all her love for Hamlet (and allowing for argument's sake that Claudius has murdered the late king), declares that she must stand by a parent, who, however criminal in the eyes of others, is innocent in her own; and she implores her lover to act towards her father as if he were guiltless, hinting that otherwise she can neither be his friend, his affianced mistress, or his wife. To this Hamlet replies with common sense and simplicity: —

Enfin, mon père est mort, il faut que je le venge.

. . . .

On remplace un ami, son épouse, une amante;
Mais un vertueux père est un bien précieux
Qu'on ne tient qu'une fois de la bonté des dieux.

Troth being broken, Ophelia departs to make way for the queen, at whose coming Hamlet expresses as much surprise as if it brought his father's ghost for the first time before him. But he goes to the point at once after his mother has asked him why he wears so stern and melancholy an air.

H. Ma mère!
G. Explique-toi.
H. Tremblez de m'approcher!
G. Qui? moi?

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

H. Ce n'est pas vous qui devez me chercher !
G. Que dis-tu ?
H. Savez-vous quel affreux sacrifice
Prescrit à mon devoir la céleste justice ?
G. Dieux !
H. Où mon père est-il ! d'où part la trahison ?
Qui forma le complot ? Qui versa le poison ?
G. Mon fils !
H. Vous avez cru qu'un éternel silence
Dans les nuits des tombeaux retiendrait la vengeance :
Elle est sortie !
G. Oh ciel !
H. J'ai vu . . .
G. Qui ?
H. Votre époux !
G. Qu'exige-t-il ?
H. Du sang !
G. Qui l'a fait périr ?
H. Vous !
G. Moi ! j'aurais pu commettre une action si noire ?
H. Démentez donc le ciel qui me force à le croire.
Son instant est venu.

Hamlet offers to credit his mother's assertion, if she will swear on the urn that she is guiltless. Gertrude places her hand upon it, mutters a weak *yes*, and, in an attempt to say more, faints. On her recovery, Hamlet too readily assures her that she and Heaven will be reconciled if she only feels remorse for the deed. Whereupon he is supposed to see the ghost, who dissents from the assurance, and Hamlet is about to fly rather than stab his mother, when he is stopped by a rush of his partisans as well as of those of Claudius, who is at the head of his friends, prepared to immolate Hamlet, and to put himself on the throne. A free fight ensues, in which Claudius is slain, and the true king, Hamlet, is triumphant. Gertrude, observing that a guilty victim was yet wanting, exclaims, with not scrupulous exactitude, "The monster counselled, I allowed, the crime," and then stabs herself. Hamlet expresses a hope that the sacrifice will win pardon for poisoning his father. Not a word is said about Ophelia; but Hamlet, looking round him, brings the curtain down with this "tag :" —

Privé de tous les miens dans ce palais funeste,
Mes malheurs sont comblés, mais ma vertu me reste.
Mais je suis homme et roi, réservé pour souffrir ;
Je saurais vivre encore ; je fais plus que mourir.

Ducis, in something of the spirit which led General Chassé to explain to the Duke of Wellington his method of defending Antwerp, and to express a hope of the duke's approval, wrote an apologetic letter to Garrick. It is characteristic of the writer's modesty and simplicity : —

I conceive, sir [he writes], that you must have thought me exceedingly rash in placing such a tragedy as "Hamlet" on the French stage. Not to speak of the barbarous irregularities (*irrégularités sauvages*) with which it abounds — the spectre in full armor and long speeches, the strolling actors, the fencing bout — all these appeared to me to be matters utterly inadmissible on the French stage. Nevertheless, I deeply regretted being unable to bring upon it that awful ghost who exposes crime and demands revenge. I was therefore obliged, in a certain sense, to create a new play. I simply tried to make an interesting part of a parricidal queen ; and, above all, to paint in the pure and melancholy soul of Hamlet a model of filial tenderness. I looked upon myself, while composing this character, as a religious artist who is working at an altar-piece.

The second attempt made by Ducis to unite the action of Shakespeare with the diction and method of Voltaire, occurred in 1772, when he gave to the stage "Romeo and Juliet." In his preface to the play, he makes the singular mistake of supposing that his countrymen were as well acquainted with Shakespeare as he was himself.

Je crois inutile de m'étendre ici sur les obligations que j'ai à Shakespeare et à Danté. Les poètes anglais et italiens nous sont trop connus pour qu'on ne sache pas ce que je dois à ces deux grands hommes.

There were probably not a dozen persons in the audience who could have read a line of Shakespeare in English ; and the proto-translator of Shakespeare's plays had not yet appeared. The French "Romeo and Juliet" has nothing in common with Shakespeare except the names. The two immortal lovers created by Shakespeare are commonplace creatures in the play by Ducis. The French Romeo adresses Juliet (who, you remember, was in the very grace and flower of girlhood, as Shakespeare saw her) with "Madame ?" and the lady replies with "Seigneur !" And if they get a little honestly impassioned, like flesh-and-blood lovers with hearts in their bosoms, they suddenly relapse into civility, which any stranger might witness without mistaking it for love-making. The story of the French drama shows no respect in the concoctor of it for the Shakespearian model. In it we come at once upon the discovery that a certain victori-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ous soldier named Dolvedo, who has lived in the house of old Capulet since his childhood, a sort of foundling adopted out of charity, is really a son of that house's enemy, old Montagu, that the young soldier's real name is Romeo, and that, since he had down upon his chin, he had been making love to Juliet. The family discord is tremendous; some malapert blood is spilt; and Juliet resists the paternal command to marry Paris, till she hears that the command is based on reasons of state, and that Romeo has slain her brother Théobaldo. The wavering on the part of Juliet is, however, only for a moment. She was born a Montagu, she declares, since her heart loved a son of that house. To this rather weak logic her sire does not yield. Indeed both sires are obstinate and unreasonable; and Juliet, at the end of the third act, foreshadows all that is to follow, by exclaiming to Romeo, "*Va! nous mourrons ensemble, ou je vivrai pour toi!*" It need hardly be said that as the respective fathers are obdurate, and marriage not to be thought of under the circumstances, the lovers commit suicide. For this Ducis humbly apologizes, on the ground that the moral of his piece had less to do with love than with the perils of hereditary hatred.

> Sans doute, il est dangereux de donner au théâtre l'exemple de suicide; mais j'avais à peindre les effets de haine héréditaire, et c'est sur cet objet seulement que j'ai voulu et dû fixer l'attention du spectateur.

Four years after Ducis had adapted Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" to the French sense of dramatic propriety, the real, genuine introducer of Shakespeare to France appeared in Pierre le Tourneur. This gentleman, born in 1736, was in 1776 one of the secretaries to "Monsieur," afterwards Louis the Eighteenth. It may be mentioned by the way, that M. le Tourneur also introduced to his countrymen Young in his "Night Thoughts," and Hervey in his "Meditations among the Tombs," two grave works which were enthusiastically received by the gayest of nations. In 1776 M. le Tourneur presented to the public his first instalment of an intended complete translation of Shakespeare. It consisted of two volumes. In a preface, the translator spoke of the English poet as the most potent genius of the drama that the world had ever seen. The assertion was not made for the first time, but it fell like a thunderbolt on Voltaire, who had his own idea as to where France might find the most powerful of dramatic geniuses; and on the Academy, whose members were too ready to believe as Voltaire directed them. Voltaire's rage first found expression in a hysterical letter to D'Argental.

> Have you read [he says] the two volumes of this wretch, in which he dares to impose Shakespeare on us as the sole model of true tragedy? He calls Shakespeare *the divinity of the theatre.* Have you a sufficiently bitter hatred of this impudent idiot, and will you quietly submit to the insults he flings at France?

Voltaire sounded the call to battle in other directions. The trumpet-blast was responded to by La Harpe and D'Alembert. War was declared against "*Gilles* Shakespeare" and "*Pierrot* le Tourneur." Voltaire's famous letter to the Academy, written as he was almost dying, and read in his unavoidable absence, created an immense sensation. The celebrated Elizabeth Montagu was present. She had already, in a well-known work, defended Shakespeare from the aspersions of Voltaire. As the letter, which now treated the great poet as a *gilles* or half-crazed clown, was being read, the Abbé Suard, who was at Mrs. Montagu's side, remarked: "You must be much pained at hearing what M. Voltaire says against your national poet." "Why should I be pained?" replied the witty Englishwoman; "I am not one of M. Voltaire's friends." Le Tourneur was too dignified, too refined, too philosophically tempered, to answer Voltaire's ribaldry. He, aided by Catuelan and Fontaine Malherbe, and supported by the public, went on with the translation, which was completed in twenty octavo volumes in 1783. It is indeed far from perfect; there were difficulties the translators could not surmount; and they were occasionally as unhappy in their avoiding as in their encountering them. Nevertheless, Le Tourneur rendered an immense service to Shakespeare and to France. As a nation, France was, up to this time, completely ignorant of Shakespeare; even Paris had learned nothing from Ducis of Shakespeare's method or manner. The French learned something of both from Le Tourneur, who also conveyed to his countrymen some idea of the audacity with which the genius of our drama accomplished his sublime effects. M. le Tourneur did more; he loosened the hold of classical tragedy on France, he was the originator of that revolution which culminated in triumph years later when a play of Shakespeare, literally translated,

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

was first acted, and successfully acted, on the French stage. Moreover, the Le Tourneur translation of Shakespeare kept its ground — nay, keeps its ground; for the Guizot edition of Shakespeare in French, which appeared in 1824, in thirteen octavo volumes, is only a revision and correction of the work of the first French translator, who died in 1788, five years after he gave the last of the twenty volumes by himself and his staff to France.

The Academy cannot be said to have been influenced by Voltaire's protest against Shakespeare. That body elected Ducis to the chair left vacant by Voltaire's death. The new member opened his inauguratory address in 1779 with a most happy allusion to Voltaire and to himself: "*Il est de grands hommes à qui l'on succède et qui personne ne remplace.*" A second compliment to Marie Antoinette, who had wept at his "Romeo and Juliet" as well as at more classical tragedies, was turned with the gallantry common to the period and the nation: —

> Vous m'entendrez avec plaisir quand je vous parlerai d'une reine sensible à tous les arts que vous cultivez, qui a plus d'une fois honoré de ses larmes les chefs-d'œuvre de génie représentés devant elle, comme elle sait en verser à l'aspect des malheureux qu'elle soulage; devenue plus chère à la France par ce gage heureux de fécondité [birth of Madame Royale], qui annonce encore un plus grand bonheur à la nation.

The "King Lear" of Ducis was first played in 1783. He had wept over the king's sorrows, when his mother read the original play aloud to the family circle, in his boyhood. He saw the tears of the reader also falling freely; he had again been subdued to tears when composing his own piece out of the noble materials of Shakespeare's. He hesitated long, however, before he dared to bring a subject so difficult and delicate before a French audience. He so adored the divinity of kingship that it seemed sacrilege to represent a monarch subject to any human infirmity; absolute desecration to exhibit him suffering from madness.

> Je n'ignorais pas que la sévérité de nos règles et la délicatesse de nos spectateurs nous chargent de chaînes que l'audace anglaise brise et dédaigne. Shakespeare, le plus vigoureux et le plus étonnant poète tragique qui ait peut-être jamais existé; génie singulièrement fécond, original, extraordinaire, que la Nature semble avoir créé exprès, tantôt pour la peindre avec tous ses charmes, tantôt pour la faire gémir sous les attentats ou les remords du crime.

In the "Lear" of Ducis there is only an episode from the "Lear" of Shakespeare. The old king is suffering from the cruelty of two of his daughters, and the absence of the youngest. With the recovery of the latter he is restored to reason and happiness. He may be said to be the sole "character" in the play; but "Lear" was acted by Brizard, whose power to compel tears was marvellous. On this occasion they were plentifully shed by Marie Antoinette, and Brizard drowned the house in one solemn universal shower. There were little phrases in the piece that were as universally applauded. "*C'est le sort d'un roi d'être souvent trompé,*" was one of these. In recognizing the truth of it the loyal audience pitied the monarch whom they loved. There was no idea in the public mind of what was coming upon French monarchy. Moreover, when the words, "*En révolutions l'Angleterre est féconde,*" fell on the ears of the audience, they heard them with the satisfaction of those who hear of ills from which they consider themselves exempt.

In 1784, Ducis tried his hand on "Macbeth." There is something supremely droll in his method of adapting that grandest of English tragedies (where inexorable fate impels the reluctant yet ambitious hero) to the more delicate sense of the French stage and public. Ducis had not dared to introduce a visible and speaking ghost into "Hamlet." The spirit was only supposed to be seen. In "Macbeth" the witches are altogether indispensable. Where is destiny if their irresistible sorcery does not bind, fetter, and drive their victim? Ducis recognized the indispensability, but his courage gave way. He dreaded the scoffers and laughers, yet he felt the inevitable necessity of overshadowing his Macbeth by fate of some sort or another. Accordingly, he brought a single witch from stormy Scandinavia, and settled her among the Highland crags, there to rule the elements and shape the ways of men in accordance with her wicked will. Her name is Iphyctone. She is very much heard of, especially through her thunders and other means of disturbance, in which Frédégonde (the French Lady Macbeth) affects to read commands of the gods which she is bound to obey. While Ducis stooped to these poor means, he recognized all the poetical importance and dramatic power of Shakespeare's witches. He even (on printing his play) ventured to suggest a scene in which they might

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

appear, if managers could only be brought to believe that the public were not too tenderly nerved to bear it. "*La scène*," he says timidly and deferentially, "*servirait peut-être à augmenter la terreur du sujet.*" This is the scene. It is only necessary to state first, that Duncan, Sévar (to whom the king has entrusted his son, young Malcolm, to be brought up in disguise), and Glamis (a greater villain than Macbeth) are on the stage together, perplexed by the uncertainty of things in general. The future is thus revealed to them:—

(*Les trois Furies ou Magiciennes sont cachées derrière les rochers. La première tient un sceptre; la seconde, un poignard; et la troisième un serpent.*)

La Magicienne qui tient un poignard.

Le charme a réussi.
Le sang coule; on combat. Resterons-nous ici?

La Magicienne qui tient un sceptre.

Non, je cours de ce pas éblouir ma victime.

Celle qui tient un poignard.

Et moi, frapper la mienne.

La Magicienne qui tient un serpent.

Et moi, venger ton crime.

Les Trois.

Du sang! Du sang! Du sang!

(*Elles sortent toutes ensemble du milieu des rochers, et ne se laissent apercevoir qu'un moment; ou même elles peuvent échapper sans être vues du spectateur.*)

The comment of poor Duncan on this uncomfortable revelation is the very proper one. "*Soumettons-nous aux dieux.*" The Macbeth of Ducis describes himself as a man of "timid virtue." He talks admiringly of the "amiable innocence" of his son. Occasionally a line or two translated from Shakespeare relieves the dull monotony of the play, the end of which is entirely free from such welcome intrusion. Duncan slain, and Macbeth king, a young gentleman presents to the latter a document to show that the bearer is Malcolm, the late king's son, who has been confided to Sévar, like young Douglas to old Norval; like Egisthe to Narbas, in Voltaire's "*Mérope.*" Macbeth, who imagines Duncan's ghost to be at his heels, ever since the latter was killed, is in a fever of delight at the news. "*Oui!*" he exclaims, "*ce sceptre est à lui, je dois le quitter;*" and he summons his guards and household to witness his recognition of the rightful heir. Frédegonde, however, goes to Malcolm's bed to stab him in his sleep, but, by such mistakes as occur only on the stage, she slays her own son. At this blow, Macbeth makes several moral and religious reflections. There are worse people in the world than himself. If he has done ill, he has also done all he could to make it well again. He feels convinced that Heaven has forgiven him; but fancying that the same tribunal demands a victim, he asks permission to make the sacrifice himself, and with the words, "*Permets que mon bras te le puisse immoler,*" he and the curtain fall together.

The most successful scene in the play was that in which Macbeth's wife walks in her sleep. Such an incident had never before been seen on the French stage. "*Dans cette scène singulière,*" says Ducis, "*hasardée pour la première fois sur notre théâtre, comme elle a frappé de surprise et d'immobilité tous les spectateurs!*"

The next attempt of Ducis to familiarize his countrymen with the subjects which Shakespeare had treated dramatically, was made in 1791, when he produced his "*Jean Sans-terre.*" With his "King John" in five acts his audience had no sympathy. All the interest ceased with the death of Arthur. This induced the author to recast the play. He compressed it into three acts, in which Hubert is the principal character. Hubert has charge of Arthur, Constance, and a remarkably tedious old gentleman from Brittany, one Kermadene. As Hubert, after some hesitation, declines to murder his prisoners, John (after Arthur is blinded) stabs the young prince and his mother, and is punished by having to listen to a long tirade from Hubert in which he tells the king of the violent death he will die, according to Shakespeare. The curtain descends simply because Hubert is too much out of breath to say any more, and John is struck dumb by his impertinence. The only touch of Shakespeare communicated by Ducis to his audience is in the scene between the king and Hubert, when John suggests to him the cruel disposal of the legitimate heir to the throne. The wonderful success of these three acts was entirely owing to the luxury of tears enjoyed with the utmost alacrity by spectators who came provided for the most extravagant showers. This effect was worked by the magic of the pretty Mlle. Simon as Arthur, and the natural acting of Monvel (Hubert), the father of the subsequently celebrated queen of comedy, Mlle. Mars.

Finally we arrive at the last and perhaps greatest success of Ducis in fitting Shakespeare to the unity-system of Voltaire. His "Othello" was acted, for the first

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

time, in 1792. The great Talma played the Moor; Mlle. Desgarcins, Hédelmone (Desdemona). In this version Ducis drew nearer to Shakespeare, and left Voltaire and his system farther behind than he had ever done before. But there were things for which he could not bring his courage to the sticking place. He was convinced that the gentle-hearted audiences of 1792 would never bear the presence of such a wretch as Iago (Pesara in the French play). Consequently, to the audience, Iago wears the guise of the truest possible friend to Othello and all humanity in general. When his villany is made apparent, it is in his absence, and he is never allowed to appear again, as the feelings of the audience would certainly be too much for him and themselves. Again, "the handkerchief"! This was not to be thought of. How could such a suggestive word as *mouchoir* ever be uttered in a French tragedy? Impossible! The substitute is costly and awkward — a wreath of diamonds! Then the *dénouement!* Ducis went so far as to make Othello stab Desdemona at the side of her bed; the smothering her under her own pillow seemed too vulgarly horrible to be thought of for a moment. Ducis was not aware that Shakespeare's expedient was a refining of the original method which he found in the old novel, where the Moor beats his lady's brains out with a couple of sand-bags! The classical dagger might have been borne with, but to plunge it into a lady by the side of her own bed looked too much like a commonplace murder. The audience rose against it. The gentlemen put their hands over their hearts and protested against the barbarity. "*C'est un Maure qui a fait ça, ce n'est pas un Français*," was cried from the pit. The ladies went off into silent swoons or laughing hysterics. Ducis attempted in vain to maintain his tragic catastrophe. He had to give way, and his tragedy (with a comedy *dénouement*) continued popular for one generation at least. The plot is far away from the Shakespeare version, but Ducis follows his leader more closely than in any other of his plays built up on the British model. Now and then passages are almost literally translated, and a weak echo of the master music occasionally catches the ear. Here is a sample: —

> Sa pitié pour mes maux seule produit sa flamme;
> L'aspect de sa pitié seul a touché mon âme;

wherein we miss the sympathetic tenderness of

> She loved me for the dangers I had passed;
> And I loved her that she did pity them.

In later adaptations of Othello, attempts were made to introduce the Moor's demand for the "handkerchief." It is amusing to see how it was brought about. The "circlet of diamonds," the substitute invented by Ducis, was abandoned, and it was "that tissue work" which raised Othello's jealousy. Desdemona held a handkerchief in her hand, but her husband referred to it only as "that tissue," "that gift." At last Alfred de Vigny translated the play word for word, and this, or an equally literal translation, was acted at the Théâtre Français in the first quarter of the present century. This caused immense opposition. A compact phalanx of Voltairians occupied one side of the house; a similar body of Shakespearians the other. When the latter frantically applauded, the former as energetically hissed. But

> between the two factions [says the Duke de Broglie, *Revue Française*, January 1830, quoted in Guizot's "Shakespeare and his Times"] the body of the audience in the pit appears to have preserved a reasonable neutrality. They were evidently on their guard, fearing lest their consecrated maxims should be violated, and they be led into some hasty demonstration of feeling; and yet they were sensible, profoundly sensible, of the great beauties of the piece. Accordingly, during the whole course of the representation they appeared constantly astonished, moved, indulgent, submitting with good grace to the boldest departure from received rules. They willingly, though without warmth or violence, joined in the attempt to silence the detractors; and they good-naturedly allowed free scope to the enthusiasts, while taking great care not to enlist themselves on their side or to mingle in their transports.

On this occasion the word *mouchoir* was bravely uttered without the French Melpomene going into fits; and Shakespeare got a secure footing on the French stage. As between him and Voltaire, M. Guizot says in "Shakespeare and his Times," there is no question as to which has the superior genius, but it was still a question with Guizot whether the system of Voltaire be not superior to that of Shakespeare! Dumas *père*, at least, thought better of Ducis than of Shakespeare, when, after translating four acts of Shakespeare's "Hamlet," (played so magnificently by the now forgotten Rouvière), he wrote a new fifth act, in which he adopted the absurd idea of making Hamlet live. M. Jules Lacroix, in 1868, constructed a new "King Lear" on the old

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

classical lines. Nevertheless, "Attila Shakespeare," as the Duke de Broglie called him, has gained a permanent place on the French stage; and Ducis, who first made his name known there, is stigmatised by Paul Foucher, most irreverently, as a versifier of "lemonade-and-water tragedies"! They are worth reading, those tragedies of the earliest introducer of Shakespeare to the actors and public of France. Well worth studying also is the work of the last of his translators, M. F. Hugo. Between him and Le Tourneur there is a vast difference. The earlier translator conveyed an idea of Shakespeare to his countrymen; the later really naturalized him, and added Shakespeare to the brilliant roll of the dramatic poets of France. JOHN DORAN.

ERICA.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE GERMAN OF

FRAU VON INGERSLEBEN.

XXIV.

THE MEETING.

THE party from Brühl returned home very late at night or rather early in the morning, so the family did not breakfast together, but those who had remained at home, "the children," as Fritz took care to remark, drank their coffee, and then dispersed to their usual daily occupations.

Erica asked whether any visitors had arrived, and received a somewhat astonished answer in the negative, since it was not to be supposed that any one would come to the castle in the middle of the night, and directly from the reception at court. She, however, did not make these reflections, but felt as if some secret hope had been disappointed, and went out into the open air to conquer the depression that weighed heavily upon her soul.

True, she could scarcely give an account of this feeling, even to herself; she only knew that all the memories of the past, of her home, had awakened, filled her mind and heart, and caused unendurable pain. She felt so utterly lonely, that she sought refuge with nature.

The morning was bright and beautiful, but not so warm as usual at that season of the year. A strong wind blew from the Rhine, bringing a keen, fresh atmosphere, that reminded her of her native air. How often, amid the warm, soft breezes that whispered around her, she had longed for that sharp, bracing blast! It came to her like a greeting from home, which she inhaled with delight, and to enjoy it more fully, according to an old habit, removed her hat and hung it on her arm.

She heard the fir-trees in the park creak gently, and now and then a branch fall on the ground. Tears of mingled pain and pleasure sprang to her eyes; it seemed as if her sojourn here had been a dream, and she was again wandering on the familiar shore of the Baltic. She went to the river, for there the fresh, keen wind was strongest, there she could see the waves run, the faint reflection of the surges of her own dear sea.

She sat down on one of the benches on the stone platform, and gazed at the river, but the narrow expanse of water, and still more the limited view, which was shut in by the beautiful hills, soon oppressed and troubled her. "Oh, you wide, barren downs, how my heart sickens with longings for you!" she murmured. "How gladly I would resign all the beauty around me for the unlovely, often terrible spectacle you present! When the tempest sweeps over you, whirls the sand in clouds, carries the torn branches away in a wild dance, and accompanies its mad course with howls of rage, I feel a pleasant thrill of fear, and am ensnared by your magic spell. Crouching in a hollow of the ground, like a child safely rocked in its cradle, I hear the roar of the sea as it blends with the fierce exultation of the storm, hear the trees in the neighboring forest pitilessly uprooted and hurled to the ground, and my soul revels in this wild grandeur."

She involuntarily closed her eyes to let her imagination conjure up the downs, the pine forest, and the boundless expanse of the sea. She leaned her head against the trunk of the linden that shaded the balcony, and sat so motionless that one would have thought her asleep, but for the tears that ran slowly down her cheeks.

"Erica!" suddenly exclaimed a well-known voice.

But she did not stir. The voice harmonized so perfectly with her dreams, she saw the figure to which it belonged striding over the downs, and fancied the call was only a delusion of her own fancy.

"Erica!" said the voice again, and at the same moment a warm hand clasped hers.

* Copyright 1877, by Littell & Gay.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

She gazed steadily for a moment at Elmar, who was standing beside her, and then, putting both hands in his, murmured, "It is a dream, it is a dream."

The calm eyes, which had just been so vividly reproduced by her imagination, now really gazed steadily into her face, and rested there for a long time. "Your eyes are full of tears, Erica," he said at last, "was your dream so sad?"

"No, I was happy, for I was at home; I forgot all the oppressive beauty around me, and wandered freely over the barren downs."

"My poor Rhine, so that is the praise bestowed on all your charms," laughed Elmar. "But as we have no sand downs at our disposal here, we must sit on this stone bench, for I have obtained an hour's freedom, and want to hear everything that has happened since our parting."

"You have obtained an hour's freedom?" asked Erica in surprise.

"Why, I cannot conceal from you that my sister —— "

"Yes, I know," interrupted Erica incautiously, and then realized her own imprudence, for she blushed crimson and said no more.

Elmar's eyes rested upon her with an uncomfortably searching expression, then he asked the still more embarrassing question, "What do you know, little fairy? But," he continued in a different tone, "so much the better, if you know, you will find it easier to understand that Katharina would never allow me to wander about alone in a house so richly supplied with daughters, if I had not gained an advantage by stratagem. I ordered my most necessary baggage to be packed up at Cologne, and instead of driving back there with Katharina, ensconced myself, somewhat to my good uncle's discomfort, in his two-seated carriage, and in order not to make unnecessary trouble in the house, spent the night at Wehlen's on a sofa. When I got up I heard you were in the park, and as I supposed the little water-bird would fly to the river, came here, and found I was not mistaken."

Erica gazed steadily at the ground, absorbed in wondering whether the desire to see her had had anything to do with Elmar's stratagem, or if he even knew she was here. At last, with a diplomacy that did great honor to her aunt's training, she said, —

"You promised to come to Waldbad this summer, have you been there yet?"

Elmar smiled. "I promised to meet you again, Erica, and you see I keep my word. I should have come before, if Katharina had not taken it into her head that I was in love with Sidonie, and put every conceivable obstacle in my way. But how do you like to live with your relatives, Erica? Do you often have such sorrowful moments as the one I witnessed just now?"

"It is very strange, but at first I felt far less homesick than now, and often reproached myself because my home and the dear, dear friends there were cast into the shade by this new, brilliant life. But are these relatives of mine your relations too?"

"I pass for a nephew and cousin, since my father's first wife was the sister of Count Rodenwald and Sidonie's mother. But I hope, Erica, in spite of some sad moments, you feel happy here."

"Certainly, for I am treated very kindly and affectionately, but the heartfelt cordiality, the overflowing love which formerly spoiled me, cannot be found here, and I sometimes miss them very painfully."

"You will soon become more at home, Erica, the cooler temperature will no longer chill you, or the constraint which society imposes oppress you. Even now you are no longer the same as when you met me last summer, and soon I shall not dare to call you little heather-blossom, or woodland fairy."

Erica's brown eyes turned full on her companion with an expression of the most trusting confidence, the most earnest sincerity, although there was a gleam of mischief in them, as she replied,—

"The costume is very different. I might pass for one of the summer guests now."

"No doubt, Erica; and yet the contrast between your dress and your appearance was particularly charming to me."

"Then I must regret that it has now vanished."

"I don't know, little fairy. Some development, some continuation, must always follow an interesting commencement; although, as I have not seen you for a year, this development seems to have come about rather quickly. You are taller, more graceful, and I fear still prettier."

Erica turned towards him with a sudden gesture, and again the brown eyes rested steadily on his, as she asked, "Do you really think I am not quite so ugly as I used to be?"

"This time, little heather-blossom, I have a right to call you by the old name, for you still keep the eyes you had when a child. As for your ugliness, that is

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

entirely a matter of taste, over which it is not well to quarrel; you always had charms for me. But, Erica," continued Elmar, in a graver tone, "I must remind you of your promise. Katharina will undoubtedly renew her attempt to obtain you for her companion, so keep firm."

"Has the princess bought our house?" asked Erica, instead of replying.

"Do you think so?" was Elmar's answer.

Erica's mobile features betrayed some sudden emotion, a faint flush crimsoned her cheeks, and she cast down her eyes as if in reflection. Then raising her head, she held out her hand to Elmar, saying,—

"No, I do not think so, for I know that you are the purchaser."

He caught her hand and held it firmly in his own, then bent towards her, gazed into her agitated face, and exclaimed, "I hope, Erica, this knowledge has made you consider your house your own property again, has restored your home. It makes me happy to read an assent to my question in your features, little fairy, and the question in your eyes is easily answered," he continued in a jesting tone. "It needed no great familiarity with human nature to obtain this conviction, it would have been strange if you had felt otherwise. All now depends solely upon whether, in the future, amid the new scenes that surround you, you will feel this right of possession as vividly; and this question unfortunately is far more difficult to answer, time alone can solve it. If circumstances were different, I know not whether my natural and cultivated calmness would enable me to await the result so quietly, without any action on my side; but during the night of peril we shared together, I vowed to be your protector and defender, and unfortunately—in order to protect you—I must hold aloof."

"Her Highness Katharina, Princess von Bagadoff, has just arrived, accompanied by a wonderful sample of an ancient maid of honor, and a numerous train of servants."

These words were uttered by Fritz, who stood directly in front of the young couple, gazing at Erica with a surprised but mischievous expression. Her face crimsoned, and she hastily tried to release her hand, but Elmar held it firmly, and raising it to his lips, said with roguish formality,—

"Let this solemn kiss be the seal of our new alliance. The little woodland fairy has been transformed into a young lady, with whom we can no longer trifle. I hope, however, that our old acquaintanceship and somewhat distant relationship gives me a right to sometimes address the dignified young lady in the old way."

"Erica will gladly let you call her heather-blossom, Elmar!" laughed Fritz, "but I hope you won't forget her Highness Katharina."

"Good heavens, no, Fritz!" said Elmar rising, "you showed wisdom beyond your years in bringing me the news at once, I did not expect her so soon."

"Well, Werner, who is always troubbling himself about matters that don't concern him, sent me. I should never have had such an inspiration myself. Yet notwithstanding this, I intend to do all honor to my own good sense, and am, moreover, ready to meet you with swords or pistols on account of your admiration for Sidonie."

"I have a great many rivals in that quarter. To say nothing of Meerburg, there is Prince Wolfenhagen, as I had an opportunity to perceive yesterday."

"You are quite right, my son, and what did Count Meerburg say to it?"

"Nothing at all, for he was not present. He is said to be lying very ill at Coblenz, and therefore, in spite of universal adoration, a shadow rested on Queen Sidonie's brow."

"Well, the cloud will disappear, but tell me, how does Katharina happen to have this remarkable companion, who might be her great-grandmother?"

Elmar laughed and looked at Erica. "She borrowed her from grandmama, without the slightest ceremony. Of course the Princess Bagadoff cannot possibly travel without the companionship of a lady, though good old Fräulein von Arensburg is always in the way at hotels, as well as, I fear, here, and therefore seems very much out of place even to herself."

"Has little Carlos come too?" asked Erica, mingling in the conversation for the first time.

"No, there is not so much anxiety felt about his safety now. The prince wedded again six months ago, and therefore will probably have little inclination to forcibly appropriate the scion of his first marriage."

"This is the way to the parsonage, Erica," said Fritz, "I remember you wanted to call there. Inspire the silly swain, Reinhardt, with courage to preach his Sunday sermon, for the pastor is going away, and he will be obliged to take his place. He can say with the Psalmist, 'Who can tell the number of the stars or call them by name?' for there will be

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

plenty of stars in our pew, since, besides Katharina, dozens of aunts and cousins have been notified. I can imagine what a comfortable feeling of confidence such a prospect will afford the worthy Reinhardt."

"Who is the worthy Reinhardt?" asked Elmar, when Erica had taken leave of the gentlemen.

"An old acquaintance and admirer of Erica, and our pastor's assistant. But see! there is Katharina, she is looking 'with her sweet eyes' for her treasure — ah! she sees us, her suspicious heart has deceived her, and she turns quietly back again."

Elmar and Fritz found the family assembled on the veranda. Sidonie, who had pleaded a headache and remained in her own room, was the only person absent. Even Herr von Wehlen was present, as well as the master of the house, who, contrary to his usual custom, had been drawn into the family circle by the desire to discuss the entertainment that had taken place the day before. As Elmar and Fritz approached, they heard him say, —

"Certainly, my honored cousin, everything was very beautiful and magnificent; but when one has to drive several miles to a reception at court, and is then expected to be satisfied solely with the sight of beauty and diamonds, it is rather a cool demand on the part of the grand chamberlain."

"You don't consider, my dear Edwin," interposed the countess, "that the rooms at Brühl are not large, and the company was very numerous, so a supper was quite out of the question."

"With proper management, a supper can always be served. Why didn't the grand chamberlain order sideboards to be supplied with refreshments, after the royal family had retired? Even a sandwich and a glass of wine would have been a blessing; nay, I would have contented myself with a glass of porter, little as I usually like it."

"Everybody does not possess your excellent appetite, my dear Edwin, and therefore probably no one else complained of hunger."

"You are very much mistaken, Vally; all the gentlemen's stomachs rebelled. Everything I obtained during the evening was one bonbon, which I snapped up with great dexterity, since the rascal of a lackey held the waiter high over his head, in order to reach the ladies. Now ask whether a bonbon can be considered sufficient to sustain a man of my size a whole afternoon and evening, even if it has ever so beautiful a wrapper. I am ready to die for my king, but I see no reason why I should express my loyalty by starving. In future I shall ask whether a famine cure is to be connected with the reception at court, and, like a schoolboy, put my lunch into my pocket."

"But, my dear cousin, how could you miss your supper so much when you were in the midst of such a brilliant circle?" replied the old countess, in a tone of gentle reproof. "Consideration for all these magnificent dressess ought to have stifled such a wish. Besides, it was merely a reception, at which, so far as I am aware, supper is never served."

"It is all very fine, my honored cousin, but we had three miles to drive there and three back. I stopped at the first inn I reached, drummed up the servants, and ordered them to bring me something to eat. Your *amoroso* Sonnenstein, Olga, came up too, and asked for ham sandwiches, which he devoured with a gusto that raised him considerably in my estimation. We dwellers on the Rhine are no æsthetic residents of Berlin, where a hospitable lady invites half the inhabitants of the city to a tea-table supplied with a few thin slices of meat, and we rebel against a grand chamberlain who changes *rôles* in this way, for even in Berlin I have eaten the rarest delicacies at the court-balls."

Elmar, who perceived the annoyance the count was inflicting upon his wife, came to her assistance by asking for Queen Sidonie.

"She is staying in her own room on account of a pretended headache," replied Katharina, with a scornful curl of the lip. "Such insulting neglect may well cause headache, so perhaps she is really suffering from one."

"What do you mean by insulting neglect, Katharina?" asked the old countess sharply. "Do you intend any allusion to Count Meerburg's illness?"

"Why, my dear aunt, if you believe the tale of this sickness, you are probably the only credulous person; everybody else laughs at it. Gebhard Halleritz told me he saw Meerburg in perfect health a short time ago, but he said if Sidonie came to this entertainment at court he should of course stay away."

The old lady drew herself up proudly, and looked angrily at her niece: "Gebhard Halleritz was a braggart and liar when a boy; old Countess Degenhart, his great aunt on the mother's side, has often

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

told me her troubles about this nephew, but I would not have believed that his ridiculous assertions would be credited in my own family, and thus make mischief."

"Your partial affection for Sidonie utterly blinds you, aunt," replied Katharina sharply. "Meerburg's conduct, I think, has clearly proved how little he desires the marriage forced upon him."

Elmar saw with alarm, that he had only turned the conversation away from Scylla to fall hopelessly into the whirlpool of Charybdis, when the countess came to his assistance. The two partisans were soothed by her mediation, indifferent subjects were introduced, and as new visitors soon arrived, there was no farther opportunity for serious discussions.

XXV.

REINHARDT'S SERMON.

THE countess's fears about limited accommodations were soon verified, and the young ladies were obliged to give up their rooms and move into very narrow quarters. The old countess expressed the warmest sympathy for her dear relatives, and racked her brains to try to assist them. Unfortunately it was impossible to offer her reception-room, for with so many visitors in the house she would have a large number of calls; neither could she give up her sitting-room, for although she never occupied it, a sitting-room was an absolute necessity to every lady. Her dressing-room was equally indispensable, and her bed-chamber entirely out of the question. The good old lady was really grieved about the trouble she was causing, and repeated meditations at last produced the wonderful idea of using the same apartment for sleeping and dressing, in order to place at least one room at her dear cousin's disposal.

As, however, most of the visitors were to remain only a few days, the close quarters could easily be endured, and the young ladies did not allow their good nature to be disturbed, but spent the time in gayety and merriment. Sunday came while these numerous guests were in the house, and with it young Reinhardt's sermon. The family pew could scarcely contain the crowd of visitors, and the tasteful toilettes of the ladies formed a striking contrast to the simple village church.

Katharina, who wished to outshine every one else, particularly Sidonie — of whom she always felt a little jealous — had donned a costume of almost exaggerated magnificence, and even Sidonie's dress was richer and more carefully chosen than usual, as if she too were not wholly free from a little feminine vanity. The transparent embroidered white fabric which covered the under-dress of delicate lilac, was richly trimmed with lace and bows of ribbon of the same beautiful hue. Perhaps it was the color that made her look paler than usual, but the circumstance did not diminish her loveliness, for the regular features could well bear the absence of roseate tints.

In spite of the limited space, Count Rodenwald brought Wehlen into the pew, and accident placed him near Erica, whom he had scarcely noticed since his appearance had first alarmed her. He bowed politely, and as the place did not permit any conversation, gazed from one to another of the group of ladies. At this moment the princess turned her head, and Erica thought she greeted Wehlen with special friendliness, nay, familiarity, but she had no time to reflect upon the matter, for the service claimed her attention.

This, however, did not seem to be the case with her neighbor, for during a short pause he found time to whisper to the count, —

"I read yesterday, in one of Gerstäcker's stories, that the trappers' Indian wives ruin their husbands by purchasing gay handkerchiefs and glass beads, since the ambition of a trapper's wife cannot possibly be content with the dress of an ordinary Indian squaw. But, whether in America or Europe, women's natures seem to be always the same, and the ladies here would probably have thought me very indiscreet to laugh at the story."

The count committed the same imprudence, for he almost laughed aloud at the remark, so that his wife looked around with a stern glance, and he was compelled to cover the impropriety by a loud cough. But directly after, he whispered in his turn: "Look at that unlucky Reinhardt, Wehlen; he is trembling so violently now that the leaves of his Bible rustle, we shall have a terrible sermon."

The poor young fellow really seemed to be very nervous, for the flush that had crimsoned his cheeks during the reading of the liturgy had disappeared, giving place to a deathlike pallor, and when he crossed the short distance from the vestry to the chancel, his step was so faltering that the occupants of the count's pew, as well as the whole congregation, were greatly alarmed. To be sure, the preacher could console himself by remembering that he did not appear before his hearers un-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

prepared, for he had labored hard many days at his sermon, which had appeared on paper a little masterpiece. But now, when he looked from the chancel upon the sea of heads, and saw all eyes fixed upon him, he was overpowered by a sudden faintness that almost threatened to rob him of thought and memory.

He felt somewhat calmer when he found the manuscript of his sermon between the pages of the great Bible, but the letters danced and flickered before his eyes, and it was almost impossible to decipher their meaning. Only by the exertion of all his strength did he at last succeed in commencing the discourse, though in a low, tremulous voice. By degrees, however, his courage increased, his voice grew louder, words flowed more easily from his lips, and the trying hour would perhaps have passed more easily than he himself hoped, if he had not unfortunately discovered, during the course of the sermon, that in its composition he had consulted his own taste, rather than the requirements of the parish.

He now felt only too keenly that references to Athanasius and Augustin were not exactly adapted to a country congregation, and saw but too clearly that dissertations on the Council of Nice and the Trinitarian differences — which had occupied his mind for months — not only did not edify the parish, but on the contrary caused a sense of annoyance.

In his distress, he cast a beseeching glance at Count Rodenwald's pew, which he had hitherto anxiously avoided. Had the thought of its occupants induced him to preach philosophy, instead of simple Christianity, had he hoped to be able to show these hearers that he was a skilful theologian? But the sight of the pew only brought fresh terrors. The clouds of transparent white muslin, the laces, veils, crèpe and straw hats adorned with flowers, bewildered him, for they plainly showed that a sermon on the vanity and transitoriness of all worldly things, would — if not received with applause — at least have been more appropriate than a dissertation on the Council of Nice.

A cold perspiration oozed from every pore of the young man's body; he hesitated, and instead of endeavoring to regain his composure and recover the train of thought, the pauses became so long and embarrassing, that the whole parish felt a sympathizing anxiety. At last he controlled himself, and — though at the expense of logical connection — clipped his sermon so as to shear away most of the excrescences. He avoided even mentioning the name of Abelard — whose theories he had intended to partially refute — as he rightly thought it doubtful whether his parish knew anything about Abelard the monk and philosopher, while on the contrary he feared the people were only too well informed in regard to Abelard the lover.

His sermon thus became a strange patchwork, but gained one merit which it had not originally possessed, it was short. When the amen was pronounced, both congregation and preacher uttered a sigh of relief, and the latter, on reaching the vestry, sunk into a chair utterly broken down. The humiliation he suffered was all the keener, because it was not entirely owing to timidity, and therefore could not be excused in that way. Some evil genius must have guided his pen when he wrote that unlucky sermon, which certainly gave a proof of deep theological study, but seemed almost like a profanation of the sacred place, where only the word of God should be the text.

The young man sprang from his seat as this last thought entered his mind. Self-reproach for having profaned the pulpit in the eyes of the congregation, burned the more fiercely in his heart, because he was really greatly impressed by the lofty and sacred nature of his calling and had chosen the profession of a minister from the most sincere conviction of its grandeur. Now, by his own incomprehensible blindness, he saw himself hurled back from his goal, accused by his hearers of a lack of true Christianity, and the earnestly desired parish removed to an unattainable distance. And with this parish another source of happiness crumbled into ruin, a happiness for which he had scarcely ventured to hope, yet whose loss filled his soul with such keen anguish, that even now, amid the fierce tumult of his thoughts, he bitterly felt the pain.

At last he fell into a sort of stupefied condition, in which he heard the congregation leave the church, and through the windows saw people standing about in groups to talk together. What other subject of conversation could they have than the sermon they had just heard, the exchange of indignant comments upon the unsuitable, unchristian words. Although he could not distinguish a syllable, he seemed to himself like the listener behind the door, who hears only his own ill-deeds.

At last the people disappeared, and the young man could return home without fear of meeting any member of the par-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ish. In order, however, to make sure of this, he took the path across the churchyard, which, though a more circuitous way to the parsonage, was also far more lonely. But he was disappointed, for he saw several gaily-dressed ladies wandering among the graves, and was greeted by the voice he least desired to hear.

"You must not run away from me, Herr Reinhardt!" cried Erica, as she saw that the young man was trying to avoid her. "You must hear how glad I am, that, on the whole, the sermon was so good."

"You are laughing at me, Fräulein Erica," replied the young man with quivering lips. "I am but too well aware of my failure."

"That depends upon the standard you hold up; to be sure, you spoke rather more hesitatingly than our pastor, and ——"

"And a little more nonsensically too," interrupted her companion bitterly.

"You are out of humor, because you have not proved yourself a perfect master; but masters do not fall from the skies, as the proverb says, and you will improve with every sermon. At any rate, other beginners must have fared still worse, for almost every one was surprised at your ease and calmness, and Countess Lauerstädt said that her tutor sank fainting on the sofa after his first sermon, and was only restored by giving him spoonfuls of wine, while Frau von Lauchert's brought on a fever by the anxiety he had endured."

The instinct of a kind heart took the place of worldly wisdom, for there is certainly no more successful method of cheering the despairing than the one she had adopted. The young man's gloomy features brightened a little, as he said, —

"So they sympathized with me, they did not laugh at me, but" — and the faint ray of sunlight quickly disappeared from the speaker's face — "they were undoubtedly all the more indignant."

"Indignant!" The unfeigned surprise in the tone was a sufficient answer. Indeed the drooping, utterly depressed young man seemed so unsuitable an object for indignation, that Erica was tempted to laugh. But she controlled the impulse, and continued gayly, "You study so hard that your head is full of whims; you ought to go out in the open air more, if I could I would row you about on the Rhine to-day. However, when you come up to the castle to dine, you will see for yourself that people neither laugh at you nor feel indignant."

Poor Reinhardt, who in the tumult of his misery had completely forgotten the invitation to the castle, felt a new stone fall upon his heart. He had never been there before, as the invitations had hitherto included only the pastor and his wife, and the one extended to-day was a distinction he had obtained by preaching his sermon. It had made him happy, for he would see Erica there, and moreover hoped at dinner to be able to continue the train of thought introduced into his sermon, and weave it into a beautiful, harmonious whole. Now the expected pleasure became a fresh torture, and he showed real heroism in keeping his resolution to go.

Moreover, his consoler, with a hasty farewell, suddenly left him, and if the sight of the slight, manly figure at the gate of the churchyard was the cause of her departure, the fact rendered it none the more pleasant. Was it girlish diffidence caused by the presence of a spectator, or a wish to speak to the intrusive stranger? These reflections, however, diverted his mind from his sorrowful thoughts, and aided him to regain his self-control, so instinct and accident proved the best allies of Erica's kind intentions.

She herself, on opening the gate of the churchyard, found Elmar, as she had expected, waiting for her at some little distance. His face, as well as that of the young man she had just left, was clouded by a dark shadow, not of despairing grief, but strong displeasure, and his tone clearly expressed the same feeling as he said, —

"You fancy yourself back on your downs, Erica, and forget that the little heather-blossom has now become a young lady, who must not disregard the rules of etiquette."

Erica started at the unexpected words, and cast a terrified glance at the speaker's face, but the next instant raised her head proudly, and answered in a somewhat angry tone, "It would be desirable to have the laws of the heart everywhere assert themselves, as well as the rules of etiquette. I think it was my duty to console and cheer poor Reinhardt. You ought to have helped me, and instead of ——"

"Instead of playing preceptor here, assumed the *rôle* of comforter yonder," interrupted Elmar, laughing. "Little fairy, you ask too much. The worthy Reinhardt must bear his mortification without my help. But tell me, what did you say to him?"

The eager indignation in the brown eyes softened into an expression of mischievous amusement, as she replied, "I am unable

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

to do so, since unfortunately the rules of etiquette compel me to bid you farewell as quickly as possible."

"Your progress is astonishing, little fairy! You are really already a finished coquette, and while I formerly possessed sufficient presumption to make the Æolian harp of your soul give forth my melodies, I now feel that mine can only re-echo the harmonies to which you give the key."

The social etiquette Elmar now valued so little, was, to his great regret, preserved by the approach of some of the guests from the castle; the whole party continued their walk, engaged in general conversation, and on reaching home dispersed to dress for dinner.

Just as the meal was about to be served, young Reinhardt appeared; but he looked more like a criminal awaiting sentence of death, than a guest invited to join a cheerful meal. The countess's admirable tact enabled her to successfully circumnavigate even this cliff; she addressed a few friendly, indifferent words to the embarrassed man, introduced him to the old countess, who instantly recollected that a Reinhardt — probably an uncle of this young man — had filled the office of chaplain at the castle of one of her relatives, and then saw that no farther notice was taken of him. The young man, who had mentally resigned himself to run the gauntlet of scornful glances and ill-concealed allusions, uttered a sigh of relief when he perceived that no one heeded him.

He really could not have eaten his dinner more quietly, or been less annoyed by attentions, if he had preached in Kamschatska instead of Dorneck, and dined alone. The richly-dressed ladies chatted and laughed together over very different matters from his unlucky sermon, and the gentlemen were so absorbed in interesting hunting stories, that they had no thoughts left for the unlucky Council of Nice. One old countess, it is true, directed her eyeglasses at him once or twice, and he blushed under the notice, but as the next instant she examined the dessert with the same interest, he soon grew calm again.

Although this neglect was very agreeable, he could not help saying to himself that a good sermon would probably have made very little difference in the situation of affairs, and he therefore would not have been able to expound to an eager company his views in regard to the philosophy of Abelard. Matters to-day were all quite different from what he had anticipated, and he could not help feeling his first sense of pleasure at the want of attention he received, gradually merge into something quite different. He was therefore obliged to consider it a sort of rebuke for this dissatisfaction, when, after dinner, the master of the house suddenly asked, —

"Tell me, Reinhardt, are you going to preach next Sunday?"

"I scarcely think so," he answered, in an embarrassed tone; "the pastor expects to return here Wednesday."

"Well, I only ask in order to make arrangements, if necessary, to drive to church at Bonn."

Poor Reinhardt's face flushed crimson, while the countess, who had very quick ears for her husband's words, said, in a tone of open displeasure, —

"You carry your jokes a little too far, my dear Edwin."

"Please allow me to finish what I was going to say, Vally. There is no jest intended. I would beg Reinhardt to let me have his manuscript, and after being edified in the morning by a simple sermon, bury myself in the afternoon in the intellectual dissertation of our young friend here, and, since no anxiety would paralyze my efforts, probably do them more justice than to-day."

"You can agree to this proposal, though it is blended with a little mischief, Herr Reinhardt," said the countess. "We all felt an anxious sympathy for you to-day, as no doubt every congregation experiences in listening to an unpractised speaker. But, for that very reason, we shall expect you to renew the attempt very soon, and if my husband drives to Bonn, we ladies will bravely battle through the trying hour with you, and afterwards rejoice together over the rapidity with which you will conquer your constraint. Besides, in preaching frequently, you will learn to prune your wealth of thought in order to make it more fruitful, and when at some future time, you are obliged to deliver a sermon every Sunday in your own parish, you will husband the treasures of your mind to enable them to supply the heavy demands upon them."

The countess nodded kindly to the young man, and turned to her other guests. He would have liked to kneel and thank her for her words; it seemed as if they had removed the burden from his heart, absolved him from his guilt. His life, his studies, which had appeared so gloomy, so destitute of charm, were freed from the shadow cast by the events of the morning, and everything once more seemed bright and fair.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

XXVI.

THE LISTENER.

THE afternoon brought numerous additions to the already large circle, for visitors arrived not only from Bonn, but many of the neighboring estates and villas, and it seemed as if Dorneck were the rendezvous for the whole country. Yet, spite of the throng of guests in the castle, and the various arrivals from without, the countess's admirable housekeeping arrangements were not at all disturbed. Each individual was well served, and nothing reminded one of the domestic machinery, which, however, must have been heavily taxed to satisfy these unusual demands.

True, the countess had previously summoned her men, as her husband expressed it. Old huntsmen, who had been made keepers on condition of holding themselves ready, if occasion required, to act as huntsmen again, footmen, who by the countess's aid had set up some little shop, or found other means of support; cooks, to whom she had given a dowry on their wedding-day, had all come to her assistance; and as this fresh strength was properly apportioned and used, the household moved on in the quietest, smoothest manner.

Little as the excellence of this management was perceived — for its chief merit consisted in its unobtrusiveness — the guests keenly appreciated the comfort it afforded, and all agreed that the household was not only *comme il faut*, but perfectly *charmant*, and no one could be in better or pleasanter quarters than when at Dorneck. To be sure, such a magnificent style of living must be very expensive, and as the count could not be called extremely rich, the family would undoubtedly be ruined — but that was *their* affair, and did not in the least disturb the comfort of the guests.

The only one in the gay, joyous throng not in a merry mood, was she who, styled in jest "Queen Sidonie," usually played that part in every assemblage of young people. Eager as was the homage proffered on all sides, ardent as were Prince Eduard's attentions in particular, her smile was only lip-deep, and it required all her strength of will not to suffer the cloud that oppressed her heart to be seen.

Elmar, who, when in a large company, remained somewhat in the background, and was therefore a close observer, soon discovered the lack of real happiness in the heart of his beautiful cousin.

"Queen Sidonie has lost some of her Olympian repose, and condescends to feel human annoyances, perhaps even human weariness. What can I do to divert my sovereign's thoughts?"

"Nothing, my dear Elmar," replied Sidonie, "even the pleasure of making Katharina angry would not charm me to-day."

"That is, my attentions are coolly declined. But seriously, Sidonie, are you ill, or only out of humor? In spite of the admirable mask you wear, I know you too well to be deceived."

"Neither, or perhaps both, so many people are burdensome to me."

"That is a bad symptom, for it contradicts your usual taste, and I advise you to take a solitary walk. That will best restore mind and body to their balance."

"If they will only let me alone long enough. Cover my retreat, Elmar."

"The way to the western part of the grounds is over my dead body; for I see that is where you wish to go."

"Good-bye, Elmar. Defend your post bravely," cried Sidonie, and disappeared in one of the leafy avenues of the park.

Elmar strolled thoughtfully in the opposite direction, so absorbed in his own meditations that he did not see Werner, until the latter stood close before him.

"Ah, Werner!" he exclaimed in surprise, "I suppose some magnetic power attracts you towards those paths."

"Is Sidonie there?" asked Werner gravely.

"Yes, and moreover she is out of humor, and wants to be alone."

"Count Meerburg's absence from the entertainment at court has offended her pride," said Werner bitterly.

"Perhaps so, but after all that is only the drop that made the cup overflow. So far as I understand the matter, you have acted rather unwarrantably, my dear Werner.

"Then I have done no one more harm than myself. My punishment is harder than was merited by my crime, if, indeed, it can be called one."

"It is incomprehensible to me how the countess has allowed the affair to go so far. I don't understand my wise aunt in this case."

"I think I do, perfectly. The cause of her short-sightedness arises from the same feeling which made the Greeks forget to put a punishment for patricide in their code of laws. What the boy Fritz, the young, inexperienced Erica clearly perceive, remains entirely concealed from this clever woman, because such a thing seems to her an impossibility."

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

"As for the young, inexperienced Erica, you will oblige me by leaving her out of the question. Besides, the countess's blindness strongly condemns your course of action."

"I feel that only too keenly, and will put an end to this state of things this very day at any cost."

"I hope you won't be a fool, Werner! You will spoil all."

"Be it so! At any rate my fate will be decided," and, without heeding Elmar's call, he walked rapidly down the same path Sidonie had just taken.

"I am really doing honor to my trust," muttered Elmar; "now I have betrayed her retreat to the very person with whom she probably least desires to share her solitude. But I say like him, be it so; an open breach is preferable to this unfortunate state of affairs."

Meantime Sidonie had walked slowly on to a linden-tree, whose thick branches shaded several benches. She felt weary, and sitting down on one of them, gazed mechanically at the scene around her, and felt painfully that solitude brought the same dissatisfaction as society. She bent down and drew figures with the tip of her sunshade in the sand, figures which, if they unconsciously became initials, were effaced as soon as they appeared. Absorbed in this occupation, she did not hear Werner's hasty approach, and only looked up when he was close before her. For one instant the beautiful features betrayed violent agitation, but the next the usual proud, calm expression returned, as she asked, —

"Have you any message for me?"

Werner, although prepared for the meeting, could scarcely maintain his composure. The repellent hauteur which recognized no right on his part to approach her except in the character of a messenger, wounded and offended him at this moment so deeply that he could not instantly master his feelings, and with difficulty controlled them sufficiently to say in a trembling voice, —

"This time, countess, I wish to trouble you with my own affairs."

Again Sidonie's features betrayed some sudden agitation, and again she answered coldly and calmly, —

"You overrate my influence, Herr Werner. I fear I can neither do anything for you with my uncle, nor does my guardian permit me to choose the persons who manage my estates."

"Sidonie!" burst from Werner's lips in a tone of passionate grief and anger. There was such an agony of reproach, such loving, imploring entreaty in the word, that it was impossible for her to keep her mask of pride. She involuntarily sprang to her feet, as if to take refuge in flight, but he caught her hand in a firm clasp, and said, almost sullenly, —

"You *must* hear me, Sidonie! I will put an end to this misery at last."

A deathlike pallor overspread her face, a feverish tremor shook her whole frame, and the large, dark eyes gazed dimly into vacancy, as she murmured in an undertone, "I must not, will not hear you."

"But if I first implored your forgiveness, if the confession of my love —— "

Sidonie suddenly wrested her hand from his clasp, her dim eyes blazed with anger, she drew her tall figure up to its full height, and exclaimed with quivering lips, "Not a word more! You insult me beyond forgiveness."

The hasty words seemed to have exhausted her outburst of anger, for an expression of unspeakable sorrow quenched the indignation in her eyes, the delicate lips trembled with agony, as she continued in the same abrupt manner, —

"Your conduct is unpardonable; for it is ignoble — pitiless — cruel!"

Her voice seemed choked with tears as she uttered the last words, and with the same abrupt movement — which formed so strong a contrast to her usual manner that it revealed her agitation even more plainly than her words — she turned from her companion and rushed down the path, while Werner gazed after her as if stupefied, then sank on the seat from which Sidonie had risen, and covered his eyes with his hand.

"I have lost the game," he murmured sadly, "and it serves me right," he continued aloud in a stern, bitter tone. "Blind fool that I was, to hope to conquer pride by love, and now, too late, I am forced to perceive that I was assailing a religion. If I could save you, Sidonie, I would give my life, nay, more, the happiness of my whole existence."

For a long time he remained motionless in the same attitude, absorbed in thought, then rose and moved slowly away. Soon after he had left the spot, the branches of the nearest group of bushes parted, and Herr von Wehlen-Ramsdorff's head appeared, and was soon followed by his whole body. Scorn and malice were visibly impressed upon his features, as he slowly approached the linden.

"A precious, priceless discovery," he murmured. "Unfortunately, I could not catch the words, but the actions were un-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

mistakable. The haughty countess's eyes were full of tears when she fled, and they were anything but tears of anger, as I clearly perceived. So her aversion is caused less by the declaration of love, than the unpleasant circumstance that her suitor is neither prince nor count. To be sure, it shows a great lack of consideration on his part, but I fear the fact can scarcely be changed.

"I must arrange this affair so as to derive the greatest possible advantage from it, and if my heart, feeling a little weakness for the beautiful girl, pleads for compassion, I hope it will soon listen to reason. After all, what can Hecuba be to me, that I should show her special consideration, and that fool who dashes headlong at every red rag she sees, will thus be sure to fall into my net. I may begin to believe in my lucky star again, since, after racking my brains for weeks to find some way to remove this Werner, he himself gives me the priceless material for his own destruction. He checks and thwarts me, I feel his opposing influence everywhere, so I must and will render it harmless.

"My simpleton of a lover has done me the greatest service by not keeping his appointment — but for that I should never have thought of throwing myself on the turf yonder. I don't understand how they failed to see me — the young people must have been too deeply absorbed in their own thoughts. But I shall really be compelled to hunt up the languishing *amoroso*, he really is not coming. Countess Olga's blue eyes are magnets altogether too powerful for him. My notes have made him a little skittish, as if he ought not to rejoice when people who know how to live, relieve him a little of the burden of a property he can't manage. Ah, here comes my Celadon! Now we will have a little scene too, though probably with not quite so much dramatic action."

Herr von Sonnenstein came up the avenue with somewhat lingering steps, evidently not quite comfortable in the thought of the impending "scene;" for when he saw Wehlen waiting for him, he paused and seemed inclined to turn back. Wehlen, however, quickly approached, put his arm through the young man's, and began in an easy, conversational tone,—

"I really ought to commence by reproaching you for having kept me waiting half an hour, but I know that the happy take no count of time, and ——"

"I am not at all happy," interrupted Herr von Sonnenstein, somewhat sulkily.

"Then you ought to have been more punctual, my dear fellow. But what marred your happiness, if I may ask?"

"You know as well as I," replied Sonnenstein, in the same grumbling tone. "When Generode is here Olga does not even look at me, and you promised, and I hoped, your presence would change all that."

"Most honored baron, that demand is rather heavy. I promised to win her father over to your side, and I think I have kept my word."

"Oh, yes, but what good will that do me, if Olga still has eyes only for Generode? You need have no villa here, for aught I care."

"Really, my dear baron, you make me laugh. I have heard of being married by proxy, but how people are to win hearts that way, is not quite clear to me."

"Then why did you voluntarily offer me your services in this affair?"

"I have already told you, Herr von Sonnenstein, that I engaged to win the father over to your side," replied Wehlen loftily, "and now inform you that it has cost me a great deal of labor to fulfil my promise. I am not accustomed to say much about my exertions in behalf of my friends, or you would have heard of this trouble before. If you regret your agreement with me, you need say but one word, and it will be broken, but I doubt whether you will then have any better chances of success with Countess Olga."

"You are riding a very high horse all at once, Ramsdorff. I have no such desire. Only the affair is becoming rather more expensive than I expected; I was really startled yesterday when I received the notes."

"Don't accept them, baron!" laughed Wehlen. "Send them back protested, you admirable housekeeper, but as long as you have such narrow-minded ideas, don't expect to win a girl like Countess Olga."

"Why, Olga will know nothing about the notes, I hope?" said the young man, somewhat perplexed.

"Of course she will hear nothing about the notes, but she will perceive your miserly disposition. My dear baron, though a man in years, you are still a child in your acts and feelings. Why has fortune poured out her horn of plenty upon you, if you wish to make no use of her gifts? Live more in the world, drink large draughts of the cup of pleasure, and be assured that you will obtain not only enjoyment, but advantage, the advantage of

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

more ready tact, the quiet, easy confidence which, in dealing with women, is half the battle. What gives Count Generode his superiority, except the possession of these very qualities, which you can only obtain in this way?"

"Do you really mean so?" asked the baron thoughtfully. "But I have no taste for drinking and gambling."

"As if those were all the charms the world can offer! You are a perfect child, Sonnenstein. I must really school you a little. But I'll see how I can help you, though I must act contrary to my usual good-nature, and bring discredit on Count Generode in the eyes of the fair countess. As for my notes, just send them to protest; to be sure I thought myself wonderfully economical, but people's views of the necessities of life are very different."

"Why, of course I will pay them, I don't wish to be considered a miser. But, for all that, I can't understand how you manage to spend so much money, when you are here all day long."

"I will explain it to you very shortly, *mon cher*, but now be kind enough to leave me. I see Princess Bagadoff yonder, and have a few words to say to her."

As soon as Wehlen had rid himself of his companion, he hurried towards Katharina, who received him with a bright smile. He could help her out of a little difficulty, for her dress was ill-suited to a walk in the park, and had caught on some bushes. Wehlen eagerly hastened to her assistance, deftly released the costly black lace robe she wore over a crimson silk petticoat, and drew the shawl once more over her shoulders.

"I was just looking for you, your Highness," said he; "I have hit upon an excellent way to gratify your wish, if you have not already succeeded in obtaining it."

"On the contrary, I am on the point of giving it up; I would gladly show my gratitude, but my patience is exhausted. My aunt even says Erica promised her mother on her death-bed not to become my companion, though of course this is only a ridiculous pretext, invented to annoy and irritate me."

"Or perhaps a misunderstanding. The lady probably felt her daughter's inability to fill the situation too keenly. If, however, you have resigned the wish, your Highness, I have nothing to say."

"The princess's restless eyes wandered hastily towards the horizon, as she replied: "I never resign a wish, and am curious to hear your expedient."

"Well, since there is a reluctance to permit the young lady to become the companion of the beautiful, petted Princess Bagadoff, perhaps there would be less difficulty in obtaining her for the old baroness."

"And what use would that be?"

"At any rate your kind heart could discharge its debt of gratitude," replied Wehlen, smiling. "Besides, you ladies live in the same castle, form one family, and thus an exchange would be easy, indeed almost a matter of course, since your Highness has already borrowed the baroness's companion."

"That would do!" said Katharina eagerly; "but how can I make grandmama yield to my wish. She is terribly obstinate, and allows no one to influence her except Elmar."

"Then call your brother to your assistance."

The princess's hands now moved restlessly to and fro as well as her eyes; she pulled a flower to pieces, scattered the leaves over the ground, and then, in spite of the long pause, answered hastily: "Elmar is incomprehensibly blind in this matter; he resolutely opposes me, and only a short time ago declared he would not have Erica come."

"That is strange; the baron seems to like the young girl."

"That is, he feigns an interest in her on account of that affair — you know — but she is not beautiful and attractive enough for him, and I want to have my own way, just to defy him."

Wehlen's face assumed an odd, searching expression, as he said slowly: "Might not Fräulein Erica inspire some feeling of interest in the baron. She has improved very much of late."

"No, I know better; I know Elmar thoroughly. No one can blame me for not wishing to have any love affair in my own house, and Elmar is inclined to flirt."

"Then I advise you to influence the baroness in Fräulein Erica's favor through old Countess Ingolstein, who is going from here to Altenborn. With your Highness's diplomatic talent, it will not be difficult to guide these two ladies, so that, while thinking they act independently, they will really only execute a commission. The baroness will then write to Countess Rodenwald, and the latter won't refuse her request, or I am greatly mistaken."

The princess hastily drew up the shawl that had fallen from her shoulders, saying joyously: "I like that, it is a capital idea to use my dear aunt and grandmamma for my own ends."

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"And if, contrary to our expectations, the baron should become interested in the young girl, I could find a remedy at once. Young Reinhardt, who broke down so utterly to-day, is head over ears in love with Fräulein Erica, and if, as I hear, the parish of Altenborn has no pastor ——"

"That's true, it will be the very thing!" interrupted Katharina.

"Only it would be desirable to have the young man learn to preach better sermons."

"Pshaw! That will be a matter of course, besides, it is of no consequence. I'll see that he gets the place."

"I am glad you approve of my proposals, your Highness; you see how earnestly your humble slave has toiled to serve his noble mistress."

The princess's eyes rested upon her companion for a moment, then she said, with a half-sigh, "I thank you, but ——"

"But I see you still have some ungratified wish. Do the baron's relations to his beautiful, haughty cousin make you anxious?"

"Beautiful!" cried Katharina, "do you really think Sidonie beautiful?"

"I did not say so, your Highness; I spoke just then of the baron's opinions."

"Yes, Elmar certainly has the bad taste to think that apathetic statue beautiful. Beside, she places a ridiculous value upon her rank, and Aunt Ingolstein upholds her in the folly, because she shares it. The other day, at the reception at court, she told me that Sidonie ought to precede me, because my title was not equal to hers."

"That was a little too strong, your Highness," said Wehlen, repressing a yawn; "but to return to our former subject — so you really do not wish a marriage to take place between your brother and cousin?"

The princess drew her lace shawl around her shoulders for the third time, pulled a few leaves from the bushes, tore them to pieces in her hands, and at last muttered, with suppressed passion, "I would not allow it under any circumstances."

"Then perhaps I may be of use. Your Highness has doubtless noticed — for what escapes your penetration? — that that steward, or whatever office he holds here, that Werner, has the presumption to raise his eyes to Countess Sidonie."

Katharina started back so violently, that her lace shawl again caught on the bushes, and Wehlen was obliged to release it. What! Sidonie loves this Werner?" she asked breathlessly.

"I did not say that; I spoke only of the young man. But I rely upon the soft heart natural to women, who can rarely censure the love they have excited, even if they do not share it. At any rate, this might easily be used as a lever to alarm the baron, if unfortunately it would not compromise Countess Sidonie. But I must have your Highness's opinion of the matter."

The princess's wandering eyes rested steadily on her companion, as she contemptuously exclaimed: "What an idea! If Sidonie is compromised, it will be entirely her own fault."

"Very well, your Highness; yet I must beg you to give me a special commission, and," added Wehlen bowing, "to cover any possible failure with your authority."

"I will say, undertake anything!" cried Katharina in the same tone, "only unmask the hypocrite. Tell me, what are you going to do?"

"I will induce the haughty countess and this over-bold secretary to meet in some lonely place, and then bring spectators; I think that will do. But don't forget that I undertake this difficult task solely at your command; what other interest could I have in the affair?"

"I know you act only at my desire, and will be grateful." The princess held out her white hand, which her companion reverently raised to his lips, and then turned hastily away, as several persons appeared in the distance.

Wehlen looked after her, muttering contemptuously, "My puppets surpass each other in docility, everything favors me today. But what a fury that beautiful woman is! her eyes sparkled at the thought of revenge like those of a tigress. Poor Sidonie! I wish I could save you, but sentimentality is out of place with me, so I will let it drop.

"Really, it would be laughable if I got this young Reinhardt a good parish in return for his execrable sermon! But, spite of his profound knowledge of the fathers of the Church, in every-day life he is a mere child, who can be guided by a thread, so he will do me good service at Altenborn.

"My part here will soon be played out, and then I must pitch my tent there, though I am compelled to take this little demon with me — unfortunately I could not help that. I shall probably make Altenborn my residence for some time — this woman is an inexhaustible mine. Poor Molly! — how heartless the princess is, she did not even know where the girl had gone! — if I could have spared her I would

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

gladly have done so, but no one can strive against fate."

Wehlen seemed satisfied with this conclusion of his train of thought, for he resumed his lonely walk, and joined the rest of the company.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

FRENCH HOME LIFE.

RELIGION.

Of all the influences which have contributed throughout the world to the formation of national character, there is, assuredly, not one which has been more powerful than religion. Its effects have varied so widely with the particular faith which has happened to be at work, its incitations and its issues have been so different amongst different groups of believers, that the very divergences of the results produced by it suffice to prove, by their number and their contrasts, how vigorous and how all-embracing must be the cause that could provoke them. Wherever we look about the earth, wherever we seek in history, we find diversities of temperaments induced by diversities of religious opinions. Origin and offspring hold so distinctly together, that it is not possible to deny their relationship. Religion has been, everywhere, an active and visible procreator of the special characteristics of races: its handiwork stands glaringly before us in the multiform and contradictory outgrowths of the creeds of the East; we observe the working of its fecundations amongst ourselves in the variations of the fruits which grow on the branches of Christianity. Even if we limit the comparison to Catholics and Protestants, we recognize at once that perceptibly different harvests of life are resulting, all around us, from the opposite guidances to which the members of the two Churches have been subjected. Catholicism, taken as a whole and excluding exceptions, is a religion of brightness; it is based, especially in its higher developments, upon a joyful and affectionate intimacy with divine things; it is a system which gladdens toil, which lightens pain, which suppresses doubts and responsibilities, which seeks to render its daily usage attractive, and to surround with charm the obligations which it imposes. In Protestantism, on the contrary, particularly in some of its Continental forms, there is often a certain voluntary building up of severity and gloom around the practice of religion, an obtrusiveness of the uglier aspects of morals, a disposition to render duty unpleasant: it does little to adorn existence; in many of its advanced phases, indeed, it sets purposely to work to blunt away imagination as a danger, and to dim out cheerfulness as a foe.

With such markedly opposing causalities in operation, it is but natural that, even between close neighbors, the resultants should also be dissimilar; and though it would be an exaggeration to pretend that the effects are as varied in Europe as in Asia, and that each great Christian communion has developed — like the leading Oriental faiths — a special outline of character which is proper to itself alone, there is no denying the general fact that the national idiosyncrasies of many countries of the Western world have been largely stimulated by religious leverage. The temperament of the French, for instance, is due most certainly, in part, to religious causes. Their peculiar emotional faculties cannot fail to have been quickened by the working of their creed. When we remember that for centuries after their constitution as a people, their faith and their practice of it remained not only unchanged, but virtually unweakened — that the brightening influences of that faith operated almost unchecked upon the entire nation — we are forced to own that so unceasing an action must have excited and have fortified certain peculiarities of their national temper, and that dispositions which were inherent in the Franco-Gallic blood must have been amplified and developed by the constant pressure of a congenial religion.

No other general cause can have exercised more sway than this one on the constitution of the interior life of France. No cause is more worthy of examination in a study of that life, especially as we are not limited in our investigation of it to the unchanging absolutism of a long-existing domination, but, on the contrary, are at once introduced to new springs of movement, and are brought face to face with the most eager actualities of our time. A survey of the question, however circumscribed it be, obliges us to take account not only of the stored-up energies of old forces, but also of the recent intervention of new ones,— not only of the inherited derivations of the past, but also of the tentative operations of the present. Our purpose is to try to measure the movement of these various potentialities in the home life of France. With that object before us, the simplest plan will probably be to

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

attempt to value the energies at work before we seek to determine their effects. Let us try, then, first of all, to estimate the general position of religious opinion in the country, and the actual form and force of its action.

We encounter a difficulty at the outset. We have two distinct and conflicting agencies before us: the past, which acts on the national character as a whole; the present, which presses on each individual separately. The sequences of the past we can measure with tolerable precision, but the achievements of the present are more knotty to determine. The old doings of French faith are written, in full light, in the history of the land; but the burrowings of the new workers are under ground. We can see without an effort what religion did formerly for France, — we can point to its magnificent action on the formation and the unification of the character of the race; but it is not so easy to detect with certainty what the competing forces of Ultramontanism and irreligion are effecting in her now. Consequently, in approaching this vast and delicate question of the action of religion on the contemporary life of a great people, it is prudent to begin by proclaiming that there is a grave obstacle in our way, that no convincing evidence is obtainable, that personal experiences are all that can be offered here, and that the results of personal inquiries cannot be expected to be regarded as satisfactory testimony by others: they may, indeed, be contemptuously denied by those whose opinions or whose interests lie in another direction. Private investigations on such a subject are limited to the area which private means of action may be able to cover; and though, in the present case, they have been continued through years of intimate contact with all classes of French society, and though their results have been confirmed by the declarations of careful observers to whom they have been communicated for purposes of verification, they produce, after all, nothing more than individual statements, which it is not possible to advance authoritatively or to control effectually. But still, though it is not pretended that they offer conclusive proof, it is not unreasonable to claim for them such value as long questioning can create, such force as patient scrutiny can bestow.

There are, however, fortunately, certain essential points of the subject on which disaccord or discussion is not likely to arise, for they have already acquired the character of generally accepted truths. No one, for instance, whatever be his standpoint, will deny that active faith is growing rarer and feebler in France, and that a gradual but continuous diminution of the religious sentiment is occurring there. No one acquainted with the realities of French life will doubt that the men of the working-classes, taken as a whole, have almost lost all religious convictions whatever. No one will seriously urge that what are called "practising" Catholic men can be found in any appreciable number, outside the educated strata. And even within that limited circle, after excluding nine-tenths of the population from the calculation, it would be exaggeration to pretend that any important number of men retain a publicly avowed faith that any serious proportion really "practise" religious forms. It is true that this situation is not limited to France — it is true that it extends, with slight variations of shape and of degree, to all the countries of Europe; but it is its existence in France which alone interests us here.

It is also clear to most lookers-on, that nearly the whole of the clergy of France, and a small but impetuous portion of the laity, are animated by a strong Ultramontane spirit; that is to say — in order to define the sense in which the word Ultramontane is habitually used in France — with an intense desire to claim and to obtain for the Church and for its ministers a recognized right of action and interference in political, social, and worldly matters. The efforts which have been made of late years to bring the entire priesthood of France into one mould of thought have now borne such full fruit that almost all the younger and more energetic members of the clergy have joined the Ultramontane movement; while such of the bishops and older priests who formerly held out against it are giving way in appearance, if not in conviction, and no longer offer any opposition to it.

So far all observers will probably agree in substance; but at the next step in the description, difficulties may arise, for a thorough knowledge of the under-currents of French life is needed in order to enable foreign spectators to perceive that while the mass of the clergy, under the pressure of seminary teaching and of episcopal direction, has been growing towards Ultramontanism, the mass of the educated laity, under the pressure of public opinion, has been growing away from it. It needs close watching to enable us to recognize that believing Frenchmen are becoming more and more moderate in everything

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

which lies outside strict faith: that while they resist the tendency to indifference or to active unbelief which fills the air around them, they are deeply pained and irritated by the aggressive attitude of the Ultramontane minority at their side. Influenced, as they cannot fail to be, by the generally progressive tone of the society in which they live, the greater part of the French Catholics regard religion, not as a state which provokes them to struggle for any political or special objects, but as a purely personal condition which they adopt and work out for their own satisfaction exclusively. Of course, there are many obvious exceptions; there are, manifestly, in France as elsewhere, enthusiasts who graft some outside purpose on to their faith. But, taking the Catholic gentlemen of France as a whole, it will certainly be recognized, by those who really know them, that their use of their religion does not generally stretch beyond the discharge of regular duties and the pursuit of their own moral amelioration. They hope that Ultramontanism is a passing accident, not a permanent principle of Catholicism; and that there may be some day, at last, a final separation between faith and politics.

This is the essential result of the personal inquiries which were alluded to just now. It is a result which may easily be denied, for it cannot be proved; it is a result which lies outside our ordinary touch, which can only be attained by long and careful personal research; but whatever may be said against it — however much it may be called false — it does express the truth of the situation to many earnest and honest watchers, who have sought patiently and anxiously for an insight into the true present condition of French opinion on the question. It shows a state of feeling which is very different from what is supposed by many foreigners to prevail in France; it stands out in absolute contradiction of the impression which exists in many minds, that Catholic France is, essentially, an ally of Ultramontanism. So far as it has been possible to ascertain the truth, for the purposes of this article, the truth lies directly the other way. There appears to be strong ground for confidently believing that, with the exception of the Legitimists, who support Ultramontanism because it fits in with their political ambitions, and of a small minority of excited Catholics who do not permit themselves to indulge a single idea which has not been previously ratified at Rome, the men who form the bulk of the Catholic body of France are heartily liberal.

It must, however, be added at once, distinctly, that with all this irritation as regards Ultramontane claims, no French Catholic who really is a Catholic would consent to abandon his faith, or to cease to be a dutiful son of the Church.

Whatever be the present difficulty of the struggle to unite dogmatic fidelity with absolutely independent thought on every subject which is not "of faith," nearly all moderate French Catholics are remaining Catholics. Some amongst them, it is true, are unable to withstand the pressure, and lose their faith altogether; but by far the greater part of them hold on steadfastly. Their obedience on matters of dogma is complete and unrejecting, but it is neither blind nor unreasoning; and furthermore, it is indisputably attended, in innumerable cases, by extreme sorrow that filial and dutiful affection should be subjected to the afflicting tests which Ultramontanism is now so ruthlessly applying to it. The old spirit of Gallicanism has left deep marks on France; the new spirit of social and political inquiry is gaining immense force there, not only amongst the lower classes, but in the upper circles too; and neither of those spirits is of a nature to allow men who are animated by them to abdicate free thought. On the contrary, the yearnings of the mass of Catholic Frenchmen are towards progress, not towards restriction — towards freedom of popular action, not towards the enforcement of clerical preponderance — towards the ennobling and enlarging of the human objects of life, not towards the concentration of those objects in the unquestioning acceptance of a politico-theological pretension.

Such is, according to carefully collected and wide-spreading evidence, the condition of a large majority of the Catholic men of France. It is not possible to determine, even approximately, the proportion of that majority, for no figures and no facts can be quoted with respect to it; but it does not appear to be unreasonable to guess, from the testimony accumulated, that they may perhaps constitute three-fourths of the whole. Their state is one of passive duty and of sorrowful obedience, coupled with an instinctive resolve to give up nothing of the love of social and political liberty, which has become the distinguishing mark of our time. And such being the situation of those men, is it not just to call them "moderate," and to draw a sharp line between them and the Ultramontane minority, which pretends that it alone represents the Catholic

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

sentiment in its dealings with the outside world? It is essential to preface what is to be said here by asserting the existence of this great mass of honest Catholics; for though it has no voice in the matter of Ultramontanism — though it remains respectfully and mournfully silent — there is still a weight in numbers, which may perhaps some day exert its influence in this case as in others.

Of course, the Ultramontanes will not admit that three-fourths of the small total of practising Catholic Frenchmen have opinions of their own on every point on which they are not strictly tied down by dogma; but how are they to prove that the statement is false? No statistics exist of the state of consciences; private information and personal inquiry are open to one side as well as to the other: individual assertion is all that can be put forward; but, assertion for assertion, is it not altogether reasonable and in accordance with the great teachings and the general experience of our time, that the mass of Catholics should, like all other people, think for themselves on every point on which their conscience is free? Would it not be a manifest improbability, as well as an act of injustice to a class, to suppose that a system like Ultramontanism, which is purely political in its main characteristics, and which is in violent opposition to all the enlarging tendencies of the epoch, can be supported by more than a minority? The mass of Catholics most certainly do not support it. They do want to save their souls by doing their duty silently and quietly; they do want to preserve for Rome the direction of their faith and the spiritual control of the great body to which they belong; but they do *not* want to diminish, in any shape or degree, the political power, the political right, or the political freedom, of governments or of peoples. And this, whatever Ultramontanes may say to the contrary, appears to be the point of view of millions of earnest though suffering Catholics, not only in France, but throughout the entire Continent.

Of course, these Catholics claim for the Church the right of protesting, not only against irreligion, but also, subsidiarily, against such political principles as are direct products of irreligion. Without such a right, the direction of souls by the Church would be a mere illusion. But they limit that claim to theory, and recognize that its practice is surrounded, for the moment, by so many difficulties, that the greater part of the moderate group turn away from these difficulties in silence, and leave them to the future, in the hope that a different manner of dealing with them may arise hereafter at the Vatican, and that what is now declared to be impossible may be found possible in coming time. The necessity of discovering and applying some practical working understanding between the Catholic Church and modern society appears to them to be so absolute and so indisputable, that, if they could do anything whatever in the matter, it is certain that their whole efforts and influence would be employed to obtain an immediate modification of the Ultramontane views, to which they are respectfully but most steadily opposed.

Unfortunately they can do nothing; their position condemns them to immobility; they remain in silence; they have no organization, no organs, and no chiefs; they carry their non-intervention to such a point, that they encourage the Ultramontanes to assert that they do not exist. And yet, as we have already said and repeated, there is good reason for believing that it is they who constitute the true Catholic body of France. Some day this fact will be at last recognized; some day it will be seen that Ultramontanes, who are as noisy as Radicals, have not numbers behind them, and that the mass of Catholics stand steadily against them.

And to supply one more argument in support of this view, is it not fair to assert that the position described here is precisely that which would most naturally and most logically result from the long struggle which France has carried on against Ultramontanism? Is it not in the order of things that the French should be, of all the Catholic nations of Europe, the least inclined to favor Ultramontane theories? They know that no government has fought so vigorously as their own against those theories, and that their history, for the last two hundred years, is full of combats against them. They know perfectly that, centuries ago, Ultramontanism was for a time a triumphant reality; that it once represented to France and to Europe not only the idea, but also the realization of a general public good — as public good was then comprehended; they know that it was then regarded as a legitimate expression of power and right. They know also that it gradually lost its position in the opinion of the world; that it became gradually separated more and more from the idea of public good; and that France had, in many ways, the largest

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

share in destroying it — especially by the personal resistance of Louis XIV., and by the action of the Revolution and the empire. They know that in the time of Pius VII. it was suppressed so thoroughly that Cardinal Gonsalvi was able to declare with truth that the Church "occupied itself exclusively with the salvation of souls and the spiritual good of nations." They know, too, that French events revived the Ultramontane theory, that it was partially resumed on the return of the Bourbons, and that the fears provoked by the Revolution of 1848 led to the attempt to once more apply it vigorously. But what they know best of all is, that this new effort has been made under conditions totally different from those in which the Church had found itself at any previous moment of its history; that the events of the last eighty years have changed the entire nature of the relations between Continental governments and their peoples, as well as between the Church and governments; that people now legislate for themselves, that they oblige their governments to adopt their views, and that governments have become powerless to enforce their will against the people; that the Church is consequently no longer face to face with governments which have the power of dealing with it as they alone think fit, but with governments controlled by legislatures, which legislatures are, in their turn, controlled by public opinion. Knowing all this, the French can see that the struggle of to-day is no longer, as it was in former days, a fight between the Ultramontane idea and a monarch or a minister; that it is now between that idea and nations as a whole — between it and the entire opinions, tendencies, and will of our epoch; that the circumstances of to-day are therefore new in history, and that they are rendered still more new by the simultaneous outburst of liberty and education; that Ultramontanism, which hitherto has had to treat with absolute sovereigns and ignorant populations, now finds itself at last face to face with powerless sovereigns and intelligent populations; that it can no longer appeal to single men, to personal ambitions, or to individual fears, but that it has to-day to come to terms with societies as a whole, with societies in all the emotion of newly-acquired rights, agitated by throbbing opinions and by ardent claims. They see all this; and yet it is with this spectacle before their eyes, — it is in this new state of public life — in the midst of this effervescence, after the whole conditions of existence have been changed, — that Ultramontanism is thrust again before them, and that they are asked to once more accept an obsolete political system, which was only rendered possible centuries ago because there were no books, no newspapers, no liberty, and no opinion.

Surely it is reasonable to urge that the entire probabilities of the position are against the acceptance of such a system. Surely those probabilities may be referred to in confirmation of the opinions which have been expressed here. Surely they are of a nature to support the assertion that, whatever small minorities may say to the contrary, the Catholics of France are not, and are not likely to become at any future time, allies of Ultramontanism. Not one-hundredth of the nation, taken as a whole, is now in favor of it.

And yet Ultramontanism is, at this moment, one of the greatest and the most immediate of the perils of France — as great and more immediate than the much-talked-of Radicalism. Its supporters, though so few in number, though regarded with keen suspicion by nearly all their fellow-countrymen, and with bitter hatred by a good many amongst them, are rich, high-placed, energetic, and astute; they possess the advantages of position, wealth, birth, and intelligence. But they are using these powers to disturb the interior peace of the country, and, what is just now infinitely graver, its international position too. They do not represent a force, but they incontestably constitute a danger. They are powerless to lead France to any effective action, but they divide her against herself and place her before her neighbors as a menace. The movement which they have undertaken will end in nothing, for the mass of the French people is publicly and resolutely opposed to it; but, so long as it continues, it will create difficulties between France and other countries, it will embitter the political struggle at home, and it will be a cause of pain and trial to the immense majority of French believers.

It is the main stumbling-block in the road of the moderate Catholics of France, for direct attacks against their faith affect them but little: they suffer from the exaggerations of their own party, not from the onslaughts of avowed enemies. Religion and irreligion are two conditions which stand apart in France; they both are active states, but yet they manage to avoid any struggle with each other in daily life. The members of the two bands move side by side in constant contact; but, in ordinary times, they keep their opinions

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

to themselves and have no personal quarrels. The indifferent form a third class around and amongst them, but not one of the three seriously attempts to act upon the others. The fight between them is public and political, it has no existence in private. Each man follows his own road with that perfect independence of his neighbor, that absolute freedom of individual action, which cast so much simplicity and so bright an atmosphere of social liberty over the life of the French. For this reason the bearings and the functions of irreligion in France might almost be left outside the present subject. But, though it is producing no perceptible effect on the ways and thoughts of the fraction of the nation which still holds to and practises a creed, another and a larger portion is, on the contrary, keenly animated by it. On that portion the effect of its working is manifest and vigorous, for the situation of the country has had the effect of attributing such exceptional importance to the collective public action of French irreligion, that it incontestably exhibits to us the most acute and the most energetic of the contemporary phases of the combat between belief and unbelief. The forms of French incredulity are substantially the same as those which offer themselves elsewhere; but its results are special, for they almost invariably lead the unbeliever, whatever be the causes of his unbelief, to become a political partisan and to join the attack against "clericalism." Indeed it is but natural that, in the face of such a political provocation as Ultramontanism presents, the other side also should give to their resistance a political form. We see the consequence in the curious fact that irreligion in France is becoming more and more a bond of organized political union, and less and less an individual condition affecting a particular person, or the society in which particular persons live. Irreligion leads Frenchmen to vote at an election for one candidate rather than for another, but it has extremely little influence on the separate or the social position of the man. It cannot, therefore, be too often repeated, that in France, unbelief, though a purely personal state, constitutes a purely political force, and that it possesses scarcely any social characteristics or influences. Its action on society is practically null. Unbelievers are as well-behaved as believers; they are good fathers, honest men, and obedient citizens; they are not disturbers of the peace in any shape whatever. When it has been said of them that they do not go to mass, and that they oppose the claims of the Church to interfere in politics, nothing more can be laid at their door as regards their external performances. French infidelity is to-day, in its personal aspects, a calm condition which shocks nobody; but politically it is growing into a force.

Thus far every word that has been employed has been applied to men — to men alone. Now let us turn to women. Through them we shall get on at last to the home-life side of the question.

The women of the Christian races are intuitively believers; negations offend their instincts; the nature of their education frequently suppresses in them the critical faculty; scarcely any of them have either the courage or the need to think out a faith for themselves; whatever be their land, their color, or their tongue, nearly all of them hold fast to the idea that religion is a necessity for women. It is so in France, as elsewhere; and for this reason we find the nation divided, religiously, into two great classes, men and women, almost as distinct in faith as they are in sex. Here it is that we find, conspicuously, the issues of the two great conflicting forces which were indicated at the commencement of this article — the power of the present and the power of the past: the men, as a mass, are under the dominion of the present, with its doubts; the women, as a mass, are still under the grasp of the past, with its faith.

The women of France, taken as a group, are gentle undoubters, rather than ardent believers. There are amongst them, particularly in the higher classes, superb examples of passionate and ecstatic enthusiasm. There are amongst them all the varieties and all the degrees and shades of devotion; but the mass of them are calmly and moderately pious people, neither curious nor learned, performing each of their spiritual obligations with temperate regularity, as a function which nothing could induce them to neglect, partly because it involves a recognized and accepted responsibility, very much because it supplies them with a pleasure and with the gratifying sentiment of liabilities discharged. Their religion is at once an occupation, an allegiance, and a gladness. It supplies to them a solace, a duty, and a joy. It does not, usually, exalt their intellectual faculties, but it both stimulates and contents their fealty, their conscience, and their heart. As Catholicism is, essentially and fundamentally, a creed of love; as no Christians love God — in the sweet, soft, familiar sense of love

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

—as Catholics do; so also are Frenchwomen indisputably the tenderest of Catholics. A thoroughly religious Frenchwoman supplies the most striking example of Catholic affection that the earth can show. Her inborn impressibility, her peculiar naturalness and simplicity of motives, her unchecked, outpouring emotionality, her constant longing for satisfaction of the sympathies, her vague but unceasing yearning for sensations, her very disposition to play a *rôle* and to act a part, most of her qualities and even some of her faults—all these find contentment in religion. But the contentment is in most cases instinctive. It is perceptive, not objective—felt, not reasoned. Frenchwomen handle their religion with intimacy, with fondness, with caresses; they treat it as a faithful friend whom they can thoroughly trust, with whom they can talk over their sorrows and their delights, and who is too nobly unselfish, too grandly sincere, to be offended by occasional negligences or momentary forgettings.

Of course, there are numbers of varieties; of course, there are quantities of women in France who have no faith at all; of course, there are crowds of others who are pleasantly careless about the entire subject. There are also thousands who attain exalted sanctity, and who wait for death in enraptured enthusiasm. But the majority are such as have been just described,—tender, loving, honest women, clinging tightly to religion as a cherished companion, clinging to it for its own sake, and also for the sweet excitement with which it provides them. At the same time, it cannot be denied that, notwithstanding the universality and the accessibility of its succors, religion is nevertheless, in France as elsewhere, somewhat of a class luxury; and that its intenser and more prolific growths are, for the greater part, a monopoly of the higher ranks of Frenchwomen. There are exceptions, of course, at both ends of the scale; but, speaking generally, the poor scarcely ever get beyond the elementary emotions of religion. Very few of them are prepared by teaching or are fitted by position to attain its more fervid and more passionate developments; and though the object and the interest with which they pursue it may be substantially identical with those of the more ardent women above them, they have neither the leisure, the training, nor the imagination which are essential for distilling out its full perfumes. Women who have to earn their own bread find it difficult to indulge in the elevating stimulations which are induced by the practice of the culminating forms of Catholic piety. Labor stifles unction. The result is, that though the wives and daughters of the working-men of France have infinitely more faith than their husbands and their fathers, still the usual fashioning of their practice remains incomparably less finished than that of women of the better-educated and richer classes. It might, indeed, be almost asserted, that the active sentiment of feminine religion, and the eagerness of its dilating aspirations, gain strength in France in a ratio corresponding to the rise of social position. There are, it must be repeated, most numerous exceptions in every grade; but it may be said with safety that, as a rule, the dry bread of religion is all that the mass of women of the lower strata can manage to consume—and that its more delicate aromas, its subtler tastes, its more exciting savors, its more intoxicating fragrances, are the almost exclusive privilege of the idle. And yet the women of France, taken as a whole, are a very Christian race.

The general state of religion throughout the land may be roughly summed up as follows. On the side of the men, the lower and lower-middle sections live in a general unbelief which presents all the conceivable shades of irreligiousness, from mere thoughtlessness to bitter, active, militant hatred of religion, as a detested enemy. In the middle and upper divisions of society faith is, relatively, frequent; it is not general, but its acceptors constitute a recognizable minority. There is a good deal of scientific or philosophic atheism, and a still larger proportion of indifference; but the professing Catholics count for something in the country, the mass of them being nineteenth-century Christians, with a small portion of ardent Ultramontanes thrown in around them. With the women, on the contrary, religion may be said to be really, not relatively, general. In their case it is the minority which is unconcerned, which raises difficulties and puts questions. Amongst the poor, in town and country, there is naturally plenty of callousness; but there is also a vast deal of simple, patient, unreflecting, trustful faith, rising rarely to strong emotion, but remaining absolutely untouched by doubt, because it has nothing to do with reason. In the upper strata, on the contrary, doubt is found, for there the intellectual forces come into play. Still, the educated Frenchwoman feels almost always an irresistible need of a creed which guides, of a doctrine which

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

lights up, of a sentiment which warms, arouses, and cements together her affections, her aspirations, her imaginations, and her convictions. She finds all this in the practice of Catholicism; and she throws herself into it with the eagerness of a fond woman, of an excited artist, and of a hoping soul.

And now, after this attempt to roughly sketch the present situation of the religious sentiment in France, let us try to go further, and to measure the working and the influence of that sentiment on the life of the people.

The first symptoms which offer themselves to the observer would seem to indicate, if taken alone, that religion is exercising very little appreciable action on that life. It appears, to the casual beholder, to lie outside the march of the visible occupations and the ordinary thoughts of the nation; to occupy a place by itself, away from everyday concerns; to direct its workings, its teachings, and its efforts to other objects than the guidance and the amelioration of existence in common. The signs of its operation are essentially personal and private; they have scarcely any public aspects; they must be looked for behind and apart from the active movements of society; they are hidden out of sight in hearts. The religion of the French — of those amongst them, that is, who have any at all — is, like family affection, a sentiment which is usually kept to themselves by those who feel it; it is an unaffected, simple, natural expression. Its marked tendency is to be modest and quiet: it does not thrust itself forward in the market-places; it does not cry out in the streets; it does not advertise its existence in newspapers.

But the absence of demonstrative obtrusive godliness is compensated for most efficiently and advantageously by silent forms of devotion, by frequent visits to church, by constant, reverential intercourse with the love-arousing mysteries of Catholicism. Close examination proves that a good many of these light-hearted people, whose religion is rarely easy to be perceived by Englishmen (partly because it is generally kept out of sight, partly because its shapes and fashions are so unlike those to which they are accustomed at home that they have difficulty in recognizing them), are, in reality, occupied by a singularly elevating type of devotion. And yet nobody says one word about it. Religious practices, even when passionate and absorbing, even when perpetual and profound, are regarded in France as the private affair of each one, and not as the business of the community at large.

The French, as a rule, do not, like some of their neighbors, regard their religion as a duty which they wish other people to see them perform. On the contrary, it stands distinctly before them as a responsibility which is strictly proper to each believer separately. It is not, in their eyes, an obligation to be discharged in public as a satisfaction of vanity; they view it as a sweet private comforter, as a secret gladness which they cherish for themselves alone, which they fondle in delightful solitude in their hearts. Each one of them treats it as a personal feast, and handles it as a self-belonging delight. Even when rough winds begin to blow — even when, in trial or in pain, they turn to it as a beacon or a compass, and seek to use it as a breakwater, a refuge, or an anchor, — even then it retains, in the majority of cases, its character of an individual resource — even then it preserves its marked idiosyncrasies of tender intimacy, of the affectionate sentiment of specific possession. At no time does it fall into the position of a mere general right or of a social propriety.

It is for these reasons that it is so difficult to discover demonstrations of the influence of religion as a patent national fact in France. Ultramontanism, of course, shows glaringly before us, with its purely political objects; official religion is there too, with its budget, its hierarchy, its schools, its convents, and its institutions: but of the comprehensive public action of religion as a sentiment — of the working of religion properly so called — of the religion which moralizes, cheers, and brightens — we can detect scarcely any out-of-door signs. Just as irreligion manifests its effective national action in a public and political shape, so, in contradistinction, does religion produce its fruits in a purely private and individual form.

But if religion has so little footing in France as a visible external force, it constitutes, on the other hand, an indoor power of distinctly tangible effect. The very individuality and affectionateness of action which deprive it, in so great a degree, of the faculty of collective pressure on the people at large, bestow upon it an ample and a real ascendancy in homes. At firesides it takes a foremost place amongst the sovereignties which rule the life of France. Here, at last, we find it manifestly at work; here, at all events, we can seize hold of it, and can try to see what it is doing for this generation.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The attempt is not very difficult. Provided we limit ourselves to the general outlines of the picture, omit all exceptions (save one), and resist the temptation to take individual cases as average examples, the main facts of this part of the situation are relatively easy to ascertain. No one can fail to recognize, for instance, after a little inquiry, that, in the vast majority of cases, without distinction of rank, all children are submitted to the action of religion. The feelings of parents, whatever those feelings may be, scarcely ever prevent children from receiving some sort of religious teaching. Of the upper classes it is surely needless to say anything; a well-born child would be ostracized amongst its playfellows, and even be disgraced for life, if its parents failed to send it to the catechism-classes at which the young are prepared for their first communion by special instruction extending over two or three years. In the country districts the same rule applies, with nearly the same rigor: a boy or girl who fails to make a first communion is pointed at and pitied. And even amongst the combatantly unbelieving workmen of the towns, — even amongst those very Radicals who are accused, by some of their fellow-countrymen, of an inclination to burn the churches and to shoot the priests — we find that an analogous feeling exists in curious abundance. There are, of course, exceptions; but, considering the hostility to religion which is so widely prevalent amongst the men of the lower classes, these exceptions are, proportionately, few in number. It is calculated by the clergy that, on an average, about nineteen twentieths of the children in the country, and about five-sixths of those in the towns, are sent in, at twelve years old, for their first communion. If this estimate be correct, it would follow that, out of a male population of which a considerable majority admits no religious opinions whatever, and of which a notable portion is apparently animated by bitter animosity against the Church, only a small portion carries its opinions to the point of preventing its children from coming into contact with spiritual instruction.

The fact is strange. It shows that many fathers in the working-classes adopt for their children a line of action different from that which they personally pursue, and that very few of them, comparatively, accept the responsibility of allowing their children to grow up without some instruction in, and some practice of, that religion which, in their own case, they profess to despise and to attack. Does it not seem fair to attribute this contradictory attitude to a latent action of religion in themselves? Does it not look as if they, like most other French fathers, are unable to resist its influence when brought to bear upon them in a true home form? Out of doors, in their own individual proceedings, they scoff at it, insult it, menace it; but when it comes before them as an accessory of the education of their children, when it presents itself to their eyes as a family observance, when it holds out its hand to their own boy and girl, then they find something in their hearts which prevents themselves from shutting the door in its face. In spite of their loudly declared mistrust and disdain, they allow their children to answer its call.

Surely there is something here which merits to be considered. If men who proclaim that they hate religion, and who act in many ways as if they really did hate it, can be led to suspend their hate, and to accept contact with the hated object directly it makes a sign of friendship to their offspring, it becomes difficult to admit that their hate can be as deep and positive as they pretend. We cannot help asking ourselves, in the face of such a situation, whether a hate which can be laid aside for a moment in deference to one touching consideration, could not be further stayed by the application of other similarly acting motives — whether the temporary could not be rendered lasting? The answer raises issues which cannot be dealt with here; they are too vast. All that can be done, in the space at present disposable, is to point to the fact which lies here before us; to the thought suggested by it that the mass of the French people cannot be, after all, entirely unsusceptible of religious emotion; to the consequent probability that it may still be reached through certain channels of attack; and to the seeming certainty that, if all the rest be true, the road to follow lies through the heart. It cannot be seriously pretended that, with a religion which is essentially a tenderness, and with a nation of which all the members are, theoretically, equal in their natural capacities of tenderness, the faculty of feeling that religion ought to be, as it now virtually is amongst the men of France, an affair of class. Of course we know that it is developed in the higher strata by the combined influences of comfort, of softening education, of social habit, and of exercised perceptions. We also know that it is suffocated below by ignorance, by suffering, and by political

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

teaching. But with the evidence we have here that it can be partially re-aroused by an appeal to the sentiment of paternity, it seems reasonable to imagine that a good deal more might be effected if the indication thus supplied were utilized with tact. If the priest is ever to acquire amongst the laboring men of France the position and the power of a trusted friend, of an inspirer of elevating thoughts, of a real moralizer, he must begin by changing his own attitude, by ceasing to act as an Ultramontane agent, by doing everything for religion as a system of love, and nothing for it as a system of politics.

This is all that can be said upon the subject here. And yet one word more may usefully be added — we can scarcely go on accusing of really dangerous Radicalism a set of men who send their children to their first communion.

Nearly all the boys and girls of France experience, then, in the middle of their childhood, the deep emotion which a first communion awakes even in the most careless heart. The effect wears off with time; the religious impress which it provokes rarely retains its first intensity against the hardening contacts of outside life; in many cases — in most cases, indeed — it disappears altogether: but in its home influence, in its character as a family event, in its special operation as creating a new bond between old and young, it preserves unweakened its position in French existence. The portrait of the daughter in her long white veil and frock, of the son in his white trousers and *brassard*, hangs in the cottage and the château; and with sweet remembrances, with undefinable impressions of purity, with unwontedly lofty thoughts of love, the mother gazes at it and feels unfadingly that the day of which that portrait is a record has left an ineffaceable mark in her heart. How, indeed, could she forget it? for it represents to her the moment at which her child achieved its first acceptance of responsibility, its first public discharge of comprehended and acknowledged moral action.

It may be said with tolerable exactness that these deep-working thinkings are common, in varying degrees, to nearly all French mothers, without distinction of rank, and that consequently the great majority of the women pass successively through them. And yet, in spite of the vigor and the alluringness of the sensations which they so generally arouse, it can scarcely be alleged that they help, as a rule, to render the women who are subjected to them more permanently, more solidly religious, in the practically applied sense of the word. Like most of the other elements of spiritual ardor in France, they seem to produce effects in the sentiments rather than in the conduct. They undoubtedly make the mother even more passionately fond than she was before; they evidently provide her with glowing emotions and with delicious memories; they incontestably establish a fresh tie between her child and herself: but it would be difficult to pretend that they habitually convert her into a better woman. And this brings us to the moral of the subject, for it leads us, naturally, to inquire whether these women really gain in character, in duty, and in attitude towards others, by the charming affectionateness of their religionism.

Such a question can only be answered by international comparisons; and comparisons of that sort are not always easy to effect impartially. Let us remember, however, that many competent travellers appear to arrive at the conviction that, much as the shapes and natures of feminine merits and defects may vary about the world, the totals presented by their respective additions in each Christian land come out everywhere in remarkable equality with each other. And let us recognize that there is in this conviction a *primâ facie* argument against the probability of the possession of any appreciable superiority of moral and religious worth by the women of any particular race whatever. This being so, the Frenchwoman can scarcely be offended if she is counted to be as good as, but no better than, everybody else, and to be no more capable than her neighbors of extracting particular virtue from the religion which she practises. She evidently gets more pleasure out of it than others do; for, as she feels immensely, she frequently attains, as a natural result of her peculiar aptitude for emotions, a variety of spiritual joys which do not seem to be generally accorded to women of other creeds, or even to Catholic women of other lands. But it cannot be pretended that she climbs higher than those others; that she is either gentler, truer, more self-sacrificing and more trustable than they. She furnishes one proof more that the capacity of feeling religion with ardor does not necessarily bestow upon us any exceptional power of curing our personal faults. Religion does help her undeniably to become a most admirable mother; it fortifies and increases her innate disposition towards works of charity; but there is very little satisfactory evidence

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

to show that it assists her more than other women in the ordinary functions and relations of life — that it aids her to become a better daughter, wife, or friend. Religion succors her interiorly, not exteriorly; it soothes, it satisfies, it encourages, or it excites her. But it seldom seems to particularly enlarge her capacity for self-reform.

It ties her to her home, though. It serves extraordinarily there, for there its glowings can be effectively translated without exertion into meritoriously profitable acts. No virtuous effort is needed to enable a woman to love her parents, her husband, and her children as a duty, provided she already loves them as a joy; the consciousness of having amalgamated joy and duty doubles indeed the value of each.

In this fashion it is that religion strengthens and develops the home ties of France. Not only does it fortify and encourage, not only does it sanctify and hallow, but, furthermore, it decorates duties, adorns labors, and throws pleasure over pains. It does not show itself in chilly ceremonies in French houses; there are no conventional formalities about it; there are no cold household prayers (excepting in infinitely rare cases), no gloomy Bible-readings, no dismal psalm-singings, no affectations of austere piety before the servants, no sanctimoniousness, no cant. But great quantities of women (and some men) go each day to mass — often in the earliest morning — and tens of thousands of them never pass before the always open churches without going into them for two minutes to say a whispered prayer, and to reap the privilege of entering the immediate presence of God; and all of them habituate their children to the same soft, touching customs, and to the exalting sensations which these customs arouse. And all this is done so naturally and so simply, so cordially and so heartily, that there is no oppression and no *ennui* about it: with these women religion is neither a show nor a mask. Neither is it so with such of the men as "practise;" for the reason, that as it is easy and usual for a man to have no religion at all, no purpose can be served, and no advantage gained by merely pretending to have it.

It is, then, in its power of gilding indoor obligations, of creating new forms of linkings in families, of illuminating and inspiriting the fireside, that religion produces its realest, sweetest, and most evident effects in French homes. It is essentially, in this as in its other social aspects, a brightener rather than an improver, a cheering friend rather than a teaching master, an allurement rather than a behest.

But there is one exception — the one exception which was reserved when we began just now to talk of the action of religion on home life. There is one actual form of French religious sentiment in which bitterness, violence, and uncharitable hate replace the delighting exaltations of mere simple, joyous piety, in which human passions drive out spiritual enthusiasms, in which politics suppress Christian generosity. That form is Ultramontanism.

Just as it has been easy to describe, in large, round lines, the main external characters of the tender loving faith of the ordinary woman of France, so is it difficult, if not indeed impossible, to select words which would accurately convey a sense of the fierce contempts, the wrathful enmities, the unpardonable abhorrences, which animate a large proportion of those other women who, by birth, by position, or by social affectation, belong, or pretend to belong, to the Ultramontane group. The men of this set are violent enough in their bitter hostility to all who do not think like them; but the women are immeasurably more excited and destructive. Families are at this moment being broken up, ancient friendships are being crushed out, new hates are supplanting old affections, — all this because a certain number of French gentlemen and ladies have adopted a particular form of politico-religious opinion, and will permit nobody who has the honor of approaching them to express in their presence, or even to silently entertain, any sentiments which differ from their own. It must, however, be added at once, that the particular ferocity of tone and attitude which is at this moment so painfully prominent in Ultramontane drawing-rooms, is, in great part at least, a product of the special agitation which has been at work since the 16th May. It is an exceptional, not a normal state. The Ultramontanes form always a band apart; they are always unquiet, irritable, and impetuous; but they are not, habitually, so strangely raging as they are just now. Under the best of circumstances the ladies of the party do not generally present to the spectator the pleasant pictures of religious manner which many other women offer; but it is just to them to recognize that their actual exasperation is altogether unprecedented, and that, for that reason, it may perhaps be only temporary.

Here must end this slender sketch; but it is scarcely possible to quit the subject

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

without a glance at one other of its elements, without a brief allusion to the influence of the clergy; for it has been indignantly asserted by Michelet, and by other writers of his school,—it is now again asserted, with equal indignation, by writers in the Radical press,—that the priest is constantly exercising a disastrous predominance on families, and that the home life of France is poisoned by the insidious but irresistible power of "the men in black."

Now it may possibly be that there really are some families in which the confessor does wield a veritable control; but, all the same, there are singularly few observers who, in all their memory, can find an undeniable example of such a case. Most women and children go, more or less often, to confession. So do some men. But the relations of these persons with their confessor are habitually limited to the confessional; at the most do they, in unfrequent cases, exchange an occasional visit. The longest and most widespread knowledge of French life fails usually to supply evidence of the single direction of a family by a priest. Not only do women habitually and instinctively shrink away from the influence of a stranger, whoever he be, in their private concerns, but, furthermore, the priest is scarcely ever personally capable of obtaining such an influence. The mass of the French clergy is composed of well-intentioned, worthy, laborious men, who do their duty, more or less mechanically, within certain clearly-defined limits, which nobody would permit them to exceed, even if they wished to do so. They are generally men of no initiative, of no inventivity, and of little tact; not one in fifty thousand of them is capable of playing, even if opportunity occurred, the wonderfully able and prodigiously difficult part which is so liberally attributed to the "Jesuit confessor" in Protestant novels and in Radical newspapers. Their own incapacity, their want of manners, their narrowness of views, suffice alone to shut the door against any efforts of the kind. They live apart from the nation, quietly and rather stupidly, but usefully, with an evident desire to interfere awkwardly in politics, if they find a chance, but with no desire whatever to meddle in households, because they know they cannot. It is ridiculous to pretend that such men offer, or are capable of offering, the very faintest danger to society. There are, of course, in so large a body, many high-bred gentlemen, many graceful scholars, many thinkers of elevated intellect; there may be even, here and there, amongst them, some schemers or some intriguers; but the immense mass of them are even-going, unaspiring nullities, to whom it suits the political purposes of the Radicals to attribute profound conspiracies which they are hopelessly incapable of either conceiving or executing.

The influence of religion in the home life of France lies virtually outside the action of the clergy; it assumes a personal form which is special to the country; it is one of the brightest of the many brightening causes that are at work there; and no true friend of France can fail to wish that that influence may extend and multiply.

From The Saturday Review.

PLEASANT PEOPLE.

THE man who can be characterized as pleasant in the full ideal sense of the word is born, not made. It is true that the epithet comes in in every definition of social excellence. A perfect gentleman is pleasant, the perfect Christian is pleasant, the genial companion is pleasant, and so on. Good temper, good nature, sociableness, and the like make people pleasant; but all this is distinct from that particular felicity and benignity of nature through which some people please universally; so that, by general consent, men of all tastes and conditions fall upon the same epithet as a comprehensive, satisfying definition. Persons not thus gifted can be pleasant now and then—pleasant to their intimates, pleasant when they are pleased, when they think it right to be pleasant, when they are on their good behavior, when nothing vexes them, though it is not everybody who manages it even under these favoring conditions. But the man to the manner born is pleasant from a sort of necessity of his nature; to be disagreeable is too much against the grain to be even a temptation, except under some upsetting of the whole framework of his being—some sort of moral convulsion. It is this necessity which separates the people so gifted as a distinct class. Of course, under favoring circumstances, a man polishes his natural good qualities to a greater brilliancy; but, whatever his condition, it distinguishes him. There is a subtle relation between him and his fellow-creatures peculiar to himself, which no effort, no art can establish. We do not say that severely adverse circumstances in early life may not interfere with its development. Dickens in

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Mark Tapley gives us a broad, comic delineation of the character. Tapley is pleasant under extreme difficulties, but we are told nothing of his training. In persons pre-eminently pleasant we observe a harmony between themselves and their surroundings which might seem to argue that these surroundings have their share in the phenomenon; but we rather attribute the harmony to their gift of subjugating matter to mind and temper. It is not only animate things that range themselves on the side of the fortunate.

In considering this quality we have to think of the qualities that generally mark and attend it. We observe, then, in the ideally pleasant person self-possession, freedom from self-consciousness and everything morbid; a power of seeing things as they are, of accepting a position. Before all things the pleasant man is not hampered by vanity and love of display, any more than by nervous fear and bashfulness. He probably sees himself and everything about him at its best; but this is only due to the construction of his moral vision, which we hold to be an essential of the character, seeing everything, and more especially everybody, under a certain illumination. One of the charms of the pleasant person is that he makes all who come in his way satisfied, and in better humor with themselves and their place in the world than it is their habit to be, either under their own review or in what they gather to be the judgment of people in general; or, if they have already formed a complacent estimate of their merits and standing, they find themselves taken at it ungrudgingly and as a matter of course. This is a totally different thing from flattery, which can scarcely be applied without exciting some misgiving in the person flattered. There is nothing indulgent or patronizing in the pleasant person's tacit approval and appreciation. He takes all people at their best from no effort of charity, but from instinctive sympathy, making things bright to others by seeing them so. For the pleasant person is largely sympathetic up to a point. It is not necessary, perhaps is not common, that he should penetrate into depths of character. His penetration occupies itself on what he has to deal with. He does not assume that he sees the whole, and does not take people in hand beyond what they care to show themselves, either for their pleasure or their good. He does not force confidences; he acts on what he sees, and his nature makes his judgment a favorable one.

In looking for examples of the pleasant man we are driven to public and recorded specimens. Even if our friend were also the friend of the whole world, it would hardly do to draw his portrait; we must have recourse to print. Now a great many men who strike us as pleasant are likewise so distinguished on other grounds that they will not serve our turn. Pre-eminent qualities overshadow this milder grace. One prominent name, however, figures in the crowd of records of a day recently past, which is marked before all things by this quality. Lord Holland, of social memory (the third of the title), was before all things a pleasant man. This praise seems to have come first in the estimate of all his friends. George Ticknor, writing as a young man, on his first introduction to the Holland House circle, says, "I do not well know how dinners and evenings could be more pleasant;" and twenty years later he traces this pleasure to its true source — Lord Holland himself: "I cannot help agreeing with Scott that he is the most agreeable man I have ever known." And he goes on to define what constitutes this charm: "The reason, I apprehend, is that to the great resources of his knowledge he adds a *laissez-aller* arising from his remarkable good-nature, which is quite irresistible." "Lord Holland is an open-hearted gentleman, kind, simple, and hospitable, a scholar with few prejudices, and making no pretensions, either on the score of his rank, his fortune, his family, his culture, or anything else. I never met a man who so disarms opposition in discussion as I have often seen him, without yielding an iota, merely by the unpretending simplicity and sincerity of his manner." We have quoted the whole of this passage with a purpose. It is very clear that this agreeableness of the host, through which he made his guests alive to his high appreciation of their powers, was one active cause of the success of those historical dinners. But we would dwell rather on that gift of disarming opposition; thus opening all subjects to discussion, whatever the various opinions of the company. Clearly moderation is one important quality in the pleasant man. A great many people are not only excellent, but admirable and lovable, who yet do not come to our minds as pleasant, from the vehemence of their manner of holding opinions — a vehemence which does not allow them to discriminate time and place with judgment, which drives them to obtrude opinions, to pursue a topic when others would gladly

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

dismiss it, and which further leads them to convey sentiments with a severity implied towards those who differ that jars on the harmony of the assembly. We are not saying that vehemence carried to this point is not sometimes called for; we only say it is not pleasant on occasions of social intercourse. Now the pleasant man never lets things and views make him forget persons. In times of excitement, political or religious, when party spirit runs high, the pleasant person is a refuge. He is never carried away; so little so, that the chances are that he irritates the more eager partisan. But it is his nature to give every one with whom he willingly associates credit for good motives and for some sense in carrying them into action; and this interferes much with the luxury of party warfare. However, the whirligig of time brings every one and all sides to the pleasant man at last for consolation or repose. He does not lose his friends; nobody can afford to lose him.

Another conspicuous example of the auality under review must have been Ticknor himself. He has indeed what is called a European reputation as an author; but, as his subject was Spanish literature, this is not incompatible with an all but universal ignorance of his book. He will always be known best for the record he has left of the distinguished and various society — European also — in which he moved. The reader is puzzled how a young American, son of a grocer of Boston, U. S., should, from his first landing in Liverpool to wherever his travels led him, come to be on intimate terms with everybody of name throughout civilized Europe, should be passed on from England to France, France to Germany, Germany to Italy, thence to Spain, welcomed by all the "best people" in every country, making new friends wherever he went, and keeping them through life, finding himself by a sort of natural affinity on a familiar footing with authors, wits, statesmen, crowned heads, and leaders of fashion; being present at a critical moment to hear Talleyrand's deep oracular utterances, receiving Prince Metternich's confidences by the hour together, admitted to Mme. de Staël's dying couch, standing in the privileged circle near enough to hear Lady Jersey refusing the Duke of Wellington admittance to Almack's. The key to it all is that he was pleasant — pleasant in an eminent degree. He was no doubt remarkably gifted for making a figure in society; he took infinite pains to fit himself for it. Well-mannered, well-read, clever, ready, and so forth, he was, of course; but clever people are not scarce in such circles; what won him his place was his pleasantness, his power of appreciating the gifts of others, and showing that he did so. We see from his journal that he saw all people as they would themselves wish to be seen. He speaks well of almost everybody; he is not readily bored; he does not designedly smooth over or ignore faults and defects, but merit makes more impression on him. The men are finely gifted, full of genius, marked by some telling distinction; the women beautiful, gracious, clever, and charming. We live in the best company from beginning to end of his two volumes; and he is so agreeable and unpretending through it all, that the most cynical reader does not envy him his singular good fortune. The touches of description given in the few pages of biography bear out the impression; such as "his habit of consideration for others," "he was not disposed to be satirical," "as a student of character he was vigilant, thoughtful, and kind," "he had promptitude and presence of mind in conversation, the result of early, large experience of society," and "deference and politeness, which are the unselfish elements of good breeding."

But for humbler social purposes no literary reputation, no gift of eloquence, no ready wit, no experience of fine company is needed to endow a person with this quality in its fullest sense. It is a charm in itself, a gift of nature, needing only ordinary good breeding and ordinary common sense to set it off. It is an attraction which draws by its inherent winning quality. There are women who do not shine or talk much, who are not accomplished, not distinguished in any way, not beautiful, not young, who do not know why people gather round them, why they hasten to tell them good news before others with a more definite claim, why they look forward to their fireside as a rest, why they think of them first if they have a confidence to communicate, a dilemma or tangled perplexity to unfold. It is because they are pleasant, because they are sure to look interested, sure not to interpose their own affairs at the wrong moment; sure, above all, to take the side you want them to take, to see things in the light in which they are expected to see them, or at least to show a willingness to do so; sure, too, to infuse a certain comfortableness into the view of things, to act at once as a stimulus and a rest.

Nobody is pleasant in this characteristic

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

sense, as a prominent trait, who is not happiest and most himself in exercising his gift rather than in the exhibition of more commanding or more showy qualities. But he is pleasant without consciousness of personal performance. In parting with friend or acquaintance he does not ask himself, What did he think of me? what impression did I make upon him? Not that there is any harm in such inner questions if there has been an effort to talk well, to do oneself justice, to be equal to an occasion, to respond to some call upon the powers. The pleasant person, acting in his function, is always leaving to others the business of shining and making a figure. He assumes a second place, makes way, yields, listens, or, if he shines, it is to please, not to make a display; it is the response of sympathy to the call of the hour. But, after all, the native genius in this line is not to be described; he has a way with him that is incommunicable. We may indeed analyze; he is this or that; he is free from these and those defects. He is recognized when we see him.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

WALKING IN WINTER.

We do not say it is wonderful that people do not indulge more in winter pedestrian excursions than they do, because we are apt to regulate our relaxations by habit; and there are undoubtedly some grave objections to winter walking. No one would dream, of course, of plunging out in broken weather through mire or snowdrifts. Among the most common conditions of our climate at this season are clouds that cover the landscape in wrappings of dripping damp, and the days are disagreeably short when the year is just upon the turn. On the other hand, you may have brief but most bracing spells of crisp, frosty sunshine. The breezy home counties offer some of the most charming scenery in the world for short spurts of pedestrianism; they are dotted with comfortable inns; and should the weather change in one of its sudden caprices, there are railways everywhere to bring you back to London. It will be granted that there is nothing like frost to make the well-conditioned pedestrian feel in condition. When the body is healthy, frost invigorates the nerves and knits up the muscles and sinews. Your spirits rise with the innocent intoxication of the buoyant atmosphere, and, as legs and arms seem to turn to iron, you easily persuade yourself that, in the language of American backwoodsmen, you are "fit to whip your weight in wildcats." Your blood flows in a rush unknown in summer when you have set your face in earnest to the steep of a hill. Indeed, the summer as the favorite walking-time is overrated. We confess all the charms of the balmy air, the delights of the fresh mornings and the evenings, with the splendors of lingering sunsets. But that balmy air disposes to languor, and the sun that beats down upon you in its vertical glare inclines you to indolence rather than effort. In southern countries, or even in central Europe, you must be up betimes and make the most of the coolness if you have much ground to cover; and then you must lie off perforce through the most shiny hours in a long siesta that may be very wearisome. Your appetite has to be tempted in spite of the tax upon your powers; and if you are out of condition your thirst is unquenchable, while the means of slaking it is often deplorably unsatisfactory.

In winter, on the other hand, if you time your walk to the weather, all these depressing conditions are reversed. You have gone to bed pleasantly tired over night, and you know you need not hurry over your start in the morning. A dip in the stinging cold bath and a rub down with rough towels warms you thoroughly to anticipation of the pleasures of the day. You come down to the little coffee-room with a fine edge on your appetite. You find a table plentifully spread in front of a good fire. You are by no means over-particular as to the fare provided. You are pretty sure to get good bacon and eggs, with a loaf that is probably home-baked, at which you may cut and come again. There is a luxury in the pipe that follows, to which, in the memorable words of Mr. Swiveller, the rich and the haughty are strangers. And by the time you have made yourself deliberately ready for the start the sun is showing himself over the neighboring hill, and the haze in the valleys is beginning to evaporate. The ice on the hard-bound roads crackles cheerily under your boots, and the sprays on the hedges and the trees are covered with a frost-work of silver. As the mists thin and finally disperse, there is a rare purity in the atmosphere. The crests of the distant downs cut clear against the deep azure of the skies. The smoke is going up in silvery wreaths from the chimneys of the cottages and homesteads. A supreme tranquillity lies over the landscape, a quiet heightened rather than broken by

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the rural sounds that come floating to the ear from extraordinary distances. You can hear the rattle of approaching wheels from a good mile ahead of you, and listen to the tinkle of the sheep-bells from the pens in the adjacent turnip-fields. We may presume you know something of the geography of the county, and at all events you care very little whether your walk be prolonged or curtailed. On the theory of finding it a shorter cut, you strike down a side lane that lands you among woodlands. Though the leaves are down and the boughs are stripped, there is no lack either of foliage or coloring. There is a wealth of scarlet berries on the hollies that stud the copses and the hedgerows so thickly. Thrushes and blackbirds and fieldfares are holding high festival over the ruddy wild fruit, and are all the more happy for the sharpness of the weather. Of course the red-breasted robins are hopping and chirping, with their customary assumption of devil-may-care confidence, and the hedge-sparrows are twittering in merry troops. The relics of the coveys of patridges show portentously large as they cluster with ruffled feathers against the plough and on the bare fallows. And the hare goes limping leisurely along, as if still somewhat stiffened after the night in her form; while the rabbits are popping out and in among the burrows with which they have honeycombed the roots of the hedgerows. You hear the scream of the gay-plumaged jay as it flits through the neighboring coverts, and occasionally, as the day goes on, the cheery crow of the pheasant.

By one o'clock, we will say, you are ready for a halt; and it is no unwelcome sight to see the sign of the village public-house swinging from the tree before the door. Your breakfast is already a thing of the past: you cannot say you are tired, though even a hard chair is a luxury; and if your digestion, as may be hoped, permits of such liberties, you call incontinently for bread and cheese and a tankard. Then another pipe and another start. Now you take leave of the level and strike up through the chalk roads into the downs. It is just the hour for making an ascent, though there is but little time to spare; for the air is as translucent as ever it will be, and the views in the distance and middle distance are enchanting. The clumps of rabbit-nibbled furze-bushes show golden in the cold glow of the sun; the stretches of the short, yellow, weather-beaten turf look like a rolling sea of russet, while the herds of sheep, as they huddle themselves together, throw a light upon the landscape in gleaming patches. Nothing can be brighter or more lively while the light lasts, and when the day begins to dim and the sun to slant downwards you have a rare opportunity of studying haze effects. The vapors drawn up in the ephemeral warmth begin to envelop the woods and the villages in the weald. The clear outlines below are slowly confounding themselves, the misty veil floats gradually upwards, clasping the heights and the church towers in its embraces, until these at last grow more vague and disappear; while above and away to the westward all is brighter than before as the sun sinks down to his rest behind the ridge of the uplands, leaving those red streaks across the sky that give promise of a glorious morrow. And it is time that you followed his example and struck downwards too; although, should you see cause to prolong your walk by the starlight, you will have little reason to regret it. And we grant that a long evening in a country inn may be regarded as a take-off to winter pedestrianism. But then, after all, a man with a soul for the beauties of nature ought to have resources in himself; and to many a man there is no better time for voluptuous reading or calm meditation than when reposing from the labors of an enjoyable day in the light languor of exertions that have barely wearied.

From Nature.

ANTOINE CESAR BECQUEREL.

It is with regret that we record the death of the noted French physicist, Prof. Becquerel, which occurred on January 18, in Paris. Antoine César Bequerel was born at Châtillon-sur-Loing, in the Loiret department, March 8, 1788. After completing a course in the Paris Polytechnic, he entered, in 1808, the Imperial Engineer Corps. It was no time of idleness for young officers, and he was shortly in active service, taking part in the entire Spanish campaign under General Luchet. Here he was present at the sieges of Torbosa, Tarragona, Lagonte, and Valencia, and manifested such marked abilities that in 1812 he returned to Paris to receive the rank of captain, and be presented with the cross of chevalier of the Legion of Honor, from Napoleon's own hands. In the following year he was sent by the emperor to complete the fortifications on the German frontier. At the fall of the empire, in

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

1815, he resigned his position as chief of battalion in the engineer corps, and devoted himself exclusively to physical and chemical research, accepting a position as teacher in the Musée d'Histoire Naturelle, of Paris. In 1837 he was made professor in this institution, and occupied this position up to the time of his death. Shortly after entering upon his scientific career he commenced the remarkable series of investigations in electricity and magnetism which have been uninterruptedly continued during the past half-century, and have linked his name closely with every branch of these two leading departments of physics. In thermo-electricity Becquerel carried out a large number of experiments on the currents caused by heating both a single metal and two metals in contact, and formulated the well-known thermo-electric series bismuth, platinum, lead, tin, gold, silver, copper, zinc, iron, and antimony. In his studies on atmospheric electricity he proved that the water of the ocean and the solid crust of the earth are in opposite electrical conditions, a fact which explains the positive state of the air immediately above the sea, while at a distance from the ocean the positive change is noticeable only at a certain height above the earth. The physiological effects of the electric current formed likewise the subject of numerous observations, and by means of delicate apparatus he was able to demonstrate the development of minute currents by the various operations of life, the movement of the muscles, etc. In view of the purely chemical character of these operations these observations harmonized perfectly with the theory which he advanced that electric currents were produced by all chemical unions and decompositions.

The effects of electricity on the colors of flowers, he showed to consist chiefly in a mechanical bursting of the cells containing coloring matter, and not in a chemical change. The conductive powers of a number of elements and compounds for the electric current, as well as the thermal phenomena in bad conductors, formed likewise the subject of numerous investigations. In magnetism Becquerel's researches were confined chiefly to the demonstration of the ability of all bodies to be magnetized, and to the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism. His favorite field of discovery, and that in which he obtained the most brilliant results, was electro-chemical action; in the variety and value of his contributions in this department he is certainly surpassed by no other physicist, while he was the first to grasp and sum together the scattered observations, and fairly mould them into a science. In 1834 he observed the deposition of metal on the negative electrode when the two poles of a pile were introduced into solutions of the salts of various metals. Shortly after he discovered that by using feeble currents the metal could be deposited very evenly and equally on the surface of the electrode, and that the two solutions required for the purpose could be kept from mingling by the use of goldbeater's skin or animal membranes, without hindering the current. These facts were at once made use of by De la Rive, of Geneva, who based on them his technical process of gilding in 1840. Although not the first to make the practical application of his discoveries, Becquerel rapidly improved the methods derived from them, and contributed in swift succession an enormous number of facts which serve as the fundamental principles of the art of galvano-plastic. These are to be found in a compact state in Smee's "Elements of Electro-Metallurgy." Becquerel's famous *oxygen circuit*, discovered at this time, made his name known at once, to a large circle, on account of its simple, practical quantities. It consists of a glass tube covered at one end with linen, which supports a layer of kaolin, and designed for the solution of the metallic salt to be reduced. This is placed in a vessel containing a dilute acid, and the object to be electro-plated is immersed in the solution after being connected by a wire with a platinum plate in the acid. The action begins instantaneously, and is both rapid and regular. Another well-known apparatus is his *depolarizer*, an arrangement designed to obviate the reverse currents produced by the gaseous deposits on platinum electrodes, and consisting essentially in a continuous shifting of each of the plates to the liquid of the other, so that they have no opportunity to become polarized. The oxygen circuit, with its gentle regular current, was used by Becquerel for the decomposition of a large variety of chemical compounds. Among the more noteworthy preparations by its action can be mentioned aluminium, silicium, beryllium, sulphur, and the various earthy and metallic phosphates. Equally extensive were the preparations of crystalline salts, notably those occurring in nature, by the action of the electric-current on mixed solutions or on solutions of soluble salts in contact with insoluble substances. During the past ten years his attention

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

has been almost exclusively devoted to the novel and remarkable electro-capillary phenomena first observed by him in 1867. These can be observed in their simplest form when a cracked test-tube containing a solution of cupric sulphate, for example, is immersed in a solution of sodic sulphide. A deposition of metallic copper takes place at once on the crack. This elementary fact has been elaborated in a variety of directions with numerous solutions, and the laws regulating the development of electric currents by capillary action partially enunciated. The study of these phenomena is, however, still in its infancy. Becquerel regarded them as explanatory of the deposition of metals in veins in the rocks and of many physiological reactions taking place in the vegetable and animal tissues. A very detailed account of the experiments is to be found in vol. xxxvi. of the "*Mémoires de l'Institut.*"

Despite his manifold experimental investigations, Becquerel was an indefatigable author, and contributed a most valuable series of standard works to the physical literature of the past forty years. In the seven volumes of his "*Traité expérimental de l'Electricité et du Magnétisme, et de leurs Phénomènes naturels,*" 1834–40, he presented these two sciences with a completeness and systematic arrangement which has been hitherto wanting in physical literature. This work was followed by "*Eléments d'Electro-Chimie appliquée aux Sciences naturelles et aux Arts,*" 1843; "*Traité de Physique considérée dans ses Rapports avec la Chimie,*" 1844, 2 vols; "*Eléments de Physique terrestre et de Météorologie,*" 1847; "*Traité de l'Electricité et du Magnétisme; leurs Applications aux Sciences physiques, aux Arts, et à l'Industrie,*" 1856, 3 vols.; "*Résumé de l'Histoire de l'Electricité et du Magnétisme,*" 1858; and "*Des Forces physico-chimiques et de leur Interprétation dans la Production des Phénomènes naturels,*" 1875.

In 1829 Becquerel was elected a member of the French Academy, and received in 1874 the *médaille cinquantenaire*, although he had been but forty-five years a member. His scientific communications are to be found in the "*Comptes Rendus*" of the Academy and in the "*Annales de Chimie et Physique.*" The Royal Society elected him as a corresponding member a number of years ago, and he was one of the three French *savants* who have been recipients of the Copley medal. In 1865 Napoleon III. decorated him with the cross of commander of the Legion of Honor.

Prof. Becquerel leaves behind him a son, Edmond Becquerel, professor of physics in the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, who has assisted his father for a long series of years in the compilation of his numerous works, and whose researches in electricity fairly rival those of the latter. The funeral ceremonies took place on Monday in the church of St. Medard, at Paris.

HEAT PHENOMENA AND MUSCULAR ACTION. — On reading the article which appeared in *Nature*, vol. xvi., p. 451, on the heat phenomena accompanying muscular action, it has occurred to me to send the following problem which is akin to the subject.

If a man does work (say lifts a weight), the principle of the conservation of energy teaches us that the potential energy — the work done — (weight lifted) is at the expense of the man as a magazine of force, in fact that "virtue has gone out of him." Now suppose a man lifts say a ton of bricks and deposits the bricks one by one on the top of a wall six feet high, we can exactly estimate the amount of work done, the energy rendered potential and external, and if we knew also the extra amount of heat radiated or otherwise carried off from his body — as most probably the work would raise his temperature — we could exactly measure the amount of energy the lifting of the brick cost him.

Now suppose another man were to lift the bricks from the top of the wall and deposit them gently — *i.e.*, without concussion — on the ground, it is evident that there is a certain amount of potential energy disappearing, in fact that there is work being absorbed by the man, of course appearing in some other form, but the question is how? This second man's work is of course in one sense work, but in the sense of producing external, potential, or kinetic energy, is not so, unless, perhaps, in heat.

Strangely enough it follows that lifting down the brick ought to make the man either radiate heat more, waste tissue less, digest food less, or in some other way account for the energy absorbed by him.

Generally I think the conversion of force by obstruction is not always so clearly traced as it might be; in friction it is clear, as also in the compression of elastic bodies, but in the instance above, as also in the throttling of steam, it is not so clear.

Nature. A. R. MOLISON.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume XXI. | No. 1760.—March 9, 1878. | From Beginning, Vol. CXXXVI.

CONTENTS.

I. CHARLES SUMNER, ... *Westminster Review*, . . . 579
II. ERICA. Part XIV. Translated for THE LIVING AGE, from the German of . . *Frau von Ingersleben*, . . . 606
III. CONSTANTINOPLE. A Lecture delivered in Aberdeen, January 3rd, 1878, with some additions. By James Bryce, . . . *Macmillan's Magazine*, . . 619
IV. A RIDE FOR LIFE, ... *Blackwood's Magazine*, . . 631
V. LIQUEFACTION OF OXYGEN, ... *Nature*, ... 640

POETRY.

THE FLOWER OF THE FIELD, . . . 578
GREEK MOTHER'S SONG, . . . 578
AT THE LAST, ... 578
"KIND! ES WARE DEIN VERDERBEN," 578

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

THE FLOWER OF THE FIELD.

THERE grew a poppy in a plot of corn,
And three men went thereby, before the heat
Had drawn from out the field beneath their feet
The freshness of the dewdrops and the morn.
Then did the loveliness of that lone flower
Strike in upon the sense of all the three;
And one, a youth, spake in that thoughtful hour,
And said, "Methinks this poppy well might be
Some rich dark southern beauty, sleepy-sweet,
Girt with a bending ring of gracious men."
The second, one that was of riper years,
Made answer, "Nay, a blood-red banner, torn
By steel of strife, and blown with winds of war,
And guarded round by ranks of shining spears."
Then spake to them the third, whose head was hoar, —
"Death comes to love and war; what aid they then?
This flower has one speech only unto me,
That man is as the grass, and all his pride
Of war, and beauty of love shall suddenly
Fade like the flowers in the sad autumn-tide;
The wind sweeps over them, and they are gone!"
And thereupon those three went silent on,
And the low sunlight lay uncrossed by shade,
Until a maiden came, who hummed a song
For very gladness, as she tripped along,
The freshness of the morning in her eyes;
Nor was she moved as they, in any wise,
To any thought of that which makes afraid,
But stopped and plucked the poppy from the ground,
And set it on the whiteness of her dress,
And so passed on, with added loveliness.
No hidden inner meaning had she found,
Nor thought of strife or death to make her sad, —
The sole sweet beauty was enough for her;
She took God's thought, the poppy, and was glad, —
So was she Nature's best interpreter.

Spectator. A. R. R.

GREEK MOTHER'S SONG.

I.

O WHERE is peace in all the lovely land?
Since the world was, I see the fair and brave
Downward forever fighting toward the grave.
A few white bones upon a lonely sand,
A rotting corpse beneath the meadow grass
That cannot hear the footsteps as they pass,
Memorial urns pressed by some foolish hand
Have been for all the goal of troublous fears.
Ah! breaking hearts and faint eyes dim with tears,
And momentary hopes by breezes fanned
To flame that fading ever falls again
And leaves but blacker night and deeper pain,
Have been the mould of life in every land.

II.

O is there rest beneath the meadow flowers?
Or is there peace indeed beside the shore
Of shadowy Acheron? nor any more
The weary rolling of the sickening hours
Will mark the interchange of woe and woe;
Nor ever voices railing to and fro
Break the sweet silence of those darksome bowers?
But there a sorrowful sweet harmony
Of timeless life in peaceful death shall be
In woodlands dim where never tempest lowers
Nor branding heat can pierce the sunless shade.
O sweet forever in that dreamful glade,
If there indeed such deepest peace be ours!

Macmillan's Magazine.

AT THE LAST.

COME once, just once, dear love, when I am dead —
Ah, God! I would it were this hour, to-night —
And look your last upon the frozen face
That was to you a summer's brief delight.

The silent lips will not entreat you then,
Nor the eyes vex you with unwelcome tears;
The low, sad voice will utter no complaint,
Nor the heart tremble with its restless fears.

I shall be still — you will forgive me then
For all that I have been, or failed to be:
Say, as you look, "Poor heart, she loved me well,
No other love will be so true to me."

Then bend and kiss the lips that will not speak —
One little kiss for all the dear, dead days —
Say once, "God rest her soul!" then go in peace,
No haunting ghost shall meet you in your ways.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

"KIND! ES WARE DEIN VERDERBEN."

CHILD! it would be your undoing;
And I struggle hard, you see,
That your dear kind heart may never
Feel the glow of love for me.

That too well I have succeeded,
Pains me in my own despite;
And I often think, "Oh, would you
Love me, come whatever might!"

Blackwood's Magazine. HEINE.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

From The Westminster Review.

CHARLES SUMNER.*

It is one of the accidents of political life, both in England and America, that men who in their day exercised great influence on the legislation and administration of their country never attained office, but nevertheless will stand out more prominently on the pages of history than many members of the official hierarchy even of the highest rank. The Earl of Liverpool was premier for fifteen years. Richard Cobden was never in office at all; yet who can doubt that when the history of the nineteenth century is read hereafter, the reformer of our commercial legislation, the first Parliamentary advocate of international arbitration, will fill a far more prominent position than he whom Lord Beaconsfield called "the Arch Mediocrity." In America, Daniel Webster four times sought a nomination for the presidency, and each time failed; yet the name of Daniel Webster fills, and we believe will continue to fill, a far higher position in American history than the names of his rivals, General Harrison, James K. Polk, General Taylor, and Franklin Pierce, who successively filled the presidential chair of the American Union. The distinguished man whose life is now before us is another and perhaps more striking instance of the same kind. Charles Sumner was not only never president, but never even a member of any cabinet. Webster was twice secretary of state, but the highest posts Sumner ever held were those of United States senator from Massachusetts, and, when in the Senate, chairman of its committee on foreign relations during Mr. Lincoln's presidency; but in the memories of his countrymen and in the history of his time the name of Sumner stands, and will continue to stand, far higher than that of Webster. "There are," said Mr. Disraeli in reference to the death of Mr. Cobden, "some members of Parliament who, though they may not be present in the body, are still members of this House, who are independent of dissolutions, of the caprice of constituencies, and even of the course of time." We think the spirit of these words is applicable to Charles Sumner. He, next to William Lloyd Garrison, stands highest amongst that group of men and women,

On Fame's eternal beadroll worthy to be filed,

who were so vividly sketched by Harriet Martineau in the pages of this review,* who raised the slavery question out of the region of mere politics, and made it strike a far deeper-toned chord, arresting the religious feeling of the country, taking strong hold on the consciences of men, and who in the end rooted out the accursed thing from the land. The life of such a man cannot fail to be interesting. The book before us, however, gives only an account of Sumner's early career, and of his training for the public life in which he afterwards played so distinguished a part. The memoir closes with the year 1845, in which he delivered at Boston his memorable address on "The True Grandeur of Nations." "Had he died before this event," says his biographer," his memory would have been only a tradition with the few early friends who survived him. The 4th of July 1845, a day ever memorable with him, gave him a national and more than national fame. Student though he was to the last, he now went forth from the seclusion of a scholar's chamber, well trained by self-discipline and strong in purpose and hope, to enter upon the work which God had appointed him to do" (Memoir, ii., p. 384). After this it is somewhat disappointing to find the memoir concludes with these words, "How well it was done, with what courage, perseverance, and power, is written in the fourteen volumes of his works, which begin with the effort of this day, and in the history of his country for the twenty-three years he stood in the Senate, as the tribune of human rights" (ii., p. 384). It is only, therefore, of his private life and his less memorable years that we have any account. We have found so much to instruct and interest us in these two volumes, that we can but cherish the hope that Mr. Pierce may be induced to give them their proper

* *Memoir and Letters of Charles Sumner.* By Edward L. Pierce. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1878.

* *Westminster Review*, December 1838, Art. "The Martyr Age of the United States."

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

complement in a memoir of Sumner's public life and labors.

Charles Sumner was descended from one of the Puritan families who emigrated to America towards the middle of the seventeenth century. The Sumners first settled at Dorchester (Massachusetts), and various branches of the family remained at Dorchester and at Milton, in the same state, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. They "were generally farmers, owning considerable estates in fee-simple, and blessed beyond the usual measure with large families of children." Charles Sumner's grandfather, Job Sumner, served with distinction in the War of Independence, and obtained the rank of major in the United States army. "He was," says our author, "a man of genuine courage, adventurous spirit, and capacity for affairs, generous with his money, and faithful in all trusts. He took life merrily, and rejected the severity of the Puritan standards" (i., p. 10). His son, Charles Pinckney Sumner, the father of Charles Sumner, entered Harvard College in 1792, and graduated in 1796. After trying the work of a schoolmaster, he settled down to the practice of the law, and was admitted an attorney of the Court of Common Pleas at Boston in July 1801. In his early years he took an active part in politics, and was a frequent writer and speaker. His first political speech was made so far back as 1804; it was a plea for the integrity of the Union, for "a common love of all its sections, for faith in popular government, and for confidence in the national administration, and in Mr. Jefferson, its head." He was clerk of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts for the years 1806–7 and 1810–11. In this last period he was officially associated with his early friend Joseph Story, then speaker of the House, which office he resigned to become judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. While holding this last office he composed his "Commentaries on Equity Jurisprudence" and his other legal works, which are of the highest authority both in England and America. Mr. Sumner was married in 1810 to Relief Jacob of Hanover. Of this marriage there were issue nine children, of whom the eldest, Charles, the subject of this memoir, and his twin sister, Matilda, were born in Boston, January 6, 1811. The family seem to have been in straitened circumstances until 1825, when Mr. Sumner was appointed sheriff of Suffolk County, which office he continued to hold until shortly before his death, which took place in 1839. He seems to have been a man of just and conscientious but rigid and cheerless nature, who imposed an iron rule at home which bore heavily on his elder sons. Charles when grown up ventured to intercede on behalf of the younger children for a milder rule. His intervention, though not altogether ineffectual, was resented, and from that time no communication passed between the father and the son. The father was a well-read lawyer, and a scholarly man for his time. "He took pains to lead his son Charles and his other children to the studies which he had himself pursued, teaching them, as their minds developed, to love history and all knowledge. Other homes enjoyed more of luxury, but his was enriched at least with the atmosphere of culture" (i., p. 28). Like most of the more educated men in Boston at that day, the elder Sumner attended an Unitarian Church, but "his religious belief was quite indefinite, and he was indulgent to all shades of doctrine." After his appointment as sheriff, he thought himself bound to abstain from all political action; but he was always an anti-slavery man. His papers contain abundant evidence of his strong sympathy with the anti-slavery movement; and he was accused of allowing this sympathy to interfere with the execution of his duties as sheriff. It was said that, in a case of reclamation of slaves under the Fugitive Slave Act of 1793, he permitted or connived at their escape. Accused of having expressed his sympathy with the fugitives to their counsel, he replied, "Whether I addressed Mr. Sewall as it is said, I cannot tell; but I should be ashamed of myself if I did not wish that every person claimed as a slave might be proved to be a freeman, which is the purport of the words attributed to me" (i., p. 25). His forecast discerned the conflict in which his son was to bear so great a part. So far back as 1820, speaking to

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

a neighbor on slavery, he said, "Our children's heads will some day be broken on a cannon-ball on this question." He was a promoter of the common-school movement, of temperance, and restrictive legislation on the liquor traffic. His wife, whose Puritan descent was indicated by her quaint Christian name, "Relief," is described as "equal, even imperturbable, in her temperament — a woman of excellent sense, and of unusual skill in domestic economies" (i., p. 30). The father did not live to see his son's public career; the mother lived through all its most striking portion, and survived the subjugation of the rebel states.

Such were the home influences to which the childhood and youth of Charles Sumner were subject, of which we shall see abundant manifestations in his character and after life.

After his first visit to Europe, and he had become intimate with men who had received the intellectual training, and in many cases won the honors of Oxford and Cambridge, and who had afterwards received the further training of Parliament and the bar, he was accustomed to speak of his education as "defective."

"I hope," he wrote from Italy in 1839, "that Horace," his younger brother, "when grown up, will not smart as I do under the mortification of a defective education" (ii., p. 98).

It was during this, his first visit to Europe, and while he suffered from the imperfect way in which modern languages were taught in America, that he wrote from Venice to his and his father's friends, Judge Story and the Sumners. "Let a boy," he wrote, "acquire one thing well, and he gets a standard of excellence to which he will endeavor to bring up his other knowledge; and, moreover, he will be aware of his deficiencies by observing the difference between what he knows well and what he knows indifferently. Let the requisites for admission be doubled, and subject all candidates for degrees to a most rigid examination. We must make a beginning, and where can it be done better than at Harvard?" We are glad to learn from the editor's note on this letter that in American colleges, and especially in Harvard, great changes have been made since 1839 in the direction to which Sumner then pointed.* So strongly did Sumner feel the importance of education, that on his father's death he devoted whatever present or future interest he had in his father's property to the purpose of giving his sisters the best education America could afford (ii., p. 103). If Sumner's education was not equal to that which he would have received had he been sent first to an English public school and afterwards to an university, yet it was as good an education as any young American of his day and generation could receive in his own country. His father originally intended to give him a common English education only, but the boy showed a sort of instinct for classical knowledge, and of his own free will bought with a few pence he had saved a Latin Grammar and a "*Liber Primus.*" "He studied them privately out of school, and one morning surprised his father by appearing with the books and showing his ability to recite from them. His father, impressed perhaps by this incident, decided to put him in the classical course provided by the public schools" (i., p. 36). At the close of August 1821, Sumner was therefore entered in the Boston Latin School. At school he gave no promise of a remarkable career. "He was not," writes a schoolfellow, "always attentive to his studies at school, that is, to the specially appointed lessons in Latin, Greek, and mathematics. But we boys felt the superiority of his mind and education, though we could get above him at times in school rank. I used to look at him with wonder as I heard him talk on subjects I knew nothing of. He had a full sense of his own knowledge, yet he never intruded it upon his fellows or showed any self-conceit."

He was always thoughtful, studious, and fond of reading; little given to sports, but fond of swimming; rarely seen playing with his mates; but, while thoughtful and somewhat reserved, he was in no respect severe or unsympathetic, and was liked by his school-fellows. His private pursuit was the study of history, reading it not in

* Ibid., *ut supra*, and note.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

an easy, careless way, but with earnest attention, with maps spread out before him. When fourteen years old he wrote a compendium of English history from Cæsar's conquest to 1801. The school-fellow whom we have before quoted gives us an illustration of the thoroughness of Sumner's self-education, and of his combined study of history and geography: —

He fell into a dispute one day in the middle of the class exercises with an ill-natured teacher, who undertook to put him down for ignorance on some point of geography — a branch not studied in the school, or made the subject of examination or admission. Sumner, then about eleven years of age, replied with spirit that he could answer any question which the teacher might put to him. The teacher bethought himself a moment, and going to his table, and looking up what he esteemed a difficulty, asked him where Cumana was. The boy replied instantly with a full and correct answer, and no further question was asked (i., pp. 39, 40).

If Sumner's school career was not distinguished, it was sufficiently meritorious to gain several prizes; and at the close of his five years' course (August 23, 1826) he was one of six scholars who each received at the hands of John Quincy Adams, then president of the United States, the decoration of the Franklin medal. It now became necessary to choose for him some trade or profession. Owing to his limited means, the father designed him for some occupation in which he could earn his livelihood sooner than in one of the learned professions. The inclination of the future author of "The True Grandeur of Nations" was for a military life. It was thought hopeless to apply for his admission into the National Military Academy at West Point. His father therefore wrote to Captain Partridge, the head of what was called "the American Literary, Scientific, and Military Academy," at Middletown, Connecticut, who had advertised that he wished to "employ" some lads in the institution. In this letter Mr. Sumner wrote: —

My means enable me only to think of usefulness. I wish him to learn all of agriculture, arithmetic, and bookkeeping he conveniently can by a year's attendance, service, and study at your institution; also something, and as much as you think proper, in the elements of soldiership; but, sir, if I send him at all, it must be on a footing of those who seek *employment*, according to that notice of yours which I have recently read, and I wish to know, before you see him, on what terms he would probably be received, and to what employment he would probably be put that would be serviceable to you and not disagreeable to his feelings — feelings that do not incline him to become improperly a burden on you or on me, or to ordinary menial services, that would injure him in the estimation of those lads who are now his associates, among whom he is destined to earn his living, and, I hope, to sustain a respectable rank.

The change in his father's circumstances, consequent on his appointment to the shrievalty of Suffolk County, relieved Sumner from the necessity of seeking such employment. An application was now made to the secretary of war for a West Point cadetship, but Bellona was not to have him for one of her worshippers: it was unsuccessful, and he began his studies as a freshman at Harvard College, September 1, 1826. Of his college career we find the following estimates given by fellow-students: —

Though reasonably attentive [writes one] to his college studies, and rarely absent from the recitations, I do not think that, as an undergraduate, he was distinguished for close application to his college studies. Having been much better fitted for college, especially in Latin and Greek, than the majority of his class, he continued to maintain a very high rank in both the ancient and modern languages through his whole collegiate course.

He stood also very well in elocution, English composition, and the rest of his theoretical pursuits. In the last year of his college course he failed in all the more abstruse and difficult mathematics.

His memory was uncommonly retentive, and it was sometimes said of him that he committed to memory, so as to be able to repeat by rote, some of the more difficult problems in mathematics, with but little apprehension of their import. Morally, so far as I have ever heard, his character while a member of college was without reproach (i., p. 5).

Another writes: —

Sumner had been accustomed to literary society from his youth, and was brought up among books, so that study was with him a kind of second nature. He never studied, as many young men do, for college honors, but for love of study, and for cultivating his mind — well disciplined and refined at that early age. He was by no means what, in our college days, was denominated a *dig* — one who has to study from morning till night and bring nothing to pass. In his declamations I always noticed a great degree of earnestness, with an entire freedom from any effort to make a dash. It was the same type of subdued eloquence inseparable from the man which he has often put forth on real and important actions in his public life. . . . He was a person of remarkable readiness and self-possession. He was always careful to lead an exemplary and blame-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

less life, full of kindly feelings, and ready to say a pleasant word to all, and punctilious in all the proprieties which refined society is accustomed to observe (i., pp. 58, 59).

This last-mentioned characteristic led to his great social success, when in after-years he visited England.

Though his college career, like his school course, was not brilliant, yet, as in the one case, so in the other, it was not without distinction. In his senior year he competed for the Bowdoin prize, the subject given being, "The Present Character of the Inhabitants of New England, as resulting from the Civil, Literary, and Religious Institutions of the First Settlers." He sent in his dissertation signed "A Son of New England," and received the second prize of thirty dollars; these he laid out in the purchase of books, among which were Byron's poems, the "Pilgrim's Progress," Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," Hazlitt's "Select British Poets," and Harvey's "Shakespeare." "The last two" (says his biographer, i., p. 51) "were kept during life on his desk or table ready for use, and the Shakespeare was found open on the day of his death as he had left it, with his mark between the leaves. At the third part of "Henry VI." his pencil had noted the passage: —

> Would I were dead! if God's good-will were so;
> For what is in this world but grief and woe?

Those who are acquainted with Sumner's writings and speeches will not be surprised to learn that —

> The tradition is that Sumner's dissertation suffered in the comparison (with the other essays we presume) from its great length. Its style, while well formed, lacks the felicity of expression and fastidiousness in the choice of language which mark his compositions in mature life. In method it is manly and serious, never trivial, but wanting in condensation. [We may remark in passing, that the power of condensing was lacking in Sumner to the last day of his life.] He was, as a living classmate remarks, too "full of matter." His citations and extracts show that he left nothing unread which could illustrate the subject, and that his reading in English literature was beyond that of most undergraduates. On the whole, the dissertation, while creditable to his industry and thoughtfulness, does not foreshadow a distinguished career as a writer. Although doing justice to the Puritans in many respects, he dwells with some impatience on their narrowness and religious eccentricities (i., p. 56).

Macaulay's essay on Milton had appeared, of course anonymously, in the *Edinburgh Review* of August, 1825, and bearing in mind the antipathy which, as we shall see, Sumner afterwards felt towards Macaulay, it is curious to note that Sumner, in his dissertation, slightingly refers to Macaulay's essay as "the apotheosis of the Puritans in the pages of one of the British journals" (ibid., note 1). Later in life, when bearing the labor and heat of the anti-slavery conflict, and "dealing with the great issues of right and duty," his views of the Puritan fathers of his State became modified, and his speech at the Plymouth festival in 1853, "The Finger-point from Plymouth Rock," as it is called in his collected works, is a graceful and eloquent tribute to their stern and rugged virtues (ibid., note).

At this time the people of Boston were generally primitive in their mode of living, and the town was more like a large village than a city. In accordance with the simple habits of his neighbors, Sumner, during a vacation tour, travelled on foot. In 1829 he, with four classmates, travelled, "with knapsacks on their backs and umbrellas in their hands," to Lake Champlain. More than thirty years afterwards, at a dinner at Northampton of the Hampshire County Agricultural Society, he thus described this tour. The extract is a good specimen of his later style of speaking: —

> I cannot forget the first time that I looked upon this beautiful valley, where river, meadow, and hill contribute to the charm. With several of my classmates I made a pedestrian excursion through Massachusetts. Starting from Cambridge, we passed by way of Sterling and Barre to Amherst, where, arriving weary and footsore, we refreshed ourselves at the evening prayer in the college chapel. From Amherst we walked to Northampton, and then, ascending Mount Holyoke, saw the valley of Connecticut spread out before us, with river of silver winding through meadows of gold. It was a scene of enchantment, and time has not weakened the impression it made. From Northampton we walked to Deir Field, sleeping near Bloody Brook, and then to Greenfield, where we turned off by Coleraine, through dark woods and over hills to Bennington in Vermont. The whole excursion was deeply interesting, but no part more so than your valley. Since then I have been a traveller at home and abroad, but I know no similar scene of greater beauty. I have seen the meadows of Lombardy, and those historic rivers the Rhine and the Arno, and that stream of Charente which Henry IV. called the most beautiful of France; also those Scottish rivers so famous in legend and song, and the exquisite fields and sparkling waters of lower Austria, but my youthful joy in the landscape

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

which I witnessed from the neighboring hill-top has never been surpassed in any kindred scene. Other places are richer in the associations of history, but you have enough already in what nature has done without waiting for any further illustration (i., p. 70).

The history of Sumner's college career is thus summed up by Mr. Pierce: —

If, when entering college, he aspired, as there is reason to believe, to high rank in his class, he soon gave up any ambition of this kind. He studied well such text-books as he liked, neglecting the rest. If he did not outrank others in the appointed studies, he had no rival in his devotion to miscellaneous literature. He delighted in Scott's novels, but most of all in Shakespeare, from whom he was perpetually quoting in conversation and letters. No student of his class when he left college had read as widely. His memory, both of thought and language, was remarkable, and he imitated with ease an author's style. Most of Sumner's classmates do not appear to have anticipated for him more than ordinary success in life, but those who knew him best were impressed with his love of books, and with something in his tone and manner which gave assurance that he would make his mark in the world. This feeling grew stronger near the end of his college course, and particularly after the announcement of his successful competition for a Bowdoin prize (i., p. 40).

Sumner passed the year following his leaving college at home, studying many hours daily and keeping aloof from society. Mathematics, to which, as already stated, he gave very little attention in college, he now felt to be a necessary part of a complete education, and he therefore determined to overcome his deficiencies, but he does not seem to have kept up the study more than five months. He was undecided as to what profession he should follow. A very short experience of what he termed "the harassing, throat-cutting, mind-dissolving duties, pounding knowledge into heads which have no appetency for it, and enduring the arguing of urchin boys, and all those other ills to which schoolmaster flesh is heir," convinced him that that was not his vocation. He became warmly interested in "the great and good cause of anti-masonry," on which subject the American mind was at that time much agitated.

He continued the practice of literary composition, and gained a prize from the "Boston Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge" for an essay on commerce. The prize took the form of Lieber's "Encyclopædia Americana," valued at thirty dollars. It was presented to Sumner by Daniel Webster, the president of the society, and then United States senator for Massachusetts. In announcing Sumner to a meeting of the society as the winner of the prize, Webster remarked that "the public held a pledge of him," and added other kindly expressions. Neither of them thought at that time that the pledge would be afterwards redeemed by Sumner succeeding Webster in the Senate, and acquiring a purer and more enduring fame than his. At length Sumner decided on the law as his profession. The spirit in which he entered on his legal studies appears in a letter from which we make this extract: —

Your method and application are to me an assurance that the studies of the law office will be fruitful; but excuse the impertinence of a friend. I fear that Blackstone and his train will usurp your mind too much, to the exclusion of all cultivation of polite letters. The more I think of this last point, the more important it seems to me in the education of a lawyer. "Study law hard," said Pinckney, "but study polite letters as hard." So also says Story. The fact is, I look upon a *mere* lawyer, a reader of cases and cases alone, as one of the veriest wretches in the world. Dry items and facts, argumentative reports and details of pleading, must incrust the mind with somewhat of their own rust. A lawyer must be a man of polish, with an *omnium gatherum* of knowledge. There is no branch of study or thought but what he can summon to his aid, if his resources allow it. What is the retailer of law facts by the side of the man who invests his legal acquisitions in the fair garments of an elegantly informed mind? Every argument of the latter is heightened by the threads of illustration and allusion which he weaves with it. Besides, it is more profitable as to legal knowledge for a student to devote but a portion of his time to the law. A continued application to it would jade the mind, so that it would falter under the burden imposed by its own ardor. There must be a relaxation for a scholar, which will be found in a change of studies (i., p. 87).

Such was his advice to his friend, and such was the manner in which he himself studied the law, but he felt that the minutest business details of the profession must also be mastered.

My own reflections [he wrote to the same friend] and the advice of others, tell me that it is better to study with one whose business is other than that of a counsellor. The drudgery, writ-making, etc., of an office is what a young student ought to undergo. Give me my first year and a half in the entirely theoretical studies of a law school, and my remainder in a thronged business office, where I can see the law in those shapes in which a

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

young lawyer can alone see and practise it. It is years which make the counsellor (i., p. 87).

With these views and feelings Sumner joined the Law School at Harvard University, 1st September 1831. The professors were at that time Mr. Justice Story and John H. Ashmun. Story's learning, copious speech, enthusiasm for the profession, and kindly interest in the students under his care, are well known. Ashmun, who died during Sumner's course, is stated to have been remarkable for his acumen and logical method. He "insisted always on definiteness of thought and exactness of expression, and was in the habit of testing the knowledge of his favorite pupils by close scrutiny and criticism" (i., p. 90). This was exactly the discipline which Sumner, with his disposition to too diffusive study, required. We have mentioned the official connection and the personal friendship which existed between Mr. Justice Story and the elder Sumner. A still more intimate friendship sprung up between the judge and Charles Sumner. "I have in some sort," wrote the judge to him, "as the Scotch would say, an heritable right to your friendship." "The judge admired Sumner's zeal in study, enjoyed his society, and regarded him like a son. Sumner conceived a profound respect for the judge's character and learning, and was fascinated by his personal qualities. This friendship entered very largely into Sumner's life, and for many years gave direction to his thoughts and ambition" (i., p. 91).

On the death of Ashmun, Simon Greenleaf succeeded to the vacant professorship. His treatise on the "Law of Evidence" is as well known and as highly estimated in England as in America. Professor Greenleaf's interest in Sumner was hardly second to Story's, and his friendship for him continued long after his connection with the Law School had ceased. The elder Sumner gave a much-needed caution to his son. "Charles, while you study law, be not too discursive. Study your prescribed course well. That is enough to make you a lawyer. You may bewilder your mind by taking too wide a range" (i., p. 98). Some of his surviving fellow-students recall that he was not thought to have "a legal mind." On the other hand, Lord Brougham, a few years after this time, said "that he had never met with any man of Sumner's age of such extensive legal knowledge and natural legal intellect," and predicted "that he would prove an honor to the American bar" (ii., p. 83, notes).

The remark has been made, and we think with justice, that his writings, both in his early and his later years, show that he preferred to write upon the literature of the law rather than upon the law itself. "He is," wrote one of his friends to another, "to the law what he used to be to history, a repertory of facts to which we might all resort" (i., p. 99). His memory was not less extraordinary than his industry. Story said of him, "He has a wonderful memory; he keeps all his knowledge in order, and can put his hand on it in a moment." During his course in the Law School he acted as librarian, and successfully competed for a Bowdoin prize offered to resident graduates for the best dissertation on the theme, "Are the most Important Changes in Society Effected Gradually, or by Violent Revolutions?" The spirit in which he dealt with his subject may be inferred from the motto prefixed to his essay, taken from the "Agricola" of Tacitus, "*Per intervalla ac spiramenta temporum*" (i., p. 95). "The dissertation," says Mr. Pierce, "bears the marks of haste in composition and is marred by digressions. . . . While not falling below the similar efforts of clever young men, it is not prophetic of future distinction" (i., pp. 105–107).

He studied so severely and continuously that his friends feared that his health would fail.

He now began a career as an author. While still at the Law School he contributed two articles on legal subjects to the *North American Review*, and he also sent to the *American Jurist* the first of a long series of contributions. The *Jurist* was a law periodical of high rank, and numbered among its contributors many men of eminence at the American bar. The subject of Sumner's first contribution was a review of a lecture at King's College, London, by Professor J. J. Park, on "Courts of Equity." It defined at some length, and with happy illustrations, the distinction between law and equity, and is described by Story, in his "Equity Jurisprudence," as a "forcible exposition of the prevalent errors on the subject," and "as full of useful comment and research."

Mr. W. W. Story, the judge's son, supplies an interesting sketch of Sumner at this time, from which we make the following extract: —

He had little imagination or fancy, and better loved strong, manly sentiments and

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

thoughts within the range of the understanding, and solid facts and statements of principles. . . . He was without all those tastes which are almost universal with men of his age. As for dancing, I think he never danced a step in his life. Of all men I ever knew at his age, he was the least susceptible to the charms of women. . . . It was in vain for the loveliest and liveliest girl to seek to absorb his attention. . . . Though he was an interesting talker, he had no lightness of hand. He was kindly of nature, interested in everything, but totally put off his balance by the least *persiflage*, and if it was tried on him, his expression was one of complete astonishment. He was never ready at a retort, tacked slowly like a frigate when assaulted by stinging feluccas, and was at this time almost impervious to a joke. He had no humor himself, and little sense of it in others; and his jests, when he tried to make one, were rather cumbrous. But in plain sailing no one could be better or more agreeable. He was steady and studious, and though genial, serious in his character. . . . I do not think in his earlier years he had any great ambition. *That* developed itself afterwards. Circumstances and accidents forced him forward to the van, and he became a leader terribly in earnest. He had the same high-mindedness, the same single aim at justice and truth, the same inflexible faith and courage then, that ever after characterized him.

We may add to this sketch, that neither while at college or at the Law School did Sumner show any signs of that power of public speaking which he displayed in his later years. On the contrary, in his appearances at the moot courts and the debating society connected with the Law School, he showed a want of such power. He was not fluent in speech, and felt a difficulty in selecting fit words to express his thoughts. A friend whom he consulted on this subject advised "a simpler style, with less effort and consciousness, and the rejection of large words, *sesquipedalia verba* (to which you know you are addicted), and uncommon, brilliant, and Gibbonic phrases. . . . You do not stumble, you utter rapidly enough. To be sure, you have not the *torrens dicendi*, and that is a very fortunate thing" (i., p. 94).

From his letters of this period we make this extract, on account of its prediction of the civil war, not, however, to be fulfilled until nearly thirty years had elapsed. The proclamation referred to is President Andrew Jackson's of December 1832, upon the occasion of the ordinance passed by South Carolina nullifying, so far as that State was concerned, an act of Congress.

We are truly in a sad state. Civil war, in a portentous cloud hangs over us. South Carolina, though the sorest part of our system, is not the only part that is galled. Georgia cannot stomach the high Federal doctrines which the president has set forth in his proclamation, and upon which the stability of the country rests. That is a glorious document, worthy of any president. Our part of the country rejoices in it as a true exposition of the Constitution, and a fervid address to those wayward men who are now plunging us into disgrace abroad and misery at home (i., p. 117).

The Rev. Dr. Osgood, a well-known minister of the Unitarian Church at New York, who saw a good deal of Sumner while a law student, writes of him, "He had great strength of conviction on ethical subjects, and decided religious principle; and yet he was little theological, much less ecclesiastical" (i., p. 117). Sumner's religious opinions at this time — which, so far as we know from these volumes or otherwise, he never changed — are expressed in a letter to a friend, then a student at Andover Theological Seminary, who had written pressing the Christian faith on Sumner's attention.

I attended Bishop Hopkins's lectures, and gave to them a severe attention. I remained, and still remain, unconvinced that Christ was divinely commissioned to preach a revelation to man, and that he was intrusted with the power of working miracles. But when I make this declaration, I do not mean to deny that such a being as Christ lived and went about doing good, or that the body of precepts which have come down to us as delivered by him were so delivered. I believe that Christ lived when and as the Gospel says; that he was more than man — namely, above all men who had as yet lived, and yet less than God; full of the strongest sense and knowledge, and of a virtue superior to any which we call Roman, or Grecian, or Stoic, and which we best denote when, borrowing his name, we call it *Christian*. I pray you not to believe that I am insensible to the goodness and greatness of his character. My idea of human nature is exalted when I think that such a being lived and went as a man amongst men. And here, perhaps, the conscientious unbeliever may find good cause for glorifying his God, not because he sent his son into the world to partake of its troubles and be the herald of glad tidings, but because he suffered a man to be born, in whom the world should see but one of themselves, endowed with qualities calculated to elevate the standard of attainable excellence. . . . I do not think that I have any basis for faith to build upon. I am without religious feeling. I seldom refer my happiness or acquisitions to the Great Father from whose mercy they are derived. Of the first great commandment, then, upon which so much hangs, I live in perpetual unconsciousness — I will not say disregard, for that perhaps

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

would imply that it was present to my mind. I believe, though, that my love to my neighbor — namely, my anxiety that my fellow-creatures should be happy — and disposition to serve them in their honest endeavors, is pure and strong. Certainly I do feel an affection for everything that God has created, *and this feeling is my religion.* "He prayeth well who loveth well both man and bird and beast," [he adds]. I ask you not to imagine that I am led into the above sentiment by the lines I have just quoted, the best of Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," but rather that I seize the lines to express and illustrate my feeling (i., p. 118, conf. ii., pp. 261–267).

This frank confession of unbelief would certainly have excluded its maker from any of the Churches of the Old World or the New; but if, instead of the creeds and standards of the Churches, we take the saying attributed to the author of Christianity, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another" (John xiii. 45), or the test of character by which he proposed to test mankind at the final judgment (Matt. xxv. 31–46), there can be no doubt that Jesus himself would have owned Charles Sumner as one of his disciples in preference to many a rigidly orthodox follower of Luther or of Calvin.

It would appear from a letter to his brother George, written on the death of their sister Mary, that Sumner was a believer in human immortality (ii., p. 321).

In January 1834, Sumner entered as a student the office of Mr. Rand of Boston, a lawyer of great practice and extensive learning, and possessed of a remarkably well-stored library. The drudgery of an office was little to Sumner's taste, and his time was mostly devoted to the composition of articles for the *American Jurist.* In the May following he became one of its editors, and contributed more than one hundred pages to the July number. On one of his articles a friend made this critical remark, which was probably applicable to them all, "Your article on replevin was learned, and well and logically expressed. It was an extraordinary article for a young man, but it is not practical. You seem to delight in the speculative in the choice of your articles." His office and literary work was varied by visits to Washington and Philadelphia. At Washington, the friendship of Story secured him unusual civilities from the judges of the Supreme Court, and he made the acquaintance of many eminent members of the bar, as well as of other persons. One of these was Dr. Francis Lieber, a German settled in America, with whom Sumner during the part of his life related in these volumes kept up a constant correspondence. One of his Washington acquaintance "went so far at the time as to predict for him the highest judicial station, unless he should be diverted by literary tastes."

A lady thus describes his appearance and rather eccentric manners at this time: —

When he came to Philadelphia in 1834, he had finished his course at the Law School, I think; but had almost put out his eyes with hard study, and was forced to come away for rest. He was then a great, tall, lank creature, quite heedless of the form and fashion of his garb, unsophisticated, everybody said, and oblivious of the propriety of wearing a hat in a city, going about in a rather shabby fur cap, but the fastidiousness of fashionable ladies was utterly routed by the wonderful charm of his conversation, and he was carried about triumphantly and introduced to all the distinguished people, young and old, who then made Philadelphia society so brilliant. No amount of honeying, however, could then affect him. His simplicity, his perfect naturalness was what struck every one, combined with his rare culture and his delicious youthful enthusiasm (i., p. 127).

Sumner was not impressed by the national capital. His description of Washington is from all accounts as true now as it was when written forty-three years ago. He writes to his parents: —

Here I am in the great city, or rather the city of great design, of spacious and far-reaching streets, without houses to adorn them or business to keep them lively, with a Capitol that would look proud amidst any European palaces, and with whole lines of houses which resemble much the erections at Cambridgeport and Lechmere Point — poor stunted houses, with stores beneath and boarding above.

There is nothing natural in the growth of the city. It only grows under the hotbed culture of Congress. There is no confluence of trade from different parts of the country, and no natural, commercial, or manufacturing advantage to induce persons to live here. So, for ought I see, it must forever remain as it is now — a place of winter resort, as the Springs are of summer resort, and be supported entirely by travellers and sojourners.

While travelling to Washington, he for the first time saw a sight which produced on him an ineffaceable impression. This impression moulded his after-career.

"For the first time I saw slaves, and my worst preconception of their appearance and ignorance did not fall as low as their actual stupidity. They appear to be nothing more than moving masses of flesh, unendowed with anything of intelligence

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

above the brutes. I have now an idea of the blight upon that part of our country in which they live" (i., pp. 133, 134).

How strong the Puritan traditions and influences still were in Boston in Sumner's youth appears from the contrast he draws between a Boston and a Washington Sunday, on which day he dined *en famille* with the judges of the Supreme Court.

"Sunday here is a much gayer day than with us; no conversation is forbidden, and nothing which goes to cause cheerfulness, if not hilarity. The world and all its things are talked of as much as on any other day" (i., p. 137).

With no forecast of the part he was to fill in the legislature, he writes to his friend Professor Greenleaf:—

I probably shall never come to Washington again, and therefore I shall do myself best service by making the most of this visit. I wish to become acquainted with the manner and appearance of those gentlemen whose speeches I am to read for some years, and with whose fame the country rings from side to side.

Notwithstanding the attraction afforded by the Senate, and the newspaper fame which I see the politicians there acquire, I feel no envy therefore, and no disposition to enter the unweeded garden in which they are laboring, even if its gates were wide open to me; in plain language, I see no political condition that I should be willing to desire, even if I thought it within my reach — which, indeed, I do not think of the humblest (i., p. 141).

On Sumner's return from Washington, Story offered him an appointment as instructor at the Harvard Law School — in fact, Story and Greenleaf seemed to have had a strong determination to have Sumner not only as their colleague, but as one of their successors at that Law School (i., p. 150).

Sumner, however, declined the proffered appointment, and at the beginning of September 1834, being then aged twenty-three, he was, after a recommendation by the bar of Worcester County, admitted an attorney of the Massachusetts State Court of Common Pleas.* On this occasion, with prophetic insight, the same friend whose criticisms on Sumner's speeches and writings we have already quoted wrote of him:—

Let me speak plainly what I discern and feel. You are not rough-shod enough to travel in the stony and broken road of homely, harsh, everyday practice. You were neither made for it by the hand of nature, nor have you wrought and fashioned yourself to it by that less cunning but still most potent artificer, practice. All your inclinations (I but see through a glass darkly) and all your habits set you on with a strong tendency towards a green eminence of fame and emolument in your profession; but you are not destined to reach it by travelling through the ordinary business of a young lawyer in the courts (i., p. 128.)

For the next three years Sumner followed his profession at Boston, and in June 1835 he was appointed by Story a commissioner of the United States Circuit Court, and reporter of "Story's Opinions" in that court. In the winters of 1835, 1836, and 1837, he gave instruction at the Law School in Story's absence.

"In the last of these periods he had the chief responsibility of the school in the absence of both Story and Greenleaf. As a teacher he did not make a strong impression of any kind on the students, but he appears to have realized a fair measure of success for so young a lawyer." During these years he also continued in the editorship of the *American Jurist*, to which also he was a constant contributor, and in other literary labors, mostly of a legal kind, he was abundant. "My labors in the *Jurist*," he wrote, "are pressing and heavy, and lack the exciting stimulus of pecuniary profit. Indeed, I fear that exertions like mine will meet with very slight return in the way of this world's gear" (i., p. 167). But in Sumner's case, as in Macaulay's, "the pleasure of writing paid itself," * and he loved law and knowledge for their own sakes. He wrote to a young lawyer whom he had recommended for editor of some law cases:—

Don't regard the money as the pay. It's the knowledge you will get — the stimulus under which your mind will act, when you feel that you are reading law for a *purpose* and an *end* other than the bare getting of information, every spur and ambition exciting you. Depend upon it, no engraver will trace the law on your mind in such deep characters (i., pp. 167–169).

Sumner [at this period, writes Pierce] succeeded as well as the average of young lawyers, but he did not step into a lucrative practice, nor obtain the business which, with his laborious studies and many friends, he had expected. He was too much absorbed in amateur studies to become a shrewd and ready practitioner, and his mind, while so employed, was less inclined to the petty details of an office. His engagement at the Law School

* It will be remembered that in America there is not the distinction which exists in England between "the *bar*," and "solicitors," or the more ancient and honorable but now abolished order of attorneys, of whom the writer may say, "*Quorum pars minima fui.*"

* *Vide* Letters to Napier, Life, vol, i., pp. 452–464.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

for the first three months of the year — the busiest season for a lawyer — seriously invaded the regularity of office hours, keeping him at Cambridge every alternate day at some seasons. Clients are quick to detect such departures from the professional routine, and prefer some painstaking attorney who is always to be found at his desk. But while with continuous devotion to the profession he would doubtless have attained a very respectable rank at the bar, it may be questioned whether he had the qualities which draw to a lawyer "litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees." According to tradition, he weighted his arguments with learning where only a skilful handling of testimony would have been most effective; and was not gifted with the quickness of perception which is as essential in the court-room as in the field. His tastes and qualilies of mind fitted him rather for a position as judge or teacher, where his chief duty would be the exposition of the principles of the law. But he expressed no discontent with his profession, and certainly had no thought of leaving it. His enthusiasm in the study of jurisprudence as a science was unabated (i., p. 149).

He still gave no promise of distinction as an orator, while amongst his acquaintance several men, no older than himself, had already won public favor on the platform. At this time, too, he was persuaded for the first and only time to venture some money in a speculation. He lost all he invested, but he comforted himself under his disappointment with the reflection, that, "if he had lost money, he had gained experience." "I have learned," he wrote to a friend, "a valuable lesson; money and business dissolve all the ties and bonds of friendship."

During these years also he continued to increase his acquaintance. Through Story he became acquainted with the judge's classmate, Dr. Channing, whose book on slavery was published in 1835. The influence which this great and benevolent man had on Sumner's after-life is hardly to be overrated. "He was my friend," Sumner wrote on occasion of Channing's death, "and I may almost say my idol for nearly ten years. For this period I have enjoyed his confidence in no common way." One of Sumner's published orations, "The Philanthropist" ("Works," i., 284–298), is a tribute to the memory of his revered friend. At this time Sumner was not in general society nor a visitor at many houses. His most intimate associates were a group of young men of his own age who called themselves "the Five of Clubs." All, says Mr. Pierce, achieved an honorable place in literature, but of them, besides Sumner, so far as we know, only H. W. Longfellow has gained any fame on this side of the Atlantic.

The "Five" came together almost weekly, generally on Saturday afternoon. They met simply as friends, with common tastes and the fullest sympathy with each other, talking of society, the week's experiences, new books, their individual studies, plans, and hopes, and of Europe, which Longfellow and Cleveland had seen, and which the others longed to see. They loved good cheer, but observed moderation in their festivities. A table simply spread became a symposium when Felton [professor of Greek at Harvard University], with his joyous nature, took his seat amongst his friends; and the other four were not less genial and hearty. There was hardly a field of literature which the one or the other had not traversed, and they took a constant interest in each other's studies. Each sought the criticism of the rest upon his own book, essay, or poem, before it was given to the public. Their mutual confidence seemed to know no limit of distrust or fear of possible alienation; and they revealed, as friends do not often reveal, their inner life to each other (i., p. 161).

At this period, unlike most young lawyers, Sumner still took no interest in politics; but his letters show that his spirit was beginning to be stirred within him on the slavery question.

You [he writes, January 1836, to his constant correspondent, Francis Lieber] are in the midst of slavery. . . . What think you of it? Should it longer exist? Is not emancipation practicable? We are becoming Abolitionists at the North fast. The riots, the attempt to abridge the freedom of discussion, Governor M'Duffie's message, and the conduct of the South generally, have caused many to think favorably of immediate emancipation who never before inclined to it. [And again, to the same friend in 1837] Miss Martineau's book * will be published in a few days, and will make the feathers fly. From the extracts published in the papers, her work will be of a most decided character, mowing to the right and left with keenness and effect. I hope her castigation will do good. Already calumny has beset her amongst us, and she is classed with Hall and Trollope. Her comments on slavery are said to be scorching. I do not regret this. I hope through her some truth may reach the South. Perhaps her book may be burned by the hangman; certainly it will be placed on the *index expurgatorius* of the South. I wonder that your free spirit can endure the bondage to which opinion at the South must subject you, tying your tongue and taming all your expressions (i., pp. 173, 191).

We make one more extract from the

* Miss Martineau had made the acquaintance of Sumner and his friend Hillard when in the States, and pronounced them to be "glorious fellows."

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

letters of this period, because it contains Sumner's opinion on a matter interesting to English lawyers, and his opinion strikes us as singularly weighty. Writing to Professor Mittermaier, of Heidelburg, respecting the proposed codification of the law of Massachusetts, he says: —

Among us the *codification* proposed is simply *revision* and *redaction* — the reduction of a portion of the vast mass of decided cases (*jurisprudence des arrêts*) to a written text, thus establishing, as it were, a stratum of *written* law, which will give firmness and solidity to that portion which remains unwritten. By such a course, it seems to me that we in a great degree avoid the evils pointed out by Savigny and the historical school. We still preserve the historical features of the law, not presuming to frame a new system from *new* materials, without consulting the previous customs, habits, and history of the country. The error of Jeremy Bentham and of John Locke was in supposing that they in their closets could frame *de novo* a code for the people. Locke prepared a code a century ago for one of the North American colonies, which proved a signal failure (i., p. 189).

Here is another noteworthy passage from a letter written about this time to his friend Lieber —

I yesterday talked with Fletcher (member of Congress and afterwards a judge) about your "political ethics." We debated the question whether a citizen should be obliged under a *penalty* to vote, as he is to serve on the jury. If voting be a duty and not a privilege, should not the duty be enforced by law? At our recent election two of our wealthiest citizens, whose position is mainly accorded on account of their wealth, declined voting. Their immense property was protected by the law, and yet they would not interfere or assist in the choice of the law-makers. I wish you would ponder this question for your book. I promised Mr. Fletcher that he should some day read a solution of it from your pen (i., p. 205).

It may one day be necessary for English Parliamentary reformers to consider this question.

We wish we had space to transfer at length to our pages a letter to a law student, containing most admirable advice how to study law as a science. Should this review fall into the hands of any of that class of students, we trust it may induce them to study the letter itself. We have room only for these extracts: —

Let me suggest that you should not hesitate to propose to yourself the highest standard of professional study and acquirement. . . . Keep the high standard in your mind's eye, and you will certainly reach some desirable point.

I am led to make these suggestions from knowing, from my experience with law students, that the whisperings of their indolence, and the suggestions of practitioners with more business than knowledge, lead them to consider that all proper professional attainments may be stored up with very slight study. I know from observation that great learning is not necessary in order to make money at the bar, and that, indeed, the most ignorant are often among the wealthiest lawyers; but I would not dignify their pursuit with the name of a profession: it is in nothing better than a trade. . . . Pursue the law as a science, study it in books, and let the result of your studies ripen from meditation and conversation in your own mind. Make it a rule never to pass a phrase or sentence or proposition which you do not understand. If it is not intelligible — so indeed that a clear idea is stamped upon your mind — consult the references in the margin and other works which treat of the same subject, and do not hesitate, moreover, to confess your ignorance or inability to understand it, and seek assistance from some one more advanced in the pursuit.

Our remaining extract illustrates the tendency of Sumner's mind to study and write on the literature about the law rather than the law itself: —

Diligently study the characters of reporters and judges. . . . I assure you it is of comparatively easy accomplishment to familiarize yourself with the character of every reporter, and of all the important judges in English history. To this end read legal biography wherever you can lay your hands upon it. . . . Study legal biography; acquaint yourself with the time of publication of every legal work, and the repute in which it has been held; examine its preface, and look at the book itself, so that you may have it bodily before you whenever you see it referred to (i., pp. 206, 209).*

Sumner had long been desirous of visiting Europe, and especially England. He said, "The visions of boyhood and of the lengthened shadows of youth and manhood will then be realized, and I shall see what has so often filled my mind and imagination." "My journey," he wrote to a friend, "will not be peculiarly legal. I shall aim to see *society* in all its forms which are accessible to me; to see men of all characters, to observe institutions and laws, to go circuits, and attend terms and parliaments, and then come home and be happy" (i., p. 192).

* Sumner afterwards edited Vesey Junior's "Reports," adding valuable biographical notes, of which specimens will be found in "Memoir," vol. ii., p. 284, *et seq.*

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Towards the close of 1837 he proceeded to carry out his design. It was a bold venture for one in his position. "In going abroad," he writes in his journal, "at my present age, and situated as I am, I feel I take a bold, almost a rash, step. One should not easily believe that he can throw off his clients and whistle them back, as a huntsman does his pack. But I go for purposes of education, and to gratify longings which prey upon my mind and time" (i., p. 214).

He had not saved enough out of his professional income to pay the expense of the journey, far more expensive then than now, for as yet no passenger steamer had passed between the Old World and the New, and the railway systems both of England and the Continent were in their early infancy. Indeed, it is doubtful whether even that term was then applicacable to the Continental railway system. What was lacking in his own resources was made up by loans generously offered by Story and other friends. It was not without serious misgivings that Story and Greenleaf saw their friend and former pupil set out for Europe. "They feared — an apprehension well founded — that the foreign experiences he counted upon would wean him from his profession. President Quincy [of Harvard University], in a parting interview, touched his sensitiveness by telling him rather bluntly that all Europe would do for him would be to spoil him, sending him home with a moustache and cane, — a remark meant in kindness, but with Sumner's reverent regard for the president, disturbing him for months afterwards whenever his memory recurred to his vacant law office" (i. p. 199). The fears of his friends that he would return from Europe spoilt were unfounded. Sumner, in the first entry made in the journal which he kept during his tour, expressed "an unabated determination on his return to devote himself faithfully to the duties of an American."

He was unusually fortunate in obtaining letters of introduction to many members of the English aristocracy, of the bench and of the bar, as well as to men of letters, and through his friend Lieber to several distinguished foreign jurists. His friend Mr. James A. Wortley (the late recorder of London), truly said of his English tour, "You have had better opportunities of seeing all classes of society, and all that is interesting amongst us, than any other of your countrymen" (ii., p. 140).

It is the extracts from the letters he wrote and the journal he kept during this tour, especially those relating to his visit to this country, which are the great attraction of this book for English readers.

He sailed from New York for Havre, December 8, 1837. As was natural in a New Englander, he notes, on nearing the coasts of Devon and Cornwall, "My mind has felt a thrill under the associations of these waters; it is my first experience of the rich memories of European history. On my left now are the cliffs of England, Plymouth, from which the pilgrim ancestors of New England last started to come to our bleak places" (i., p. 215). His first European experiences were gained at Havre, where he landed December 28, "with antiquity staring at him from every side." The chief points in which he found Havre to differ from an American city "were (1) antiquity; (2) dress of women with caps, and without bonnets in the street; (3) labor of women; (4) presence of the military and police, a soldier or policeman presenting himself at every turn; (5) narrowness and dirt of the streets; (6) houses of stone, and narrow and chimney-like" (i., p. 219). Another point of difference struck the descendant of Puritans. "Here," he writes, "Sunday shines no Sabbath day," all things proceed as on week-days.

At Rouen he first saw one of those great historic monuments which have such a peculiar charm for educated Americans, who feel as Sumner felt that theirs is a country which has no prescription, no history, and no associations (i., p. 264).

> The cathedral (of Rouen) is the great lion of the north of France, and is said to be the finest specimen of Gothic architecture on the Continent. Certainly it is vast and elaborate, transcending all that my imagination had pictured as the result of this architecture. The minuteness of the workmanship testifies that it was done by those who commanded hands for labor with a facility not unlike that which summoned the thousands of laborers who raised the pyramids of Egypt. I can hardly imagine such a work at the present day. No building, unless it be Westminster Abbey, abounds more in historical associations. Enlarged, if not built, by the ancient dukes of Normandy anterior to the conquest of England, it is the chosen place where the bones of many of them repose. Here are the remains of Rollo, the first Duke of Normandy and the ancestor of the Conqueror, and over them an effigy of William the Long Sword, his son; of Henry, the father of Cœur de Lion; and here the lion heart was itself deposited. At a later day the remains of the Duke of Bedford — the English regent of France, discomfited by the Maid of Orleans — were deposited here, and an inscription behind the great altar

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

marks the spot. Different parts in the neighborhood of altars are occupied by inscriptions and engraved effigies of bishops, archbishops, cardinals, and other eminent men, whose standing or character gave them admission after death to this company. Over all was the vast Gothic roof, stretching on with its ancient and numerous arches in imposing perspective; and the light which was shed upon this scene came through richly painted windows, where were martyrdoms and sufferings and triumphs such as the history of Christianity records — and here was I, an American — whose very hemisphere had been discovered long since the foundation of this church, whose country had been settled, in comparison with this foundation, but yesterday — introduced to these remains of past centuries, treading over the dust of archbishops and cardinals, and standing before the monuments of kings, and the founder of a dynasty the greatest and best-established of modern Europe. Now, indeed, may I believe in antiquity, and in the acts which are recorded. Often, in fancy, have I doubted if such men as history mentions ever lived, and did what we are told they did; if William of Normandy actually conquered England, and if indeed such a place as England existed for him to conquer. But this fancy, this pyrrhonism of the imagination, is now exploded. These monuments and their inscriptions, with the traces of centuries upon them, in this holy place, bear testimony to what I have read (i., p. 222).

From Rouen, Sumner went to Paris, where he was present at the closing of the once notorious gaming-house, Frascati's, having for that purpose hastened to be in Paris by New Year's eve, after which date all the "hells" of Paris were by law to be closed. But it was not for such sights that he came to Paris. He devoted himself, in the first instance, to acquire the French language, and with so much energy and success, that although, when "he arrived in Paris, he could understand hardly a sentence in French when spoken to him, in less than a month he could follow a lecturer, in six weeks participate in conversation, and at the end of three months he served as an interpreter before a magistrate on the examination of a fellow-countryman" (i., p. 228).

His industry while in Paris was immense. He attended one hundred and fifty or more lectures, not only on law, but other departments of knowledge. He frequented the hospitals, and witnessed the leaders of the medical profession, surrounded by their pupils, attending on the patients. To the Chambers and the theatres he was a frequent visitor. A visit to the Bibliothéque de St. Genevieve, with its two hundred thousand books and thirty thousand manuscripts, led him to this reflection: "What is authorship? Here are two hundred thousand volumes. Who knows the names of the wise, and learned, and laborious who built on them confident hopes of immortality on earth? The pages of an unread catalogue are the only roll of fame on which most of their names are inscribed, and dust gathers over the leaves of the works on which long lives have been consumed. It seems like passing through tombs and a city of the dead to walk through a large library; for here how many aspirations — proud and high-reaching as the stars — hopes, and longings, lie buried" (i., p. 230).

A comparison of the French, English, and American press caused him "to feel strongly the pettiness of the politics of his country, their provincialism, and their lack of interest for the cosmopolite" (i., p. 235).

When attending a lecture on the "Institutes" of Justinian by Professor Ducaurroy, he saw a sight which no doubt tended to influence his future actions, for on more than one occasion afterwards he publicly referred to it.

> Among the audience I noticed two or three blacks, or rather mulattoes — two-thirds black, perhaps — dressed quite *à la mode*, and having the easy, jaunty air of young men of fashion, who were well received by their fellow-students. They were standing in the midst of a knot of young men, and their color seemed to be no objection to them. I was glad to see this; though, with American impressions, it seemed very strange. It must be, then, that the distance between free blacks and the whites among us is derived from education, and does not exist in the nature of things (i., p. 242).

The then existing Chamber of Peers appeared to him

> A highly respectable assembly. The style of debate [he adds] was entirely creditable; it was animated and courteous. Indeed, I can hardly imagine an assembly appearing more respectable, or a debate conducted with more of that spirit by which truth and the public good are best advanced. Yet I cannot help recording that I observed a peer standing in a most prominent place, on the elevation of the president's chair, and in conversation with the president, with his thumbs stuck in the armholes of his waistcoat, which I remember hearing years ago was a Yankee trick (i., p. 262).

He conceived a great admiration for Louis Philippe.

> There is no individual [he writes] about whom I have more changed my mind by coming to Paris than Louis Philippe. I had hitherto esteemed him a sensible, prudent, but ordinary

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

sovereign. I find him a great one — truly great — mingling in business as much as his ministers, and controlling them all. He is more than his cabinet. Measures emanate from him. With skill that is wonderful, he has reined in the Revolution of July (i., p. 262).

This is high praise of him whom one who knew him well called "*le plus grand fourbe de l'Europe.*" *

It would be unjust to condemn for want of foresight a young man of twenty-seven, which was Sumner's age when in Paris; but it was Louis Philippe's control of his ministers and his reining in the Revolution of July, for which Sumner pronounced him to be a great sovereign, which led to the overthrow of the monarchy of July, as is well shown in the recently published "Memoirs" of M. Odillon Barrot.

The following sketch of the Chamber of Deputies of 1838 is interesting: —

I was infinitely disappointed in the appearance of the president. It was ordinary, and almost vulgar; and yet he is the famous M. Dupin, the editor of Pothier, the writer of sundry matters of law, and the sayer of several smart and memorable things. His head was partially bald, and the hair left was brushed smooth and sleek. Perhaps, on seeing this famous man nearer, I might alter the above impressions; but they are those of a first sight. I noticed in the Chamber of Peers what I thought was a Yankee trick; in the Chamber of Deputies I noticed others. For a good part of the debate, a *huissier*, whose place was very conspicuous, being directly on a level with the president, sat with his chair on its hind legs. Another, M. Salvaney, the minister of public instruction, sat for some time cutting with his penknife the mahogany desk before him. There were a good many speakers, one of whom was quite prominent, being able, eloquent, and humorous. This was the Count Joubert. He made a very severe attack on the ministry, which produced a sensible effect. He was very witty and caustic, and was constantly interrupted by cries of "*Tres bien*," or by murmurs of dissent, or more frequently by laughs at his sarcasm. I observed all the distinguished members of the House and scanned their features. Guizot is justly eminent. His literary labors have been immense, and his political elevation is now as distinguished as his literary. He is no longer in the ministry, but he is intensely regarded by all parties for the expansion of his views and their deep philosophical reflection. His forehead is high, but he is not bald, though his hair is thin. His face is mild and gentle in its expression. M. Thiers, the celebrated author of the "History of the French Revolution," is a most distinguished member of the Chamber. I did not hear him speak, but I narrowly regarded him. He is but little above the middle size, with sleek black hair, and with a bright countenance, which seemed to content itself with short and momentary looks. Lafitte sat on the extreme *gauche;* that is, at the extreme of the Liberal section. He was the great leader of the Revolution of July. His appearance is prepossessing. One would hardly expect to find in the gentlemanly person with silver locks, who sat so quietly during an exciting debate, the leader of a revolution. Odillon Barrot sat by his side, and his whole frame and features seemed to be in constant motion. His appearance was neat, attractive, and gentlemanly; but I saw him from a distance, so that I could not discern his particular features. The great astronomer Arago, who has mingled very much in politics, and who is an extreme Liberal, sat by his side. On the opposite side of the house was Lamartine, a tall, thin man, looking like a poet, of whom I had but an imperfect view; also Berryer, the eloquent Carlist, with his blue coat buttoned high up in his neck, and his burly face full of blood and passion. The members of the Chamber sat with their hats off, and generally preserved a respectful deportment; but they interrupted the speaker at pleasure, with notes of admiration or dissent, to as great an extent, I should think, as in the English Parliament (i., p. 268).

At the different courts of justice Sumner was a constant attendant and a shrewd critic.

A French court [he writes to Judge Story] is a laughable place. To me it is a theatre, and all the judges, advocates, and parties "merely players." In those particulars in which they have borrowed from the English law, they have got hold of about half of the English principle, and forgotten the rest. Thus they have juries. These they imported from England, but with none of the regulations by which the purity of our verdict is secured.

In the Court of Cassation [he notes in his journal] I heard M. Laborde, on one side, make what I thought a very beautiful speech, animated, flowing, *French.* He used a brief, which appeared to contain the quotations only which he made. I think the whole argument had been written out and committed to memory. Dupin was quiet and dry in his delivery, having his whole argument *written out*, reading it without pretending to look off his paper. He appeared here, as in the Chamber of Deputies, "vulgar."

In a letter to Story he wrote, "Dupin, the first lawyer of France, is not equal to Daniel Webster." To another friend he wrote: —

I am diligently studying the French code, in which I find much to admire. The whole

* M. Thiers, *vide* Sir John Bowring's "Recollections," p. 137.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

procedure has struck me most favorably. I will only say at present, that those who have spoken and written about it in England and in the United States have not understood it, or else have calumniated it grossly. A *tertium quid* which should be the result of the French and English manner of procedure would be as near perfection as I can imagine; but I am inclined to think — indeed, I am convinced — that if I were compelled to adopt the *whole* of either without admixture, I should take the French. My mind is full of this subject, but I will not enlarge upon it at present (i., pp. 282–284).

Although he admired the French law, he did not extend his admiration to French lawyers.

The *horizon* of the French lawyer [he writes to Professor Greenleaf] is extremely limited. Foreign nations, with their various laws, are nothing to him. Strong in the Chinese conceit that France is the celestial nation, he neglects with a truly Mohammedan indifference all but his own peculiar jurisprudence, and in the study of this I am strongly inclined to believe that he generally bounds his labors by the perusal of the codes and some few of the commentators. I write this with some hesitation, not, however, because what I have seen has left any doubt upon my mind, but because I am reluctant to judge foreigners. But one of the most distinguished of their professors made a confession to me similar to what I have stated above.

Writing to Story, he reiterates this opinion, and adds: —

I cannot hesitate in saying that the learning of the profession is of the most shallow kind. The code is the *vade mecum*, "the be-all and end-all" with the French *avocat:* this he possesses in a neat pocket edition, the different codes designated by the different color of the leaves, and carries with him to court. Among the younger lawyers whom I have met, I have found the greatest ignorance with respect even to the modern authors of France. . . . I can assure you without vanity (for between us there is no such thing) that I have several times felt that my acquaintance with the literature of French jurisprudence, and with the character and merit of its authors, was equal if not superior to that of many of the Frenchmen with whom I conversed. With them now it is indeed *Nil præter edictum prætoris*, the code and nothing but the code. Ignorant as they are of their own jurisprudence, it would seem superfluous to add that they know nothing of foreign jurisprudence, nothing of English and American in particular (i., pp. 287, 292).

His admiration of the code increased.

I have been most agreeably disappointed in the penal code. There is much in it which we must adopt. Would that I could draw a sponge over all our criminal law, whether by statute, custom, precedent, or however otherwise evidenced. When I see the simplicity, neatness, and common sense of the procedure here, I sigh over the cumbrous antiquated forms and vocabulary which we persist in retaining. But this is not to be discussed at the end of a letter. I shall return not simply a codifier, but a *revolutionist*, always ready, however, I trust, to be illuminated by the superior wisdom of my friends (i., p. 288).

His avowedly strong preference for some points in the French procedure alarmed the professor.

Greenleaf [writes Lieber to Sumner] runs up and down the coast of the Atlantic like an anxious hen, while you, a young duck, swim lustily on the ocean. He is very much afraid you will become too *principled* and too *unprecedented* (ii., p. 7).

The impression produced on Sumner by his sojourn in Paris is thus stated to Story: —

I have never felt myself so much an American, have never loved my country so ardently, as since I left it. I live in the midst of manners, institutions, and a form of government wholly unlike those under which I was born; and I now feel in stronger relief than ever the superior character impressed upon our country in all the essentials of happiness, honor, and prosperity. I would not exchange my country for all that I can see and enjoy here; and dull must his soul be, unworthy of an American, who would barter the priceless intelligence which pervades his whole country, the universality of happiness, the absence of beggary, the reasonable equality of all men as regards each other and the law, and the general vigor which fills every member of society, besides the high moral tone, and take the state of things which I find here, where wealth flaunts by the side of the most squalid poverty, where your eyes are constantly annoyed by the most disgusting want and wretchedness, and where American purity is inconceivable (i., p. 288).

Sumner left Paris for England 29th May 1838. With what feelings he approached this country we see from another letter to Story.

I start for England, and how my soul leaps at the thought! Land of my studies, my thought, and my dreams! Then indeed "shall I pluck the life of life." Much have I enjoyed and learned at Paris, but my course has been constantly impeded by the necessity of unremitted study. The language was foreign, as were the manners, the institutions, and the laws. I have been a learner daily; I could understand nothing without study. But in England everything will be otherwise. The page of English history is a familiar story; the English law has been my devoted pursuit for years, English politics my pastime, and the

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

English language is my own. I shall then leap at once to the full enjoyment of all the mighty interests which England affords, and I shall be able at once to mingle with its society, catch its tone, and join in its conversation, attend the courts, and follow all their proceedings as those at home (ii., p. 294).

"Sumner's acquaintance with English society," truly says his biographer, "was wider and more various than any previously enjoyed by an American, and even exceeded that of most Englishmen."

While in London or journeying in other parts of the British Islands, he mingled with the best society. His associations were not confined to any one set, but embraced persons widely divergent in professional callings, politics, tone of thought, and rank, — judges, lawyers, and divines; scholars eminent in literature, metaphysics, and science; titled persons who combined good breeding and intelligence; statesmen (Whig, Tory, and Radical), some of whom were aged and full of reminiscences of great orators; women, whose learning, cleverness, or grace enriched the thought and embellished the society of their day.

Sumner's opinions on English society and manners and institutions, and his judgments on the statesmen and lawyers he met, are given with unrestrained frankness in his journals and in his letters, especially those to Story and Greenleaf, and will be read with interest in this country. Some of the most striking of them we will transfer to these pages. We have seen with what feelings he anticipated his visit to England. He again gives expression to them in a letter to Story.

My pulses beat quick as I first drove from London Bridge to the tavern, and, with my head reaching far out of the window, caught the different names of streets so familiar by sound, but now first presented to the eye. As I passed the Inns, those chosen seats of ancient Themis, and caught the sight of Chancery Lane, I felt — but you will understand it all (i., p. 313).

This is surely the only instance in which that very squalid and dingy street, Chancery Lane, excited poetical feelings in any one's mind. "Paris," he said, "is great, vast, magnificent; but London is powerful, mighty, tremendous. The one has the manifestations of taste and art all about it, the other those of wealth and business."

Describing his first visit to the House of Commons, he writes to Story — "The business was dull, and — you will read it with astonishment — I slept under the gallery of the House of Commons."

His second visit was more successful. He was present on the 12th June, 1838, during a debate on the Irish Municipal Corporation Bill.

Need I tell you [he continues] the interest was thrilling during the whole time. Peel made a beautiful speech — polished, graceful, self-possessed, candid, or apparently candid, in the extreme. We have no man like him. Lord John Russell rose in my mind the more I listened to him. In person he is diminutive and rickety. He wriggled round, played with his hat, seemed unable to dispose of his hands or his feet; his voice was small and thin; but notwithstanding all this, a house of upwards of five hundred members was hushed to catch his slightest accents. You listened, and you felt that you heard a man of mind, of thought, and of moral elevation. Sheil then broke forth with one of his splendid bursts, full of animation in the extreme. He screamed and talked in octaves, and yet the House listened and the cheers ensued. Sir Edward Sugden [afterwards Lord St. Leonards] tried to speak; but calls of "Question," "Divide," and all sorts of guttural expectorating sounds from members in a corner or outstretched on the benches of the gallery prevented my catching a word of what he said during the half-hour he was on his legs. Sir John Campbell, the solicitor-general (Rolfe), and Follett all spoke; and of these, Follett was by far the best. O'Connell spoke several times, but only long enough to give me a taste of his voice, which is rich in the extreme, more copious and powerful than Clay's, though less musical (i., p. 316).*

Sir Charles Vaughan, once English minister to the United States, had been, when at Washington, on friendly terms with Judge Story; this led to a correspondence between Story and Mr. Justice Vaughan, the minister's brother, then one of the judges of the Common Pleas. Through him Sumner became acquainted with the judges and the leading members of the bar. With the English bar Sumner was highly impressed. "I cannot," he said, "sufficiently express my admiration of the heartiness and cordiality which pervade all the English bar. They are truly a band of brothers, and I have been received among them as one of them." The relations between the bar and the bench made a like impression on Sumner to that which they produced on Berryer.

J'ai assisté [he said on his visit to England in 1865] à toutes les cours de justice de votre pays, à toutes les délibérations judiciaires; j'ai été frappé de la situation qu'on y fait au barreau. Rien ne pouvait plus me toucher

* Of Lord John Russell Sumner wrote to Lieber, "You are right in your supposition about Lord John Russell. He is one of the greatest men I have seen in England."

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

que ces entretiens familiers entre le juge et l'avocat. Cela prouve à ce dernier l'attention qui lui est accordé; et j'y vois une garantie pour le sentiment d'indépendence qui doit appartenir à cet noble profession. I know nothing [wrote Sumner to Greenleaf] that has given me greater pleasure than the elevated character of the profession as I find it, and the relation of amity and brotherhood between the bench and the bar. The latter are really the friends and helpers of the judges. Good-will, graciousness, and good manners prevail constantly, and then the duties of the bar are of the most elevated character. I do not regret that my lines have been cast in the places where they are, but I cannot dismiss the feeling akin to envy with which I regard the noble position of the English barrister, with the intervention of the attorney to protect him from the feelings and prejudices of his client, and with a code of professional morals which makes his daily duties a career of the most honorable employment (i., p. 326).

We commend this opinion to those sciolists, as we venture to call them, who would efface the distinction hitherto existing in England between the senior and the junior branches of the legal profession.

Sumner heard

Lord Brougham despatch several cases in the Privy Council, and one or two were matters with which I was entirely familiar. I think I understand the secret of his power and weakness as a judge, and nothing that I have seen or heard tends to alter the opinion I had formed. As a judge he is electric in the rapidity of his movements; he looks into the very middle of the case when counsel are just commencing, and at once says, "There is such a difficulty (mentioning it) to which you must address yourself, and if you can't get over that I am against you." In this way he saves time, and gratifies his impatient spirit, but he offends counsel. Here is the secret.*

In the mean time Brougham is restless at table, writes letters, and, as Baron Parke assured me, wrote his great article in the *Edinburgh Review* for April last at the table of the Privy Council. I once saw an usher bring him a parcel of letters — I should think there must have been twenty-five — and he opened and read them, and strewed the floor about him with envelopes; and still the argument went on; and very soon Brougham pronounced the judgment in rapid, energetic, and perspicuous language — better than I have heard from any other judge on the bench.

This account of Brougham's judicial manner corroborates Mr. Greville's description of his demeanor at the hearing of the remarkable case of Swift *v.* Kelly. "On Saturday," writes Mr. Greville, "the court met, but no Brougham. They began, and in about two hours he made his appearance, read his letters, wrote notes, corrected some paper (for the press as I could see), and now and then attended to the cause, making flippant observations." * Sir David Brewster told Sumner "that he received several letters from Lord Brougham, written in court when chancellor, on *light*, one of them fourteen pages long" (i., p. 365). We fear that light must have been wanting in the chancellor's judgment in the case during the hearing of which his scientific dissertation was composed.

Sumner was introduced to Brougham by Joseph Parkes, the well-known Liberal solicitor, whose services to the party were recompensed under Lord John Russell's administration by his appointment, not to the benefit of the suitors or the profession, to the valuable office of taxing-master in chancery. Brougham took instantly to Sumner, and at their first meeting invited him to stay at Brougham Hall, saying, "Come down, and we will be quiet, and talk over the subject of codification." Sumner paid him the visit, but the subject of codification seems never to have been again mentioned between them. His account of Brougham at home is almost Boswellian, and exceedingly interesting. It confirms the accounts of Brougham's affection for and duty to his mother. The wife and daughter, as we believe was generally the case, were absent and from home, and Brougham's mother, then eighty-six, was the lady of the house. With her Sumner, like all those who had the honor and pleasure of her acquaintance, was particularly impressed and delighted.

Never [he notes] did I see a person who bore her years so well. During the dinner [Sumner writes to a friend] his lordship was constant in his attention to his mother, addressing her as "mother," and urging her to eat of particular dishes.

The title question was a puzzle to the young American.

I heard [continues Sumner] Mrs. Brougham address her son as "Lord Brougham." I could hardly make up my mind and my tongue to address this venerable woman as "Mrs. Brougham," which is all that belongs to her, and then speak to her son as "my lord."

His lordship took very little wine, less than I have seen any gentleman take at the head of

* The late Lord-Justice Knight Bruce, especially when, as vice-chancellor, he sat alone, was habitually guilty of the same fault.

* Greville's Journal, vol. iii., p. 260.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

his table in England; but if he have not that vice, which has been attributed to him, — and I fully believe he has it not, — he has another, which is perhaps as bad; certainly it is bad and vulgar beyond expression — I mean *swearing*. I have dined in company nearly every day since I have been in England, and I do not remember to have met a person who swore half so much as Lord Brougham; and all this in conversation with an aged clergyman. His manner was rapid, hurried, and his voice very loud.

He seemed uneasy and restless, and of course made me feel the same. His language, as you may well suppose, was vigorous and to the point. He told some capital stories of King William, from which I should infer, notwithstanding all the reports to the contrary, that he was on good terms with that monarch.

You remember Denman's famous appeal on the queen's trial, alluding to the slanders of the Duke of Clarence, "Come forth, thou slanderer!" Brougham said that the Duke of York, sitting in one corner of the House, said to a peer near him, "There is my brother William, he is always in some scrape;" while the Duke of Clarence, sitting on the other side of the house, whispered to his friend, "My brother Frederick is always saying some d——d absurd thing," each supposing the other referred to by Denman!

When asked by Sumner who then at the bar was most like Erskine, Brougham replied, "Nobody! there is a degenerate race now; there are no good speakers at the bar except Sir William Follett and Mr. Pemberton." He further spoke of Lord Langdale (than master of the rolls) as a person who had never done anything, and would never do anything, and who was an ordinary man,— an estimate which was certainly correct. A dinner at Lansdowne House was, according to Brougham, "a great cure for Radicalism."

Thus [continues Sumner] he passed from topic to topic, expressing himself always with force, correctness, and facility unrivalled; but I must say with a manner not only far from refined, but even vulgar. He had no gentleness nor suavity, neither did he show any of the delicate attentions of the host. He *professed* an interest in America, but did not seem to care to speak about it. He said he should certainly visit us, for, with the present facilities of intercourse, it were a shame in an Englishman to be ignorant of the practical working of our institutions. "I am a republican," said he, "or rather, I am for intrusting the people with the largest possible degree of power." He spoke to me [continues Sumner] in the most disparaging terms of the aristocracy; but I shall be afraid that he will not speak so much for truth's sake so as to promote his own fame and power, or perhaps to gratify a personal pique.

Sumner's acquaintance with Brougham is but an illustration of the old saying, "Familiarity breeds contempt." He might have said to Brougham, as Bentham used to say, "Harry, if you want to study insincerity, stand before a looking-glass." *

I am almost sorry [he writes] I have seen Lord Brougham, for I can no longer paint him to my mind's eye as the pure and enlightened orator of Christianity, civilization, and humanity. I see him now, as before, with powers such as belong to angels; why could I not have found him with an angel's purity, gentleness, and simplicity? I must always admire his productions as models of art, but I fear that I shall distrust his sincerity and the purity of his motives. . . . I am disposed to believe that there is in him a nervousness and immense activity which is near akin to insanity, and which at present jangles with the otherwise even measures of his character.

Mrs. Brougham told Sumner that once Brougham, when chancellor, apologized to William IV. for troubling him with so many petitions, when the king promptly replied, "I shall be glad to see you take anything out of the bag except the Great Seal." This shows that, in spite of the generally rude and rough demeanor of the sailor king, he was not without some of the craft and duplicity which his father showed in his intercourse with his ministers.

The well-known friendship between Brougham and Lyndhurst is illustrated by another Boswellian account of a dinner party at Brougham's, at which Lyndhurst and Sumner were amongst the guests: —

Lord Brougham presented me in the quiet way in which this always takes place in English society — "Mr. Sumner, one of our profession," without saying of what country I was. We had been at table an hour or more before he was aware that I was an American. I alluded to America and Boston, and also to Lord Lyndhurst's relations there, with regard to whom Lord Brougham had inquired, when Lyndhurst said, "When were you in Boston?" "It is my native place," I replied. "Then we are fellow-townsmen," said he, with a most emphatic knock on the table, and something like an oath.

He left Boston, he told me, when a year old. I was betrayed by the frankness of his manner into saying the rudest thing I have to my knowledge uttered in England. Brougham asked me the meaning and etymology of the word "caucus." I told him it was difficult to assign any etymology that was satisfactory; but the most approved one referred its origin to the very town where Lord Lyndhurst was born, and to the very period of his birth; in

* *Vide* Sir John Bowring's "Recollections," p. 294.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

this remark alluding to his age, which I was not justified in doing, especially as he wears a chestnut wig. Lord Brougham at once stopped me. "Yes," said he, "we know what period you refer to, about 1798." "Somewhere in the latter part of the century," I replied, anxious to get out of the scrape as well as I could by such a generality. I was gratified by Lyndhurst's calling upon me a few days afterwards, because it showed he had not been disturbed by my unintentional impertinence. The style of intercourse between Lyndhurst and Brougham, these two ex-chancellors, was delightful. It was entirely familiar. "Copley, a glass of wine with you." He always called him "Copley," and, pointing out an exquisite gold cup in the centre of the table, he said, "Copley, see what you would have had if you had supported the Reform Bill." It was a cup given to Lord Brougham by a penny subscription of the people of England. It was very amusing to hear them both join in abuse of O'Connell, while Charles Phillips entertained us with his Irish reminiscences of the "agitator," and of his many barefaced lies. "A damned rascal," said Lyndhurst, while Brougham echoed the phrase, and did not let it lose an added epithet (ii., p. 67).

This interview with Lord Lyndhurst probably modified the highly unfavorable opinion of him which Sumner had previously formed. "I heard Lyndhurst, and I cannot hesitate to pronounce him a master orator. All my prejudices are against him; he is unprincipled as a politician and a man. Notwithstanding all this, Lyndhurst charmed me like a siren. His manner is simple, clear, and directly enchaining the attention of all; we have nobody like him" (i., p. 323). It is interesting to read that

Lord Grey told Lord Wharncliffe on the evening of Brougham's speech on the Reform Bill that it was the greatest speech he ever heard in his life, and his life covered the period of Pitt and Fox.

In this judgment Lord Wharncliffe concurred. Mr. Rogers told me Sir Robert Peel said that he never knew what eloquence was till he heard Brougham's speech on the abolition of slavery in the West Indies (ii., p. 48).*

Brougham's estimate of himself, and of the object of his great aversion, Lord Durham, is shown by this characteristic anecdote.

Brougham said to Roebuck, "They say there will be a great contest between Durham and myself in the House of Lords. There will be no such thing. It were affectation not to *know* that I am a very great debater, and that Lord Durham is a very poor one; there can be therefore no *contest* between us (ii., p. 21).

* The speech referred to by Lord Grey was that on the second reading of the Reform Bill, October 7, 1831.

Lord Durham's appreciation of Brougham's truthfulness is shown by this occurrence. "I happened to tell a story," writes Sumner, "that I had heard from Lord Brougham. Durham looked me in the eye, and asked my authority for it. 'Lord Brougham; I had it from his own lips.' 'Did you ever verify it?' was the short but significant reply" (ii., p. 39).

With Lord Denman Sumner was equally intimate. He told Sumner that he considered the "wig" the silliest thing in England, and that he should try to get rid of it. The late Mr. Justice Allan Park, "a believer in the divinity of wigs," told Sumner "that it was all a piece of Denman's coxcombry; that he wished to show his person." Lord Brougham also seems to have been a believer in wigs, for he gave Sumner his "twelve-guinea full-bottomed wig" in which he made the speech on the Reform Bill to which Earl Grey referred. Lord Denman is long since gone, and there have been many changes in the law and its administration since his time, but the "wig" has survived them all, and to all appearance will continue to be the official head-dress of English lawyers. Sumner gave Brougham's wig to the Law School at Harvard. If it still exists, the students no doubt contemplate it with feelings akin to those of the Wesleyan Conference when on one occasion an old wig of John Wesley's was exhibited to its delighted gaze.

The sketches of the bar and bench as they were composed in the first years of the present reign are full and accurate. The especial object of Sumner's admiration among the judges was Lord Denman. So strong was the impression made by Denman on Sumner, that on Sumner's second visit to England (1857), at a dinner in Lincoln's Inn Hall, he said of him, "To have known him is among the valued possessions of life; to have seen him on the bench in the administration of justice, was to have a new idea of the elevation of the judicial character." The other judges whom Sumner especially admired were the chancellor (Lord Cottenham), Chief-Justice Tindal, Mr. Justice Patteson, and Mr. Baron Parke (Lord Wensleydale), although he pronounced the last to be not a little conceited and vain. "From Baron Alderson I heard a higher display of the judicial talent than from any other judge in England. The bar, however," he adds, "think him often unsafe." Lord Abinger he calls "the great failure of Westminster Hall." Among the members of the bar he considered the attorney-general

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

(Sir John, afterwards Lord Campbell) "a very powerful lawyer, but his manner is harsh and coarse, without delicacy or refinement."

Those who remember the late Sir William Follett — they are not many — will read with pleasure and assent the following sketch: —

Sir William Follett is a truly lovable person, and one great secret of his early success has been his amiability. As a speaker he is fluent, clear, and distinct, with a beautiful and harmonious voice. He seems to have a genius for law; when it comes to the stating a law point and its argument, he is at home, and goes without let or hindrance or any apparent exertion. . . . Strange thing in the history of the bar, he is equally successful in the House of Commons, where I have heard them call for "Follett, Follett," and here he shows a parliamentary eloquence of no common kind, and also wins by his attractive manner. . . . I do not think his politics are much founded on knowledge. Circumstances have thrown him into the Tory ranks, where he will doubtless continue. He has little or no information out of his profession, seems not to have read or thought much, and yet is always an agreeable companion. I feel an attachment for him, so gentle and kind have I always found him.

Of Follett's colleague (the late Sir Frederick Pollock, afterwards chief baron) Sumner writes to Story, "He is dull, heavy, and, they say, often obtuse at the bar." The editor, in a note (vol. ii., p. 93) quotes a letter of Lord Denman's written on the bench while Pollock was arguing, in which he said of him, "He bestows tediousness in a spirit of prodigality." He carried the same habit to the bench, and indulged in it so freely as frequently to draw from a member of the bar, his connection by marriage, and afterwards one of his puisnes, the pointed remark, "Hark to that d——d old parrot!"

The almost forgotten Charles Austin, of Parliamentary committee fame, was thought by Sumner to be "the only jurist" at the English bar.

We cannot pass over the following characteristic witticism of Chief-Justice Tindal on another nearly forgotten lawyer (Mr. Serjeant Bompas), who, under the name of Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz, will enjoy a longer posthumous fame than under his own. "In argument," writes Sumner, "he (Bompas) is very earnest and noisy, sometimes confused. Chief-Justice Tindal was once asked if he thought Bompas a *sound* lawyer. 'That will depend,' said the chiefjustice, 'upon whether *roaring* is an unsoundness.'" Those who remember the habits of the late Mr. Justice Talfourd, and the praise so often bestowed in his two volumes of "Vacation Rambles" on the wines of the countries through which he travelled, will appreciate the remark made by him on an eminent member of the bar distinguished for his temperance: "He is a humbug; he drinks no wine." "Here," says Sumner, writing of the Garrick Club, "Talfourd takes his *negus* on passing Westminster Hall in the morning, and his midnight potation on returning from Parliament."

But we must pass from the legal to the literary world. Here is an account of Sumner's first meeting with Walter Savage Landor: —

Landor was dressed in a heavy frock-coat of snuff color, trousers of the same color, and boots; indeed, he wore a morning dress, which one is more inclined to notice here than among us, where the difference between morning and evening dress is less imperiously settled. . . . Conversation turned upon Washington. . . . I spoke of "the *ashes* of Washington," saying "that his ashes still reposed at Mount Vernon. Landor at once broke upon me with something like fierceness. "Why will you, Mr. Sumner, who speak with such force and correctness, employ a word which in its present connection is not English? Washington's body was never burnt; there are no ashes — say rather *remains*" (i., p. 327).

Sumner visited Wordsworth at his home.

I cannot [he writes] sufficiently express to you my high gratification at his manner and conversation. It was simple, graceful, and sincere; it had all those things the absence of which in Brougham gave me so much pain. I felt that I was conversing with a superior being, yet I was entirely at my ease (i., p. 357).

From the Lake country Sumner went on to Scotland. He visited Abbotsford in the company of Sir. D. Brewster, at whose house he met at dinner Sir Adam Fergusson (well known by name to every reader of Lockhart's "Life of Scott"), who, in reference to the well-known line in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," "assured him that Scott never saw *Melrose by moonlight* during all his life;" and Sir David added "that he had heard Scott say that twenty times. The truth was, Scott would not go there for fear of bogles." Abbotsford Sumner describes as "a confused pile — a folly made sacred by the memory of its great author. As I saw this building, I felt the fatal weakness of Scott's character more than ever, and sighed to think he could not have had the simple tastes which I found in Words-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

worth. . . . The house is in wretched taste" (i., pp. 357, 358).

Sumner visited Jeffrey at Craigcrook.

Never [he writes] have I heard any one express himself with such grace, beauty, precision, and variety of word as did Jeffrey when I introduced Jeremy Taylor. [Again] Jeffrey against all the world! While in Edinburgh I saw much of him; and his talent, fertility of expression, and unlimited information (almost learning) impressed me more and more. He spoke on every subject, and always better than anybody else.

Sydney Smith [whom Sumner visited at Combe Florey] is infinitely pleasant, and instructive too; but the flavor of his conversation is derived from its humor. Jeffrey is not without humor, but this is not a leading element. He pleases by the alternate exercise of every talent; at one moment by a rapid argument, then by a beautiful illustration, next by a phrase which draws a whole thought into its powerful focus, while a constant grace of language and amenity of manners, with proper contributions from humor and wit, heighten these charms.

What a different man [writes Sumner elsewhere] is Lockhart! He is without words, conversation, heart, or a disposition to please, throwing nothing into the stock of social intercourse, and keeping himself aloof from all the hearty currents of life.

Sir William Hamilton he thought "quite learned, but brusque and *gauche* in manner" (i., pp. 359–561).

Amongst other men of literary and political reputation with whom Sumner became acquainted was John Arthur Roebuck, of whom he writes to Story, "I know Roebuck, and like him much. He is young, ardent, ambitious, and full of great things, accomplished, and a *republican*" (i p. 344). *Quantum mutatus ab illo!* It would have been interesting if Mr. Pierce — as he could have done — had told us Sumner's opinion of Roebuck after the outburst of the slave-owners' rebellion, when he was constantly advocating in Parliament the recognition by England of the slave-owners' confederation, of which Sumner said, "Better for the fast-anchored isle that it should be sunk beneath the sea, with its cathedrals, its castles, its fields of glory, Runnymede, Westminster Hall, and the home of Shakespeare, than it should do this thing." On further acquaintance with Roebeck, Sumner pronounced him to be "rash, self-confident, and unassimilating. His party is himself, for he will brook no shadow of variance from his own opinions." In this respect at least there is no difference in the earlier and later days of Mr. Roebuck.

At Milnes's (Lord Houghton) Sumner sat next to Macaulay, and opposite Bulwer (Lord Lytton). Sumner found "it was a relief from the incessant ringing of Macaulay's voice to hear Bulwer's lisping, slender, and effeminate tones. I liked Bulwer better than I wished. He talked with sense and correctness, though without brilliancy or force" (ii., p. 68). Macaulay Sumner thought "oppressive." He did not leave on him "an entirely agreeable impression;" still he confessed his great and magnificent attainments and powers (ii., p. 65). In truth, Sumner — himself a great talker, and used in America to be *primus inter pares* — in Macaulay's company felt himself overclouded. On another occasion Sumner met Macaulay at Holland House. "Macaulay," he wrote, "was dining, but more subdued than I have ever before seen. That common expression 'her' and 'me' for, as some say, 'she' and 'I,' was ingeniously discussed. Lord Holland defended the use of 'her' and 'me' as good idiomatic English, thus: 'No one is handsomer than her,' and 'He is absent oftener than me.' Lord Holland said that his uncle, C. J. Fox, had studied these points, and used these expressions. Macaulay was strong the other way, but was much struck by the authority of C. J. Fox. Thirty years after his death, the genius of the great Whig orator governed the frequenters of the venerable mansion in which he was born" (ii., p. 80).*

Of Lord Beaconsfield Sumner relates: "Mrs. —— said to Disraeli (the conversation had grown out of 'Vivian Grey'), 'There is a great deal written in the garrets of London.' Putting his hand on his heart, Disraeli said, 'I assure you "Vivian Grey" was not written in a garret'" (ii., p. 123).

Sumner's experiences of English society were by no means confined to London. He travelled through the south and west of England, through Winchester, Salisbury, and "down even to Bodmin in Cornwall, where the assizes of the Western Circuit were being held." There Sumner was the guest of the bar, as he was also of the Northern Circuit bar at Liverpool. At the meeting of the British and Foreign

* "In his choice of words," writes Lord Brougham of Fox, "he justly shunned foreign idioms, or words borrowed whether from the ancient or modern languages, and affected the pure Saxon tongue, the resources of which are unknown to so many who use it, both in speaking and writing."

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Scientific Association, his health was proposed by Bishop Maltby (of Durham), whose guest he afterwards was at Auckland Castle.

Not only very few foreigners, but very few young Englishmen in the same social position as Sumner — a young barrister, not as yet distinguished in his profession — are admitted as freely as Sumner was into the highest aristocratic society. He was the guest of Lord Wharncliffe at Wortley Hall, of Lord Fitzwilliam at Wentworth House, and also at Milton. While at Wentworth he had

> a good opportunity to observe the way in which the wealthy sons of the aristocracy pass their time. The young Lord Milton had invited some of his friends, of about his own age, and keen in their love of horses, to visit him and have some private races. Milton offered, amongst various prizes, a gold cup and a dessert set. Among the young men were the future Lord Scarborough, and Lord De Mauley. They were all dressed as jockeys, with the cap, the close blue or red or yellow silk jacket, the leather breeches, and the white topboots. I observed a strong habit with them all; a remark could not be made without an offer to support it with a *bet*. If they were walking in the garden, one observed on the distance of a certain object, and straightway a bet was offered and taken with regard to it; and on one occasion the young De Mauley — who, besides being the heir of a peer, and at present a member of the House of Commons, has just married one of the handsomest women I ever saw in any country — offered to bet that he could run a certain distance within a given time. The bet was taken, the ground measured, he took off his boots and coat and waistcoat, ran, and gained the bet. At cards they were always disposed to make the sum played for quite high. I have found it universal in England to play for money. One evening I played with a *clergyman*. I won, and the clergyman paid me five shillings. Now, I must confess that I have disliked all this very much. I do not fancy cards in their best state; especially do I not fancy them when so nearly allied to gaming (i., p. 373).

Since this was written — nearly forty years ago — the passion for gambling in the shape of racing, betting, and card-playing has increased amongst and extended over all classes of English society. From Wentworth Sumner paid a visit to the town of Boston, after which his native town is named; "and whence," he writes, "John Cotton, 'whose fame was in all the churches,' went to settle our New England. I saw the old parsonage which Cotton left for the woods of America, and tapped at the back-door with a venerable triangular knocker, which, I doubt not, the hands of the Puritan preacher had often known before he forsook the soft cushion of the Established Church and the shadow of that fine Gothic pile, on which, even in his days, so many centuries had shed their sunshines and showered their storms." From Boston, Sumner went to the Earl of Leicester's at Holkham, "which," he wrote, "seems to me to blend more magnificence and comfort, and to hold a more complete collection of interesting things, whether antiques, pictures, or manuscripts, than any seat I have visited." Here he found a portrait of Sir Edward Coke, and saw his handwriting in annotations on many of the books in the library. "You may imagine" (he writes to Greenleaf), "that I have felt no common thrill in being thus permitted to look upon these things." "Lord Leicester," he writes elsewhere, "is now old and infirm. He is a very great friend of America, and recounts as the proudest event of his life the motion he made for the recognition of our independence. He speaks of Fox with the warmest friendship; of George the Fourth in no measured terms" (i., pp. 374–376).*

At Windsor, Sumner was invited to breakfast with the household, and those who remember Baron Stockmar's account of the total want of organization in the palace, before Prince Albert, at Stockmar's instigation, undertook the reform of its domestic affairs, will appreciate this extract: —

> I went down to breakfast, where we had young Murray (the head of the household), Lord Surrey, etc. Lord Byron — who you know was a captain in the navy — is a pleasant, rough fellow, who has not many of the smooth terms of the courtier. He came rushing into the room where we were, crying out, "This day is a real *sneezer*, it is a *rum* one indeed. Will her Majesty go out to-day?" Lord Surrey hoped she would not, unless she would ride at the "slapping pace" at which she went the day before, which was twenty miles in two hours. . . . Lord Byron proposed to breakfast with us, but they told him he must go up-stairs and breakfast with "the gals," meaning the ladies of the bedchamber and maids of honor. . . . Very soon Lord Byron came bouncing down, "Murray, 'the gals' say there is nothing but stale eggs in the castle." Again, the ladies sent a servant to

* The Earl of Leicester here spoken of was earlier known as Coke of Holkham. He was long member for Norfolk, and was created a peer on the queen's accession in 1837. He was the direct descendant of Lord Chief-Justice Coke, whose library is preserved at Holkham. Lord Leicester was in the habit of speaking of the Georges in unmeasured terms. He it was who called George III. "a bloody-minded parasite."

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Murray complaining that there was no Scotch marmalade. Murray said it was very strange, as a very short time ago he paid for seven hundred pots of it (ii. 16).*

At Oxford, Sumner was lodged in All Souls', and "enjoyed the pleasing delusion" that he was a fellow of that peculiar institution. Thence he went to Cambridge. "Oxford is more striking as a whole," he thought, "than Cambridge, but less so in its individual features." At Cambridge he saw "most of the persons eminent at the university, and visited the various colleges."

The Christmas week of 1838 Sumner spent with Lord Fitzwilliam at Milton. Here he was brought, for the first time, face to face with the peculiar institution of England — fox-hunting. "I think," he wrote, "I have never participated in anything more exciting than this exercise." After describing how, contrary to his first intention, he had been led into the run, he continues: —

My first fence I shall not readily forget. I was near Lord Milton, who was mounted on a thoroughbred horse. He cleared a fence before him. My horse pawed the ground and neighed. I gave him the rein, and he cleared the fence. As I was up in the air for one moment, how was I startled to look down and see there was not only a fence but a ditch! He cleared the ditch too. I lost my balance, was thrown to the very ears of the horse, but in some way or other contrived to work myself back to the saddle without touching the ground. How I got back I cannot tell; but I did regain my seat, and my horse was at a run in a moment.

Those who remember Sumner's gaunt and ungainly figure will be as much surprised at his escape as he was himself. His feelings probably resembled those of the hero of a tale told by one who in his day was well known with the "Fitzwilliam," which described a leap of such width "that the rider, a pious man, said the Lord's Prayer in the air." Encouraged by the success of his first hunting expedition, Sumner the next day made a second, which had its incidents, one of which was, "I rode among the foremost, and in going over a fence and a brook together, came to the ground. My horse cleared them both, and I cleared him, for I went directly over his head." One feature of the hunting-field particularly impressed him, as it was sure to do one of Puritan descent.

I should not fail to commemorate the feats of the clergymen, as they illustrate the position of this body in England. The best and hardest rider in this part of the country is reputed to be a clergyman; and there was not a day that I was out that I did not see three or four persons rejoicing in the style of "Reverend," and distinguishable from the rest of the *habitués* by wearing a black instead of a red coat. They were among the foremost in every field, and cleared fences with great ease. Once we came to a very stiff rail fence; and as the hounds were not in full cry, there was a general stop to see how the different horses and riders would take it. Many were afraid, and several horses refused it. Soon, however, the Rev. Mr. Nash, a clergyman of some fifty years, came across the field, and the cry was raised, "Hurrah for Nash! Now for Nash!" I need not say that he went over it easily. Change the scene, and imagine Mr. Greenwood or Dr. Lyman Beecher* riding at a rail fence, and some thirty or forty persons looking on and shouting, "Hurrah for Greenwood!" "Hurrah for Beecher!"

Were an American now to visit the "shires," we believe that he would find the clerical element conspicuous by its absence, though it may be, as Mr. Froude says, that the total merging of the country gentleman in the ecclesiastic has tended to weaken rather than strengthen the influence of the country clergy in their parishes.

Describing the dinners and evenings at Milton, he says: "Conversation goes languidly. The boys are sleepy, and Lord Fitzwilliam serious and melancholy;" and this leads him to pass the following judgment on English fox-hunting: "I was excited and interested by it. I confess I should like to enjoy it more, and have pressing invitations to continue my visit, or renew it at some future period. But I have moralized much upon it, and have been made melancholy by seeing the time and money that are lavished on this sport, and observing the utter unproductiveness of the lives of those who are most earnestly engaged in it, like my lord's family, whose mornings are devoted to it, and whose evenings are rounded by a sleep" (ii., pp. 32, 33).† In this we cordially agree, but we are in the minority. Since Sumner's first visit to England the passion for fox-hunting has deepened and widened throughout society.

The hospitality shown to Sumner was not confined to the Whig aristocracy; he was received on equally intimate terms by several leading Tories. Amongst these

* Stockmar's Memoir, vol. ii., p. 118.

* Well-known American ministers of that time.

† One of the boys of 1838 has since met his death in the hunting-field.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

were Lord Wharncliffe and Sir H. Inglis, of whom he writes: "Their strong Tory principles no one can doubt, and their beautiful private characters have invested these principles with a charm for my mind that they never had before. Not that I am a Tory; but meeting Tories of such a character has made me charitable and catholic, and convinced me that everything that proceeds from them is from the purest hearts and most cultivated minds" (i., p. 336).

Of English society, in comparison with that of his own country, Sumner formed this opinion: "In England, what is called society is better educated, more refined, and more civilized than what is called society in our own country. You understand me to speak of society as society, and not of individuals. I know *persons* in America who would be an ornament of any circle anywhere; but there is no *class* with us that will in the least degree compare with that vast circle which constitutes English society. The difference of education is very much against us" (ii., p. 78).

In March 1839, Sumner left England, and with that event the interest of the book ceases for English readers. We have dwelt so long on this portion of the memoir that we must compress our remarks on that which remains. Sumner travelled through Italy and through Germany, where he made the acquaintance of many distinguished jurists. While at Paris, on his way to Italy, the relations between England and the United States were embittered by the "north-eastern boundary question," and Sumner, at the request of General Cass, the United States minister at Paris, drew up the argument on the American side, which was published in *Galignani*. It was well received both in this country and in his own. In the United States it was considered a clear and able statement of the American view, and Lord Brougham told him it was "unanswerable." In May 1830, Sumner landed at New York, and thence went home to Boston, where he slowly returned to professional and literary work; but he "never took kindly to the details of law business," and "at times could not refrain from confessing to intimate friends that he had little heart for its drudgery." Law is a very jealous mistress, and "bears no rival near her throne;" and, as was to be expected, Sumner never obtained that eminence at the bar which might have been expected from his love of the study of jurisprudence, his knowledge, if not of law, about law, and his argumentative and rhetorical powers. He was gradually drawn to political life. "Questions of international law, growing out of the institution of slavery in the United States, supplied the first topics in the discussion of which Sumner participated after his return from Europe." The English as distinguished from the American view of the "right of search" was maintained by him in papers which received the strongly expressed approbation of both Story and of Chancellor Kent. At this time the Abolitionist party were urging the dissolution of the Union. William Lloyd Garrison denounced the national Constitution "as a pro-slavery instrument, a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell." Sumner, while equally urgent for abolition, refused to be a party to breaking up the Union. He was not at that time, therefore, in the strict party sense an Abolitionist. In January 1843 appeared his article, "The Nation's Duty as to Slavery," which the late Earl of Carlisle — one of Sumner's most intimate friends — thought "very close, clear, and unanswerable." Its arguments may be thus summed up: "It cannot be doubted that the Constitution may be amended, so that it shall cease to render any sanction to slavery. The power to amend carries with it the previous right to inquire into and to discuss the matter to be amended; and this right extends to all parts of the country over which the Constitution is spread — the North as well as the South" (ii., p. 240).

He continued his contributions to various periodicals on questions of general as well as legal literature. One of them, on the "Number Seven," which appeared in a law magazine, appears to have been a most singular production. But the slavery question gradually absorbed him. In 1843 we find him writing to the author of a pamphlet on "Caste and Slavery in the Church," "Is it not strange that the Church, or any body of men upon whom the faintest ray of Christianity has fallen, should endeavor to exclude the African, 'guilty of a skin not colored as their own,' from the freest participation in the privileges of worshipping the common God? It would seem as if prejudice, irrational as it is uncharitable, could no further go. Professing the religion of Christ, they disapprove that equality which he recognizes in his precepts, and they violate that most beautiful injunction which enfolds so much philanthropy and virtue, 'Love thy neighbor'" (ii., p. 261). Popular education and prison discipline were

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

also among the subjects which engaged his attention.

The turning-point of his life drew near. In commemoration of an episode in the War of Independence, known as the Boston Massacre, the town of Boston instituted an annual oration, "Upon the Danger of Standing Armies stationed in Populous Cities in time of Peace," which is yearly delivered on "Independence Day," July 4th. Many of the greatest American speakers have delivered the oration. On this occasion, "the mayor and aldermen, common council, and other city officers march in procession with music and military escort, accompanied by a crowd of citizens, to the appointed place to hear the speaker of the day." Sumner was chosen to deliver this oration on the 4th July, 1845. The subject he chose was "The True Grandeur of Nations." It was emphatically a "speech of peace."* It reads like one of Richard Cobden's Peace Congress speeches. Sumner had, while in England, been introduced to Cobden, not yet a member of Parliament. In 1845 Cobden was absorbed in the work of the Anti-Corn-Law League, and had not commenced his second career as the apostle of reduced armaments and international arbitration. Yet Sumner in 1844 writes in the very spirit of Cobden to his brother-in-law, then at Paris: —

The age of war among civilized nations has passed, and each year of peace is an additional testimony to this truth. . . . I cannot but think you regard with the complacency of another age the immense military establishments and fortifications by which you are surrounded. What a boon to France if her half-million of soldiery were devoted to the building of railways and other internal improvements, instead of passing the day in carrying superfluous muskets! What a boon to Paris if the immense sums absorbed in her fortifications were devoted to institutions of benevolence! She has more to fear from the poverty and wretchedness of her people than from any foreign foe; nor do I set much value upon any defence that can be made against any invading force that has once seen the smoke of the capital. The principles of free trade, now so generally favored, are antagonists to war. They teach, and when adopted cause, the mutual dependence of nation upon nation. They, in short, carry out among nations the great principle of division of labor which obtains among individuals. It was a common and earnest desire among our statesmen after the last war to render our country *independent*, for its manufactures and fabrics, of foreign nations. Far better would it be, and more in harmony with God's providence, if we were dependent upon all nations. Then would war be impossible. As civilization advances, the state of national dependence is promoted, and even England at this moment can hardly call herself independent of the United States.*

When we turn to the "oration" itself, we shall find the same coincidence of thought. Hitherto on these occasions the speakers of the day had been careful to conform "to the prevailing opinions of the moment." Sumner was the first to attack "a custom and opinions approved by popular judgment and sanctioned by venerable traditions." The main thesis of his oration was, "In our age there can be no peace that is not honorable; there can be no war that is not dishonorable." We have space but for one or two extracts. His opening rather savored of the pulpit, referring to the day "as the Sabbath of the nation, on which we put aside all the common cares of life;" adding, "May he who now addresses you be enabled so to direct your minds that you shall not seem to have lost a day." He then proceeded, according to custom, to pay homage to the fathers of the republic in a rhetorical passage, "borrowed," says Mr. Pierce, "almost literally, from words attributed by Plato to the fathers of Athens, in the beautiful funeral discourse of the Menexenus" (ii., p. 347). In the course of his address there occurs a passage in the style of Cobden, pointing out that "for the annual sum that is lavished on one ship of the line, *four* institutions like Harvard University might be sustained throughout the country." The practical point which he urged on his hearers was this: "Let us now, in this age of civilization, surrounded by Christian nations, be willing to follow the successful example of William Penn surrounded by the savages. Let us, while we recognize these transcendent ordinances of God — the *law of right*, and the *law of love* — the double suns which illuminate the moral universe — aspire to the true glory, and what is higher than glory, the great good, of taking the lead in the disarming of the nations."

Again: "If it be asked why, on this national anniversary, in the consideration of the true grandeur of nations, I have dwelt thus singly and exclusively on war, it is because war is utterly and irreconcilably inconsistent with true greatness (ii., pp. 350, 351). Enumerating the pecul-

* The words in which Sir R. Peel described his last speech in the House of Commons.

* Memoir, vol. ii., pp. 314, 315. See other letters, containing the germs of the oration, vol. ii., pp. 82, 263, 264, 275, 296, 297, 311, 312.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

iar victories of speech, his anti-slavery feeling, ever strong, was stirred within him, and he broke forth in a passage which reminds us of, and was probably inspired by, Brougham's anti-slavery speeches.

When the day shall come (may these eyes be gladdened with its beams!) that shall witness the peaceful emancipation of three millions of our fellow-men, "guilty of a skin not colored as our own," now held in gloomy bondage under the Constitution of our country, then there shall be a victory in comparison with which that of Bunker's Hill shall be as a farthing candle held up to the sun. That victory shall need no monument of stone. It shall be one of the great landmarks of civilization; nay, more, it shall be one of the links in the golden chain by which humanity shall connect itself with the throne of God (ii., p. 353).

Towards the close of his address, not foreseeing the events of fifteen years later, and the course he should then take, he said, "Here, in ampler ether and diviner air, are untried fields for exalted triumphs more truly worthy the American name than any snatched from rivers of blood. War is known as the last reason of kings; let it be no reason of our republic" (ii., p. 354). The closing sentence of his too long and too ornate peroration was, "Let us now, on this Sabbath of our country, lay a new stone in the grand temple of universal peace, whose dome shall be lofty as the firmament of heaven, as broad and comprehensive as the earth itself" (ii., p. 355).

If it be — as according to Lord Beaconsfield it is — the first property of eloquence to produce a sensation, this oration of Sumner's may rank amongst the masterpieces of the world's eloquence. Such an outspoken declaration of "peace principles" had scarcely ever before, if at all, and certainly not on such an occasion, been made in America. The press throughout the States rang with praises or censures of the speaker and his subject. With the account of this oration, the circumstances of its delivery, and the criticisms it produced, the memoir closes at the threshold of Sumner's public career.

We cannot but reiterate our feeling of disappointment at the abrupt close of the work, and the hope that the writer may be induced to conclude his task, and give the world the public life of Charles Sumner. Meanwhile we tender him our respectful thanks for the interesting volumes he has given us. The memoir, though perhaps too long, is well executed. Though not in style to be compared with Stanley's "Arnold," it is framed on the same principle. The biographer stands aside, and lets the subject of his biography tell the story of his life in his own letters and journals. Both these works possess what may be called, in the words which Macaulay uses of the fourth Gospel, "the peculiar charm of the narrative of the disciple whom the teacher loved." The memoir is enriched with notices of the statesmen, lawyers, and men of letters, both in England and on the Continent, whom Sumner during his European tour saw or was intimate with. They are wonderfully accurate, and show an extensive knowledge of men and facts. Mr. Pierce's familiarity with the lives and careers of former celebrities in Parliament, on the bench, or at the bar, is another illustration of how much there is in common between the peoples of the United States and of England; how the fame of our statesmen and advocates is amongst the cherished possessions of America.

We must conclude. Had space permitted, we should have liked to trace Sumner's career as the bold, unflinching leader of the Abolitionists in the Senate; to narrate his denunciations of slavery until the time when the exasperated slave-owners resorted to the appropriate argument of physical force, and felled him to the floor of the Senate House; and to have described his reappearance in the senate (4th June, 1860), when, with true moral heroism, he "resumed the discussion precisely where he left" it, and made his great speech on the "Barbarism of Slavery," which circulated by the thousand throughout the States, and powerfully contributed to the election, during the ensuing fall, of Abraham Lincoln to the chair of the Union.

Sumner's humanitarian views were rudely tested by the outbreak of the slave-owners' rebellion, and his "voice was for war" to an extent not easily reconcilable with the principles of "The True Grandeur of Nations." Still less consistent with them was his proposal, strongly urged at the conclusion of the war, to treat the Confederate States as a conquered country. The policy of our government at that time seemed to estrange Sumner from his well-beloved England; but after the subjugation of the South he once more visited our country, "and passed the last night before sailing on his return with John Bright at Rochdale, when he spoke with admiration of England and of her public men, and with much tenderness of the many friends he counted

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

among her well-known names" (ii., p. 341). The estrangement, therefore, was only temporary.

It is difficult to part with our subject withour making a comparison between Sumner and the only other American orator and statesman who was as well known in England — Daniel Webster. In point of oratory, Sumner must yield the palm to Webster. Webster in his massive logic, his simple language, and his power resembled Fox, Bishop Wilberforce, and Bright. Sumner's style was too diffuse, too ornate. He weakened his argument by the length to which he drew it out, and his speeches were overlaid by illustrations and quotations. His later style illustrated the deteriorated taste in oratory of his countrymen. But as a statesman, and in moral character, Sumner stood high above Webster. Those who remember Theodore Parker's scathing exposure of Webster's tortuous and sinister career as regards slavery, which he delivered in his "Oration on the Death of Daniel Webster," and contrast it with Sumner's statesmanlike foresight of the consequences of the aggressions of the slave-owners, and the unflinching resistance he offered to them, will agree in the judgment we have ventured to pronounce on the relative merits of these two great Americans.

ERICA.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE GERMAN OF

FRAU VON INGERSLEBEN.

XXVII.

THE ASPIRANT TO THE LIVING.

THE visitors at Dorneck were so well entertained that they prolonged their stay. In the morning the company dispersed to walk in the park, ramble over the hills, or row upon the Rhine, while in the afternoon all once more assembled, and unless prevented by visitors made excursions to different parts of the neighborhood.

They ascended the Drachenfels, and gazed in delight at the beautiful landscape beneath, visited and admired the ruins of Heisterbach, or spent the afternoon at Godesberg on the other side of the Rhine, which at this season was full of visitors.

* Copyright 1877, by Littell & Gay.

Old Countess Ingolstein, however, still gathered her little circle around her as before. Her age debarred her from sharing long walks, and as the guests were not inclined to consider the old lady's tastes, the members of the household, though with many secret sighs, undertook the duty of entertaining her. Sidonie was always one of the party, although she did not contribute to the general amusement as much as before, for she was usually grave and silent; but as, ever since the reception at court, she had complained of not feeling well, her manner did not attract any special notice from the others. Elmar alone watched her more closely, and redoubled his attentions to the beautiful girl, although any unprejudiced person would have perceived that they were only the expression of brotherly sympathy and affection.

The princess, who did not possess this want of prejudice, was still more enraged against her cousin, and her constant presence by no means increased the comfort of the little party. She was ever ready to contradict Sidonie, showed an utter want of consideration for Countess Ingolstein, and only the quiet, stern manner of the mistress of the house awed her sufficiently to keep her partially within bounds.

One day, when the little party was assembled on the veranda, Katharina suddenly said, "Do you know, Elmar, I have decided to give Herr Reinhardt the living at Altenborn."

All eyes were fixed upon the speaker in astonishment, and Elmar not only seemed extremely amazed, but even indignant, for he answered almost sharply, —

"Then the parish of Altenborn may congratulate itself that your decision is fortunately a matter of no consequence."

The princess flushed crimson. "You talk very inconsiderately and unwisely, Elmar. My ancestors built and endowed both church and living, and retained the right to appoint the pastor."

"Quite true, Katharina. I know that, but I am not aware that *you* have the right to dispose of the living of Altenborn."

The princess's flashing eyes wandered restlessly around; her lips quivered, and she would undoubtedly have poured forth a torrent of furious words, had she not chanced to meet the eyes of the mistress of the house, who was gazing steadily and gravely at her. As if controlled by some magnetic power, her restless glances remained fixed by the stern look, and then timidly sought the ground.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Your pretensions are rather absurd, my dear Katharina," said the countess's clear voice; "have you really never learned, amid the sorrowful experiences of your life, that in an open struggle we women never gain the victory? After a little reflection, your good sense will undoubtedly tell you that this is the least probable way of inducing your brother to gratify your whim — for I can give your wish no other name."

"My nature is perfectly frank," murmured Katharina with repressed anger. "I don't understand the arts of other women, and have no desire to comprehend them."

"Then you do very wrong, my dear, and it is a pity that you have gained so little experience from your misfortunes. You unfortunately constantly endeavor to justify your former husband's acts to every one."

Countess Ingolstein, as well as all present, listened to these stern words with mingled alarm and surprise, and dreaded Katharina's passionate answer; but on the contrary, her face assumed a guilty, sorrowful expression, and she murmured in an undertone: "You are very harsh to me, aunt."

"I am sure it will now be my turn for a lecture," said Elmar, to put an end to the painful scene. "True, I confess I deserve it, for I ought to have laughed at Katharina instead of getting angry with her, but nevertheless I shall be cowardly enough to run away."

He rose and strolled slowly into the park. Countess Ingolstein took advantage of the involuntary pause which his departure made in the conversation, to get possession of her favorite subject, and it soon ran on in its former channel. The princess, who at first had seemed silent and depressed, gradually recovered and took her usual share in it, though her contribution to the general amusement rendered the company rather uncomfortable, in consequence of her proneness to suddenly branch off from the subject under discussion. After the ladies, the immediate relatives — the dear aunts and cousins now wandering in the park or sailing on the Rhine — had been thoroughly discussed, those in the neighborhood took their turn.

"That dinner at Rheinau was remarkably ill-served," observed Countess Ingolstein. "Such things always betray the new nobility. I suppose there was not enough silver, and it had to be washed, which always causes an unpleasant delay."

"That could not have been the difficulty," observed Olga; "I was in the silver-room with Rosa a short time ago, and the quantity really surprised me."

"It was simply owing to the ill-trained servants," said her mother somewhat sharply. "When people try to serve a dinner to forty people with only six servants, who, as I said before, do not even perfectly understand their business, it is not surprising if, though very *mauvais genre*, the guests are obliged to spend two hours at the table."

"Yet this is a proof of the ignorance of these people," replied the old countess, "for they are said to be so rich that a half-dozen servants more or less can make no difference to them. Little Rosa, however, is very pretty, and moreover very easy in her manners, and I think the parents want to use her as a lever by which to enroll themselves among the old families."

"Tell me, cousin," interposed Countess Rodenwald, "did you notice the remarkable dress that silly Countess Meinholdt wore? I really believe it was made of India pocket-handkerchiefs."

"Why, my dear cousin, how could I overlook such a toilette? Isabella resembled a walking sign, and yet she wore a pearl necklace of which a queen need not be ashamed. It is incomprehensible to me from whom she inherited her horrible taste; her mother always dressed well and like a woman of rank, and her grandmother on the father's side, the Princess von Strassfort, was celebrated for her tasteful costumes."

"You are mistaken, my dear aunt," interposed Katharina, "her grandmother on the father's side was a Handsrück."

"What, child, do you pretend to know more about Isabella Meinholdt's grandmother than I, who am distantly related to her through my brother-in-law Kronberg, whose brother married a sister of her sister-in-law?"

"But, my dear aunt, I assure you the countess has often spoken to me of her grandmother, I know all about it."

"This is a little too much!" said the old lady in a very excited tone. "It seems my mind is being weakened by age. Please hand me the '*Gotha*,' my dear Olga! Not there, child; there, close by you on the little side-table."

As Olga could not instantly find the important book, perhaps because instead of looking on the side-table, she was gazing out of the window, Erica started up and took advantage of the universal eagerness with which the verdict of the oracle was awaited, to glide out of doors.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

She uttered a sigh of relief when she found herself safely concealed in one of the shady avenues of the park, and murmured laughing: "Does it really make much difference whether the wives of the forester and schoolmaster at Waldbad discuss their maidservants and their neighbor's silk dress, or whether countesses and princesses talk about liveried footmen and a lady's elegant costume; so far as I can see, people are very much alike everywhere, different as their outward adornments may be."

Erica walked hastily towards the stone balcony that overlooked the Rhine, and in her desire to reach the spot moved so rapidly, that it was perhaps want of breath that compelled her to stand still a few moments before reaching her goal, as if to collect her thoughts. Then, with some little effort, she continued her way, and entered the balcony, where Elmar was sitting on the stone balustrade with his feet on one of the benches, gazing so earnestly at the river that he did not perceive Erica's approach. She paused a moment to gain breath, and then went up to him. The rustle of her long dress on the stone floor was too loud to be unheard. He turned his head, and on seeing the young girl, sprang from his seat and advanced towards her, evidently not at all annoyed by the interruption, for his face was very bright as he cried gaily, —

"Ah! my little fairy! Has Katharina driven you away too, or was it only the family stories and the '*Gotha*'?"

"The latter put me to flight," replied Erica laughing, "but I only made it an excuse to myself for going away; I really wanted to see and speak to you."

Elmar's face was not quite so bright, though he answered in an equally gay tone: "Since you tell me this so openly, Fräulein Erica, it means less than I hoped — or, rather, than I wished. Now let us sit down and hear what you have to say to me."

"Let us take your former seat; I like the balustrade better than the benches, and when I am sure Aunt Vally won't see me, even walk on it."

"But that is rather dangerous, my little fairy."

"And that is just what makes the charm. See how we can overlook the whole beautiful landscape. The green waves of the river seem formed of emeralds and sapphires. The sun casts dazzling gold and glittering diamonds over it. What queen can boast of such jewels?"

Elmar, with his usual quiet expression, gazed earnestly into her face, and then said, "I have a dark foreboding, little heather-blossom, that you have nothing very pleasant to say to me, or you would not delay so long."

Erica blushed deeply, and seemed inclined to confirm his expectation, for she answered with forced gayety: "You need only refuse my request, if you do not like it."

"So you have a request to make. What wish could I gratify?"

"Have you really the sole right to dispose of the living of Altenborn?" The question came somewhat timidly, perhaps the young girl suspected the storm she was rousing. An expression of very unpleasant surprise flitted across Elmar's calm features; his brows contracted, his eyes flashed angrily, and he said in a far different tone from the one in which he had just spoken, —

"I hope you do not appear as Katherina's ally, and wish to propose that unlucky preacher as the pastor?"

"That is what is in my mind, certainly, but ——"

"This is going rather too far, Erica!" and Elmar's agitation became so violent that he sprang to his feet and paced rapidly up and down the stone floor of the balcony.

Erica remained in her seat, gazing at the river. She had been somewhat prepared for such a reception of her proposal, and therefore was not much annoyed, and moreover had gradually become so well aware of the influence she exerted over Elmar, that she hoped to be able to calm him again. So she did not utter a syllable, but waited to see what her excited companion would do next.

The latter at last checked his hasty steps, paused before Erica, and said, still in an angry tone, —

"Who would have thought that the little woodland fairy would ever change into such a teasing sprite, that she actually imperils my far-famed composure?"

Erica bent towards the speaker and answered mischievously, "It is true, your composure has made a complete *fiasco;* what a terribly impetuous man you are, Elmar!"

It was the first time she had ever uttered his Christian name, and though the continual repetition of it by others must have rendered it only natural for her to do so, the word fell like oil on the troubled waves of Elmar's anger.

"I shall probably be compelled to think the wood fairy a little witch or enchantress.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

How else could you make me do whatever you please?" he whispered almost tenderly.

"For the present I see very few symptoms of any such state of affairs, Baron von Altenborn. I scarcely begin to timidly offer my petition, when you start up and rush about like a madman, and if I did not fall into the Rhine from fright, I owe it solely to the great presence of mind with which I instantly leaned towards the other side."

"Excellent, now you are joking too! But seriously, Erica, you cannot really ask me to make this young man pastor at Altenborn?"

"I am perfectly serious. I really wish it."

Elmar again found it necessary to pace up and down the pavement, but his steps were less hasty, and the walk was soon ended; he once more mounted his lofty seat, and took his place beside Erica.

"And what reason can you give for the wish, Erica?"

"A thousand instead of one, if you wish to hear them. In the first place, he is my foster-parents' nephew; secondly he has a mother and unmarried sister, whom he wishes to support; and thirdly, he is very anxious to have a parish."

"Your *protégé* is very peculiarly organized," replied Elmar. "Of a hundred theological students whom I have known, not one had this very strange wish, though to make amends, nearly all had poor relations whom they wished to support. So you see this cannot turn the scale in his favor, you must think of something else."

Erica, whose arguments were nearly exhausted, replied half pouting. "If that isn't enough for you, I can only say that he is a very good, clever young man."

"Who has proved himself a particularly excellent preacher, as we know."

"Only give him an opportunity to preach often, and you will soon say so with truth."

Elmar looked straight before him, without replying, then turned towards his companion and said slowly, "Remember, Erica, what I told you at our first meeting on this balcony. Unfortunately I now feel that I cannot carry out my self-imposed programme, and therefore am really unable to gratify your wish, for I fear and hate the young man."

Erica's eyes sparkled with mischief, as, bending towards Elmar, she replied, "Your hatred and fear must not deprive my good Reinhardt of his parish. You need only look at him closely, to convince yourself how little ground there is for either."

"Really, Erica?" said Elmar in a tone which, contrasted with her manner, seemed very grave. "You will not deceive me, you do not love this man?" he continued earnestly.

She made no reply, but the brown eyes that met his with a frank, steady gaze, must have been a sufficient answer, for he asked no further questions, but looked into them with such an earnest, searching expression, that Erica blushed and turned away. Then he took her hand, raised it to his lips, and would probably, very much in opposition to his programme it is true, have made a passionate declaration of his love, if Werner had not come up.

The latter paused in some little surprise at the sight of the young pair perched on the high balustrade, and then said smiling, "You have certainly selected, if not the most comfortable, the most conspicuous position in the neighborhood; you can be plainly seen even from the other shore."

"Then I wish, my dear Werner, you had selected that perspective to gaze at us. Neither would I have the slightest objection to your strolling under those tropical plants that fill our boxes, if, at this moment, a walk absolutely is indispensable to you."

"I am sorry I cannot gratify your friendly wish, Elmar, but you must endure my presence this time, I have something very important to say to you."

"Then I must go," said Erica, rising; "but what hope will you give to take with me?"

"Why, I am no Amureth, Erica, and have little taste for the *rôle* of tyrant. Reinhardt must, however, please the parish before I can appoint him to the living, so you can tell him to prepare his trial sermon, for I know you are burning with anxiety to impart the joyful news."

"Certainly; for it is happiness itself to make another happy," said Erica, and took leave of the gentlemen to turn into the path that led to the parsonage.

Werner and Elmar, on the contrary, paced up and down the shady avenue, the former talking eagerly and earnestly to his companion. Fortunately this time there was no listener, and when the two men approached the castle, Werner said,—

"So you will grant my request, Elmar?"

"Of course, Werner; but I cannot tell you how entirely against my wishes the whole affair has resulted. Pardon me, but for a clever man you have really acted with remarkable stupidity, since ——"

"I have said all that to myself often

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

enough, but now neither regret nor lamentations will avail. I am sorry for my speedy departure, for the countess's sake; dark days will come, and I would gladly have aided her; she is daily winning greater esteem from me."

"Esteem, my dear Werner, is everywhere offered to her; but it seems to me that she often longs for a warmer feeling, which is everywhere withheld."

"It requires close observation of this lady to penetrate her nature so far. Beneath the apparently cold exterior, which duty and perhaps temperament form, throbs a warm, loving heart. I know she passionately loves her husband, and that this love is the source of unspeakable sorrow, the more so as she feels ashamed of it, not only in the presence of others, but even before her own heart."

"Werner, what an assertion!"

"Do not misunderstand me, Elmar; she is not ashamed of her husband's person — although sometimes her feeling borders upon it — but of her unanswered love. She knows how completely all affection has died out of the heart of the man of her choice, and at the same time realizes with deep sorrow that it is impossible for her to obtain this affection. which can only be gained by the ruin of her family. Her duty, which she performs with inexorable sternness, always compels her to thwart him in his fancies, and she fulfils it with a heroism that wins my sincere admiration.

"What a lofty, noble spirit must dwell in this woman, that amid this constant conflict of feeling, her heart has neither been hardened, nor her temper embittered. She has a sharp glance, and a warm interest for each of those who are connected with her, in the widest sense of the word, and if she makes great demands upon all who surround her, she has a right to do so, for she never asks more than she returns in twofold measure. Sidonie and Ottomar were hitherto the only sympathetic natures with whom she could maintain the loving intercourse so grateful to her, but which she is obliged to almost entirely renounce. Strongly as my reason favors the alliance, my heart was painfully affected, when, a short time ago, I perceived that Ottomar loves the beautiful Rosa Steinfurt more than he believes, and therefore sorrow is awaiting his mother from this quarter also. As for Sidonie ——"

"You have torn Sidonie from her, Werner; for the secret of her love for you will form a gulf between them which, I fear, will never be filled."

"On the contrary, I hope the countess will exert a favorable influence upon Sidonie in this respect. If only we could remove this vampyre that clings so closely to the count that our united strength is unable to dislodge him —— But hush, there come some of the guests. It is fortunate that our subject was nearly exhausted."

When, a short time after, conversation in the family circle turned upon Elmar's consent to allow young Reinhardt to preach a trial sermon, the old countess sternly censured his weakness, and prophesied increased demands on Katharina's part. The master of the house, who chanced to be present, took sides with the young baron, saying,—

"Ah, ah! most honored cousin, it's all very well for you to talk so, but we unlucky men are all henpecked, and the more quietly we bear our fate, the more sensibly we shall behave. To be sure, it is ridiculous enough that one wretched sermon has helped a student to the expectation of an excellent living, and I congratulate Katharina on her strong nerves, for even now I feel my knees tremble whenever I think of the anxiety that unlucky sermon caused me."

XXVIII.

THE INTRIGUE.

MEANTIME Herr von Wehlen had not lost sight of his plans. He watched both Sidonie and Werner very closely, in order to find some point where he could fasten the threads with which he intended to weave a net for their destruction; but to his vexation as well us surprise there was not the slightest apparent understanding between them. The marble-like countenance of the young countess did not betray the slightest emotion at the sight of the secretary, her eyes did not linger on him for a moment, nor was the latter guilty of even a passing glance at her.

Wehlen might almost have believed that he had only dreamed of the passionate scene in the garden, and he would probably have yielded to this conviction, if he had ever been guilty of dreaming. But he was only too well persuaded that he had been wide awake, and, as time pressed — for the departure of the guests was close at hand — he found himself compelled to take a more active, and as he could not conceal from himself, somewhat more dangerous course than he had originally intended.

At dinner, to which Wehlen had re-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

ceived a standing invitation from the master of the house, his seat was almost directly opposite Werner's, and therefore, without attracting attention, he could narrowly observe him. Without any quickened throbbing of the heart, for he was no novice in such matters, but with the excitement a gambler feels who is not quite sure of the chances of his play, Wehlen saw his opposite neighbor take his seat to-day.

Werner seemed absent-minded, as if his thoughts were elsewhere, and Wehlen feared he would pull off with his napkin the note which he had slyly slipped into his plate, and thus overlook it.

Werner, however, as he raised his napkin, plainly saw the dainty little missive that lay beneath, and strangely enough, showed no surprise, for he took it up quietly, and seemed about to open and read it with equal calmness, when his eye fell upon the seal. It was a sphinx, the device Sidonie used on the little notes not sent by mail, and when Werner once more glanced hastily at the direction of the letter, he recognized Sidonie's hand.

For an instant he gazed at the note as if trying to understand the affair, then, without breaking the seal, thrust it into his pocket, and cast a searching glance at the young countess, whose pale, weary face looked specially wan to-day. He received no responsive look, but she must have instinctively felt that his attention was attracted towards her, for a sudden flush crimsoned her face, at the sight of which Werner averted his eyes and commenced a careless conversation with his next neighbor. The keen observer opposite, however, could only too clearly perceive his restlessness and excitement, calm as he forced himself to appear.

When the party rose from the table, Wehlen detained him in a long conversation, discussed the most indifferent matters, and at last casually mentioned Sidonie. He thought her so very pale that he could not understand the absence of anxiety on the part of the family, and said he had already called Count Rodenwald's attention to it and begged him to consult a doctor, but the old gentleman laughed, and replied that young girls always looked pale when they were in love, and that was probably the case with his beautiful niece. Prince Eduard, however, was such a devoted slave to the young lady, that one could scarcely believe any heart-sorrow was paling her cheeks. Wehlen then spoke of many other things — to Werner's great annoyance, as he perceived with unspeakable delight — and at last released his victim.

On escaping from his companion's torrent of eloquence, Werner instantly hurried to his room, locked the door, drew the letter from his pocket, and examined it attentively in every direction. It was undoubtedly addressed in Sidonie's hand, and sealed with her seal, so he stood before a mystery which seemed so sweet that he hesitated to open the note, and thereby perhaps destroy his illusions. At last he conquered his reluctance, broke the seal, and read the following lines, —

"If Herr Werner is self-sacrificing enough to renounce his own feelings in order unselfishly to give his aid where he was so deeply wounded, let him be on the balcony overlooking the Rhine at eight o'clock this evening. There he will be told what is expected, besought from him, and his generosity affords a sure hope that he will make every effort to free a lady from bonds forged by too short-sighted care, and which have now become unendurable fetters that threaten to destoy the happiness of a whole life. This appeal is made to his honor, as well as his magnanimity, and the proof of esteem afforded by this letter will perhaps assist in healing wounds, whose infliction was demanded by the most inexorable necessity."

The note fell from Werner's hand, his agitated face assumed a grave, troubled expression, which gradually became more and more gloomy. "What does this mean? From whence does it come?" he murmured. "Who can know of our meeting, and wish to use it for his own purpose in such a way? I scarcely believed my own eyes when I recognized Sidonie's hand, and it is expected that I should ascribe this bungling performance to her. No, Sidonie. Whatever I have done, I would never insult you so deeply, even if the contents of this note did not make it senseless. If it should be intended for my mystification, and some one wants to play a very unsuitable trick upon me, the author might not find the matter quite so free from danger as he supposes.

"Could Fritz have a hand in the affair?" he continued. "He looked laughingly at me several times — but what folly! When did the boy ever give me occasion to suspect him of such a lack of delicacy? And yet, who can it be, and for what purpose was it written? Sidonie's hand has been admirably imitated, which makes the affair still more culpable; and suppose the intention was not merely to

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

deceive me, suppose the same snare was laid for Sidonie — might not the writer forge my hand equally well ?"

For a moment Werner's features assumed an expression of alarm, nay, actual horror, but his agitation instantly passed away, and he said, with a little laugh, "What a foolish anxiety! — how can I fear for Sidonie? She will only hate and despise me a little more for my apparent presumption; and I — I shall not be permitted to vindicate himself, for how can I offend her pride so mortally as to acknowledge that she was watched ?"

"But," and the speaker's expression again altered, and grew dark and threatening, "in this case a malicious trick, instead of an indelicate joke, has been attempted, and if so no other is the author of the letter than that rascally adventurer, who finds me in his way and would fain remove me from it at any cost. He would think any means justifiable, and though I cannot understand how he learned anything about this unfortunate business, I am almost sure he wrote the note.

"The cunning intriguer commits the error, on which such people are usually wrecked; he probably thought to do justice to a young lady's tenderness of feeling by the phrases 'self-sacrifice and magnanimity.' Here, however, the demon of chance, which usually favors scoundrels, thwarts him, for he could not possibly know how thoroughly I understand those relations —— But we will go to the balcony at eight o'clock this evening, and watch the farther development of the affair. That is the only way of getting any light upon the subject."

He carefully locked the note in his desk, and then left his room to go in search of Fritz, whom he found on the shore of the Rhine, just about to go out rowing.

"Will you delay your excursion a moment, Fritz, and listen to two words from me?" asked Werner.

"I'll hear a hundred, if you desire, my dear Werner. I am even ready to take you in my boat, and assure you that, in spite of the sweet burden, I'll row rapidly up the stream, although Erica persists in the ridiculous assertion that she understands the use of oars better than I."

"Fräulein Erica has robbed Countess Sidonie of an admirer," said Werner smiling.

"Not at all. I still acknowledge myself Sidonie's ardent adorer; but Erica is a friend, in a certain sense a comrade, who is daily becoming more indispensable to me. I really don't know how we could have gone through mamma's training without each other's assistance, but by mutual help and support we fare very well."

"I was going to ask you something, Fritz. If you have time, come to the stone balcony at eight o'clock this evening; I will have a surprise for you."

"Excellent, Werner, I won't fail you! And with what are you going to surprise, me?"

"That of course I must not tell, Fritz; but bring Fräulein Erica, Lolo, and the governess with you, they must all share it."

"The 'children,' in the narrowest sense of the term. Very well, Werner, we will all come."

"And be punctual, if you please; don't forget, Fritz, eight o'clock!"

"Unfortunately, I have no chronometer, Werner, but I think our venerable old clock in the corridor will be exact enough for you. Well, I see you won't come with me, so farewell until we meet at eight o'clock on the balcony."

Light clouds, which covered the sun and gave the atmosphere the hue we Germans call *gris jour*, had melted away towards evening, and the sovereign of heaven appeared in the full splendor of his beauty, poured molten gold on the trees and bushes in the park, thew dazzling lines of light on the grass, and transformed the fountain in the pond into a radiant, flashing shower of gems.

Many visitors had arrived during the afternoon, and therefore the family remained at home. The young people had played their favorite games on the lawn before the castle, while their elders sat on the veranda and enjoyed the fresh air. Some of the gentlemen had retired to the rooms occupied by the master of the house, to engage, under Herr von Wehlen's prudent direction, in card-playing, which lasted longer than usual, for Count Rodenwald, after tea, invited his friends to renew the game, thus compelling his wife to invite all the guests to supper. In this way Count Generode, who was one of the visitors, really obtained the gratification of being permitted to sup at Dorneck.

Herr von Wehlen, in trying to entertain the company, had entered into the game too eagerly not to feel a slight sense of weariness; he rose, pleaded a headache, and went out into the open air. His eyes wandered over the assembled company a moment, then he turned to the mistress of the house. "I don't see Countess Sidonie here; she looked very pale at dinner, is she ill?"

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"She has unfortunately been compelled to remain in her room this afternoon, on account of indisposition," replied the countess; while Katharina, who sat beside her aunt, said scornfully,—

"Queen Sidonie makes her appearance more and more rarely; as Prince Eduard is not among the guests to-day, her Majesty doesn't think it worth while to favor us with her presence."

"The countess looked so pale that your satire can scarcely be deserved, your Highness," Wehlen cunningly interposed to prevent Countess Rodenwald's reply. "But," he continued turning to the latter, "will not your guests take a walk in the park this beautiful evening? The air is so delightful that it seems almost sinful not to enjoy its freshness."

"It is almost too dark for a walk," observed the countess, "the evenings close in very early. Autumn is beginning to make itself felt."

"Oh! this twilight will last a long time; that is a matter in which our temperate zone is more favored than tropical countries, where day and night almost clasp hands."

The speaker looked significantly at the princess, and bit his lips, when the latter took no notice of it, but let her wandering eyes roam everywhere except towards him. At last, perceiving that all his efforts to attract her attention were vain, he appeared without ceremony, and offering her his arm, said politely,—

"I am the most humble slave of your wishes, your Highness, where would you like to turn your steps?" and whispering a hasty "come" to the astonished princess, he led her from the veranda. Example is contagious, as is proved not only by the theory of the bell-wether, but also by the universal desire for water, which the sight of a glass of this precious fluid arouses in a whole company. Thus the first couple were soon followed by others, until at last the movement was communicated to the entire party. Even old Countess Ingolstein was infected by the universal departure, and, leaning on Olga's arm, slowly followed the long procession, thus compelling Count Generode to join in the duty of entertaining her.

Wehlen had endeavored to divert Katharina's mind from his arbitrary conduct by constant talking and jesting. He was not yet sufficiently sure of her to make her his confidante, and moreover feared that, in her haste, she might betray the secret. The way to the balcony overlooking the Rhine was tolerably long, and Wehlen repeatedly glanced at his watch to convince himself that he was not too late. He dared not, under any circumstances, leave the young couple too long alone, as an explanation would undoubtedly take place which might thwart his plans. He had the more reason to fear this, as he had himself doubted whether Sidonie could be lured to the spot by Werner's name. "She loves him, but she intends to marry Prince Eduard," he said to himself, "and therefore will beware of committing a folly." So he had put forward the prince, hoping that her love for the secretary would prove strong enough to induce her to listen to him, and thus sufficiently enter into the part assigned her.

Meantime Fritz and his little party, in order to be in time, had reached the appointed spot long before eight o'clock. They sat down, enjoyed the fresh air, and gazed at the slowly darkening sky. The low dip of oars echoed faintly from the Rhine, or the refrain of a song was borne softly from the distance, while the crickets chirped close by, and the shrill, sharp cry of a water bird sometimes interrupted the sweet stillness. The little party gradually relapsed into silence, and gave themselves up entirely to the delightful emotions aroused by the beautiful evening.

At last Werner arrived, and sitting down beside Fritz, said in a jesting tone: "Your punctuality is worthy of all praise, and I suppose you are very curious about the promised surprise."

"To tell the truth, I am not, Herr Werner," replied Erica; "the evening is so pleasant, the air from the Rhine so delicious, that I feel sufficiently repaid for the walk, and will cheerfully renounce any surprise."

"So much the better, Fräulein Erica, for, to be equally truthful, I am very doubtful about the result of my expectations."

At this moment there was a loud report, and the same instant a glittering shaft of fire rose into the air, illuminating the balcony and its occupants with a light as bright as day, and distinctly revealing, a few paces from them, the first couple of the procession of pedestrians, while the remainder of the company were only distinguishable as a confused, gay throng.

"So it proves to be fireworks, Werner?" cried Fritz.

"So it seems," replied Werner quietly, and then rose to approach the princess and offer her his seat. At the first sight of the group on the balcony, Wehlen had lost his composure for a moment, but instantly collected his thoughts to conceal his hu-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

miliation. He politely led the princess to the best place, and then, turning to the company, said in a somewhat loud voice, —

"I am glad my manœuvre has succeeded so well, and you reached here exactly at the right moment. Baron Sonnenstein, to whom we owe the pleasure of these fireworks, will, I hope, acknowledge my deserts in the perfect success of his surprise."

"I?" asked the young baron in unutterable astonishment. "I?" he repeated again, as if one expression of his amazement were not sufficient, and he might perhaps have uttered a third 'I,' if Wehlen had not whispered angrily: "Hush! and don't betray how utterly incapable you are of inventing such impromptus!"

Once more a fiery ball rose into the air, and again the little party was brightly illuminated; then hissing crimson wheels revolved, while glittering stars rose above them to linger a moment in space, and then vanish as suddenly as they had appeared. Bengal lights illuminated the banks of the river for a long distance, making every object glow in blue, green, yellow, or red lights, and fiery serpents darted over the dark water and seemed to vanish in its depths.

The company attentively watched the beautiful spectacle, and bestowed special applause on the magical illumination produced by the Bengal lights, which invested the beautiful country with a strange charm. When the whole exhibition ended with a magnificent closing effect, every one crowded around Herr von Sonnenstein to thank him for his beautiful surprise, and the young man accepted these thanks very cheerfully and joyously. To be sure, it was not without alarm that he thought of the new notes which awaited him — as Herr von Wehlen had proved himself, though very ingenious, anything but economical — while Count Generode, on the contrary, once more sighed over his income, which unfortunately would not permit him to give such surprises.

All thronged so eagerly around Sonnenstein, that no one took any notice of the real author, Wehlen; and he was modest enough to think this neglect very agreeable. Werner was the only exception, he approached him and said, —

"I will not, like the others, offer my thanks to the wrong person; for such a mistake would be the more unpardonable on my part, as I am the only individual who is aware that your kind wish to assist in entertaining the company was far more comprehensive in design than it has unfortunately proved in execution."

Werner's voice, which had at first seemed perfectly calm, became more and more passionate, and as he was compelled to speak in a low tone, the fierce hate it expressed sounded more menacing than would have been the case had he uttered the words in the loudest key.

Herr von Wehlen's attempt to make an unconstrained reply was a total failure. True, he forced himself to express a quiet, and to the humble secretary, even half contemptuous surprise at his strange, incomprehensible remarks, but his voice also trembled with hatred and passion, and gave the lie to his words. When, in addition to the previous display, a fiery sheaf of wheat suddenly rose into the air, both saw each other's flashing eyes distinctly enough to know that it was war to the knife between them.

On the road home Countess Ingolstein found another support than Olga's arm, but Count Generode only fared the worse. The young lady had summoned Herr von Sonnenstein to her side, for she thought a little appreciative attention absolutely necessary, after such a prettily arranged surprise. The young man was so enraptured by this rare mark of favor, that at the moment he would gladly have paid every one of Wehlen's notes, and seriously reflected whether it would not be possible to have fireworks often at Dorneck.

Meantime Count Generode soon had his attention claimed in another direction. Werner, who with Elmar and Ottomar had lingered a little behind, engaged in earnest conversation, suddenly called him to make a fourth in the party; and in spite of the increasing darkness, the gentlemen sat down on some of the numerous benches placed in various parts of the park, and whispered together so earnestly that they were almost too late to supper, in consequence of which Count Generode had the mortification of seeing Olga go to the table on Sonnenstein's arm.

Wehlen cast a searching glance at the quartette of gentlemen when they entered the dining-room, but their faces could not have inspired him with any anxiety, for during the remainder of the evening he troubled himself no more about them. After supper Count Generode politely approached him, and after a few complimentary remarks about the admirably arranged fireworks, asked why he so rarely, indeed never, came to Bonn.

Wehlen looked at him with a glance not unlike the one a bird-catcher casts at

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

the bird fluttering into his net, and then answered that he was naturally disposed to remain at home, and knew the gentlemen there so little, that hitherto he had not thought of visiting them more frequently.

The young count made him a few friendly reproaches and then took leave, expressing a hope that he should soon see him in Bonn.

Before Werner retired to his room, after the household had dispersed, he again went out into the park and gazed from one to another of the long row of windows in the castle. Lights flashed from all the guest-chambers, and when he looked at the corner room, which he knew was Sidonie's chamber, and now used also as her sitting-room, he saw a bright light there also. It was too brilliant to proceed from a night-lamp burning in an invalid's room, so he could be sure that Sidonie was still awake, and had not yet retired.

His supposition soon became a certainty, for he saw her approach the window, open it, and lean out. He stood motionless under the trees, to avoid being discovered, and perceived her several times turn back into the room and then come once more to the window, until she at last closed it and drew down the curtain. The restlessness her movements distinctly betrayed he naturally attributed to the letter she had probably received in his name, and bitterly thought how hateful, how despicable, he must appear to her, and how the gulf that parted them must now be still wider.

Although he would probably have felt the same sympathy for Sidonie, he would have experienced less uneasiness in regard to himself, if he could have cast a glance at the letter the young girl had just crushed in her hand. As if under the influence of some magic spell, she had been forced to read the hated lines again and again, only to have her anger aroused afresh, and when she now threw the note on the floor and set her foot upon it, she had scarcely crossed the narrow space twice, ere she again raised it and approached the light. But just as she was about to burn it, she hastily withdrew her hand, murmuring,—

"I must taste my humiliation again, impress every word on my memory, in order to preserve myself forever from all arrogance. She opened the crushed paper, smoothed it, and read: —

"How shall I make Countess Sidonie a strange request, a request absolutely indispensable to the happiness of my whole life, without rendering myself miserable by arousing her displeasure? At least she will believe my solemn assurance, that if any other course were open to me I would choose it, rather than appear before her with a petition which may easily do me measureless harm.

"The happiness of my whole life depends — I will explain the strange chain of circumstances in person — upon seeing you to-day, and yet I am unable to reach Dorneck until the evening. But how am I to account for the late hour of my visit, above all, how am I to find an opportunity to speak to you alone about things which are a matter of life and death to me?

"Will Countess Sidonie take into consideration this strange combination of circumstances? Will she, with noble generosity, meet me at eight o'clock this evening on the balcony that overlooks the Rhine? Will she have sufficient confidence and regard for me to risk this step, and thus secure the happiness of my life? At our meeting I will explain the absolute necessity for my bold request, and thus purchase forgiveness for my presumption. If, however, this opportunity is not afforded me, no other course is left, except, with a breaking heart, to bid you in these lines farewell forever, for you will never again be approached by EDUARD."

When Sidonie had finished reading the letter, she again approached the lamp and let the sheet slowly consume to ashes. "And I really bestowed my favor on this man; I believed in his love," she murmured. "I was almost ready to give him my hand, if not my heart." She faltered, and then threw herself passionately into the nearest chair. "Humiliated on every side, deceived, misunderstood, betrayed by all!" she exclaimed sobbing. "What have I done to deserve so much degradation?"

She again started up, and once more paced up and down the room. "How can this prince dare to try to lure me to him by the bait of such a palpable falsehood? Me! Sidonie! Did he rely most upon female curiosity, or the fear of losing him to draw me into his net? And his manner was so quiet, so deferential, so —— But that is the way with all, all! It is a mere outside mask, and those are fools who trust to appearances."

"I have done with this prince," she continued a little more calmly; "I will verify his own words and never see him again.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

He is just like all the rest. I long to get away from this deceitful world, to rest and solitude. I could not understand before how people could renounce society and shut themselves up in a convent, and now this asylum seems so sweet that I deeply regret I cannot fly to it. To lead a holy life of calm contemplation, behind high walls, safe from the outside world, protected from one's self, undisturbed by the tumult of passion that rages in our hearts and brains, must be an unspeakably happy fate.

"And is every way to that life barred to me? Can I not at least enter a convent, and —— " Sidonie suddenly paused and pressed her hand to her brow. "How could that idea so entirely escape my mind?" she said slowly. "The successor to the late abbess of Herdrungen is found! What my guardian asked in jest I will answer in earnest. I will indeed assert the rights of my house, and the walls of the old cloister shall close around me forever. The burning sense of humiliation, anguish, unutterable sorrow, will not enter there, and I shall have rest from the gnawing pain of unspeakable torment."

Sidonie's last words were suffocated by sobs, she threw herself into a chair, covered her eyes with her hands, and gave free course to her tears. At last, exhausted by weeping, she felt the need of rest, sought her couch, and soon fell into a restless, broken slumber.

XXIX.

THE FLIGHT.

RAPIDLY and pleasantly as time passed away in Dorneck, the guests were at last obliged to think of departing, and thus by degrees the castle became more empty, the party assembled at dinner smaller. Elmar delayed his leave-taking longest of all, and with him of course Katharina, but as old Countess Ingolstein intended to pay a visit to her dear cousin, the Baroness von Altenborn — all the old lady's relatives were "dear" — and therefore wished to travel with the brother and sister, the former, who at last feared she might prove a burden to the dear relatives she was now visiting, begged them to go.

Katharina seemed to have entirely relinquished her desire to obtain Erica for her companion, eagerly as she had pressed it at the commencement of her stay, and Erica was very happy to be relieved from the unpleasant situation of constantly refusing an apparently kind request.

She became much more frank and unconstrained, and therefore more winning in her manner, which to Katharina had formerly been somewhat formal, stiff, and even repellent.

Little sympathy as Elmar usually had with Wehlen, he seemed to agree with him in one thing, that the stone balcony was an excellent place for a private interview. On the last day of his stay at Dorneck, he whispered to Erica a petition to meet him there, that they might talk to each other once more without restraint before their long separation. Erica looked at him in surprise, but did not seem offended by the request, for her face assumed a very mischievous expression.

"I must take the liberty of calling your attention to the rules of etiquette, of which you are usually so severe a judge," she replied. "What would Aunt Vally, what would you yourself say, if I should grant such a request from any other young man?"

"I am I, Erica!" said Elmar laughing. "Have you never yet tried to measure the fathomless depths of this eternal truth, that you make me such a reply? Besides, little heather-blossom, this time I am perfectly right in not placing myself on the same level with other people where you are concerned. Our relations are exceptional, I consider myself partly as a father, partly a brother, partly a — well, in a word, I should certainly shoot any young man who dared to treat you as I do."

"Then it is really fortunate that nobody else has so much audacity. But in spite of the exceptional relations, I shall not grant your request."

"Then you will only induce me to come back the more quickly, in order to tell you what I cannot say to-day. Your continued refusal will therefore make me suppose that you eagerly desire my return."

"I shall be supported under the false suspicion by the thought that I shall not only deserve thanks from my relatives, but especially from the princess, who will thus have another pleasant journey."

"You have become a brazen coquette, little woodland fairy, as I have already told you, and I really don't know where this will yet lead us."

The interruption of others broke off the conversation, and Elmar made no farther attempt to persuade Erica to grant him an interview.

The following morning the whole party assembled on the stone balcony to await the arrival of the steamer from Cologne, by which the travellers were going to Coblenz, from whence they would drive the

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

few remaining miles in carriages. Old Countess Ingolstein was very much agitated; her advanced age made the farewell seem as if it might easily be an eternal one, and as she had a kind, affectionate heart, the thought made her eyes fill with tears.

All her relatives were touched by the sincere love the old lady showed, and forgot the little weaknesses from which they had suffered, to remember the many excellent qualities she possessed. Even Erica lost all memory of the tiresome family histories and the "*Gotha*," and bent forward with tears in her eyes to press the farewell kiss on her hand, upon which the old lady clasped her in her arms, and kissed her with a mother's affection.

The princess's leave-taking was less touching; on the contrary, her manner was cold and absent-minded. The beautiful, restless eyes had so much occupation in looking at the passing boats to distinguish the people in them, so much interest in trying to discover the tardy steamer, that they could take little heed of those around her. Besides, she was out of humor; Elmar had again been inconsiderate, and resolutely refused to have the Princess Bagadoff's coming announced on the steamboat. She would gladly have paid for the salute from the flag, which would have been the result of this announcement, by a generous present to the sailors. She placed special value on this salute to-day, when her aristocratic aunt, the "countess," spite of her family pride, could make no claim to the distinction, and she would thus have been brought forward as the principal personage in the party.

Katharina had even thought of carrying out her wish against her brother's will, but she knew him too well not to be aware that in such a case he would undoubtedly remain behind and leave her to continue her journey alone.

"I never sail under false colors," he had said during the discussion, to her great indignation, "and if you insist upon using your title in this way, I shall go in another boat. If you don't fear the laughter of society — which is only too well acquainted with the high rank of the Princess Bagadoff — you can at least bear it alone, I will not expose myself to it."

So the princess appeared out of humor and absent-minded, and formed a striking contrast to the heartfelt cordiality of the old lady. Elmar, whose grave face harmonized more with the latter, talked long and earnestly to Werner, who had also appeared on the balcony, and then found an opportunity to whisper to Erica, as he had done at their first parting. "I will soon come back, Erica, and," he added somewhat incomprehensibly, "I will not be idle in my absence."

At last the videttes, who had been posted at some distance, came hurrying up with the news that the belated steamer was in sight, and the whole party went down the steps, where the travellers entered the boat waiting for them, and those left behind looked after the rocking skiff as it moved directly towards the snorting monster of a huge ship, which for a moment threatened to crush it. But the immense wheels only turned with a threatening noise without moving forward, until the steamer had received its passengers, when it resumed its course with redoubled speed. The departing guests, as well as the friends left behind, waved their handkerchiefs until the boat gradually disappeared, and the family then ascended the steps and turned towards home.

In spite of the large family circle, the party who gathered around the dinner-table seemed small, conversation did not flow readily, a sort of oppression appeared to rest on all. Was it the absence of the relatives, the ill-humor of the master of the house, which was very apparent, or Sidonie's pale face, that produced this burdensome silence? No one could account for it; they only felt the presence of some disturbing influence, and were glad that the countess rose from the table earlier than usual.

It is an old law of nature that festivals must be atoned for by the dull reaction of the commonplace days that follow, and this rule asserted itself even at Dorneck. True, it was very comfortable to have the old freedom from restraint once more, but it cost some little effort before it was regained, before much that had been neglected during this period could be retrieved. Besides, the people residing in the vicinity had been so generous in their visits of late, that a short pause now ensued, and the family was usually alone in the afternoon; a fact that was felt the more on account of the rainy weather, which prevented any excursions to the beautiful spots in the vicinity.

The master of the house, who had so often sighed over the constraint imposed by old Countess Ingolstein's presence, seemed by no means relieved by her departure. He was very often out of humor, and perhaps this was the cause which induced Herr von Wehlen to frequently spend his afternoons in Bonn, instead of

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Dorneck. The count was not the only person who missed the entertaining companion, for Olga — who hitherto had not seemed to value his conversation — suddenly showed a deep interest in him. Her eyes rested earnestly on his face when he entered the room, and she understood how to arrange matters so as to secure a few minutes' conversation with him, unheard by the others, but these whispered words did not seem to make her very cheerful, for she constantly grew more grave and quiet.

Even the countess, whose manner usually seemed so calm, showed a certain degree of anxiety. Her eyes sometimes rested so earnestly on the count's face, that the others noticed it, and then — contrary to her usual habit — she hastily averted them with a half-embarrassed air, if her husband, noticing the observation, cast an indignant glance at her. The uneasiness she felt in regard to her husband had even induced her to question his valet about his health and movements, and this was so unusual an occurrence that Johann could not help giving vent to his overflowing heart in the servants' hall, from whence it reached the kitchen, where all put their heads together and whispered about the strange state of affairs, which must portend a gloomy future.

The countess's anxiety, however, was not solely on her husband's account. Sidonie also claimed her sympathy. The young girl's pallor increased to such a remarkable degree, that her aunt, in spite of all objections, sent for the doctor. The latter, it is true, did not consider her indisposition serious, but prescribed change of air and amusement; though he might have known that there had probably been little lack of the latter. At the same time the countess received a very unexpected light upon the probable cause of Sidonie's illness, by her declaration that Prince Wolfenhagen had deeply insulted her, and was the more unpleasantly surprised, as Sidonie also stated that, under no circumstances, would she see the prince again.

The young man's attentions had become so marked that the countess daily expected his proposal for Sidonie's hand. He had lingered many months in Bonn without any apparent object, except to make use of its convenient vicinity to pay frequent visits to Dorneck. To be sure he had put forward the attraction of interesting philosophical lectures as a pretext for his long stay; but his irregular attendance on these interesting discussions did not seem to exactly warrant the supposition that he remained in Bonn "to study." Besides, the vacations had now begun, philosophy was resting, and its students were refreshing their eyes and hearts with the sight of the Swiss mountains, or the southern tints of upper Italy, but Prince Eduard remained in Bonn as before.

Willingly as Sidonie had at first received the young man's eager attentions, winning and gracious as she had been, a certain coldness had lately appeared in her manner which affected him very painfully, and had undoubtedly been the cause of the delay in his proposal. The countess had clearly perceived this, and, as she considered the match desirable in every respect, endeavored to change Sidonie's conduct. In so doing, however, she had met with far greater opposition than she expected, nay, than seemed intelligible, and — what grieved her still more — was forced to feel that Sidonie, whose heart had hitherto been perfectly open before her, did not now bestow her entire confidence.

The countess was too wise not to be aware that confidence cannot be forced, and tokens of irritated sensibility are least likely to obtain it. She had therefore appeared not to notice Sidonie's reserve, and contented herself with watching her carefully in secret. Sidonie's passionate declaration that she would never see the prince again, seemed to indicate some fault on his part, and she believed that she had here found the clue to the young girl's former coldness. At the same time, her agitation, her imploring entreaty to be spared any explanation of the cause of her decision, seemed to plainly betray love.

With this idea, the countess received with a half smile Sidonie's declaration that she intended to claim the right of her family in regard to the appointment of the abbess of the convent of Herdrungen, on her own behalf. She did not oppose her decision, but reminded her that a resolution which is to affect the whole life should not be hastily made, that it required due reflection, and she must also have some consideration for the world and its remarks upon this very extraordinary step. Sidonie, who had been prepared for grave rebukes, perhaps even mockery, was surprised, nay touched, by her aunt's gentle, quiet manner, and as she could not permit herself the happiness of relieving her full heart by entire confidence, threw herself into the arms of her second mother and gave free course to her tears.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

From Macmillan's Magazine.

CONSTANTINOPLE.*

THERE are four cities in the world that belong to the whole world rather than to any one nation, cities that have influenced the whole world, or round which its history has at one time or another revolved, cities in which students and philosophers from every country are equally interested. These four are Jerusalem, Athens, Rome, Constantinople. The first has given to civilized mankind their religion; the second has been our great instructress in literature and art; the third has spread her laws, her language, her political and ecclesiastical institutions over half the globe. And though Constantinople can lay no claim to the moral or intellectual glories of these other three, though her name does not command our veneration like Jerusalem, nor our admiring gratitude like Athens, nor our awe like Rome, she has preserved, and seems destined to retain, an influence and importance which they have in great measure lost. They belong mainly to the past: she is still a power in the present, and may be a mighty factor in the future. For fifteen hundred years she has been a seat of empire, and for an even longer period the emporium of a commerce, to which the events of our own time seem destined to give a growing magnitude. To set before you anything like an adequate account of a city interesting in so many different ways, physically, historically, architecturally, socially, politically, would require not one lecture, but a big book — so you will understand that I cannot attempt more to-night than to touch on a few points which may help you to realize a little better what Constantinople is really like, what is the sort of impression it makes on a traveller, what are the feelings with which he treads its streets pondering over the past and speculating on the future. Anything that helps to give substance and vitality to the vague conception one forms of a place which one has been reading and hearing about all his life may be of some use, especially at this moment, when we are told that we ought to fight for Constantinople, and may any morning be informed that our own fleet has gone to anchor under its walls. Before I speak of its history, or attempt to describe its present aspect and characterize the men that inhabit it, let me try to give you some notion of its geographical situation, and of the wonderful advantages for strategical and commercial purposes which that situation confers upon it.

If you look at the map you will see what a remarkable, and indeed unique, position Constantinople, occupies. It is on the great highway which connects the Black Sea with the Mediterranean, and separates Europe from Asia. Thus it commands at once two seas and two continents. All the marine trade, both export and import, of the vast territories which are drained by the Danube and the great rivers of southern Russia, as well as that of the north coast of Asia Minor, and of those rich Eastern lands that lie round the Caspian, must pass under its walls. When the neighboring countries are opened up by railways it will be the centre from which lines will radiate over European Turkey and Asia Minor. With a foot, so to speak, on each continent, the power that possesses it can transfer troops or merchandise at will from the one to the other, and can prevent any one else from doing so. Then consider how strong it is against attack. It is guarded on both sides by a long and narrow strait — to the north-east the Bosphorus, and to the south-west the Dardanelles — each of which can, by the erection of batteries, possibly by the laying down of torpedoes, be easily rendered impregnable to a naval attack. For the Bosphorus, as you probably know, is fifteen miles long, with bold rocky hills on either side, and a channel which is not only winding but is nowhere over two miles and in some places scarcely half a mile wide. And it possesses a splendid harbor, land-locked, tideless, and with water deep enough to float the largest vessels. On the land side it is scarcely less defensible, being covered by an almost continuous line of hills, lakes, and marshes, with a comparatively narrow passage through them, which offers great advantages for the erection of fortifications. There is no other such site in the world for an imperial city. In other respects it is equally fortunate. Of its beauty I shall say something presently. Although the climate is very hot in summer, and pretty keen in winter, it is agreeable, for the air is kept deliciously fresh by the seldom failing breezes that blow down from the Euxine or up from the Ægean Sea, and the sea itself is a great purifier. Though there is no tide there is a swift surface current sweeping down into the Sea of Marmora and the Mediterranean, a current at one point so strong that boats have to be towed up along the shore, which

* A lecture delivered in Aberdeen on January 3rd, 1878, with some additions.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

carries off whatever is thrown into the water. So, though it is one of the dirtiest towns in the East, I fancy it is one of the most healthy.

You may easily believe that such an attractive site was not left long unoccupied. In the year 667 B.C., not a hundred years after the foundation of Rome, and about the time when King Esarhaddon was attacking Manasseh, son of Hezekiah, at Jerusalem, some Greeks from Megara, a little city between Athens and Corinth, came sailing up into these scarcely explored seas, and settled on this tempting point of land, where they built a city, which they called Byzantium, and surrounded it with walls to keep off the wild tribes of the Thracian mainland. They were not, however, the first settlers in the neighborhood, for seventeen years before another band of Greeks, also from Megara, had established themselves on a promontory opposite, on the Asiatic side of the strait, and founded the town of Chalcedon, which still remains there, and is now called Kadikeui. It was a standing joke among the ancients that the people who took the site of Chalcedon when they might have taken that of Byzantium must have been blind: so the story went, that when the Megarians asked the oracle of Apollo at Delphi where they should send a colony to, the oracle bid them fix themselves opposite the blind men; when, therefore, on sailing up this way, they saw a town planted opposite this so far superior spot, they concluded that its inhabitants must be the blind men whom Apollo meant, and established themselves here accordingly.

The city soon grew and throve, not only because it was well placed for trade, but on account of the shoals of fish — a fish called pelamys, which has been conjectured to be a kind of tunny — that used to come down from the Black Sea, and which were attracted into the harbor by the stream of fine fresh water which flowed into the upper end of it. Whether the fresh water brought down insects or other tiny creatures on which the fish fed, or whether it caused the growth of beds of seaweed which served as pasture, is not clear, but at any rate it was the stream that lured in the fish, and the fish that made the fortune of the place. For the Byzantines drove a roaring trade in these fish — the name of Golden Horn, which the harbor still bears, is said to be derived from the wealth they drew from this source. They also raised a large revenue by levying a tax on the corn-ships that passed out through the straits from southern Russia; for that region, then called Scythia, had already become, as it is now, one of the greatest grain-producing countries in the world. With this command of a main artery of trade, Byzantium had grown by the time of Herodotus to be a considerable place, whose possession or alliance was thenceforward very valuable to the great powers that disputed the control of these countries. Having submitted, like other Greek cities of that region, to the Persians, it recovered its independence after the defeat of Xerxes, and became a member of the Athenian confederacy, till the Athenian power was in its turn overthrown. In the days of Philip of Macedon, it was again an ally of Athens, and stood a famous siege from that prince, a siege whose happy issue was due to the energy with which Demosthenes pressed the Athenians to send succor to it when it was on the point of yielding. It is related that during this siege a bright light in the form of a crescent was seen in the sky, and accepted by the Byzantines as a sign of deliverance; and that after Philip's repulse, they took the crescent to be the device of the city, which it continued to be till the Turkish conquest. Some hold that this is the origin of the Crescent as the Ottoman badge.* Many another attack it had to resist, both before and after it submitted to the dominion of Rome. But whatever misfortune might befall it at the hands of enemies, it always recovered its wealth and consequence. The inhabitants are described as a race of well-to-do, luxurious people, much given to good eating and drinking, since they had abundance of fish, and the neighboring country produced excellent wine. It was a story against them that when a Byzantine officer ought to be at his post on the walls, he was generally to be found in a cook-shop or tavern. In A.D. 330, Constantine the Great, who had then become sole emperor at Rome, determined to found a new capital, which would be a better centre of defence for the part of his empire which seemed most threatened by the barbarians of the north, and made choice of Constantinople as the spot. His practised military eye saw its wonderful strength, which had enabled it to resist him for some time in his great war with the emperor Licinius, and every traveller had long admired its advantages for commerce. Besides, he had just embraced Christian-

* There is, however, some evidence that the Seljukian Turks had used the Crescent long before; and it has been suggested that they borrowed it from the Chinese.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

ity, and as Rome was full of the majestic monuments of paganism, he thought that the new religion would rise faster and flourish more freely in a clear field, where it would not be confronted or corrupted by the passions and prejudices of the past. He called it New Rome, but his court and people called it the city of Constantine; and the name of Constantinople at once superseded that of Byzantium.

Under his hands it sprung at once into greatness. The old Greek colony had occupied only the extreme point of the peninsula between the port and the Sea of Marmora: the new city filled the whole of it, covering almost the same area as Stamboul * does now; and was probably built a good deal more densely, since a considerable part of that area is now wasted in gardens or ruins. He brought some distinguished families from Rome, and allured settlers from all quarters by the offer of privileges and exemptions: as the seat of government it attracted many more, so that the population had risen in a century from his time to more than two hundred thousand. Immense sums were spent in the erection of palaces, law-courts, churches, and other public buildings; and the cities of the Ægean were ransacked to furnish masterpieces of Grecian art to enable its market-places and porticoes to rival those of Italian Rome. One such work of art has survived till our own day, and may stlll be seen in what was the hippodrome or race-course of the city. It is a brazen column, consisting of three twisted serpents, which was brought from Delphi, where it supported the tripod which the victorious Greeks dedicated to Apollo after the great Persian War. The tripod has long since vanished, and the serpents have suffered much — one of them had its lower jaw smitten off by the mace of Mohammed II., and all have lost their heads — but the venerable relic — probably the most remarkable relic that the world possesses — still keeps its place, and may perhaps witness as many vicissitudes of fortune in the future as it has done in the three and twenty centuries that have passed since it was set up in the Pythian shrine.

From A.D. 330 to A.D. 1453, Constantinople was the capital of the Roman Empire of the East; and its history may almost be called the history of that empire. It had many a siege to stand, sometimes in civil wars, sometimes from barbarian enemies like the Persians, who encamped for three years over against it at Scutari, or the Arabs in their first flush of conquering energy, or the Russians, who came across the Black Sea in huge flotillas. All these foes it repelled, only to fall at last before those who ought to have proved its friends, the French and Venetian Crusaders, who in A.D. 1204 turned aside hither from their expedition to Palestine to attack it. They drove out the Eastern emperor, and set up a Frank in his place. They sacked the city, and wrought more ruin in a few days than all previous enemies had done in as many centuries. The Eastern Empire never recovered this cruel blow; and though after a while these Franks were expelled, and a native prince again (1261 A.D.) sat on the throne of Constantine, his territory was now too small, and the organization of the State too much shattered to enable any effective resistance to be offered to the progress of the terrible foe who advanced first from Asia Minor, then on the side of Europe also. In A.D. 1453 the Turks took Constantinople, and extinguished the Eastern Empire. At that time Constantinople was sadly shorn of its glories. The public buildings had fallen to decay; war and poverty had reduced the population to about one hundred thousand, and these inhabitants had so little martial spirit that the defence of the city had to be intrusted to Western mercenaries. Of this scanty population the majority were slain or led captives by the conquerors, so that Mohammed II. found it necessary to repeople his prize by gathering immigrants from all quarters, just as Constantine had done eleven hundred years before. Small indeed can therefore be the strain of old Byzantine blood that runs in the veins of the modern people of Constantinople. Mohammed transferred his government hither from Adrianople, and since his day this has been the centre of Ottoman dominion and a sacred city, hardly less sacred than Jerusalem or even Mecca, to the Mohammedan world.

One word, before we part from old Constantinople, on the mission which was intrusted to her during the long ages that lay between Constanstine the Great, her founder, and Constantine Palæologus XVI., her last Christian sovereign. While the rest of Europe was plunged in barbarism and ignorance, she preserved, like an ark amid the far-spreading waters, the treasures of ancient thought and learning. Most of the Greek manuscripts we

* Stamboul (said to be a corruption of εἰς τὴν πόλιν) though often used as a name for Constantinople generally, denotes properly the old city between the inlet called the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora, as opposed to Galata and Pera.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

now possess, and some of the most valuable Latin ones, were stored up in her libraries, and ultimately scattered from her over the Western countries. A succession of writers maintained, though no doubt in a lifeless way, the traditions of Greek style, and composed chronicles which are almost our only source of knowledge for the history of these borderlands of Europe and Asia. And the light which still burned within her walls was diffused over the Slavonic peoples of the Danube and the Dneiper valleys. She was the instructress of the Slavs, just as Italy was the instructress of the Teutons and the Celts, sending out missionaries, giving them their alphabets, and, in the intervals of the struggle she had to maintain against them, imparting to them some rudiments of civilization. And the services she rendered in this way have been too much forgotten by those who have been struck, as every student must be struck, between the theological and political stagnation of her people, and the powerful intellectual life which even in the Dark Ages had begun to stir among the new nations of western and northern Europe.

What remained of literature, art, and thought expired, it need hardly be said, with the Turkish conquest. From then, till now, the history of Constantinople is a tedious record of palace assassinations and intrigues. Not even a gleam of the literary radiance which surrounds the Mohammedan courts of Bagdad, Cordova, and Delhi ever fell upon the Seraglio of Constantinople. Some of the Turkish sultans, such as Mohammed II. and Suleiman the Magnificent, were undoubtedly great men; but their greatness seldom expanded itself in any of the arts of peace, and in the city there is nothing to remember them by except their tombs and the mosques that bear their names.

Let me now attempt — having tried to show you how the city has grown, and what are the different national influences, Greek, Roman, and Asiatic, that have acted on it and played their part in giving it its strangely mingled character — to present to you some notion of its structure and aspect. It consists of three main divisions. First there is the old city, the city of Constantine, which the Turks now call Stamboul, lying between the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora, and narrowing down to a point of land, the point which was the site of the first Megarian colony, and which marks the entrance from the sea into the long strait of the Bosphorus. Secondly, over against Stamboul, on the other side of the Golden Horn, is Galata — called probably from the Galatæ or Gauls (Galatians) who had occupied neighboring regions of Asia Minor not long after the time of Alexander the Great, and some of whom had apparently settled here — a long, low, dirty district running along the water's edge, and full of Greek sailors and bad smells. It was a mere suburb in Roman times, and bore the name of Sycæ (the fig-trees). In the Middle Ages it became the seat of a fortress colony of the Genoese, who carried on a great trade in these seas, and had their forts and trading factories all round the Euxine. Here they built a majestic tower nearly half way up the slope of the hill, from whose top one of the finest panoramic views of the city may be enjoyed. Behind and above Galata, rising up the steep hill, is the quarter called Pera, where Europeans of the better sort live, and all the European shops are to be found. Here, on the hilltop, stand the palaces of the ambassadors, among which, appropriately enough, our own and that of the German envoy are the most conspicuous, tall piles that look big enough to hold an army. Both these quarters are in Europe, and from them a long suburb meanders along the European shores of the Bosphorus, forming a line of villages with villas and gardens between, that stretches some eight or nine miles to Therapia. The third and last division is in Asia, on the further side of the Bosphorus, opposite both Stamboul and Galata; it consists of a series of towns, the chief of which is Scutari, forming an almost continuous mass of houses along the shore, and virtually a part of the great city, though separated by more than a mile of water, water which is sometimes so rough that the steamers cannot cross.

You may judge from looking at the map what a singular city this must be with the sea running through it in all directions, not merely in canals like those of Venice or Rotterdam, but forming great broad inlets whose water is intensely bright and clear, as well as deep to the very edge. It is as if you had a city built on both sides of the Kyles of Bute, at the point where one of the long sea lochs (Loch Riddon or Loch Striven) comes down into the main channel. Stockholm and New York are the only other great cities that can be compared with it in this respect; but Stockholm, though beautiful in its way, is on a comparatively small scale, while in New York man has done his utmost to

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

spoil nature, and nature herself has done infinitely less than at Constantinople. Let me try to tell you what nature has done for Constantinople. She has given it the bluest and clearest sea that can be imagined, and vaulted over it the most exquisitely bright yet tender sky, full of a delicious light that would be dazzling if it were not so soft. She has drawn the contour of the shores and hills as if with an artist's hand, the sweeping reaches of the Bosphorus, the graceful curve of the Golden Horn, the soft slope of the olive-clad heights behind Scutari, the sharp, bold outline of the rocky isles that rise from the surface of the Sea of Marmora; and far away on the south-eastern horizon she has raised into heaven the noble summit of the Mysian Olympus, whose snows blush rose red under the morning sun. The sea seems to pervade everything: turn which way you will it meets you, till you get confused among its winding arms. Its glittering bosom is covered with vessels of every size and style, from the long dark ugly ironclads, which the late sultan bought from the Clyde and Tyne ship-builders with borrowed money, to the sprightly feluccas and other odd little craft rigged in a fashion our language has no names for. During the day its surface is seldom calm, for there is usually a breeze blowing, and when this breeze comes up from the south-west and meets the strong current running down from the Black Sea, it raises in a moment short sharp waves, a kind of chopping sea that makes the small boats vanish. The nights, however, are often still and serene, and then under the brilliant moon the city seems to lie engirt by a flood of molten silver.

From the shore, lined with masts, the hills rise almost everywhere steeply, bearing on their side and tops the town, or rather these three towns, looking across at one another, which I have endeavored to describe. The houses are mostly of glittering white, densely packed together, but interrupted every here and there by a grove of tall dark-green cypresses. Such an ancient grove almost covers one side of the hill of Pera, overshadowing a large cemetery called the Field of the Dead. The Turks say that the smell of the cypress and the resin it exudes destroy the miasma of a graveyard. At any rate their sombre hue and stiff outline harmonize well with the ruinous tombs that lie scattered round their trunks; for in Turkey the graves are not inclosed, and the stone once stuck into the ground is left neglected to totter or fall. Out of the mass of white walls and red roofs rise the vast domes of the mosques, and beside or round each mosque, two or four, or even six slender minarets, tall, needle-like towers of marble, with a small open gallery running round the outside, whence, four times a day, the shrill cry of the man who calls the faithful to prayer is heard over the hum of the crowd below. The houses in Stamboul itself are seldom over two or three stories high, and often of wood, sometimes whitewashed, sometimes painted red or yellow, and generally rickety and flimsy-looking. In Pera and the suburbs one finds substantial mansions and villas, but these mostly belong to well-to-do Christian merchants. There are few public buildings besides the mosques to be seen, for the old palaces have been burned — Constantinople is a terrible place for fires — and as for the new ones, of which there are more than enough, they are mostly long, low structures in the modern French or Italian style upon the edge of the Bosphorus. Sultan Abdul Aziz spent millions upon these erections; in fact, the loans made since the Crimean war were nearly entirely sunk in these and in his men-of-war. They tell a story of one of the prettiest of them, that he built it at an enormous cost as a place to go to for coffee in the afternoon. When it was finished he went, and finding himself with a headache next morning, took a disgust to it, and never entered it afterwards. This is what personal government comes to in the East. As for the ordinary ornaments of European capitals — museums, picture-galleries, theatres, libraries, universities, and so forth — they don't exist at all. The administration cares for none of such things, and has hardly even supplied itself with respectable public offices (except the ministry of war, which is a large place with the air of a barrack, deforming the finest site in Stamboul); and private enterprise has produced nothing more than two or three wretched little places of amusement for the Franks and Greeks of Pera. Nowhere is there a church to be discovered. Half the inhabitants are Christians, and most of them devout Christians according to their lights; but the Muslim population, who are the object of our protecting care, are still intolerant enough to be irritated by the sight of a place of Christian worship. So the churches are all (except the English church in Pera) comparatively small and obscure, hidden away in corners where they don't catch the eye. The ancient churches have been nearly all

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

turned into mosques or suffered to fall to ruin, so that little material remains for the student of mediæval architecture. In fact, one may get a better notion of Byzantine art at Ravenna alone than in the whole territories of the later Eastern Empire.

People are always saying that the inside of Constantinople dispels the illusions which the view of it from the sea or the neighboring hills has produced. But those who say so, if they are not merely repeating the commonplaces of their guide-book, can have no eye for the picturesque. I grant that the interior is very dirty and irregular and tumble-down, that smells offend the nose, and loud harsh cries the ear. But then, it is so wonderfully strange and curious and complex, full of such bits of color, such varieties of human life, such far-reaching associations from the past, that whatever an inhabitant may desire, a visitor at least would not willingly see anything improved or cleared away. The streets are crooked and narrow, climbing up steep hills, or winding along the bays of the shore, sometimes lined with open booths, in which stolid old Turks sit cross-legged sleepily smoking, sometimes among piles of gorgeous fruit, which even to behold is a feast, while sometimes they are hemmed in by high windowless walls and crossed by heavy arches, places where you think robbers must be lurking. Then, again, you emerge from one of these gloomy cavities upon an open space — there are no squares, but irregular open spaces — and see such a group of gaily-painted houses, with walnut or plane trees growing round them, as one finds on the Bay of Naples. Or you come to a side street, and, looking down the vista, catch a glimpse of a garden full of luxuriant vines and rosy pomegranates, and beyond it the bright blue waves dancing in the sunlight. Now and then one finds some grand old piece of Roman ruin — an arch or a cistern, or the foundations of some forgotten church, whose solidity mocks the flimsy modern houses that surround it — and is carried back in thought a thousand years, to the time when those courses of fine masonry were laid by the best architects of Europe. Not that there are many considerable ruins, for in this respect Constantinople contrasts markedly with her Italian rival. The reason of this is doubtless to be sought not merely in the superior grandeur of Roman buildings, but also in the fact that while in Rome the old city on and around the Palatine, Aventine, and Cœlian hills was deserted in the Middle Ages for the flats of the Campus Martius, the site of the ancient city has here been continuously inhabited, each age constructing its dwellings out of the materials which former ages had left. In another point, too, one is struck by the contrast between these ruins and those of Rome. Constantinople has absolutely nothing to show from pagan times. Though Byzantium was nearly as old as Rome, the city of Constantine is the true creation of the first Christian emperor, and possesses not a relic of paganism, except the twisted serpents from Delphi and an Egyptian obelisk planted near them in the hippodrome.

There are no shops in the streets of Stamboul proper, for nearly everything, except food, is sold in the bazaar, which is an enormous square building, consisting of a labyrinth of long covered arcades, in which the dealers sit in their stalls with their wares piled up round them. It is all locked up at sunset. You may buy most things in it, but the visitor is chiefly attracted by the rugs and carpets from Persia, Anatolia, and Kurdistan, the silks of Broussa, and the stores of old armor (real and false) from everywhere. Purchasing is no easy matter, for a stranger is asked thrice the value of the goods, and unless he is content to be cheated both by the dealer and his own cicerone interpreter (who of course receives a secret commission from the vendor), he must spend hours and hours in bargaining. Business is slack on Friday (the Mussulman Sabbath) and on Saturday (since many of the dealers are Jews), as well as on Sunday. It is conducted under another difficulty, which drives the visitor almost wild — that of a multiplicity of "circulating mediums." There is a Turkish metallic currency, and a paper currency, greatly depreciated, besides all sorts of coins of other nations constantly turning up, among which the Indian rupee is one of the commonest; and you have to make a separate bargain as to the value at which the coins you happen to have in your pocket will be taken. Hotel lodging, and indeed almost everything, is very dear: for Western books you pay half as much again as in London or Paris. There is little sign of a police in the streets, and nothing done either to pave or clean them. Few are passable for carriages, and the Turks leave everything to time and chance. The only scavengers are the vultures, which may sometimes be seen hovering about in the clear sky, and the dogs, of which there is a vast multitude in the city. Though you must have often heard of these dogs, the

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

tradition which obliges every one who talks about Constantinople to mention them is too well established to be disregarded. Nobody owns them or feeds them, though each dog mostly inhabits the same quarter or street; and, in fact, is chased away or slain if he ventures into the territory of his neighbors. They are ill-favored brutes, mostly of a brown or yellowish hue, and are very much in the way as one walks about. At night they are a serious difficulty, for the streets are not lighted, and you not only stumble over them, but are sometimes, when you fall into one of the holes in the roadway, tumbled head foremost into a nest of them, whereupon a terrible snapping and barking ensues. However, they don't molest you unless you first attack them; and as canine madness is unknown, or nearly so among them, nobody need fear hydrophobia.

I have talked about streets from force of habit, but the truth is that there are very few streets, in our sense of the word, in any quarter of the city. It is a congeries of houses: some of them built, in proper Eastern style, round courtyards, some with doors and windows looking towards the public way, but very few arranged in regular lines. It has the air of having been built all anyhow, the houses stuck down as it might happen, and the people afterwards left to find their way through them. Even the so-called *Grande Rue* of Pera, which has some very handsome French shops, is in some places as steep as the side of Lochnagar, and in others as narrow as an Edinburgh wynd. It is a capital place to lose yourself in, for you never can see more than a few yards ahead, and the landmarks you resolve to find your way back by — a ruined house, for instance, or a plane-tree standing in the middle of the road — turn out to be as common as pillar letter-boxes in our own streets, so that you, in trusting to them, are more bewildered than ever. The Russians, one would think, must feel themselves sadly at sea in such a town, for in St. Petersburg nearly every street is straight, and some of the great streets run so far without the slightest curve (three miles at the least), that one literally cannot see to the end of them.

Perhaps the strangest thing of all is to have trains and tram-cars running through this wonderful old eastern mass of mosques, bazaars, graveyards, gardens, and ruins. There is now a line of railway, which, starting from the centre of the port, goes right round the outside of the city, following the windings of the shore, away into the country. It does a large "omnibus traffic," stopping every three or four minutes like the Metropolitan Railway in London, and I should fancy is the only thing in Constantinople that pays its way; while a tramway, beginning near the same point, passes along the principal line of streets — indeed, almost the only line level enough for the purpose — as far as the northwestern gate. The cars are much like ours, built, I believe, in America; but they have the odd trick of always running several close one after another, so that you may wait an hour for one to overtake you, and then find three or four come up, going in the same direction, in five minutes' time.

Of the countless sights of Constantinople I shall mention to you three only, the walls, the Seraglio Palace, and the famous church — now a mosque — of St. Sophia. The walls may be traced all round the sea front as well as the land side of the city, but they are naturally strongest and highest on the land side, where they run across the neck of the peninsula from the Sea of Marmora to the Golden Horn. And here they are indeed splendid — a double (in some places triple) line of ramparts with a deep moat outside, built of alternate courses of stone and brick, and guarded by grand old towers, the finest group of which (called the Seven Towers) stands at the sea end, and was long used as a state prison. In several places they are ruinous, and there the ivy and other climbing plants have half filled the gaps, and clothed the glowing red with a mantle of delicate green. Many are the marks on them of the sieges they have stood, of strokes from stones hurled by the catapult, and blows delivered by battering-rams, long before gunpowder was heard of. The effect of their noble proportions is increased by the perfect bareness and desolation of the country outside, where there is nothing like a suburb, in fact no houses whatsoever, but merely fields, or open ground, or groves of dismal cypresses. These ramparts were first built by Theodosius (for the line of Constantine's walls was further in), and repaired again and again since his time down to the fatal year 1453, when the Turks, under Mohammed II., took the city. Since then little has been done, except that the Turks have walled up a small gate, still shown to visitors, because there is a prophecy that through it a Christian army will one day re-enter and drive them back into Asia. The stranger probably agrees with the

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Turk that the event predicted will happen, but doubts how far this simple device of theirs will delay it. It is a curious instance of their sluggish fatalism that they have not only allowed these walls to decay, which after all could be of little use against modern artillery, but that, when the present war began, they had done nothing to provide other defences, outlying forts and lines of earthworks, for the city on this its most exposed side. Indeed one is told that Sultan Abdul Medjid actually gave the walls as a present to his mother, that she might make something out of the sale of the materials; and they would soon have perished, had not the British ambassador interfered in the interests of the picturesque.

The Seraglio Point is the extreme end of the peninsula of Stamboul (*i.e.*, the old city proper, as opposed to Galata and Pera) where it meets the waves of the Sea of Marmora, looking down that sea to the west, and northeast up the Bosphorus towards the Euxine. Here a wall running across the peninsula severs this point from the rest of the town, and probably marks pretty nearly the site of the oldest Greek settlement. When Constantine founded his city he selected this district as the fittest for the imperial residence, since it was the most secluded and defensible, surrounded on three sides by the sea, and on it there was built a large, rambling fortress palace, where the emperors dwelt, shrouding in its obscurity their indolence or their vices from the popular eye. After their fall it passed to the Turkish sultans, who kept their harem here, and from its walls the disgraced favorite was flung, sewn up, according to the approved fashion, in a sack, into the deep waters, whose current soon swept him or her away down to the open sea. No palace offers so great a temptation to crime, for in none could it be so well concealed and its victims so easily got rid of. Great part was consumed by fire more than thirty years ago, and has never been rebuilt; so most of this large area, which is still divided from the rest of the city by a high wall, remains a waste of ruins, heaps of rubbish with here a piece of solid old masonry, there a gaunt yellowish wall standing erect, while in the midst are groups of stone pines and tall, stiff, sombre cypresses, that seem as if mourning over this scene of silence and decay.

It is no inapt type of the modern Turkish empire, where no losses are repaired and forebodings of death gather thick around. And the spectator is reminded of the Persian poet's lines which Mohammed II. is said to have repeated when, on the day of his conquest, he entered the deserted palace of the emperors, —

> The spider weaves her web in the palace of
> the kings,
> The owl hath sung her watch song from the
> towers of Afrasiab.

A part of the palace escaped the fire, and is still used, though not by the sultan himself; and in what is called the outer seraglio, close to the wall which divides it from the city, and immediately behind St. Sophia, there are two buildings of some interest. One is the Museum of Antiquities, a bare room, half open to a courtyard, in which there lie, heaped up over the floor, the monuments of Greek art which have been sent hither from the Greek isles and Asia Minor. Statues and fragments of statues, stones bearing inscriptions, pieces of pottery and glass, and a variety of other similar relics, have been thrown together here like so many skeletons in a burial-pit, uncleaned, uncatalogued, uncared for, sometimes without a mark to indicate whence they came. No government in Europe has had such opportunities for forming a collection of Greek art treasures, and this is the result. What it has cared for is seen when you take a few steps from this charnel-house of art and enter St. Irene, the Church of the Holy Peace, a beautiful bit of work in the best style of Byzantine architecture, which the Turks have turned into an armory. All down the nave and all along the walls rifles are stacked, swords and lances hung, while field cannon stand in the midst. The sanctuary of the divine peace teems with the weapons of war.

From whatever point you gaze upon the landscape of Constantinople this seraglio promontory, with its grove of lofty cypresses, seizes and holds the eye. It is the central point of the city, as it is also the centre of the city's history. Dynasties of tyrants have reigned in it for fifteen centuries, and wrought in it more deeds of cruelty and lust than any other spot on earth has seen.

St. Sophia, the third of the sights I have named, is one of the wonders of the world. It is the only great Christian church which has been preserved from very early times; for the basilicas of St. John Lateran and St. Mary the Greater at Rome have been considerably altered. And in itself it is a prodigy of architectural skill as well as architectural beauty. Its enormous area is surmounted by a

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

dome so flat, pitched at so low an angle, that it seems to hang in air, and one cannot understand how it retains its cohesion. The story is that Anthemius, the architect, built it of excessively light bricks of Rhodian clay. All round it, dividing the recesses from the great central area, are rows of majestic columns, brought hither by Justinian, who was thirty years in building it (A.D. 538–568), from the most famous heathen shrines of the East, among others from Diana's temple at Ephesus, and that of the sun at Baalbec. The roof and walls were adorned with superb mosaics, but the Mohammedans, who condemn any representation of a living creature, lest it should tend to idolatry, have covered over all these figures, though in some places you can just discern their outlines through the coat of plaster or whitewash. In place of them they have decorated the building with texts from the Koran, written in gigantic characters round the dome (one letter Alif is said to be thirty feet long), or on enormous boards suspended from the roof, and in four flat spaces below the dome they have suffered to be painted the four archangels whom they recognize, each represented by six great wings, without face or other limbs.

One of the most highly cultivated and widely travelled ecclesiastics whom Russia possesses (they are, unhappily, few enough) told me that after seeing nearly all the great cathedrals of Latin Europe he felt when he entered St. Sophia that it far transcended them all, that now for the first time his religious instincts had been satisfied by a human work. Mr. Fergusson, in his "History of Architecture," says something to a similar effect. This will hardly be the feeling of those whose taste has been formed on Western, or what we call Gothic models, with their mystery, their complexity, their beauty of varied detail. But St. Sophia certainly gives one an impression of measureless space, of dignity, of majestic unity, which no other church (unless perhaps the Cathedral of Seville) can rival. You are more awed by it, more lost in it than in St. Peter's itself.

The Mohammedan worship in this mosque, which they account very holy, is a striking sight. At the end of it next Mecca there is a sort of niche or recess, where they keep the Koran, called the Mihrab. Well, in front of the Mihrab, just like the Greek priest before his altar, stands the mollah or priest who is leading the devotions of the congregation, while the worshippers themselves stand ranged down the body of the building in long parallel rows running across it, with an interval of several yards between each row. As the mollah recites the prayers in a loud, clear, harsh voice, the people follow, repeating the prayers aloud, and follow also every movement of his body, sometimes bending forward, then rising, then flinging themselves suddenly flat on the floor and knocking their foreheads repeatedly against it, then springing again to their feet, these evolutions being executed with a speed and precision like that of a company of soldiers. Occasionally the reading of a passage in the Koran is interposed, but there is no singing, and this is fortunate, for the music of the East is painfully monotonous and discordant. Women are of course not present at the public service; for that would shock Mohammedan ideas, and in some Mohammedan countries, women, like dogs, are rigidly excluded from the house of prayer, and may occasionally be seen performing their devotions outside. Here, in Stamboul, however, I repeatedly noticed groups of half-veiled women seated on the floor of a mosque when worship was not proceeding, sometimes gathered into a group which was listening to a mollah haranguing them. On one of these occasions I asked the cicerone who accompanied us what the mollah was saying. He listened for a moment, and replied, "Oh, just what our priests say, to mind their own business and not to get into scrapes" (*pas faire des bêtises*), which seems to imply that the exhortations of the clergy of all denominations are, in Constantinople, of a more definitely practical character than one was prepared to expect. Islam has been so hard upon women, that it is something to find them preached to at all. I may say in passing that, although St. Sophia is by far the most beautiful of the mosques, some of the others, built in imitation of its general design, are very grand, their towering cupolas supported by stupendous columns, and the broad expanse of the floor almost unbroken by the petty erections and bits of furniture and chairs which so often mar the effect of Latin and Eastern churches.

Few buildings in the world inspire more solemn or thrilling thoughts than this church of Justinian. It witnessed the coronations of the Byzantine emperors for nearly a thousand years; it witnessed the solemn mass by which the cardinal legate of the pope celebrated the union so long striven for, and so soon dissolved, of the

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Greek and Latin Churches; and it witnessed the terrible death-scene of the Byzantine Empire. On the 29th of May, 1453, the sultan Mohammed II. marshalled his hosts for the last assault upon beseiged Constantinople. The thunder of his cannon was heard over the doomed city, striking terror into its people, and, while the battle raged upon the walls, a vast crowd of priests, women, children, and old men gathered in St. Sophia, hoping that the sanctity of the place would be some protection if the worst befell, and praying the help of God and the saints in this awful hour. Before noon the walls were stormed. The emperor, who had fought like a true successor of Constantine, fell under a heap of slain, and the Turkish warriors burst into the city, and dashed like a roaring wave along the streets, driving the fugitive Greeks before them. Making straight for St. Sophia, they flung themselves upon the unresisting crowd; men were slaughtered — others, and with them the women and children, were bound with cords, and driven off in long files into captivity; the altars were despoiled, the pictures torn down, and before night fell every trace of Christianity that could be reached had been destroyed. They still show on one of the columns a mark which is said to have been made by the sultan's blood-smeared hand as he smote it in sign of possession, and shouted aloud, with a voice heard above the din, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet." Looking round this noble monument of Christian art, and thinking of that awful scene, it was impossible not to wish for the speedy advent of a day when the fierce faith of Arabia shall be driven out, and the voice of Christian worship be heard once more beneath this sounding dome.

Now, let me pass from the city to the people that dwell in it, and try to give you some notion of its vast and strangely mingled population. One of the most striking points about it is the sense of a teeming population which it gives. Standing on the top of the hill of Pera, you look down over a sea and port covered with vessels and boats, and see upon the amphitheatre of hills that rises from this blue mirror three huge masses of houses, straggling away along the shores in interminable suburbs, while the throng that streams across the bridge of boats (reminding one of the "Vision of Mirza") is scarcely less than that which fills the great thoroughfares of London. Pass beyond the walls, or climb the hill that hangs over Scutari, and the contrast is extraordinary. You look over a veritable wilderness, great stretches of open land, sometimes bare, sometimes covered with brushwood (for the big trees have been mostly cut down by the improvident people) with hardly a village or even a house to break the melancholy of the landscape. Much of this land is fertile, and was once covered with thriving homesteads, with olive-yards and vineyards, and happy autumn fields; but the blight of Turkish rule has passed over it like a scorching wind.

Constantinople is a city not of one nation but of many, and hardly more of one than of another. You cannot talk of Constantinopolitans as you talk of Londoners or Aberdonians, for there are none — that is to say, there is no people who can be described as being *par excellence* the people of the city, with a common character or habits or language. Nobody knows either the number of the population or the proportion which its various elements bear to one another; but one may guess roughly that the inhabitants are not less than eight or nine hundred thousand, and that of these about a half, some say rather over a half, are Mohammedans. This half lives mostly in Stamboul proper and in Scutari, while Pera, Galata, and Kadikeui (Chalcedon) are left to the Christians. Except the pashas, who have enriched themselves by extortion and corruption, and various officials or hangers-on upon the government, they are mostly poor people, many of them very poor, and also very lazy. A man need work but little in this climate, where one can get on without fire nearly all the year, with very little food and clothing, and even without a house, for you see a good many figures lying about at night in the open air, coiled up under an arch or in the corner of a courtyard. Plenty of them are ecclesiastics of some kind or other, and get their lodging and a little food at the mosques; plenty are mere beggars. The great bulk are, of course, ignorant and fanatical, dangerous when roused by their priests, though honest enough fellows when left alone, and in some ways more likable than the Christians. But the so-called upper class are extremely corrupt.

These richer folk have mostly dropped the picturesque old Turkish dress, and taken to French fashions. They wear cloth coats and trousers, retaining only the red fez, which is infinitely less becoming than a turban; smoke cigarettes, instead of pipes, and show a surprising aptitude for adding Western vices to their own stock,

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

which is pretty large, of Eastern ones. It is they that are the curse of the country. They have not even that virtue which the humbler Mussulmans have, of sobriety. With all their faults, the poor Turks, and especially the country people, are faithful observers of the precepts of the Koran, and you will see less drunkenness in the streets of Stamboul in a year than in Glasgow upon New Year's Day. Indeed, if you do see a drunken man at all, he is pretty sure to be a British or a Russian sailor. When I speak of Turks, I do not mean to imply that these Mohammedans of Stamboul have any Turkish (that is Turkman) blood in them, for they have probably about as much as there is of Norman blood in the population of London. They are as mongrel a race as can be found in the world — a mixture of all sorts of European and Asiatic peoples who have been converted to Islam, and recruited (down till recent times) by the constant kidnapping of Christian children and the import of slaves from all quarters. Their religion, however, gives them a unity which, so far as repulsion from their fellow-subjects goes, is a far stronger bond than any community of origin.

Nearly equal in numbers to the Mohammedans are the Turkish Christians, Greeks, Armenians, and Bulgarians. Though I speak of them together, they have really little in common, for each cherishes its own form of faith, and they hate one another nearly as cordially as they all hate the Turks. The Armenians seem to be the most numerous (they are said to be two hundred thousand), and many of the wealthy merchants belong to this nation: the Bulgarians, however, are, according to the report of the American missionaries, who are perhaps the best authorities, really the most teachable and progressive. The Americans have got an excellent college on the Bosphorus, where they receive Christian children belonging to all the nationalities. Then, besides all these natives, one finds a motley crowd of strangers from the rest of Europe — Italians, Germans, Hungarians, Russians, Poles, Frenchmen, English. Thus there are altogether at least eight or nine nations moving about the streets of this wonderful city, eight or nine languages which you may constantly hear spoken by the people you pass, and five or six which appear on the shop fronts. Turkish, Greek, Armenian, French, and English are perhaps the commonest. Italian used to be the chief medium of intercourse between West Europeans and natives, but since the Crimean war it has been largely superseded by French. Indeed the varnish of civilization which the influx of Europeans has spread over so many parts of the East everywhere is, or pretends to be, French. So here the music-halls and coffee-gardens of Pera, which are of a sufficiently sordid description, have a sort of third-rate Parisian air about them which is highly appreciated by the repulsive crowd that frequents them.

The best place to realize this strange mixture of nationalities is on the lower bridge of boats which connects Stamboul with Galata, and from which the little steamers run up and down the Bosphorus. There are two such bridges crossing the Golden Horn, both somewhat rickety. The pontoons to form a new one have been made for some years, and are now floating beside the lower one, in the waters of the harbor, but, owing to a dispute between the government and the Frank contractors, they have never been put together, and may probably lie rotting there for years to come, perhaps till some new government is established in Stamboul. It is a delightfully Turkish way of doing things. This lower bridge is also the wharf whence start the little steamers that run up the Bosphorus and across to Scutari and Chalcedon, on the Asiatic shore. Stalls for the sale of food and trinkets almost block up its ends, and little Turkish newspapers, hardly bigger than a four-page tract, are sold upon it, containing such news as the Porte thinks proper to issue. Take your stand upon it, and you see streaming over it an endless crowd of every dress, tongue, and religion; fat old Turkish pashas lolling in their carriages, keen-faced, wily Greeks, swarthy Armenians, easily distinguished by their large noses, Albanians with prodigious sashes of purple silk tied round their waists, and glittering daggers and pistols stuck all over them, Italian sailors, wild-eyed soldiers from the mountains of Asia Minor, Circassian beauties peeping out of their carriages from behind their veils, and swarms of priests with red, white, or green turbans, the green distinguishing those who claim descent from the Prophet. All these races have nothing to unite them; no relations, except those of trade, with one another, no intermarriage, no common civic feeling, no common patriotism. In Constantinople there is neither municipal government nor public opinion. Nobody knows what the sultan's ministers are doing, or what is happening at the scene of war. Everybody lives in a per-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

petual vague dread of everybody else. The Turks believe that the Christians are conspiring with Russia to drive them out of Europe. The Christians believe that the Turks are only waiting for a signal to set upon and massacre them all. I thought these fears exaggerated; and though my friend and I were warned not to venture alone into St. Sophia, or through the Turkish quarters, we did both, and no man meddled with us. Indeed I wandered alone in the streets of Stamboul at night, and met no worse enemies than the sleeping dogs. But the alarms are quite real if the dangers are not; and one must never forget that in these countries a slight incident may provoke a massacre like that of Salonika. Imagine, if you can — you who live in a country where an occasional burglar is the worst that ever need be feared — a city where one-half of the inhabitants are hourly expecting to be murdered by the other half, where the Christian native tells you in a whisper that every Turk carries a dagger ready for use. It is this equipoise of races, this mutual jealousy and suspicion of the balanced elements, that makes it so difficult to frame a plan for the future disposal and government of the city. When, at some not very distant day, the Turk, or, as I should rather say, the sultan, disappears from Constantinople, who is there to put in his place? We are all, whatever our political sympathies, agreed in desiring that it should not fall into the hands of any great military or naval state. And, what is more to the purpose, the powers of Europe are so well agreed in their resolve to forbid that issue, that the danger of a permanent Russian occupation may be dismissed as chimerical. But who, then, is to have this incomparable prize, this arbitress of war and commerce? Neither Greeks, nor Armenians, nor Bulgarians, are numerous enough to be accepted as rulers by the other two races. The elements out of which municipal institutions ought to be formed are wanting; and though each of these three peoples is no doubt more hopeful and progressive than their Mohammedan neighbors, none of them has yet given indications of such a capacity for self-government as could entitle it to be intrusted with the difficult task of reorganizing the adminstration of a bankrupt country, of developing its resources, and maintaining order and justice.

Looking at the present state of the inhabitants of Constantinople, and their want of moral and social cohesion, one is disposed to think that organization, order, reform, must in the first instance come from without, and that some kind of active intervention by the representatives of the European powers will be needed to set a going any local government, and to watch over it during the years of its childhood. And there is another reflection of some political consequence which forces itself strongly upon one who gazes over the majestic avenue of the Bosphorus, with the steamers and caiques plying across it. It is this. The two sides of this avenue must obey the same government. The notion of treating these two shores differently, because we call one of them Europe and the other Asia, is idle and impracticable. A strait so narrow as this is really, what Homer calls the Hellespont, a river; and rivers, so far from being, like mountain ranges, natural boundaries, link peoples together, and form the most powerful ties of social and commercial intercourse. You might as well have Liverpool in the hands of one sovereign and Birkenhead of another, as give Constantinople to a Greek or Armenian government, while leaving Scutari and Chalcedon to the sultan. Fancy custom-houses erected all along both shores, and every vessel visited, every passenger examined when he landed! Fancy a state of war, and hostile batteries firing across this mile or so of water, and destroying both cities at once!

Constantinople is not only a city that belongs to the world; it is in a way itself a miniature of the world. It is not so much a city as an immense *caravanserai*, which belongs to nobody, but within whose walls everybody encamps, drawn by business or by pleasure, but forming no permanent ties, and not calling himself a citizen. It has three distinct histories — Greek, Roman, and Turkish. It is the product of a host of converging influences — influences some of which are still at work, making it different every year from what it was before. Religion, and all those customs which issue from religion, come to it from Arabia; civilization from Rome and the West; both are mingled in the dress of the people and the buildings where they live and worship. Races, manners, languages, even coins, from every part of the East and of Europe here cross one another and interweave themselves like the many-colored threads in the gorgeous fabric of an Eastern loom.

Seeing the misery which Turkish rule has brought upon these countries, it is impossible not to wish for its speedy extinction. Indeed I never met any Frank in the East who did not take the darkest

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

view of the Turks as a governing caste. Even the fire-eating advocates of "British interests" owned this. They insisted that the maintenance of the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire was so essential to ourselves that we must fight for the sultan's government at whatever cost to his unhappy subjects. But they frankly confessed that it was not only a bad government, but an irreclaimable government, which could only be improved by being practically superseded. Premising all this, I am bound in turn to admit that the dominance of Mohammedanism adds infinitely to the rich variety and imaginative interest of the capital. Rome without the pope is a sad falling off from the Rome of twenty years ago, and Constantinople without the sultan and all that the sultan implies will be a very different and a far less picturesque place, for it will want many of those contrasts which now strike so powerfully on the historical sense as well as on the outward eye. He, therefore, who wishes to draw the full enjoyment from this wonderful spot ought to go to it soon, before changes already in progress have had time to complete their vulgarizing work. Already chimney-stacks pollute the air, and the whistle of locomotives is heard; already the flowing robes of the East are vanishing before the monotony of Western broadcloth. Before many years mollahs and softas and dervishes may have slunk away; there may be local rates and boards of works, running long, straight streets through the labyrinth of lanes; a tubular bridge may span the Golden Horn, and lines of warehouses cover the melancholy wilds of Seraglio Point. Even the Turks have, of late years, destroyed much that can never be replaced; and any new master is sure to destroy or "restore" (which is the worst kind of destruction) most of what remains.

The rarest and most subtle charm of a city, as of a landscape or of a human face, is its idiosyncrasy, or (to speak somewhat fancifully) its expression, the indefinable effect it produces on you which makes you feel it to be different from all other cities you have seen before. The peculiarity of Constantinople is that, while no city has so marked a physical character, none has so strangely confusing and indeterminate a social one. It is nothing, because it is everything at once; because it mirrors, like the waters of its Golden Horn, the manners and faces of all the peoples who pass in and out of it. Such a city is a glorious possession, and no one can recall its associations or meditate on its future as he gazes upon it lying spread before him in matchless beauty without a thrill of solemn emotion. And this emotion is heightened, not only by the sense of the contrast, here of all the world most striking, between Mohammedanism and Christianity, and the recollection of the terrible strife which enthroned Islam in the metropolis of the Eastern Church, but also by the knowledge that that strife is still being waged, and that the shores which lie beneath your eye are likely to witness struggles and changes in the future not less momentous than those of the past. It is this, after all, that gives their especial amplitude and grandeur to the associations of Constantinople. It combines that interest of the future which fires the traveller's imagination in America, with that interest of the past which touches him in Italy. Other famous cities have played their part, and the curtain has dropped upon them; empire, and commerce, religion, and letters, and art, have sought new seats. But the city of two continents must remain prosperous and great when St. Petersburg and Berlin may have become even as Augsburg or Toledo, and imperial Rome herself have shrunk to a museum of antiquities.

JAMES BRYCE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A RIDE FOR LIFE.

IT was the last day of December 1857 that the regiment of Sikh irregular cavalry with which I served during the munity in India was marching southwards from Meerut towards Futtehghur, in order to effect a junction with a strong force which was advancing in a northwesterly direction from Cawnpore. Our force had reached within ten miles or so of a small town named Bewah, where the old Grand Trunk Road branches off towards Futtehghur. The force under Lord Clyde, with which we were seeking to effect a junction, was known to be within some thirty-five or forty miles of us; but owing to the disturbed state of the country, it had been hitherto impossible to ascertain with any accuracy its precise position. Between eleven and twelve o'clock that night, I was awakened from a sound sleep in my tent by the adjutant of my corps. He told me that I must get up at once, as news had come that a strong party of rebels had advanced to Bewah, and was now probably between our column and the one with which we were wishing to effect a junc-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

tion; that there was good reason to believe that the rebels had surprised and cut off a picket of our own regiment, which had been sent out under an officer that morning; and that consequently an order had just been issued that another strong patrol or reconnoitring party was to start off at once, in order to ascertain the truth of these reports, if possible — to find out if any body of the enemy occupied the road in front of us; and to pick up generally what information it could. As I was the next officer for duty, it devolved upon me to take command of the party, which was to consist of about four-and-twenty men. Hastily ordering one of my horses to be saddled, I proceeded to make myself ready for a start. The supposed and also the possible whereabouts of the enemy were pointed out to me on a map of the district, and my instructions were clear and precise. I was to steal along the road to the front as quietly and cautiously as possible; to pick up any men of our own patrol whom I might fall in with; to avoid any engagement with the enemy, and to send or bring back exact information of his strength and position as soon as possible. After carefully loading a double-barrelled pistol which I carried, I proceeded to inspect the men and horses of my party, who were already drawn up in readiness a few yards from my tent. Finding them all satisfactorily equipped, I put myself at their head and we moved silently off. It was a serene, bright, and very cold night, and the moon was shining forth with that intensely clear brilliancy only seen in the tropics, as we passed down the main street of the camp, where the troops were sleeping quietly in their tents ranged on each side, and struck into the road along which our intended route lay. After proceeding for about a mile and a half, we approached the last outposts of the camp, and were sharply challenged by the sentries in succession as we passed. After a few minutes' conversation *en passant* with the infantry officer in command of the picket, I passed on. As I did so, I felt that I might very probably require to have all my wits about me in order to execute the task I was instructed to carry out. After taking all necessary precautions to avoid surprise, I made my men follow each other in single file on each side of the road, where the ground was soft, and where, therefore, the sounds of their horses' footfall was not audible, except at a few yards' distance. Advancing thus cautiously along, I proceeded without seeing or hearing anything to indicate the presence of a rebel force for eight or nine miles. *En route* I passed through a couple of miserable villages, which appeared to be deserted, as there was not a soul to be found in them. Suddenly the native officer of the party which I had thrown out as scouts ahead, rode up to say that two men lay dead on the way about half a mile ahead, and that he had identified them as belonging to our patrol, which had been sent out in the morning, and of which nothing had since been heard. Giving orders to my party to follow on quietly, I galloped forward with the man who had brought the news, towards the spot where the bodies were. Sure enough, there they lay, evidently just as they had fallen. One of them, a fine, powerfully-built Sikh, was stretched full length across the road. He had been partially stripped, and lay in a pool of his own blood, his body covered with gaping sword-wounds, while his sabre, of which he had evidently retained his grip almost to the last, was close to his clenched hand, showing that he had fought desperately with his foes to the end. The other man lay under a tree a few yards off, on the side of the road, and had evidently been killed while trying to escape towards our camp; for he had been shot on the back, and had only one sabre-cut visible on him — viz., right across his throat. All this we could discover by the bright moonlight. One of my men had meanwhile lit a native oil torch (though there was, indeed, but little need of it), and as its glare threw a fitful light over the scene, I laid my hand upon one of the dead men, as it was necessary for me to guess how long it was since they had been killed.

Both men were quite cold, and had therefore been dead some hours. It was now but too evident that our patrol sent out in the morning had been attacked; but what had been the fate of the remainder of the party it was impossible to say. Directing my men to place the dead bodies under a tree by the side of the road, I waited till the main body of the patrol came up. In a few minutes they made their appearance, and on reaching the spot where we were, they busied themselves in scrutinizing, by the help of the bright moonlight, the upturned faces of the two dead men. One trooper, after a short scrutiny, dismounted, and kneeling down close to one of the corpses, made a hurried exclamation, and broke out into frantic protestations of grief upon recognizing his own brother as one of the slain.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

I was obliged, in order to silence him, to remind him that it was neither the time nor the place to indulge his grief, but that all he could do was to avenge his death, if he had the chance. He became silent at once, and placing his hand upon his sabre, swore solemnly that if we met any of the rebels they should taste his vengeance — a sentiment warmly re-echoed by the troopers around. Mounting my horse, we again went forward in the same cautious manner as before. For about two miles we proceeded quietly enough, when suddenly the same native officer whom I had before sent on ahead, came galloping back with the news that about half a mile in front of us two more men of our patrol that had been sent out in the morning had been found badly wounded, but still sensible. I again galloped on ahead to the spot where the men were. They were sitting up, supported by the trunk of a tree, one of them so badly wounded as to be almost unconscious. The other man, though weak from loss of blood, was able to speak, and from him I endeavored to get a coherent account of what had occurred. At last, by dint of much cross-questioning and examination, I managed to extract the following facts: M——, the officer who had been sent out in command of the patrol in the morning, had got as far as Bewah without molestation, and had there learnt that the British force under Lord Clyde, which was advancing to meet us from Futtehghur, was still about twenty miles ahead. Being well mounted himself, he had picked out a couple of men to attend him, with the intention, if possible, of reaching the British camp, and so opening up a communication with our column. Before leaving his men in Bewah, he had given strict orders that they were to keep a sharp look-out for themselves, and to keep men patrolling up two or three cross roads that led out of the village. Regarding him and his escort, nothing more had been heard; but as the day worn on, and no sign of any rebels appeared, our Sikh troopers, "mere Asiatics," slackened in their vigilance, the patrols returned, the men dismounted — some of them even unsaddled their horses — and repairing to the *caravansera* of the town, prepared to cook their evening meal. Suddenly, just as it was growing dusk, about five or six o'clock, they were surprised by a band of fugitive rebels from a place called Etawah, who had been that day defeated by another small British force which had been operating in the neighborhood. These rebels, finding a detachment of Sikh troopers in the village, who were evidently taken by surprise, immediately set upon any of them whom they came across. Some of our men hid themselves in the village, and others, jumping on their horses, had, I was assured, made good their escape. Others, like those whom we found on the road *en route*, had been pursued for several miles, and had been killed and wounded in their flight. As to whether any of the rebels still occupied Bewah, the man could give me no information at all.

Finding himself surrounded by the enemy on all sides, he had jumped on his horse barebacked, and fled for his life, and was hotly pursued, overtaken, and left for dead in the road. This was all that could be elicited from him. Telling a man of my party to remain behind with him and his comrade (who was now almost past praying for), and to do the best for him that he could under the circumstances, I set myself for a moment to think. I was somewhat in a dilemma. Did the rebels occupy Bewah or not; and if so what was the strength and composition of their force? It was most important for me to ascertain this, as it was one of the main points which I had been instructed to find out. Again, what had become of M—— and his escort? Had they fallen into the hands of the rebels, or had they made good their way to Lord Clyde's camp? The difficulty was how to ascertain these points without being seen and attacked. After a few moments' consideration, I resolved to go forward with four picked troopers as near as I could to the town, and trust to the chapter of accidents to find out something. I therefore directed the main body of my party to conceal themselves under some trees about half a mile from the town at the side of the road, while I and my four men started off on our mission. Nearer and nearer we approached the little town, expecting every moment to be challenged. At length I halted, and listened anxiously for any of the usual sounds that might betoken the presence of troops in the place. No, not a sound. We therefore advanced confidently on into the town, or rather village, which we found deserted and empty. Indeed the only noise that greeted our ears was the re-echo of our horses' hoofs as we marched through the street. Not an inhabitant to be seen. So far, so good; the enemy was certainly not there.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

At length, as I turned a corner in the street, a man started out from under a house-door where he had been crouching, and ran off in front of us, finally turning down a side street. I shouted to him in Hindustani to stop, but he took no heed; and as I urged my horse in pursuit, he disappeared through a gate. Hastily following him, I found myself in a courtyard overlooked by the windows of half-a-dozen houses. Through the chinks of the door of one of these dwellings lights could plainly be discerned. When fairly in the yard, I could not help glancing anxiously around, and feeling how easily I and my four men might be shot down from the upper windows, in the event of there being any of the enemy within. I was, however, determined, if possible, to gain admittance. I therefore dismounted, and beating loudly at the door, demanded to be let in. My men meanwhile had cocked their carbines and were ready for any emergency that might arise. There was no answer at first to my summons, but I could hear through the wooden door a hurried consultation in whispers going on inside, and at length a voice, tremulous with fear, demanded who we were and what was our business. As soon as I said that I was an English officer, the door was opened at once, and I found three men sitting over the embers of a wood fire. I demanded of them who they were, and which of them was the man whom I had seen run into the house. Upon this a respectable-looking native came forward, and assured me he was an *employé* in the intelligence department of the British force under Lord Clyde, and that he had been sent to see if he could gain any news of the whereabouts of the force to which I belonged. In proof of his assertions he produced several official documents, and implored my protection, adding that his reason for running away was that he mistook me and my party for some of the rebel horsemen, who, he said, had sacked the place on their way through a few hours previously. His fears for his personal safety were not altogether without foundation; for on glancing behind me I saw that two of my Sikh troopers, who had followed me into the house, were standing behind me with drawn sabres and eyeing him with great suspicion, and evidently prepared to cut him down at the least sign from me. In truth they were apparently somewhat disappointed at the turn affairs had taken, and at there being no one to kill in expiation of the blood of their own comrades. One of them, indeed, went so far as to remind me that the documents which the man produced might be forged, with various other suggestions of a similar kind. Ordering him to sheathe his sabre, and to hold his tongue, I proceeded to question this native; and I found out from him a good deal that I wanted to know. None of the rebel troops were left in the village, as they had passed through in hot haste in their flight from Etawah, thinking that they were pursued by the cavalry of the British force which had defeated them. (This, however, was not the case.) But of M—— and his escort he had heard nothing, nor did he know of the present whereabouts of the rebel troops. Upon hearing this, I sent back one of my troopers for the rest of my men whom I had left behind; and on their arrival I placed them in the *caravansera* just outside the town, to which was attached a small courtyard with high walls, and with a gate at the back, by which they could beat a retreat back towards our camp in the event of their being hard pressed; and I cautioned the native officer to keep a sharp look-out and to patrol the roads leading to his post. Meanwhile I determined myself to press on in company with two picked men to ascertain, if possible, the precise whereabouts of the enemy's camp, and also, if possible, to find out what had become of M——, about whom I was not at all easy in my mind. I was not, however, without hope that his good luck and his readiness of resource would carry him safely through his daring and perilous ride.

It was now drawing near to four A.M., and the moon, that had previously been so bright, had for some time past been obscured with clouds, so that it was no longer easy to distinguish objects at any distance off. As in a couple of hours or so it would be broad daylight, it was necessary for me to make the most of the darkness that remained, which was of course favorable to our movements. At night I might easily be taken, especially with my escort, for a native horseman; whereas, as soon as it was light, I should have no chance for an instant of being taken for anything else but what I was. Accordingly, I and my escort left the *caravansera*, and, riding forth, we again struck along the Grand Trunk Road in the direction I wished to explore. Sending one of my men ahead, with instructions to keep about three hundred yards in front, and, in the event of his being stopped, to have a plausible story ready, and to endeavor to

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

pass himself off as a rebel trooper, we proceeded at a brisk trot. We went on in this fashion for about four miles or so without seeing or hearing anything. As I knew from my map that we must shortly come upon a good-sized village, we now slackened our pace, and, on getting within three hundred or four hundred yards of it, I halted under a group of trees at the side of the road, where we were well concealed from observation, and ordered one of my men to enter the village and see what information he could pick up. Meanwhile I and the other trooper who was with me waited where we were. In about twenty minutes or so the man returned, bringing with him a respectable-looking Brahmin whom he had found in the village, and whose house had on the previous evening been sacked by the rebels, and who was therefore naturally anxious to be revenged upon them to the utmost of his power. He informed me that the rebel force of which I was in search was encamped about a mile and a half to the right of the road, on the further side of a thick grove of trees, which concealed them from observation, and that they would stay there at least till noon of the coming day. Furthermore, he volunteered to act as my guide, and to point out to me their exact position, on condition that I would go there while it was yet dark; for if we stole up to them in the morning, we should be almost to a certainty discovered; and, though I might escape by flight, he would assuredly pay the forfeit with his life. As I was fully resolved not to return without precise information, if it could be got, I decided, hazardous as it seemed, to at once accept his offer. I hoped, while it was yet dark, to be able to get close to the enemy's camp, and, having taken up a position where I could see and not be seen, be able to take stock of their strength and numbers as soon as it was light; and when I had learnt all that I wanted to know, to steal away unperceived and carry back the information to my headquarters, which I had left during the night. At any rate, thought I, if the worst comes to the worst, and we are detected, we can ride for our lives. Looking back at my resolve through the vista of years, it seems now, perhaps, that it was a foolhardy undertaking; but I was only twenty at the time, and at that age the spirit of adventure and daring is strong. Looking towards the east, I fancied that I could already detect a faint reddish tinge upon the edge of the horizon, which betokened the coming day. There was consequently no time to be lost. Making a slight detour in order to skirt the village, and as much as possible to avoid observation, we proceeded across the plain, which was here and there dotted with small clumps of tree. *En route* I carried on a whispered conversation with my guide, with the object of finding out as much as possible about the rebel force. He said that in his opinion it consisted of about six hundred infantry, two hundred cavalry, and twelve guns, with some artillerymen. He was positive as to the latter point, for he declared that he had counted the guns as they had passed. We had not gone far before I distinctly heard the busy hum both of men and animals that always goes up from a camp in India; and, looking in the direction whence the noise came, I could see the glare of the camp-fires reflected with a murky light against the sky. Cautiously we walked our horses along, the Brahmin on foot close beside me. All our senses were on the *qui vive*, and I was careful to mark and notice, as far as possible, the bearings of the country and the direction in which we were going,— a precaution on which I had afterwards good reason to congratulate myself. Arrived within three hundred yards or so of the camp, we halted under a thick clump of mango-trees to reconnoitre further. My guide said he must go now and hurry back, while there was yet time, to the village before it was daybreak.

"Yonder, sahib," said he, "is the camp, and you will have a good view of it as soon as it is light. A few yards to your right is a cart-track, which will lead you straight back to the village whence you have come. But," added he, "you are only three, and if they should see you and catch you, you may wash your hands of your life. May God preserve you."

The honest fellow would take no reward, though I pressed money upon him; and as I watched his retreating figure through the gloom, I tried to realize my position. Here was I, with only two of my men, within three or four hundred yards of nearly a thousand bloodthirsty rebels. I did not even know where their sentries were, and they might be within a stone's throw of us for all that we could see. Indeed I was surprised that we had not been challenged long ago. At any rate, for the present, the only thing to be done was to remain where we were till the dawn of day, inasmuch as my present

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

post was admirably suited to my purpose, which was to see and not be seen. It was a clump of low, leafy trees, in the middle of a high *dhal* field, on slightly higher ground than the camp, and overlooking it. Seated on my horse, as the day gradually broke, I could easily from time to time distinguish from this point of observation groups of rebel soldiers clustered around the numerous camp-fires, whose lurid and fitful glare every now and then brought out in strong relief all surrounding objects. There were the long lines of picketed horses, and the camels sitting down in readiness to be laden, and making the night air resound with their hideous bellowings. There were, moreover, many little signs and tokens with which my campaigning had already familiarized me, and which plainly told me that the rebels contemplated a march as soon as it was day.

Once more did I cautiously examine the caps of my revolver, and also those of a heavy double-barrelled pistol which I carried with me; and having done this, I anxiously awaited the dawn of day, which for the last half-hour had been faintly flushing the eastern horizon. The minutes, however, seemed to drag on like hours, and, like Mazeppa,

> Methought that mist of morning gray,
> Would never dapple into day.

Day, however, came at last, and as gradually it grew lighter and lighter, the critical nature of our position came home to me with startling clearness; a sort of daredevil feeling, however, took possession of me, and made me resolve at all hazards to endeavor to find out that which I wanted to know. As soon as it was light enough to see anything, I drew out my field-glass from its case, and advanced to the edge of the clump of trees under whose shelter we were hid from view, and my eye swept the camp from right to left. At first, owing to the uncertain light, I could not perceive any guns, but at length I managed to see where they were. I could, however, only make out four, and I had strong reasons, from what I had heard, for believing that there were more; judging from the position of those which I could see, I thought that the rest must be hidden by a row of tents at the further end of the camp. This was provoking, for it was about the strength of the rebels in artillery that I had special instructions to gain accurate information. It was, however, high time to be off, as it was impossible that we could remain much longer where we were undetected. For the past quarter of an hour, moreover, my two troopers, though as brave and reckless fellows as any man could wish to have with him, had been growing uneasy, and repeatedly urged me if I had any respect for my own life or theirs to be off while we could. "All right," said I; "I will just go forward to the edge of the field to find out if I can see any guns behind that row of tents, and then we will be off." Saying this, I advanced cautiously, bending my head low down on my horse's neck, and hidden by the tall herbage and a row of bushes, to the edge of the field where we were. I was right in my supposition. I could see now behind the row of tents, and there were the guns all packed in a row — twelve in number. This accorded exactly with the information that I had received, and was all that I wanted to know. The only thing that remained to be done was to get away unperceived as quickly as possible. I had just put my field-glass in my holster and was preparing to walk my horse cautiously back to the clump of trees, in order to make a start with my men from there. At this moment my horse, seeing and hearing many of his *confrères* in the camp, suddenly pricked his ears, and gave a loud and long neigh, as a friendly intimation of his presence. He was instantly answered by half-a-dozen equine throats in the rebel camp. Aroused by the noise, a black-bearded native, who had evidently been sleeping rolled up in his blankets under the shelter of the bushes close to me, started up about twenty yards off, and gazed at me for a moment in blank astonishment. Instinctively I drew my pistol from my waist-belt, in which I wore it, and levelled it at him. Recollecting, however, our critical position, I hesitated to fire, as I foresaw that the report, close as we were to the rebel camp, would inevitably betray us to the enemy. I tried, therefore, to terrify him into submission. Accordingly I called out to him in a low voice in Hindustani to come to me at once or I would shoot him. Instead of obeying, the man, evidently a rebel sepoy, took advantage of my momentary hesitation, and recovering from his first astonishment, turned round and fled like a hare in the direction of the camp, shouting with all his might and main as he did so. Our position was too critical to try and stop him, and I saw at once that it was high time to make good our escape while we could. My two men,

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

whom I had left concealed under the clump of trees, had grasped the situation at once, when they saw the man running, and rode up to me, exclaiming, "We must ride for our lives, sahib, for that man will bring the whole camp upon us." "Yes," said I, hastily, "we will ride for the village; and if hard pressed, we will separate, and make the best of our way to the main body of the picket." So saying, we put spurs to our horses, and rode rapidly for the village whence we had come. We had not gone more than eighty yards or so, when three rebel horsemen dashed out from a clump of trees upon our left front, and, urging their horses to their utmost speed, rode down upon us with the evident intention of cutting off our retreat. Here is a pretty mess, thought I, as I drew my sword hastily from my scabbard. I was in front, my two men were close behind. On came our foes at full speed, and as the foremost horseman neared me I thought at first of engaging him with my sword. Just as he came within three or four yards of me, the thought flashed across me that I could not afford to let him detain me, as time was everything to us, and that I might perhaps be able to make short work of him with my pistol. Quick as thought I dropped my sword, letting it hang by the knot from my wrist, and snatching out my pistol from my holster, I levelled it full at my assailant, a big, black-bearded Mohammedan, and fired as I passed him at about two yards' distance. The ball hit him fair in the side, and for a second he reeled in his saddle, then dropping his uplifted sword-arm, he tumbled headlong forward to the ground, and his riderless horse galloped past just behind me. A thrill of exultation bounded through me as I saw him fall. Meanwhile one of my troopers had engaged another of our assailants. The rebel was a brave fellow enough, but he was no match for the sinewy Sikh behind me, who, after a few rapid exchanges of blows and parries, managed to get inside his guard, and gave him such a slash across the face with his sharp sabre, that he fell, blinded with blood, from his saddle. The third of our assailants, who had cautiously ridden some yards in rear, seeing his two companions *hors de combat*, took himself off to the camp, and we were left free for a few moments to continue our way unmolested.

All this, though it takes some time to relate, happened in a few moments or so. I knew it would not be long ere we should be hotly pursued; for as we rattled our horses over the wide plain I could hear a tremendous uproar in the rebel camp, which was by this time thoroughly alarmed. Casting a hurried look behind me, I could see that my worst anticipations were realized. Already a dozen or two of the rebels had leaped upon their horses, and, sabre in hand, with wild shouts and gestures, were urging them on at their utmost speed as they strove to gain upon us. A ride for dear life, thought I, as I caught sight of them streaming after us. Faster and faster yet I led the way, over rough ground and smooth, looking well to the ground in front (as a fall or a stumble of one of our horses might have proved fatal to us), and my two men kept close beside me. Our horses, however, had been out for hours, while those of our pursuers were quite fresh, and we had not gone above a mile in this fashion when I began to fancy that our pursuers were gaining upon us. Before another half-mile had been passed, this idea of mine ripened into a certainty. Three or four of our pursuers, at any rate, were gaining rapidly upon us, and were two or three hundred yards in advance of the rest. If only they succeeded in stopping us, in order to fight with them, I saw that the whole pack would be upon us, and we should all be cut to pieces to a certainty. They also could afford, owing to their numbers, not to spare their horses, while, if our horses were once pumped, nothing could save us. Nearer and nearer they gained upon us, and their shouts of exultation and hatred were borne to my ears as they triumphantly fancied themselves sure of their prey. "We must separate," said I quickly. "Ride off to the right, and I will go straight on," as I thought that by thus separating we might perhaps divert our pursuers, and one or other of us would have a chance of getting off. They immediately turned off to the right, though still heading for the village. This *ruse* was fortunate enough for my men, but it did not avail much for me. Casting another glance behind me, I saw, to my dismay, that our enemies did not appear to trouble themselves at all about my companions, but all four of them continued to ride, without swerving, after me; for it was, as I might have anticipated, the English officer whom they had marked for their prey, and whom they were thirsting to kill. Closer and closer they creep up to me; but I now urge my horse on, and manage to forge a little ahead. At this rate, thought I, they will soon pump their horses, if I can only hold on. But they

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

are riding at a headlong pace, and I am forced to let out my horse also to his utmost speed in order to keep ahead of them. Already the foremost of the four is less than a hundred yards behind me, the other three close behind him, while there are a dozen more a short distance behind them. Even now, though twenty long years have passed since that day, it makes my blood jump to think of it. For a moment my heart dies within me, as I feel that the game is up; and I set my teeth and determine to die hard — to sell my life as dearly as I can, and fight it out to the last.

In the excitement of the ride I naturally had not looked far before me; but now I suddenly saw, just thirty or forty yards ahead of me, the dike full of water, which we had passed over in the early morning on our way to reconnoitre the camp. A thrill of hope and joy passed through me. It was a very fair jump, but nothing out of the way for a good horse; and I knew that mine, who was a good fencer, would clear it, and that there was a very good chance that the horses of my pursuers would not, as natives seldom practise their horses at jumping. They seemed hardly more than fifty or sixty yards off; and had it not been for the hope of placing the dike between myself and them, I felt that in another few moments, if they got much nearer, I should have been forced to turn at bay and fight it out to the last. Four to one, however, was hopeless odds, and with a ray of hope I rode straight at the dike. Even then, as I neared it, the thought flashed with a terrible misgiving through my brain that my horse might perhaps refuse it, and that in that case my pursuers would be upon me in a moment. Deadly as is the peril in which I am, I have yet the coolness and presence of mind to steady my horse somewhat as he comes up to the leap, and for a moment to slacken his speed. My gallant horse, a big, powerful Australian gelding, sets his ears as he sees the leap in front of him; and when, at the critical moment, I dig my spurs into him with all the energy of desperation, he answers to the call, takes off well, and lands clearly, despite a somewhat rotten bank on the other side. (Assuredly at that moment I felt but little tempted to agree with the Psalmist that a horse was a vain thing for a man to trust to.) My horse had scarcely regained his stride when the four foremost of my foes, who had pressed me so hard, were on the brink of the dike.

Scarcely daring to hope that I may escape, I look anxiously round to see if they too get over. Two out of the four are slightly in advance, and they ride straight at the dike. To my intense delight their horses both refuse, and will have nothing to say to the jump; while the other two do not attempt it, but ride along the bank in order to find an easier place to cross. As I widen every second the distance between me and my pursuers, and my spirits thrill with exultation at my renewed prospect of escape, I am unable to restrain a shout of defiance at my baffled foes, which is immediately answered by an angry carbine-shot from one of them, that, of course, does me no harm.

God grant that I may have a few moments more, and I shall be comparatively safe. Again I head straight for the village, which in the headlong race I had ridden a little wide of, and which was now but a short half-mile distant. Once I am safe through the village, I ought to fall in with some of my picket, to whom I had given orders that as soon as it was daybreak they should patrol the road in that direction. Once more do I look back. Full twenty of my foes are now on the further brink, but, as far as I can make out, not one of them is over as yet. Another two hundred yards are passed when I see that half-a-dozen of them have at length got over, and are following me up as before with frantic haste, and doing their best to make up the ground they have lost. On they come, but I have got such a start that they do not gain on me much before I reach the village, and am lost for the time to their view.

As I rattle down the main street of the village, which was surrounded by a high wall, a few of the villagers, just roused from their slumbers, come out to the doors of their houses and gaze curiously at me as I pass. As I near the old arched gate at the further end, I hear a shout behind me, and on looking round, I see my two men, from whom I had parted a few minutes previously, coming up a by-street. They had taken advantage of our pursuers having gone off in pursuit of me alone, to make good their flight to the village, and thinking themselves comparatively secure, were taking a pull at their horses. They were overjoyed to see me, as they had given me up for lost. There was, however, as I told them, no time to talk. Our horses were all of them pretty well pumped, and I knew well enough that our pursuers were hard upon our track, and that the villagers would be

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

sure to point out to them the route we had taken.

As we pass under the arched gateway, I see that there are an old pair of folding gates, evidently but seldom used, belonging to it. A happy thought strikes me, that if we could manage to shut the gates, and fasten them somehow or other, we might yet delay our pursuers a few minutes, and gain a little breathing-time for our horses. No sooner thought of than we attempt to put it into execution. I ordered one of my troopers to dismount, and while I held his panting horse, he attempted to swing the old gates (which were made of massive bars of wood with intervals of two or three inches apart) upon their hinges. One of them yielded readily enough to his efforts, but the other resisted all his strength. It was evident that the gates had not been shut for a long time. In vain did he pull and push, it would not budge an inch. There were none of the villagers standing by to help, and seeing that he could not manage it alone, I bade the other man dismount in order to help him. At last by their joint efforts they succeeded in moving the stubborn gate, and little by little were getting it to close. Every moment did I expect to hear the horses of our pursuers rattle down the street. Nor had we long to wait ere they were upon us. Just as the gates were closed, and before we had time to think about getting them fastened, seven or eight rebels appeared in view coming down the street. They were evidently thrown off the scent, and drew up to question the villagers as to our whereabouts. While doing so, one of them caught sight of me through the gate as I held one of my men's horses in the road. An instant shout told me I was seen, as with one impulse they put their horses to a gallop and rode towards us. They were only about five hundred yards from us. "Quick! quick!" said I; "your carbines, are they loaded?" "Here is mine," said one, as he picked it up from the ground where he had laid it, in case he wanted it. "Wait till they get quite close," said I, "and then shoot the foremost horse. You can make sure of him. We will stick by you to the last." The other trooper meanwhile had remounted his horse, so that we only awaited the effect of the shot to be off. In another moment they were almost upon us. "Steady," said I, as the man stood with carbine levelled and resting between the bars of the gates; "aim low." As I spoke, his shot re-echoed through the gateway, filling it for a moment with smoke. Its success exceeded my most sanguine expectations. I could just see that the foremost horse, badly wounded, had fallen headlong forward with his rider to the ground. Wedged in, as they were, in the narrow roadway, and going at a headlong pace, the two horses immediately behind fell over him, and, as far as I recollect, there seemed to me two or three men and horses struggling on the ground at once. But the rest of them, four or five in number, recovering from their confusion, were already at the gates, and, leaning forward, were tugging at them in order to open them, so as to get through. We could not be off for a moment, as we had to wait while the man who had fired had remounted his horse, which was excited and would not stand still. As he was scrambling into his saddle, I saw that our foes had succeeded in wrenching open the gate just sufficiently to get through, one at a time. The foremost of them was already half through, and the rest would have speedily followed, as with shouts and execrations, in their impatience to get at us, they were urging him on from behind. Seeing the necessity of giving them another check, I pulled back my horse just as we were starting, and riding up to within three yards or so of the gate, pistol in hand, I aimed it full at the foremost rebel and fired. I can recollect seeing his horse rear wildly up, but I waited not to see the effect of my shot, for we all three sped away at our best pace along the side of the road. Looking back after a time, I saw we were pursued no more. Whether it was that they found we were not to be molested with impunity, and were discouraged by the losses which they had suffered; or whether they despaired of catching us; or in consequence of their having started after us in such a hurry they had not brought any more ammunition with them, and therefore gave up the contest as unequal, I cannot say. We had not gone a couple of miles further before we fell in with a patrol of my picket, which, I was informed, was still at the *caravansera* awaiting my return. Being anxious to give our horses as much breathing-time as possible after their severe exertions, I proceeded at a walk in the direction of the picket, taking care to keep a sharp lookout in rear, in case we were again pursued. Arrived at the *caravansera*, I found the remainder of my men duly on the alert and ready to receive me. After a short halt, we began to retrace our steps towards

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

our camp, which we had left the night before. After we had gone about three miles or so we fell in with the advanced guard of our own force, which had already struck its camp and marched onwards that morning. Upon reaching the main body of the force I made my report to the general in command (who, with his staff, was riding at the head of the column), and had the satisfaction of receiving a good deal of praise for the information which I had brought, and warm congratulations upon my narrow escape.*

There is no need further to continue the tale. Suffice it to say that the rebels, whose camp I had discovered, were at once followed up; and though they had taken timely warning, and had already decamped, yet they were pursued for some miles; their guns were all captured, and their whole force scattered to the winds. When our force passed through the village referred to in the foregoing narrative, we found the horse which my trooper had shot in the gateway, and the man whom I had fired at, both lying dead upon the spot where they had fallen.

Reader, my tale of "a ride for life" is told. Certainly I and the two who were with me may be fairly said to have taken our lives in our hands and only to have escaped by the skin of our teeth.

* It may here be stated that M——, the officer in search of whom I had been sent out, rejoined the column in safety some hours later on the same day.

From Nature.

LIQUEFACTION OF OXYGEN.

THE number of the permanent gases is rapidly diminishing. We have had occasion recently to refer to M. Cailletet's successful attempts to compress nitric oxide, N_2O_2, methyl hydride, CH_4, and acetylene, C_2H_2 to the liquid form. The list of non-compressible gases was thus reduced to three, viz., hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen. Within the past week M. Raoul Pictet has succeeded in obtaining the last-mentioned gas in the liquid state, an event which is certainly one of the most novel and interesting in the chemical progress of the expiring year.

The *Journal de Genève* of December 23 gives the following account of the experiments: —

One of the most interesting physical experiments of our time has just been made at Geneva with rare success in the laboratory of the Society for the Manufacture of Physical Instruments. M. Raoul Pictet has succeeded in obtaining, by means of ingeniously combined apparatus, the liquefaction of oxygen gas. The following is the process by which the curious result was obtained: —

By a double circulation of sulphurous acid and carbonic acid, the latter gas is liquefied at a temperature of 65° of cold, under a pressure of from four to six atmospheres. The liquefied carbonic acid is conducted into a tube four metres long; two combined pumps produce a barometric vacuum over the acid which is solidified in consequence of the difference of pressure. Into the interior of this first tube containing solidified carbonic acid is passed a tube of a slightly less diameter, in which circulates a current of oxygen produced in a generator containing chlorate of potash, and the form of which is that of a large shell thick enough to prevent all danger of explosion. The pressure may thus be carried to eight hundred atmospheres.

Yesterday morning (December 22), all the apparatus being arranged as described, and under a pressure which did not exceed three hundred atmospheres, a liquid jet of oxygen issued from the extremity of the tube, at the moment when this compressed and refrigerated gas passed from that high pressure to the pressure of the atmosphere.

The great scientific interest of this experiment is that it demonstrates experimentally the truth of the mechanical theory of heat, by establishing that all gases are vapors capable of passing through the three states — solid, liquid, and gaseous. Only twenty days ago M. Cailletet, as we have said, succeeded in liquefying the bioxide of nitrogen, under a pressure of one hundred and forty-six atmospheres, and at a temperature of 11° of cold. After the experiment of M. Raoul Pictet there remain not more than two elemental gases which have hitherto escaped the attempt at liquefaction — hydrogen and nitrogen.

The experiment above described was to be repeated on Monday and subsequent days, with some slight changes in the processes and the arrangement of the apparatus.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume XXI. | No. 1761.—March 16, 1878. | From Beginning, Vol. CXXXVI.

CONTENTS.

I. DR. SCHLIEMANN'S EXPLORATION OF MYCENÆ, ... *Edinburgh Review*, ... 643
II. ERICA. Part XV. Translated for THE LIVING AGE, from the German of . . *Frau von Ingersleben*, ... 663
III. ABOVE THE CLOUDS: A REVERIE ON THE BEL ALP, ... *Blackwood's Magazine*, . . . 678
IV. THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS: THEIR ADMISSIBILITY TO UNIVERSITIES, ... *Westminster Review*, ... 685

POETRY.

HOW LONG? 642
ONE DREAD, ... 642
"ES STEHEN UNBEWEGLICH," . . . 642
"WAS WILL DIE EINSAME THRANE?" 642
"DU BIST WIE EINE BLUME," . . . 642

MISCELLANY, ... 704

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

HOW LONG?

IF on my grave the summer grass were growing,
Or heedless winter winds across it blowing,
Through joyous June, or desolate December,
How long, sweetheart, how long would you remember —
How long, dear love, how long?

For brightest eyes would open to the summer,
And sweetest smiles would greet the sweet new-comer,
And on young lips grow kisses for the taking,
When all the summer buds to bloom are breaking —
How long, dear love, how long?

To the dim land where sad-eyed ghosts walk only,
Where lips are cold, and waiting hearts are lonely,
I would not call you from your youth's warm blisses,
Fill up your glass and crown it with new kisses —
How long, dear love, how long?

Too gay in June you might be to regret me,
And living lips might woo you to forget me;
But ah, sweetheart, I think you would remember
When winds were weary in your life's December —
So long, dear love, so long.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

ONE DREAD.

No depth, dear love, for thee is too profound,
There is no farthest height thou may'st not dare,
Nor shall thy wings fail in the upper air;
In funeral robes and wreaths my past lies wound;
No ancient strain assails me with its sound
Hearing thy voice; no former joy seems fair,
Since now one only thing could bring despair,
One grief, like compassing seas, my life surround,
One only terror in my way be met,
One great eclipse change my glad day to night,
One phantom only turn from red to white
The lips whereon thy lips have once been set:
Thou knowest well, dear love, what that must be —
The dread of some dark day unshared by thee.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

"ES STEHEN UNBEWEGLICH."

IMMOVABLE, unchanging,
The stars stand in the skies,
Upon each other gazing
With sad and loving eyes.

They speak throughout the ages
A speech so rich, so grand;
But none of all the sages
That speech can understand.

But I that speech have mastered,
Can all its meanings trace;
What for a grammar served me
Was my belovèd's face.

Blackwood's Magazine. HEINE.

"WAS WILL DIE EINSAME THRANE?"

WHAT'S this? A tear, one only?
It blurs and troubles my gaze.
In my eye it has hung and lingered
A relic of olden days.

It had many shining sisters,
But away they all have passed —
Passed with my torments and raptures
In night on the driving blast.

Away, too, have passed like a vapor
Those deep-blue starlets twain,
That smiled those raptures and torments
Into my heart and brain.

Like a breath my very love, too,
Has faded and flown, alas!
So now, old, lonely tear-drop,
'Tis time thou too shouldst pass!

Blackwood's Magazine. HEINE.

"DU BIST WIE EINE BLUME."

THOU art even as a flower is,
So gentle, and pure, and fair;
I gaze on thee, and sadness
Comes over my heart unaware.

I feel as though I should lay, sweet,
My hands on thy head, with a prayer
That God may keep thee alway, sweet,
As gentle, and pure, and fair!

Blackwood's Magazine. HEINE.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

From The Edinburgh Review.

DR. SCHLIEMANN'S EXPLORATION OF MYCENÆ.*

IN the ancient hippodrome at Constantinople, better known to tourists as the Atmeidan, still stands a relic saved from the wreck of precious offerings once stored up in the temple of Apollo at Delphi. After the Persian war the victors at Platæa dedicated as a thank-offering to the Delphic Apollo a gold tripod mounted on a bronze pillar composed of three intertwined serpents. The gold tripod has long since disappeared in the crucible, but the bronze pillar was transferred by Constantine the Great from Delphi to his new capital, and has survived to our times. The three heads of the serpents — an attractive mark for Moslem iconoclasts — have been broken off, one by one, since the time of Mahomet II.; but on the coils of the triple snake may still be read the original dedicatory inscription graven on the bronze about the 76th Olympiad (476–3 B.C). It contains the names of those Greek states which took part in the battle of Platæa, and among these names we find that of the Mycenæans, whose city, once the seat of a mighty dynasty, had at the time of the Persian war shrunk into comparative insignificance, overshadowed by the growing power of its jealous neighbor Argos. When the Greeks of the Peloponnese first collected an army to defend Thermopylæ, the Mycenæans refused to form part of the Argive contingent, and preferred associating their little band with the Lacedæmonians. They contributed eighty men to the heroic defence of Thermopylæ, and, together with their neighbors from Tiryns, mustered four hundred strong at Platæa; but their refusal to serve under the Argive banner probably contributed to hasten the catastrophe by which their city was soon after destroyed. Mycenæ was taken by the Argives B.C. 468, and never again reappears in history as an independent state.

That a city only capable of sending so small a contingent to Thermopylæ and Platæa should have had such pretensions to independence as to provoke the jealousy of a powerful state like Argos may be accounted for if we consider the strength of Mycenæ as a military position at the time of the Persian war. Its citadel was built on an isolated rock situated, as Homer truly describes it, "in a recess" at the foot of hills which bound Argolis on the north. While its distance from the coast protected it from sudden inroads of pirates, its position near the Argive frontier gave it the command of the roads leading to Corinth and to the cities of Arcadia. The steep rock of the Akropolis had been rendered almost impregnable by fortifications which, though executed in that remote period, when the myth is the substitute for history, still excite our wonder and admiration by the massive solidity of their structure and the skill with which they are designed. Independently of its military importance, the fortress of Mycenæ had traditions which could well vie with those of its proud and implacable neighbor. If Argos could boast of its long line of kings, beginning from Phoroneus, son of the river-god Inachos, its legend of Danaos, Akrisios, and Perseus, Mycenæ could refer with just pride to that Pelopid dynasty which, under Agamemnon, "ruled over many islands and all Argos," and whose king commanded the mighty host with which united Hellas besieged and captured Troy. If we look back through the long series of Argive myths which record the successive changes of dynasty from Phoroneus to Perseus, and from the Perseidæ to the Atreidæ, we find from a very early period traces of that antagonism between Argos and Mycenæ which lasted down into historic times. Both were strong fortresses, overlooking the fertile plain which extends from the mountains to the coast, and the possessor of either would naturally appropriate as much of this plain as he could wrest from his neighbors. A third fortress which plays a part in this legendary history is Tiryns, a place of great strength, which must have served to protect Argolis from invaders landing at Nauplia, and which

* 1. *Mycenæ.* A Narrative of Researches and Discoveries at Mycenæ and Tiryns. By Dr. H. SCHLIEMANN; the Preface by the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P. London: 1878.

2. *Cyprus.* A Narrative of Researches and Excavations. By General DI CESNOLA. London: 1877.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

at times, according to the myths, was ruled by an independent prince. Now, if the dynasty of Atreidæ had the extended empire which Homer ascribes to it in the time of Agamemnon, it is to be presumed that the rulers of Argos and Tiryns and the other fortresses in Argolis acknowledged as their suzerain the king who ruled in Mycenæ. This wide-extended sway of the Pelopidæ which Homer so emphatically dwells upon, though it rested only on tradition, and was not supported by what we should call historical evidence, was to the Greek mind a real fact, which even the most sceptical of their historians never ventured to dispute. In their eyes Agamemnon was not, as one school of modern critics regard him, a mere shadow projected on the blank background of an unknown past, and of which we shall never grasp the substance. This *magni nominis umbra* to the ancients suggested a real personality — a king whose disastrous fate, coming so soon after his triumphant return from Troy, served in after ages as the favorite theme of epic and tragic poetry; his memory, embalmed in the immortal verse of Æschylus and his brother dramatists, still lives on, and it is not without violence to deep-rooted associations that an old-fashioned scholar can train himself to think of Agamemnon as merely a name representing a dynasty, still less as one of the *dramatis personæ* in a solar myth.

How much of the story of Agamemnon is really to be accepted as fact, and by what test we may discriminate between that which is merely plausible fiction and that residuum of true history which can be detected under a mythic disguise in this and other Greek legends, are problems as yet unsolved, notwithstanding the immense amount of erudition and subtle criticism which has been expended on them. At the present stage of the enquiry we may venture to assert that a solution of such problems is not to be found if we confine our researches to Greek and Roman literature. There remains the question, Is there any evidence other than that contained in classical literature which is worthy of consideration in this case? The recent discoveries on the site of Mycenæ have led many students of history to believe that such evidence is at length obtained, and we now propose to examine more closely the grounds for such a belief.

Before discussing the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ, it may be well to notice the remains on that site which have been so often visited and described by travellers during the present century. Thucydides speaks of the remains at Mycenæ in his time as insignificant in proportion to the former greatness of the royal residence of the Atreidæ. Strabo, who seems never to have personally visited the interior of the Peloponnese, and to whom archæological information was only of secondary importance, states that in his day, at the close of the first century B.C., not a vestige was to be found on the site of this once famous city. About a century and a half after Strabo wrote, that diligent topographer Pausanias visited Mycenæ, and noticed the walls round the citadel, the great gateway leading into it, and the lions surmounting the gateway. These walls, he adds, were the work of the Cyclopes, who built the walls of Tiryns for Prœtus. He also mentions certain subterranean buildings in which Atreus and his sons deposited their treasure. The travellers who visited Mycenæ early in the present century had no difficulty in recognizing the ruins described by Pausanias. The Akropolis occupies a rocky height which projects from the foot of the mountain behind it, in the form of an irregular triangle of which the longest side lies south-east and north-west. The south flank of this natural fortress is protected by a deep gorge, through which winds the bed of a torrent usually dry in summer. On the north side is a glen stretching east and west. Between these two ravines the ground slopes down to the plain in terraces, through which may still be traced the line of an ancient way, leading from the principal gate of the Akropolis to a bridge over the torrent, the foundations of which may still be seen. At intervals on either side of this road are the remains of five of the buildings called by Pausanias treasuries; and here, extending over the space of about a square mile to the west, south-west, and east of the Akropolis, must have stood the lower city, connected

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

with the Akropolis by a wall, some traces of which may still be seen near the great gateway.

The walls of the Akropolis are said to be more perfect than those of any fortress in Greece, and range in height from thirteen to thirty-five feet, with an average thickness of sixteen feet. Originally they were probably much higher. The area which they enclose is rather more than one thousand feet in length. They exhibit several kinds of masonry, which Dr. Schliemann classifies in three periods. The masonry of the first period is composed of large unwrought blocks, the interstices being closed by smaller stones wedged in. This construction is identical with that of the walls at Tiryns, except that the blocks are smaller; and this is certainly what the ancients meant by Cyclopean masonry. In the second period the walls are built of polygons with hewn joints, so well fitted as to seem one solid face of wall. This is the kind of masonry of which so many examples may be seen in Greece and Etruria. In the third kind of masonry at Mycenæ blocks almost quadrangular are arranged in nearly parallel courses, but their joints are not always vertical. This masonry is used in the walls on either side of the great gateway. Near the north-east corner a gallery has been made in the thickness of the wall, and extends for rather more than sixteen feet. At Tiryns we find such galleries on a much larger scale. One of these Dr. Schliemann states to be ninety feet long and nearly eight feet broad. In its external wall it has six recesses or window-openings, with triangular-headed roofs formed of approaching stones. These galleries evidently served as covered ways leading from one guard-room or tower to another; while the openings may be regarded as embrasures where archers might be stationed. Such passages are, we believe, unknown in later Greek fortification; indeed, the average thickness of the walls would hardly admit of them. The great gateway in the north-west corner of the citadel, usually known as the Lions' Gate, stands at right angles to the adjacent wall, and is approached by a passage fifty feet long and thirty feet wide, formed by that wall and another running parallel to it, which, according to Dr. Schliemann, forms one side of a large square tower erected as a flanking defence. The gateway is nearly eleven feet high, with a width of ten feet below. The lintel is a single block fifteen feet long and eight feet broad. Over it is a triangular gap in the masonry, for the insertion of the slab on which the lions are sculptured. This slab is ten feet high, twelve feet long at the base, and two feet thick. The lions stand, like heraldic supporters, on either side of a column which rests on a base, thought by some to be an altar. The style of sculpture of these lions differs as completely from all other remains of archaic Greek sculpture as the column between them differs in type from the earliest specimens of Doric or Ionic architecture.

On the lower ground lying to the south-west of the Akropolis are the so-called treasuries. The largest of these is the building commonly called the Treasury of Atreus. The interior is a chamber fifty feet high and of equal diameter, resembling in form a beehive. It is built of well-wrought rectangular blocks of breccia, laid in horizontal courses which approach gradually till they converge in the apex. This kind of vaulting, formed by approaching horizontal courses, may be called Egyptian, as the earliest example of it is found in a gallery in the interior of the Great Pyramid. Such a vault would of course owe its stability to vertical pressure, while the lateral thrust would be very much less than in any variety of the keystone arch, and at Mycenæ any such lateral pressure was amply provided for by enormous masses of stone piled against the outer face of the courses of the masonry. Over these rude outside buttresses the earth was heaped to the level of the apex of the chamber, so that it was completely subterraneous. The blocks of the lower courses are one foot ten inches high and from four to seven feet long. As the courses ascend, the blocks of which they are built gradually diminish in size. From the fourth course upwards these blocks are severally pierced with two holes bored in the breccia for the reception of bronze nails, several of which have been found entire. They have broad flat heads, and it is very

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

generally agreed that they originally served to attach to the walls the plates of copper with which we may suppose the chamber to have been once lined.*

A *dromos*, or way, upwards of twenty feet wide and flanked by massive parallel walls of the same masonry as the chamber, leads up to the doorway, which is eighteen feet high, with a width of nine feet two inches at the bottom and rather less at the top. The lintel is formed of two immense slabs, of which the inner one measures three feet nine inches in thickness, with a breadth of seventeen feet, and a length of twenty-nine feet on its upper and twenty-seven and one-half feet on its lower surface. This enormous block, which is perfectly wrought and polished, is computed approximately to weigh nearly sixty-seven tons. Above the lintel is a triangular niche, each side of which measures ten feet, and which was probably filled up with a sculptured slab.

It may be inferred from various holes pierced in the stones of the doorway that the entrance, like the interior of this building, was anciently decorated. The side of the doorway was originally ornamented with semi-columns, fragments of which were still lying about *in situ* when Colonel Leake visited Mycenæ at the beginning of this century. He describes them as having a base and capital not unlike the Tuscan order in profile, but enriched with a very elegant ornament, chiefly zigzag, sculptured in relief, which was continued in vertical compartments over the whole shaft. Other fragments which have been found at Mycenæ indicate that the doorway was ornamented with strips of stone, on which are sculptured in low relief spiral and other ornaments. The material of these fragments was green, red, or yellow marble. They are engraved in the fifth volume of Stuart's "Athens," where a restoration of the doorway from these data by Professor Donaldson is also given.

As has been often remarked, the character of these ornaments resembles nothing in later Greek architecture; indeed, so strange is their aspect, that the authors of the French Expédition Scientifique were inclined to believe that the fragments collected by travellers were of Byzantine origin. The three other subterranean buildings at Mycenæ are of smaller dimensions and are not so well preserved as the so-called Treasury of Atreus.

* In the ruins of the vast chamber at Orchomenos, which Pausanias calls the Treasury of Minyas, Dr. Schliemann found blocks similarly pierced, and here and there remains of the bronze nails (p. 45).

We have now indicated the peculiar features of the site of Mycenæ as it appeared to travellers before the recent discoveries were made by Dr. Schliemann. These features have been described again and again by Leake, Dodwell, Gell, Mure, E. Curtius, and other authorities, who nearly all agree in referring the ruins of Mycenæ and Tiryns to the same period of remote antiquity to which, as we have already stated, not only Pausanias in the second century A.D., but Pindar and the tragedians, attributed them. The extent of the fortifications, the peculiar character of the masonry, the huge blocks employed at Tiryns and in the Treasury of Atreus, the transport and fixing of which must have been a very difficult and costly operation, the style of the architectural ornaments over the Lions' Gate and at the entrance to the Treasury of Atreus, so estranged from the associations of later Hellenic art, all predisposed the minds of modern travellers and archæologists to accept generally the tradition of antiquity that at Mycenæ and Tiryns we have remains of the heroic age. There is no spot in Greece where the *admonitus loci* has acted more strongly on the imagination than Mycenæ. The traveller, as he comes over the mountain pass from the interior, looks down on the ancient kingdom of the Atreidæ, as Orestes is invited to look down on it in the "Electra" of Sophocles; when again he stands within the Akropolis, and from its dismantled walls looks out on the plain of Argolis below him, with Tiryns and Nauplia and the sea in the distance, and the Heraion and Argos on either side, he is reminded of that ancient watchman who tells us at the opening of the "Agamemnon" how long he had strained his weary eyes looking out for the beacon light which was to tell of the capture of Troy. But it is in the Gateway of the Lions that these associations crowd on the mind with the greatest intensity. To the believer in the tale of Troy the very stones of this threshold seem to give back a faint echo of that far-off day when Agamemnon, in the first flush of dear-bought victory, entered that fatal gateway unheeding the warning voice of Cassandra in his ear.

Thus it was that most of the travellers who visited Mycenæ in the early part of this century gazed on its remains with a reverent faith, something like that with which pilgrims to some time-hallowed shrine regard the jealously guarded relics which they are at length permitted to behold. But, if the mere aspect of so famous

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

a site suggested so much to the archæologist, what might not be expected from its systematic exploration? From the time of Gell and Dodwell to our own generation, the excavation of Mycenæ has been earnestly desired by those who have most studied the antiquities and topography of Greece. We shall not now stop to enquire why so obvious an enterprise was not undertaken long ago, either by the Greek government or by some private society; our business here is to show how much has been accomplished by the untiring enthusiasm and liberality of one man, aided by his indefatigable wife, whose achievement entitles him to the gratitude not of Greece merely, but of all civilized races so long as the human past shall have any interest for mankind.

In the year 1874 Dr. Schliemann first made some tentative diggings within the Akropolis at Mycenæ. The results were encouraging; but it was not till August 1876, that, having obtained the necessary permission from the Greek government, he began the work of exploration on an adequate scale. The three objects to which he first addressed himself were the clearing out the treasury nearest the Lions' Gate, the removal of the ruins which blocked up the gate itself, and the digging a deep trench from north to south across the lower part of the Akropolis, where he had already sunk shafts in 1874. This part of the citadel falls with a considerable slope from the highest part of the Akropolis to the north-east, and here Dr. Schliemann encountered a great depth of soil, partly due to the accumulation of detritus from the rocky ground above. In the upper part of this soil various specimens of archaic pottery and implements, and other antiquities in metal, bone, or clay, were found in abundance. Soon lines of walls built of unwrought stones in Cyclopean masonry began to appear; then *stelæ* or tombstones of calcareous stone, on which were rude figures in relief; four of these tombstones stood in a line north and south, and scattered about were fragments of others. The ground on which these tombstones stood was a circular area ninety feet in diameter, enclosed all round by a double row of parallel rectangular slabs of calcareous stone. These slabs were originally set on end in a vertical or nearly vertical position, and held together by cross slabs, which have been fitted on to their upper ends with a mortice and tenon joint. The southern part of this enclosing circle rested on a massive rough-hewn wall of Cyclopean masonry, which was evidently built to bring the earth within the circular area up to a level, as the ground here falls abruptly towards the outer wall of the citadel. Immediately to the north and south of the circular area were a number of foundation walls of Cyclopean masonry, enclosing spaces which Dr. Schliemann calls the rooms and corridors of houses of a prehistoric period, and all these foundations lying round the circular area are bounded by a Cyclopean wall, which, starting from the north side of the Lions' Gate, runs for some distance nearly north and south, and then, turning at a right angle nearly to the west, is continued to the western outer wall of the citadel.

The whole space enclosed between this inner wall and the western outer wall appears on Dr. Schliemann's plan like a *temenos*, set apart from the rest of the Akropolis for some special purpose, while the discovery of the tombstones within the circular area at once suggested that it had been a place of sepulture. Going lower here Dr. Schliemann soon came on vestiges which confirmed this opinion. At the depth of three feet below the level of the tombstones he found two oblong blocks of stone, five feet seven inches long, one foot broad, and seven inches thick, lying one on the other; and at their south end a smaller slab in an oblique position; below these occurred here and there small quantities of black ashes, in which were studs plated with gold, and other curious objects. On reaching the native rock a quadrangular tomb cut in the rock was discovered (No. 1 of Plan B). This tomb at the brink was twenty-one feet six inches long by ten feet four inches in width, but this area was much reduced at the bottom by a wall faced with schistous slabs, which lined the four sides of the cutting to a height of six and one-half feet, and projected all round three feet from the face of the rock. At the bottom of this grave, fifteen feet below the level of the rock, and twenty-seven feet below the surface of the ground before the excavations, Dr. Schliemann found a layer of pebbles, on which lay the remains of three bodies, distant three feet from one another. From the marks of fire on the pebbles and round these remains, and from the undisturbed state of the ashes, Dr. Schliemann concludes that these three bodies had been partially burned at the bottom of the grave. All three had been placed with their heads to the east, and appeared to have been forcibly squeezed into the space left for them between the lining walls, which did

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

not exceed five feet six inches. The body which lay at the north end of the tomb had the face covered with a heavy gold mask (No. 473), and on the breast was a gold breastplate, fifteen and three-fifths inches long and nine and one-half inches broad (No. 458). On removing these a sight so marvellous presented itself to the astonished eyes of Dr. Schliemann that we must let him tell the tale in his own words:—

The round face, with all its flesh, had been wonderfully preserved under its ponderous gold mask; there was no vestige of hair, but both eyes were perfectly visible, also the mouth, which, owing to the enormous weight that had pressed on it, was wide open and showed thirty-two beautiful teeth. . . . The nose was entirely gone. The body having been too long for the space between the two inner walls of the tomb, the head had been pressed in such a manner on the breast that the upper part of the shoulders was nearly in a horizontal line with the vertex of the head. Notwithstanding the large gold breastplate, so little had been preserved of the breast that the inner side of the spine was visible in many places. In its squeezed and mutilated state the body measured only 2 feet 4.5 inches from the top of the head to the beginning of the loins; the breadth of the shoulders did not exceed 1 ft. 1.25 in. and the breadth of the chest 1 ft. 3 in. Such had been the pressure of the *débris* and stones that the body had been reduced to a thickness of from 1 in. to 1.5 in. The color of the body resembled that of an Egyptian mummy. The forehead was ornamented with a plain round leaf of gold, and a still larger one was lying on the right eye. I further observed a large and a small gold leaf on the breast below the gold breast-cover, and a large one just above the right thigh (p. 296).

These remains were of course in a very crumbling and evanescent condition, and Dr. Schliemann, fearing that they would not long resist the impact of the external air, had a painting made at once, from which a cut is given in his book. The body, however, held out two days, when it was rendered hard and solid by the ingenuity of a druggist from Argos, who poured over it a solution of gum sandarac and alcohol.

Across the loins lay a gold sword-belt, in the middle of which the fragment of a double-edged bronze sword was firmly attached. On the right lay two bronze swords, the handle of one of which is of bronze thickly plated with gold and richly ornamented. The handle of the other sword and the scabbards of both must have been of wood, as oblong and circular gold plates, ornamented with designs in relief, were lying alongside the sword-blades, just where we might expect to find them had they been attached to wood since decayed. Near the swords was found a tassel made of long shreds of very thin gold plate, which probably was attached to a sword-belt. At the distance of little more than a foot to the right of the body were lying eleven bronze swords, mostly decayed. There were in the same part of the tomb one hundred and twenty-four round studs, plain or ornamented, of which the two largest are the size of five-franc pieces; and six ornaments, which Dr. Schliemann calls crosses, but which might be better described as lozenge-shaped. All these ornaments were of wood plated with gold.

To the right of the body was a large gold drinking-cup, six inches in diameter, with one handle (No. 475), encircled with a row of arched ornaments in *repoussé* work, which have a curious resemblance in outline to a Roman aqueduct. At the south end of this tomb were fifteen swords, of which ten were placed at the feet, and between this body and the one in the middle of the tomb was a large heap of broken swords, which Dr. Schliemann calculates to have amounted to more than sixty, also a few bronze knives.

The remains of the central body appeared to have been disturbed after interment. The layer of clay and the upper layer of pebbles with which the other two bodies and their ornaments had been covered had been removed from this one, which was moreover nearly destitute of gold ornaments. Dr. Schliemann thinks that some sacrilegious marauder of later times must have sunk a shaft in the centre of the tomb and plundered this part of the grave. This would account for the gold studs and other objects which he found scattered in the upper soil in digging down to this tomb (p. 152), and which may have been dropped by the plunderer, in his hasty raid. The catalogue of what was found in this wonderful tomb is not yet finished. Besides the objects already enumerated which were found on or near the three bodies, Dr. Schliemann mentions two more gold cups; the remains of a vase partly of silver and partly of copper plated with gold, which must, when entire, have been two feet six inches high, with a diameter of one foot eight inches for the widest part of the body; eight large pommels for sword-hilts, of which seven were carved in alabaster, and one of wood, all ornamented with gold nails; also a large alabaster vase, of which the mouth was mounted in bronze plated

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

with gold, and which contained a quantity of studs which had been originally of wood plated with gold. No less than three hundred and forty of the gold plates of these studs were found in the tomb. Many of them were richly embossed with patterns, which will be noticed further on. This tomb also contained many fragments of wooden instruments and boxes, among which the most interesting were two sides of a small quadrangular casket, on each of which was carved in relief a lion and a dog. Food seems also to have been deposited in this tomb, as a number of oyster shells, and among them several unopened oysters, were found in it, also a large number of boar's teeth.

As Dr. Schliemann continued to explore the ground within the circular enclosure, he soon came on other tombs, the contents of which were equally surprising. We will take the largest of these (No. 4 of Plan B). Digging through a part of the circular area where no tombstone stood, he found black soil, which had evidently never been disturbed since a remote antiquity, and at twenty feet below the surface he struck upon an elliptical mass of masonry with a large opening like a well. At the depth of six and one-half feet below was a tomb hewn in the rock twenty-four feet long, eighteen and one-half feet broad; the bottom of this tomb was thirty-three feet below the level of the upper soil. All around the sides was a slanting wall of schist seven feet eight inches high, which projected four feet, and thus considerably diminished the area of the tomb at the bottom, on which lay the remains of five men, three with the head to the east, the other two with the head to the north. The bodies had evidently been burnt on the spot where they lay, as was proved by the abundance of ashes on and about each corpse, and the marks of fire on the pebbles and the schist. Upon the remains of the bodies lay a layer three or four inches thick of white clay, on which was a second layer of pebbles. On removing these layers a treasure equal in interest and value to that of the tomb already described was suddenly revealed. As the account of the contents of this one tomb occupies not less than seventy-four pages of the volume before us, we can only indicate here the principal classes of objects discovered. On the faces of three out of the five men here interred had been massive gold masks. Two of these bodies had a large gold breastplate, and close to the head of one was a magnificent gold crown (No. 337). To the thigh bone of one of the bodies was attached a gold band, supposed to have served for fastening the greave, *knemis*. In the same precious material were three shoulder-belts; ten plates to cover the pommels of sword-hilts; the remains of a sceptre, or perhaps a caduceus (p. 287, Nos. 451–2), richly inlaid with rock crystal; an unusually large and massive armlet; two large signet rings, on one of which a hunting-scene and on the other a battle were engraved in intaglio; not to mention endless studs and smaller personal ornaments. This tomb, like the one already described, had its little armory of weapons. No less than forty-six bronze swords, more or less fragmentary, were taken from it. With these were found several alabaster pommels of swords and fragments of wooden scabbards, together with the gold plates with which they were once ornamented, and the gold pins and nails with which these ornaments were fastened. Lances, too, were not wanting; the wooden shafts, though seeming entire on their first discovery, crumbled away on exposure to air. In one place thirty-five arrow-heads of obsidian lay in a heap; their wooden shafts had perished either from decay or cremation. Oyster shells and unopened oysters here, as in the tomb already described, indicated that the living had not forgotten to provide food for the dead; but this tomb contained in addition a whole *batterie de cuisine*, in the shape of thirty-two large copper cauldrons, and other vessels of copper which stood upright along the walls of the tomb. The cauldrons must be among the largest which have come down to us from Hellenic antiquity. Three of these have a diameter ranging from fourteen to twenty inches. Most of these vessels bore signs of having been long used on the fire. It might have been expected from the analogy of the famous royal tomb near Kertch, called the Koul Obo, that remains of food would be found in these cauldrons. This does not seem to have been the case, but one of them contained no less than one hundred large and small wooden studs, plated with gold. We will conclude our list of the objects found in this tomb by drawing attention to the nine gold cups, one of which, No. 344, weighs four pounds Troy; the two wine-jugs, one of gold, the other of silver; the ox's head of silver, with horns of gold, No 327; the silver vase in the form of a stag, No. 376, and the three-handled alabaster cup, No. 356.

We must now describe the contents of a somewhat smaller tomb (No. 3 of Plan

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

B), rather more than sixteen feet long and ten feet broad, cut in the rock, and lined with sloping walls of schist and clay, like those already described. In this tomb were the remains of three persons, thought to be women on account of the smallness of the bones, and particularly the teeth, and the quantity of female ornaments. All had the head turned to the east. Under and above them was the usual layer of pebbles. The bottom of the tomb was nearly thirty feet below the surface of the upper soil. The bodies had evidently been burnt as they lay, and were literally laden with jewels, all of which bore marks of fire and smoke. The ornaments were for the most plates of gold with a design in *repoussé* work. Of these no less than seven hundred and one were collected, some of which must have been strewn all over the bottom of the sepulchre before the funeral pyre was prepared, and the rest laid on the bodies before the fire was kindled. The subjects of the designs are a sepia or cuttle-fish, a flower, a butterfly, various spiral patterns, all contained within the circle of a disk. Other plates again were cut in outline, so as to imitate fan-shaped leaves. In another class of jewels animals or the human figure were not relieved on a ground, but embossed and cut out in outline, like the *emblemata* of later Greek art. Among these designs we find three gryphons (No. 261), a crouching lion, a naked female figure with a dove flying from each shoulder, and another perched on her head (Nos. 267, 268), another draped figure, the hands joined in the middle of the bosom (No. 273), butterflies, cuttle-fish, lions, hippocampi, sphinxes, and other varieties of animal life. In some of these ornaments quadrupeds or birds are combined in pairs, and rest on a triple branch growing like a palm. These seem to have formed the heads of pins for brooches. On the head of one of the persons interred was found a magnificent crown (*stephanos* *) two feet one inch long, formed by a band tapering to both ends, in which were set thirty-six large leaves, which must have stood upright (p. 185, No. 281). There were also five diadems similar, but much less rich in character, and a number of detached flowers and stars made in the same manner. The quantity of gold, agate, and amber beads in this tomb shows that many necklaces must have been deposited in it. Three small rectangular ornaments of gold, of an oblong form and perforated through their length, may have formed part of necklaces, if they were not mounted in swivel rings. On one side of each of these a design is rudely carved in intaglio. The three subjects are a man, perhaps Herakles, fighting with a lion, two warriors fighting, and a lion kneeling on rocky ground and looking back as if wounded. Some curious ornaments, composed of spirals of fine gold wire, may be parts of necklaces or bracelets, while other combinations of spirals may have been used, as Dr. Schliemann conjectures, to bind together separate tresses and locks of hair. The provision for the toilet for the nether world was clearly shown by the remains of a gold comb with teeth of bone, two small boxes of gold, and three large vases in the same metal, all with covers fastened on with gold wires in a very primitive manner; an alabaster scoop (No. 325) fashioned as if to represent a hollow formed by two hands in juxtaposition. Such objects may be regarded as the prototypes of the *pyxides* and other *mundus muliebris* so often found in Greek tombs, and of which they at once remind the archæologist; but some of the other antiquities found in this tomb are quite new to us, as for instance the four rectangular boxes (see No. 323) made of sheet copper, each of which is ten inches long, five inches high, and four and one-half inches wide, which were found filled with fairly preserved wood, and which it is supposed had been covered with a thick wooden plate. These were lying near the heads of the dead, and Dr. Schliemann conjectures that they may have been pillows. Remains of wood were also found in twelve gold hollow tubes; these probably belong to distaffs or spindles, and the two silver rods which have been plated with gold, and which terminate in crystal knobs, were probably used for the same purpose. The three other tombs, though not quite so remarkable as those which we have already noticed, contained much that is new to us, and worthy of a careful study. But no idea can be formed of the splendor and variety of these objects without reference to the cuts and engravings with which this volume is profusely illustrated.

Such were the marvellous contents of the five tombs within the circular enclosure on the Akropolis. But the treasure was not yet exhausted, for close to the circular area was a rectangular cutting in the rock, lined with a roughly-built wall of

* We have followed Dr. Schliemann in describing this and other gold ornamental bands as crowns, but the form of these bands is more like that of the *mitra* worn as part of the Greek panoply on the front of the body, and their scale seems too large for a headdress.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

stones on its eastern and northern faces. On excavating here no remains of bodies or evidence of cremation were detected, but several curious objects, similar to those deposited in the five tombs, were found at the bottom of the cutting. The most remarkable of these objects were a gold couching lion, evidently the ornament of a large *fibula;* four gold cups, of which the handles terminate in dogs' heads at their upper attachment to the rim; and two large gold rings. On the oval chaton of one of these (p. 354, No. 530) is represented a most curious scene. On the left a female figure is seated on rocks at the foot of a tree, possibly intended for a palm-tree; behind her a smaller figure appears to be gathering fruit from one of the branches; in her left hand the seated figure holds out three poppy-heads; before her stands another female figure advancing her right hand as if to receive the poppy-heads; and between these two figures another smaller female figure stands immediately in front of the knees of the seated figure, holding up a flower as if offering it. Behind the taller standing figure, and on the extreme right of the scene, is another female figure holding flowers in either hand. Between the seated figure and the taller figure standing in front of her we see a double-edged battle-axe, or, perhaps, a pair of such axes. Between the two taller standing figures is what appears to be a palladium, in the hand of which is a spear held very much as it is shown in the ancient representation of the palladium. Between this figure and the top of the tree on the opposite side of the scene we see the sun and crescent moon, below which is a double wavy line bent round in a curve, which may represent the sea. Behind the standing figure on the extreme left six objects are ranged on the edge of the chaton, so as to follow its curve. These objects are thought by Dr. Schliemann to be masks representing Corinthian helmets. We have examined them repeatedly with a powerful lens, and can only see in them the faces of lions or panthers; the ears, which are distinctly visible, are entirely feline in character. The dresses of all the female figures are very curious. Across the skirts of the two standing figures are raised horizontal ridges which may be the edges of upper garments falling over the innermost garment. On the surface of the skirts zigzag lines may be traced which probably represent embroidered patterns; on one figure this pattern looks like overlapping scales.

The intaglio on the oval chaton of the other gold ring presents an equally strange subject. Here we see two parallel rows of animals' heads, between which is a row of small disks or bosses. In the upper row an ox's head is placed between two heads which, on the whole, it is safest to consider as representing lions; in the lower row there is a counterchange; between two oxen's heads is a single lion's head. On the extreme left is what looks like wheat ears growing from a single stem, and opposite, on the extreme right, is a single plant or flower.

We have now indicated the main features of Dr. Schliemann's memorable discovery in the Mycenæan citadel; and here several questions naturally present themselves. To what race and period are we to assign the remains in these tombs? Are they Hellenic or præ-Hellenic? What is their relation chronologically to that ancient citadel within the walls of which they were found? Did the lions over the gateway guard this immense sepulchral treasure, and for how long? What, again, is their connection with the buildings popularly called treasuries, below the Akropolis? Do the legends of the house of the Atreidæ throw any light on these sepulchral remains within their citadel? And again, do these remains illustrate or corroborate these legends?

Before we attempt to deal with the complicated problem involved in these questions, it may be well to interrogate the remains themselves and ascertain what evidence archæology can extract from them. Now in the outset of such an enquiry we must bear in mind that the contents of these tombs show us, as might indeed have been expected, that the same custom which prevailed through the ancient pagan world generally prevailed also at Mycenæ. The dead were regarded as personages deserving of pious attention from the living, and therefore their sepulchres were furnished with such things as in this life they took delight in. The sentiment conveyed in Virgil's well-known lines —

> Quæ gratia currum
> Amorumque fuit vivis . . .
> . . . eadem sequitur tellure repostos —

was not confined to Greece and Italy. Modern research has shown how the Scandinavian, Celtic, or Scythian warrior was buried not only with his armor and weapons, but with his war chariot, his horse, and sometimes with abundant supplies of raiment, food, and wine for his

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

banquets in the other world. We also know that in proportion to the rank and wealth of the deceased, was the preciousness of the offerings deposited with him in the tomb. Now it may be fairly inferred, from the large amount of gold found in the Mycenæan tombs, that the bodies so lavishly decorated were those of personages distinguished in their day for wealth and power; and, if this was the case, it may be assumed that the art employed in fashioning all this gold into ornaments was the best art which was available in Mycenæ at the time when the deposit of this treasure was made.

If the criteria by which we are in the habit of judging of the art of the Greeks and other ancient races are applied to these Mycenæan antiquities we shall find that they rank very low in the scale. They present to us, it is true, considerable vigor and invention in the designing of mere patterns and ornaments, but in almost every case in which the representation of animal life is attempted, we see a feebleness of execution, the result of barbarous ignorance; those qualities and proportions of visible nature on the observation of which the representation of organic beings in art depends are either not perceived at all or are so rendered as to be unintelligible. In support of this criticism we would refer our readers to the illustrations in the work before us, which are sufficiently faithful to give those who have not seen the originals a fair impression of their merits. To begin with the gold masks. Two of these are so crushed out of shape that perhaps it is hardly fair to subject them to criticism, but the other two (No. 331, p. 220, and No. 474, p. 289) have suffered but little. After reading Dr. Schliemann's glowing description of these masks on the first announcement of their discovery, we confess that it was not without a shudder that we first beheld these hideous libels on the "human face divine." As representations of life we can hardly rate them much higher than the work of New Zealanders and other savages. In No. 331 the width from ear to ear is so disproportionate that the whole mask takes the form of an oval of which the longest diameter is at right angles to the nose. Let us hope that no race so repulsive as this specimen ever dwelt in the fortress of the Atreidæ. The other mask, No. 474, is a little more comely; the nose, though almost devoid of nostril, has the merit of being straight, and the moustache, beard, and eyebrows are tolerably rendered. But there is the same disproportionate width from the outer corners of the eyes to the ears, and there is no attempt to model the features. Dr. Schliemann thinks that these masks are meant to be portraits of the persons on whose remains they were found. This is more than probable, and the artist may have had the assistance of a squeeze in clay or wax taken from the face after death. If he had sufficient skill to use this squeeze as a matrix, he may have obtained a cast in relief from it. Our belief is that, having obtained such a cast in some yielding material, he copied that by hand, carving it out in wood or some material hard enough to hammer gold upon. We may thus account for the curious realism in such details as the moustache and beard, the smooth surface of which suggests the notion that oil had been applied to this part of the face to make the mould deliver, as is done now by *formatori*. We have already mentioned that on the tombstones above the sepulchres were subjects sculptured in relief. On one of these (p. 81) in an oblong sinking is a figure standing in a chariot drawn by a quadruped galloping, which we must assume to be a horse, in spite of his tail, which curls upwards like an angry bull's. Before the head of this quadruped a figure runs brandishing a falchion. Another tombstone (p. 86) has a similar design, and on a third below the figure in the chariot is an animal which Dr. Schliemann describes (p. 81) as a "tolerably well-preserved dog, but which is more probably a lion chasing some quadruped, which, were it not for the inordinate length of his tail, we might call a deer." These reliefs are hardly superior to the rudest specimens of sculpture over the doors of some of our Norman churches. Even Dr. Schliemann's enthusiasm fails him here, and he admits that "the men and animals are made as rudely and in as puerile a manner as if they were the primitive artist's first essay to represent living beings." The same incapacity for representing the forms of organic life appears in the smaller works where human figures are introduced.

When we turn from the representations of the human figure to that of animals in these Mycenæan antiquities, we see that superiority in the treatment of the lower forms of organic life which is characteristic of very early art in many barbarous races. As a rule, quadrupeds are more correctly represented than men, birds than quadrupeds, fishes and insects than birds. This is certainly the case at Mycenæ. Of animals, the lion seems to have been the

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

most studied and the best understood. It is true that the gold mask of a lion, represented on p. 211, fails as much to express the true characteristics of the animal, and errs as much in proportion, as the human masks already noticed; but the action of the lion springing on his prey in the embossed plate, No. 470, is expressed with a spirit to which the cut in the work before us by no means does justice. The lion (p. 178, No. 263) in *repoussé* work, which was probably designed as an ornament to be worn on a garment, is also not without character, though rudely beat out and treated as mere decoration; but in the couching lion (p. 361, No. 532) we have an animal that reminds us at once of the granite lions of Egypt and the bronze lion weights found by Mr. Layard at Nimrud. The style has something of the repose which is the characteristic of Egyptian lions, but in the modelling we trace the influence of an Asiatic school. Next in merit to this lion must rank the silver ox's * head with the two long gold horns and a gold star on the forehead. The surface of the silver is so much corroded as to detract very much from the effect of this head, but the proportions are well preserved, and, judging from the muzzle, which, having been plated with gold, has not equally decayed, the modelling must have been very fair. A stag (p. 257, No. 376) made of a base metal, of which the analysis yielded two-thirds silver and one-third lead, is chiefly interesting as a primitive attempt to represent a quadruped standing on his legs without any other support. The result is somewhat ungainly. The body of the stag is hollow, and on his back is a spout, showing that the form of this animal has been adapted for a vase.

When we pass from the representation of quadrupeds to the lower forms of life, we find fish, probably intended for the dolphin and the sepia or octopus, which occur frequently both on the embossed disks (p. 166, No. 240) and also (p. 268, No. 424) as reliefs without a background, so that the outline of the cuttle-fish is left free. This is the mode in which the *emblemata* are made which we find in later Greek art attached as ornaments to mirror covers and vases. No less than fifty-three of the cuttle-fish represented (No. 424) were collected out of one tomb. Dr. Schliemann states that their perfect similarity can only be explained by supposing that they were all cast in the same mould. They may, however, have been all hammered out on the same model, and afterwards united in pairs, so as to present the same relief on both sides, as Dr. Schliemann suggested in reference to a similar class of ornaments (p. 183). The spirals in which the arms of the octopus terminate would of course give facilities for fastening them as ornaments on garments. Moths are another favorite subject with the Mycenæan goldsmiths. We find them on the disks and also separately cut out like the cuttle-fish. It is curious, on comparing these, to see how carefully some of them appeared to have been studied from nature, and how the same type reappears in a more conventional form.

The patterns borrowed from the vegetable world are not so varied. Among the embossed disks of which so large a number was found in the tomb of the women were fan-shaped leaves cut out of gold plates in outline, with the inner markings of the leaves raised in relief, so that they seem like botanical diagrams. In another place are two pomegranates (p. 176, Nos. 257, 258) which have evidently formed the pendants of necklaces. In a large proportion of the ornaments, whether disks or crowns, the basis of the pattern is a circular flower, of which the leaves are sometimes pointed, and sometimes rounded at the ends. Sometimes again these leaves, radiating from a common centre, have their points bent in the same oblique direction, as if they were obeying the force of a whirling movement. The effect of the large detached flowers is exceedingly rich, though produced by a process so simple that a modern goldsmith might despise it. The separate leaves of the flower are first cut out of thin gold plate; each leaf is ornamented with bosses, spirals, beadings, and other ornaments, all cut out of the plate in relief; these leaves are then united by a central stud or plate, which forms the eye of the flower. Each leaf being covered with raised patterns, a great variety of light-reflecting points is obtained from a very small surface of gold, and the whole effect is very striking.

When floral forms are not adopted, round bosses and other circular patterns and combinations of spirals are the basis of most of the patterns, and these combinations of spirals seem to have been first suggested by the facility with which gold wire can be worked into such a pattern, as is shown by the spiral bracelets and clasps (p. 196). In the ornaments which

* Dr. Schliemann calls this a cow's head, but we are assured by naturalists that he has mistaken the sex.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the Mycenæan goldsmiths seem to have applied to gold we are always reminded of its malleability and ductility; and if they had been as skilful as later goldsmiths in the processes of casting, chasing, and soldering, to which this metal lends itself so easily, their ornaments would have had a different character, less broad and simple, but capable of greater refinement of execution and variety of composition. Two fragments of Mycenæan goldsmith's work, of singular beauty and unique of their kind, must not be passed over here. The original objects to which these two fragments belonged may have been a *caduceus*, as one of the pieces represents a coiled snake, the other part of a hollow cylinder which had enclosed a wooden staff. The cylinder is formed of four-leaved flowers united at the points of their leaves, of which the edges all round are raised so as to form casemates or *cloisons*, in which pieces of rock crystal are inlaid. The spaces between each pair of flowers are filled with pieces of crystal, all nicely adjusted to their places. In like manner the scales of the serpent are of crystal inlaid in gold *cloisonné* work. Of these crystal inlays one only had fallen out, though the surface had been exposed to the action of fire. The gold vessels found in the Mycenæan tombs are chiefly drinking-cups of several kinds. The prevailing type is a one-handled cup tapering more or less from the mouth to the base, so that the form may be likened to a truncated cone inverted. In another type, the cup, in form something like a modern goblet, springs from a stem more or less taper, which again spreads out at the base into a circular foot. In cups of this type the foot, stem, and bottom of the cup are hammered out of one plate of gold, into which the body of the cup is then fitted like an egg into an egg-cup, and riveted by gold nails. Two of these cups are loaded with some other metal at the juncture of the stem with the body. The handles are rudely formed of strips of gold bent to the required shape and riveted by gold nails. The forms of these gold cups are somewhat clumsy, and the inelegance of their design is evidently due to want of skill in metallurgy. The great goblet (p. 234, No. 344) must, before it was crushed in, have been the finest of all the cups in design, as well as being intrinsically the most valuable, its weight being four pounds Troy.

We have already noticed the richly embossed gold plates which once decorated the wooden scabbards and the hilts and pommels of the swords. The blades of these swords are of bronze and many of them are remarkable for their great length, which Dr. Schliemann calculates as more than three feet. These swords are double-edged, with a high projecting ridge or thread down the centre of the blade. It may be inferred, therefore, that they were used like rapiers for thrusting or guarding. Other shorter swords seem to have been used like a falchion only for delivering a chopping blow, as they have only one edge. All these swords are beautifully made.

We have endeavored to direct attention to the more striking characteristics of style and fabric in the Mycenæan antiquities. The exceeding strangeness of their aspect led to some mystification on their first exhibition. The extreme antiquity claimed for these objects by Dr. Schliemann was strongly contested. It was said that many of them were as late as the Byzantine period; the ornaments were said to be not Hellenic but rather Celtic in character. It was even insinuated that they had been brought from other localities and dexterously inserted in the soil of Mycenæ by their discoverer; that he had, to use an American expression, "salted" his tombs. These doubts and insinuations would be hardly worth noticing here were it not that more than one distinguished archæologist helped to give them currency, misled, as they have since frankly acknowledged, by first impressions.

That these antiquities appear on their first aspect more barbarous than Hellenic may be admitted, but the patient student will not fail to detect many links by which they may be connected with archaic Greek art as we have hitherto known it from extant specimens. In order to discover these latent affinities we must enquire what evidence of the earliest stage of Greek art has been obtained from the islands in the southern part of the Archipelago, and especially from Rhodes, Melos, Crete, Santorin, and Cyprus, islands which lay in the track of the most ancient Phœnician navigation, and were colonized by the Greeks at a very early period. From these islands have been collected certain gems which have only lately received from archæologists the attention they deserved, and a few samples of them have been published by M. F. Lenormant in the *Revue Archéologique*, 1874, p. 1, pl. 12, and also by Ludwig Ross, in his "*Reisen*," iii., p. 21. These gems are pebbles of crystal, sard, onyx, red and green jasper, steatite, and other stones which have been for the most

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

part roughly wrought into the form of a lens; some few are rhomboid. Both kinds are pierced, evidently to be strung on a necklace, or mounted on a swivel ring. On these stones are engraved, in the rudest manner, animals, monstrous combinations of human and animal forms such as sphinxes, chimæras, etc., and lastly human figures, one of which probably represents Herakles fighting with the lion, another perhaps Prometheus with the vulture.

These intaglios are cut with a rudeness which shows no trace of the influence either of the Egyptian scarab or the Assyrian engraved cylinder, both of which appear to have been imitated by the Phœnician and early Greek gem-engravers. The rude gems from the Greek islands seem to carry us back to some remote time before Hellenic art had any style of its own; before it was sensibly, if at all, affected by foreign influences, whether Asiatic or Egyptian, and the majority of the subjects represented on these primitive gems are such as would be taken direct from nature by a semi-barbarous people. On these gems, as in the similes of Homer, the lion, either alone or devouring cattle or deer, is a favorite subject; we find, too, the wild goat with very large horns, which still inhabits Crete, and was once general in the mountains of the Archipelago. We would refer our readers to the interesting series of these *intagli* in the gem-room of the British Museum, and invite them to compare their rude designs with those of the rings in gold in Dr. Schliemann's work; the resemblances will be found most striking, not only in the subjects and general design and execution, but also in certain minute details. Thus on a museum gem is a female figure of which the dress and general type at once remind us of the strange ladies on the Mycenæan gold ring, No. 530; on another museum gem are two warriors fighting, one of whom is armed with a very long oblong shield, with straight parallel sides, but curved at the top — just such a shield as is worn by one of the warriors on the Mycenæan signet ring, No. 335. We find, too, on one of the museum gems the same irregular wavy lines to represent water which occur below the sun and moon in the Mycenæan ring, No. 530. But the connection between these gems and the Mycenæan *intagli* in gold does not end here. In the tomb (No. 3) which contained the bodies of three females were found two of the very gems which we have been describing (Nos. 313 and 315). It should be here noted that six gems of this class were found with other very ancient objects in the upper soil above the tombs, at a depth ranging from ten to thirteen feet (p. 112), and three more were obtained by Dr. Schliemann from the neighborhood of the ancient site where once stood the Argive Heraion.

Ruder and perhaps even more ancient than these gems are the little marble idols representing a naked female figure which are occasionally found in the Greek islands. These figures, which range from ten to fifteen inches in height, remind us at once of the rude carvings of savage races, such as may be seen in ethnographical collections. The lower limbs are indicated by a variation in the outline, and by a deep line of demarcation cut in the marble to show that they are separable one from the other. The arms, marked off in like manner by a deep channel, are folded on the breast; the face is featureless, save a projection which serves to represent the nose, and behind this face is no cranium, only a slight thickness of marble. The one peculiarity which distinguishes these figures from the idols of more recent savage races is that the pelvis is marked very distinctly by three incised lines which form an equilateral triangle.* Among the Mycenæan antiquities are two little gold ornaments representing a naked female figure, which, from the doves associated with it, is probably a very early type of Aphrodite. This figure, though a little less rude than the marble idols, has the arms folded on the bosom in the same manner, and the pelvis is in like manner marked off as a triangle, though in the work before us (p. 180, Nos. 267, 268) the engraver, trusting to photographs, without seeing the originals, has failed to detect this peculiarity.

We have now to call attention to certain equally rude representations of the human figure in terra-cotta, specimens of one variety of which are given in Plate A and B and Plate xvii., Nos. 94–96. These terra-cottas, which do not exceed five inches in height, are rudely fashioned in the form of a draped female figure, only to be recognized as such by the two slight protuberances which indicate breasts. From the waist downwards the draped body is represented as a round column which spreads outwards at the base. There are no indications of feet. The arms pro-

* F. Lenormant, "*Premières Civilisations*," ii., p. 376. It is a curious illustration of this primitive anatomical diagram that the Greeks called this part of the body Delta, from its supposed likeness to the fourth letter in their alphabet.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

ject on each side of the shoulder like the ends of a crescent, and are enveloped in a kind of tippet, which falls as low as the waist, and is distinguished from the lower dress by stripes of color. The face is as featureless as the little marble figures already described. This is the type which Dr. Schliemann believes to be an idol representing the cow headed Hera, whose horns he recognizes in the arms projecting on each side. That these figures are idols is very possible, that the position of the arms may have some hieratic significance, and that it may possibly typify the crescent moon, may be conceded to Dr. Schliemann; but, after a study of this type as it may be traced through the series of ancient terra-cottas from Ialysus and Camirus in the British Museum, we fail to recognize any horns at all, and consequently the ingenious identification of this figure with the Homeric Hera falls to the ground.

In another variety of this type (Pl. C., fig. 1), the arms are folded as in the little marble idols, already noticed. The great antiquity of both these types might be inferred from their extreme rudeness, and the discovery of a single specimen by Dr. Schliemann in one of the five tombs shows that they were in existence as early as the date of those tombs, whatever that may be. As many as seven hundred of such terra-cottas were found in digging through the stratum of ancient soil above the tombs, and similar figures were found in digging through the passage to the treasury, explored by Madame Schliemann. But such archaic types in terra-cotta are not limited to Mycenæ and Tiryns. They have been found in tombs at Athens, and also at Ialysus in Rhodes, and evidently belong to the same primitive class as the rude figures of horsemen found in the tombs of Cyprus, Rhodes, and Athens, of which one mutilated specimen occurred in the diggings of Mycenæ.*

In digging the strata of soil above the tombs Dr. Schliemann found not only potsherds, such as earlier travellers had remarked on the surface, but whole vases, and in the tombs themselves were broken vases. One of the most frequently recurring types is that figured on p. 64 (No. 25), which may thus be described. The body is nearly globular, its neck serves as the support of the two handles which spring from either shoulder of the vase. The neck is closed at the top, the mouth of the vase is a spout on the shoulder. This type is so peculiar that its recurrence in various localities could not have been due to any chance coincidence. We find it in Egypt, in Cyprus, and forty-three examples of it were obtained from Ialysus in Rhodes. Another form which Mycenæ has in common with Ialysus is the goblet type (p, 70, No. 83), in which a shallow cup with one handle rises from a tall stem. In the ornaments painted on the Ialysian vases we are still more reminded of Mycenæan art. The cuttle-fish, so favorite a symbol with the goldsmiths of Mycenæ, recurs on several of the fictile cups from Ialysus. We have too the same friezes of dolphins or lions encircling the body of the vases in both cases; the combination of spirals such as are found on the gold breastplates constantly recur; and when we compare the fragments of pottery from Mycenæ with the vases from Ialysus, the identity not only in the peculiar ornaments, but in the fabric, is so complete, that we are justified in concluding that the vases of both places, if not the actual products of the same school of fictile art, were made about the same period, and derived their ornaments from some common source.

The Mycenæan ornament seems derived not so much from traditional forms as from nature herself, and flowers seem to have suggested many of the patterns, while shells and other marine products may have suggested others. This preference for floral ornament is equally marked in certain pottery from Santorin on which leaves and tendrils are painted in a free, bold style. From the circumstance that this Santorin pottery was found with other remains under a stratum of lava, a very high antiquity has been claimed for it by M. Lenormant.* As his argument is dependent on certain geological assumptions which have not yet been confirmed by independent enquiry *in situ*, we shall only here remark that the pottery of Santorin presents strong resemblances to the pottery of the Mycenæan tombs and of Ialysus, and that the fictile art of all three places is distinguished by certain peculiar characteristics.

Not only is the pottery of Ialysus almost identical with that of the Mycenæan tombs, but in both we find certain ornaments in a vitreous composition which present a most singular coincidence both in material and pattern. There seems to be good ground for believing that these vitreous ornaments

* Cesnola, "Cyprus," pp. 51, 93, 150, 164, 203. Pl. vi.

* Lenormant, *Revue Archéologique*, xiv., p. 430, and *Academy*, 1874, p. 315.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

were originally covered with gold-leaf like some of the terra-cotta ornaments, which in later Greek art supplied necklaces for the dead. In one of the tombs at Mycenæ were several specimens of glass in a more advanced stage of the art. These are described by Dr. Schliemann as small cylinders pierced through their length, and square pieces composed of four such cylinders. Externally these cylinders were cased with greyish-white matter which crumbled under the touch. Within that again was a hard, blue, transparent tube, which, according to Professor Landerer, is of cobalt glass, and within this again another tube, with a lustre like silver, and which is pronounced by the same authority to be a vitreous substance containing lead. It would seem from this evidence that at the period when these tombs were furnished the art of casing cylinders with concentric tubes of glass, one over the other, was already known. No other specimens of glass were found by Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ except a few beads in the soil above the tombs. One more point may be noted which connects the remains at Ialysus with those at Mycenæ — a peculiarity in the form of the gold rings. In the rings from both sites, the back of the chaton is hollowed to fit the round of the finger, and the form and fabric of these rings are peculiar and unlike any other Greek rings with which we are acquainted.

We have now indicated some of the resemblances which may be detected by a careful comparison of the antiquities from Santorin, Ialysus, and Sparta with those of Mycenæ, but the enquiry, to be complete, should be carried much further. If certain ancient remains from Melos, Attica, Megara, the Rhodian Ialysus and Camirus, and Cyprus, were combined with the contents of the Mycenæan tombs, and arranged as far as possible in their presumed chronological sequence, a phenomenon which has for some years been recognized by archæologists would be more generally known and more easy of demonstration. This phenomenon is that the slow and painful advance of Greek art, from its first rude efforts, is interrupted at a certain stage by a foreign influence. When we examine that most interesting and varied collection of archaic objects, found by Messrs. Biliotti and Salzmann in tombs at Camirus, and now exhibited in the British Museum, we find but very few, if any, traces of the peculiar pottery of which the neighboring city Ialysus has furnished so many specimens; on the fictile vases of Camirus we find zones of lions and other animals, drawn with great spirit and combined with ornaments which, since the discoveries at Nimrud, we know to have been derived from an Assyrian source. Again, while we find numbers of terra-cotta figures of which the earliest are as rude as those of Mycenæ and Ialysus, and of which the series exhibits so many successive stages of progress towards a truer representation of the human figure, we have other terra-cotta figures which, though still retaining certain archaic characteristics, seem the product of a mature school of art; and these later figures, when compared with certain terra-cottas from tombs at Sidon and other places in Phœnicia, are found to be identical in type and to present only slight differences in style.*

When we turn to the gold ornaments of which Camirus has yielded a rich collection, we see in the earlier specimens figures embossed on plates of gold, which in their rudeness both of design and execution remind us of the work of the Mycenæan goldsmiths; but there are other specimens in which the art has made a decided advance, both in modelling and in technical skill; and in this later style we meet with earrings ornamented with winged lions very similar to those so familiar to us in Assyrian sculpture. The ornaments, too, both in gold and ivory, at Camirus are constantly reminding us of Assyrian prototypes. On the other hand, we find many objects which seem to connect these remains with Egypt, such as a silver bowl and a gold ring, scarabs, vases, and many other objects in Egyptian porcelain, some with hieroglyphics; and these hieroglyphics are, in some cases, so incorrectly rendered and so blundered as to prove that the artist by whom they were copied had no real knowledge of Egyptian writing.† If we pass from Rhodes to Cyprus, we find that there, too, the early art presents the same curious mixture of Assyrian and Egyptian types and subjects. In General Cesnola's most interesting work, on which we regret to be unable to bestow here more than a passing notice, several bowls in gold, silver, and bronze are engraved (see pp. 77, 114, 276, 316, 329, 337), and two more, found many years ago in Cyprus, are to be seen in the French museums at the Louvre, and the Bibliothèque Nationale.‡ Inside these bowls are designs, either engraved or embossed, rep-

* Longpérier, "*Musée Napoléon III.*," pll. xxiv. and xxvi.
† Longpérier, "*Musée Napoléon III.*," pl. xlix.
‡ Ibid., pll. x., xi.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

resenting battle-scenes, in some of which a king takes a part, hunting-scenes, animals; the predominating style is rather Egyptian than Assyrian, but there is a strange mixture of symbols and ornaments from both sources. If we pass from the Greek islands to Italy, we find that silver bowls very similar to those of Cyprus in style and subject were found in the celebrated Regulini Galassi tomb at Cervetri, and also in more than one ancient site on the west coast of Italy; and if we go eastward we meet with the same curious mixture of Assyrian and Egyptian influences in the bronze bowls and inlaid ivories discovered by Mr. Layard at Nimrud.* Here, of course, the question presents itself, how can we account for these resemblances in style and subject in the metallic art of countries so wide apart as Nimrud and Cervetri, and at an age when commercial intercourse and navigation were as yet restricted within narrow limits? The answer to this question which has been generally accepted by archæologists of late years is that it was the Phœnicians who in the course of their commerce brought this particular class of art to the markets of Greece and Italy, and that these engraved and embossed bowls, and probably most of the early jewellery such as we find at Camirus and Cervetri, were made by the artificers of Tyre, Sidon, and other Phœnician settlements. The correctness of this opinion has been strikingly confirmed by the recent discovery of a treasure at Palestrina, in which a bowl with pseudo-Egyptian hieroglyphics, and with an inscription in true Semitic characters, was associated with gold ornaments, which correspond in certain technical details with the jewellery of Camirus.

The examples which we here adduce are only a few links in a long chain of evidence, most of which will be found in a recent dissertation by Professor Helbig on the Palestrina treasure.† The number of instances in which Phœnician and Greek remains have been found intermixed on the same site points to a period when the rude untaught instincts of the Hellenic artist were stimulated and developed by the importation of foreign works, the product of a more advanced civilization, and it will be convenient for the present to designate this period as the Græco-Phœnician. But what were its limits? We can hardly conceive it to extend downwards later than B.C. 560, when the Assyrian Empire and its art had been swept away by the fall of Nineveh; when Greek art had nearly freed itself from foreign influences and was developing a free, independent growth; when we begin to hear of celebrated Hellenic artists, some sculptors in marble, some excelling in the art of casting, embossing, and chasing works in metal; when the Doric and Ionic styles of architecture had reached a certain maturity, and sumptuous temples in marble were being built.

With regard to the limits of the Græco-Phœnician period upwards, all that we can positively assert is that, in the time of Homer — whenever that was — the Greeks received from Sidon, Tyre, and Cyprus certain works of art which they greatly prized, and which they thought worthy to be laid up in the treasuries of kings. Such were the silver *krater* which Achilles gave as an agonistic prize at the funeral of Patroclus, which, as the poet tells us, was made by the Sidonians and brought over the sea by the Phœnicians, and the cuirass of Agamemnon, inlaid with many metals, which was given him by Kinyres, the king of the Cyprian Paphos.

Homer, too, describes, in an often-cited passage, the traffic between Phœnician traders and the Greeks on the coast, when the crafty Orientals contrived to kidnap Greek women, luring them to the shore by the display of necklaces and other toys — *athyrmata*. Among such *athyrmata* may be reckoned the shells engraved with Assyrian subjects which have been found whole or in portions at Vulci in Etruria, at Camirus, at Nimrud, and at Bethlehem. The shells so engraved are known to naturalists as the *Tridachna squamosa*, and are found in the Red Sea and Indian Ocean, but not in the Mediterranean. It is to be presumed that, like other products from the more distant East, they were brought by Phœnician ships up the Red Sea, and thence to Greek or Etruscan marts. The ostrich eggs covered with subjects carved in relief in an Asiatic style, which were found with other Græco-Phœnician remains in the Polledrara grotto, near Vulci, are another example of *athyrmata* brought from a far country in the course of trade.*

* Layard, "Discoveries in Nineveh," p. 182; and "Monuments of Nineveh," 2nd series, pll. 57–68.

† "*Cenni sopra l'arte Fenicia*," in the Annali of the Roman Institute, 1876, pp. 197, 257. Longpérier, *Journal Asiatique*, 1855, p. 407.

* Micali, "Monum. Ined.," Firenze, 1844, pl. vii. Newton, "Guide to Bronze-Room in British Museum," 1871, p. 8, No. 5.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

How early this Phœnician traffic in the eastern Mediterranean began, and whether on the coast of Italy Carthage had any share in it, are questions which we have as yet no certain means of determining. That Tyrians were already eminent in metallurgy and other arts as early as the time of Solomon, B.C. 1000, we know from the books of Kings and Chronicles, in which the varied talents of Hiram, the artist sent to decorate the temple at Jerusalem, are described in terms which would be applicable to the Samian Theodoros, that versatile genius to whom is ascribed so prominent a part in the development of Greek art some four centuries later.

When we compare the descriptions of works of art in Homer with those extant specimens which we have assigned to the Græco-Phœnician period, the correspondence is very striking. It is true that in the shield of Achilles the poet's imagination has evidently contributed some of the marvels of that famous composition; and, considering that this masterpiece was the work of the god Hephaistos, we could expect no less. But, allowing for a certain amount of poetic license in the description, we find both in the design of the shield and in the technical method of its execution much that reminds us of the Phœnician bowls, of the great shield found in the Regulini Galassi tomb at Cervetri, and of several other specimens of archaic metallurgy of the same period.* The same observation applies to the description of the shield of Herakles in Hesiod. Now when we compare the Mycenæan antiquities with the description of works of art and handicraft in the poems of Homer and Hesiod, we find that in all that may be considered products of the mere craftsman, such as swords, scabbards, sword-belts, or the domestic utensils, such as cups or cauldrons, the descriptions in Homer tally sufficiently with the objects found by Dr. Schliemann to make it probable that at the time when the Homeric poems were composed the fashion of such products of handicraft had not greatly changed; but the tombs of Mycenæ have produced no work of art at all comparable in design and execution to the battles and hunting-scenes which the Phœnician artists beat out in relief or engraved on bowls and other metallic surfaces. Still less do we find at Mycenæ any composition which at all reminds us of Homer's shield. It is obvious that artists so ignorant of the human figure as the Mycenæan goldsmiths would have been incapable of producing compositions with a sustained dramatic interest, such as the description of the Homeric shield implies, and of which the designs of the Phœnician bowls already referred to seem to contain the germ.

We therefore do not hesitate to state our opinion that, viewed in relation to the descriptions in Homer, the art of Mycenæ seems of a præ-Homeric period; viewed again in relation to the best extant works of the Græco-Phœnician period, this Mycenæan art is certainly very much ruder and earlier in style, whatever may be its date. We cannot but believe that the masterpieces of those Sidonian artists whom Homer calls πολυδαίδαλοι must have been very superior to what seems to us for the most part the uncouth product of a race destined ultimately to assimilate and to improve the arts and inventions of the Phœnicians and older races, but who had not yet entered into this rich inheritance. In the dim twilight of the mythic past the names of Cadmus and Dædalus stand out conspicuously. The first of these names marks the period when the Greeks adopted alphabetic writing from the Phœnicians; the name of Dædalus, on the other hand, expresses the change from the rude, shapeless idol to a truer and more lively representation of the human form — a change wrought, as we conceive, by the quickening influence of foreign schools of art acting on the Greeks through the medium of the Phœnicians. Thus, as we may call the period before the use of writing among the Greeks the præ-Cadmean period, so the period before this quickening influence transformed their rude efforts into a distinct style of art may be called the præ-Dædalian period. In our judgment, the antiquities of Mycenæ belong to this præ-Dædalian period, with the exception of some three or four objects, which appear to us to have been imported from some country in a more advanced stage of civilization. That country may have been Egypt, but the carriers were probably Phœnicians.

It will be seen from the foregoing remarks that, in calling the antiquities from Mycenæ præ-Dædalian and præ-Homeric, we incline to the belief that they are of a very high antiquity. Dædalus is so entirely a legendary personage, that we can only offer vague guesses as to the period which his name represents; but the age of the Homeric poems, however much con-

* Massimi, "Mus. Gregor," i., pll. xviii., xix., xx. Millingen, "Anc. Uned. Mon.," ii., pl. xiv. Newton, "Guide to Bronze-Room in British Museum," 1871, p. 34.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

tested by ancient and modern chronologers, can hardly be later than the age assigned to them by Herodotus — namely, about four centuries before his own time, or B.C. 850. If, then, the Mycenæan antiquities are præ-Homeric, they must be regarded as earlier than the middle of the ninth century before our era. We have already set forth the general grounds for such an opinion, as deduced from a comparison of the Mycenæan treasure with other extant examples of archaic art. In further suppport of such a view, it may be here noted that, on a well-known mural picture in a tomb at Thebes, tributaries of the Egyptian king Thothmes III., believed to be Cyprians or Phœnicians, are bringing vases and other offerings, one of which is in the form of an ox's head very closely resembling the silver ox's head of the Mycenæan treasure, while other figures bear cups, which have a strong family likeness to those found by Dr. Schliemann.* According to Egyptologists, the date of Thothmes III. falls somewhere between B.C. 1400 and 1500 at the latest.

We have already pointed out that the close resemblance between the antiquities of Ialysus and those of Mycenæ makes it probable that we ought not to separate one series from the other by any long interval of time; and here we must call attention to the fact that in one of the tombs at Ialysus was found another Egyptian relic of remote antiquity — a porcelain scarab with the cartouche of King Amenoph III., whose date, according to the authorities on Egyptian chronology, is not later than B.C. 1400. Of course, neither this discovery nor the resemblance between the Mycenæan ox's head and cups to similar objects depicted in the tomb at Thebes are conclusive as to the date of the respective tombs in which they were found; for a sepulchral deposit cannot, of course, be older than the most modern objects it contains, and the Mycenæan cups and Ialysian scarab may be somewhat older than the other objects found with them; but we hardly think it likely that this possible greater antiquity would exceed three centuries. We should thus arrive at the eleventh century B.C. as an approximate date for the antiquities of Mycenæ and Ialysus.

We have now endeavored to answer the question, What can be inferred as to the age and origin of the antiquities found on the Akropolis at Mycenæ by the study of the antiquities themselves? From a comparison with extant remains found on other ancient sites, we are led to infer that the contents of the Mycenæan tombs belong to the most remote period to which we can venture to ascribe any Greek antiquities as yet known to us, and the reasoning which has conducted us to this conclusion would, we conceive, seem equally valid to any one trained in archæological research, whether these antiquities had been found by Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ or on any other Greek site, not so marked out by tradition and extant monuments as the seat of a great monarchy in præ-Homeric times. On the other hand, it is not possible in the discussion on the discoveries at Mycenæ to divest the mind of the associations which the very name of this site calls forth, and thus we are brought back to the question to which we have already briefly adverted in the earlier part of this article. Have those singular monuments, the so-called treasuries, and the Lions' gateway, that direct connection with the dynasty of the Atreidæ which local tradition in the time of Pausanias ascribed to them? Are they, as most archæologists believe, almost the sole surviving specimens of the architecture of the heroic age, an architecture which has passed away like the fauna of that remote period to which geologists assign the mastodon and megatherium; or are they, as ultra-sceptics have maintained, simply masses of ancient masonry of uncertified date and origin? Henceforth, it is obvious, the discussion of this question cannot be separated from that of another question, What is the age of the antiquities discovered by Dr. Schliemann in the Akropolis at Mycenæ? Was this immense treasure deposited at a time when Mycenæ still merited the epithet "much-golden," which Homer bestows on it? Were the bodies with which it was found those of royal personages of the line of Pelops, or of some unknown *fortes ante Agamemnona* or *post Agamemnona?*

At this stage of the enquiry we would state certain propositions which, we think, may be fairly assumed as postulates in all future discussions of the problem: —

1. There was a powerful Achæan dynasty at Mycenæ which in mythic tradition is represented by the three successive names, Atreus, Thyestes, Agamemnon, and which at some time was dominant in Argolis, and perhaps over much more of the Peloponnese.

2. This Achæan dynasty lost its ascendency after the revolution commonly called the Return of the Herakleidæ, when

* Hoskins, "Travels in Ethiopia," pll. 46–9.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the Dorians established themselves as the ruling race in Argos and other parts of the Peloponnese, and of which revolution the date is B.C. 1104 according to one ancient authority, or B.C. 1048 according to another.

3. The buildings which Pausanias calls treasuries and the Lions' Gate at Mycenæ were erected during the period of Achæan supremacy in Argolis.

4. From the amount of treasure which the tombs discovered by Dr. Schliemann contained it may be fairly inferred that they were royal tombs.

5. As we have no record, legendary or historical, of any kings reigning at Mycenæ after the termination of the Achæan dynasty, it is to be presumed that the tombs in the Akropolis are not later than that dynasty.

But admitting these premises, have we any reasonable ground for supposing that the tombs found by Dr. Schliemann are those which Pausanias believed to contain the remains of Agamemnon and his companions? It may be well here to cite the exact words of that author:* "In the ruins of Mycenæ are the fountain called Perseia, and the subterranean buildings of Atreus and his children, in which they stored their treasure. The tomb of Atreus is there, and also the tomb of Agamemnon and such of his companions as Ægisthus slew at a banquet on their return from Troy. The identity, indeed, of the tomb of Cassandra is called in question by the Lakonians of Amyclæ, but one of the tombs is that of Agamemnon, another of his charioteer Eurymedon. Teledamus and Pelops, who are said to have been twin children of Cassandra, and to have been slain while yet infants with their parents by Ægisthus, are both in the same tomb, and there is the tomb of Electra, for Orestes gave her in marriage to Pylades, and, according to Hellanicus, Medon and Strophios were the issue of this union. *But Clytemnestra and Ægisthus were buried at a little distance from the fortress*, being thought unworthy to be buried within it where Agamemnon and those slain with him were interred." We quite accept in this passage Dr. Schliemann's interpretation of the word *τεῖχος*, by which he understands the fortress on the Akropolis, not, as former authorities have maintained, the wall round the lower city; and it must be acknowledged that the text of Pausanias thus interpreted presents a most curious coincidence with the recent discoveries. His statement would lead us to expect that royal tombs might be found within the Akropolis; search has been made, and tombs containing a treasure worthy of the ruler of Mycenæ "the golden" have been found. The coincidence seems almost too perfect to be true. What its real value is as evidence in the question before us will be, it is easy to predict, hotly contested. It will be urged that the passage which we have cited from Pausanias was written more than twelve centuries after the reputed date of the death of Agamemnon; that his statement about the tombs rests apparently on no other authority than the local tradition current in Argolis when he visited Mycenæ, and that on the same loose authority of local tradition, elsewhere in Greece, he points out in the course of his work the tombs of many other personages of the heroic age, some of whom are manifestly mere mythical figments. Nor can we blame Pausanias for recording these local traditions, which could only have been tested by an operation as repugnant to the feelings of that pious traveller as it would have been to those of his contemporaries who claimed for their cities the distinction of possessing the tombs of ancestral heroes, sacred in their eyes as the shrines of saints still are in Christendom. Though in the second century of the Christian era tomb-burglary was not unknown, no archæologist would have been permitted by the Greeks to violate the tombs of their ancestors for the sake of satisfying historic doubts, which they themselves did not entertain, and which they would have indignantly repudiated.

Again, it may be said that the legends about the death of Agamemnon, like some of the incidents of his life, are contradictory. According to Pindar it was at Amyclæ in Lakonia, and not at Mycenæ, that he was slain, and Pausanias himself admits that the Amyclæans, Mycenæan tradition notwithstanding, maintained that Cassandra was buried in their city, and showed what they considered to be the tomb of Agamemnon.* It will be said too that to talk of Agamemnon as an historical personage is merely begging the question, but that, even if we admit the possibility that a king of that name did return from Troy and was treacherously slain in the manner related by Homer and the tragedians, how can we be sure that the tombs discovered by Dr. Schliemann are those meant by

* Pausan. ii. 16, 6.

* Pausan. ii. 16, 6; iii. 19, 6. In the latter passage the integrity of the text has been doubted by recent editors, but, as it appears to us, on no good grounds.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Pausanias? It is obvious that nothing short of a thorough exploration of the Akropolis can give a satisfactory answer to this question, and, while this article is still in the press, comes news from Athens announcing that Mr. Stamataki, who has been appointed by the Greek government to continue the excavations at Mycenæ, has already found there another tomb containing gold.*

We should not here omit to mention that in the course of Dr. Schliemann's operations at Mycenæ, one of the five subterraneous chambers, called treasuries by Pausanias, was excavated by Madame Schliemann, who, here as at Hissarlik, proved herself the intelligent and devoted partner in her husband's toils. In the course of further exploration something more may yet be found to throw light on the question what was the purpose of these vast subterranean chambers. Pausanias calls these buildings and the similar one at Orchomenos, treasuries; in both cases probably accepting the local tradition current in his time with his usual unquestioning faith. But we venture to assert that, if Pausanias had not given this name to these chambers, it would never have occurred to archæologists to call them treasuries. It seems inconceivable that Atreus and his successors would have placed their treasure in the city below, when they could have stored it in such an impregnable stronghold as the Akropolis; why too should they build five separate treasuries, and scatter them about the city, when, if placed close together in a row, they could have been much more easily guarded? Moreover the peculiar Egyptian vaulting of these buildings, the long passage leading up to them, and the smaller inner chamber in the largest of them, all remind us of a class of tomb which was probably much more common in Greece in the kingly period than in the later republican times, and of which we find the type surviving in the Græco-Scythic royal tomb, called the Koul Oba, near Kertsch, and in certain parts of Asia Minor.† We agree then with Mure and E. Curtius in considering the treasuries at Mycenæ tombs of the Achæan dynasty which reigned there. Such a supposition seems at first sight at variance with the theory that the tombs in the Akropolis are also royal sepulchres; but we may reconcile both views, if we assume that such vast masses of masonry as the so-called treasury of Atreus were constructed when the dynasty had that wide-extended sway "over all Argos and many islands," which would have enabled the ruling despot to command the large amount of labor required for the building of such a tomb, and when the lower city of Mycenæ was well guarded from any invasion. There may have been an after period when the mighty kingdom of the Atreidæ had shrunk to much narrower limits, and when the "labor of an age in piled stones" was no longer attainable to perpetuate the memory of the dead, and to protect their remains. In this later period the Akropolis would undoubtedly be the safest place for tombs containing so much treasure. Dr. Schliemann suggests that the circular enclosure round the tombs on the Akropolis may mark the limits of the *Agora*. This may be so, though we should rather have expected to find the Agora in the lower city. Ancient tombs are constantly surrounded with a *peribolos*, and though such an *enceinte* is generally a parallelogram, the circular form may have been adopted at Mycenæ, because the part of the Akropolis where the tombs are may have been already crowded with the buildings of which the foundations are shown on Dr. Schliemann's plan. Possibly, we may have in this circular enclosure the primitive form of the *prytaneum*, which in later Greek times was usually a round building with the altar of Hestia in the centre.* In the foundations to the south of the circular enclosure, a number of very archaic objects were found, which we have no space to notice here. Dr. Schliemann thinks that these foundations indicate the site of a royal palace. The position of such a palace close to the wall and principal gate of the Akropolis reminds us of the palace at Khorsabad, planted in a gap in the wall of the Assyrian city. If the palace of the Atreidæ was a superstructure of wood built on these foundations, as Dr. Schliemann supposes, the circular enclosure would be the most appropriate place of meeting for the elders, whom we may suppose to have been summoned by the king to his council.

Here we must close our notice of the discoveries at Mycenæ, and before we leave the Akropolis let us cast one upward glance at those gaunt lions who have kept watch over the massive gateway for thirty or more centuries. When last we saw

* See the Greek newspaper *Palingenesia*, Nov. 24, 1877.

† Newton, "History of Discoveries," ii., pp, 202, 487, 488, 581–88.

* K. F. Hermann, "*Privatalterthümer*," 1870, § 18, 11. Pyl, "*Die griech. Rundbauten*," p. 88. The temple of Vesta at Rome was also round.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

them lit up by the slanting rays of the western sun, we thought how admirably their proportions were designed for the place they occupy; how well that rough, uncouth treatment of the anatomy harmonizes with the rugged masonry round. Headless as they are, they are in our eyes a higher effort of art than all the golden treasures of the tombs within. Was it a Cyclops imported from Lycia who carved these strange animals for Perseus, or did the Tantalid Pelops bring from his Lydian fatherland some tradition of Asiatic art to the peninsula which still, in this nineteenth century, bears his name? These and many other questions suggested by the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann must be postponed till the excavation of certain ancient sites in Asia Minor has told us more of Lydian, and, perhaps, of Phrygian art. The solution of the problem with which we have been endeavoring to grapple will, perhaps, be found when the tombs of the Lydian kings near Sardis and the tumuli in the Troad have been properly explored.

ERICA.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE GERMAN OF

FRAU VON INGERSLEBEN.

XXIX.

(*continued.*)

THE physician's prescription of a change of air seemed to the countess the best possible pretext for sending Sidonie away, in order to thus unravel the tangled condition of affairs. One visit from the prince had already been declined, and the next time he came she had permitted Sidonie to remain in her own room, but this could not continue without attracting general attention. Besides, the prince was so perfectly unembarrassed, so evidently unconscious of the meaning of the delicate allusions by which the countess sought to investigate the affair, that the latter, confused and perplexed, at last did not know what to make of the matter herself.

As her anxiety about her husband rendered it impossible for her to travel with Sidonie herself, she constantly endeavored to find some suitable pretext for sending her away from Dorneck. Unfortunately, this could not be found immediately; several plans were relinquished, various arrangements broken up, and the countess herself became annoyed and irritated by her want of success.

Mysterious circumstances were utterly abhorrent to her clear, precise mind, and now, when both her husband and the young girl who was so near her heart stood before her like impenetrable enigmas, this incomprehensible something that surrounded them seemed doubly threatening and terrible. She constantly strove to solve the riddle, and thus lost a portion of her customary self-control, thereby in her turn becoming an enigma to those around her.

Life in Dorneck, which had hitherto flowed so calmly and peacefully, appeared to have reached a turning-point. Every member of the household felt oppressed, perplexed, involuntarily experienced a certain fear of what the future might bring, and yet no one could exactly tell what caused this perplexity, or what he really dreaded.

"Why are we all so dispirited, like a hound, which after hunting to suit himself, now expects his punishment?" asked Fritz one morning, as he strolled through the park with Erica. "What *has* happened, or what *is* to happen, that we are so anxious and uneasy, for there must be some cause for this universal discomfort?"

"I think I had good reason to turn pale with terror, when I saw Wehlen," replied Erica. "I am sure that he is the real cause of everything."

"But what in heaven's name has he done? If the devil, as the old saying goes, has laid an egg in the house, we can at least see and touch it."

"That is just the peculiarity about the devil's egg, Fritz. It can neither be seen nor touched, but all the more bitterly felt."

"Oh, nonsense! an evil that hovers invisible in the air I shall let stay there, and trouble myself no more about it. But, for instance, I can tell you plainly enough how the devil's egg appears to poor Olga."

"Well, I am curious to hear. She was very angry with me yesterday, when I told her she looked almost as pale as Sidonie."

"Wehlen, as you know, now goes to Bonn nearly every afternoon, and of course is always with the officers, who probably don't spend their time so much in telling stories as in drinking and gambling. Wehlen is a tolerably good leader in both, and either because he thinks it a merit, or from some other motive, constantly informs Olga of Generode's heroic deeds in

* Copyright 1877, by Littell & Gay.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

this department. I don't exactly understand Rüdiger's conduct, for though he never had an actual horror of such things, he was far from being disposed to any undue indulgence in them. Probably Wehlen has bewitched him, as well as papa, for he gives him constant opportunities to relate something to Olga. Moreover, the latter doesn't do this in any tone of censure, but in a very eulogistic, delighted manner, as if such things cast a sort of halo around a young man. Olga almost cries her eyes out in private, for now of course there is not the slightest prospect of conquering mamma's opposition, since she has always expressed doubts of Generode's strength of character."

"You ought to speak to the young count yourself, Fritz; and though I am sure that almost the whole story is based on Wehlen's slanders, he ought to avoid every occasion for them, and no longer have any intercourse with him."

"Do you suppose I have not done so? But what do you think Rüdiger answered? 'Don't be anxious, Fritz,' he said, laughing; 'this time I must exclaim with Prince Henry, "Yet herein will I imitate the sun, who doth permit the base, contagious clouds to smother up his beauty from the world." I can't help it, Fritz,' he added gravely, 'and I hope, if Olga loves me, she will also trust me, however base, contagious clouds may dim and smother me.'"

"That seems to show a little levity on Generode's part," said Erica disapprovingly. "I am sorry for poor Olga."

The two companions now heard the sound of the dinner-bell, and therefore abruptly broke off their conversation and hastened their steps to reach the house in time. The meal passed in the same uncomfortable manner which now seemed to be the order of the day. The conversation was far from fluent, interrupted by long pauses and evidently forced; and, contrary to the usual etiquette, Count Rodenwald did not wait for his wife to give the signal to leave the table, but pushed his chair back before the dessert was over, nodded to the company, and went to his own room.

Every eye was fixed upon the countess, and it required all her self-control to maintain her usual bearing, at least before the servants. She spoke a few words in relation to important business to Werner, who instantly entered into it, and then skilfully turned the conversation to indifferent subjects. But another source of excitement was still in store, for the doors of the dining-room were suddenly thrown open, and Generode's groom, his clothes covered with dust, entered. The countess's eyes turned towards the intruder with a stern, questioning glance, and an equally stern reproof was hovering on her lips, but when she saw Olga's deathlike pallor, her face softened, and she would undoubtedly have spoken more gently if she had had time to do so.

The groom, however, hastily approached, and standing stiffly before her, said, in the tone of a military report, "Orders from the Herr Lieutenant, Count Generode, to deliver this letter instantly into Herr Werner's hands, wherever I find him."

"To me?" asked Werner in astonishment, as he took the note from the groom. "Pardon the man, countess, for his over-zealous execution of his master's commands. Count Generode could not possibly have expected him to perform them in this way."

"Read the letter!" said the countess anxiously, as she rose from the table. Werner went to the window to break the seal, while the others lingered in the dining-room in eager expectation; and the countess involuntarily grasped Sidonie's hand and drew her into another window, from which she watched Werner, as if deeply interested in the contents of his letter, and when the latter finished reading it, and seemed to be reflecting a moment, she beckoned to him.

"Well, what is it?" she asked hastily. "Was the news very important?"

Werner looked thoughtfully at her. "It depends upon the way one understands it, countess. Here is the letter."

The lady's hand trembled as she took the sheet of paper, but she was by no means prepared for its contents; for she had scarcely read a few lines, when she exclaimed in surprise, "What is this, Werner — are you threatened?" She did not await the reply, however, but carefully read the note. It contained the following lines: —

"Your expectation has been rapidly fulfilled, my dear Werner; they will seek to make you harmless under any circumstances. Unfortunately for you, it has been discovered that you are not Werner, but the political fugitive, Oswald von Tendern, who, aside from his past life, has sent from his concealment the most horrible documents into the world. Unhappily you cannot deny that you, like him, are exactly five feet ten inches high, that you also have dark eyes and whiskers, so you can do no better than escape arrest

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

by immediate flight, since, under all the circumstances, you will doubtless wish to avoid any scene.

"The gendarmes are to start for Dorneck this afternoon, so you will have just time enough to get out of their way. I would have come to give you the information myself, if this troublesome service did not prevent me; but by the threat of instant dismissal, I have impressed it on the mind of my not-over-bright servant that he must hand you the letter at once. Meantime we will act for you, and the whole farce may recoil upon its originator.

"He is much more cunning than we supposed, and though your suspicion is undoubtedly well-founded, we have not yet been able to catch him. Well, he is at least withdrawn from Dorneck for the present, and that is a gain. Farewell! Hasten your flight, or we shall have the pleasure of seeing you enter Bonn between two gendarmes. GENERODE."

For a few moments after reading the letter, the countess also seemed absorbed in thought, then she asked the young man, who was still standing before her, —

"What will you do, Werner?"

"Set out as soon as possible, countess. The prospect of such an entry into Bonn has little charm for me."

"But have you really anything to fear?" she asked again, casting a penetrating glance at him.

"Do you think so, countess?" was his only reply, as he fixed his eyes upon the lady's face with the same earnest, inquiring gaze.

The countess did not answer immediately; she cast down her eyes, but soon fixed them upon him again, and said almost cordially, "No, my dear Werner, for I do not believe you capable either of such unworthy deception or fanatic folly."

A slight tinge of color suffused Werner's cheeks and brow, as he somewhat hastily answered, "I must take that fugitive's part a little, madame; for a deception which necessity compelled may deserve a milder judgment. True, I cannot plead for his fanaticism, which is always mysterious, but I must confess that my friends often call me an enthusiast."

The countess's keen eyes rested steadily on the young man, as she replied, with a calm smile, —

"Your friends are wrong in doing so, my dear Werner. If the effort to unite practical and ideal life more closely than is the case with the world in general, can be called enthusiasm, you are certainly very guilty, but if a correct appreciation of intellectual limits, the constant perception of antagonistic interests, the quick grasp of the best means to an end, distinguish the man who steadily follows a high purpose, you ought not to laugh at the name bestowed upon you. Nay, more," she continued in a half jesting tone, "your reason holds the reins so firmly that I will even say a good word for you on the *one* point where men easily become enthusiasts. You will never love a girl whom you cannot also esteem, never woo one whose position is unlike your own. You will always strive for what is attainable, but will place the goal high enough to be forced to strain all your energies to reach it."

Werner could not help glancing at Sidonie, who was still standing beside her aunt. She had been a mute witness of the whole interview, and though she possessed too much control over her features to betray too deep an interest in it, her changing color plainly showed her emotion. Now the rising blood crimsoned face and neck, but instantly receded again, making her pallor still more striking. Werner soon averted his eyes and fixed them on the countess, whose hand he raised to his lips.

"Thanks for your favorable opinion," he said warmly. "I will try to deserve it. You thoroughly understand character, and therefore are not misled by individual traits. Whatever you may hear of me in future, however different may be the light in which I appear, I have the firm hope that you will always retain the same kind feelings towards me, because you will never lose sight of the whole affair, and with it my vindication."

"Let us part now, my dear Werner," said the countess as she extended her hand in farewell. "If your flight is necessary, you ought to delay no longer."

"If I could be of use in Dorneck, no consideration of any kind would induce me to leave it. But unfortunately I can do no more, so I will bid you farewell, countess, and beg you to keep a friendly recollection of me."

He once more raised her hand to his lips, and then turned to Sidonie, who was gazing out of the window.

"Farewell to you also, countess," he said gently, "may the thought of me not form too dark a spot on your memory."

He involuntarily held out his hand; slowly, but without hesitation, she placed hers in it. The icy coldness of this little hand, which seemed utterly lifeless, startled him; he cast a quick, anxious glance

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

at her face, whose rigid features were wearily striving to maintain the mask of indifference, and for a moment he himself lost his composure. But the next instant he raised Sidonie's hand to his lips, hastily bowed to the ladies, and hurried out of the room.

As soon as Fritz heard the cause of the bustle, he instantly went to Werner and accompanied him down to the Rhine, nay, even took a seat in the boat that conveyed him to the opposite shore. When he returned, he met Sidonie and Erica in the park, and as he saw the former's eyes fixed upon him with an expression of anxious inquiry, although she did not utter a syllable, he instantly exclaimed,—

"Well, Werner is safely off. The gendarmes, whom I saw riding up the road, will only find him missing."

Sidonie made no reply, but released Erica's arm, nodded a farewell, and turned into one of the other paths.

"Do you know, Erica," said Fritz, when they were alone, "I am firmly convinced that Werner is really that Oswald von Tendern."

Erica stopped, and asked in alarm, "What put that into your head, why do you think so?"

"In the first place, all his property was packed up as if he must be prepared to take to flight at any moment. Then, as if by magic, the boatman was in the skiff the instant we needed him, and we had scarcely reached the other shore, when some people met us and hastily led Werner to a spot where horses were standing ready saddled and bridled. So his flight was prepared beforehand, and Generode's note merely hurried it a little. Then, too, the meeting with Ottomar and Elmar was rather strange, at least they had certain things to say to each other that no one else was allowed to hear."

"At any rate not you, Fritz!" replied Erica laughing. "You won't wish to make Ottomar and Elmar high traitors next, I hope?"

"That Oswald won't fare so badly either, who knows how the affair is mixed up, for one thing is certain, Elmar has a hand in the game too."

Erica turned hastily towards the speaker, exclaiming,—

"What do you know about Elmar?"

"The very latest thing of all, Erica. I've just seen him myself, with my own eyes."

Erica stood perfectly still, gazing fixedly at her companion; the latter, however, was too deeply occupied with his own thoughts about the problem before him, to be able to answer in his usual mischievous manner.

"I saw him plainly enough," he continued eagerly, "in a post-chaise, drawn by four horses, dashing along the road towards Bonn. As soon as he recognized us, he stopped, alighted, and rushed towards us. 'This is what I call a wonderful piece of good luck, Werner,' he exclaimed, 'for I really thought the day would pass without your coming.'

"'I am really making my escape, Elmar,' replied Werner, 'they say I am the political fugitive, Tendern.'

"'So that was the dog's game,' cried Elmar, laughing. 'Well, let us make haste that we may thwart it.'

"'Where are you going?' asked Werner.

"'I have now become an antiquarian, and am rummaging all the old archives in search of interesting manuscripts. I have been told of the collection at Bonn, though I have no idea how much it will help me, but, as you see, my longing to discover is so great that I am travelling there by extra post. Now, however, I think my best plan will be to turn and go back with you. People won't look for a fugitive in an open post-chaise, so get in, quick.'

"'You are making a great sacrifice for me, Elmar,' said Werner, hesitating.

"'Of course. I hoped to be able to spend the evening at Dorneck, and I fear the expectation was the only thing that made the archives of Bonn interesting. But when one has once entered into an affair, he must carry it out; so let us waste no more words, get in.'

"Both really entered the chaise, which turned round and dashed off in the opposite direction, and I stood alone looking after them."

"And did they say nothing more to you, Fritz? Nothing——"

"Nothing more, Erica. Not a word! Elmar only told me, by way of a friendly farewell, that if I uttered a syllable to betray his presence here, I might be prepared for all sorts of terrible consequences."

"This is very strange, Fritz," said Erica thoughtfully, and both, absorbed in their own reflections, walked backed to the castle almost in silence.

XXX.

PLANS.

A BRIGHT afternoon had tempted all the family to assemble on the stone balcony overlooking the Rhine, and it seemed

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

as if the radiant sunlight and beautiful scenery were asserting their power, and rendering all more happy and unconstrained than they had been for many days. Large and small boats glided along the river, ships of all sizes passed by and formed a gay, animated scene. The atmosphere reminded one of autumn, for it was so pure and clear that the eyes could wander far into the country beyond the opposite shore, and perceive the busy, ceaseless activity of men.

Fritz, moreover, had provided himself with a spy-glass, and was attentively watching distant objects, now and then informing the company of his discoveries, especially when he recognized an acquaintance, and he now eagerly exclaimed,—

"There goes Generode's young bay! The quartermaster must look out if he wants to keep in the saddle. Ah! he just shied again, and leaped half way across the road."

Olga, who had involuntarily attempted to take the spy-glass, let her hand fall. The quartermaster did not interest her sufficiently to expose herself to a reproof from the countess. Besides, the latter seemed unpleasantly affected by her son's words, for she frowned, and said sharply,—

"Young men make themselves quite too comfortable nowadays. The owner would do better to ride his horse himself; independent of all other considerations, he would save the money he pays the trainer."

"It doesn't cost much," replied Fritz good-naturedly. "He would ride his breeches almost through for a few thalers."

"Fritz!" cried all the young ladies in horror.

"Why, what have I said?" asked the lad, somewhat confused.

"It seems, my dear Fritz," said the countess, "that you have not yet passed ——"

"The days of clownishness, mamma," Fritz politely suggested.

"Very well, we will say the time of sowing wild oats."

"So one mustn't talk about articles of clothing. Very well, I'll take note of that," observed Fritz penitently, but the glance he cast at Erica expressed so little contrition, that it almost seemed as if the whole affair had been one of his mischievous tricks. There come several boats with gentlemen from Bonn," he exclaimed. "They are probably making an excursion together. There's Prince Eduard! Ah, he has recognized us, and ordered his boat to turn this way; he is leaving the rest of the party to take advantage of this opportunity of offering his homage to Queen Sidonie."

Sidonie slowly rose, pleaded the necessity of writing a letter, and walked through the pavilion into the park.

"Why, what does this mean?" asked Fritz in surprise; "the prince is really coming here, the boat is close to the landing-place."

The countess took no notice of the question, and received the young man in a cordial, unembarrassed manner. After addressing a few words to the mistress of the house, his eyes wandered over the group of young ladies. "Did I not see Countess Sidonie on the balcony just now?" he asked in surprise.

"You were not mistaken, prince," replied the countess quietly, "Sidonie went away a short time ago to write some important letters."

The prince bit his lips; the young lady's intentional avoidance of him seemed perfectly apparent. He hesitated for a moment what course to pursue, and, if it had been possible to do so without making his motive too apparent, would have preferred to go away at once, but he forced himself to remain and also to talk, though, in spite of his exertions, his annoyance was plainly visible.

The countess, on the contrary, conversed as frankly and readily as if she had not the slightest suspicion of the conflict in the heart of her young guest, and her composure gradually exerted a favorable influence upon him; Sidonie's departure began once more to appear a mere accident, which was unpleasant, but not offensive. His face gradually brightened, his words grew more animated, and although he often cast eager glances towards the park to see if Sidonie had appeared, his mood was evidently far more cheerful.

This change was both welcome and unwelcome to the countess, since his visit was thus prolonged, and Sidonie's continued absence could not fail to appear very strange. Tea was also served without the presence of the young lady or the master of the house, who chanced to be absent in Bonn. The prince's cheerful spirits gradually disappeared, and when he took leave of the countess, he bent towards her, and said in a tone that revealed deeply wounded feelings,—

"When one is punished, it is usually for some crime, but I am conscious of no fault that could deserve such chastisement."

"Have a little patience, my dear prince," answered the countess gently, "even mis-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

understandings are explained by time. So let us wait, and hope for the best."

When the guest had gone, the countess asked whether her husband had returned from Bonn, and on receiving an answer in the affirmative, went to his room. He was sitting at his desk rummaging among his papers, but when at the sound of the opening door he turned and perceived his wife, he thrust them hastily into a drawer, and asked in no very pleasant tone,—

"What do you want, Vally?"

"I am sorry if I disturb you, my dear Edwin," said the countess, in her usual quiet manner, "but I cannot help it, for I must discuss matters which ——"

"What sort of things?" hastily interrupted the count. "What has happened that you alarm me so?"

"I don't think you need be alarmed about the matter, at least it does not seem so to me. It concerns Sidonie and Erica."

"Sidonie and Erica," said the count, stretching himself with a careless, lazy air, "well, go on, Vally. What is the matter with them?" and he rose from his seat to throw himself into one of the most comfortable chairs, while his wife took her place opposite to him.

"You have doubtless observed that Sidonie's appearance and manner are very much changed."

"To tell the truth, I have not noticed it much, but I heard all sorts of things to-day in Bonn. They say that there is a breach with the prince. What has got into her head that she is so coy?"

The countess's face darkened, and she said in a tone of ill-repressed vexation, "It is incomprehensible to me how the news of this state of affairs has already reached Bonn."

"Ah! my dear Vally, you don't understand the ways of a garrison town, it is a worse place for gossip than an old woman's tea-table; as a general thing, they know to-day the thoughts you will have to-morrow. But what of Sidonie?"

"Some misunderstanding seems to have occurred; Sidonie refuses to give me her confidence, so I know of no other way than to remove her from this place for a time. I hoped to be able to make arrangements for her departure before the prince suspected its real motive, but unfortunately the events of this afternoon baffled my expectations. Now there is nothing left for me to do except to speak frankly to him, and console him with hopes of the future, which, I trust, will not be too difficult for me, as he is probably tolerably convinced of Sidonie's love."

"Then he would be a fool, for what man can boast of understanding a woman, or being able to rely on her love?"

An expression of bitter suffering flitted over the countess's features. "I think you have always been able to rely on me and my love, Edwin," she answered gently.

"Of course, Vally. I was not thinking about you, you are an exception to the rule. But where is Sidonie to go?"

"To Altenborn"—the countess's composure was not yet sufficient to permit her to make a longer reply.

"To Altenborn? But she and Katharina are like cats and dogs."

"Perhaps that will cause a wholesome diversion of her thoughts," replied the countess with a faint smile. "Besides, she does not go alone, Erica will accompany her."

"Erica? But so far as I know, she has always strenuously resisted going to Katharina; how does she happen to make this resolution now?"

"She knows nothing at all about the plan yet, as I wished first to discuss it with you. She is not to go to Katharina, but to her grandmamma, who occupies an entirely different part of the castle. Old Countess Ingolstein has told the latter so much about Erica's fresh, lovable nature, that she earnestly begs me to let her come to her."

"If there isn't another matrimonial project in your head, I don't understand anything about the affair. Old Baroness von Altenborn is a strange companion for that fresh, bright young girl."

The countess cast down her eyes a moment, then looked at her husband and said smiling: "Your penetration does not deceive you, Edwin; it is really consideration for Erica's future that induces me to assent to grandmamma's proposal."

"Well, then, we are on the right track, Vally. So grandmamma has a rich young gentleman in the neighborhood ready to be hooked."

"Your foresight is not quite correct this time; the husband in question is no other than the young master of the house himself."

"What, Elmar? But so far as I understand, Katharina insisted upon having Erica for a companion because Elmar did not care for her."

"Katharina, like a fool, has allowed the opinion once formed to lead her astray. He may not have been interested in her during his stay in Waldbad, for Erica was then almost a child, but it is quite another

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

matter now, and if Katharina does not notice the change, she only proves her want of penetration or persistent obstinacy."

"True, she described Erica so strangely, that I was utterly astonished to find her a pretty, agreeable girl."

"The strange surroundings among which she grew up have rendered her somewhat unlike other people, given her a certain peculiarity of manner that may well arouse interest. I don't know whether Elmar's affection for her is very deep, but I am sure that frequent intercourse will strengthen the feeling to one of ardent love. He is rich enough himself not to need a wealthy wife, and all these considerations would have induced me to yield to Katharina's entreaties if her own character had not given cause for hesitation. Although Erica possesses a firm, independent nature, I should not venture to place her with a woman who hovers on the verge of insanity."

The count sprang from his comfortable attitude. "Do me the favor, Vally, not to startle me in this way. I have sometimes said Katharina's head was a little turned, but you are expressing it rather too strongly."

"It is not my habit to use too vivid colors," said the countess quietly, "and I will be responsible for what I say. I have already spoken to Elmar, nay, have even warned Katharina herself of the abyss towards which she is constantly moving."

"You are always wiser than the rest of us, Vally," said the count, leaning back in his former comfortable attitude, "and therefore act differently, and doubtless more sensibly. For instance, I don't quite see how a person can be cautioned against insanity, any more than cholera or nervous fever."

"Even that might be done, if the person's mode of life must infallibly lead to those diseases. In mental afflictions, however, far more than bodily, there is almost always a participation in guilt, and the cases where purely external causes produce aberration of the mind are largely in the minority. Here Katharina's yielding to the most unrestrained, unbridled desires, her reckless pursuit of every passing fancy, leads her continually on in the downward path, where want of inclination passes into lack of ability. The measureless egotism which knows and considers only itself, has developed in her to a height that inspires actual horror, her unreasonable wishes and uncontrolled whims are getting beyond her command, and thus she will become the slave of her own caprices. Her reason will be more and more unsettled, she will lose the balance of her mind, and at last sink into complete lunacy. I have convinced myself that Elmar cannot protect his sister against her own folly, as he is obliged to put forth all his strength to ward off the blow that threatens him."

"But it was not particularly wise in him to yield to Katharina's absurd desire to make young Reinhardt pastor of Altenborn."

"I doubt whether it was done on Katharina's account," replied the countess, after a pause; "that was the very thing that revealed Elmar's regard for Erica, as the latter, for her guardian's sake, undoubtedly interceded for the young man. Elmar is quiet, but by no means weak; he is not quick in action, but reflects for a time to see whether he can spare himself the necessity. If, however, he once feels it, he carries out a measure with energy and consistency.

"Now, for instance, in spite of all Katharina's scenes, he has broken up their system of mutual housekeeping, as he plainly saw it would prove his ruin, and set apart one wing of the castle for her use. She still grumbles over the injustice done her, as she calls it, the more so as she considers Elmar an interloper, and believes herself to be the real owner of Altenborn. She looks upon her father's second marriage, not only as a great wrong to herself, but, on account of his wife's inferior station, scarcely valid. To be sure, it would have been better if the old baron had made a suitable match, but — "

"Let that pass, Vally, she was a charming woman, and might fearlessly take her place beside our little Queen Sidonie. Elmar can afford to laugh at his sister's nonsensical notion, as no one else will share her opinion."

"He probably has little fear of her legal rights, but dreads the public scandal Katharina will recklessly cause if her anger is seriously aroused. Hitherto we have laughed at the strict watch she keeps over her brother, for we thought it impossible it could really prevent his marriage; he may, however, have shrunk from this decisive time, and therefore not yielded to any passing interest. One thing is certain, in such a case Katharina will put forward her absurd pretensions."

"I don't know, Vally, how, with all these complications, you can think it advisable to involve Erica in such a situation."

"If I could alter the situation I would not fail to do so, but as it must be faced

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

sooner or later, in my opinion the more quickly this is done the better. An open quarrel with his sister will free Elmar from a mountain, and since, as I said before, he can be of no use to her, there can be no objection to it on the score of good feeling. Erica, however, unless I am greatly mistaken in her, is just the person not to yield to the storm she will probably meet, and so grandmamma's request seemed like a sign from heaven."

"I know you like to play at providence a little, Vally, and therefore the idea of punishing Katharina by granting her own request undoubtedly had its charm for you."

"That is very true, my dear Edwin, and I earnestly hope the punishment may benefit her."

"So we have another cleverly arranged intrigue begun. Poor Erica must be helped to a rich husband. She again must be the stumbling-block between the brother and sister, that Elmar may be freed from his burden, and lastly Katharina must be chastised, softened, and cured by the little storm her kind aunt brings over her head. The principal matter to us is of course invariably the matrimonial project, only it seems to me that in spite of all our clever diplomacy, the love affairs don't make much progress. I have already thought it would be better to leave the girls to God and themselves, that they might marry according to his and their pleasure."

"That would certainly be far easier and more comfortable, my dear Edwin, only I believe that the happiness of possessing children imposes stern duties. To be allowed to follow the impulses of the heart would be a fate so unusually happy, that no one who does not possess the blessing has a right to grumble. When people are not rich, and have a large family ——"

An involuntary movement from the count made the speaker pause and look at her husband. He turned away, saying peevishly: "Why do you go back to those old stories? the girls certainly know that they are not rich."

"Yes, they know it, but as they have always lived in luxury, they do not suspect what a necessary element of existence money is now. But for this, I would gladly place Olga's hand in Generode's, for his agreeable manners have won me also; but duty imperatively commands me to prevent the marriage, for I foresee nothing but sorrow and trouble."

The count's impatient movements increased, and he replied in his former sulky tone: "Who is talking about Generode? The only person in question is Sonnenstein, and he can frame Olga in gold if he desires. Why will not the silly girl take him, and why don't you use your authority to compel her to do so?"

The countess glanced at her husband with a look of mingled anxiety and surprise. "You can scarcely expect me to adopt such a course, Edwin," she said, in a somewhat unsteady voice. It is my duty to warn my children from the path of error, I must try to guide them into the right one, but never, even for their own happiness, would I dare to force them. I believe Sonnenstein to be a worthy, kind-hearted, though not particularly brilliant man, whose moral qualities can inspire sufficient esteem to fully compensate for the deficiency of his intellectual ones, and I earnestly desire the marriage, but my authority can extend no farther."

The count drummed impatiently on the table beside him. "Very well, as people make their beds so they must lie, and Olga can give up camel's-hair shawls and Paris dresses." He rested his elbow on the table, shaded his face with his hand, and continued in the same tone: "Besides, it seems to me great folly to educate poor girls in luxury, in order to compel them to look out for rich suitors in the matrimonial market." The count paused once more, covered his eyes with his hand, and added in a lower tone: "I believe it is our duty to change this, Vally, and — and if it is agreeable to you, we will adopt a simpler style of living."

He removed his hand from his eyes, but examined the toe of his boot with such close attention, that he did not look at his wife. She had turned somewhat pale, but instantly composed herself, and said quietly, —

"That reason is scarcely sufficient, my dear Edwin, for most daughters of houses where the property is entailed are in a similar situation."

"Then it is so much the worse, so much the more reprehensible on the part of the parents. Besides, I hate this display; I love and long for greater simplicity, and desire it to be inaugurated in our household."

His eyes were still fixed upon the toe of his boot, and he did not notice the deathlike pallor that overspread the countess's features. She involuntarily pressed both hands upon her heart, as if to stifle some pain, then rose and approached her husband. As she laid her hand on his shoulder, he looked up, but instantly cast

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

down his eyes and turned impatiently away.

"Why have you so little confidence in your wife, Edwin?" she asked gently, in a trembling voice. "Why does it require such a pretext to make her acquainted with your situation? Why do you not pour forth all your cares, and speak frankly of the troubles that oppress you?"

The count half rose from his seat, thus removing his wife's hand from his shoulder, then threw himself back in his chair, exclaiming in a loud, angry tone, "Oh, deuce take this confounded sentimentality! When people want to discuss practical subjects, there is no occasion for this display of conjugal love. I think we are both too old to perform touching scenes together."

Countess Rodenwald's delicate lips were firmly compressed, she again clasped both hands over her heart, and then returned to her seat, and sinking into it, gazed steadily at him. Her face, though somewhat pale, had regained its expression of cold repose, and her tone sounded equally chilling as she said slowly, —

"As you have expressed yourself so decidedly in favor of the practical standpoint, I will discuss the matter from that side. You wish to economize, not on your daughters' account — that pretext is scarcely worth contradiction — but probably for the sake of your own disordered affairs. Although it is difficult for me to act in a matter which I but partially understand, I will gladly enter into your wish as soon as I know what I can do for you."

The count's eyes were again magnetically attracted by his boots, as he murmured, "I think I have already mentioned, Vally, that we must spend less money."

"In other words, Edwin, I must give you some money, for as I defray all the housekeeping expenses and those of my children's wardrobes out of my own property, I do not know how my economies could benefit you."

The count's eyes at last rested on his wife, as he said with a somewhat unsuccessful effort to assume a jesting tone, "The word housekeeping is a very relative, and therefore comprehensive idea, Vally. You might assist in bearing a large share of the burdens imposed upon me, especially the wine-cellar and the payment of that crowd of idlers, the servants and such people. Besides, Ottomar's allowance is, I think, unnecessarily large; your partiality for him has imposed a very heavy burden on my purse."

"I will take charge of Ottomar's allowance," said the countess quickly; "he at least shall not suffer from these circumstances."

"You can do so with less hesitation, as you will have no provision to make for Fritz, who is his wealthy uncle's sole heir, and will perhaps be richer than Ottomar."

The footman, who at this moment announced that supper was served, interrupted the conversation. The count was evidently well pleased, for his brow cleared, and he politely offered his arm to his wife to take her into the dining-room.

"You are an exemplary wife, Vally, I have always known it," he said as calmly as if the words were the conclusion of a friendly conversation. "So you will take charge of the wine-cellar, at any rate, for there is a little champagne-bill of several hundred thalers to be paid at once. I had entirely forgotten it, and when it was handed to me to-day was rather embarrassed, because I did not have sufficient ready money to settle it."

Without waiting for her reply, he instantly spoke of other things, and during the meal was unusually gay, jested with his children, teased Erica, and cheered the whole circle by his bright spirits.

XXXI.

THE CATASTROPHE.

When the countess suggested to Sidonie the plan of a journey to Altenborn, she found less opposition than she had expected. True, the prospect of meeting Katharina was not tempting, but Sidonie loved the old lady whom she was to visit, liked Elmar, for whom, ever since her childhood, she had cherished a warm affection, and moreover felt only too plainly that her departure was necessary. She hoped to find some diversion for her torturing thoughts in the changing scenes of the journey, and her new surroundings; for her situation seemed so painful that any alteration must be a benefit.

Contrary to her expectations, the countess met with far greater opposition from Erica. At first her astonishment at the proposal was so great that she could not utter a word; but her aunt plainly saw that no joy blended with the surprise, and as soon as Erica had partially recovered her composure she frankly expressed her feelings, and there was almost angry defiance in her eyes as she said at last, —

"If you think it better for me to leave Dorneck, my dear aunt, some other and more suitable place can doubtless be found."

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

The countess gazed searchingly at the flashing eyes and quivering lips of the young girl, whose refusal gave her an unpleasant surprise, since it seemed to contradict the idea of her regard for Elmar; therefore when she spoke, her words sounded even colder than she had intended: "Certainly, I think it better for you not to remain in Dorneck. The object of your residence here is tolerably well accomplished, and you have no opportunity to use your powers or develop your manifold talents. We have almost too many young ladies in Dorneck," she continued with a faint smile, "and I would have sent one of my own daughters to Alternborn too, if the affair could have been so arranged."

She paused, as if awaiting an answer, but as Erica remained silent and the countess's keen eyes saw that the young girl could scarcely restrain her tears, she continued in a more affectionate tone: "I hope you see, in my care for you, not a lack but a proof of my love; of course, in spite of your temporary absence, Dorneck will remain your home, and your stay at Altenborn, whether longer or shorter, can and will be considered only a visit. Fortunately, you are so situated that you are not compelled to be dependent upon any one, so your acceptance of the old lady's invitation will be a kindness on your part, which will not impose the slightest obligation upon you. If you do not like Altenborn — although so far as the charming old baroness is concerned, this is scarcely possible — you can return to us in a few weeks. You need not come into any close contact with Katharina, and thus there can be no fear of breaking your promise to your mother."

Erica's face brightened as her aunt uttered the last words, but she was still silent, and only when the countess directly asked for an answer, hesitatingly replied,—

"I would willingly accede to your wish, dear aunt, but Elmar von Altenborn does not want me to come; I cannot possibly enter his house against his will."

"Elmar does not want you to come!" asked the countess in astonishment. "So you have discussed the subject together."

The deep blush that crimsoned Erica's cheeks afforded the countess great satisfaction, for she perceived that she had not been mistaken in her former inferences. She therefore instantly helped her out of her embarrassment, by continuing,—

"I remember you became very well acquainted with each other during his stay in Waldbad and your adventure in the forest; but he thought only of your coming as Katharina's companion, and no true friend could desire that. Now, however, the case is very different, and he will have no objection to your paying a visit to grandmamma, for he sincerely loves and honors her. I think I can answer for his approval of our plan; will you accept my security, Erica?"

The brown eyes now rested so affectionately on the countess, that any other language was superfluous. The lady eagerly answered the entreaty of the loving look, and clasped the young girl in her arms with a mother's fond affection. "Child of the only friend I had in the world," she whispered softly, "you are as dear to me as my own daughters."

She passed her hand lovingly over Erica's soft brown hair, and then added more gravely: "Take from this conversation, Erica, the lesson that true love cannot selfishly follow its own impulses, that it is often its painful duty to seem stern." She pressed a light kiss on Erica's brow, and then left her, as she clearly perceived that the latter needed solitude.

At dinner the countess mentioned the intended journey, and though none of the younger members of the family had had the slightest suspicion of it, no one ventured to express surprise. An old lady, who lived in the neighborhood, and was going to Coblenz by the steamer, was to take charge of the two young girls as far as that city, where a carriage from Altenborn would meet and convey them to the castle.

The few days that intervened before their departure passed rapidly enough in making preparations for the journey, and finally the evening arrived when the family circle was assembled unbroken for the last time. Sidonie, as usual, seemed very grave, and Erica also felt agitated at being compelled once more to leave the place, which of late had seemed like home. Besides, notwithstanding her aunt's words, she felt a little dread at the thought of Elmar; true, his earnest request that she would not come to Altenborn referred solely to Katharina, but it seemed like a want of proper reserve to enter his house without his invitation. As neither the countess nor her daughters appeared to be in a very cheerful mood, this last meeting, at which Ottomar was also present, would have been rather dull, but for the unusually good spirits of the master of the house. He jested and laughed continually, nay, his exuberant mirth at last seemed almost forced, or the result of some secret

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

excitement, and the countess now and then glanced anxiously at her husband.

"What is that letter?" asked the count hastily, as a servant entered. "If the scrawl is mine, hand it to me," he cried impatiently.

He broke the seal, hurriedly read the letter, then, without making any apology, rose and left the room. The countess and her eldest son exchanged anxious glances, while a vague sense of oppression brooded over the rest of the party. Conversation became less fluent, and was with difficulty maintained by the countess, although she externally retained her composure. But now came a fresh interruption, for the servant soon entered and requested Count Ottomar to go to his father's room.

Ottomar hastily started up, whispered a few words to the countess, and then obeyed the summons. When he reached his father's room, the latter was standing at the window staring through the panes, he turned his head towards the new comer, and murmured in an undertone, —

"Read that scoundrel's letter, and then advise and help me."

He again turned towards the window, leaving his son to find the letter himself. Ottomar saw a sheet of paper lying on the writing-desk, and stretching out his hand towards it, asked, "Is this the letter, dear father?"

"Of course," replied the count, without turning; "I think you can see I am not in the mood to use many words."

Ottomar took the paper and read the following lines: —

"I sincerely regret, my dear count, that I am unable to fulfil your wish, but even the best intentions recoil before an impossibility. I have already fully explained the condition of my own affairs, so you will certainly believe me when I tell you that my hands are tied. I am completely in the power of this damned usurer, and it is not I — whence should a man like me get this horrible avarice? — but he alone, who is the inexorable demon that oppresses you, or rather me, and thus puts the stamp of a dishonorable action on my brow.

"I have tried both threats and cunning, but all my efforts have recoiled from this impenetrable armor of baseness. All I have obtained is a few days' delay, so instead of to-morrow, the note will not be presented to you until Wednesday. Of course I was obliged to purchase the favor very dearly, but you seem, Herr Count, to regard a short respite as especially important, so I wished under any circumstances to accommodate you. If it would be too great an inconvenience to pay the whole sum of sixty thousand thalers on Wednesday, I will again make every exertion to induce him to wait a few weeks for half the amount, though I fear this can only be accomplished by utterly disproportionate sacrifices, and therefore would earnestly advise you, if possible, to pay the abominable fellow in full.

"I would have come in person to discuss this matter, if I were not detained in the city by urgent business, which will keep me here several days. Therefore, Herr Count, pardon these hasty lines, with their unpleasant contents, and be assured that I feel the affair far more painfully than yourself. With the warmest esteem, dear count, I am,

"Respectfully yours,

"WEHLEN-RAMSDORFF."

Ottomar had turned somewhat pale as he read the letter; when he completed it, he gazed thoughtfully at the ground. The count, to whom the pause probably seemed too long, hastily turned, and seeing his son absorbed in reflection, said with a scornful laugh, —

"Well, Ottomar, is a note such a strange thing that it petrifies you like Medusa's head?"

"You cannot afford to pay it, father?" Ottomar asked gently.

The count shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "Folly! If I could, I should not ask your assistance."

"Has not Werner collected many old debts? Has he not largely increased your income, and ——"

"What does this mean, Ottomar?" cried the count furiously; "are you meddling with matters that don't at all concern you at present? What is the meaning of these confidences from my employees, which are in no respect proper for you to hear? It seems that you only recommended Werner in order to have a hand in the management of Dorneck; henceforth I positively forbid any interference on your part."

"You just requested it, dear father," said Ottomar, looking steadily into his face.

The latter perhaps felt the reproof conveyed by his son's words, for he changed the subject, and with the same scornful laugh with which he had opened the conversation, said: "You are unfortunate in your *protégé*, or rather your bosom friend, Ottomar; very strong warrants have been issued, and it would be strange if he escaped the police."

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"I used to think you liked Werner, father; I am very sorry to hear you speak of the matter in this way."

"I liked my secretary Werner, for he was a useful servant, but I do not extend my kind feelings to a political fanatic, who used my house for a hiding-place. With you, Ottomar, I am extremely displeased for having deceived and compromised your family in this way."

A scarcely perceptible smile played around the young man's lips; many weeks had elapsed since Werner's flight, and now for the first time his father's irritation led him to make this reproach. This was exactly in accordance with the character of the count, who often deferred the unpleasant task of reproof until he could avail himself of it as a convenient excuse for an outburst of anger. Ottomar therefore made no reply to the last words, but said, —

"In what way can I serve you in this matter, my dear father?"

"Very simply; get the money. As you have once committed the boundless indiscretion of discussing this matter with Werner, I can tell you that all my means have been absorbed by this scoundrel, that the vampyre with his cheating has drained me dry."

"That is certainly a very unfortunate situation," said Ottomar, in a somewhat tremulous voice. "You reproach Wehlen with cheating, have you any tangible proof of your assertion?"

"Don't torment me with your questions, Ottomar!" replied the count, in his former irritated manner. "Should I allow myself to be plundered by this villain, if I had the proof? I can even tell you, that of late my principal reason for playing was to obtain it, but I did not succeed. In order, moreover, to blunt the edge of your moral indignation against me, which — unpleasantly enough for myself — I read in your face, I can also tell you that of this last sum, I lost only a sixth or perhaps an eighth at play. The infamous scoundrel, however, has formed a league with another rogue as bad as himself, who apparently presses him, and as I could not pay at once, neither made the least objection to extending the note, merely making the trifling condition of doubling the amount, until after a few months the debt has grown like an avalanche."

This peculiar apology did not make the son's face brighter; on the contrary it grew still graver, and he asked almost sternly: "On what favorable turn in your circumstances did you depend, dear father, to allow yourself to be led on by the hope of payment to constantly extend the note?"

"You are adopting the tone of an inquisitor, Ottomar," cried the count, reddening with anger. "I do not intend to endure such conduct from my son. I sent for you to help me, not to subject myself to impertinent questions. If you know of no expedient, you can go; in that case, I prefer to be alone."

Ottomar's face regained more and more of the repose his father's flushed, agitated features so strikingly lacked. This new outburst of anger did not offend him, for he knew his character too well not to be aware that he was only the accidental conductor of the wrath seething within him. He therefore did not think of leaving the room, but remained quietly leaning against the table, and said, —

"Forgive me, dear father, if I am compelled to ask you another question; but I can't possibly propose any expedient while I am so completely in the dark. I know that no mortgages can be given on Dorneck, but would it not be possible to sell a portion of the forest, and —— "

"Impossible!" cried the count in violent agitation. "The neighbors trouble themselves far too much about affairs that don't concern them even now. Only a short time ago, several of my beloved cousins presumed to remonstrate with me about the management of my woodlands. I suppose this wonderfully clever Werner, who constantly told me the same thing, is at the bottom of the matter. If I order more timber to be felled, I shall bring all my relations about my ears, and that would cause an agreeable scandal, which, to be sure, would be a special gratification to your mamma."

"Then I know of only one expedient, which, however, I propose with a very heavy heart, — we must try to induce my mother to help you."

The count uttered a sigh of relief. "Indeed! Has that idea really occurred to you at last, Ottomar?" he cried, almost with a laugh. "I think you might have mentioned it before, for any child must see it is the only way."

A sudden light flashed upon Ottomar's mind; he now perceived why his father had made him his confidant. He wished to avail himself of his son's influence over the countess to induce the latter to pay the needful sum, and moreover, if possible, spare himself a disagreeable scene. Ottomar, however, did not intend to smooth his father's way so completely, and there-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

fore, contrary to the latter's expectation, said quietly, —

"It is very natural, my dear father, for me to shrink from the thought of imposing so heavy a sacrifice upon my mother, and before it is done, it is our duty to try to wrest from the usurer at least a portion of his spoils. At the worst, we can bring the matter before the court ——"

"Have you gone crazy, Ottomar?" cried the count, bursting into another fit of passion. "Do you suppose you are talking to one of your young ensigns, whose guardian pleads his minority to protect him? Do you intend to represent me as a fool or a lunatic, in order to defend me against the leech by means of the law? I hope you will acknowledge your father to be a man, who knows how to answer for his acts, and regulate your own measures accordingly."

Ottomar listened to this new outbreak of anger with a sad smile, and then said, quietly, "Then there is no other way except to apply to my mother?"

"Of course; and that as soon as possible. As her favorite, you will understand the best way of arranging this disagreeable business."

"I, father?" said Ottomar, opening his eyes in amazement. "If my mother is expected to make so great a sacrifice, I think she deserves the respect of having you go to her with the request yourself."

"Then I should succeed admirably. Was it necessary for me to call you for that? I think you must see that your mediation is desirable for both parties."

"I regret that I cannot fulfil your wish, but this course would be too repugnant to my own sense of right. I will prepare my mother, but you must ask the favor and settle the affair with her yourself."

The count drummed impatiently on the panes of the window at which he was standing, and then said, without turning, "It seems to be the fashion now for children to dictate to their parents; in my young days matters were reversed. However, if you force me to have a scene with your mother, I'll get through with it as soon as possible, so go and call her."

Ottomar instantly left the room, while the count continued to drum on the window-panes, and then paced hastily up and down the floor, while at every noise in the adjoining room his face twitched convulsively, and he seemed relieved when, contrary to his expectation, the door did not open. At last, however, the solitude appeared to become oppressive and his son's delay very long, for he glanced more frequently towards the door and muttered an impatient execration between his teeth. At last he heard his wife's step in the ante-room, and instantly took his former position at the window, that he might not be obliged to face her at once, and when the door opened did not turn, but murmured in an undertone, —

"Have you come at last, Vally? You have kept me waiting a long time."

The countess's face was deadly pale, there was a deep furrow between her contracted eyebrows, and her lips were tightly compressed. Her eyes were red, and the lids sometimes drooped as if overpowered by weariness, but her bearing was as erect as ever, though her usual composure had changed into an almost frightful rigidity. She allowed Ottomar to lead her to a chair, fixed her eyes earnestly upon her husband, and said, somewhat sharply, —

"I cannot possibly, at this distance and in the singular position you have chosen, discuss such an important matter with you, Edwin. Therefore, first of all, be kind enough to leave the window and sit down here with us."

There was something in the stern, resolute tone that startled the count, and made him instantly yield to her request. He took one of the chairs opposite to her, while Ottomar remained standing between his parents.

The countess leaned back in her chair and wearily closed her eyes; but the next instant opened them again and looked steadily at her husband.

"I will not reproach you, Edwin," she said in the same stern, cold tone, "it would be useless, and, in Ottomar's presence, doubly painful to us all. Unfortunately, I am compelled to detain him as a witness of the only conditions upon which I can undertake to help you."

"Oh! of course, I expected nothing different," replied the count, half contemptuously. "You are much too clever a woman, Vally, not to avail yourself of a state of affairs so advantageous to you."

"It would certainly be a weakness almost bordering upon crime, if I did not attach to my assistance conditions, which will protect us from similar occurrences."

The count cast a hasty, anxious glance at his wife. "What do you mean by that, Vally?" he asked eagerly; "I hope you will not take an unfair advantage of my embarrassment."

"The sum required," continued the countess, without heeding her husband's words, "will absorb nearly half of my property, for the bonds in which it is in-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

vested are now below par, and if I am compelled to sell them at this time, I shall be forced to sustain very heavy losses. This property, however, is the sole support of my daughters, since nothing has been saved for them from the revenues of the estates."

"A somewhat superfluous remark, it seems to me, Vally. I don't see any necessity for such a detailed explanation of these well-known facts."

"But it is needful to recall these things for my own justification, dear Edwin, that you may realize the absolute necessity for my course of action."

Again the count cast a hasty, anxious glance at his wife, and said in an agitated tone,—

"Will you come to the point, Vally?"

"This property, which is already so small compared with their station in life," continued the countess, "I cannot, without violating my duty, so greatly reduce, unless I have some prospect of restoring it to them at some future day."

"So you want to economize; I proposed it long ago. How many retrieve their losses in that way! For instance, the Adlerwens drew scarcely three thousand thalers from the revenues of their large estates, and in two years all the debts were paid, and they can now live in the same style as before."

The countess's eyelids again drooped wearily, as she slowly replied, "To impose such a period of suffering upon ourselves would be folly. I have very little knowledge of the revenues of Dorneck, but I am aware that in comparison with the size of the estate, they are not large enough, that the expense of managing them is too great, and ——"

"Ah! So in future you want to have an insight into this management. I almost thought so."

The inflexibility, which for the moment was visible in the countess's whole demeanor, became almost unpleasantly apparent in her eyes, as she replied in a loud, stern tone, "I ask more, Edwin. I ask to have the whole control placed in my hands."

The count sprang from his seat, crimson with rage, and approached his wife. "Beware, Vally! Do not abuse your power in this way," he passionately exclaimed. "A bow too tightly bent breaks. Mark that, you clever woman, and let your good sense control your desire to rule."

This time the countess's eyes remained closed so long, her head sank back so wearily against the chair, that Ottomar feared she was fainting, and bent anxiously over her. But she gently waved him back, sat erect once more, and in the same stern, resolute tone, said to the count, who was pacing up and down the room,—

"Sit down, Edwin; I am unable to talk to you when you move about in this way."

The count unwillingly yielded to the request; the dark frown on his brow, and the firmly compressed lips plainly revealed the anger raging within him, and when he now turned towards his wife, it was with a look of actual hatred, which made her shudder. "Perhaps you have another similar proposal *in petto*, Vally," he exclaimed scornfully, "so be quick, my patience may not hold out much longer."

"Yes, I have still another, and a very important condition, without which even my management of the estates of Dorneck would be useless." The countess paused, took a long breath, which sounded almost like a moan of anguish, and then said in low, broken, but perfectly distinct words: "I ask, in the presence of your son, your word of honor that you will never sign a note again."

The count stared at his wife a few moments, as if he could not trust his ears, the veins on his forehead swelled with anger, he kicked one of the chairs that stood near him furiously across the room, and at last exclaimed in a voice trembling with rage: "This is too much. Your measure is full, Vally!" Then he continued in a somewhat calmer tone, "If you wished to avail yourself of your son's presence to insult his father, you ought at least to have considered that this scene will make a gulf between us, which can never, never be filled. I have borne your improper intermeddling with affairs that did not concern you, your boundless desire to rule, because I love peace, and because I remembered that you are the mother of my children. But if you think you can take advantage of my weakness to get me into your power with fettered hands, like a boy who is still in his minority, you somewhat underrate my strength of will. Never will I consent to conditions so dishonoring to me! You have thrown your missile rather too far, it has passed the goal, and as you desired to obtain too much, you are in danger of losing all."

"Take me to my room, Ottomar," said the countess faintly; "as the conversation with your father is over ——"

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Over! You seem to have a singular idea of the manner in which business affairs are managed, my dear Vally; for as far as I see, we are scarcely at the beginning of our discussion."

"I am sorry, Edwin, that I must remain firm in my views. I have mentioned my conditions, you have rejected them, and so the matter seems settled."

"Very well, and what is to become of the note? Do you wish to have the pleasant spectacle of seeing Count Rodenwald arrested?"

"God will enable me to endure even this," murmured the countess softly.

The count cast an almost timid glance at his wife.

"What does this mean, Vally? Is the honor of our name, our family, of so little value that even this extremity makes no impression upon you? Is our disgrace to be discussed in all the cafés, at all the old ladies' tea-tables, and wherever else these noble gossiping clubs may meet? I have upbraided you for arrogance, jested about the pride which induced you to give an undue value to the name of Rodenwald, and now you will drag this name in the dust, suffer it to be branded forever?"

The countess trembled from head to foot. "God has rebuked my pride," she murmured gently. "I bow under his chastening hand."

The count looked at his wife in actual alarm, approached her and gazed anxiously at the deathlike features, and rigid, motionless figure. "Vally!" he said gently, "I may, in my anger, have uttered words which did not come from my heart. Forgive them, and remember how terribly you had irritated me. Your conditions were dishonoring, and therefore impossible to accept, so you cannot insist upon them."

Again her whole frame shook with a sudden chill, as she answered mournfully, "I must, Edwin — God is my witness that I cannot do otherwise!" she cried passionately, raising her hand towards heaven, while large tears ran down her cheeks.

The count again drew back, the momentary gentleness was over, and he walked hastily to the window, while his wife leaned back in her chair with closed eyes. The long pause that ensued was even more painful to Ottomar than the previous conversation, and he at last turned to his father, saying, —

"Let me entreat you, dear father, to end this matter. I think you must perceive how terribly exhausted my mother is, and —— "

"And you therefore wish me to make myself her obedient servant, and moreover express the deepest gratitude for it. You probably think you will then be able to lord it at Dorneck yourself, but you are mistaken, you would soon feel the limit's of your mother's love."

"I will not answer a reproach, father, that can only spring from your momentary irritation. But what is to be done, what do you decide? Perhaps you will consider my mother's condition until to-morrow, and in that case, permit us to go now."

"What is the use of considering? The absolute necessity will be the same to-morrow as to-day, and that my wise wife unfortunately knows but too well." Then approaching the countess, he said gloomily, "Have you already formed any plan by which this transfer of authority is to be effected without exposing your husband and the father of your children to public scorn?"

"I have had too little time for reflection to decide upon the most expedient course to pursue. But I think a long journey and temporary charge of the business, which could afterwards be made permanent, will be best."

"You are like a quack doctor; you have the same universal remedy for all diseases," said the count, wilh a scornful laugh. "So I am to take a journey too! Shall I go to Altenborn, as the young ladies' mentor, or are matters to be reversed, and the girls act as mine?"

The countess suddenly rose from her chair. "My strength is exhausted, and I am unable to continue this scene," she said, with visible effort. It was with difficulty that she stood erect, clinging to the table for support, and after vainly waiting some time for the count's reply, she took her son's arm to leave the room.

The count stepped before her, and whispered passionately, —

"Have you considered, Vally, that this parts us forever; that in depriving me of my honor, you also extinguish every spark of love for you?"

She bent her head in assent, but was unable to speak, and when the count moved aside, walked on towards the door.

"Stop!" cried the count imperiously. "Rejoice in your victory! If *you* have no regard for the honor of your family, I at least will shun no sacrifice to avoid this open scandal."

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS: A REVERIE ON THE BEL ALP.

THERE is unquestionably, my dear editor, a singular charm about a château in cloudland. It is something like living in heaven. All our days we have gazed enviously at the snowy clouds and the blue skies overhead, as at a world remote and inaccessible. And now the clouds are drifting along below our feet. We look, through a break in the thunderstorm, not at the stars twinkling in the firmament, but at the lights burning in the valley. The Philistines of the plains behold a blue-black veil of mist drawn lightly along the mountain-side; behind that veil, in the old time, the immortal gods were hidden. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* Olympus could not have been one-half so comfortable as the hotel on the Aegischhorn. The Bel Alp, with a famous philosopher discoursing largely over the sparkling pine logs, is a more lively Walhalla. Pan is dead: and his place has been taken by the British tourist, Mr. Smith.

> The goats may climb and crop
> The soft grass on Ida's top
> Now Pan is dead.

The sweet *un*-reasonableness of woman, as Mr. Matthew Arnold would say, is never more manifest than when you meet her, like the herald Mercury, new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill. Heine declares, in a charmingly graceful and characteristic passage, that he saw the young spring god, large as life, standing on the summit of an alp; and there is a whole covey of girls in the hotel just now, any one of whom might be taken, any day of the week, in the attitude of that blooming boy. With their petticoats gathered into a sort of beatified knickerbockers, these sweet girl-graduates of the Alpine Club prove themselves adepts on rock and ice. They have scaled every peak in the neighborhood; and when you see them trooping home from the Sparren-horn in the gloaming — the alpenstock serving for bow and quiver — you think of Diana hunting with her nymphs, or stooping out of her cloud to clasp Endymion.

> Tell thee tales of love, —
> How the pale Dian, hunting, in a grove,
> First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
> She took eternal fire that never dies;
> How she conveyed him softly in a sleep,
> His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
> Head of old Latmos, where she stoops each night
> To kiss her sweetest ——

But tales of love are scorned by our blue-eyed virginal climber; if you wish to strike a responsive chord in the heart which beats under the braces of her knickerbockers you must become a Tyndall or a Huxley; and enlarge, *purpuereo ore*, on glaciers, and *névé*, and crevasses, and *seracs*, and moulins, and moraines, and *berg-schrunds*, and ice-tables, and ice-needles, and erratic blocks.

There can, however, be no doubt that the Bel Alp is one of the most delightful spots in this world (or out of it, for that matter, so far as I know yet). It occupies what is called in advertisements "a fine, airy situation," seventy-one hundred and thirty feet above the sea. You have no idea of what a storm can be and do until you have felt it in this upper world. The wind actually *raves* round about us at such times. I use the word "rave" advisedly, — it is intended to signify that Boreas has entirely gone out of his senses, and is as mad as a hatter or a March hare. (Why a March hare? and why a hatter? Have the Lunacy Board or the registrar-general any statistics on the subject?) At any rate, there is an ample store and a very lively interchange of ozone on our alp at all times, and that, I suppose, is what makes it so bracing. You feel the champagne in the air. You become electrical, and give out sparks like a cat. Even English dulness and stolidity cannot resist the infection, — there is a Scotchman here at present who has actually made a joke. (It has been sent home by parcel-post to the *Saturday Review*, with a request that the editor would ascertain whether it is a true joke, or only "wut.") The splendor of the mountain-peaks on the other side of the valley, rosy in the sunset, pallid in the moonrise, is enough by itself to drive an excitable man into a fit. There are moments when every one who can handle a brush rushes distractedly to his sketch-book. But the heavenly color on mountain and sky is as intangible as the coloring of a dream. (And, by the way, pray remind me to ask Professor Huxley if there *be* any coloring in dreams. I suspect, for my own part, that dreamland, like moonland, has no positive tints, but only light and shade, and the grey mystery of an atmosphere "unquickened by the sun.") Then the turf at our feet is the most wonderful enamel-work ever put together, and the grass itself is like the grass in Paradise — that is, in Dante's vivid words, *like emeralds newly broken.* Add to all this the delicious pastoral music of Swiss alp or Scotch hillside, —

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

> The hum of bees in heather-bells,
> And bleatings from the distant fells.

Yet, be it said frankly, a Swiss alp and a Scotch hillside are as different as possible. The lines I have quoted are Scotch to the core: they bring before us the hillside, fragrant with heather and vocal with the bleatings of the black-faced. There are, of course, swarms of bees in a country like this where *fragrantia mella* is the only luxury for which you have not to pay; but there is no heather and few sheep, only the tinkle of innumerable cattle-bells. The scenery in Wordsworth's poems in like manner is purely local, not to say sectarian. Even his mist is the mist of the Lakes, and of the Lakes only —

> Such gentle mists as glide
> Curling with unconfirmed intent
> On yon green mountain-side.

That is not the way in which a Swiss mist behaves itself — a Swiss mist exhibits none of the charming coquetry, of the maidenly indecision, which the Lake poet loved. Swooping down upon us as a *lämmergeier* swoops upon its prey, or flung aside in one breathless moment of delight, as when an immortal casts aside her cloud, there is no leisure for the arch by-play which suits the other so well. Dip into Wordsworth anywhere, and you will find that he has entered too deeply into the spirit of his own mountains to have much understanding of the mountains of other people. He may comprehend Yarrow; but then Yarrow was his near neighbor.

> The grace of forest charms decayed,
> And pastoral melancholy.

> The silence that is in the starry sky,
> The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

No: neither of these (nor many others as perfect that might be quoted) are in the smallest degree characteristic of our alp. The intense light, for one thing, is inconsistent with this tender pensiveness of the imagination. Then the sleep that is among the lonely hills may fitly be enjoyed in the Lake country — the natural sense of repose not being driven away from these quiet solitudes by any disturbing influence. How different it is in Switzerland, where the tension on mind and body is seldom relaxed! We are in the midst of the mighty primeval activities of nature. The glacier cleaves its way through the valley; the avalanche is never silent. Sleep, indeed! Sleep at your peril! Nor do I think that even Byron himself struck the characteristic note of Alp or Apennine. The mystery of the Scotch hillside haunted his memory, —

> And Lochnagar with Ida looked o'er Troy.

But there is one of Shelley's shorter poems, which has been fearfully mutilated by the printer (some of it past recovery) which, in four or five lines, presents us with a picture of all that is grandest, and noblest, and most peculiar in the scenery of the Alps, —

> dome, pyramid, and pinnacle,
> A city of death, distinct with many a tower
> And wall impregnable of beaming ice.

Do not fancy, however, from what I have said, that Wordsworth is ever out of place. His scenery may be local; but the moral element is world-wide. The grave and lofty homeliness of his imagination, indeed, has somewhat obscured our perception of the supreme felicity of its presentation. Any casual reader will be surprised to find how much of Wordsworth has become proverbial, is in daily use, has been incorporated into the English language as presently spoken. Running the eye over his pages, we find familiar phrases at every turn. "But she is in her grave, and, oh! the difference to me" — "A privacy of glorious light is thine" — "We feel that we are greater than we know" — "The light that never was on sea or land" — "The heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world" — "Not uninformed with phantasy, and looks that threaten the profane" — "Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance" — "Plain living and high thinking are no more" — "An ampler ether, a diviner air," — these, and countless others, we owe to the bard of Rydal. This is the *curiosa felicitas* of speech: still it is a secondary, and not, as with Keats and Tennyson, a primary quality of the poem; and Wordsworth has been assimilated almost unconsciously — at least without direct recognition — by the English-speaking races.

And now, my dear editor, let us to business. Only, in the first place, you are, of course, anxious to learn how I got here. I wrote you last from Venice — probably in the worst of tempers. For, between them, they have contrived to ruin that precious gem of the Adriatic. Mr. Ruskin is firing a portentous battery of minute guns at the authorities; but is is no good. The free kingdom of Italy has played the mischief with Venice, as with much else in Italy. They have got a united people, and a parliamentary constitution, and the eternal principles of civil

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

and religious liberty, for which Hampden died on the field and Sydney on the scaffold, and I hope they like them. But to the lover of old cameos, and old pictures, and old streets, and old churches, Italy is not what it used to be. The virtue has gone out of it.

> Something ails it now;
> The spot is curst.

I had promised to meet the Macs on the Lake of Geneva; and my artist friends at the Academy had warned me that I was bound to visit, *en route*, the house in Cadore where Titian was born. *I* do not care much for shrines, artistic or ecclesiastical; but Cadore is among the Dolomites, and the Dolomites seem to exercise a peculiar fascination over the people who have seen them. So I resolved to go by the Dolomites.

We left the outside world at Conegliano, where we engaged an *einspanner*, which we kept till we reached Cortina. The country to Ceneda is as flat as a pancake; but Ceneda itself is a reminiscence of Venice — there are such charming little scraps of the old Venetian architects to be found in its streets and piazzas. We passed the first night at a small *albergo* near Santa Croce — a strange, uncouth, solitary house. But the landlady was blythe and buxom, and the charges were ridiculously small; and we slept in high, old-fashioned beds in the attics quite comfortably, though one of us dreamt of brigands. The whole country thereabouts is *eerie* — stony, desolate, God-forgotten — the houses cracked by recent earthquake, propped up by huge wooden beams, and looking as if another shake would reduce them to utter ruin. Yet the little bits of water — even the Lago Morto — are wonderfully blue, and the people (the children and young girls especially being of a most rare and noble type of beauty) are surprisingly handsome. The true Venetian comeliness, indeed, is to be found now only in the valley which so long was part and parcel of Venice — certainly not in Venice itself, where the women are extremely plain. Next day we drove up to Cadore, where Titian was born, through a valley which the yellow turbid Piave has covered with mud and stones. It is not till one mounts to the upper valley from Perarolo — a tremendous pull — that the glory of the Ampezzo Thal discloses itself. But from Cadore till it joins the Pustherthal at Toblach, it is probably the most singular and striking valley in Europe. These grand Dolomite peaks, which rise up in weird procession on either hand — the Pelmo, the Antelao, Sorapis, Tofano, Croda Rossa — are not of this world. The architecture of Pandemonium, — at least of some primeval, disorderly, titanic force of which we have nowhere else in this orderly old world any other memorial. It is with a feeling of absolute awe that we see afar off, spectral in the sunset, these splintered, fantastic pinnacles,— a feeling which grows more uivid when we enter the mysterious valley in which such weird pranks have been played. Among these devils' rocks a witches' Sabbath might be held — no doubt was, before all the witches were abolished. Not till we reach Hollenstein, however, is the valley at its grimmest, Cortina itself, the Dolomite capital, lying in a fair and fertile strath. The mountains stand back and leave you room to breathe; yet are they not so distant, but that the boom of the great bell of the campanile is heard in all their valleys. A child playing with matches in the barn had burned down Ghedina's Hotel, where the frescoes by the artist-son were really fine, and so we stayed at the Stella d'Oro "*conditta dalle Sorelli Barbaria.*" The sisters are proud of Venetian descent, and the house is daintily adorned with old Venetian furniture and old Murano glass, with the arms of the Barbaria figured upon it: still they are as attentive as if they had no noble connections, and the trout from the Misurina Lake, and the black-cock from the Caprili pine-woods were cooked in an unexceptionable manner. We were quite alone in the valley,— an enterprising Yankee — "Moses A. Dropsie of Philadelphia, U.S." — having left before we arrived. It is worth while to climb the southern heights to see the Marmolata — the queen of the Dolomites — and the Civetta; but the walk across the Tre Croce to Landro is not to be surpassed. We had a fine spring day for our ramble,— waves of mist, indeed, were surging through the passes, and clinging to the higher cliffs; but mist, if not too densely opaque, rather adds to the strange glamor of these Dolomite mountains. Until we reached the summit of the pass, we found the mule-track free of difficulty (on *that* side it was exposed to the sun); but from the three crosses till we sighted the Lago Misurina, we waded through deep snow. On the summit, just beyond the crosses, several prodigious crags of Dolomite have been discharged from the mountain overhead — the Christallo — and there they lie like huge cannon-balls across the road. It is

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

impossible to say how long they have lain there, for they are covered with vegetation — an aged pine, rooted in a fissure, springing from the most massive. We pass through a noble pine wood; a deep trench lies at our feet, with a brawling stream in its depths, and on the opposite side rises the wonderful *cirque* of the Croda Malcora — a gleaming crescent of rock and snow down which the avalanches thunder. There is no human creature in all that spacious valley,— no one except ourselves and the cuckoo, whose friendly note that day amid these ghostly solitudes sounded remote and unfamiliar. You know the kind of day — one of those miraculous spring mornings among the mountains, when the mist is dry and buoyant, and penetrated with sunshine. The lower snow-slopes shone brilliantly in the transparent light, and ever and again the great peaks were translated from partially veiled phantoms into shapes of dazzling distinctness. In the evening we came down upon Landro, a pleasant, homely post-house, where stout little Baur and his comely motherly wife (you will find their portraits painted by Ghedina in the best bedroom) gave cordial welcome to the first birds of passage of the season. A great Carinthian hound (Luc by name) sleeps summer and winter outside the door. There are splendid black-cock among the woods up yonder on the road to the Drei Zinnen — one is shot next morning, and brought in for us to admire. All night the Christallo is visible from our bedroom window, reflected in the Dürren See — a spectral presence dimly revealed to us by the forlorn light of the waning moon, which we had seen, in its full glory, a week before at Venice. There is a break in the valley-line just opposite the post-house — made on purpose, it might seem — into which the Drei Zinnen fit with mathematical exactness; and the Drei Zinnen, the three weird sisters, are the consummate flowers of Dolomite architecture. And then, bidding farewell to our kindly hosts, and promising that we would one day return, we enter the deep trench that leads to the Pustherthal. The profound shadow cast by a wall of rock two thousand feet in height, comes down upon us suddenly; but the shadow creeps slowly up the opposite face, and the eastern peaks keep the sun-glow for long. We left them behind us still brilliant with carmine, rising effulgently into the frosty silence of the gathering night. And then away along the pleasant Pustherthal to the great fortress of Franzensfeste, and over the Brenner to Innsbruck, which we found in a blaze of glory by reason of a snowstorm which had whitened all the mountains round about, — these mountains from which in winter the wolves, they say, look down into its streets.

A few days thereafter I joined the Macs at Vevay, and then we came on here. You will fancy, of course, that we drove up the Rhone valley, and got to the hotel in the course of the afternoon. Quite the contrary; it took us about ten days: and, zigzagging in the most delightful fashion, we entirely escaped that pestilential and most detestable swamp. This is how we did it.

Quitting the railway at Aigle, we wandered among the valleys in which Lanenen, Gsteig, An der Lenk, and Adelboden are situated, crossing from valley to valley by the Krinnen, the Trüttlisberg, and the Hahnenmoos passes. The people are primitive and homely, and the inns hospitable and unhackneyed. The great mountain wall is somewhat flat, as a rule; but the Wildstrubel and the Wildhorn are wild and romantic, and the path leads through shady pine forests, and across fertile pastures, over which crag and glacier rise gleaming into the sky. Then we crossed the Gemmi, and the Rhone valley at Susten, and walked up the glorious Val d'Annivers to Zinal. The Arpitetta Alp is one of the great places of Switzerland — the Weisshorn being chief among mountains as the Venus of Milo is chief among women. From Zinal along the watershed to St. Luc; from St. Luc to the Bella Tolla, and across the snowy Meiden pass to Gruben, in the Turtmann Thal; over the Jung Joch to St. Nicolas, Stahlden, Visp, — nowhere else in Europe will you find the mountain glory and the mountain gloom in more absolute perfection; for in each of these southern valleys the vestal Weisshorn is the *genius loci*.

Now, my dear editor, I have reached, at length, one of the main purposes of this epistle, and that is to thank you for the bundle of new books which I found waiting me here. A volume by Froude, a novel by Mrs. Oliphant, a large and liberal discourse by Stanley, or Tulloch, or Abbott, the current number of "Maga," what more can the heart of man desire among the mountains? This last volume of "Short Studies" seems to me to contain some of the very finest things that Mr. Froude has written. "Our English," as Milton affectionately called it, has seldom been used to better purpose. How weighty the argument, how graphic the illustrations, what picturesque-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

ness of style, what a wealth of thought! A man of genius like Froude ought to be a Tory, not merely because men of real imagination are Tories by instinct (the only literary Radicals being lean logicians like Mr. Mill), but on the special ground that nowhere else that I know of do we find the Tory point of view more adequately and brilliantly stated than in these essays. Of course we shall have some ill-conditioned animal yelping at his heels: as Dryden had his Shadwell, as Pope had his Dennis, so Froude has his Freeman. There are certain courtesies that are happily observed in our literary as in our political society — a temperance of manner as well as of language; but a superior person like Mr. Freeman is released from the restraints of common politeness. The violence with which he has assailed gentlemen of high position and character — Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Derby, Mr. Froude — seems to justify Mr. Arnold's complaint that an academy for the cultivation of what he calls "amenity" is urgently needed among us. One consolation is, that such grotesque animosity defeats its end — it puts the man who uses it out of court. We send our shrews, male and female, to Coventry.

What an afternoon! How silently the great peaks rise into the blue-black vault overhead! Yet even in this breathless summer-time we have a deliciously balmy breeze on our alp. That is the advantage of a fine, airy situation on the southern slopes of the Finster Aarhorn. Don't suppose, by the way, that I am an indiscriminate admirer of fine, airy situations: a fine, airy situation during a Swiss summer is one thing; a fine, airy situation in your beastly and infernal climate (pardon the *Freeman-ism*) is another; the truth being that in a country tormented by the devil, in the shape of the east wind, shelter, adequate shelter, is the one thing needful.

Froude, and Stanley, and Tulloch, and Mrs. Oliphant are read by everybody; but there is one modest little volume in your wallet which, from its very modesty (though it has been published, I see, for some months), may possibly pass unnoticed in these noisy times. This life of an unknown Scotch probationer * is equal in interest to anything of the kind we have had since Carlyle's "Life of Sterling" was written. I wish you could get one of your best hands to recommend it to the public; for Thomas Davidson as a poet, as a humorist, as a simple, loving, honest, reticent, valiant soul, demands adequate recognition at your hands. Meantime there are one or two things that may be said regarding him before I close this epistle. What he was, what he did, and what he proves, is the arrangement — is it not? — which your sententious Puritan logician and divine (a capital good fellow at bottom, in spite of his theology) would adopt.

Thomas Davidson was born in 1838, and his death took place in 1870, so that he was thirty-two years of age when he died. For four years before his death he was an invalid. He was bred in a Border parish school; his father was a Border shepherd; nearly all his life he lived in a Border cottage. He went from the parish school to the university (where Aytoun, as was his wont, gave him kindly recognition); he studied for the United Presbyterian Church; he became a "probationer" of that Church; he preached for a couple of years; and then he died. A brief and unostentatious career, — glorified, however, in its uneventful homeliness by a rare vein of poetry and a rich vein of humor.

The key-note of the character is its sound and healthy, but modest, manliness. The *mens sana* is a most precious possession. Davidson began to sicken of the disease of which he died before he was eight-and-twenty; but sickness did not unsteady the even balance of his mind. It is after he is laid aside from active work that his humor is at its best and brightest, and his lyrical faculty in its finest mood. The whole picture is pleasant; but the finishing touches make it nearly, if not altogether, unique. The tender humorist looking at death sadly but fearlessly; going down the road that leads into the dark valley with a patient sweetness in the eyes that take a wistful farewell of the sunshine; untouched by envy, untainted by bitterness; simple as a child, and yet strong with a strength beyond the force of manhood. There is no loud or noïsy assertion, religious or political, anywhere in this life; but a gentle composure which never wearies, and a soft playfulness against which even the waves of death beat in vain. The poetry is genuine, the humor is genuine, and the character (that which underlies both) as genuine as the poetry and the humor. The humor, indeed, went deep into the life. It is impossible, some one says, to

* The Life of a Scottish Probationer: being a Memoir of Thomas Davidson. By James Brown. Glasgow: Maclehose. 1877.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

imagine Sydney Smith in a planet from which *wit* is excluded; and one may be sure that Thomas Davidson's soul would be ill at ease, barely recognizable, in a world over which the soft, lambent light of humor does not play.

That is what he was; what remains to us of his genius is to be found in his letters and lyrics. The delicate life of a grave and quaint fancifulness pervades his letters. It would be a sin to break them into fragments; and the same is true of his poetry.* We must, as the Laureate has observed, take him all in all or not at all. That Thomas Davidson had the true lyrical faculty is undeniable; but he was terribly fastidious. Thus each of the trifles in verse that he has left us has that organic finish which is characteristic of works of high art — nothing could be taken away, nothing added, without marring the effect of the composition. So that I can only ask you to find room for one or two short swallow-flights of song which seem to me to combine the vivid simplicity and pathetic directness of the Border ballad with the cunning quaintness of the Elizabethan muse. Among our dantiest singers of songs a place must be kept for this humble licentiate of the U. P. Kirk.

This is a Border song, — musical exceedingly. It was written when he was twenty-one: —

THE AULD ASH-TREE.

There grows an ash by my bour door,
  And a' its boughs are buskit braw
In fairest weeds o' simmer green,
  And birds sit singing on them a'.
But cease your sangs, ye blithesome birds,
  An' o' your liltin' let me be;
Ye bring deid simmers frae their graves
  To weary me, to weary me!

There grows an ash by my bour door,
  And a' its boughs are clad in snaw;
The ice-drap hings at ilka twig,
  And sad the nor' wind soughs thro' a'.
Oh, cease thy mane, thou norlan' wind,
  And o' thy wailin' let me be;
Thou brings deid winters frae their graves
  To weary me, to weary me!

Oh, I wad fain forget them a';
  Remember'd guid but deepens ill,
As gleids o' licht far seen by nicht
  Mak' the near mirk but mirker still.
Then silent be, thou dear auld tree —
  O' a' thy voices let me be;
They bring the deid years frae their graves
  To weary me, to weary me!

In a "Reverie at the End of Summer" he gives us a picture of the Cheviots which may hang side by side with Wordsworth's picture of Yarrow. These are the opening stanzas: —

ON THE CHEVIOTS.

Once more, upon the hills!
  No more the splendor quivering bright,
  Which finger laid at summer height
Upon the lips of half the rills,
  Pours on them, but the year's most mellow
    light.
  Far through yon opening of the vale,
  Upon the slopes of Teviotdale,
The green has ta'en a fainter tinge;
  It is the time when flowers grow old,
And summer trims her mantle fringe
  With stray threads of autumnal gold.

The west wind blows from Liddesdale;
  And as I sit — between the spring
Of Bowmont and of Cayle —
  To my half-listening ear it brings
All floating voices of the hill —
  The hum of bees in heather-bells,
  And bleatings from the distant fells,
The curlew's whistle far and shrill,

* Yet human nature cannot resist the temptation (if in nothing higher than a foot-note) of asking you to look at the picture of certain Jeddart worthies on the occasion of the queen's visit: "But the greatest effort of all is the triumphal arches, and of all the three triumphal arches the great-grandfather himself is getting himself erected just close to Jack's door. Indeed, it darkens his shop a good deal. From day to day there is some new limb or feature added to this great triumphal arch, and the progress of it interests us all very much indeed. We all go and stare at it every fine day, and most of us whether the day be fine or no. I take my own stare in the forenoon about ten or eleven o'clock; the shopkeepers stare chronically. Then there are three grand stares every day by the work-people — at breakfast-time, at dinner-time, and after their tea. The grandfather of all stares will be to-night (Saturday), after they have got their beards shaved, but the damp forbids me to join in it. In short, we are all pleased but Wattie Lowrie. He asks — 'What the better wull she be o' gaun through a' that wud?' He advises Jack to 'pit a stop till't,' because it darkens his shop! Jack, in his reply, takes up ground which I consider impregnable. 'It's no every day, Wattie,' he says, 'that ane gets ane's shop darkened wi' a triumphal airch.' To which Wattie has not yet replied, but he still holds out about the futility of 'a' that wud;' and as he is very deaf, and the benefit to be derived from passing underneath a triumphal arch metaphysical and difficult to be expressed, I fear he will never be able to get over his difficulty. Like most deaf people, too, he gets deafest at the approach of conviction. However, since writing the above, I have heard of another case of discontent — a case of a somewhat different complexion. It seems that we are all pleased except Wattie Lowrie and Archie Knox. This malcontent is engaged in the dissemination of pounds of tea; he lives by hawking tea about the country, principally among the hinds' wives. He has followed this occupation for a long time; he makes his round periodically; he rides on a small pony; like the minstrel boy and the wild harp, Archie rides

'With his tea-bags slung behind him;'

and he is a very decent man — what people call a 'serious man,' indeed. Like Wattie Lowrie, he also is impressed with an overwhelming sense of the utter futility of *wud*, but he does not stop there; his theory of futilities includes everything of a material kind, everything visible to what the ministers call the 'eye of sense.' 'Man,' he says, 'wad they gang into their closets and pray for her!'"

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

And babblings of the restless rill
That hastes to leave its lone hillside,
And hurries on to sleep in Till,
Or join the tremulous flow of Teviot's sunny tide.

"On a Certain Premature Report" (in its mixture of grotesque gaiety and gloom, irony and deep sadness, by far the most striking of his poems) is too long for extraction; so also is the delightful "In Redesdale," — though a few verses from the latter will bear to be detached.

Then brake the light of morning clear
O'er that old field of Border fray;
And rose to inward eye and ear
The armor-gleam, the battle-bray,
And all the ballad-singers say
Of the stout deed that here was done
About the dawning of the day,
When Earl Percy was led away,
And a dead Douglas victory won
In Redesdale.

The Percy ta'en, the Douglas slain,
I watched them borne for Teviotdale,
Till I, too, in the proud, sad train
Bore bloodied sword and battered mail.
But suddenly the dream did fail:
Vanished the form of either earl
With spear and pennon from the vale,
For there sate she, this winsome girl
Of Redesdale.

She sate beside a tiny stream,
Which by the highway-side outwelled
From moorland into morning-gleam;
One hand a half-filled pitcher held,
The other caught, and would have quelled,
The little waves which chafed their strand;
O foolish waves that still repelled
The daintiest little lily hand
In Redesdale!

"Love's Last Suit" might have been written by Herrick in his best mood: though even in his best mood it has a touch beyond Herrick's reach.

LOVE'S LAST SUIT.

Love, forget me when I'm gone.
When the tree is overthrown
Let its place be digged and sown
O'er with grass; when that is grown,
The very place shall be unknown.
So court I oblivion;
So, I charge thee by our love,
Love, forget me, when I'm gone!
Love of him that lies in clay
Only maketh life forlorn,
Clouding o'er the new-born day
With regrets of yestermorn.

And what is love to him that's low,
Or sunshine on his grave that floats?
Love nor sunshine reacheth now
Deeper than the daisy roots.
So, when he that nigh me hovers —
Death, that spares not happy lovers —
Comes to claim his little due,
Love, as thou art good and true,
Proudly give the churl his own,
And forget me when I'm gone!

And, finally, here is a "Love Sonnet," sent to the correspondent to whom so many of the letters and verses are addressed, a year or two before he died.

LOVE SONNET.

There is no date in love's eternal year
Saving its first, — O deeply loved and long!
Nor shadow invades the sunshine clear and strong
Which dominates forever its azure sphere.
Yellow the woods grow — yellow and winter-drear;
Storms trample down the infinite leafy throng,
Even as my fortunes. Yet the spirit of song
Lives in me, and the warmth of hopeful cheer.

There is no winter in this love of ours!
Thinking whereon, when with least clemency,
This winter of the world and fortune lowers,
Straightway that summer's noon breaks in on me,
Which has no ending nor decline; whose flowers
Are of the soul, and share her immortality.

The moral of the life is (and now we reach the last head of the discourse), that Davidson could not have been what he was except for the parish school and the Ancrum "dominie." The old parochial system of Scotland (when one comes to look at it through the lives of men like Robertson of Ellon or Thomas Davidson) was a rarely successful invention. In every parish there was to be found a teacher with some sort of scholarly acquirement, and with a certain capacity, as it would seem, for imparting his classical lore to his pupils. Year after year one (or more) of his boys was drafted off to the nearest university. This year it might be the son of the laird; next year it might be the son of the laird's shepherd: there never was a more democratic institution. Once at the university, the lad's course was clear; thereafter he could not accuse the partial gods of keeping him a peasant or a ploughboy; it depended upon himself whether he was to return to the hovel in which he was bred, or to take his place in the world where fame and fortune are won. The Church, the bar, the army, have been thus recruited from the ranks of the peasantry; and India, Canada, and Australia are indebted to the parish school for many an enterprising citizen and eminent

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

administrator. It is quite true that the humor and the poetry in some obscure fashion must have been in Thomas Davidson from the beginning, long before he went to school. Yet native and idiomatic as his vein of humor and his vein of poetry are, it is undeniable that without adequate culture, without the familiarity with the great masterpieces of our literature, which thorough culture alone can give, his rare and singular gifts would have been lost to us — he could not, in any view, have become the humorist and the poet that he was.

Is it true that you are going to change all this? Is it true that you are going to abolish the scholarly Scotch "dominie"? Is it true that the education of the Scotch people is to be handed over to the Philistines of Whitehall? It is hard to believe in such infatuation. I saw in the Greyfriars Churchyard the other day a monument which you have recently erected to a distinguished scholar, on which these words are written: —

In memory of Alexander Murray, D.D., born at Dunkitterick, in Galloway, 22d *October* 1775, *died* 15*th April* 1813, *aged* 37 *years, and interred here. Minister of Urr* 1806–1813; *Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Edinburgh,* 1812–1813. *This monument was erected by admirers chiefly connected with Galloway, to commemorate the genius and fame of the "Shepherd Boy," who rose to be the most eminent linguist and oriental scholar of his day.* 1877.

One comfort is, that no more subscriptions for monuments of this kind will be needed. When you have made anything like true culture impossible in the parish school, the shepherd boy will remain the shepherd boy to the end of the chapter.

I have zigzagged far away from our Alp: and there is no saying how much farther I might have wandered; but the peaks of the Mischabelhörner are growing grey in the twilight, and the glow has faded out of the sky. *Euge et vale!* or, as they say in the Gaelic, "May the Lord be long spared to preserve you!"

From The Westminster Review.

THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS: THEIR ADMISSIBILITY TO UNIVERSITIES.

ONLY twelve years ago the University of Cambridge consented to take the first step towards delivering the girls' schools of England from the sad state of irresponsibility under which they groaned, by extending the privileges of its local examinations to the feminine portion of the community. Previously to that date, every schoolmistress, with no past of university training for herself, and no future of external tests for her pupils as guide, had done that which seemed right in her own eyes; and seeing that her chances of enlightenment had been in general the least possible, one can only wonder that matters were not much worse than they were. Of desire for the best, there must, however, have been at that time a goodly quantity; for an address, signed by more than eight hundred teachers, was presented to the university, praying for the extension of the examinations, and increasing numbers and steady improvement have marked the examination career of the girls ever since. In the early years, as every one knows, the number and kind of failures in arithmetic were lamentable; but of late the school that has had the smallest percentage of failures in that subject is a girl's school. The past twelve years have indeed been years of rapid advance in the education of girls, and in the education of the public mind to appreciation of a nobler ideal concerning it, as well as of constant struggle on the part of Englishwomen for certain long-withheld and much-needed educational and professional facilities.

But in 1876 the College of Physicians in Dublin declared itself ready to grant medical diplomas to women, and during the past year five ladies, three of whom had fought hard (how hard is well known) at Edinburgh, availed themselves of this sudden solution of their difficulties. Truly it seemed that the tide had turned; for, early in 1877 the Senate of the London University passed a resolution in favor of admitting women to its medical degrees, and appointed a committee to carry the resolution into effect. Soon after, however, a petition, signed by two hundred and fifty medical graduates, was presented to the Senate, praying it to rescind that resolution; and on the 7th of May a stormy meeting of Convocation issued in a resolution, carried by a majority of thirteen, declaring it advisable that admission of women to the medical degrees should be postponed till the question of admitting them to degrees in general should first be settled. Many hearts, perhaps with an undue appreciation of the powers of Convocation, were saddened by this vote, implying, as every one knew it to imply, a vigorous attempt at indefinite postponement of the immediately possible reform,

by adding to its opponents the hostile forces of other professions.

The Senate hearkened to Convocation's voice — not with the effect intended, but contrariwise. At the meeting of the 20th of June, the Senate resolved to adhere to its decision of opening the medical degrees to women, and further to apply to Parliament for a new charter, enabling it to open the other degrees also. Thus the general question was settled, so far as the university alone can settle it; and we hope there will now be only the necessary delays in at last making university degrees attainable to women in England.

Tardily, indeed, has the concession been granted. The men and women of a hundred years hence will perhaps read its history, and not be struck with the prominence in it of the boasted national instinct of fair play; for in England, last of all civilized countries, has this instinct triumphed over use and wont; the freest of European lands has been the last to accord, not only equality of educational privileges, but even liberty of professional choice in any form to its women — surely a strange anomaly, not even matched by the parallel anomaly that in Germany, where the importance of education and the equal right of every citizen to it is most clearly recognized, the separation between boys' and girls' education is slowest in being bridged. Arguing with eyes shut, one would say: in England they will not make mighty efforts about educating girls equally with boys, but they will cede to every Englishwoman her British right of doing what she likes; whereas in Germany they will raise and widen the education of German girls as much as any one can desire, but they will take care to give German women no chance of stepping out of their sphere into masculine professions. But England can now boast a goodly list of girls' schools where Latin, mathematics, and natural science are taught, besides associations for the extension of university teaching, and a ladies' college in all details of curriculum and examinations a veritable equivalent for those of Cambridge, and yet no amount of equivalent examinations gains a degree; while Germany offers a university career to women in Leipzig and elsewhere, but has no means of preparation for it — the higher girls' schools being inadequate on account of their limited range of study, and not comparable at all to the *Gymnasien* of the boys, though efforts to obtain the equivalent of these have already begun.

The doctrine of the equality and similarity of education for boys and girls was first preached and acted upon in America; but even there it is scarcely half a century old. Before the year 1826 girls were only allowed to attend the schools of Boston, Massachusetts, during the summer months, when there were not boys enough to fill them. In that year an attempt was made to establish a high school for girls on the plan of those already existing for boys. Two hundred and eighty-six candidates presented themselves for admission, while the applications for the boys' high school had never exceeded ninety. This eagerness for knowledge, so unbecoming in girls, was too much for the good people of Boston to endure unmoved. In the words of the school committee of 1854, the school had an "alarming success;" and accordingly, after eighteen months' trial, it was discontinued. After this, however, the girls were allowed to remain in the grammar schools throughout the year.

So America has had its days of women's education panic. But in the Western States better counsels soon obtained. Oberlin College was founded in 1833, offering equal advantages of education to both sexes; and both sexes have availed themselves of it; for up to the year 1873 it had graduated 579 men and 620 women, exclusive of 426 men in the Theological Faculty. Soon after, in 1837, Mount Holyoke Seminary, for girls only, was founded; Antioch, for boys and girls, followed in 1852; and Vassar, for girls only, in 1865. These are a few out of the many institutions which are now scattered far and wide through the United States, and act on the principle, still so much contested, that the similarity of mental development in average individuals of both sexes is so much greater than the difference (if there be any), that, for purposes of education, this presumed difference may be considered as evanescent. Michigan University opened its gates in 1870; Boston, founded in 1871–72, has admitted women from the beginning; and Cornell University yielded to the current in 1875. Harvard and Yale, the two great American universities, still resist all demands and entreaties, and perhaps this is the bitterest grievance of American women, though even it has been slightly alleviated, since some years ago, in 1873, Harvard consented to grant local examinations for girls. But be Harvard and Yale as unyielding as they may, when we turn from the story of the Boston high school in 1826, and observe that in 1867 there were 22 colleges in the States open to men and women

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

alike, and in 1873, by the report of the United States' commissioner of education, 97, while Boston itself boasts a university containing, according to its annual report of 1876, 483 young men and 144 young women, the increase per cent. during the previous year having been 28 for the former and 41 for the latter, we are not inclined to think very badly either of the liberality of American men or the energy of American women.

And it does not seem that the education of American men has suffered from this liberality. "If any have cherished a fear that the admission of women would tend to reduce the standard of work in the university," says the president of Michigan University in 1873, "their attention may be drawn to the fact that during the last three years we have been steadily increasing the requirements for admission and broadening the range of studies;" and again, in 1872: "Their presence has not called for the enactment of a single new law, or for the slightest change in our methods of government or mode of work." Similar testimony reaches us from the other universities. The Boston report, before referred to, states that in several cases the presence of the women has aided in elevating the standard of scholarship, and that at all times their influence has promoted order, studiousness, and a true social culture.

Side by side with this powerful educational movement, the sister movement of opening up the professions to women has been also making steady way. The attainability of university degrees, and the instruction leading up to them, involves this indeed, as giving the efficiency and the guarantee of it which are the main requirements for entering a profession; but quite independently of the general educational question, the medical education of women early became in America, as elsewhere, a matter of supreme importance. On the first Wednesday in November, 1848, the first medical college for women in the world was opened at Boston. This second shock fell hard on public opinion in that city; but twelve women were found brave enough to face the storm and form the first class of lady medical students. This was the small beginning of a movement that has since spread so rapidly over America and Europe. In 1850 the Female Medical College in Philadelphia was opened, one in New York in 1863, and another in 1868. As a consequence, we find that the census of 1870 reports 525 lady doctors in the States, whereas in 1848 there was not one. Many of these are professors in the medical colleges, or hold public appointments; and their success in private practice leaves no doubt as to the existence of a felt want which they are fitted to supply. The purely medical male institutions have slowly enough recognized their professional sisters. The Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery opened its doors to women only in 1873, the opportunity being speedily turned to account by two ladies, the first of whom received her diploma in June 1874. The first woman admitted to a medical society in New York was Dr. Mary Green, physician to the Women's Prison Association in that city, who was elected a member of the New York Medico-Legal Society in 1871.

All along, be it remembered, women were studying medicine in the universities open to them, not separately either, but in mixed classes. In reference to this we may again quote from the Boston University report: "From the first there has been no difficulty or embarrassment on account of co-education. . . . No lecture or operation has been restricted to either class, and the presence of the two sexes has been a wholesome restraint upon all." It is curious to compare this statement from those who have had experience of medical co-education with the woful prophecies of those who have had none. Usually the facts of the past are more believable than the predictions of the future.

Not till a later date did American women turn their attention to law as a profession. But inevitably the legal faculty in due time attracted its share of fair students at the universities; and in one state after another lady candidates for admission to practice in the courts made their appearance. Chicago, we believe, had the honor of being the first possessor of a woman lawyer. In 1870 there were five in the States, and since then several reports of other cases have reached our ears in England. Two ladies were admitted to practice at Utah, with much complimenting, in 1873. During the same year the first lady lawyer in Iowa was sworn in; and another young lady passed the best examination of any applicant, and was admitted to the bar as an attorney by the Supreme Court of Illinois. There are also several instances of lawyers' wives becoming lawyers, and practising in partnership with their husbands. A lady in New Hampshire was appointed justice of the peace in 1871.

Turning from law to theology, we find women as ministers of religion not infre-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

quently. Their admission to the theological faculty at the universities would lead to this, and we do not hear of any peculiar difficulty in the state of public opinion respecting the adoption of this profession by women, such as we might expect at home, or indeed anywhere in Europe. In 1870 sixty-seven lady preachers recorded themselves professionally in the census.

Besides all these, we find a few isolated instances of women being employed in some of the other higher walks of life. In 1871 there was in Ohio a lady deputy-collector of the revenues, while in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, a lady was appointed chief-engineer of the fire-department, and in New Hampshire a member of the fair sex contracted to construct a section of the Valley Railroad. That America is not yet the land of perfect liberty is, however, borne out by the fact that in the profession of teaching, where women so largely outnumber men, their salaries are still for the same work considerably smaller. This points to the fact of considerable tension against them as regards other work generally, which, forcing them in this, the direction of least resistance, keeps up the time-honored custom of unequal payment. Nevertheless, Englishwomen may well congratulate their American sisters on "their lines having fallen in pleasant places" comparatively. The Englishwomen have an advantage only in this, that when they have won their cause wholly at one of the elder seats of learning, they will practically have won it throughout the country. For Great Britain, despite its hatred of centralization, has an essential unity running throughout its modes of thought and action in such matters; no one moves till there is a certain preparedness on the part of all, then the leaders move in rapid succession, and the rest follow like sheep. Whereas the world of the United States has to be conquered in little pieces, and the educational and professional facilities granted to woman are by no means on a par in all the states. Besides, any small American college can award degrees to its own students instead of submitting them to a true university test as with us, and the value of all degrees and the significance of the admission of women to them are consequently diminished. Even the conversion of Harvard would not be equal in its effects in America to those of the conversion of Cambridge or Oxford with us; and Cambridge has gone a much longer way towards conversion than Harvard has done. It is even possible that America, which was first in recognizing women's claims, may be last in recognizing them completely. In England, while "use and wont" hold out beyond all reason, the forces of opposition behind them are being rapidly dissolved away, so that soon there will be only this crust of "use and wont;" and when it yields, all will yield.

In California, a few years ago, a new university was opened to both sexes alike; and even so far away as the ancient capital of the Incas the new principles have found their way and their acceptance. A young lady of Cusco in 1875 applied for permission to study for the degree of doctor of laws, to which application the Peruvian minister of justice replied that the laws of the republic recognized no such difference between the sexes as would prevent the lady from being a lawyer. This answer touches the root of the whole matter; whatever difference there may be, it is not such as to justify the restrictions on human liberty and the artificial limitations of human intellect which we have made or allowed to grow up among us. It is quite beside the point to devote pages of physiological argument to proving that there is sex in mind, unless it be also proved (an arduous undertaking) that the mind-difference involved in sex-difference is such as to warrant the practical conclusions unhesitatingly and illogically deduced from the assumption of *some* difference.

While the far West was working out its solution of the problem of women's education and sphere after the fashion of a republic and a confederation, and while its example was exerting beneficial influence on the thought and intention of a certain section of the British public, eastern Europe had engaged itself on the same problem after the manner of a despotic government.

Previous empresses of Russia had interested themselves in the education of the girls of the nobility, and the schools they established for these girls became models for the voluntary efforts of the bourgeoisie. The present empress, however, proposed to herself a larger scheme, and in 1855 instituted a grand system of *Gymnasien* for girls of all classes, formed on carefully studied models taken from Germany and Switzerland. In a surprisingly short time, 186 establishments with 23,400 pupils were opened; and to these others have since been added, so rapidly did the demand exceed even this suddenly large supply. For such a work, State aid was indispensable; and there was the less difficulty about this, as the chief funds were derived

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

from the liberality of a former empress, Marie Feodorovna, widow of Paul I., who had left a large fortune for the education of girls. The curriculum of the new schools comprised Russian language and literature, French, German, geography, arithmetic, geometry, algebra, elementary physics and natural history, pædogogy, dancing, singing, and drawing. This was not the curriculum of our girls' schools twenty years ago, and most of us can only add Latin to it now. But to appreciate rightly the significance of this organized system of girls' schools in Russia, we must remember that it is not so long ago since the education of boys was also generally neglected in that country. Secondary educational provision has been made for both sexes almost simultaneously.

Certainly there were currents of opinion adverse to this education of women beyond their sphere in Russia twenty years ago, as there were difficulties in *noblesse* minds regarding the school association of the daughters of nobles and carpenters. But the new schools made answer to all these by distinctly announcing as principle of their action that — a woman is not necessarily and exclusively wife, mother, mistress of a house: before specializing her for any particular destination, it is necessary to give all the development possible to all her moral and intellectual faculties. As for the social difficulty, the gymnasiums very often had princesses for inspectrices and were under imperial patronage; the education was good, and the nobles were soon glad to avail themselves of it.

Educate a woman and she will immediately ask for something to do. The first pupils of the gymnasiums found this something in teaching. After a time passed in the Institution of Pædogogy — another product of this educational movement — many young women became teachers in the gymnasiums where they had been pupils. Thus the teaching gradually passed more and more into the hands of women, though the still existing want of a higher education necessitated the aid of men in the upper classes. Then the women became too many, and salaries were very low. Now, whatever theories theorizers may hold as to suitable feminine occupation, it is certain, as matter of experience in all countries hitherto, that women have always regarded the healing art as next in desirableness to education as a professional occupation. In Russia, however, there existed, and exists, among the tribes of Asia, and in the country districts generally, a special demand for medical women of some degree of professional knowledge and skill. Probably this was the reason, so far as it was not the absence of a reason to the contrary, why women were, as a matter of course, admitted to study medicine in the Russian schools, though not to receive degrees. But the number of these students increased, and their position in all likelihood raised itself by the influx of some of the cultivated Russian ladies from the gymnasiums.

The increase of numbers, and perhaps the possibility that these more cultivated women might make a demand for further privileges, must have excited apprehension; for suddenly the permission to study in the schools of medicine was withdrawn by government.

One Russian student, Miss Suslova, nothing daunted, went to Switzerland, and by much tact and patience won her way at Zurich, and was admitted into the university in 1864, her admission being speedily followed by that of another Russian lady. The number of lady students of all nationalities grew in this one university admitting them. In 1871 there were four students of philosophy and fifteen of medicine, and during the next year this fifteen grew to sixty-three. But in 1873 the numbers rose to eighty-eight of medicine, twenty-five of philosophy, and one of social science. Out of this total of one hundred and fourteen, one hundred were Russians, a fact explained by the educational facilities afforded to women in Russia, which we have roughly attempted to sketch. University education is an empty show without the supply of a secondary education high enough to lead to it, and without a public opinion recognizing its value; and so among all these students there were but few Swiss, for in Switzerland the notion of women's education being limited by her sphere, and her sphere by masculine will and convenience, decidedly prevails. Yet with what comparative ease were universities opened to women in Switzerland! Can it be that the liberality of men in extending their educational privileges to women is inversely proportional to the eagerness with which women of their own country desire them? We hope not; and, at any rate, granting them is a likely way of causing them to be desired. There is at present in Zurich a Swiss lady, Dr. Marie Heim Vögtlem, who began her studies at the university in 1868, and is practising with much success. We believe it was

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

thought at first by many Swiss that women physicians would never prosper in Switzerland.

In 1873 a Russian ukase was published, ordering the Russian women to give up their studies at Zurich, under pain of being disqualified, on their return to Russia, for admission to any examination, educational establishment, or appointment of any kind under the control of the government. The most important reason assigned for this step was to the effect that Zurich had become a centre of Russian revolutionary societies, in which the students were involved, some of them going "two or three times in the year to Russia and back again, taking with them incendiary letters and proclamations." The ukase also stated that those young women who really desired a scientific education had ample opportunities afforded to them in Russia, where the medical schools were then ready to admit them, and other educational facilities had been opened up.

The majority of the students obeyed the order of their government and returned to Russia; twelve remained in Zurich, thereby abandoning any intention of returning; and twenty-one applied to the authorities of Berne University for admission there. Without much difficulty this was granted, and in the session of 1874-75 there were thirty-two lady students at Berne — twenty-eight of medicine, three of philosophy, one of law.

By this time women were also admitted to the Polytechnic School at Berne, the Polytechnicum at Zurich, and to the Concordat examinations, enabling them to practise in the cantons.

Geneva University has followed the example which Zurich set to Europe. This has placed the French Swiss on a level with their German-speaking sisters, as compared with whom they were at a disadvantage before. At present there are two ladies studying medicine at Geneva.

The numbers at Zurich are now reduced to about six, but at Berne there is a larger number. This falling off is, of course, at once explained by the opening of universities elsewhere, and especially in Paris, which has naturally become the chief centre of medical instruction for women.

As regards the intellectual capacity of women for the advantages granted to them, professors at Zurich and Berne have spoken as professors of Michigan and Boston spoke. They, too, have not found the minds of the weaker sex a drag on those of the stronger. Up to the present, fourteen women have graduated at Zurich; and if this seems a small number, we would remind our readers that a great many of the Russian students did not all along intend to complete the course, and, therefore, according to that intention, stopped short of the degree.

The first of the Zurich students, having obtained her degree, returned to St. Petersburg, and presented herself for the state medical examination, which it is necessary to pass for admission to practise in Russia, and as a foreign physician she was admitted and passed. Then, after spending some time at the hospitals of Prague and Vienna, she established herself in the Russian metropolis, and is now in very successful practice.

Meanwhile the events in Switzerland had made it evident that Russian women were thoroughly in earnest about obtaining entry for themselves into the medical profession, and in 1872 an imperial decree gave them admission, under certain conditions, to the Russian schools. Classes for women were formed at the Medical Academy in St. Petersburg, during November of that year. The professors and lecturers were the same as for the young men; but the requirements for examination were different, and the diploma granted was called a diploma for the diseases of women and children. Though required to attend the lectures on legal and forensic medicine, they were not examined upon these subjects, or, strange to say, upon nervous diseases, but were supposed to go more thoroughly into the special diseases for which they received their diploma; also the course prescribed for them was reduced to four years instead of the usual five.

Energetic attempts were at the same time being made to obtain a higher general education for women, in addition to the good secondary education which they already had. In 1869 a system of university lectures for women was organized in St. Petersburg; and in 1873 a college for women was opened at Moscow in connection with the university there, the first professors of the university being engaged to teach the classes. And here we may mention, as an interesting fact, and illustrative of the close connection in the public mind of the imperial family and education, that the Russian municipalities, as a mode of complimenting the daughter of the czar on her marriage, made a number of educational donations, and founded exhibitions for students quite remarkable in liberality. All the gifts were not to girls, but the girls had, it seems, the larger

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

share. Meanwhile the friends of girls' education in England hope to get something in time out of ancient, misapplied, or possible future endowments, and the same class of people in Ireland petition for some of the Irish Church spoils, and the higher education of British girls has struggled into its present hopeful condition by dint of private effort and good-will.

Turning now to France, we find, on the one hand, universities granting instruction and degrees to women; on the other, a separation of the education of boys and girls surpassing even England ten years ago. The education of boys is wholly under government control, and is much more in accordance with the modern spirit, and, for the generality of students, very much better as a whole than in England. But for girls there is no system of schools organized by government, and only a few municipal schools, leaving the chief work of secondary education to be done in the convents, or by the private enterprise of those who object to the convents. When a government is so paternal as to look after the boys, it seems hard that the fate of the girls should be left to chance. This is not all, however. To protect the youth of France from quack education, every teacher is required to pass an examination and receive a certificate of his efficiency. But nuns are not required to pass examinations, and nuns are allowed to teach young girls, and have been their chief teachers hitherto. The State, so careful of half its children, neither provides for nor protects from imposition the other half. Thus, while the boys are trained to scientific thought, the minds of the girls are steeped passively in superstition, and a little surface smattering is held as the feminine counterpart of solid knowledge; after which the men of France, like men elsewhere, wonder that women are so incapable of reasoning.

We cannot do better than quote M. Léon Richer's description in "*La Femme Libre*," of the accepted model of a girl's education:—

> The studies pursued in boarding-schools are what we might expect them to be, that is to say, very superficial. Grammar, arithmetic, geography, history—in particular sacred history—a little botany, and a little astronomy (one is reminded of the well-known use of the globes), form their basis; to this certain social accomplishments are superadded.
>
> But great would be the reluctance to teach the dead languages there, to teach mathematics, geometry, chemistry, physics, philosophy, —above all philosophy! In short, any kind of learning which widens our horizon and develops our intellect—any kind of discipline which teaches us to reason.
>
> Men have lyceums, women have convents; men have public lectures on law, on literature, on history, on physiology, on anatomy, and medicine. . . . Have women an equivalent for these things? No.

This description might have been written of a section of girls' education in England twelve years ago, but it could not have been written in the year 1877. There may be schools not unlike the French convent, though scarcely so inaccessible to new ideas, in England now; but these exist as a heritage from the past, and are rapidly being either improved or eliminated. The death-warrant of every one of the non-repentant among them is already signed, and beside them the schools of the modern type grow up and flourish not less in numbers than in scholarship. If we ask whether girls in England have the equivalent of boys' schools, we must answer, for a section of the community, certainly yes. In England, too, the education of girls has not a more distinctly theological cast than that of boys, the reverse of which makes the state of things in France so peculiarly mischievous and so peculiarly difficult to cure. Attempts are being made to cure it, however. The education of girls, if not under the guardianship of the State, is not under its control either, and it only remains for private enterprise to take up the matter, as in England, and by successful experimenting convert public opinion from the convent ideal of the past. Schools of a better class are being established in this way, and it may be hoped that the movement from above in the universities will go far towards encouraging this movement from below. We have much faith in French accessibility to new ideas, and French directness in giving them effect, as illustrated by French action respecting the universities.

The first attempt to gain an entrance into these universities was made by Mlle. Daubré at Lyons so long ago as 1861. Mlle. Daubré presented herself before the Faculty of Letters, and after causing much astonishment, and the creation of some difficulty, was allowed to pass her examinations. Then she claimed her diploma, which, on reference to the minister of public instruction, was refused. Mlle. Daubré told her story to M. Arles-Dufour, who set off for Paris the same night, and returned after three days with the diploma in his pocket. Thus the precedent was

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

made; another lady followed in 1869, and she has had her successors. Meanwhile Montpellier also granted a degree in arts to a lady in 1865.

There were in France during the early part of the century women distinguished in medicine. One, Madame Boivin, who died in 1841, was a member of the medical societies of Paris, Bordeaux, Berlin, Brussels, and Bruges, and as an authoritative writer on obstetrics has an European reputation. She was intrusted with the direction of the Hospice de la Maternité, and of the Maison Royale de Santé, besides other important offices. Before her was Madame Lachapelle, her teacher, who was esteemed one of the ablest teachers of midwifery during the latter part of the last century. She died in 1821.

These women, having made their way to the first rank of their profession, were honored as exceptions rather than regarded as precedents. But some time between 1860 and 1870 Miss Mary Putnam obtained the permission of the minister of education to study in the Paris School of Medicine. Mrs. Garrett Anderson followed her, and obtained her degree in 1870 with congratulations from her examiners on her success. Miss Putnam, who had been taking time for original researches during her studies, graduated in August 1871 with much honor. Paris soon became the centre for medical women, and in 1874 there were twenty students in the Ecole de Médecine. Every one of these, however, had, as every woman must have now, a special permission from the minister. Not long ago, also, a young American lady succeeded in obtaining the degree of bachelor of arts from the "Faculté de Science de Paris," the first to avail herself of the other than medical privileges of that university so far. And just at present one lady, a Russian, is studying in the schools of law.

At the end of last year, 1876–77, there were twenty-two women entered as students in the Medical Faculty — five French, six English, eleven Russians. During that year five women received the degree of M.D. — two English, two Russians, one German. There are now fourteen Englishwomen studying medicine in Paris. We see from these facts that it is quite as much, or rather more, in her character as one of the capitals of the world than in that of capital of France that Paris has undertaken to supply the demand of women for a medical education. In Paris, as in Switzerland, it was the request of a foreigner that opened the university to women, and in Paris, as in Switzerland, it is to foreigners still the greatest boon.

The education of German girls may be good, but the education of German boys is a great deal better. German girls are educated to be German women; and German women are destined, if not by nature, at least by man, to domesticity of the narrowest type. The party who take exception to this narrowing down of human thought and life — for such a party does exist in Germany — distinctly look to England for light, and covet the action of the English universities with respect to the secondary education of girls.

Germany has an organized system of *Gymnasien* and *Realschulen* for boys under the control of the State, a system which supplies, it may be said without fear of contradiction, the best secondary education in the world. For girls, government has furnished no equivalent. Private effort has done something to supply the want, and of late years *höhere Töchter Schulen*, not recognized as part of the State system, have been established. The undefined position of these schools led to a general conference of their directors and teachers in September 1872; and from the resolutions of this conference we learn several facts: —

1. That the object of the higher girls' schools is to impart intellectual culture to the rising generation of girls, and to occupy for them the place supplied for boys by the *Gymnasium* and the *Realschule*, and that its future development consists *not in a direct imitation of these institutions, but in such organization as is adapted to the vocation of women:* that technical training is therefore to be avoided.

2. That it aims at the harmonious development of the intellect, mind, and will, in accordance with the principles of art, morality, and religion.

3. That the same elementary teaching be given as in elementary schools, such teaching to serve as a basis for further training in general knowledge; and in two foreign languages.

4. That the schools admit pupils from the ages of six to sixteen; the school course to be divided into three sections and to cover ten years.

5. That the staff of teachers consist of a director and masters with university degrees; also experienced elementary masters and certificated mistresses.

6. That the State, in acknowledgment of the fact that the higher girls' school shall be a public institution under the immediate control of the municipal author-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ities, should endeavor to promote its establishment whenever needed, and admit it to the same State jurisdiction as the *Realschule* and the *Gymnasium*, and that the masters and mistresses should enjoy the same privileges as the teachers in those schools.

We see, then, that the scheme of the higher girls' schools in Germany does not rise above the notion that there is in the feminine mind and the feminine vocation some peculiar reason for ending the years of education at sixteen, and excluding classics, mathematics, and science generally from its programme. We see, also, that it is thought desirable to place this peculiarily feminine work almost wholly in the hands of men, for the certificated mistresses rarely hold positions beyond the fourth class. The fairness of this was discussed at the Woman's Union Conference at Eisenach the same year, but without arriving at a satisfactory conclusion. If girls' education is to be so limited, however, it is not surprising that there should be hesitation to place much control over it in the women who are themselves products of this limited education.

These schools certainly do not seem to us to supply the equivalent of the *Gymnasium* and the *Realschule*, and so think some Germans also. Hence, within the last seven years, attempts have been made in Berlin, Darmstadt, Bremen, and other cities, to give opportunities for further culture to girls above sixteen, by means of courses of lectures somewhat similar to those in England. And at the Women's Union Conference also, in the year 1872, a paper was read by Dr. Wendt on a proposal for the institution of a parthegogium, or real gymnasium, for girls, in which they should receive the same intellectual training as is given to boys. The conference expressed interest in the scheme, and no doubt the idea will work and bear fruit in time; but opinion in Germany is hardly ready yet for the actual levelling of the time-honored barriers that separate mind male from mind female. Dr. Wiese, in his "German Letters on English Education," devotes a few pages, not very much to the purpose, to this novel American gospel of education for women, concluding by the statement that the thing is wholly un-German, and therefore, we suppose he means, to be disliked.

But notwithstanding all this, there have been women in Germany who contrived to "step out of their sphere," and receive, instead of condemnation, university degrees. Early in the century there was a Frau von Siebold who distinguished herself so much in the practice of midwifery, that the University of Giessen bestowed on her the degree of M.D. Frau von Siebold had a daughter, Marianne, afterwards Frau von Heidenseich, who studied at the universities of Giessen and Göttengen, and took her degree regularly in 1817. She died only in 1859, and was much esteemed as one of the first authorities in her special branch of science.

We suppose that these ladies, like their French contemporaries, were regarded and admired as quite exceptional, for we find no chain of successors such as would rapidly spring up to-day. The next instance known to us of a degree being granted to a woman in Germany is that of a young Russian lady who had for a long time been attending lectures in law at Leipzig, and graduated there in the early part of 1874. She was not long alone in her studies, however, for at the time of her graduation there were several other women attending lectures in medicine, natural science, and jurisprudence. We believe, however, they were not German women. Later in the same year one of these, a young Jewish lady, received the degree of doctor of philosophy; and Göttingen University also conferred a degree of doctor of philosophy and magister of liberal arts on another young lady, Miss Kowalewsky. Leipzig is the largest university in Germany, and contains about three hundred students. Women are fortunate in having the right of admission within its walls, and the privilege of graduation from it. We hope they will soon be able to bridge over the gulf of secondary education which at present yawns between them and it; but in Germany, where the habit of depending on the State in such matters has been formed, and the wealth of individuals is comparatively inconsiderable, this is not so easy unless the State steps in; and to convert the State is a difficult undertaking.

In Italy we find a low though improving state of secondary education, and universities that in truth were never closed to women. We cannot wonder at the first of these facts, seeing that Italy is still so fresh from the days of her regeneration, while we must greatly admire the disposition at all times implied in the second.

And Italy has not tarried long in regenerating the education, and consequently the general position, of her women. Previously to the year 1861 there was no State-recognized secondary education for girls at all, except that given in the nor-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

mal training-schools for teachers. The sexes were on a perfectly equal footing as regarded these and the elementary schools; and girls, not intending to be teachers, frequently entered the normal schools only because there was no other way of continuing their education. This was not a very convenient way, because, while the elementary course was complete at twelve years of age, the normal school did not begin till fifteen. For those who chose them, there were, of course, the convent schools, which even now outnumber all the others; but these are a negative quantity as regards true enlightenment, though happily obliged, since 1866, under penalty of dissolution, to employ only teachers having the government diploma — a great improvement on things in France. There were also some institutions inherited from ex-governments not differing much in spirit from the convent schools, and six government colleges, one at Milan, Florence, Palermo, and Verona respectively, and two at Naples, with a course now somewhat similar to that of the new schools. These were and are boarding-schools.

Thus, while it was possible for the poorest boy, from twelve to eighteen years old, to make his way from the elementary school to the university through the gymnasium, and for young men from eighteen to twenty-one to pass through the lyceum, for the girls there were only the elementary schools, and, perhaps, the convents. Frankly recognizing as wrong this inequality, the municipality of Milan in 1861 determined to establish a higher school for girls. The report of its scholastic council states the resolution thus: —

> In your work . . . there has been till now a serious deficiency which must be supplied. While, in fact, the instruction for males has a graduated course, that for females is cut short at the elementary course. The law has entirely forgotten that branch of secondary schools, as if women were entitled only to a superficial and most elementary instruction, and as if it were not rather of great moment to educate the intellect of those who are to be the earliest teachers of men. It is, therefore, the duty of the municipality to give to women also that amount of average instruction which none but those occupied in the humblest manual labor should be without.

The municipality accepted this view of its duty; the project was realized, and no expense was spared to render the new school efficient. In 1864 Turin followed the good example, and then the government, appreciating the importance of the movement, promised large subsidies to all cities that should do likewise. So now in Asti, Genoa, Venice, Padua, Bologna, Florence, and last of all in Rome also, schools of the same kind have been organized. The Roman school was opened only in January 1874. They are all public day-schools, somewhat similar in scope and organization to the endowed girls' schools and the new high schools of the Girls' Public Day Schools Company in England.

> The curriculum is divided into a lower and higher course. The lower, besides the ordinary branches of school instruction, includes the outlines of natural science, domestic economy, and hygiene, geometry, and drawing. The higher course . . . adds the elements of moral philosophy and social economy, the history of Italian literature, foreign literatures, political geography, the history of the Middle Ages and modern times, the elements of physical geography, natural history, physics, and chemistry. Optional subjects, without extra fee, are French, English, and German, gymnastics, choral singing, and needlework; with extra fee, landscape and figure drawing, and instrumental music.

Considering the state of things which it followed, this curriculum promises well for the full intellectual recognition of Italian women, when time enough shall have been given for the new ideas to grow and give birth to higher ones. The chief fault that may be found with these municipal schools is the limitation of the learning age to sixteen, but the stimulus given to the education of girls by the opening of the universities to women will probably lead to some arrangement by which the time and the studies may be extended, at least for some of the pupils.

This limitation of age reminds us of Germany, but in the matter of State recognition the Italian municipal schools are very much better off than the German higher girls' schools. The whole course of instruction is drawn up by the scholastic council of the municipality or of the State, according to circumstances; and the schools are placed under the same official inspection, and their yearly examinations are conducted by the same public authorities as those of the gymnasiums and lyceums. Indeed, the interest shown throughout by successive ministers of public instruction in improving the education of girls has been most encouraging, and has considerably smoothed the path to knowledge of women in regenerated Italy.

As regards the higher education, a society for its promotion was formed at Rome

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

in connection with the high school there on its establishment, and courses of lectures were accordingly given to ladies by the professors of the university. Some classes with a similar object were, about the same time, formed at Genoa. But these attempts were not long left, any more than the attempt to obtain secondary education was left, without aid and recognition from above. In 1876 a State decree formally opened to women the fifteen universities of Italy. Actually they were not closed before to those earnestly desirous of using them, and many exceptional women had used them in the past; but neither were they actually open in the sense of women having an equal right in them with men. In the year that the universities were opened a lady received a medical degree at Pisa, and two others are thought likely to distinguish themselves in the Faculty of Arts, one at Bologna and one at Turin.

The higher education of women is now as completely provided for as the higher education of men; but the secondary education of the fairer sex still needs improvement in order to render it equal to the secondary education of boys. This distinct uplifting of a university goal must, however, accelerate immensely the efforts to improve this education. Last year a movement was set on foot in Florence to provide for girls the same means of pursuing the studies preparatory to admission into the university which the State supplies by gymnasiums and lyceums for boys. We quote from the circular issued by the promoters of this excellent design:

> All those who have favored and promoted a higher education and instruction for women must rejoice that, whenever a larger field of education and instruction has been opened to them, Italian women of all classes have eagerly and confidently pressed into it. And the facts have corresponded to the hopes entertained, for each year a goodly number of excellently instructed pupils have issued from all the schools opened up to this time for the instruction of women. These admirable results convinced many of the possibility and expediency of imparting to women a larger and more solid culture than they had hitherto received; and, inspired by this conception, the Bonglic Regulations admitted them to the universities of the State, to pass through the course of studies required for the laureate,* and for matriculation in any of the faculties there taught. But, to arrive at the university, it is necessary to pass through the gymnasium and the lyceum; and, as yet, no gymnasiums or lyceums exist for women in Italy. . . . In order, therefore, that the Regulations should not remain a dead letter for most girls, a gymnasium first and then a lyceum should be opened for them, where they could go through the studies necessary for admission to the university.

Accordingly, the circular announced the opening of a gymnasium in Florence the following November, provided that twenty-five pupils were secured; and further, that on the application of ten families a lyceum should be opened in addition to the gymnasium. It was proposed that the necessary funds should be raised by shares.

But the history of the education of girls in Italy has not hitherto, as we have seen, been that of a painful struggle, against adverse circumstances, into existence; and now a law to establish gymnasiums for girls is under discussion, and will, no doubt, soon be passed. When this law is passed, the schools will be gradually established all over the country, and Italy may probably be the first of all civilized nations to obtain a completely organized system of education, from the elementary school to the university, perfectly fair to all classes and to both sexes alike. This would well befit the land on which the first rays of the Renaissance fell.

Mention has already been made of the consideration at all times shown to women by the Italian universities. No other country can boast so many early manifestations of liberality or gallantry, whichever it was; and pre-eminent among Italian universities stands Bologna. So long ago as 1209, the degree of doctor of laws was conferred on a lady whose name was Betisia Gozzadini; and other instances not quite so early occurred at Padua, Milan, Pavia, and elsewhere;* while at Bologna, in 1380, there was Maddalena Buonsignori, professor of laws. The last century is rich in distinguished Italian women at the universities. At Bologna, in 1733, Laura Bassi was professor of philosophy, Maria Gaetana Agnesi, professor of mathematics in 1750; and Clothilde Tambroni, professor of Greek in 1794. Then, about the middle of the century, there was an Anna Marandi Mazzolini, whose husband held the chair of anatomy. It happened that he fell ill, and she, being a loving wife, sought to supply him the place of his enfeebled powers. So she became an anatomist, and presently delivered his lectures for him from behind a curtain. She be-

* Doctorate.

* Medicine as a Profession for Women, by Sophia Jex Blake.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

came famous, and was offered a chair at Milan, which, however, she refused, and remained at Bologna till her death in 1774. Her anatomical models in wax are the pride of the Anatomical Museum at Bologna. During the next half-century several other women followed in her footsteps, of whom the most distinguished was Maria delle Donne, who received her degree at Bologna in 1806, and was afterwards appointed by Napoleon Bonaparte to the chair of midwifery in that university.

This will suffice to show what kind of spirit the advocates of the intellectual rights of women had to encounter in Italian universities, and agrees well with the readiness evinced by the State and the secular authorities in general to aid the new movement when it reached the Italian shores. Another story might be told of priestly opposition and adverse influence, but that was to have been expected.

In Austria, there exists at present a considerable movement for improving the education of girls, and in 1873 a powerful society was constituted, originating, we believe, in Gratz, with a view to found schools, and spread the principles which it adopted by organizing branch societies throughout the country. It was announced that the first object of the society was to save women from the pernicious influence of the prejudices and superstitions generally propounded under the guise of education; and the programme of studies in the new schools was to include the German language, history, modern literature, and the natural sciences. As a scheme of superior instruction, this does not so very much impress us, and we fear the previous state of things which it reveals was indeed sad; but the upward tendency at all is a great thing, and in its time is sure to have its full effect. A new lyceum was shortly afterwards opened at Gratz. Before this time, however, the University of Vienna had stamped the new movement with approval by admitting women to degrees and as students in its classes where the professors do not object. This was in March 1870. In 1873, there were four ladies as medical students, one of whom took the prize for an essay on "Operative Course in Surgery," and was pronounced by the professor to be one of the best operators in the class.

In Austria, therefore, as almost everywhere else, the professional difficulties of women are fairly solved, and the higher education is placed within their reach. It remains to make them generally capable of reaching it, by completing the reconstruction, already begun, of their secondary education.

In Holland, a State decree opened the examination of apothecaries to women in 1870. The universities have followed in due course; and in 1873 the first lady medical student in the Netherlands, Mlle. Jacobs, passed her examinations in physics and mathematics at the University of Gröningen. The cordon of university education has therefore been broken through in Holland also. Our nearest, and, as we are apt to suppose, slower-thinking blood-relations have actually surpassed us in celerity. With regard to the secondary education, it seems that in 1874 the Netherlands possessed forty-seven higher burgher schools for boys, receiving an imperial grant of over £15,000, whereas only seven of the larger cities had a higher burgher school for girls, these seven admitting them from the twelfth to the fifteenth year. Lately, however, a ministerial order has, we are told, been issued opening every gymnasium as well as every university to women, which bridges the gulf of secondary education in a very simple way.

In 1875 the University of Copenhagen opened to women all its classes and degrees except those of theology. It was expressly provided, indeed, that they should not be allowed to participate in the benefices and stipends set apart for the male students — a reservation which has an odd look of unfairness about it. Still, the admission is the chief thing, at any rate in the beginning. As regards secondary education, this also is going forward. An "association of women" at Copenhagen had been at work in promoting it for some years previous to this action of the university.

Sweden, like Italy, has for the last fifteen or sixteen years been industriously promoting the secondary education of its daughters, and during the last seven years, the privileges of the universities have been open to them. At Stockholm, a State seminary for the higher training of women teachers was founded in 1861, and a State normal school preparatory to the seminary in 1864. Courses of classes for girls giving a more advanced education than that of the ordinary schools, which in Sweden are exceptionally good, were instituted the following year; and there are now higher girls' schools similar to the normal school for girls in every large town, with the exception of those in the extreme

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

north, while Stockholm can boast of five and Upsala of three. These are all, however, private schools, and it has depended on individual effort to make them what they propose to be — a true preparation for university tests and studies.

In August, 1870, a State decree granted to women the right to matriculation and other examinations at the universities. The great Swedish University of Upsala throws open its doors freely, irrespective of class or sex, giving instruction gratuitously to all sorts and conditions of men and women who choose to come and take the gift. With the exception of divinity and law, women are admitted to all the examinations; and as regards the rules and customs of the university, women are exactly on the same footing as men.* Between the year 1871–73, four women passed the matriculation examination, and took their places as students in the university — two in the medical and two in the philosophical department. Even then there were two women who had passed the dentists' examination at Stockholm and were practising successfully, and three who had passed the surgeons' examination.

Before this university movement had opened up the medical profession to women, public opinion had been educated to the idea by the fact that the position and education of midwives was already better in Sweden than almost anywhere else. In 1697, a Dutch physician, Hoorn, who lived in Stockholm, proposed that some knowledge of their profession should be imparted to these women before they entered on it, and accordingly set about delivering lectures to them. After this the profession was from year to year made the subject of regulations. In 1771, the first lying-in hospital was erected, which henceforth afforded means of training to the midwives; and when in 1822 Professor Cederschiold was placed at its head, he reorganized everything, and put the lessons for female students on the same level as those for the male. All that he could do to elevate the position of the former he did, and by his representation he ultimately obtained for them the legal right of using obstetrical instruments, another month's study being required to gain the right. The possession of this qualification raises the midwife considerably, and those who have it are more regarded and better paid. Much trust is placed in them, and the physician is called upon only in exceptional cases. There were in 1873 one hundred and forty of these women practising in Stockholm, and in all probability the number has since increased. It is evident that the existence of so large a body of efficiently instructed and thoroughly trusted women leads naturally to the idea of the lady physician, who differs from them only by her wider professional knowledge and higher general culture.

It is not unworthy of mention that in Finland also the cry of women or of men for the higher education of women has gone up and been answered. An academy for this higher education was opened at Helsingfors three years ago, starting with ninety-one ladies as pupils. The curriculum includes, among other subjects, physiology, natural science, and mathematics.

On all sides the desire for a new state of things has issued in fruition, and the days of subjected intellects and stifled or wasted activities are numbered throughout the civilized world.

England, as we know, has not been idle all this while, but her slower methods have enabled her own colonies to outstrip her in liberality. It was not enough that she should be last of all civilized nations to give even to the most exceptional women such a simple recognition of their merit as a university degree; but England proper has tarried behind her dependencies. In the year 1875 there were in Canada, as in England, several lady physicians practising; but during that year a Canadian medical license was for the first time granted to a woman by the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Ontario.

Canada borders on the United States; but India is only subject in this matter to the ordinary influences of common sense, justice, and practical expediency. The great desirability of women physicians has been evident in India for some time past, and in 1875 the Madras Medical College was opened to women, a limited course of study being allowed, with a certificate of the degree of proficiency obtained, to those who did not desire to take the whole course and study for a degree. The ladies attend the courses of lectures with students of the opposite sex, except for some few lectures which it is thought more desirable to be delivered separately. This is a practical way of solving that mountain-of-a-molehill difficulty, medical coeducation. It is so easy to make satisfactory practical arrangements when once the importance of giving women medical education at all is perceived.

* See an article in *Macmillan's Magazine*, October 1877, by Professor Thorden.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Australia had taken up the education question with some vigor meanwhile, and in 1872 girls were admitted to the matriculation examinations at Melbourne University. Two young ladies presented themselves that year and passed. The numbers rose soon, and in December 1873 the successful girl candidates were nineteen in number, while at the previous examination the only two of all the candidates who passed in the first class were girls. Matriculation was not, however, allowed, though the senate had more than once urged upon the council the desirability of not keeping up the anomalous custom which prevails in England of granting a test without granting the usually accompanying privilege.

But to New Zealand University the real honor belongs of having been the first throughout the British Empire to admit a woman to its degrees. On July 31, 1877, the degree of bachelor of arts was conferred on Miss Edgar, a student of the Auckland college and grammar school.

In England the rapid forward movement of the education of girls cannot be dated much before the extension of the Cambridge local examinations to them. After a trial of this extension in 1863, it came formally into effect two years later. The College of Preceptors had, however, in the earlier days of 1860, admitted candidates from girls' schools to its examinations, and improvement up to a certain point must have been going on for some time previously to make the demand for these privileges as eager as it was. But without some such external aid, in presence of the general confusion of ideas on the subject, and the non-existence of any true models in the boys' schools, for the improvement of which these examinations had been organized, the tendency to improve could not have been so widely carried into effect. The peculiarity of English education is its entire irresponsibility: however ignorant the schoolmaster and the public may be, the State does not protect the latter from the former. Now this protective function, which the State fulfils in other countries, the universities have been trying to fulfil for us by local examinations; and whether constant external examining is in itself good or bad, it is quite certain to be better than absolute anarchy.

To the girls' schools the introduction of this regulative principle was the greater benefit, seeing that schoolmistresses had no university or equivalent traditions of their own to guide them, and seeing that the education of girls was so much lower, both actually and ideally, than that of boys. It was something that schoolmistresses who had perhaps scarcely heard of such a thing as mathematics should become acquainted, through university regulations, with that science or group of sciences as something to be taught. Slowly but surely new notions of a curriculum and a higher standard within it have filtered into the many obscure nooks and crannies of the female educational world. Year by year the number of girl candidates has swollen, and the quality of their work has improved.

Cambridge having led the way in giving this important helping hand both to those who wanted help and those who wanted light, Oxford followed in 1869, four years later, during which year also the London University and the Cambridge higher local examinations for women were instituted. Oxford has now its higher local scheme also, and a joint-board examination of the two elder universities has been organized within the last few years and extended to girls. Edinburgh was as early as 1865 in instituting its local examinations, and the two Irish universities looked on for five years, and began respectively their examinations for girls and women in 1870. And last year St. Andrew's University announced itself ready to grant a higher certificate to women, the standard of attainment being the same as that required for the M.A. degree. It has since been decided that the successful candidates are to be allowed to adorn themselves with the title of literate of arts (L.A.). How dearly does the British mind love to keep up distinctions of sex in matters to which sex is quite irrelevant! So far as we know, degree certificates and equivalent titles are wholly indigenous to British soil.

So much for the action of the universities in promoting ideas of improved secondary education. On the other hand, we have the solid work done in establishing good girls' schools and other means of education. The Women's Education Union, which was founded in 1872, publishes a list of "colleges, schools, lectures, and other means of education for women and girls in the United Kingdom." From this we cite a few facts.

There are now eighteen endowed schools for girls, six of which are in London. The scheme for the first of these, the North London Collegiate and Camden Schools, founded as a private school in 1850, and now numbering between the two schools about one thousand pupils, became law in 1875. Latin is taught in

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

nine of these endowed schools, mathematics in ten, natural science in fifteen, political economy in five, domestic economy in fourteen, physiology in ten, Greek in one, moral philosophy in one, the usual girls' subjects holding, of course, their accustomed place.

Next we find twelve schools of the Girls' Public Day-Schools Company, the first of which was opened at Chelsea in January, 1873. The curriculum includes in the schools generally Latin, physical science, and mathematics.

Besides these, there are 26 other high schools, in 20 of which Latin and mathematics are taught, natural science in 18, political economy in 7, physiology in 4, logic in 2, and Greek in 4.

This makes a total of 56, to which we have to add the numerous private schools, many of which have adopted the new kind of curriculum, and send in their pupils for testing at the local examinations.

Then for colleges we have Girton College and Newnham Hall with their Cambridge courses; also a college at Bristol, three in London, and two in Dublin. These have the usual curriculum, including classics, natural science, and mathematics, taught up to the level of the student's previous attainments. Among them, Queen's College and Bedford College in London deserve special honor as products, and successful products, of the earliest efforts to procure for girls a higher education. Besides these, the public lectures of twenty-six professors of the University of Cambridge, and, in University College, London, the classes of jurisprudence, Roman law, political economy, geology, logic, and mental science, higher senior mathematics, and mathematical physics, are open to women. This last-mentioned class at present consists of five professors, five young men, and five young women; and at the end of the last session, 1876–77, the only young lady which the senior mathematical class could boast carried off the prize far above the heads of her male competitors; nor was this the first instance by several in which lady students had been guilty of similar unkindnesses. In addition to these mixed classes, which solve the higher education difficulty in the readiest and most economical way, we have the lectures of the Ladies' Educational Association in connection with University College and delivered by its professors, the lectures and classes of the Society for the Extension of University Teaching in London, the lectures of the Cambridge Association for Promoting the Higher Education of Women, the lectures of the Edinburgh Ladies' Educational Association, and lectures in connection with Alexandra College by professors of Trinity College, Dublin.

For those who cannot avail themselves of any of these means of instruction, and yet desire to get rid of the inheritance of ignorance left them by their early education, a system of instruction by correspondence has been organized at Cambridge, and more lately at Edinburgh, by means of which help and guidance are extended far and wide to earnest women struggling into light. A story is told of a lady in some remote corner of Scotland, who, bitterly oppressed with the sense of her own deficiency in arithmetical knowledge, went to a schoolmaster in the neighborhood and prevailed on him to let her stand, slate in hand, in the class with his boys till the mysteries of vulgar fractions became plain. To such women the correspondence system is an inestimable boon; and it speaks well for the thoroughness of this education reform that some such means should have been devised for aiding the victims of past mistake, though we shall certainly be glad when it is no longer possible for women in remote corners of Scotland or anywhere else to find themselves so sadly in need of aid from afar. That section of the community which desires a new state of things is indeed leaving no stone unturned to bring it about, and the stir of thought in the vast mass of thoughtlessness on this subject is felt everywhere. "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."

The improved secondary education of girls is certainly growing steadily in England, and converting public opinion to approve of it in its growth; but much still remains to be done in widening the area of its action. The higher education is comparatively better off, by which we mean that it is about as well provided for as the state of public opinion requires. The supply is equal to the demand, and the demand has to be increased by education on the secondary plane, and by the direct encouragement of the established universities. In October 1868 the college for women was opened at Hitchin, which has since been removed to Girton, three miles from Cambridge. Meanwhile, in 1870, Newnham Hall was opened in Cambridge. Both these colleges are taught by professors from Cambridge University, and both are full. But what distinguishes

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

these two from all other ladies' colleges is the fact that the papers set for the previous and degree examinations at Cambridge are sent down to Girton and Newnham half an hour after they are given out in the senate-house, and the merits of the girls' answers are pronounced upon by some of the examiners, after which degree certificates are given to the successful candidates, stating in each case which class the owner would be in if she did not happen to be a woman.

There is no use in quarrelling with one's bread and butter, and Girton students are duly grateful for their degree certificates. Still, looking at the concession from a little distance, the effect is slightly ludicrous. Is it that the idea of a mere certificate has in it something of an antidote to the unsexing influence of university distinction? or has it some kind of charm to prevent the overtaxing of feminine minds with masculine study? Is it necessary to devise some such expedient for keeping women in their proper place, seeing that they *will* be educated? or would it be too much for the feelings of the poor young men to place them absolutely in competition with the fairer, and, we are told, sometimes more industrious sex? But, in truth, we suppose the real cause of these curious devices may be found in the extraordinary difficulty which the English mind has in conceiving anything quite different from that to which it has always been accustomed. The English political system has grown up by a slow process of patchwork, and perhaps Teutonic islanders cannot at present, by their mental constitution, grant educational privileges to women except after a similar fashion. But we hope the patchwork is in this instance nearly complete, and that, after a very little more of the present tentative course, Girton and Newnham will be regularly affiliated to the University of Cambridge. When that is done, the demand for higher education will rise rapidly.

A proposal for an Oxford Girton has been lately talked about, and, as extending the new ideas to a slightly different section of the community, we hope it will soon be carried out, and have as much success as the sister project at Cambridge. By the affiliation of such a college, in due time Oxford too, most conservative of universities, may be induced to extend its full privileges to women.

In Ireland the movement for improving the education of girls was early taken up, but the comparative poverty of Ireland makes the lack of endowments a very serious difficulty. In the year 1861 the Queen's Institute in Dublin was founded. This valuable society combines, with the Institute for Technical Instruction, a college for the education of women, which supplies the examinations of Dublin and the Queen's Universities with many of their best candidates. Alexandra College, modelled after Queen's College, London, was established in 1866, and has now a school in connection with it. Its classes are taught by professors from the university, within the walls of which the will to aid the higher education of women is not wanting. Last year a number of the Trinity College students called together a meeting, which was presided over by the provost, "for the purpose of expressing sympathy with Alexandra College as an institution which is proving effective in promoting the higher education of women." The spirit which this little fact reveals is so pleasant, that we have thought it worth while to state it here. We hardly think that the large number of gallant young Irishmen who attended this meeting would so particularly object to the society of young ladies in their lecture and examination halls, or even at the private lessons of an "honor grinder." Alexandra College is not the equivalent of Girton. Ireland is poor, and has much to do for the secondary education of her girls; she must provide for their higher education in the most economical way. And the most economical way is the American way, and the way of all the civilized world except in these our islands, of granting the privileges of the existing universities to daughters as well as sons. Questions of residence would be so easily arranged that they are scarcely worthy of mention. We have faith in Celtic elasticity of thought and practical capacity for leaping over obstacles, and hope that the university which first acknowledged the principle of justice between creed and creed will not delay long in administering justice between sex and sex.

But naturally the younger Irish university will be the first to do this. The Queen's University has, as a university, declared its willingness to grant medical degrees to women; but the colleges have not consented to give the appropriate education, without which the university cannot move. This is a pity, but it is hardly likely that the colleges, under such circumstances, will long harden their hearts; and certainly if they consent to give med-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

ical instruction, they can have no difficulty about giving any other, which indeed they might perhaps consent to give first.

But with respect to secondary education, the want of funds stops the improvement sadly. In 1873 a memorial was presented to the government then in office from the Queen's Institute, Dublin, the Belfast Ladies Institute, and the National Union for Improving the Education of Women of all Classes, asking for a royal commission to inquire into the state of education in Ireland, including that of girls, and for the admission of girls to a fair share in the surplus revenues of the disestablished Church. This is a fair request; wherever there is money to be disposed of for educational purposes, it is only just that girls should have the benefit of some of it. And the simplest and most economical way of aiding the secondary education of both sexes is to establish mixed schools for both. Why should not some of the surplus revenues be so expended? Perhaps British mixed education on a large scale may first appear in the west. British medical diplomas have, at any rate. The College of Physicians in Dublin has gained that honor for the western island, and during the past year the ladies who obtained their education in Edinburgh have, after many trials, received their diplomas in Dublin.

The story of the ladies' attempt to gain entrance in Edinburgh, and its ultimate failure, is too well known to need more than mention here. The universities of St. Andrew's and Glasgow, one of which has just instituted, and the other is considering, a system of higher examinations for women, may now be before their sister of the metropolis in granting full educational privileges to women; but we hope that Edinburgh University will not be long in recovering the character for liberality and nationality which she has temporarily lost. The educational movement is earnest in Scotland, and as this brings Scotch women in numbers up to the level of requiring professional privileges, the leading Scotch university will no doubt turn from its suddenly perverted ways and repent. The economical advantages of mixed education in the universities is not likely to remain long unappreciated by Scotch common sense. As for the secondary education, the local examinations of the University of Edinburgh have done good work in improving it, but the want of endowments presses very hardly in Scotland as elsewhere.

Medical education for women has long been a difficulty in England — a difficulty of which, however, last year saw the solution. In 1864 the Female Medical Society was established; and in 1866 a hospital for women, with women as physicians, was opened. Between 1869 and 1874, the matter was pending in Edinburgh; but the closure of the doors of that university, which the rejection of Mr. Cowper Temple's bill in 1875 made definitely effective, caused all the chief energy of the effort to be transferred to London. In 1874, a medical school for women was organized, and an excellent staff of teachers secured. But the regulations of the examining bodies require that medical students should attend for at least two or three years at a hospital which in London must contain not less than one hundred beds. This condition is fulfilled by thirteen hospitals only, and at none of these could female students gain admission; so that, even if the examining bodies had recognized the school, it was unable to comply with their requirements. Laboring under this double difficulty, matters looked dark for the Female Medical School. But the Gordian knot is now cut. The Royal Free Hospital is open to women, the Irish College of Physicians has given its diplomas, and the University of London has promised its degrees. The difficulties of medical women, it seems, are finally overcome; and not only finally but peacefully, for with a separate school wholly their own, and a purely examining university to deal with, the danger of shocking the nerves of the stronger sex ought certainly to be reduced very nearly to the vanishing point.

The question still in the balance at London University is that which bears so closely on the advance of the higher education of women, namely, their admission to equal rights and privileges with men in the matter of degrees generally. On this, our rulers in Parliament will have to decide when the new charter is applied for, and in the acceptance of that charter, if granted, convocation will have power as well as voice. We do not indeed fear that convocation, when the sacredness of its favorite medical degrees is gone, will care to preserve intact the sacredness of the others. The graduates of medicine, at least, will hardly act so as to imply that, among the manifold degrees of the University of London, this one of medicine, and it only, is within the capacity of the weaker sex; and the arts and science graduates have not such weighty profes-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

sional and other reasons as the medical graduates have for violent resistance to the invasion of their premises.

The programmes of the women's examinations being already assimilated to the regular university examinations, the only conceivable reason that can be assigned against the opening of these arts and science degrees is that they may and probably will act as a more powerful stimulus to mental exertion, and that in this, women being intellectually and physically less than men, lies a great evil.

We do not believe this assumption as a necessary fact; but that question need not be discussed here. What if the average woman is capable of less mental work than the average man? It still remains indisputable that many women are capable of much more than many men, and that the strong women run less risk of overtaxed brains than the weak men. There are women with nerves of iron, and men with nerves of flax: what sort of classification is that which shuts out the one from the higher goals of intellectual effort, and tempts the ambition of the other by them? Have there been cases of eager girls in England or America who marred their health by overwork? Have there never been cases of overworked young men? Have we never heard of the worn appearance of high wranglers and other prizemen,— of energies (male energies) slackened for life because of one great strain,— of Cambridge parlance about senior wranglers killing so many men who tried to keep up with them,—of brain fevers and deaths among too zealous male students,—of things that would give rise to fifty Dr. Clarkes if only they happened to girls? Are we to be told, because here and there a girl, who escapes control, has the folly and the wickedness (for it is a wickedness) to work herself into a weak state of health, that therefore the goals of a higher education must be withheld from all stronger, or cleverer, or more sensible young women also? Why do we not shut up our senate halls altogether, and forbid at once the competition of talent because it has had its sad number of young men victims? Let us be consistent, and visit the sins of the few upon the many all round or not at all.

It will be well, indeed, when one's duty to one's own physical organization is as well understood at Oxford and Cambridge as it is in the new English girls' schools. Meanwhile the universities of the British isles might consider the advisability of passing a by-law requiring candidates for all degree examinations to undergo a medical examination as guarantee that they had not wickedly offended in the matter of overwork. But, till there is some State or university regulation to prevent the weaker of young men from working for university laurels because they may have the folly to overwork, such paternal arrangements for the weak and strong alike among women are surely very much out of place. Let those among them who can easily (an undoubted number) have their chance, and leave the common sense of English women and men to take care of the rest. Women know very well (better than men, perhaps, so much have they been scolded about it) that "there are twelve hours in the day in which men can work;" and the slower laborers must do their work, not by increasing the number of hours, but by increasing the number of days.

And the women, upon whom most depends, have shown themselves quite able as well as willing to deal satisfactorily with this question of temperance in work. In the principal girls' schools, every pupil has a home time-table on which the amount of time given to each lesson is prescribed, and the parents or guardians are responsible, as part of the school agreement, to see that this time-table is not exceeded. In one school, the largest and most important, a further guarantee has been adopted: each girl brings in every morning on a printed form an account of her home-work, signed by herself, stating when she began her lessons, when finished them, and the total time occupied, the maximum allowed to the elder girls being three hours. Long hours and late hours are thus at once detected, and every one's attention, which is perhaps the most important point, is drawn to the truth that health is a sacred trust to be guarded by this one definite measure, among others, of temperance in the expenditure of nervous force. Trained in this way, and with some knowledge of physiological laws, the young women of the future will not be likely to forget duty to their bodies in fulfilling duty to their minds.

Surely, then, there is no true reason in this health argument to justify us in holding up a lower grade of education for women than for men, or in giving up to a certain point the same standard shorn of the honors naturally accompanying it, lest the attainability of the latter should goad weak brains to mad efforts. As for femi-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

nine inferiority of intellect, whether necessary, contingent, or imaginary, it does not affect this matter in the least. If the *kind* of education for which London University degrees are organized be equally suitable to girls and to boys, and if humanity can or must (surely it must) be trusted to take care of its health as a private undertaking, then the smallness or the greatness of the number of women capable of distinguishing themselves has no importance as bearing practically on what ought to be done. Let young women be tested by the same ordeal as young men, and accept the natural position in the scale of excellence to which that ordeal assigns them. Whether it will be a high place or a low place cannot be absolutely known till the experiment has been fully tried. Only it is worth while to remember that, whenever and in so far as the experiment has been tried elsewhere, women have not found themselves in the lowest rank.

But *cui bono?* we have heard it said. London University does not give instruction which is the solid good; what benefit can it do women to have the degrees which bear no professional significance?

Have the degrees of London University no general educational bearing, then? Are they not, as they profess by implication to be, an important adjunct to the higher education of boys; and would they not be just such an equally important adjunct to the higher education of girls? In fact, the attainability of these university honors would create a new demand for higher education among women, the existence of which demand is indeed the only condition at present necessary for its being supplied. The means of supply, as we have seen, are at hand, capable of development up to any required point; but a certain sufficient demand is necessary to effect this development. Now a demand for higher education depends largely, first, on good secondary education, and secondly, in the undeveloped state of English thought as to the value of education *per se*, on the existence of some goal of endeavor of sufficient effectiveness on the imagination. The satisfaction of this second need is, from an educational point of view, the *raison d'être* of the University of London, and the boon which it can confer on girls educationally. And girls need it even more than boys; for if English thought is undeveloped on the subject of education generally, much more is it embryonic as concerns the education of women.

The public mind never needed the instruction as to the value of certain ends which an examining university can give more sorely than it needs instruction on this point, and the concession of the privileges in question would be this instruction. The admission of women to the degrees in London would affect people as a sort of national resolve that the kind and degree of education thereby encouraged was to be adopted as a national end; for the action of the universities in England is, as regards general education, almost parallel to the action of the State in Continental countries. Nor would the results of this admission be limited to accustoming the public mind to, and therefore creating a demand for, the higher education of women; a high external goal would be set up as a mark of effort for the whole feminine education of the country, the tone of which throughout must inevitably be affected by the attainability of these higher privileges.

Again, it often happens that girls who learn chemistry and conic sections at school are treated as small phœnixes by their friends, these not being accustomed to the association of such subjects with girls, and foolish vanity may sometimes result. Now the elevation of the ideal fixed on as the honorable termination of an educational career will certainly have a bracing moral effect where this state of things exists. Girls *and their parents* will realize mental insignificance in the light of this their final goal of effort more than they do at present in the light of lower goals, just as now they certainly have as individuals a much truer idea of their position in the scale of intellect than in former days, when every woman had actually the right to think herself the equal of every other and of every man, just because she never had any means of knowing better. Education produces humility, especially when its subject knows distinctly that there is a higher plane of education which it may attain if it has the ability. Competition produces humility, especially when the competition is not limited to a class or to a sex. How well it would be for the friends and relations of some women if these had found themselves among the failures in early womanhood!

But there is another kind of woman, clever, well-educated, and often naturally unassuming, to whom it is a severe injustice that she should be unable to obtain that full recognition of her talent which a university degree implies. Without it she

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

is placed at a disadvantage with many a mental inferior who flourishes an honored title after his name: she needs, indeed, to be possessed of a fair measure of self-confidence to keep uppermost even in her own mind and act upon their relative intellectual merits; whereas any such simple fact as having taken a scholarship which he failed to take would make matters rather easier. The absence in these cases of any common measure, however imperfect, is indeed no imaginary grievance, but a real practical inconvenience where competition for an appointment occurs, and a special trial to those more yielding spirits who cannot assert, and can scarcely believe, what they have not been allowed to prove. Who knows how much the world may have lost by the non-belief in themselves of such?

One word more and we have done. The question at issue stands quite apart from that of the goodness or badness of our whole examination-regulated educational system. It may be that we are ripening towards a thorough reconstruction of this system. It is said that, as the examination test, pure and simple, is bad, we had better not extend it. But the examination test is one means towards an end, and at least better than none. Till some other means is found this means should be extended on all sides equally, so that the education it fosters may grow up equally for boys and for girls. Then, if reconstruction does come about, it will find, and therefore make, no difference between the sexes. Meanwhile, if we believe in our present system, we must admit both halves of the nation into it. If we regard it as experimental and temporary, we must apply our experiments consistently. And that we are in a fair way to do this there can happily now be little doubt. We look forward to the day when the University of London will fulfil its function of guide and judge impartially, when Oxford and Cambridge will have colleges for women affiliated to them, and when the universities of Scotland and Ireland will have taken the simpler and more economical way of merely abolishing nouns and pronouns of gender so far as education is concerned. The nouns and pronouns of gender have their origin far too deep down in human nature for us to fear any disastrous result.

Old Names and Customs. — As they went through London or elsewhere it was very instructive to ask always what was the meaning of the name of the place where they happened to be; he (Dean Stanley) always did. To take the place where they were at that moment — John Street, Adelphi, Strand. What did that mean? Some of them, of course, knew. Any one knowing Greek knew that Adelphi meant brothers; but why was it called "brothers"? It was because there were four brothers named Adam, who came from Kirkcaldy. These brothers were great architects, and they determined to rescue the part of London where they were at that moment from the mud of the Thames; they were, in fact, the founders of the Embankment. They were named Robert, William, James, and John, and those streets were called after them, and would continue a memorial of their energy and how they kept together by their strong brotherly affection. As they went along the Strand and looked at the names of the streets from side to side, it revealed to them at once the connection of all the great English families; the streets, as they now are, being called after the names of the ancient nobility who lived there. The names of the streets recalled the history of England. There were two things which ought to be preserved as much as possible in London — the names of streets and, if possible, the few remains there were of ancient architecture. In the city there were, he knew, great difficulties as to the last; but, with regard to the old churches which were being pulled down, he would say, "at any rate save the towers." Another piece of advice which he would give them in the art of questioning was as to the days — to try and fix in their minds what had happened on a particular day. That day, for instance, was the 17th of November, and had they been passing by Westminster at twelve o'clock they might have been surprised to hear the bells of Westminster Abbey pealing. It was the only day on which the bells of the Abbey rang to record any past event, and they were merrily pealing that day, as it was the day of the accession of Queen Elizabeth. From that day the history of England turned over a new leaf; she began that course of continual, steady advance which has never since passed away.

Dean Stanley at the Society of Arts.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume XXI. | No. 1762.—March 23, 1878. | From Beginning, Vol. CXXXVI.

CONTENTS.

I. PRECIOUS STONES, ... *British Quarterly Review*, . . 707
II. MACLEOD OF DARE. By William Black. Part V., ... *Advance Sheets*, ... 721
III. QUEVEDO, ... *Gentleman's Magazine*, . . 736
IV. WITHIN THE PRECINCTS. By Mrs. Oliphant. Part IV., ... *Advance Sheets*, ... 746
V. THE TELEPHONE, ... *Westminster Review*, . . . 761

POETRY.

"STILL IST DIE NACHT, ES RUH'N DIE GASSEN," 706
"FEY," 706

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

"FEY."

I'm no way "superstitious," as the parson called our Mat,
When he'd none sail with the herring fleet, 'cause he met old Susie's cat.
There's none can say I heeded, though a hare has crossed my road,
Nor burnt my nets as venomed, where a woman's foot had trod.

And though it's mebby wisest to hearken when they tell,
The sea-maids shriek their warning, from the reef beside the bell;
Seeing I reckon one hears them, when the wind has a northerly set,
And at the lip of the Nab out there, the breakers rouse and fret;

Still I'm no way superstitious, but this I allis say,
You may get the coffin ready, when a doomed man is fey.
Aye laugh, and call it folly, I see you glance aside,
Wait a bit until I tell you how poor Jem Dobson died.

We were mates, but he was master, and a cautious man was he,
Forever studying at the glass, and watching sky and sea,
I'se sure it ofens put me about, when the fish were as rank as ought,
And he'd none sail, for "the wind was shy," or "the clouds were raffled," he thought.

One day, an April morning, it was blowing east-nor'-east,
The call of the surf was on the Scar, the billows frothed like yeast;
Great foam-flakes rested on the sand, and the hollow, sullen roar
Rose in the offing loud enow to bid us keep ashore.

Guess how the boldest among us stared, when Jem came swinging down,
And bade me help to launch the "Rose," with an oath, and with a frown.
I was loath, but young and foolish, and shrank like from a sneer:
There's naught a frightened lad won't do, to prove he has no fear.

There were plenty spoke to stop him, but he'd nor hear nor heed,
But sorted gear, and hauled up sail, all in a strange, dumb speed;
I tell you my heart leapt fit to burst, as we shot out in the bay,
For I met poor Jem's wild, wandering eyes, and I knew the man was fey.

I said when I durst, "There's mischief there," and I nodded where, right ahead,
The black squall lay on the water, the foe we mariners dread;
But he scarcely shifted the helm a point, as his eye o'er the distance ran,
But laughed and said, "The breeze is like to wait for a sure-doomed man."

Doomed, aye, for the squall burst on us, and he turned her broadside-to,
I sprang to the helm, but over late, the stout sheet strained and flew;
And as the "Rose" heeled over, and the seas broke fierce and grim,
I heard Jem saying quietly, "Poor lad, it's hard on him."

Sam Lacy told me afterwards — he steered the lifeboat then —
And their work was set to save me, those strong, seafaring men,
Jem just threw up his hands to heaven, and with never a cry or call,
Went down to the death he was bound to die, in the very face of them all.

So, though no way superstitious, I neither jest nor sneer,
When old wives talk of omens and signs, they reckon should guide us here;
For it's little we know of the world beyond, and I cannot forget the day,
When I so nigh touched hands with Death, and poor old Jem was fey.

All The Year Round.

"STILL IST DIE NACHT, ES RUH'N DIE GASSEN."

Still is the night, and the streets are lone,
My darling dwelt in this house of yore;
'Tis years since she from the city has flown,
Yet the house stands there as it did before.

There, too, stands a man, and aloft stares he,
And for stress of anguish he wrings his hands;
My blood runs cold when his face I see,
'Tis my own very self in the moonlight stands.

Thou double! Thou fetch, with the livid face!
Why dost thou mimic my lovelorn mould,
That was racked and rent in this very place
So many a night in the times of old?

Blackwood's Magazine. HEINE.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

From The British Quarterly Review.

PRECIOUS STONES.*

A CERTAIN Chinese mandarin, who delighted in covering his richly-dressed person with precious stones, was one day accosted in the streets of Pekin by an old bonze, who, bowing very low, thanked him for his jewels. "What does the man mean?" cried the mandarin. "I never gave thee any of my jewels." "No," replied the other; "but you let me look at them, and that is all the use you can make of them yourself; so there is no difference between us, except that you have the trouble of watching them, and that is an employment I do not want." This little anecdote will probably commend itself to the majority of our readers, as it is the few only that possess any quantity of precious stones, and most of us have to be contented with the sight of them in the possession of others.

The objects we are about to describe are known by three names, which are often unnecessarily confused together. The expression "a precious stone" explains itself, and includes both the raw material and the artistic product, for every gem is a precious stone, but every precious stone is not necessarily a gem. The term "a gem" is conventionally applied to an engraved stone, and the value of the gem in general depends more upon the artistic skill of the engraver than upon the preciousness of the material in which it is displayed. A jewel is a precious stone set in some ornamental form, as a ring or brooch, but oftentimes it is merely a specimen of ornamental work in some precious metal. We intend chiefly to confine ourselves to the consideration of the simple stones, because a history of gems is more intimately connected with the early history of art. It will, however, be necessary to notice incidentally the engraving, as well as the substance upon which it is exhibited.

The books noticed at the head of this article are all of considerable value, and we shall have frequent occasion to refer to each of them in the following pages. Mr. King has made himself so well known, by the thoroughness of his books, as one of the first authorities on this subject, that it is needless to criticise them here. The practical knowledge of the dealer in precious stones is exhibited in Mr. Emanuel's volume, which contains a large amount of valuable and interesting information in a small compass; and Dr. Billing, with the elegant taste of a true connoisseur, has produced a work in which science and art are admirably united and exhibited in the beauty of its appearance and the trustworthiness of its contents. A special feature of his "Science of Gems" is the biography of Pistrucci, chief engraver to the mint, which contains a most interesting portraiture of that great artist.

Precious stones are now as highly esteemed as ever for their beauty, but the awe in which they were once held for the qualities that superstition attached to them has long been a tale of the past. Besides the superstitious notions that were once prevalent, those habits of association which even now are not quite dead must not be forgotten. Pope Innocent III. sent four rings to King John of England, each of which contained a different colored stone, viz., the emerald, the sapphire, the garnet, and the topaz, as emblematical of the cardinal virtues — faith, hope, charity, and good works — much neglected by the English sovereign. Twelve has been a favorite number for the arrangement of precious stones, apparently in connection with the twelve stones on the breastplate of the Jewish high-priest. Thus, certain stones are appropriated to the twelve apostles, and others, again, to the twelve months. The practice of adopting the stone of the wearer's birth-month in a ring still exists among the Germans.

The Bible contains three lists of precious stones, besides those mentioned

* 1. *Antique Gems: their Origin, Uses, and Value, as Interpreters of Ancient History, and as Illustrative of Ancient Art.* By C. W. KING, M.A. 1860.

2. *The Natural History, Ancient and Modern, of Precious Stones and Gems, and of the Precious Metals.* By C. W. KING, M.A. 1865.

3. *The Handbook of Engraved Gems.* By C. W. KING, M.A. 1866.

4. *Diamonds and Precious Stones: their History, Value, and Distinguishing Characteristics.* By HARRY EMANUEL, F.G.S. 1865.

5. *The Science of Gems, Jewels, Coins, and Medals, Ancient and Modern.* By ARCHIBALD BILLING, M.D., A.M., F.R.S. New Edition. London. 1875.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

separately in various parts of the sacred volume. 1. The description of the four rows of three stones each, with the names of the children of Israel engraved upon them, which composed the breastplate of judgment (Exod. xxviii. 17–21; xxxix. 10–14). 2. The list of the ornaments of the king of Tyre, comprising nine stones, viz., sardius, topaz, diamond, beryl, onyx, jasper, sapphire, emerald, and carbuncle (Ezek. xxviii. 13). 3. The Apocalyptic vision of the heavenly Jerusalem, in which the twelve stones named jasper, sapphire, chalcedony, emerald, sardonyx, sardius, chrysolite, beryl, topaz, chrysoprasus, jacinth, and amethyst, figure as the foundations of the heavenly city (Rev. xxi. 19–21).

There has been considerable confusion in the translation of the names of some of these stones, and the authorized version is often incorrect. Thus, there is every reason to believe that the diamond was confounded with the white sapphire or corundum. Chrysolite was the same as our oriental topaz, and the topazion was the peridot, a yellowish-green stone. Mr. Emanuel devotes a chapter of his book to a full account of the stones in the breastplate of the high-priest, with a table of the names used in the several translations from the original Hebrew. Mr. King makes the startling remark that as no lapse of time produces any sensible effect upon engraved gems, these venerable relics must still be in existence; and suggests that when the dark recesses of the sultan's treasury are rummaged by the Russian heir of the sick man, these stones may emerge from oblivion, to delight the eyes of the archæologist and the theologian.

The twelve precious stones mentioned in St. John's vision are not arranged in the order of those on the breastplate, but according to their shades of color; and here and elsewhere the writer of the book of Revelation exhibits an intimate acquaintance with the colors and qualities of jewels. Gems and precious stones have been offered to the gods from the earliest times, and these valuable objects were to be seen in the ancient temples, arranged with the greatest profusion. The contents of the treasury of the Parthenon are enumerated in Boeckh's "Inscriptions," but the Greek temples seem poor when compared with the shrines of imperial Rome. These articles of jewellery were not always safe from the depredations of covetous hands; and Zosimus ascribes the tragic death of Serena, the widow of the great general Stilicho, who was strangled by order of the wretched Honorius, to the vengeance of the goddess Vesta, whose statue she had robbed of a valuable necklace of precious stones. This practice of devoting gems to the adornment of shrines was continued by the Roman Catholic Church. The shrine of Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey, constructed by Henry III., was rich in the possession of cameos, one of which was valued in that day at the enormous sum of £200. The shrine of Loretto was excessively rich, and that of our Lady at Walsingham almost rivalled it in the abundance of its treasures; but two of the most magnificent collections were preserved at the shrine of the Three Kings of Cologne, and in the Abbey of St. Denis. However sacred these sanctuaries might be held, their keepers had need to be upon their guard, in order to save the jewels from passing into dishonest hands. One of the monks or canons attached to a religious house was usually the shrine-keeper. It was his duty to watch night and day, and "a watching chamber" was constructed for him near the shrine. On extraordinary occasions the Canterbury shrine was guarded by a troop of fierce dogs, and Dalmatian dogs were till lately the shrine-keepers at the Church of St. Anthony at Padua. Valery tells the story of a servant who, absorbed in prayer before the shrine, did not observe the closing of the church doors. He was, however, brought back to recollection by two dogs, who placed themselves one on either side of him, and would not allow him to stir until the morning. One case is recorded of an apparent worshipper, who, seeming to kiss the jewels on a certain shrine, managed to detach some and carry them off in her mouth. In a large number of instances, however, the guardians of the shrines have taken the precaution to substitute paste for the true stones, and the blaze of jewels that worshippers look

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

at with wondering eyes is due merely to glass.

The regalia of great monarchs are among the most interesting objects which are associated with precious stones, and many of them contain some gem of historical renown. One of the principal ornaments of the crown of Charlemagne was a lustrous emerald, and the Russian, Saxon, and papal crowns all contain emeralds of wonderful beauty and of large size. The treasury of the Vatican includes seven or eight tiaras, the last of which was given by the late queen of Spain, in 1855. It weighs only three pounds, and cost £12,000. Napoleon I. had one made for Pius VII, after the Concordat, the three crowns of which are all different (those on Queen Isabella's tiara are alike). It weighs eight pounds, and cost £8,800.

The iron crown of Lombardy was originally all gold, but Theodolinda, queen of the Lombards, put an iron ring inside to make it stronger, and the legend runs that this ring was constructed out of one of the nails of the true cross, given by Pope Gregory the Great. Theodolinda espoused Agilulf, general of her troops, who was baptized by the name of Paul, and crowned with this crown in the month of May, A.D. 591. It consists (this thirteen hundred years old crown) of a broad circle composed of six equal pieces of beaten gold joined together by close hinges, and set with large rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, on a ground of blue and gold enamel. It is considered a permanent miracle that there is not a speck of rust upon the iron. It was used by Napoleon when he was crowned king of Italy at Milan, on the 23d of May, 1805. He placed it on his head, with the words, "*Dieu me l'a donné, gare à qui la touche*," the motto attached to it by its ancient owners. After his coronation, Napoleon instituted a new order of knighthood for Italy, called the *Iron Crown*, similar to the Legion of Honor.

The queen's state crown, preserved in the Tower of London, was made in the year 1838 by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, with jewels taken from old crowns. It contains three thousand and ninety-three precious stones, which are summarized as follows by Professor Tennant: one large ruby, irregularly polished; one large broad-spread sapphire; sixteen sapphires; eleven emeralds; four rubies; thirteen hundred and sixty-three brilliant diamonds; twelve hundred and seventy-three rose diamonds; one hundred and forty-seven table diamonds; four drop-shaped pearls; two hundred and seventy-three pearls.

The first item in this list is the famous ruby said to have been given to the Black Prince by Don Pedro, king of Castile, after the battle of Najara, A.D. 1367, and afterwards worn in his helmet by Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt, A.D. 1415. It is pierced quite through, after the Eastern manner, and the upper part of the piercing is filled up with a small ruby.

The office of master of the jewel-house was originally one of great honor and emolument, but its consequence was gradually much reduced, and one of the first blows given to it was by the first Duke of Buckingham, of the Villiers family. It was the duty of the master to keep the royal plate and crowns, but Sir H. Mildmay, the holder of the office in James I.'s reign, was professedly ignorant of jewels, so his enemy Buckingham prevailed on the king to make all his presents to ambassadors in jewels, and not in plate, as previously, and then to send them by the master of the ceremonies.

Kings did not confine the exhibition of their treasures to their crowns, but ornamented nearly everything that appertained to them with jewels. Harold's standard, which William the Conqueror sent to the pope, was "sumptuously embroidered with gold and precious stones in the form of a man fighting;" but we must go to the East to see the extreme of profuseness with which jewels may be exhibited by great kings. Tavernier, the French traveller and jewel-merchant, gives a most gorgeous account of the treasures of the Great Mogul; and Dinglinger, the German Benvenuto Cellini, constructed a remarkable representation of the court of Aurungzebe, on his suggestion, which is now in the Green Vaults at Dresden. Tavernier saw seven thrones, some of which were set over with diamonds, and others with rubies, emeralds and pearls. On one he counted about one hundred and

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

eight pale rubies (the least weighing one hundred carats, and some as much as two hundred), and about one hundred and sixty emeralds. The canopy was embroidered with pearls and diamonds, and had a fringe of pearls round about. Everything used by the emperor was covered with precious stones. The bridles of the horses were enriched with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls. The bits were of pure gold, and a fair jewel hung about the neck of each.

Old literature is full of the glorification of precious stones, and eastern writers pretend that King Solomon wrote a book on gems, one chapter of which treated of those stones which resist or repel evil genii. Poets and travellers alike gave rein to their imaginations, and described halls that were formed of colored marbles, studded with jewels. But the most favored belief was the supposed light-giving properties of certain stones, more particularly of the carbuncle. Epiphanius affirmed that it was impossible to conceal that stone, for, in spite of the clothes it might be covered with, its lustre would appear outside the envelope. In John Norton's "Ordinal," there is an account of an alchemist who projected a bridge over the Thames of a very remarkable character.

> Wherefore he would set up in hight
> That bridge, for a wonderfull sight.
> With pinnacles guilt, shininge as goulde,
> A glorious thing for men to behoulde.
> Then he remembered of the newe,
> Howe greater fame shulde him pursewe,
> If he mought make that bridge so brighte,
> That it mought shine alsoe by night.

And in order to obtain this result he studded the pinnacles with carbuncles, which diffused a blaze of light in the dark. Richesse, in the "Romaunt of the Rose," is covered with precious stones.

> But alle byfore ful sotilly
> A fyn carboncle sette saugh I.
> The stoon so clere was and so bright,
> That also soone as it was nyght,
> Men myghte seen to go, for nede,
> A myle or two, in lengthe and brede.

Lucian relates that the lychnis (lamp-stone) fixed in the head of the goddess Astarte's statue lighted up the whole temple in which it stood; and Alardus, a Dutchman, writing in the year 1539, states that a chrysolampis, set in a gold tablet dedicated to St. Adelbert, gave out sufficient light to serve instead of lamps for the reading of the "hours" late at night.

Precious stones, when unset, are of more interest to the scientific inquirer than to the seeker after objects of beauty; and when set, they are so peculiarly personal ornaments, that they are not often found in collections. Therefore it is that most of the celebrated collections of stones consist principally of engraved gems, which unite the beauties of art and nature. The history of the first dawnings of gem-engraving is lost in antiquity, and in Cæsar's time the term "antique" was looked upon as one of the highest praise. The art reached its fullest development under Alexander, and after a decline of many centuries again rose into prominence through the labors of the artists of the *cinquecento.* Julius Cæsar had a mania for gems, and dedicated six cabinets to his patron goddess, Venus Victrix. His boots were covered with fine specimens, and in order to display them, he is said to have held out his foot to Pompeius Pennus, to be kissed. Augustus made a large collection, as may be inferred from the fact that he employed a "keeper" of his cabinet of gems, and his minister Mecænas is recorded as a connoisseur by Horace. In more modern times the passion for collecting gems commenced with Lorenzo de' Medici, who formed the Florentine collection, and caused his own name to be incised upon his gems. The French collection as a whole dates from the reign of Charles IX., but some of the gems were brought by St. Louis from the East. The Berlin collection consists of the united cabinets of the elector of Brandenburg and the margrave of Anspach, which last was collected by Baron Stosch, a Hanoverian spy over the Pretender's movements. The British Museum contains a fine collection of gems, formed from the bequests of the Towneley, Payne Knight, and Cracherode Cabinets, and the purchase, in 1866, of the Blacas Museum. The Towneley collection numbers among its treasures some half-dozen *intagli* which are not to be surpassed by any gems in the most famous cabinets of Europe. Payne Knight's collection contains the famous *Flora* which Pistrucci cut for Bonelli, and which that dealer passed off on Knight as an antique. The Blacas Museum was principally formed by the Duc de Blacas, who was French ambassador at Rome and Naples for many years. He died in 1839, and his son, who inherited the collection, added to it. Nearly all the most valuable gems came from the Strozzi Cabinet, which was formed by Bishop Leo Strozzi, in the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

At that time gem-collecting became a perfect mania, and as the supply was not equal to the demand, unscrupulous men set to work to produce what was required. Mr. King calls it "the age of forgery," and tells us that for every antique gem of note, fully a dozen of its counterfeits are now in circulation. It is said that the artists of Rome sought after and paid liberally for antique pastes with unhackneyed subjects, which they destroyed after they had copied them, in order to save themselves from the charge of plagiarism. The Devonshire and Marlborough Cabinets are the most renowned collections in England. The first was formed by William, third Duke of Devonshire, during the first half of the last century, and has been augmented by its various possessors. It now numbers upwards of five hundred of the finest gems, and a connoisseur of the greatest taste and experience once observed that were the choice of any fifty gems to be offered him out of all the collections of Europe, he would prefer the Devonshire, limited as it is, from which to select them.

From this treasure [writes Mr. King] eighty-eight gems of the most beautiful in material and the most interesting in subject were selected by Mr. Hancock, . . . and mounted . . . in a complete set of ornaments, to be worn, for the first time, by the Countess of Granville, lady of the English ambassador at the coronation of the present emperor of Russia. This parure consists of seven ornaments: a comb, a bandeau, a stomacher, a necklace, a diadem, a coronet, and a bracelet. . . . While others were vying in the splendor of their jewels, in which the Russian imperial, princely, and noble families are very rich, none attracted so much attention as the Countess of Granville, whose parure was the triumph of art over mere material wealth. Others displayed a perfect blaze of diamonds, but it was for the English lady to assert a higher splendor; and if *their* jewels were the more costly, *hers* were positively priceless. For while lost diamonds may be replaced, each of these fine gems is unique.

The Marlborough cabinet was formed by George, third Duke of Marlborough, and includes the collections of Thomas, Earl of Arundel, and William, second Earl of Bessborough. The "Cupid and Psyche," which is said to be the finest antique intaglio extant, was presented to the duke by Lady Betty Germaine. Public attention has been called to this magnificent collection by its late sale, in one lot, to Mr. Bromilow, of Battlesden Park, Bedfordshire, for thirty-five thousand guineas. It was stated at the time of the sale that the present Duke of Marlborough had been led to consider that it was worth at least £60,000, but having taken the opinion of Signor Castellani, that gentleman estimated it at £35,000. This was therefore the reserve price at which the collection was put up for sale, and after a brief pause Mr. Agnew bid thirty-five thousand guineas. There being no advance upon this sum, the auctioneer's hammer fell, amid loud applause.

We need now only to mention a collection which has attained a most unenviable notoriety. Prince Poniatowsky (who died at Florence in 1833) inherited from his uncle Stanislaus, the last king of Poland, a collection of about one hundred and fifty-four true antique gems, which he supplemented by a series of about thirty-three thousand forgeries. Although these last are masterpieces of skill, engraved by the best Roman artists upon stones of fine quality, they now fetch a mere trifle. Had these gems been engraved with the names of their makers, instead of with the supposititious names of artists of antiquity, they would have realized large sums. So little judgment was exhibited by the attendants at the sale of the collection in London, in 1839, that the head of Io — believed to have been engraved by Dioscorides — was sold for £17, although a few years before it was valued at £1,000. Here is a marked instance of the evil of keeping bad company, and Dr. Billing makes some judicious remark upon this depreciation of fine work. He writes: —

If connoisseurs who are fond of gems would trust to their own eyes and taste, and purchase only what is beautiful — whether antique or modern — it would bring things to a just value; but under the present system ordinary work has been over-estimated, if supposed to be antique, and beautiful work underrated, if known to be modern. A beautiful intaglio of Pichler's, with a Greek name of an ancient artist forged upon it, which was originally made for Poniatowsky for perhaps twenty or thirty pounds, will not now fetch more than as many shillings, because it is not really antique; though a work of the same Pichler, genuine, with his name on it, will fetch, as it deserves, the price in pounds sterling, although no better than the other, which, though depreciated by the forged name, is quite as good, and if bought for its real merit, worth quite as much. So far does prejudice outweigh judgment.

Wherever gems have been esteemed, the forger has flourished, and notices of pastes or imitations in glass of precious stones can be traced back to the most remote ages of antiquity. Seneca mentions that one Democritus had invented a process for imitating emeralds by giving a

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

green color to glass, then called crystal; and Pliny remarks upon imitations of various stones, such as hyacinths, sapphires, etc., made of glass, since called "paste." During the two first centuries of the Roman empire the art of making pastes was cultivated to a remarkable extent, in order to meet the requirements of the poorer classes. False emeralds and opals are found mixed up with real stones in ancient crowns, and the celebrated jewelled cup of the Sassanian king, Chosroes, now in the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, which was long supposed to have belonged to Solomon, has been discovered to be decorated with pastes. Trebellius Pollio relates how Gallienus punished a cheat who sold a piece of glass instead of a stone to his empress, Salonina. The emperor sentenced the man to be exposed to the wild beasts in the arena, and when the poor wretch was thrown in, and the door of the den raised, a cock only strutted out, so that, as Gallienus said, he was deservedly made a fool of. One of the cleverest frauds that has been resorted to is the formation of a doublet or semi-stone, in which the top of the stone is genuine and the under part glass. The reverse process is practised in regard to engraved gems, and the paste is backed with a slice of stone of the same color, which of course stands the test of the file, and the whole passes muster as a true gem. Clarac was shown a paste with Marchant's usual signature upon it, which was thus metamorphosed into a reputed antique sard. The glass and stone are frequently joined so ingeniously that the most experienced are deceived. Not long ago a very fine emerald was sold at one of the London salerooms, and bought by a jeweller of standing. When the latter had obtained possession of the stone, he wished to have the opinion of a well-known connoisseur upon it. This gentleman, immediately upon taking the jewel into his hand, characterized it as a doublet. The purchaser naturally demanded his money back, and in the presence of the auctioneer and other witnesses, the emerald was taken out of its setting, when it was found to be, as the connoisseur asserted, only half a stone. This same gentleman has so remarkable a knowledge of precious stones, that he can discriminate Cape from Brazil diamonds, and both from Indian stones, and can tell the weight to a fraction by merely holding them in his hands. There are, however, paste impressions of gems that are not meant to deceive, but are of the greatest value to the student, such as the Orleans and Tassie Collections. The regent Duke of Orleans engaged the services of the celebrated chemist Homberg (1691–1715), and assisted him with his own hand in the operations carried out in a laboratory established within the Palais Royal. The duke reproduced in glass all the gems that he himself had collected, and, besides these, a large number selected from the royal cabinet. Later on in the eighteenth century, Tassie, a Scotch sculptor established in London, brought out an immense series of pastes and enamels from gems of all dates and styles, to the number of fifteen thousand. He first copied the whole of the Stosch Collection, and afterwards reproduced every famous gem known in the cabinets of Europe. Precious stones have been imitated by those who are thoroughly acquainted with the chemical constitution of the originals, but most of these artificial stones have been small, and they can only be looked at as results of curious experiments, because they are not of sufficient value to be worth the expenditure of the time and labor that are necessarily devoted to them.

The comparative value of precious stones has varied greatly at different periods, and the diamond, which now takes the lead as the very chief of jewels, has not always held that position. Before the skill of the lapidary (which now brings out all the beauties of the diamond) was brought to perfection, the pearl and the ruby stood before it. Even now a perfect ruby exceeding one carat in weight is worth considerably more than a diamond. Thus, £300 has been given for a ruby of three carats, although a diamond of the same weight would sell for no more than £90. But, as Mr. Emanuel writes, "no matter how brilliant the ruby, or how free from defects and flaws, it must have the precise pigeon's blood red to make it the gem which surpasses the diamond in value." The Indians have always given the diamond the first place, but the Persians, in the thirteenth century, placed it fifth, after the pearl, the ruby, the emerald, and the chrysolite. Cellini ranked it after the ruby and emerald, and Garcias ab Horto, in 1565, wrote: "The diamond is considered the king of gems, on account of the hardness of its substance; for if we look to value and beauty, the emerald holds the first place, and the ruby (if clear) the second."

We have mentioned the pearl as a precious stone, because it was anciently supposed to be such, and also because no list

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

of jewels would be complete without some notice of this beautiful object. As, however, its origin is totally different from its fellows, we will consider it first, and then follow on with the true precious stones in their order of precedency. The pearl is a mere concretion of the carbonate of lime forming the shell of the oyster or mussel, which accumulates upon some foreign body accidentally introduced (usually a grain of sand), for the purpose of preventing the irritation its roughness would otherwise occasion to the animal. The Chinese are in the habit of producing pearls artificially by the introduction of small images of Buddha into the mussels, which in course of time are covered with the pearly substance. Pearls are found over a considerable geographical range, but the best are brought from the coasts of Ceylon. The Persian Gulf pearls are inferior to these. Pearls are obtained in great abundance from the river Tay, but although at first they are scarcely distinguishable from the Oriental, they are found to turn black with wear. It was once believed that the shoals of pearl-oysters had a king, distinguished by his age and size, exactly as bees have a queen, wonderfully expert in keeping out of harm's way; but if the divers once succeeded in capturing him, the rest, straying about blindly, fell an easy prey. The beauty of pearls is entirely due to nature, and art cannot improve it. When the surface is examined with a microscope, it is found to be indented with a large number of delicate grooves, which by their effect upon the light give rise to the play of colors.

The largest pearl known to the Romans weighed more than half an ounce, a size that has rarely been equalled; but the largest on record is now in Russia. It was brought from India in 1620, and sold to Philip IV. of Spain. The merchant, when asked by the king how he could venture all his fortune on one article, replied, because he knew there was a king of Spain to buy it of him. Tavernier mentions in his travels a remarkable pearl belonging to an Arabian prince. He says, "It is the most wonderful pearl in the world; not so much for its bigness, for it weighs not above twelve carats and one-sixteenth; not for its perfect roundness; but because it is so clear and transparent, that you may almost see through it. The Great Mogul offered, by a Banian, forty thousand crowns for his pearl, but he would not accept it." *Perles baroques*, or pearls of an irregular shape, are usually set in some fanciful form with gold enamel. In the Devonshire Cabinet there is a very fine specimen of a distorted pearl, which is made to represent a mermaid; and the Green Vaults at Dresden contain a remarkable collection of monster pearls in the shape of human figures, animals, fruits, etc. The Persians have always been the greatest admirers of the pearl, and the portraits of the Persian queens exhibit them as wearing for ear-pendants three pearls, increasing downwards in size.

It is needless to do more than mention Cleopatra's costly draught, and to note that the same story of the "dissolved" pearl is told of Sir Thomas Gresham. "Here fifteen hundred pounds at one clap goes instead of sugar. Gresham drinks the pearl unto his queen and mistress. Pledge it, lords!" * If the Egyptian queen and the London merchant swallowed their pearls, they must have taken them undissolved, for no acid that the human stomach can endure is capable of dissolving a pearl. Of the many tales told of notable pearls, none can compare in interest with that related by Procopius of King Perozes and the pearl which a daring diver obtained from the guardianship of the enamored shark at the sacrifice of his own life. When the king was entrapped into a vast pitfall by the feigned retreat of the Ephthalite Huns he was pursuing, he tore from his right ear this glorious jewel, and cast it before himself into the abyss, comforted in his last moment with the thought that he had deprived the foe of the greatest trophy of their victory. The pearl is well supplied with names, and the etymology of all of them is of much interest. The chief of these is margarite (Greek, μαργαρίτης, Latin, *margarita*), which is evidently closely related to the Persian word *murwari;* but the great German philologist Grimm has given the following very reremarkable explanation of the word: "Coarse gravel (*glarea*) is termed in old High German, *krioz*, *griez* (masc.), and in the new High German, *gries* (masc.); the Anglo-Saxon *greot*, English, *grit*, means *terra*, *pulvis;* the old Norse (neuter) *griot*, *lapis*. As men found the pearls on the seashore, they took them for stones, and named them, in old High German, *merikrioz* (masc.); in middle High German, *mergriez*, or *mergrieze;* in Anglo-Saxon, *meregreot* (neuter). To the ancients, μαργαρίτης, *margarita*, was a barbarous word (Plin. 9, 35). *Mergriez* affords a cor-

* Thomas Heywood: "If you know not me you know nobody." 1606.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

rect sense, and cannot be deduced from *margarita*. In *margarita*, therefore, a German word of a very early time has been preserved to us in one of the oldest monuments of our language (Gothic, *marigriuts*, *marigruitôs*, or *marigruit*, *marigruita*). At a later period it was superseded by the foreign *perula*, *perle;* and we find *mergriezen* used in the sense of grains of sand." * The real objection to this conjecture is the fact that μάργαρίτης was an adjective, the primary substantive being μάργαρον, and consequently the last part, γαριτης, could not be deduced directly from any German form of the substantive *grit*. The real problem is the origin of *margaron*, and not of *margarites*. It is, however, a remarkable coincidence that the Teutonic compound meaning "sea-grit" should so closely resemble the Greek word, which is apparently of Persian origin. As in a university list of honors the man who is without peer is marked off from his fellows in the examination, so it seems well to specially honor the jewel which has given a favorite Christian name to the female sex, and has added a word to the language to represent an object of priceless value and a woman of exceeding excellence.

The ordinary precious stones divide themselves broadly into crystallized, and uncrystallized or amorphous. The most beautiful jewels belong to the first class, and the substances chiefly used by the gem-engraver, such as onyx, agate, cornelian, etc., to the last. The diamond is crystallized carbon, the sapphire and ruby are crystallized clay, and the rock crystal and amethyst are crystallized flint or quartz. The cut and polished diamond is one of the most beautiful of objects, but the rough stone is uninviting in appearance. It greatly resembles the common gravel by which it is surrounded, and is not unlike a lump of gum-arabic, yet experts find but little difficulty in detecting it. When Tavernier visited the Indian diamond mines, he saw the children of the merchants, from the age of ten to fifteen or sixteen, seated in a prominent position, and ready to become purchasers of the stones that were found. His relation is as follows: "Each boy has his diamond weights and bag with money. If any one brings them a stone they hand it to the eldest boy, who looks at it and then hands it to the one next him, by which means it goes from hand to hand till it returns to him again. After that he demands the price; but if he buys it too dear it is upon his own account. In the evening the boys bring the diamonds they have bought to the great merchants, and the profit is divided equally among them."

* Grimm's "*Deutsche Grammatik.*" 1831. Part iii. p. 380.

The diamond is the hardest of all known natural substances, and this quality alone would make it a valuable object, even had it no value as a jewel.

> The diamond — why 'twas beautiful and hard,
> Whereto his invised properties did tend.

In the popular mind the qualities of hardness and toughness have been confused in this instance, so that the notion has been prevalent that if a diamond is laid upon an anvil and struck with a hammer, instead of breaking, it will be driven into the anvil, but we may presume that few have sufficient faith in this test to make the costly experiment. In point of fact, the diamond is very easily broken, on account of the very thin layers of which it is composed, and those who are accurately acquainted with the point of cleavage can divide it with a simple penknife. Dr. Wollaston used his knowledge of this peculiarity with great advantage to himself when he bought a faulty diamond from Messrs. Rundell and Bridge for £6,000, and after separating the flawed portions, which served for a ring and a set of sleeve-studs, resold the remaining perfect stone for £7,000. The word *adamas* among the earliest Greek writers signified a hard metal, and not a precious stone, as we may guess when we read of the adamantine chains of Prometheus, which certainly were not strings of diamonds. Plato's *adamas* is supposed to have been the white sapphire. Manilius, who flourished in the latter part of the Augustan age, is the first writer who describes the true diamond under the name of *adamas*.

The Romans placed the diamond in the very highest rank as a precious stone, but as they were in the habit of wearing the crystals in their native form, this eminent position must have been given to it more on account of its scarcity than for its beauty. It was supposed to keep off insanity, dispel vain fears, drive away phantasms and nightmares, and baffle poison, but that if swallowed it became itself the deadliest of all poisons. Cellini tells a fabulous story of how his life was preserved from the machinations of an enemy by the roguery of an apothecary, who, being employed to pulverize a diamond

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

intended to season the artist's salad, substituted a bit of beryl in its stead.

We do not know when the diamond was first polished with its own dust, but the art of cutting it into a regular form, so as to bring out all possible lustre, was not practised before the year 1456, when Louis van Berghem made a revolution in the trade by the discovery of the art of diamond-cutting. In 1475 he was employed by Charles the Bold of Burgundy to cut three large stones, previously worn by the king in their natural state as eight-sided crystals (*points naives*). It was nearly two hundred years later (1650), during the supremacy of Cardinal Mazarin, that the true brilliant shape was discovered. The English diamond-cutters used to be renowned for the perfection of their work, and even now an old English cut brilliant will command a higher price in the market than one cut by the Dutch. When those cutters died off the trade fell into the hands of the Jews, who chose Amsterdam as the place where they could obtain most freedom, and that city became the seat of this branch of industry. Professor Tennant, however, tells us that the diamond-cutting trade is coming back to England again, and some excellent work has been done here of late years. It is estimated that out of the twenty-eight thousand Jews living in Amsterdam, ten thousand are dependent directly or indirectly upon the trade of diamond-cutting. Although the greatest skill is required in the cutters, they are rather poorly paid. The three forms in which diamonds are cut are the table, the rose, and the brilliant. The two first forms were long the only ones in use, but when the brilliant cutting was introduced they were superseded, except for inferior stones. The brilliant is a double pyramid or cone cut off by a large plane called the table, at the top, and by a small one, called the collet, at the bottom. The facets have to be so adjusted that the girdle (which determines the greatest horizontal expansion of the stone) shall present a prismatic edge; and so accurate is the eye of the cutter from constant practice, that this is done by a sort of instinct, without any measurement. The adjustment of the relative sizes of the table and the collet is also a very important matter, as the light that penetrates from above must be totally reflected internally. Jacomo da Trezzo engraved subjects upon the diamond in the year 1564, and is said to have been the first to do so, but his right to this honor has been disputed, and claimed for Birago, another Milanese. It is supposed, however, that much of this misplaced ingenuity was displayed upon the white topaz or the colorless sapphire, which stones have often been mistaken for diamonds.

The diamond has been found in almost every color, from the slightest tint to the most pronounced dye, and the rose-colored diamond as far eclipses the ruby as the green does the emerald and the blue the sapphire. A yellowish tinge is considered a great defect, but a decided color is valued for its rarity as well as for its beauty. Thus, Mr. Emanuel notices a brilliant emerald green stone of five grains,* that sold for £320, which, if white, would only have been worth £28. In the jewel-room of the Dresden Green Vaults is the unique green brilliant which weighs forty and one half carats, and formerly belonged to the elector of Saxony — Augustus the Strong. The celebrated Hope blue diamond is supposed by Barbot to be the stone that disappeared from the French regalia at the time of the great Revolution. It then weighed sixty-seven carats, but has since been recut as a brilliant, and reduced in weight. In the Russian treasury is a brilliant red diamond of ten carats, which was bought by Paul I. for one hundred thousand roubles. Mr. King writes that the most charming piece of jewellery he ever beheld was a spray, composed with exquisite taste, entirely of colored diamonds of all the tints that could be collected during ten years' research by the skilful but unfortunate artist-goldsmith who designed and executed the ornament.

The first record of the burning of a diamond is to be found in the proceedings of the Accademia del Cimento of Florence, in the seventeenth century; but although some French chemists burnt one in 1771, the question of its combustion continued for some years to be disputed. It was subsequently proved that it burned, and produced carbonic acid gas. Diamonds are found in the beds of rivers, mostly in companionship with gold. The diamond mines of central India originally supplied the world with nearly all the notable diamonds, but they are now nearly superseded. During the centuries that they were worked they produced an enormous quantity of fine stones, and it is said that one of the Mahommedan emperors, who died at the end of the twelfth century, managed to amass in his treasury four

* The weight of diamonds is calculated as follows: — 4 grains = 1 carat; 141 1-2 carats = 1 ounce troy. It will thus be seen that a diamond grain is less than an ordinary troy grain. 5 diamond grains are equal to 4 troy grains.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

hundred pounds' weight of diamonds. At the beginning of the seventeenth century a Portuguese gentleman went to the ancient mine of Currure, belonging to the king of Golconda, to dig for diamonds, but after spending a large sum of money, and converting everything he possessed, even to his clothes, into coin, he had still found nothing. While the miners were employed upon the last day's work that he had money to pay for, he prepared a cup of poison, to drink if the men came empty-handed from work; but in the evening they brought him a valuable stone, and his purpose was instantly changed. Before returning to Goa, he set up a monument, with an inscription in the native tongue to the following effect: —

Your wife and children sell, sell what you have,
Spare not your clothes — nay, make yourself a slave;
But money get, then to Currure make haste,
There search the mines, a prize you'll find at last.*

The diamonds of Borneo are held in high repute, and according to Sir Stamford Raffles, "few courts of Europe could perhaps boast of a more brilliant display than in the prosperous days of the Dutch was exhibited by the ladies of Batavia, the principal and only mart then opened for the Bornean diamond mines."

The dealers have always looked with disfavor upon any attempts to discover mines in new quarters, and when in the year 1727 Bernardino Fonseca Lobo brought news to Lisbon of the existence of large numbers of diamonds among the gold washings in the province of Minas Geraes, Brazil, they spread a report that the stones had been sent surreptitiously from Goa to South America. The discovery was made by accident, owing to Lobo having noticed the peculiarity of the small stones which the miners used as card counters. The same suspicion was exhibited when it was first reported that diamonds had been found in Africa. Professor Tennant made a very interesting report respecting these Cape diamonds before the Geological Section of the British Association in September, 1875. He said that the late Mr. Mawe, who wrote on diamonds and described their mode of occurrence in his "Travels in Brazil" (London, 1812), told him of the probability of their existence in South Africa, and affirmed that if people only knew them in their natural state they must be found. Mawe died in 1829, and Mr. Tennant took every opportunity of making the subject known; but it was not until March, 1867, that the first Cape diamond was found. The supply since then has been very considerable, and it is estimated that the value of the diamonds found during the period that has elapsed since the first discovery is above thirteen millions of pounds sterling. In spite of this immense addition to the store of diamonds, their value has not diminished, but rather increased, since Jeffries published his rule for ascertaining the value of cut diamonds.

The number of remarkable diamonds which possess a history is large, and the following is a table of some of the most celebrated of these: —

	Weight after cutting. Carats.	Weight in rough. Carats.
1 Braganza (probably a white topaz)		1680
2 Matan		367
3 Orloff	193	
4 Austrian, or Florentine Brilliant	139½	
5 Pitt, or Regent	136¾	410
6 Star of the South	124¼	254½
7 Koh-i-noor	102¼	
Indian-cut	186	
8 Stewart (largest Cape diamond)		288⅜
9 Shah	86	
10 Pigott	82¼	
11 Nassack	78⅝	
Indian cut	89¾	
12 Mr. Dresden's Brazil diamond	76½	
13 Prof. Tennant's Cape diamond	66	112
14 Sancy	54	

1. The "Braganza," one of the Portuguese crown jewels, which is preserved in its rough state in the royal treasury at Lisbon, is by far the largest stone professing to be a diamond in existence. It was found in 1741 in Brazil, and is as large as a hen's egg, but as the Portuguese government will not suffer it to be examined, many persons believe it to be only a white topaz.

2. The "Matan" is one of the largest and most esteemed diamonds in existence. It is uncut, and in form resembles an egg indented on one side. It was found at Landak, in Borneo, about the year 1760, and belongs to the sultan of Matan. Wars have been waged to obtain it, and the owner has refused to sell it, because he believes that on its possession depends the fortunes of his family. The Dutch gov-

* Philosophical Transactions. Vol. xii., p. 909.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ernor of Batavia offered two gun-boats, with stores and ammunition complete, and £50,000 for it, but his offer was refused. Mr. Crawfurd sets its value at £269,378. Strangers are not shown the real stone, but a bit of crystal to represent it.

3. The "Orloff" is a rose diamond, now set in the top of the Russian imperial sceptre, but has passed through many vicissitudes before arriving there. Some say it originally formed one of the eyes of the idol at Sherigan, and others that it was set in the famous peacock throne of Nadir Shah. It was stolen by a French soldier, who sold it at Malabar for £2,800. The Armenian Schaffras, who bought it of a Jew, made a profitable bargain with the empress Catharine II., for he received four hundred and fifty thousand roubles, a pension of twenty thousand roubles, and a patent of nobility as well.

4. The "Austrian or Florentine Brilliant," also called the "Grand Duke of Tuscany," has a slightly yellowish hue, and is said to have been bought as colored crystal out of a jeweller's shop in Florence. It has been valued at £100,000.

5. The "Pitt," or "Regent," is the most perfect brilliant in existence, and is without a rival in shape and water. It weighed four hundred and ten carats in the rough, and is said to have been found in 1702 in the mines of Parteal, twenty miles from Masulipatam, by a slave, who concealed it in a gash made for its reception in the calf of his leg, and running away from his master, offered it to a sailor, on condition that he assisted him to escape. The sailor lured him on board a ship, and after throwing him overboard, sold the stone to Jamchund for £1,000. Thomas Pitt, governor of Fort St. George, purchased it of this Hindu merchant for £12,500, and then had it cut into a fine brilliant. The cutting occupied two years, and cost £5,000, but the fragments cut off were valued at £3,000 to £4,000. Pitt seems to have found his diamond a rather unenviable possession, for so fearful was he of robbery, that he never made known beforehand the day of his coming to town, nor slept two nights consecutively in the same house. The fame of the diamond spread over Europe, and many persons tried to obtain a sight of it; but Uffenbach, who visited this country in 1712, found all his efforts fruitless. Many tales floated about in society which were not very creditable to Pitt, and he was therefore forced to clear himself in a pamphlet. Pope wrote: —

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a gem away;
He pledged it to the knight, the knight had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.

This celebrated stone gave point to one of the first Lord Holland's speeches in the House of Commons. His great opponent, the first William Pitt, had expressed a wish that a certain motion might be a millstone about the mover's neck, to drag him to the lower regions. Pitt afterwards (when in office) adopted the plan he had before stigmatized, so Henry Fox rose and said, "I am happy the right honorable gentleman has retracted the opinion he has hitherto maintained, and I sincerely wish that what he hoped would prove a millstone about my neck may become a brilliant equal, if not superior, to that of his namesake's, to grace his hat withal." In 1717 Pitt sold the stone to the Duc d'Orleans, regent of France, for £135,000. It was stolen during the Reign of Terror, but was restored in a mysterious manner. Napoleon I. found it of inestimable value to him, for after the 18th Brumaire, by pledging it to the Dutch, he procured the funds that were so indispensable for the consolidation of his power. It was afterwards redeemed, and ornamented the pommel of the emperor's sword. In 1855, it was shown at the Paris Exhibition.

6. The "Star of the South" is a brilliant which was found by a negro in the province of Minas Geraes, Brazil, in 1853.

7. The "Koh-i-Noor," or "Mountain of Light," was the talisman of India for many centuries. According to Hindu legend it was worn by Karna, king of Anga, and one of the warriors who were slain in the Great War, which is the subject of the Sanscrit epic "*Maha'bhárata*." The emperor Baber records the fact of this diamond having been taken at Agra, by Humayun, in May, 1526, and when Tavernier visited the court of the Great Mogul it was in the possession of Aurungzebe, who treated it with the greatest solemnity. According to tradition, Mohammed Shah, the great grandson of Aurungzebe, wore the Koh-i-noor in front of his turban at his interview with his conqueror, Nadir Shah, when the latter monarch insisted upon exchanging turbans in proof of his regard. Mr. King believes that Tavernier did not see the Koh-i-noor, but a much larger stone called the "Great Mogul." Professor Maskelyne, however, proves that the traveller's calculations are not to be depended upon, and shows that the weight in *ratis* given by Tavernier is identical with the emperor Baber's statement of the weight of his diamond, and

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

that both agree with that of the Koh-i-noor. On the annexation of the Punjaub in 1850 by the British government, it was stipulated that the Koh-i-noor should be presented to the queen. After the East India Company became possessed of the gem, it was sent by Lord Dalhousie to England in the possession of two officers. After having been the cynosure of all eyes in the Exhibition of 1851, it was recut in Mr. Garrard's house, by workmen brought over from Mr. Coster's establishment at Amsterdam. The cutting by the new process, which included the employment of a small steam-engine, is said to have cost £8,000. Mr. King relates a curious story of the danger the stone was in at this period. He writes: "The London jeweller entrusted with the recutting of the Koh-i-noor was displaying his finished work to a wealthy patron, who accidentally let the slippery and weighty gem slip through his fingers and fall on the ground. The jeweller was on the point of fainting with alarm, and on recovering himself reduced the other to the same state, by informing him that had the stone struck the floor at a particular angle it would infallibly have split in two, and been irreparably ruined."

9. The "Shah" was presented to the emperor of Russia by Chosroes, the son of Abbas Mirza. It is a faceted prism, and is engraved with a Persian inscription.

10. The "Pigott" has passed through many vicissitudes. At the end of the last century it was sold by lottery for £30,000, and was afterwards bought by Rundell and Bridge for £6,000. The pasha of Egypt then gave the original price of £30,000 for it.

11. The "Nassack" was captured from the peishwa of the Mahrattas by the Marquis of Hastings. It was then Indian-cut, and weighed eighty-nine and three-quarters carats; but after changing hands several times it was purchased by the Marquis of Westminster, who employed Messrs. Hunt and Roskell to recut it. Mr. King treats the "Pigott" and "Nassack" as the same stone.

12. This is a very large and beautiful diamond, which was found in Brazil a few years ago.

13. This diamond is now offered for sale at £10,000.

14. The "Sancy" is a renowned stone, but more credit has been given to it than is its due. It has been supposed to be the diamond worn by Charles the Bold of Burgundy when he was killed at the battle of Nancy, but Mr. King gives the following reason for disbelieving this story. De Boot states that the largest diamond ever seen in Europe was the one purchased from Carlo Affetati, of Antwerp, by Philip II., in 1559, which weighed forty-seven and one-half carats. Now Philip had been presented with the jewel of his unfortunate ancestor six years before this date, so that could not be the "Sancy," which weighed fifty-four carats. The Baron de Sancy died in 1627, and forty-two years afterwards his diamond was in the possession of the queen of England, probably Henrietta Maria. Subsequently it belonged to James II., who sold it to Louis XIV. for £25,000. Louis XV. is said to have worn it in the clasp of his hat at his coronation. The stone was stolen in the great robbery of September, 1792, but appears again in 1838, when it was sold to the Demidoff family. In February, 1865, it was purchased by Messrs. Garrard for Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, of Bombay, and thus, after many vicissitudes, it again returned to India. The price paid for it was £20,000.

No list of celebrated diamonds would be complete without some mention of the notorious necklace which played so important a figure in the events of the French Revolution. This matchless jewel was the result of an order given by Louis XV. for the most costly set of diamonds, to be presented by him to his mistress, Madame du Barry. The king died before the order could be executed, and the jewellers were in consequence ruined. The necklace, which contained six hundred and twenty-nine diamonds, was however finished, and offered to Marie Antoinette, who refused it. That arch impostor, Madame de la Motte, then appeared upon the scene, and by the help of lies and forgery obtained possession of it, with what consequences both to innocent and guilty, is known to all.

The ruby as well as the sapphire is formed of corundum, or crystallized clay, and the two stones are, in fact, identical in composition, so that the red sapphire is a ruby and the blue ruby a sapphire. Thus a long crystal has been found which was red ruby at one end, blue sapphire at the other, and colorless beryl between. The ruby is the most valuable of all stones when free from flaw, of large size, and of a color which should exactly resemble that of pigeon's blood. The finest rubies are obtained in Siam and Burmah, but they are also found in Ceylon and in several parts of Europe. One of the titles of

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

the king of Burmah is Lord of the Rubies, and he is said to possess one as large as a pigeon's egg, but no European has ever seen it. A fine stone of four carats' weight is worth from £400 to £450, but above this weight they are very rare, and would command fancy prices.

The ruby has been most successfully imitated in paste, and garnets backed by a ruby foil are often met with. The monster ruby of Charles the Bold, set in the middle of a golden rose, for a pendant, which was captured by the Bernese after his rout at Granson, turned out, when purchased by Jacob Fugger, to be false. Many so-called rubies are nothing more than spinel or balas rubies. Crimson spinel is named spinel-ruby, and rose-red or pink spinel, balas-ruby.

Magical properties have been assigned to the ruby, and Brahman traditions speak of the abode of the gods as lighted by enormous rubies and emeralds. It was supposed to be an amulet against poison, plague, sadness, evil thoughts, wicked spirits, etc., and it warned its wearer of evil by becoming black or obscure.

The "heaven-hued" sapphire is found in all tints and shades of blue, and the ancients called the dark-colored male and the pale female. It is not so valuable when of a great size as the ruby, but a fine stone fetches a high price. Mr. Emanuel tells the story of a noble lady who possessed perhaps the finest known sapphire, but sold it during her lifetime, and replaced it by a skilful imitation, which deceived the jeweller who valued it for probate duty. It was estimated at £10,000, and the legatee paid legacy duty for it before he found out the deception. The largest sapphire is the "Wooden Spoon-seller," so called from the occupation of its finder in Bengal, but also known as the Ruspoli. Its weight is one hundred and thirty-two and one sixteenth carats. It was bought by Perret, a French jeweller, for £6,800, and is now in the Musée de Minéralogie, Paris. One of the finest sapphires is in the possession of Lady Burdett Coutts, and was formerly one of the crown jewels of France.

The sapphire was sacred to Apollo, and was worn by the inquirer of the oracle at his shrine. It was supposed to prevent evil and impure thoughts, and was worn by priests, on account of its power to preserve the chastity of the wearer. St. Jerome affirmed that it procures favor with princes, pacifies enemies, and obtains freedom from captivity; but one of the most remarkable properties attributed to it was its power of killing any venomous reptile that was put into the same glass with it.

The emerald has been found in various parts of the world, but the most abundant and finest supply comes from Peru and Chili. The Spaniards obtained large hoards of emeralds after the conquest of Peru, for the priests of the goddess whom the Spaniards called Esmeralda, and who was supposed to reside in an enormous emerald of the shape and size of an ostrich egg, gave out that she esteemed no offering so much as one of her own daughters. The king of Spain is said to have received one hundredweight, but many were destroyed on account of the Peruvian priest who accompanied the Spanish army persuading the soldiers that the test of their genuineness was to smite them with a hammer on an anvil. The emerald is of the same chemical composition as the beryl, or aquamarine, which is of little value. When first withdrawn from the mine it is so soft as to crumble by friction, but it hardens by exposure to the air. It is so rarely perfect, that "an emerald without a flaw" has passed into a proverb, and fine specimens are worth from £20 to £40 the carat. In the Middle Ages its value was enormous, and Cellini puts it at four hundred gold scudi the carat, or four times the amount at which he values the diamond. It is sometimes of great size, and the largest known is the Devonshire emerald, found at Muro, near Santa Fe di Bogota, and purchased by the Duke of Devonshire from Don Pedro. It is not cut, and is two inches in diameter, weighing eight ounces eighteen pennyweights.

The ancients dedicated the emerald to Mercury, and supposed it to be good for the eyes.

> The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
> Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend.

The lapidaries who cut the stone were thought to possess in consequence a good eyesight. Nero observed the feats of the gladiators through an eyeglass of emerald, and the gem was therefore sometimes called Neronianus, a name continued as late as the close of the fourth century. The huge emeralds made into cups and dishes that are mentioned by the ancients are supposed to have been green fluorspar, or composed of a kind of glass. The Cingalese anxiously seek after the thick bottoms of our wine bottles, and cut out of them apparently fine emeralds, which they dispose of at high prices. The Brighton emeralds are of a like origin.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

The broken bottles, thrown purposely into the sea by the lapidaries of the place, are by the attrition of the shingle speedily converted into the form of natural pebbles.

The turquoise, or Turkish stone, is sky-blue and opaque, and is found in Persia. A variety is also found at Mount Sinai, in Arabia Petrea, in the matrix of a calcareous rock. The shah of Persia is supposed to have in his possession all the finest gems, as he allows only those of inferior quality to leave the country. In consequence, large turquoises of good quality and fine color are extremely rare, and realize large prices. This stone was formerly highly esteemed as a talisman, and De Boot gives a long list of its virtues. Some persons have supposed the turquoise to be composed of fossil bone colored by copper, but this is a misapprehension, as the bone or fossil turquoise (odontolite) found in Languedoc is a totally different production, and is sometimes called turquoise-Bricaud, from the name of the original owner of the mine.

The opal was highly prized by the ancients, and Nonius went into exile rather than surrender his fine opal to Mark Antony. Marbodus says that it confers the gift of invisibility upon the wearer, so that the thief, protected by its virtue of dazzling all beholders, could carry off his plunder in open day. It was also supposed to confer upon the wearer all the qualities granted by nature to itself. There are several varieties of this beautiful stone, as the noble or precious opal, the fire or reddish opal, the common opal, and the hydrophane or Mexican opal. The colors are produced by the polarizing and refracting effect of the laminæ of the stone upon the light. The hydrophane loses it beauty on being exposed to water, and it was this stone which was worn by the Baroness Hermione of Arnhem in "Anne of Geierstein." It is said that the absurd notion of the opal being an unlucky stone, cannot be traced farther back than the publication of Scott's novel. The empress Josephine's opal, called the "Burning of Troy," from the innumerable red flames blazing on its surface, was considered to be the finest stone of modern times, but its present owner is unknown. In the Museum of Vienna is an opal of extraordinary size and beauty, for which £50,000 has been refused.

The amethyst, one of the quartz family, varies in shade from delicate pink or lilac to deep purple. It was highly esteemed by the ancients as an amulet against intoxication, on account of the supposed etymology of the word ἀμέθυστος, and it was thought that wine drank out of an amethyst cup would not inebriate. It is known as the bishop's stone, from being worn as a ring by the Roman Catholic bishops, just as the green variety of tourmaline is said to be used as a ring-stone by the clergy of Brazil. In 1652 an amethyst was worth as much as a diamond of equal weight, but after large quantities had been sent from Brazil they became nearly valueless. Even in the last century it was still held in estimation, and Mr. King tells us that Queen Charlotte's necklace of well-matched amethysts (the most perfect ever got together) was valued at £2,000, but it would not now command as many shillings. The Oriental amethyst is quite another stone. It is a purple sapphire, or a rare and valuable species of the precious corundum.

The garnet is of little value, but is effective in jewellery on account of its brilliant color. When cut *en cabachon*, that is, oblong and raised like the section of a plum, it is called a carbuncle. The pendent carbuncle to the necklace of Mary Queen of Scots, which that queen wore at her marriage with Darnley, was valued at the enormous sum of five hundred crowns. The purple or red-wine-tinted garnets are named almandine.

Here we must end our account of the most precious stones. Had we space we might give some notice of those less precious, and of the many other substances used in jewellery which are of interest from their beauty or from the superstitions that are attached to them. The makers of acrostic jewellery often use stones that are held in little estimation, in order to obtain a letter they want. Thus, lapis lazuli must be used for *l;* nephrite or jade for *n;* verde antique for *v;* and zircon for *z.* There are no stones whose names commence with the letters *f*, *k*, *u*, *w*, and *x*, but all the remainder of the alphabet is appropriated.

Precious stones are objects of the greatest beauty, and although often used for purposes of mere display, they have a permanent and abiding value, on account of their distinguishing qualities of hardness and indestructibility. A stone which has a history that can be traced back a decade of centuries or more, cannot but exert some influence over our imaginations. Besides their beauty, precious stones are of interest on account of their optical qualities, their chemical constitution, and the prominent position they have

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

held in universal history; therefore their praises have been published by science, art, history, and poetry. We have already noticed how poets have sung of the virtues of gems, and we cannot do better than close our roll with the greatest of them all, who tells us of

> deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
> Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

[*Published by arrangement with* HARPER & BROTHERS.]

MACLEOD OF DARE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER VIII.

LAUREL COTTAGE.

A SMALL, quaint, old-fashioned house in South Bank, Regent's Park; two maidens in white in the open veranda; around them the abundant foliage of June, unruffled by any breeze; and down at the foot of the steep garden the still canal, its surface mirroring the soft, translucent greens of the trees and bushes above, and the gaudier colors of a barge lying moored on the northern side. The elder of the two girls is seated in a rocking-chair; she appears to have been reading, for her right hand, hanging down, still holds a thin MS. book covered with coarse brown paper. The younger is lying at her feet, with her head thrown back in her sister's lap, and her face turned up to the clear June skies. There are some roses about this veranda, and the still air is sweet with them.

"And of all the parts you ever played in," she says, "which one did you like the best, Gerty?"

"This one," is the gentle answer.

"What one?"

"Being at home with you and papa, and having no bother at all, and nothing to think of."

"I don't believe it," says the other, with the brutal frankness of thirteen. "You couldn't live without the theatre, Gerty — and the newspapers talking about you — and people praising you — and bouquets ——"

"Couldn't I?" says Miss White, with a smile, as she gently lays her hand on her sister's curls.

"No," continues the wise young lady. "And besides, this pretty, quiet life would not last. You would have to give up playing that part. Papa is getting very old now; and he often talks about what may happen to us. And you know, Gerty, that though it is very nice for sisters to say they will never and never leave each other, it doesn't come off, does it? There is only one thing I see for you — and that is to get married."

"Indeed."

It is easy to fence with a child's prattle. She might have amused herself by encouraging this chatter-box to go through the list of their acquaintances, and pick out a goodly choice of suitors. She might have encouraged her to give expression to her profound views of the chances and troubles of life, and the safeguards that timid maidens may seek. But she sudddnly said, in a highly matter-of-fact manner, —

"What you say is quite true, Carry, and I've thought of it several times. It is a very bad thing for an actress to be left without a father, or husband, or brother, as her ostensible guardian. People are always glad to hear stories — and to make them — about actresses. You would be no good at all, Carry ——"

"Very well, then," the younger sister said promptly, "you've got to get married. And to a rich man, too; who will buy you a theatre, and let you do what you like in it."

Miss Gertrude White, whatever she may have thought of this speech, was bound to rebuke the shockingly mercenary ring of it.

"For shame, Carry! Do you think people marry from such motives as that?"

"I don't know," said Carry; but she had, at least, guessed.

"I should like my husband to have money, certainly," Miss White said frankly; and here she flung the MS. book from her, on to a neighboring chair. "I should like to be able to refuse parts that did not suit me. I should like to be able to take just such engagements as I chose. I should like to go to Paris for a whole year, and study hard ——"

"Your husband might not wish you to remain an actress," said Miss Carry.

"Then he would never be my husband," the elder sister said, with decision. "I have not worked hard for nothing. Just when I begin to think I can do something — when I think I can get beyond those coquettish, drawing-room, simpering parts that people run after now — just when the very name of Mrs. Siddons, or Rachel, or any of the great actresses makes my heart jump — when I have ambition, and a fair chance, and all that — do you think I am to give the whole thing up, and sink

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

quietly into the position of Mrs. Brown or Mrs. Smith, who is a very nice lady, no doubt, and very respectable, and lives a quiet and orderly life, with no greater excitement than scheming to get big people to go to her garden-parties?"

She certainly seemed very clear on that point.

"I don't see that men are so ready to give up their profession, when they marry, in order to devote themselves to domestic life, even when they have plenty of money. Why should all the sacrifice be on the side of the woman? But I know if I have to choose between my art and a husband, I shall continue to do without a husband."

Miss Carry had risen, and put one arm round her sister's neck, while with the other she stroked the soft brown hair over the smooth forehead.

"And it shall not be taken away from its pretty theatre, it sha'n't!" said she pettingly; "and it shall not be asked to go away with any great ugly Bluebeard and be shut up in a lonely house ——"

"Go away, Carry," said she, releasing herself. "I wonder why you began talking such nonsense. What do you know about all those things?"

"Oh! very well," said the child, turning away with a pout; and she pulled a rose and began to take its petals off, one by one, with her lips. "Perhaps I don't know. Perhaps I haven't studied your manœuvres on the stage, Miss Gertrude White. Perhaps I never saw the newspapers declaring that it was all so very natural and lifelike." She flung two or three rose-petals at her sister. "I believe you're the biggest flirt that ever lived, Gerty. You could make any man you liked marry you in ten minutes."

"I wish I could manage to have certain schoolgirls whipped and sent to bed."

At this moment there appeared at the open French window an elderly woman of Flemish features and extraordinary breadth of bust.

"Shall I put dressing in the salad, miss?" she said, with scarcely any trace of foreign accent.

"Not yet, Marie," said Miss White. "I will make the dressing first. Bring me a large plate, and the cruet-stand, and a spoon and fork, and some salt."

Now when these things had been brought, and when Miss White had set about preparing this salad dressing in a highly scientific manner, a strange thing occurred. Her sister seemed to have been attacked by a sudden fit of madness. She had caught up a light shawl, which she extended from hand to hand, as if she were dancing with some one, and then she proceeded to execute a slow waltz in this circumscribed space, humming the improvised music in a mystical and rhythmical manner. And what were these dark utterances that the inspired one gave forth, as she glanced from time to time at her sister and the plate?

"*Oh, a Highland lad my love was born — and the Lowland laws he held in scorn* ——"

"Carry, don't make a fool of yourself!" said the other, flushing angrily.

Carry flung her imaginary partner aside.

"There is no use making any pretense," said she sharply. "You know quite well why you are making that salad dressing."

"Did you never see me make salad dressing before?" said the other, quite as sharply.

"You know it is simply because Sir Keith Macleod is coming to lunch. I forgot all about it. Oh, and that's why you had the clean curtains put up yesterday!"

What else had this precocious brain ferreted out?

"Yes, and that's why you bought papa a new necktie," continued the tormentor; and then she added, triumphantly, "*But he hasn't put it on this morning — ha, Gerty?*"

A calm and dignified silence is the best answer to the fiendishness of thirteen. Miss White went on with the making of the salad dressing. She was considered very clever at it. Her father had taught her; but he never had the patience to carry out his own precepts. Besides, brute force is not wanted for the work: what you want is the self-denying assiduity and the dexterous light-handedness of a woman.

A smart young maid-servant, very trimly dressed, made her appearance.

"Sir Keith Macleod, miss," said she.

"Oh, Gerty, you're caught," muttered the fiend.

But Miss White was equal to the occasion. The small, white fingers plied the fork without a tremor.

"Ask him to step this way, please," she said.

And then the subtle imagination of this demon of thirteen jumped to another conclusion.

"Oh, Gerty, you want to show him that you are a good housekeeper — that you can make salad ——"

But the imp was silenced by the appearance of Macleod himself. He looked tall

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

as he came through the small drawing-room. When he came out on to the balcony the languid air of the place seemed to acquire a fresh and brisk vitality: he had a bright smile and a resonant voice.

"I have taken the liberty of bringing you a little present, Miss White — no, it is a large present — that reached me this morning," said he. "I want you to see one of our Highland salmon. He is a splendid fellow — twenty-six pounds four ounces, my landlady says. My cousin Janet sent him to me."

"Oh, but, Sir Keith, we cannot rob you," Miss White said, as she still demurely plied her fork. "If there is any special virtue in a Highland salmon, it will be best appreciated by yourself, rather than by those who don't know."

"The fact is," said he, "people are so kind to me that I scarcely ever am allowed to dine at my lodgings; and you know the salmon should be cooked at once."

Miss Carry had been making a face behind his back to annoy her sister. She now came forward and said, with a charming innocence in her eyes, —

"I don't think you can have it cooked for luncheon, Gerty, for that would look too like bringing your tea in your pocket, and getting hot water for twopence. Wouldn't it?"

Macleod turned and regarded this new-comer with an unmistakable "Who is this?" — "*Cò an so?*" — in his air.

"Oh, that is my sister Carry, Sir Keith," said Miss White. "I forgot you had not seen her."

"How do you do?" said he, in a kindly way; and for a second he put his hand on the light curls as her father might have done. "I suppose you like having holidays?"

From that moment she became his deadly enemy. To be patted on the head, as if she were a child, an infant — and that in the presence of the sister whom she had just been lecturing!

"Yes, thank you," said she, with a splendid dignity, as she proudly walked off. She went into the small lobby leading to the door. She called to the little maid-servant. She looked at a certain long bag made of matting which lay there, some bits of grass sticking out of one end. "Jane, take this thing down to the cellar at once! The whole house smells of it."

Meanwhile Miss White had carried her salad dressing in to Marie, and had gone out again to the veranda, where Macleod was seated. He was charmed with the dreamy stillness and silence of the place, with the hanging foliage all around, and the colors in the steep gardens, and the still waters below.

"I don't know how it is," said he, "but you seem to have much more open houses here than we have. Our houses in the north look cold, and hard, and bare. We should laugh if we saw a place like this up with us; it seems to me a sort of a toy place out of a picture — from Switzerland or some such country. Here you are in the open air, with your own little world around you, and nobody to see you; you might live all your life here, and know nothing about the storms crossing the Atlantic, and the wars in Europe, if only you gave up the newspapers."

"Yes, it is very pretty and quiet," said she, and the small fingers pulled to pieces one of the roseleaves that Carry had thrown at her. "But you know one is never satisfied anywhere. If I were to tell you the longing I have to see the very places you describe as being so desolate —— But perhaps papa will take me there some day."

"I hope so," said he; "but I would not call them desolate. They are terrible at times, and they are lonely, and they make you think. But they are beautiful too, with a sort of splendid beauty and grandeur that goes very near making you miserable. . . . I cannot describe it. You will see for yourself."

Here a bell rang, and at the same moment Mr. White made his appearance.

"How do you do, Sir Keith? Luncheon is ready, my dear — luncheon is ready — luncheon is ready."

He kept muttering to himself as he led the way. They entered a small dining-room, and here, if Macleod had ever heard of actresses having little time to give to domestic affairs, he must have been struck by the exceeding neatness and brightness of everything on the table and around it. The snow-white cover; the brilliant glass and spoons; the carefully-arranged, if tiny, bouquets; and the precision with which the smart little maid-servant, the only attendant, waited — all these things showed a household well managed. Nay, this iced claret-cup — was it not of her own composition? — and a pleasanter beverage he had never drank.

But she seemed to pay little attention to these matters, for she kept glancing at her father, who, as he addressed Macleod from time to time, was obviously nervous and harassed about something. At last she said, —

"Papa, what is the matter with you?

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Has anything gone wrong this morning?"

"Oh, my dear child," said he, "don't speak of it. It is my memory — I fear my memory is going. But we will not trouble our guest about it. I think you were saying, Sir Keith, that you had seen the latest additions to the National Gallery ——"

"But what is it, papa?" his daughter insisted.

"My dear, my dear, I know I have the lines somewhere; and Lord —— says that the very first jug fired at the new pottery he is helping shall have these lines on it, and be kept for himself. I know I have both the Spanish original and the English translation somewhere; and all the morning I have been hunting and hunting — for only one line. I think I know the other three —

> Old wine to drink.
> Old wrongs let sink.
> . . . . . .
> Old friends in need.

It is the third line that has escaped me — dear, dear me! I fear my brain is going."

"But I will hunt for it, papa," said she; "I will get the lines for you. Don't you trouble."

"No, no, no, child," said he, with somewhat of a pompous air. "You have this new character to study. You must not allow any trouble to disturb the serenity of your mind while you are so engaged. You must give your heart and soul to it, Gerty; you must forget yourself; you must abandon yourself to it, and let it grow up in your mind until the conception is so perfect that there are no traces of the manner of its production left."

He certainly was addressing his daughter, but somehow the formal phrases suggested that he was speaking for the benefit of the stranger. The prim old gentleman continued, —

"That is the only way. Art demands absolute self-forgetfulness. You must give yourself to it in complete surrender. People may not know the difference; but the true artist seeks only to be true to himself. You produce the perfect flower; they are not to know of the anxious care — of the agony of tears, perhaps — you have spent on it. But then your whole mind must be given to it; there must be no distracting cares; I will look for the missing line myself."

"I am quite sure, papa," said Miss Carry spitefully, "that she was far more anxious about these cutlets than about her new part this morning. She was half-a-dozen times down to the kitchen. I didn't see her reading the book much."

"The *res angustæ domi*," said the father sententiously, "sometimes interfere, where people are not too well off. But that is necessary. What is not necessary is that Gerty should take my troubles over to herself, and disturb her formation of this new character, which ought to be growing up in her mind almost insensibly, until she herself will scarcely be aware how real it is. When she steps on to the stage she ought to be no more Gertrude White than you or I. The artist loses himself. He transfers his soul to his creation. His heart beats in another breast; he sees with other eyes. You will excuse me, Sir Keith, but I keep insisting on this point to my daughter. If she ever becomes a great artist, that will be the secret of her success. And she ought never to cease from cultivating the habit. She ought to be ready at any moment to project herself, as it were, into any character. She ought to practise so as to make of her own emotions an instrument that she can use at will. It is a great demand that art makes on the life of an artist. In fact, he ceases to live for himself. He becomes merely a medium. His most secret experiences are the property of the world at large, once they have been transfused and moulded by his personal skill."

And so he continued talking, apparently for the instruction of his daughter, but also giving his guest clearly to understand that Miss Gertrude White was not as other women, but rather as one set apart for the high and inexorable sacrifice demanded by art. At the end of his lecture he abruptly asked Macleod if he had followed him. Yes, he had followed him, but in rather a bewildered way. Or had he some confused sense of self-reproach, in that he had distracted the contemplation of this pale and beautiful artist, and sent her down-stairs to look after cutlets?

"It seems a little hard, sir," said Macleod to the old man, "that an artist is not to have any life of his or her own at all; that he or she should become merely a — a — a sort of ten-minutes emotionalist."

It was not a bad phrase for a rude Highlander to have invented on the spur of the moment. But the fact was that some little personal feeling stung him into the speech. He was prepared to resent this tyranny of art. And if he now were to see some beautiful pale slave bound in these iron chains, and being exhibited for the amusement of an idle world, what would the fierce blood of the Macleods

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

say to that debasement? He began to dislike this old man, with his cruel theories and his oracular speech. But he forebore to have further or any argument with him; for he remembered what the Highlanders call "the advice of the bell of Scoon" — "*The thing that concerns you not, meddle not with.*"

CHAPTER IX.

THE PRINCESS RIGHINN.

THE people who lived in this land of summer and sunshine and flowers — had they no cares at all? He went out into the garden with these two girls; and they were like two young fawns in their careless play. Miss Carry, indeed, seemed bent on tantalizing him by the manner in which she petted and teased and caressed her sister — scolding her, quarrelling with her, and kissing her all at once. The grave, gentle, forbearing manner in which the elder sister bore all this was beautiful to see. And then her sudden concern and pity when the wild Miss Carry had succeeded in scratching her finger with the thorn of a rosebush! It was the tiniest of scratches; and all the blood that appeared was about the size of a pin-head. But Miss White must needs tear up her dainty little pocket-handkerchief, and bind that grievous wound, and condole with the poor victim as though she were suffering untold agonies. It was a pretty sort of idleness. It seemed to harmonize with this still, beautiful summer day, and the soft green foliage around, and the still air that was sweet with the scent of the flowers of the lime-trees. They say that the Gaelic word for the lower regions, *ifrin*, is derived from *i-bhuirn*, the island of incessant rain. To a Highlander, therefore, must not this land of perpetual summer and sunshine have seemed to be heaven itself?

And even the malicious Carry relented for a moment.

"You said you were going to the Zoological Gardens," she said.

"Yes," he answered, "I am. I have seen everything I want to see in London but that."

"Because Gerty and I might walk across the Park with you, and show you the way."

"I very much wish you would," said he, "if you have nothing better to do."

"I will see if papa does not want me," said Miss White calmly. She might just as well be walking in Regent's Park as in this small garden.

Presently the three of them set out.

"I am glad of any excuse," she said, with a smile, "for throwing aside that new part. It seems to me insufferably stupid. It is very hard that you should be expected to make a character look natural when the words you have to speak are such as no human being would use in any circumstances whatever."

Oddly enough, he never heard her make even the slightest reference to her profession without experiencing a sharp twinge of annoyance. He did not stay to ask himself why this should be so. Ordinarily he simply made haste to change the subject.

"Then why should you take the part at all?" said he bluntly.

"Once you have given yourself up to a particular calling, you must accept its little annoyances," she said frankly. "I cannot have everything my own way. I have been very fortunate in other respects. I never had to go through the drudgery of the provinces, though they say that is the best school possible for an actress. And I am sure the money and the care papa has spent on my training — you see, he has no son to send to college. I think he is far more anxious about my succeeding than I am myself."

"But you have succeeded," said Macleod. It was, indeed, the least he could say, with all his dislike of the subject.

"Oh, I do not call that success," said she simply. "That is merely pleasing people by showing them little scenes from their own drawing-rooms transferred to the stage. They like it because it is pretty and familiar. And people pretend to be very cynical at present — they like things with 'no nonsense about them;' and I suppose this sort of comedy is the natural reaction from the rant of the melodrama. Still, if you happen to be ambitious — or perhaps it is mere vanity? — if you would like to try what is in you —— "

"Gerty wants to be a Mrs. Siddons: that's it," said Miss Carry promptly.

Talking to an actress about her profession, and not having a word of compliment to say! Instead, he praised the noble elms and chestnuts of the park, the broad white lake, the flowers, the avenues. He was greatly interested by the whizzing by overhead of a brace of duck.

"I suppose you are very fond of animals?" Miss White said.

"I am indeed," said he, suddenly brightening up. "And up at our place I give them all a chance. I don't allow a single weasel or hawk to be killed, though I have

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

a great deal of trouble about it. But what is the result? I don't know whether there is such a thing as the balance of nature, or whether it is merely that the hawks and weasels and other vermin kill off the sickly birds; but I do know that we have less disease among our birds than I hear of anywhere else. I have sometimes shot a weasel, it is true, when I have run across him as he was hunting a rabbit — you cannot help doing that if you hear the rabbit squealing with fright long before the weasel is at him — but it is against my rule. I give them all a fair field and no favor. But there are two animals I put out of the list; I thought there was only one till this week — now there are two; and one of them I hate, the other I fear."

"Fear?" she said: the slight flash of surprise in her eyes was eloquent enough. But he did not notice it.

"Yes," said he, rather gloomily. "I suppose it is superstition, or you may have it in your blood; but the horror I have of the eyes of a snake — I cannot tell you of it. Perhaps I was frightened when I was a child — I cannot remember; or perhaps it was the stories of the old women. The serpent is very mysterious to the people in the Highlands; they have stories of water-snakes in the lochs; and if you get a nest of seven adders with one white one, you boil the white one, and the man who drinks the broth knows all things in heaven and earth. In the Lewis they call the serpent *righinn*, that is, '*a princess;*' and they say that the serpent is a princess bewitched. But that is from fear — it is a compliment ——"

"But surely there are no serpents to be afraid of in the Highlands?" said Miss White. She was looking rather curiously at him.

"No," said he, in the same gloomy way. "The adders run away from you if you are walking through the heather. If you tread on one, and he bites your boot, what then? He cannot hurt you. But suppose you are out after the deer, and you are crawling along the heather with your face to the ground, and all at once you see the two small eyes of an adder looking at you and close to you ——"

He shuddered slightly — perhaps it was only an expression of disgust.

"I have heard," he continued, "that in parts of Islay they used to be so bad that the farmers would set fire to the heather in a circle, and as the heather burned in and in you could see the snakes and adders twisting and curling in a great ball. We have not many with us. But one day John Begg, that is the schoolmaster, went behind a rock to get a light for his pipe; and he put his head close to the rock to be out of the wind; and then he thought he stirred something with his cap; and the next moment the adder fell on to his shoulder, and bit him in the neck. He was half mad with the fright; but I think the adder must have bitten the cap first and expended its poison; for the schoolmaster was only ill for about two days, and then there was no more of it. But just think of it — an adder getting to your neck ——"

"I would rather not think of it," she said quickly. "What is the other animal — that you hate?"

"Oh!" he said lightly, "that is a very different affair — that is a parrot that speaks. I was never shut up in a house with one till this week. My landlady's son brought her home one from the West Indies; and she put the cage in a window recess on my landing. At first it was a little amusing; but the constant yelp — it was too much for me. '*Pritty poal! pritty poal!*' I did not mind so much; but when the ugly brute, with its beady eyes and its black snout, used to yelp, '*Come and kiz me! come and kiz me!*' I grew to hate it. And in the morning, too, how was one to sleep? I used to open my door and fling a boot at it; but that only served for a time. It began again."

"But you speak of it as having been there. What became of it?"

He glanced at her rather nervously — like a schoolboy — and laughed.

"Shall I tell you?" he said, rather shamefacedly. "The murder will be out sooner or later. It was this morning. I could stand it no longer. I had thrown both my boots at it; it was no use. I got up a third time, and went out. The window, that looks into a back yard, was open. Then I opened the parrot's cage. But the fool of an animal did not know what I meant — or it was afraid — and so I caught him by the back of the neck and flung him out. I don't know anything more about him."

"Could he fly?" said the big-eyed Carry, who had been quite interested in this tragic tale.

"I don't know," Macleod said modestly. "There was no use asking him. All he could say was, '*Come and kiz me;*' and I got tired of that."

"Then you have murdered him!" said the elder sister in an awe-stricken voice; and she pretended to withdraw a bit from him. "I don't believe in the Macleods

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

having become civilized, peaceable people. I believe they would have no hesitation in murdering any one that was in their way."

"Oh, Miss White," said he, in protest, "you must forget what I told you, about the Macleods; and you must really believe they were no worse than the others of the same time. Now I was thinking of another story the other day, which I must tell you —— "

"Oh, pray don't," she said, "if it is one of those terrible legends —— "

"But I must tell you," said he, "because it is about the Macdonalds; and I want to show you that we had not all the badness of those times. It was Donald Gorm Môr; and his nephew Hugh Macdonald, who was the heir to the chieftainship, he got a number of men to join him in a conspiracy to have his uncle murdered. The chief found it out, and forgave him. That was not like a Macleod," he admitted, "for I never heard of a Macleod of those days forgiving anybody. But again Hugh Macdonald engaged in a conspiracy; and then Donald Gorm Môr thought he would put an end to the nonsense. What did he do? He put his nephew into a deep and foul dungeon — so the story says — and left him without food or water for a whole day. Then there was salt beef lowered into the dungeon; and Macdonald he devoured the salt beef, for he was starving with hunger. Then they left him alone. But you can imagine the thirst of a man who has been eating salt beef, and who has had no water for a day or two. He was mad with thirst. Then they lowered a cup into the dungeon — you may imagine the eagerness with which the poor fellow saw it coming down to him, and how he caught it with both his hands. *But it was empty!* And so, having made a fool of him in that way, they left him to die of thirst. That was the Macdonalds, Miss White, not the Macleods."

"Then I am glad of Culloden," said she, with decision, "for destroying such a race of fiends."

"Oh, you must not say that," he protested, laughing. "We should have become quiet and respectable folks without Culloden. Even without Culloden we should have had penny newspapers all the same; and tourist boats from Oban to Iona. Indeed, you won't find quieter folks anywhere than the Macdonalds and Macleods are now."

"I don't know how far you are to be trusted," said she, pretending to look at him with some doubts.

Now they reached the gate of the Gardens.

"Do let us go in, Gerty," said Miss Carry. "You know you always get hints for your dresses from the birds — you would never have thought of that flamingo pink and white if you had not been walking through here —— "

"I will go in for a while if you like, Carry," said she; and certainly Macleod was nothing loath.

There were but few people in the Gardens on this afternoon, for all the world was up at the Eton and Harrow cricket match at Lord's, and there was little visible of 'Arry and his pipe. Macleod began to show more than a schoolboy's delight over the wonders of this strange place. That he was exceedingly fond of animals — always barring the two he had mentioned — was soon abundantly shown. He talked to them as though the mute, inquiring eyes could understand him thoroughly. When he came to animals with which he was familiar in the north, he seemed to be renewing acquaintance with old friends — like himself they were strangers in a strange land.

"Ah," said he to the splendid red deer, which was walking about the paddock with his velvety horns held proudly in the air, "what part of the Highlands have you come from? And wouldn't you like now a canter down the dry bed of a stream on the side of Ben-an-Sloich?"

The hind, with slow and gentle step, and with her nut-brown hide shining in the sun, came up to the bars, and regarded him with those large, clear, gray-green eyes — so different from the soft, dark eyes of the roe — that had long eyelashes on the upper lid. He rubbed her nose.

"And wouldn't you rather be up on the heather, munching the young grass and drinking out of the burn?"

They went along to the great cage of the sea-eagles. The birds seemed to pay no heed to what was passing immediately around them. Ever and anon they jerked their head into an attitude of attention, and the golden brown eye, with its contracted pupil and stern upper lid, seemed to be throwing a keen glance over immeasurable leagues of sea.

"Poor old chap!" he said to the one perched high on an old stump, "wouldn't you like to have one sniff of a sea-breeze, and a look round for a sea-pyot or two? What do they give you here — dead fish, I suppose?"

The eagle raised its great wings and slowly flapped them once or twice, while it uttered a succession of shrill *yawps*.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

"Oh, yes," he said, "you could make yourself heard above the sound of the waves. And I think if any of the boys were after your eggs or your young ones, you could make short work of them with those big wings. Or would you like to have a battle-royal with a seal, and try whether you could pilot the seal into the shore, or whether the seal would drag you and your fixed claws down to the bottom and drown you?"

There was a solitary kittiwake in a cage devoted to sea-birds, nearly all of which were foreigners.

"You poor little kittiwake," said he, "this is a sad place for you to be in. I think you would rather be out at Ru-Treshanish, even if it was blowing hard, and there was rain about. There was a dead whale came ashore there about a month ago; that would have been something like a feast for you."

"Why," said he, to his human companion, "if I had only known before! Whenever there was an hour or two with nothing to do, here was plenty of occupation. But I must not keep you too long, Miss White. I could remain here days and weeks."

"You will not go without looking in at the serpents," said she, with a slight smile.

He hesitated for a second.

"No," said he; "I think I will not go in to see them."

"But you must," said she cruelly. "You will see they are not such terrible creatures when they are shut up in glass boxes."

He suffered himself to be led along to the reptile-house; but he was silent. He entered the last of the three. He stood in the middle of the room, and looked around him in rather a strange way.

"Now come and look at this splendid fellow," said Miss White, who, with her sister, was leaning over the rail. "Look at his splendid bars of color? do you see the beautiful blue sheen on its scales?"

It was a huge anaconda, its body as thick as a man's leg, lying coiled up in a circle; its flat ugly head reposing in the middle. He came a bit nearer. "Hideous!" was all he said. And then his eyes were fixed on the eyes of the animal — the lidless eyes, with their perpetual glassy stare. He had thought at first they were closed; but now he saw that that opaque yellow substance was covered by a glassy coating, while in the centre there was a small slit as if cut by a penknife. The great coils slowly expanded and fell again as the animal breathed; otherwise the fixed stare of those yellow eyes might have been taken for the stare of death.

"I don't think the anaconda is poisonous at all," said she lightly.

"But if you were to meet that beast in a jungle," said he, "what difference would that make?"

He spoke reproachfully, as if she were luring him into some secret place to have him slain with poisonous fangs. He passed on from that case to the others unwillingly. The room was still. Most of the snakes would have seemed dead but for the malign stare of the beaded eyes. He seemed anxious to get out; the atmosphere of the place was hot and oppressive.

But just at the door there was a case some quick motion in which caught his eye, and despite himself he stopped to look. The inside of this glass box was alive with snakes — raising their heads in the air, slimily crawling over each other, the small black forked tongues shooting in and out, the black points of eyes glassily staring. And the object that had moved quickly was a wretched little yellow frog, that was now motionless in a dish of water, its eyes apparently starting out of its head with horror. A snake made its appearance over the edge of the dish. The shooting black tongue approached the head of the frog; and then the long, sinuous body glided along the edge of the dish again, the frog meanwhile being too paralyzed with fear to move. A second afterward the frog, apparently recovering, sprung clean out of the basin; but it was only to alight on the backs of two or three of the reptiles lying coiled up together. It made another spring, and got into a corner among some grass. But along that side of the case another of those small, flat, yellow-marked heads was slowly creeping along, propelled by the squirming body; and again the frog made a sudden spring, this time leaping once more into the shallow water, where it stood and panted, with its eyes dilated. And now a snake that had crawled up the side of the case put out its long neck as if to see whither it should proceed. There was nothing to lay hold of. The head swayed and twisted, the forked tongue shooting out; and at last the snake fell away from its hold, and splashed right into the basin of water on the top of the frog. There was a wild shooting this way and that — but Macleod did not see the end of it. He had uttered some slight exclamation, and got into the

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

open air, as one being suffocated; and there were drops of perspiration on his forehead, and a trembling of horror and disgust had seized him. His two companions followed him out.

"I felt rather faint," said he, in a low voice — and he did not turn to look at them as he spoke — "the air is close in that room."

They moved away. He looked around — at the beautiful green of the trees, and the blue sky, and the sunlight on the path — God's world was getting to be more wholesome again, and the choking sensation of disgust was going from his throat. He seemed, however, rather anxious to get away from this place. There was a gate close by; he proposed they should go out by that. As he walked back with them to South Bank, they chatted about many of the animals — the two girls in especial being much interested in certain pheasants, whose colors of plumage they thought would look very pretty in a dress — but he never referred, either then or at any future time, to his visit to the reptile-house. Nor did it occur to Miss White, in this idle conversation, to ask him whether his Highland blood had inherited any other qualities besides that instinctive and deadly horror of serpents.

CHAPTER X.

LAST NIGHTS.

"GOOD-NIGHT, Macleod!" — "Good-night!" — "Good-night!" The various voices came from the top of a drag. They were addressed to one of two young men who stood on the steps of the Star and Garter — black figures in the blaze of light. And now the people on the drag had finally ensconced themselves, and the ladies had drawn their ample cloaks more completely round their gay costumes, and the two grooms were ready to set free the heads of the leaders. "Good-night, Macleod!" Lord Beauregard called again; and then, with a little preliminary prancing of the leaders, away swung the big vehicle through the clear darkness of the sweet-scented summer night.

"It was awfully good-natured of Beauregard to bring six of your people down and take them back again," observed Lieutenant Ogilvie to his companion. "He wouldn't do it for most folks. He would'nt do it for me. But then you have the grand air, Macleod. You seem to be conferring a favor when you get one."

"The people have been very kind to me," said Macleod simply. "I do not know why. I wish I could take them all up to Castle Dare and entertain them as a prince could entertain people —— "

"I want to talk to you about that, Macleod," said his companion. "Shall we go up-stairs again? I have left my hat and coat there."

They went up-stairs and entered a long chamber which had been formed by the throwing of two rooms into one. The one apartment had been used as a sort of withdrawing-room; in the other stood the long banquet-table, still covered with bright-colored flowers, and dishes of fruit, and decanters, and glasses. Ogilvie sat down, lit a cigar, and poured himself out some claret.

"Macleod," said he, "I am going to talk to you like a father. I hear you have been going on in a mad way. Surely you know that a bachelor coming up to London for a season, and being asked about by people who are precious glad to get unmarried men to their houses, is not expected to give these swell dinner-parties? And then, it seems, you have been bringing down all your people in drags. What do those flowers cost you? I dare say this is Lafitte, now?"

"And if it is, why not drink it and say no more about it? I think they enjoyed themselves pretty well this evening — don't you, Ogilvie?"

"Yes, yes; but then, my dear fellow, the cost! You will say it is none of my business; but what would your decent, respectable mother say to all this extravagance?"

"Ah!" said Macleod, "that is just the thing; I should have more pleasure in my little dinner-parties, if only the mother and Janet were here to see. I think the table would look a good deal better if my mother was at the head of it. And the cost? — oh, I am only following out her instructions. She would not have people think that I was insensible to the kindness that has been shown me; and then we cannot ask all those good friends up to Castle Dare; it is an out-of-the-way place, and there are no flowers on the dining-table there."

He laughed as he looked at the beautiful things before him; they would look strange in the gaunt hall of Castle Dare.

"Why," said he, "I will tell you a secret, Ogilvie. You know my cousin Janet — she is the kindest-hearted of all the women I know — and when I was coming away she gave me £2000, just in case I should need it."

"£2000!" exclaimed Ogilvie. "Did

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

she think you were going to buy Westminster Abbey during the course of your holidays?" And then he looked at the table before him, and a new idea seemed to strike him. "You don't mean to say, Macleod, that it is your cousin's money ——"

Macleod's face flushed angrily. Had any other man made the suggestion he would have received a tolerably sharp answer. But he only said to his old friend Ogilvie,—

"No, no, Ogilvie; we are not very rich folks, but we have not come to that yet. 'I'd sell my kilts, I'd sell my shoon,' as the song says, before I touched a farthing of Janet's money. But I had to take it from her, so as not to offend her. It is wonderful, the anxiety and affection of women who always live out of the world like that. There was my mother, quite sure that something awful was going to happen to me, merely because I was going away for two or three months. And Janet — I suppose she knew that our family never was very good at saving money — she would have me take this little fortune of hers, just as if the old days were come back, and the son of the house was supposed to go to Paris to gamble away every penny."

"By the way, Macleod," said Ogilvie, "you have never gone to Paris, as you intended."

"No," said he, trying to balance three nectarines one on the top of the other, "I have not gone to Paris. I have made enough friends in London. I have had plenty to occupy the time. And now, Ogilvie," he added brightly, "I am going in for my last frolic, before everybody has left London, and you must come to it, even if you have to go down by your cold-meat train again. You know Miss Rawlinson; you have seen her at Mrs. Ross's, no doubt. Very well, I met her first when we went down to the Thames yacht race, and afterward we became great friends; and the dear little old lady already looks on me as if I were her son. And do you know what her proposal is? — that she is to give me up her house and garden for a garden party, and I am to ask my friends; and it is to be a dance as well, for we shall ask the people to have supper at eight o'clock or so; and then we shall have a marquee — and the garden all lighted up — do you see? It is one of the largest gardens on Campden Hill; and the colored lamps hung on the trees will make it look very fine; and we shall have a band to play music for the dancers ——"

"It will cost you £200 or £300 at least," said Ogilvie, sharply.

"What then? You give your friends a pleasant evening, and you show them that you are not ungrateful," said Macleod.

Ogilvie began to ponder over this matter. The stories he had heard of Macleod's extravagant entertainments were true, then. Suddenly he looked up, and said,—

"Is Miss White to be one of your guests?"

"I hope so," said he. "The theatre will be closed at the end of this week."

"I suppose you have been a good many times to the theatre?"

"To the Piccadilly Theatre?"

"Yes."

"I have been only once to the Piccadilly Theatre — when you and I went together," said Macleod coldly; and they spoke no more of that matter.

By-and-by they thought they might as well smoke outside, and so they went down and out upon the high and walled terrace overlooking the broad valley of the Thames. And now the moon had arisen in the south, and the winding river showed a pale gray among the black woods, and there was a silvery light on the stone parapet on which they leaned their arms. The night was mild and soft and clear, there was an intense silence around; but they heard the faint sound of oars far away — some boating party getting home through the dark shadows of the river-side trees.

"It is a beautiful life you have here in the south," Macleod said, after a time, "though I can imagine that the women enjoy it more than the men. It is natural for women to enjoy pretty colors, and flowers, and bright lights, and music; and I suppose it is the mild air that lets their eyes grow so big and clear. But the men — I should think they must get tired of doing nothing. They are rather melancholy, and their hands are white. I wonder they don't begin to hate Hyde Park, and kid gloves, and tight boots. Ogilvie," said he suddenly, straightening himself up, "what do you say to the 12th? A few breathers over Ben-an-Sloich would put new lungs into you. I don't think you look quite so limp as most of the London men; but still you are not up to the mark. And then an occasional run out to Coll or Tiree in that old tub of ours, with a brisk sou'wester blowing across — that would put some mettle into you. Mind you, you won't have any grand banquets at Castle Dare. I think it is hard on the

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

poor old mother that she should have all the pinching and none of the squandering; but women seem to have rather a liking for these sacrifices, and both she and Janet are very proud of the family name — I believe they would live on seaweed for a year if only their representative in London could take Buckingham Palace for the season. And Hamish — don't you remember Hamish? — he will give you a hearty welcome to Dare, and he will tell you the truth about any salmon or stag you may kill, though he was never known to come within five pounds of the real weight of any big salmon I ever caught. Now, then, what do you say?"

"Ah, it is all very well," said Lieutenant Ogilvie. "If we could all get what we want, there would scarcely be an officer in Aldershot Camp on the 12th of August. But I must say there are some capitally good fellows in our mess — and it isn't every one gets the chance you offer me — and there's none of the dog-in-the-manger feeling about them: in short, I do believe, Macleod, that I could get off for a week or so about the 20th."

"The 20th? So be it. Then you will have the blackcock added in."

"When do you leave?"

"On the 1st of August — the morning after my garden party. You must come to it, Ogilvie. Lady Beauregard has persuaded her husband to put off their going to Ireland for three days in order to come. And I have got old Admiral Maitland coming — with his stories of the press-gang, and of Nelson, and of the raids on the merchant ships for officers for the navy. Did you know that Miss Rawlinson was an old sweetheart of his? He knew her when she lived in Jamaica with her father — several centuries ago you would think, judging by their stories. Her father got £28,000 from the government when his slaves were emancipated. I wish I could get the old admiral up to Dare — he and the mother would have some stories to tell, I think. But you don't like long journeys at ninety-two."

He was in a pleasant and talkative humor, this bright-faced and stalwart young fellow, with his proud, fine features and his careless air. One could easily see how these old folks had made a sort of pet of him. But while he went on with this desultory chatting about the various people whom he had met, and the friendly invitations he had received, and the hopes he had formed of renewing his acquaintanceship with this person and the next person, should chance bring him again to London soon, he never once mentioned the name of Miss Gertrude White, or referred to her family, or even to her public appearances, about which there was plenty of talk at this time. Yet Lieutenant Ogilvie, on his rare visits to London, had more than once heard Sir Keith Macleod's name mentioned in conjunction with that of the young actress whom society was pleased to regard with a special and unusual favor just then; and once or twice he, as Macleod's friend, had been archly questioned on the subject by some inquisitive lady, whose eyes asked more than her words. But Lieutenant Ogilvie was gravely discreet. He neither treated the matter with ridicule, nor, on the other hand, did he pretend to know more than he actually knew — which was literally nothing at all. For Macleod, who was, in ordinary circumstances, anything but a reserved or austere person, was on this subject strictly silent, evading questions with a proud and simple dignity that forbade the repetition of them. "*The thing that concerns you not, meddle not with:*" he observed the maxim himself, and expected others to do the like.

It was an early dinner they had had, after their stroll in Richmond Park; and it was a comparatively early train that Macleod and his friend now drove down to catch, after he had paid his bill. When they reached Waterloo Station it was not yet eleven o'clock; when he, having bade good-bye to Ogilvie, got to his rooms in Bury Street, it was but a few minutes after. He was joyfully welcomed by his faithful friend Oscar.

"You poor dog," said he, "here have we been enjoying ourselves all the day, and you have been in prison. Come, shall we go for a run?"

Oscar jumped up on him with a whine of delight; he knew what that taking up of the hat again meant. And then there was a silent stealing down stairs, and a slight, pardonable bark of joy in the hall, and a wild dash into the freedom of the narrow street when the door was opened. Then Oscar moderated his transports, and kept pretty close to his master as together they began to wander through the desert wilds of London.

Piccadilly? — Oscar had grown as expert in avoiding the rattling broughams and hansoms as the veriest mongrel that ever led a vagrant life in London streets. Berkeley Square? — here there was comparative quiet, with the gas lamps shining up on the thick foliage of the maples. In Grosvenor Square he had a bit of a scam-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

per; but there was no rabbit to hunt. In Oxford Street his master took him into a public-house and gave him a biscuit and a drink of water; after that his spirits rose a bit, and he began to range ahead in Baker Street. But did Oscar know any more than his master why they had taken this direction?

Still further north; and now there were a good many trees about; and the moon, high in the heavens, touched the trembling foliage, and shone white on the front of the houses. Oscar was a friendly companion; but he could not be expected to notice that his master glanced somewhat nervously along South Bank when he had reached the entrance to that thoroughfare. Apparently the place was quite deserted; there was nothing visible but the walls, trees, and houses, one side in black shadow, the other shining cold and pale in the moonlight. After a moment's hesitation Macleod resumed his walk — though he seemed to tread more softly.

And now, in the perfect silence, he neared a certain house, though but little of it was visible over the wall and through the trees. Did he expect to see a light in one of these upper windows, which the drooping acacias did not altogether conceal? He walked quickly by, with his head averted. Oscar had got a good way in front, not doubting that his master was following him.

But Macleod, perhaps having mustered up further courage, stopped in his walk, and returned. This time he passed more slowly, and turned his head to the house, as if listening. There was no light in the windows; there was no sound at all; there was no motion but that of the trembling acacia leaves as the cold wind of the night stirred them. And then he passed over to the south side of the thoroughfare, and stood in the black shadow of a high wall; and Oscar came and looked up into his face.

A brougham rattled by; then there was utter stillness again; and the moonlight shone on the front of the small house which was to all appearance as lifeless as the grave. Then, far away, twelve o'clock struck, and the sound seemed distant as the sound of a bell at sea in this intense quiet.

He was alone with the night, and with the dreams and fancies of the night. Would he, then, confess to himself that which he would confess to no other? Or was it merely some passing whim — some slight underchord of sentiment struck amid the careless joy of a young man's holiday — that had led him up into this silent region of trees and moonlight? The scene around him was romantic enough, but he certainly had not the features of an anguish-stricken lover.

Again the silence of the night was broken by the rumbling of a cab that came along the road; and now, whatever may have been the fancy that brought him hither, he turned to leave, and Oscar joyfully bounded out into the road. But the cab, instead of continuing its route, stopped at the gate of the house he had been watching, and two young ladies stepped out. Fionaghal, the Fair Stranger, had not, then, been wandering in the enchanted land of dreams, but toiling home in a humble four-wheeler from the scene of her anxious labors? He would have slunk away rapidly but for an untoward accident. Oscar, ranging up and down, came upon an old friend, and instantly made acquaintance with her, on seeing which, Macleod, with deep vexation at his heart, but with a pleasant and careless face, had to walk along also.

"What an odd meeting!" said he. "I have been giving Oscar a run. I am glad to have a chance of bidding you good-night. You are not very tired, I hope."

"I am rather tired," said she; "but I have only two more nights, and then my holiday begins."

He shook hands with both sisters, and wished them good-night, and departed. As Miss Gertrude White went into her father's house she seemed rather grave.

"Gerty," said the younger sister, as she screwed up the gas, "wouldn't the name of Lady Macleod look well in a play-bill?"

The elder sister would not answer; but as she turned away there was a quick flush of color in her face — whether caused by anger or by a sudden revelation of her own thought it was impossible to say.

CHAPTER XI.

A FLOWER.

The many friends Macleod had made in the south — or rather those of them who had remained in town 'till the end of the season — showed an unwonted interest in this nondescript party of his; and it was at a comparatively early hour in the evening that the various groups of people began to show themselves in Miss Rawlinson's garden. That prim old lady, with her quick, bright ways, and her humorous little speeches, studiously kept herself in the background. It was Sir Keith Macleod who was the host. And when he re-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

marked to her that he thought the most beautiful night of all the beautiful time he had spent in the south had been reserved for this very party, she replied — looking round the garden just as if she had been one of his guests — that it was a pretty scene. And it was a pretty scene. The last fire of the sunset was just touching the topmost branches of the trees. In the colder shade below, the banks and beds of flowers and the costumes of the ladies acquired a strange intensity of color. Then there was a band playing, and a good deal of chatting going on, and one old gentleman with a grizzled moustache humbly receiving lessons in lawn tennis from an imperious small maiden of ten. Macleod was here, there, and everywhere. The lanterns were to be lit while the people were in at supper. Lieutenant Ogilvie was directed to take in Lady Beauregard when the time arrived.

"You must take her in yourself, Macleod," said that properly constituted youth. "If you outrage the sacred laws of precedence ——"

"I mean to take Miss Rawlinson in to supper," said Macleod; "she is the oldest woman here, and I think my best friend."

"I thought you might wish to give Miss White the place of honor," said Ogilvie, out of sheer impertinence; but Macleod went off to order the candles to be lit in the marquee, where supper was laid.

By-and-by he came out again. And now the twilight had drawn on apace; there was a cold, clear light in the skies, while at the same moment a red glow began to shine through the canvas of the long tent. He walked over to one little group, who were seated on a garden-chair.

"Well," said he, "I have got pretty nearly all my people together now, Mrs. Ross."

"But where is Gertrude White?" said Mrs. Ross; "surely she is to be here?"

"Oh, yes, I think so," said he. "Her father and herself both promised to come. You know her holidays have begun now."

"It is a good thing for that girl," said Miss Rawlinson, in her quick, *staccato* fashion, "that she has few holidays. Very good thing she has her work to mind. The way people run after her would turn any woman's head. The Grand Duke —— is said to have declared that she was one of the three prettiest women he saw in England: what can you expect if things like that get to a girl's ears?"

"But you know Gerty is quite unspoiled," said Mrs. Ross warmly.

"Yes, so far," said the old lady. "So far she retains the courtesy of being hypocritical."

"Oh, Miss Rawlinson, I won't have you say such things of Gerty White!" Mrs. Ross protested. "You are a wicked old woman — isn't she, Hugh?"

"I am saying it to her credit," continued the old lady, with much composure. "What I say is that most pretty women who are much run after are flattered into frankness. When they are introduced to you, they don't take the trouble to conceal that they are quite indifferent to you. A plain woman will be decently civil, and will smile, and pretend she is pleased. A beauty — a recognized beauty — doesn't take the trouble to be hypocritical. Now Miss White does."

"It is an odd sort of compliment," said Colonel Ross, laughing. "What do you think of it, Macleod?"

"These are too great refinements for my comprehension," said he modestly. "I think if a pretty woman is uncivil to you, it is easy for you to turn on your heel and go away."

"I did not say uncivil — don't you go misrepresenting a poor old woman, Sir Keith. I said she is most likely to be flattered into being honest — into showing a stranger that she is quite indifferent, whereas a plain woman will try to make herself a little agreeable. Now a poor lone creature like myself likes to fancy that people are glad to see her, and Miss White pretends as much. It is very kind. By-and-by she will get spoiled like the rest, and then she will become honest. She will shake hands with me, and then turn off, as much as to say, 'Go away, you ugly old woman, for I can't be bothered with you, and I don't expect any money from you, and why should I pretend to like you?'"

All this was said in a half-jesting way; and it certainly did not at all represent — so far as Macleod had ever made out — the real opinions of her neighbors in the world held by this really kind and gentle old lady. But Macleod had noticed before that Miss Rawlinson never spoke with any great warmth about Miss Gertrude White's beauty, or her acting, or anything at all connected with her. At this very moment, when she was apparently praising the young lady, there was a bitter flavor about what she said. There may be jealousy between sixty-five and nineteen; and if this reflection occurred to Macleod, he no doubt assumed that Miss Rawlinson, if jealous at all, was jeal-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ous of Miss Gertrude White's influence over — Mrs. Ross.

"As for Miss White's father," continued the old lady, with a little laugh, "perhaps he believes in those sublime theories of art he is always preaching about. Perhaps he does. They are very fine. One result of them is that his daughter remains on the stage — and earns a handsome income — and he enjoys himself in picking up bits of curiosities."

"Now that is really unfair," said Mrs. Ross seriously. "Mr. White is not a rich man, but he has some small means that render him quite independent of any income of his daughter's. Why, how did they live before they ever thought of letting her try her fortune on the stage? And the money he spent, when it was at last decided she should be carefully taught —— "

"Oh, very well," said Miss Rawlinson, with a smile; but she nodded her head ominously. If that old man was not actually living on his daughter's earnings, he had at least strangled his mother, or robbed the Bank of England, or done something or other. Miss Rawlinson was obviously not well disposed either to Mr. White or to his daughter.

At this very moment both these persons made their appearance, and certainly, as this slender and graceful figure, clad in a pale summer costume, came across the lawn, and as a smile of recognition lit up the intelligent fine face, these critics sitting there must have acknowledged that Gertrude White was a singularly pretty woman. And then the fascination of that low-toned voice! She began to explain to Macleod why they were so late. Some trifling accident had happened to Carry. But as these simple, pathetic tones told him the story, his heart was filled with a great gentleness and pity towards that poor victim of misfortune. He was struck with remorse because he had sometimes thought harshly of the poor child on account of a mere occasional bit of pertness. His first message from the Highlands would be to her.

O, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,

the band played merrily, as the gay company took their seats at the long banquet table, Macleod leading in the prim old dame who had placed her house at his disposal. There was a blaze of light and color in this spacious marquee. Bands of scarlet took the place of oaken rafters; there were huge blocks of ice on the table, each set in a miniature lake that was filled with white water-lilies; there were masses of flowers and fruit from one end to the other; and by the side of each *menu* lay a tiny nosegay, in the centre of which was a sprig of bell-heather. This last was a notion of Macleod's amiable hostess; she had made up these miniature bouquets herself. But she had been forestalled in the pretty compliment. Macleod had not seen much of Miss Gertrude White in the cold twilight outside. Now, in this blaze of yellow light, he turned his eyes to her, as she sat there demurely flirting with an old admiral of ninety-two, who was one of Macleod's special friends. And what was that flower she wore in her bosom — the sole piece of color in the costume of white? That was no sprig of blood-red bell-heather, but a bit of real heather — of the common ling; and it was set amid a few leaves of juniper. Now the juniper is the badge of the clan Macleod. She wore it next her heart.

There was laughter, and wine, and merry talking.

Last May a braw wooer,

the band played now; but they scarcely listened.

"Where is your piper, Sir Keith?" said Lady Beauregard.

"At this moment," said he, "I should not wonder if he was down at the shore, waiting for me."

"You are going away quite soon, then?"

"To-morrow. But I don't wish to speak of it. I should like to-night to last forever."

Lady Beauregard was interrupted by her neighbor.

"What has pleased you, then, so much?" said his hostess, looking up at him. "London? Or the people in it? Or any one person in it?"

"Oh," he said laughingly, "the whole thing. What is the use of dissecting? It is nothing but holiday-making in this place. Now, Miss Rawlinson, are you brave? Won't you challenge the admiral to drink a glass of wine with you? And you must include his companion — just as they do at the city dinners — and I will join too."

And so these old sweethearts drank to each other. And Macleod raised his glass too; and Miss White lowered her eyes, and perhaps flushed a little as she touched hers with her lips, for she had not often been asked to take a part in this old-fashioned ceremony. But that was not the only custom they revived that evening.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

After the banquet was over, and the ladies had got some light shawls and gone out into the mild summer night, and when the long marquee was cleared, and the band installed at the farther end, then there was a murmured talk of a minuet. Who could dance it? Should they try it?

"You know it?" said Macleod to Miss White.

"Yes," said she, looking down.

"Will you be my partner?"

"With pleasure," she answered, but there was some little surprise in her voice, which he at once detected.

"Oh," said he, "the mother taught me when I was a child. She and I used to have grand dances together. And Hamish he taught me the sword-dance."

"Do you know the sword-dance?" she said.

"Any one can know it," said he; "it is more difficult to do it. But at one time I could dance it with four of the thickest-handled dirks instead of the two swords."

"I hope you will show us your skill to-night," she said, with a smile.

"Do you think any one can dance the sword-dance without the pipes?" said he, quite simply.

And now some of the younger people had made bold to try this minuet, and Macleod led his partner up to the head of the improvised ball-room, and the slow and graceful music began. That was a pretty sight for those walking outside in the garden. So warm was the night that the canvas of one side of the marquee had been removed, and those walking about in the dark outside could look into this gayly lighted place with the beautifully colored figures moving to the slow music. And as they thus walked along the gravel paths, or under the trees, the stems of which were decorated with spirals of colored lamps, a new light arose in the south to shed a further magic over the scene. Almost red at first, the full moon cleared as it rose, until the trees and bushes were touched with a silver radiance, and the few people who walked about threw black shadows on the greensward and gravel. In an arbor at the furthest end of the garden a number of Chinese lanterns shed a dim colored light on a table and a few rocking-chairs. There were cigarettes on the table.

By-and-by from out of the brilliancy of the tent stepped Macleod and Fionaghal herself, she leaning on his arm, a light scarf thrown round her neck. She uttered a slight cry of surprise when she saw the picture this garden presented — the colored cups on the trees, the swinging lanterns, the broader sheen of the moonlight spreading over the foliage and the lawn and the walks.

"It is like fairy-land," she said.

They walked along the winding gravel paths; and now that some familiar quadrille was being danced in that brilliant tent, there were fewer people out here in the moonlight.

"I should begin to believe that romance was possible," she said, with a smile, "if I often saw a beautiful scene like this. It is what we try to get in the theatre; but I see all the bare boards and the lime light — I don't have a chance of believing in it."

"Do you have a chance of believing in anything," said he, "on the stage?"

"I don't understand you," she said gently; for she was sure he would not mean the rudeness that his words literally conveyed.

"And perhaps I cannot explain," said he. "But — but your father was talking the other day about your giving yourself up altogether to your art — living the lives of other people for the time being, forgetting yourself, sacrificing yourself, having no life of your own but that. What must the end of it be? — that you play with emotions and beliefs until you have no faith in any one — none left for yourself; it is only the material of your art. Would you not rather like to live your own life?"

He had spoken rather hesitatingly, and he was not at all sure that he had quite conveyed to her his meaning, though he had thought over the subject long enough and often enough to get his own impressions of it clear.

If she had been ten years older, and an experienced coquette, she would have said to herself, "*This man hates the stage because he is jealous of its hold on my life*," and she would have rejoiced over the inadvertent confession. But now these hesitating words of his seemed to have awakened some quick, responsive thrill in her nature, for she suddenly said, with an earnestness that was not at all assumed,—

"Sometimes I have thought of that — it is so strange to hear my own doubts repeated. If I could choose my own life — yes, I would rather live that out than merely imagining the experiences of others. But what is one to do? You look around, and take the world as it is. Can anything be more trivial and disappointing? When you are Juliet in the balcony, or Rosalind in the forest, then you have some better feeling within you, if it is only for an hour or so."

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

"Yes," said he; "and you go on indulging in those doses of fictitious sentiment until—— But I am afraid the night air is too cold for you. Shall we go back?"

She could not fail to notice the trace of bitterness, and subsequent coldness, with which he spoke. She knew that he must have been thinking deeply over this matter, and that it was no ordinary thing that caused him to speak with so much feeling. But, of course, when he proposed that they should return to the marquee, she consented. He could not expect her to stand there and defend her whole manner of life. Much less could he expect her to give up her profession merely because he had exercised his wits in getting up some fantastic theory about it. And she began to think that he had no right to talk to her in this bitter fashion.

When they had got half-way back to the tent, he paused for a moment.

"I am going to ask a favor of you," he said, in a low voice. "I have spent a pleasant time in England, and I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you for letting me become one of your friends. Tomorrow morning I am going back home. I should like you to give me that flower — as some little token of remembrance."

The small fingers did not tremble at all as she took the flower from her dress. She presented it to him with a charming smile, and without a word. What was the giving of a flower? There was a cart-load of roses in the tent.

But this flower she had worn next her heart.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

QUEVEDO.

In one of Quarles's instructive epigrams we are informed that God buys his wares by weight and not by measure, that he inclines less to words than to matter, and prefers the balance to the yard in his estimate of the exact value of prayer. Whether the same or a contrary course of proceeding be in use in the literary market presided over by the public, in whatever regard the compositions of Quevedo may be considered, in whatever scale they may be laid, they are little likely ever to be found wanting. For his papers in quantity are (though many have been lost) at least as numerous as those of Mariner, Lope's friend, who is said to have left behind him three hundred and sixty quires of paper full of his own lucubrations, unfortunately in a writing so exceedingly small and so exceedingly bad that no person but himself could read it, and in quality comprise subjects most useful and entertaining, expressed in terms from which not a single line, scarcely a single word, can well be taken away. In Spain the name of Quevedo is about as well known and as much talked of as that of Milton in England. His works there are as little read as the "Areopagitica" or "Paradise Regained" here. His reputation is in direct, but his countrymen's intelligence of its proper cause in inverse, proportion to his merit.

Francisco Gomez de Quevedo Villegas was born at Madrid in 1580, and died at Villanueva de los Infantes, in the land which Don Quixote made illustrious, in 1645. So far, at least, his biography has not been, as too many biographies are, fashioned at random to suit the reader's fancy. So far all his biographers agree; but uncertainty, which haunts all human things, too soon arises respecting the color of his hair. Some say red, others, and the majority, black. In this world it is better to agree with the majority, which thus continues the outlines of the map of his microcosm. Fair complexion, lofty brow, dark eyes debased by spectacles, small moustache and imperial, middle-sized figure, distorted feet. Such was his mind's lodging; for his mind itself there are his books, and, as it is written on Wren's monument, *Circumspice*. There are plenty to investigate. He was a contemporary of Lope de Vega and Cervantes, of whom the former calls him, in the seventh *silva* of his "Laurel of Apollo," prince of lyric poets and rival of Pindar and Petronius, and the latter, child of the sun-god. The accident of being littered in what is known in the language of footmen as the "sphere of high life" bore for him the bitter fruit of a court education. He graduated in the University of Alcala, where he became, if in this matter the singular unanimity of his biographers can be trusted, a doctor of theology before the age of fifteen. Such premature proficiency puts under a bushel that of Cowley and Pope. Lisping in theology is a little more difficult than lisping in numbers. For the former one wants something more than bees swarming about one's mouth in one's cradle. Nor this alone: before he had, in the eye of our English law, ceased to be an infant, he had studied French, Italian, Latin, Greek, Arabic, and Hebrew (in which last tongue he afterwards assisted Juan de Mariana in his edition of the Bible), civil and canon

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

law, mathematics, astronomy, medicine, and natural philosophy. The man seems to have suffered from a literary dropsy; no wonder he paid for his assiduity with distorted feet and half-blinded eyes! A duel, of which the only certain information is that it was fought about a woman of whom he knew nothing, and arose in a church, the hothouse of Spanish amatory intrigue, banished him from Madrid, and he became a minister of finance under the Duke of Osuna, afterwards viceroy of Naples. With this master, after a stormy political life, he suffered shipwreck. He was twice imprisoned — like Cervantes, he is the glory and the shame of Spain — and in both cases apparently with gross injustice. During these long-continued seclusions from worshipful society, he chewed to considerable purpose the hard cud of oppression and poverty, of insolence and neglect. At the conclusion of his first imprisonment he retired to his paternal estate of La Torre de Juan Abad in the Sierra Morena, and there proposed, after so many years of his life spent for others, to live the remainder for himself. "There," as he says, "surrounded with fit books though few, I converse with the departed, and listen with my eyes to the dead who speak to me with a low counterpoint in life's dream. There I watch the dragging of the harrows, and live like an ant amidst a heap of corn." There, like a daughter of Zion, he sat down and sang by the waters of his native stream. Well for him had he continued thus to amuse himself. But his evil destiny reconducted him to the capital, and he was again sentenced to confinement, and only released when long restraint had ruined his health and brought him so near to the end of his days that no indulgence could add many, no inhumanity take many away. He had, as Tacitus tells us about the Germans, *funerum nulla ambitio*. In a word, he objected to the waste of money in furnishing a ridiculous religious farce for an idle rabble. Quoth he, *La musica paguela, quien la oyere* — let him who hears the music pay for it. Some of the historians of his life make him lose his senses just before his death. They declare that he begged the holy tribunal of the Inquisition to correct with its prudent pen any clause which clashed with the ideas of propriety entertained by that excellent institution.

It has been said that an acquaintance with Quevedo's works is rare in Spain; in England, even in this highly educated age, few of us are acquainted with his name. Shortly after the Restoration, the good knight, Sir Roger L'Estrange, made English a minute portion of him, which he was pleased to christen "The Visions of Dom Quevedo, Knight of the Order of St. James," and which was so popular as in a very short time to reach an eleventh edition. So Sir Roger stands out in the dark background of time, lightened by the halo of the glory of the intellect of Quevedo, as Urquhart by that of Rabelais, and as Cotton by that of Montaigne. But Sir Roger's version is not nearly so faithful as those sufficiently unfaithful of Cotton and Urquhart. It is, indeed, obviously a translation, not from the original Spanish, but from the French of Le Sieur Raclots, taken in its turn from that of Le Sieur de la Geneste, as may be seen from the very first lines of the first vision of the "*Alguacil Alguacilado*," or "Catchpole Possessed:" — "Going t'other day to hear mass at a convent in this town, the door, it seems, was shut, and a world of people begging and pressing to get in. Upon inquiry what the matter was, they told me of a demoniac to be exorcised or dispossest, etc." The corresponding French rendering has: "*Ces jours passez m'en allant ouïr la messe en un couvent de cette ville, j'y trouvai la porte fermée et une affluence de peuple qui tâchoit par prières d'y pouvoir entrer; je m'informay*," and so on. Now, in the Spanish we have, first of all, a dedication to the Conde de Lemos, president of the Indies, in which Quevedo, after saying he well knows that, in the eyes of the count, the author is more bedevilled than his subject, divides the *alguaciles*, or Spanish police, into six classes: those of fire, of air, of earth, of water, those under the earth, and those that fly from the light. Next, in an address to the "pious reader," he asks him to read his discourse if he likes, and if not, to leave it alone, as there is no penalty for not reading it; and lastly, the subject is opened thus: "I happened to enter St. Peter's in search of the licentiate Calabres, a man of a bonnet of three orders made after the mode of a half-peck measure, eyes suited to louse-hunting, quick and restless; wristbands of Corinth, a *soupçon* of shirt about his neck, his sleeves as they had been in skirmish, and all the braid in tatters; his arms set akimbo like the handles of a pot, his hands hooked; with a voice between that of a penitent and one who has mortified himself with the lash; with a downcast look and thoughts in treble; his complexion in some parts cracked, in others dull; a dawdler at responses, but a breviator at meals; a

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

mighty caster out of spirits, so much so that he sustained his body therewith; a good hand at uttering charms, making in his benediction crosses bigger than belong to those that have married ill. His sluttishness he called humility, recounted visions he had had, and if folks were too careless to believe him, worked miracles which wearied me. This, sir, was one of those fair sepulchres whitened without, and full of mouldings, but within rottenness and worms; feigning externally honesty, and being internally of a dissolute disposition, and of a conscience torn wide open. He was, in ordinary language, a hypocrite, a living fraud, a speaking fable, an animated lie."

Cowper, in his "Table Talk," tells us that Quevedo "asked when in hell to see the royal gaol," and on expressing surprise at the few kings he found there, was informed by his black attendant that all were there that ever reigned. There is no passage like this in the "*Zahurdas de Pluton*," or "Pigsties of Pluto," perhaps he most pleasing of Quevedo's "Dreams;" it is therefore probably to be discovered, since the singer of Olney was seldom inaccurate, in the version of Sir Roger L'Estrange, though the writer has searched for it there also without success. Sir Roger has not precisely preserved the eloquent introduction to the "*Zahurdas:*" Quevedo wrote, "I found myself in a place favored by nature with a pleasant calm, where beauty free from malice ravished the view (mute recreation, and without human reply), where fountains prattled among their pebbles, and trees amidst their leaves, and where from time to time some bird sang, whether in rivalry or to reward them for their music I cannot determine. Look how curious is our desire, which discovered no contentment in such a scene!" Sir Roger translates freely, not to say elegantly, "Being one autumn at a friend's house in the country, which was indeed a most delicious retreat, I took a walk one moonlight night into the park." Le Sieur Raclots has of course almost word for word the same in French; and the Edinburgh edition of 1798 also generously accords to us the autumn, the country house, the moonlight, and the park, of all which, it is needless to add, there is no vestige in the original.

It is indeed difficult, as Captain Stevens, another of his translators, says, to "make him speak English with that diverting sweetness as he does Spanish." The titles even of the "Dreams" are distorted: the "*Visita de los Chistes*" becomes "Death and her Empire," and "Hell" in all its naked simplicity of grandeur takes the place of the "*Zahurdas de Pluton.*" From ignorance or indifference, from involuntary or voluntary inaccuracy, every translator writes as if he had opened the volume at random and taken a leaf out here and there. Only the *disjecti membra poetæ* remain, a few grains of Castilian gold mixed and scarcely seen in much French or English mud. Guided apparently by that humane desire of pleasing the populace, which is the polar star of all literary progress, Sir Roger has introduced us to Tyburn Gallows and Ratcliffe Highway, Hackney and Covent Garden, my lord mayor and Oliver Cromwell, thus adding considerably to one of the chief literary values of Quevedo as the illustrator of the manners of his place and age. In this latter respect L'Estrange's work bears much the same relation to that of Quevedo as Pope's "Imitations of Horace's Epistles" to Horace himself. But the bard of Twickenham professes only to imitate, and is at least consistent. When he has represented

Flore, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni,

by "Dear Colonel, Cobham's and your country's friend," he does not afterwards translate *Luculli miles* by "a soldier of Lucullus."

L'Estrange's book was published not to oblige the public, or to gratify the importunities of friends, the wearisome lie which, now pretty well worn out, used to adorn the preface of nine publications out of ten, but, as he himself informs us, out of pure spite for the hard measure with which it had been meted unto him by physicians, lawyers, and women. Quevedo's satire is indeed universal, but perhaps chiefly directed against these objects of the indignation of L'Estrange. It is not to be found elsewhere more condensed than in that dream of "*El Mundo por de Dentro*" or "The World from Within," where we find vice so long as it is advantageous known as virtue, and virtue when disadvantageous stigmatized as vice, where a regard for the welfare of others is the disguise of curiosity or pride, and where male and female selfishness flaunt abroad boldly under the masks of honor and of virtue.

The works of him of whom a glimpse was caught in the seventeenth century as of a Spanish Lucian laughing at the *domus exilis Plutonia fabulæque manes* bear witness to a rare marriage, the mar-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

riage of a native genius to untiring industry. They may be divided into serious and comic, the religious portion of the former alone being larger than all the rest, and each of these divisions may be again subdivided into prose and poetry. The joyous satirist is also the profound philosopher, the ascetic moralist, the consummate historian. But the colossal statue is seldom seen save on one side only; the light of fame, like that of the sun, can, it seems, only illumine one part at the expense of corresponding shadow on the other.

It is sad to reflect that while his "Dreams" have done most to make him known in Spain and elsewhere, and next to them his "*Vida de gran Tacaño*," or "Life of a Great Rascal," his works on the scholastic divinity of Catholicism; his version of the "Introduction to a Devout Life" of Francis de Sales; his "Virtue Militant against Envy, Ingratitude, Avarice, and Pride, the Four Pestilences of the World, and against the Four Bugbears of Life, Contempt, Sickness, Poverty, and Death;" his sonnet on the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin; his "Politics of God and Government of Christ our Lord," in which he collects a complete body of political philosophy from the example of Jesus, grounded on the idea of Gregory that the whole of Christ's life is a practical lesson, are rarely opened, and not a page of one of them has ever been translated. Some few may have laughed at his letters of the "Knight of the Nippers," but who will be found acquainted with his "Compendium of the Life of S. Thomas of Villanueva"? After such an example of perversion of popular interest, no one will wonder at the subordinate neglect of his satires after Juvenal, his translations of Epictetus and Phocylides, his imitations of Anacreon; of his poetry of all kinds, *xacaras*, *canciones*, *endechas*, *bailes*, madrigals, and burlesque sonnets, which parodied the extravagant images of the Marinists, and the affected singularity of Gongora, a fault to which Quevedo was himself far too liable.

An explanation of the prodigious fecundity of this *magnum decus Hispanorum*, as he is called by his friend Justin Lipsius, may be partially found in that little *labor limæ* to which he submitted his work, but lies chiefly in that order and distribution of his time to which he rigorously adhered. Few of life's wasted opportunities can be set to the debit side of his account. That jealous interference with industry on the part of idleness, that apparently natural desire of the unoccupied to interrupt occupation, attacked Quevedo to no purpose. The unhappy beings sick of that sadly common disease of nothing-to-do, who wander about, as the elder Disraeli bitterly lamented, privileged by a charter of society to obstruct the information they cannot impart, could little hurt a man who, like Diogenes in his cask, took up his habitation in an inn to avoid the daily worry and anxiety of domestic interruption, who dated his letters from its sign-board, and would receive his friends only at one appointed hour. Liberal of all things except of time, of which alone avarice is a virtue, he weighed the priceless moments which never return to us for prayer or praise with the minutest measures of the apothecaries' scale. The little odd intervals of existence, the drops of time which added together make so large a draught, he carefully economized by carrying always some book in his pocket, and so found himself never less alone than when alone. It is even reported that he had a revolving reading-desk, made after his own receipt, set by him at his meals, and thus seasoned a little meat with much learning. To Quevedo meditation was more to be desired than mutton, and the taste of wisdom sweeter than the taste of wine. Nay, he kept a lamp with flint and steel standing on a little table by his bedside, and was even loth to pay the dues of that universal tax-collector, sleep. Idleness he has himself named the moth of virtue and the holiday of vice.

Jovial, like Sir Thomas More, and saturnine by turns, of rare originality of thought and rarer boldness of expression, of a disposition to show at every opportunity "Truth in her smock, only a little less than naked;" truth whom he loved like Pius V. and would not injure like Louis XI.; with the quiet independence of Voltaire, and the bitter bile of Swift, is it a matter of wonder that he had many enemies? Were the proud *hidalguia* or the *nouveaux riches* of Spain likely to love a man who regarded rank and birth and riches as they will always be regarded by him who is conscious of having in his own mind something far rarer than these; a man who advised the *linajudos*, or boasters about their ancestry — a convenient term for which, however pressing our necessity, we have in English no equivalent — not to search into time's protocol, nor tear away the veil of ancient silence, nor vex buried bones, wherein are more worms than blazons, warning them with the example of Phaethon, who fell from

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

heaven in seeking to prove his descent from Apollo?

Human nature never changes. Though, as a rule, the Spanish Martial avoided the person, and sought only to punish the vice, yet he was found guilty of being singularly wise. Envy proportional to his merit pursued him as its shadow. Not being able to come near him in piquant satire, in varied extent of doctrine, in enchanting excellence of style, his enemies published at Valencia, in 1635, a libel full of malicious misinterpretation, a work woven with the woof of coarsest calumny and the warp of most insipid insolence. On its title-page it bears the name, of course assumed, of the licentiate Arnold of Francofurt as its author. Who wrote it is a matter of no mighty moment. Probably it was a joint composition of the Doctor Juan Perez, of Montalvan, and Fr. Diego Niseno. Only from churchmen could such a sample of Christian charity have come. Its title will certainly be quite sufficient for the satisfaction of the reader. "The Tribunal of Just Vengeance instituted against the Master of Errors, the Doctor of Indelicacies, the Licentiate of Buffoonery, the Bachelor of Filth, the Professor of Immortality, and the Archdevil of Mankind."

Instead of lowering himself and exalting his Zoilus or Zoiluses by a reply, as has been in our English experience only too often the case, he refused to answer the fool according to his folly, left the would-be remora of his ship unnamed, asking with his compatriot, —

Nam cur te aliquis sciat fuisse?

So he suffered in patience and possessed his soul in quiet, notwithstanding these answerers of books, as Goldsmith calls them, who, like eunuchs in a seraglio, being incapable of giving pleasure themselves, hinder those that would, and who revile the moral character of him whose writings they are unable to injure, writings which, compared to their own, are as the sculpture of Michael Angelo to a dog in Dresden china.

The "Tribunal" is only of value in determining the genuineness of the works of the Spanish Menippus, since, with a view of discrediting them, it presents a catalogue of all printed or in MS. until the year 1635.

Quevedo's mind did not, as some of his biographers would have us believe, decay with his body. In his "Life of Marcus Brutus," consisting of a commentary on the text of Plutarch stuffed with moral and political reflection, which was written but a short time before his death, is the following passage, "Justice, clemency, valor, modesty, and temperance are virtues which the populace seldom applauds universally, inasmuch as the revenge and envy and evil customs of most of the common sort make them desire their king to be cruel to others, lewd to give easy access to themselves, cowardly to allow the bargains of their craft, and unjust to give license to their crime. Howbeit, the liberality in which all participate, all praise — the virtuous as their reward, the wicked as their pay. Liberality seasons all the actions of a king; it magnifies the good, and excuses the bad; it absolves him during life from accusations, and acquires tears for him at his death." Certainly his fame was not likely to be lessened by such lines as these. To adopt Garth's poetical and tender allusion, the falling off of his hair had none other effect than to make his laurels seen the more. Perhaps the best, or rather the least unfaithful, in the versions of Quevedo's "Dreams," is that called in English "The Last Judgment," of the Spanish "*El Sueño de las Calaveras*," or "The Dream of the Skulls." The worst is that entitled "The Vision of Loving Fools," which corresponds, or is intended to correspond, with the Spanish "*Casa de Locos de Amor*," or "The House of those that are Mad for Love." In this sparkling moral fantasy the lord of Juan Abad takes for his motto that verse which Virgil took from Theocritus, —

Ah, Corydon, Corydon, quæ te dementia cepit!

On a sudden he finds himself in a fair meadow of sweet and bitter waters, wherein love's servants are dipping his shafts of gold. In the meadow's midst is a large building of Doric architecture, with chapter and cornice, pilasters and architrave, and frieze with bossy sculptures graven, for all the world like Satan's palace of Pandemonium, made of many-colored stones, and with portals standing forever wide open. Underneath the chapter is written,—

House of those that are mad for love,
Wherein unto him who best knows how to love
The best place is given.

Entering in at the door, of which Beauty is the keeper, he finds a folk of pale and violet-hued faces, among whom all faith to friends, all loyalty to lords, all piety to parents, is unknown, where maidservants

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

become mistresses, and where mistresses serve as maids. Here Time is the only physician, and cures not a few of the sick lovers by simply setting himself betwixt them. In the strongest part of the house the women are confined, whose days are chiefly spent in playing with little dogs with collars of bells, in asking fortune-tellers how they may regain their modesty, and in writing love-letters that it is given to few to read. Widows, when not occupied in painting themselves, are weeping for their lost husbands with one half of their face, and laughing at their new sweethearts with the other. Maids in general, he says, desire men to be of the tribe of Dan: "*hidalgos en dar algo y Platones en hacerles buenos platos*." Here it is difficult to avoid noticing that curious affectation in language, which sought to please the ear if not the understanding by the juxtaposition of words widely different in sense but nearly resembling one another in sound. For quibbling Quevedo had, of course, the highest authority. The Bible is beset with puns. In our own Shakespeare they meet us at apparently the most inopportune occasions. They come in when we should least expect them, like the singing of a *prima donna*, which is generally loudest with her latest breath. But notwithstanding that the good Bishop Andrews is said by such conceits to have turned many to repentance, notwithstanding the success of burlesques big with this play of words, in our own enlightened era on the stage, a pun is not universally pleasing. Dr. Johnson, for one, expressed his opinion on punning with the exact estimation of character and genial view of his fellow-beings for which he is so deservedly famous. A pun is especially provoking to a translator: it defies illustration alike of pencil and of pen; and Quevedo is, alas! so passionately fond of this form of equivocal allusion as to make a man fully understand the feeling of Shenstone, when he devoutly thanked God for bestowing on him a name over which this particular court of facetiousness could claim no jurisdiction.

His "Life of a Great Rascal" was inspired by the "*Lazarillo de Tormes*" of Hurtado de Mendoza. It is what the Spaniards call *novela picaresca*, a romance of roguery, and falls under the same category as the "*Guzman de Alfarache*" of Mateo Aleman, the "*Marcos de Obregon*" of Vicente Espinel, the friend of Cervantes, to whom Le Sage is so deeply indebted, and the "*Diablo Cojuelo*" of Luiz Velez de Guevara. The romance represents an old story, the success of immorality, the flourishing of the wicked like a green bay tree. It is the "*Reineke Fuchs*," the *Weltbibel*, as Goethe called it; the good fortune of a fox among geese, of a knave among fools. In compliance with what seems to have been almost a custom of the period, the recital is left unfinished. The rascal, whether *picarillo*, *picaro*, *picaron*, *picaronazo*, or *picarate*, for which it is difficult to find corresponding terms in any other language, is invariably distinguished by audacity and astuteness. In Quevedo's rascal we have pictures of inner Spanish life, painted not indeed with the superfine delicacy of Boucher or Watteau, but with the coarse natural truth of Adrian, Brauwer, and Ostade. This species of novel in Spain supplies the place of the sentimental sort in other countries. Spain, before France instructed her, knew nothing of that nauseous dough, which, compounded of the fashionable portions of passion and piety and spiced to taste, is baked into sweet cakes yearned after and purchased by the young. Not the least graphic of the portraits in Quevedo's sober tale is that of the licentiate Cabra, the Segovian schoolmaster, whose leanness was such that you might suppose he had forgotten to have himself buried. He was says Paul, the protagonist, hunger personified, death's footman, a kind of ecclesiastical pea-shooter, red-haired, with eyes that seemed to peep out of baskets, a beard colorless from fear of his mouth, which threatened to devour it out of mere famine, most of his teeth banished as idle rogues and vagabonds, a throat like that of an ostrich, his legs like a two-pronged fork or a pair of compasses, and when he walked came a rattling like that of castagnettes. On Sundays he wore a bonnet which was once of cloth, half-eaten by rats, and bordered with dandruff and grease; each shoe might be a Philistine's grave. Not a rat or spider ever reached his room. His soup was so clear that Narcissus had run more risk with it than with his fountain; at the bottom thereof one orphan pea and a struggling adventurer of a turnip.

The letters of the "Knight of the Nippers" commence with the exercise to be performed by every man, to save his money at the hour when it is demanded of him. His daily grace is to be "Blessed be God, who gives me an appetite, but not guests." Before sleeping he shall utter this thanksgiving, "Blessed be thou, O Lord, that I strip myself, and another has not done it

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

for me." If one comes to ask money of him he shall be beforehand with him in complaining of the hardness of the times, but if he cannot succeed in this, he shall say, "I was just about to borrow a trifle of you." If one praises anything belonging to him, he shall say, "For this reason I shall keep it henceforth with greater care." He may express affection with words but not with his purse. The letter of the "Knight of the Nippers" to a lady with whom he had lived on intimate terms, but who having sucked him like an orange, naturally threw him away, and proposed pious conduct for the future, contains some amusing lines. "I have not yet ceased crossing myself at your billet of this morning. After having picked my body clean, gnawed my bones, sucked up all my silver, you say, 'It is a holy time; this cannot last forever — the neighbors begin to talk — let us lay aside some part of our life for God.' Painted devil! so long as I had a halfpenny the time was sinful, there was no neighborhood. I find the only way to convert you is to show you a bankrupt. You turn to God at once when you see a man without a farthing. An empty purse is your death's-head, your *memento mori*, your most sacred relic. A fine thing to lay aside a part of your life for God! A fine life to bestow a part of it on anybody but Lucifer! You rob man of what he wants, and give God what he does not want. The bare-faced beggar would be bountiful of another life! Certainly you were bound apprentice to learn conscience of a tailor. I will repent of what I have given you, and you shall restore it to me to obtain God's mercy. The rest we will leave to be decided in Purgatory — if you chance to go that way, for if you go to Hell I quit my claim, being unwilling to sue you in your aunt's dominions."

And the same man who wrote this, in all good faith in his life of St. Paul the apostle quotes the contents of a letter which the Virgin Mary wrote to the citizens of Messina, and in his "Cradle and the Grave," a composition which recalls almost on every page the "*Manresa*" of Ignatius Loyola, and the "Holy Living and Dying" of Jeremy Taylor, entertains this sentiment, which he versified a little before his death: "Leave, O mortal, to weary thyself in the acquisition of wealth, for at the end thou wilt lose both silver and gold, and at the last Time will be thine heir. Live for thyself alone if thou canst, since for thyself alone, when thou diest, thou shalt die."

About the "Knight of the Nippers," by the way, is told a pretty tale. A certain Bernardin monk, a conventual of Galicia, sent to the author a packet, of which the postage, two reals, was not paid. In it he wrote, "I have read with unwearied interest the letters of the 'Knight of the Nippers,' and the different manners you mention for men to deliver themselves from all the crafts and assaults of the ladies, yet have I discovered none to free you from paying the postage of this packet. God preserve you."

Quevedo was somewhat of a misogynist. He had passed through a husband's experiences. He calls nature's fair defects "sweet-tasted devils," and would doubtless have defended South's derivations of surrogate from sorrow-gate and matrimony from matter of money. "I would," he says, "have my wife neither foul nor fair, but between these extremes, or more fair than foul, for it is better to be anxious than to be afraid, to have something to shield rather than to shudder at. I would have her neither poor nor rich, that she be not sold to me nor I to her. I would have her merry, for in our daily life will not be wanting sufficient sadness for both. I would not have her young nor yet old, not a cradle nor yet a coffin, for I have forgotten my lullabies and have not yet learnt my responsories. Were she deaf and tongue-tied I would give God infinite thanks for all his goodness."

In the only two anecdotes we have touching his intercourse with what is so suggestively called the opposite sex he has no reason to respect it. In the first matter he is banished from Madrid, and the second afforded him a brave opportunity of adopting the advice of Bacon, and being the first to laugh at his own defects in order to mar the malicious point of his friends. One day, being at a party, or *tertulia* as the Spaniards call it, one of his feet stole out by accident, not exactly like Suckling's little mouse, from beneath a long cloak which he wore to hide his legs from the light. "Oh what a foul foot!" said a lady with that ready wit and delicate sense of polite humor which makes woman so charming. Quoth Quevedo, "There is yet another foot more foul in this good company." Then they began to look one on another doubting of whom he spake, and a general registration of feet followed, until the philosopher, with a *sang-froid* which would have astonished the noble author of "Childe Harold," presently produced his other foot, yet more distorted.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

His condemnation of women is less coarse but more cutting than that of Juvenal or Boileau. They are forced companions with whom you must speak under suspicion. He is the prudent person who enjoys their caresses but never trusts them even in a trifle. Our senses starve for what a woman is, and are surfeited with what she seems to be. If you kiss her, you smear your lips; if you put your arms round her, you punish yourself with steel rods and make dints in her padding; if you bargain for her barefooted, you leave half of her behind you, for shoes, like death, make all women equal; if you woo her, you weary yourself; if you obtain her, you obtain embarrassment; if you keep her, you become poor; if you leave her, she pursues you; if you love her she leaves you. Reading about these ridiculous women of Quevedo's age, two centuries and a half ago, how sincerely thankful we ought all to feel for the many improvements time and good sense have wrought upon those of our own.

But almost every class of society was in its turn the subject of the satire of this Spanish Voltaire. Lawyers save their clients in a suit as sailors their vessel in a storm, by taking out all they possess, that they may come, God willing, void and empty to the shore. Doctors he loved as Molière loved them. In the "Catchpole Possessed" a gentleman is haled before the judgment-seat of the king of hell, and accused of many horrible murders. He is at once shut up with the medical men. Next to a doctor the most dangerous disease to a wealthy man is to make his will. The fires of Purgatory boil the priest's pot, and to pray for the poor and to pocket for yourself is a very stale kind of stealing. The confines are faint between resignation and hypocrisy. In "Pluto's Pigsties" he is of opinion that he has seen the lower regions already in the higher. On being asked how, he answers, "In the covetousness of judges; in the tongues of evil speakers; to this St. James's idea is somewhat similar: in the appetites of the luxurious; in the vanity of great men; but the whole of Hell, without the loss of a point, is in the pietism of the pawnbrokers of virtue." Harder words than these he uses, inspirations of a bolder invective, but such as cannot be interpreted in an age in which greater vices necessitate greater delicacy of language and reserve.

In Spain unowned tatters of wit and shreds of satire escheat to Quevedo, as in this country they are usually collected to adorn Dr. Johnson; the lesser bubbles floating on the sea of letters are absorbed by the greater; the unclaimed property accrues to the crown. To Condé, who had exceeding many flocks and herds, has been given the one little ewe lamb of Madame de Cornuel, "No man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*," and it is very certain that no few of the witticisms attributed to Quevedo might be divided among many of his poorer brethren. It is not, for instance, easy to find where we should most expect it, in the life of Marcus Brutus, that model of austere morality and concise style, these apophthegms: "The vapor of princely friendship produces death;" "Men enter palaces with envy, live in them under persecution, and leave them with confusion;" nor the celebrated sentence, "Monarchs should remember that Satan was the first privy councillor;" nor this: "To see of how little value are the kingdoms of the earth in the sight of the gods, it is sufficient to look on those to whom they give them," which may be compared with the conclusion of Arbuthnot's polite epitaph on Francis Chartres. The reflection is also to be found in La Bruyère, and the common fountain seems to be Seneca's treatise on Providence: "*Non sunt divitiæ bonum. Itaque habeat illas et Ellius leno, ut homines pecuniam quam in templis consecraverint, videant et in fornice.*"

Sir Robert Filmer would scarcely have endorsed the remarks of the Spanish politician on the subject of monarchs which are to be found in the "*Politica de Dios, y Gobierno de Cristo.*" There a king is said to be a public person, whose crown is the necessities of his kingdom. Reigning is not an entertainment, but a task. He who conceals himself from the complaints of his subjects, and has doorkeepers for the aggrieved but none for the aggressors, retires from his duty and is on the same footing as the destroyers of Christ, of whom he will not learn to be a king.

Here is a curious passage, almost literally translated, of the "*Politica.*" "If you allow yourself to be seen by those who are not allowed to see you, do you not give sight to the blind? If you free your court from the evil spirits of covetous ministers, do you not cast out devils? If you are a father to the widow and orphan, who are mute and on whose behalf all are mute, do you not give speech to the dumb? If by relieving the poor you banish famine and its resultant diseases, do you not cure the sick? And if he cannot be a good king who gives not to his subjects health, speech, liberty, and sight, what shall he be who deprives them of all these?"

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

One of the most amusing of the many sketches of this Spanish Scarron is entitled, "A Book of all Things, and of Many Others Besides," containing ghastly and fearful secrets, tried, certain, and proved, and never known to fail. The book begins with sundry riddles and solutions, many of which are familiar to us, though few would think of finding them in Quevedo. "*Question.* How to make a woman follow you, without having spoken to her, wherever you will? *Answer.* Steal what she has; she will never leave you in sun or shadow, but follow you to the world's end. *Question.* How to prevent tailors cabbaging your stuff? *Answer.* Never let them cut out your clothes, for this is the only remedy. *Question.* How to make your horse turn in any direction? *Answer.* Send him to a lawyer for half a day. *Question.* How to be beloved by all? *Answer.* Lend money, and don't ask for it again, treat, suffer, endure, do good turns, hold your peace, and allow yourself to be cheated." This, the popular humor of Marcolfo, of Tyll Eulenspiegel, of Jocrisse, is succeeded by a treatise on divination, astrology, etc., which looks as if it had been written yesterday for a satire on "The Handbook of Astrology," by which every question of the future on which the mind is anxious may be truly answered, by Zadkiel Tao Sze. Herein we learn that Jupiter in Libra is extremely obnoxious to shopkeepers, or, as we say now, proprietors of establishments. The full moon signifies that she can hold no more, and this is an aphorism of Hermes. A blazing star with a long tail foretells that many are likely to look at it, and all princes die in that year who cannot live till the next. Evidently Quevedo troubled himself little about the sweet influences of the Pleiades or the bands of Orion. A chapter on omens advises the reader if on leaving his house he sees crows flying, to let them fly and mind where he sets his feet, and informs him that Tuesday is an unlucky day for those who travel without money, and for those who are cast into gaol. Sunday is a good day to spunge a dinner, for the sun is in his own house and you in another man's. Thursday is a good day not to believe flatterers. A chapter on physiognomy furnishes much that would have delighted Lavater. Another on chiromancy is death to the gypsies. This man of little faith declares the lines in the palm show simply that the hand has been bent, and predict union neither with dark man nor with fair. "The Book of all Things, etc," is concluded with advice how to learn all the sciences and arts, liberal and mechanical, in a single day. There is no room to give his receipts for acquiring languages with small expense of time and none of money, receipts at least as sure and far more ingenious than those of many modern professors who bait their linguistic mouse-trap with the toasted cheese of "a perfect knowledge of French in five weeks."

Almost unknown as a prose writer, Quevedo is, with one famous exception, in England perhaps entirely unknown as a poet. Yet his poetical works are numerous and, as has been already mentioned, of many styles. He is especially hard, even as a Spanish poet, to translate, and his excellent critic, Ochoa, has declared that some of his conceits it is quite impossible to decipher. Nevertheless, he assigns him a high position on the Castilian Parnassus. His poems are chiefly collected under the title of "The Nine Muses," according to the subjects of which they treat. Under Clio, for instance, he writes of famous men, deeds, times, and things, under Melpomene of deaths and funerals, under Erato of love and beauty, under Urania of religion.

In a sonnet of the first division, Clio, addressed to Rome buried under its ruins, he contrasts its ancient and modern condition, observing that most of the solid structures of the city have perished, while the river Tiber yet remains the same, and the conclusion of this sonnet forms the single exception above referred to. The little brook, which Horace describes in his "Journey to Brundusium," keeping its former channel in spite of agriculture and earthquakes, introduces in Boswell's "Life of Johnson," this conclusion, miserably distorted. Quevedo wrote,—

> Huyó lo que era firme, y solamente
> Lo fugitivo permanece y dura.

This passage is taken, as Boswell's guide, philosopher, and friend pointed out, from James Vitalis, a theologian and poet of Palermo, who died at Rome in 1560. The whole sonnet is, indeed, copied from the same author, omitting many of his antithetic conceits as that of Rome conquering herself at last, that nothing in the world might remain unconquered by her. The reference to the Albula at the conclusion of the Latin epigram is written thus:—

> Immota labascunt,
> Et quæ perpetuo sunt agitata manent.

It is unfortunate that the best-known poetical quotation from Quevedo is not Quevedo's own. The English reader, judging

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

from this sole evidence, might suppose one of the most original of Spanish writers nothing better than a plagiarist. Joachim du Bellay, who died in the same year as Vitalis, has the same thought in his "*Antiquitez de Rome*," so excellently translated by our own Spenser: —

> Le Tybre seul qui vers la mer s'enfuit
> Reste de Rome. O mondaine inconstance!

The idea has been ingeniously utilized by Mr. Tennyson in his "Song of the Brook."

The four idylls in the muse Erato, which conclude the poems, dedicated to the lady whom he celebrates under the name of Lysis, are fair specimens of his amatory effusions. The first is a loving lament, *pur et simple*, in the second the lover is already sick, and soon dead of love, in the third he rises from the dead to compose his own epitaph, and in the fourth he makes his will. The Marinistic expressions touching this lady completely cut out those of Cowley and Donne. So much is even a poet the creature of the period in which he lives, that Quevedo, while laughing at the cultism of Gongora, wrote himself hundreds of lines full of the fantastic incongruities of Italian imagery, and debased by injudicious association of quaint metaphor and metaphysical extravagance. What is the scholastic speculation of Cowley, who compared a lover's heart to a hand-grenade, to the ingenious absurdity of Quevedo, who imagines his own heart floating in the waves of his mirtress's hair, heaven studded with its stars out of her eyes, and yet surplus stuff remaining sufficient for Lysis to lengthen day and dissipate night, and her disdainful mouth a diamond of sonorous ice? What is Donne's somewhat far-fetched idea of a woman's name on glass making it less fragile to the description of the seashore as a sandy statue? Well might Dr. Johnson say that the metaphysical school aimed less at nature than at saying what was never said before, and that it failed to give delight in its endeavor to extort admiration.

Four of Quevedo's most festive and remarkable romances in Thalia are rare invectives against those marvels of natural history known as the phœnix, the pelican, the basilisk, and the unicorn. In the last especially, the popular belief is made the means of much matrimonial merriment. In one of his *redondillas*, short poems of four octosyllabic verses, some original conceits occur concerning the old subject of Orpheus' descent to hell for the redemption of his wife Eurydice. The poem begins with saying that a worse subject could not have brought him into a worse place; goes ou to inform us that his song caused much admiration, but his intention of taking his wife back with him more; that Pluto could not punish his intrusion with greater cruelty than by granting his request; yet that for the sake of the singer's music he attached to his grant a condition which facilitated the prevention of the ill-advised prayer touching the singer's wife.

Quevedo was not more remarkable for caustic wit or versatile ingenuity than for his widely extended knowledge of character. He was at home alike in the prince's presence chamber and the brothel of the prostitute, in the holy cloister and the gambler's hell. The *xacaras* in Terpsichore are poems written chiefly in the *patois* or slang of the *xaque*, pimp and bully. They are a *novela picaresca* in verse. In the first, Escarraman writes to La Mendez from prison, into which he has been pushed by some "live pins," the Spanish *argot* of Quevedo's period for *alguaciles*. His chains chink like grasshoppers in a stubble field at evening. He was taken in a drinking-bout after his sixty-ninth draught. He mentions some of La Mendez's friends whom he meets in gaol, and owing to a little dispute wlth these, is ordered a public beating by the governor, whom he calls a bellows of Satan. The ass on which he rides during his punishment is big as a dromedary — the reader will remember Cervantes' comparison of the friar's mules to the same beast — so that all may behold him; as slow as a tortoise, not to hurry the slashes of his executioner. The letter concludes with a request to La Mendez to lend him a little money. That lady's reply is enshrined in another poem. She begins somewhat sententiously: "All woe is drowned in wine, all cares are calked with bread. I have nothing to give you, except indeed some good advice, such is my misfortune." She gives advice suited less to this paper than to the occasion, and remarks incidentally that all women will prefer a rich pagan to a poor Christian, however pious. Here La Mendez forms as evil an estimate of her sex as the English philosopher who expressed it as his deliberate opinion that a maid would as soon marry Jonathan Wild as St. Austin, if the thief-taker had twopence-halfpenny more than the saint.

The pleasure of reading these roguish romances is much diluted by the difficulty

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

of their words. It is like painfully elaborating a joke in Aristophanes without the assistance of Liddell and Scott. No gentleman like Mr. Hotten ever published a slang dictionary in the time of Quevedo of a language as rich perhaps in this article as any in what is known as the civilized world. But the *xacaras* could never bear a literal rendering. Maldegollada and Zamborodon speak with the tongues of Lysistrata and Gargantua, rather than with those of Madame de Maintenon and Louis XIV.

Sufficient has been shown of Quevedo, it is to be hoped, to make it understood that he, like the great High Priest of all the Nine, as Campbell is pleased to call Dryden, was not a confessor to the finer secrets of the human heart. He was anything but one of the "gentle bosoms." Had the subject of Eloise fallen into his hands, he had left us a mighty coarse draft of her passion. Neither was this poet remarkable for the great regard which he paid to *les convenances*, which pester us from the cradle to the grave. He did not, like the Pharisee, thank God that he was not as this publican. A wicked heathen and a sincere Christian met with the same treatment at his hands. He had little sympathy with what is known as the moral greatness of his species. He is scarcely a suitable companion for the young; his works contain few neutral tints, and his philosophy is wont to walk abroad without a veil.

JAMES MEW.

WITHIN THE PRECINCTS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER VII.

IT was late before Law got home. In the first place he read the *Family Herald* through to his interested and busy auditors. Their needles flew like lightning along the lengthy seams: trimmings were as nothing to them, and even a hem became interesting as he read. When he had pursued Lady Araminta to the end of this little portion of her history, showing how she refused that wicked duke who was at the bottom of all her troubles, and whose expedients to get her into his power were so manifold, he began the next story — and so on till all was finished. It took some time to get through the delightful pennyworth. What good it did to the poor girls at their work! They were not patient, superior, noble-minded needlewomen, pensively bearing up against the privations of their lot, but very commonplace girls, grumbling at their privations frankly, yet sitting up half the night over wedding finery or funeral robes, without any very clear idea that it was a hardship, or indeed more than an inevitable feature of "the dressmaking." It was under this simple matter-of-fact aspect that their vigil appeared to them now, and they did not feel it any very great grievance; but, such as it was, it was infinitely lightened by Law and the *Family Herald*. He was, to tell the truth, a little bit interested himself in the stories. He thought them very finely written. He liked the bits about Araminta's true, but alas! poor and unfortunate lover. This lover was tall and strong, interesting and clever beyond description. He could do whatever he tried to do, and managed to live comfortably upon nothing at all. Law had a half notion that this elegant and perfect being was like himself. He would not have breathed it to any one, but yet he thought so. And when one story was finished he began another. He did not mind whether it was the beginning, or the middle, or the end of the tale; all was the same to Law; he went stoutly on, and read the whole number through — poetry, answers to correspondents, and all. It was not very fine literature perhaps, or, rather, it was very superfine literature, with nobody below the rank of a baronet in the leading stories; but what it did for these poor dressmaking girls! They followed Lady Araminta through every turn of her wonderful fortunes, with eyes that glowed and shone over their needlework. They identified themselves with her, exclaiming, "That's just what I'd have done!" and, "No, I wouldn't have had him, not I, if he'd been fifty dukes!" with true enthusiasm. Their needles flew, and the work got on as by magic; their excitement showing itself in the speed with which they worked. The wedding things were done an hour sooner than they would otherwise have been done, under this stimulus, and it was little more than twelve o'clock when Polly, after folding up the last dress, in readiness to be sent home first thing in the morning, said, "Now, Mr. Lawrence, you've been a deal of use. If you like, you can see me home!"

"As if it was a treat for him to see her home!" Emma cried, who owned the special allegiance of Law; but the youth, for his part, had no objection. It was a beautiful night, and a little additional walk was nothing but a pleasure to him; and he was quite good-natured, ready to exert him-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

self in any way that was not legitimate and necessary. Emma, indeed, did not smile upon this undertaking. She (who had been obliged to do as much before now without any one to take care of her) did not see what Polly wanted with an escort in a quiet place like St. Michael's. "You'll meet nobody worse than the policeman," she said.

"Policemen are bad enough, sometimes," said Polly.

"Mind you don't meet the captain," said Emma's elder sister, "and get him into trouble with his papa."

At this Polly laughed, tossing her head with its innumerable plaits and puffs. "I hope I can manage the captain," she said. And whoever had heard the style of Polly's conversation as she walked up the sweep of the steep street by Law's side, with the soft night air blowing in their faces, would have recognized at once the superiority of Polly to all the insinuations addressed to her. All was very quiet in the High Street of St Michael's; they met nobody worse than the policeman, as Emma had suggested; and everything was still and dark, except the stars shining far away overhead; for the shop-windows had long been closed, and the lamps glimmered few and far between.

"You mustn't think anything of what these foolish things say about the captain," said Polly; "because I'm a bit more reasonable than the rest, he likes to have a chat with me now and again. He's a very well-informed man, is your papa; but you mustn't think nothing of what they say ——"

"Oh, I don't!" said Law, with the serenest confidence; "I know the governor's way."

This, however, was not a reply which pleased Polly. "What do you mean by the governor's way?" she cried sharply. "You are not half respectful enough, if you would like to hear my opinion. You shouldn't talk of the captain like that; he's a fine man, and he's one that many in this town thinks a deal of."

"Is he really?" said Law, in genuine surprise; "I did not know that. I wonder what kind of people they are. Is it far off where you live, Polly? I haven't got a latch-key, so I don't want to be very late."

"You never thought of being late so long as you were sitting by Emma; though what you can see in a little white-haired thing like that, like a white cat! You haven't got a latch-key? I should think not, at your age. Mr. Lawrence, take my advice, and never be so late out of bed unless there is a very good reason for it."

"I like that!" cried Law, "when it was you that kept me there all the time."

"I thought it would do you good," said Polly. "I am almost sure you had not done a thing besides, or looked into a book for the whole day."

"Oh! I should not mind standing an examination in the *Family Herald*," Law said with a laugh. He had occupied the post of reader in the workroom before, and knew a great deal about Lady Araminta. There could not be any doubt that he was very good-natured, and ready to make himself of use.

"I should like to know," said Polly — and though he could scarcely see her face, Law felt, with a mixture of amusement and indignation, by the sound of her voice, that Polly, too, meant to give him good advice — "I should like to know, Mr. Lawrence, what you intend to be. Are you going into the army, like the captain? If I were a young gentleman, that's what I should choose above everything."

"I can't afford the army, worse luck," cried Law; "we haven't got any money, and a fellow can't live on his pay. And there's those dash'd examinations to pass everywhere before you can get into anything; it's enough to drive a man out of his senses. I sometimes think I shall emigrate — that's the only thing you can do without an examination."

"But you can't do that without money — a little money at least," said Polly. "If I were you, I should make a push and get in somewhere. I can't think how you can stay at home doing nothing, a great strong young man like you."

"Oh! as for being strong, that don't do much for an exam.," said Law. "The little fellows stand the best chance there."

"I wouldn't make jokes about it, if I were you. I wonder how you can go on living on the captain, and such a burden on him — both you and your sister ——"

"Hallo!" said Law, in extreme surprise. The mention of Lottie bewildered him. He was not even angry for the moment — he was so profoundly astonished.

"Yes, indeed, you and your sister too. You don't show any consideration for the captain, and how can you expect that he's always to be thinking of you? The captain is a young man still, and he is a fine man, and if he were to marry again, as would be very natural at his age, where would you and Miss Despard be?"

"Let my sister alone, if you please," said Law, with a momentary flash of

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

anger; and then he relapsed into a laugh. "The governor should be much obliged to you, Polly, for taking his part."

"Somebody ought to take his part," said Polly. "I don't suppose he's much over fifty — what I call quite a young man still; and why should he deny himself and spend all he's got on two grown-up young people that ought to be making their own living? A man like the captain, he wants his ease and his little comforts and a wife to look after him — that's what he wants. He ain't an old man to give in to his family. If I were to put upon my folks like that, do you think I'd be walking up St. Michael's Hill at this hour of the night, after slaving and stitching all day? Not a bit of it, Mr. Lawrence. If I were to do as you're doing, I might sit at home and make myself comfortable; but I was always one for being independent, and as for the captain, poor dear! he oughtn't to be spending his money upon them that can do for themselves. It is himself he ought to be thinking of, to get all the pleasure he can as long as he's able to enjoy it. And if he were to marry again, as there's nothing more likely, where would you and Miss Lottie be? Oh yes, I know your names quite well," said Polly. "We often talk about you. These sort of names for short are a mistake. For instance, me, my name's Maria, that's a very ladylike name; but what does it matter when everybody calls me Polly? But, if my name's common, nobody can say of me that I don't behave handsome to my parents," Polly said with emphasis. As for Law, he had felt himself growing hot and cold all through this speech. It plunged him into an entirely new world of thought. He tried to laugh, but there was no laughter in his mind.

"It is very kind of you, Polly," he said, with scorn in his voice, "to take the trouble to give me so much good advice."

"Oh, I assure you, it's not for your sake, but the captain's," said Polly. "I told him if I had a chance with either of you, you should hear a bit of my mind, and I saw my opportunity to-night — that's why I asked you to come with me, Mr. Lawrence. Oh, it wasn't for the pleasure of your society! I told the captain I'd give you a bit of my mind. This is my home, so I'll bid you good-night, and I hope you'll lay to heart what I say."

Law turned up the Abbey Hill when thus dismissed with much secret excitement in his mind. It was altogether a new idea to him that his father was, as Polly said, quite a young man still, and that it was on himself, not on his grown-up children, that his money should be spent. Law had never looked upon the income of the family as belonging exclusively to his father. It *was* the family income, and it had seemed to him that he had just as good a right to have everything he wanted as his father had. As a matter of fact he did not get all he wanted, as Captain Despard managed to do; but that was because his father had the command of everything, not that he had a better right to it than Law. The idea that he had no right at all, as Polly seemed to think, and that his father might make the home untenable by marrying somebody, perhaps Polly herself, struck him as the most extraordinary of revelations. It was too extraordinary to be thought of calmly — his blood boiled and bubbled with the extraordinariness and novelty of the thought. The governor, who was only not an old fogey because he was so much less respectable, less orderly than old fogeys ought to be! — Law could not associate his father's image with the idea of, even comparative, youth. But he could not dismiss the suggestion from his mind. He tried to laugh, but something seemed to hang over him like a threat, like a cloud of evil omen. He walked quickly up the slope to the Abbey gate, trying to shake off the uneasy feeling in his mind — trying to postpone at least the new idea which he could not get rid of. When, however, Law had got into the precincts he saw a passenger not much less active and considerably more jaunty than himself on the way before him, walking with a slight occasional lurch, up the pavement to the lodges. The lurch was quite slight, and might not have been noticed by an indifferent eye, but Law noted it with the jealous observation of one whose own credit was at stake. It was hard upon a fellow, he thought, that his father should be seen going home night after night with a lurch in his walk, and that his name should be recognized in all the lowest quarters of the town as that of "the captain's son." Why should he suffer for such a cause? Other old men were respectable, were no shame to their sons, but on the contrary furnished a margin of honor and reputation upon which to draw when there was occasion; but this was not the case with Captain Despard. Other old men — but there suddenly flashed across Law's mind, as he instinctively placed his father in this class, a recollection of the words which had just been said to him, "He is what I call a young man still." Pricked by this thought,

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

he looked at the figure before him with eyes suddenly cleared from the mists of habit and tradition, and saw it in an altogether new light. Captain Despard was straight and active, he carried his head high, and his step, though to-night slightly irregular, was both firm and light. To see him walking in front humming and whistling by turns, perhaps with a certain bravado to show how steady he was, gave Law the most uncomfortable sensation. It was true what Polly had said. This was no old fogey, no heavy father; though up to this moment Law had looked upon the captain in no other light. He felt a shiver come over him, a sudden realization of all the possibilities. Who should say that the governor ought not to do what he liked best, whatever that might be? Law felt conscious that he himself, who was so much younger, did what he liked in indifference to everybody's opinion, and he was under no affectionate delusion as to the superior virtue of his father. What if Polly were right? Polly perhaps had a better chance of knowing the captain's wishes than either his son or his daughter, to whom he was not likely to talk on such subjects. A chill came over the lad thought the night was so warm. Life had always seemed sure enough to him, though it had its privations. He had to put up with that chronic want of pocket money, and with frequent "rows" from his father, and passionate remonstrances from Lottie. These were the drawbacks of existence; but Law was aware that, except in very favorable circumstances indeed, as when you were born a duke, or at least born to the possession of five thousand a year or so, existence was very seldom without drawbacks. This, however, was very much worse than the want of pocket-money. The governor with a new wife, perhaps Polly! The situation was too horrible to be realized, but for the moment the idea seemed to pour a current of ice into Law's veins.

He had no latch-key, but as soon as he saw his father he made up his mind to take advantage of Captain Despard's entrance in a way which he had found practicable before this. Light and swift as he was, when the captain had fumbled and opened the door, Law stole close behind him and entered with him in the darkness. "What's that?" Captain Despard growled, feeling the movement of the air as his son passed. "I'll swear there's a ghost in this house," he added, grumbling to himself. Law, however, was safely out of the way before his father managed to strike a light, and went, swaying from side to side, up the narrow staircase which creaked under him. The young fellow, standing back in the darkness, saw Captain Despard's face illuminated by the light of the candle he carried, and gazed at it with eyes sharpened by anxiety. It was a handsome face — the contour still perfect, the hair crisp and curling, a heavy military moustache shadowing the well-formed lip. The captain was flushed, his eyes were blinking, half-closed, and that unloveliest look that can be seen on a man's face, the look of partial intoxication approaching the sleepy stage, took all spirit and sentiment from him. Yet Law could not but acknowledge that his father was a handsome man. He stood quite still, watching that progress up-stairs, half because he was unwilling to be seen, half because he was anxious to see. Captain Despard was "a fine man," as Polly had said. Law could see now, looking at him between the bars of the railing which guarded the little staircase, that there was nothing in common between him and the old white-haired chevaliers, who pottered up and down in the sun before the lodges. A grain of pride mingled in the exasperation with which he acknowledged this to himself — and yet he was not only exasperated but alarmed. He retired to bed very softly afterwards, creeping on tiptoe and in the dark up the stairs. There was still a gleam of light under Lottie's door, but Law preferred not to direct his sister's attention to the late hour of his own return by going straight to her room to relieve himself of his trouble. He did not want to be forced into confidences or to betray where he had himself been, and how he had heard the alarming prophecies which had so suddenly cleared his sight; and though the temptation was great he resisted it. Thus the lights were burning all at once in three of the little rooms in Captain Despard's house, each illuminating a separate world of excitement, unsuspected by the others. The captain's share of the disturbance was less of the mind than the body. He had lost some money which he could not afford to lose, and was annoyed on this account; and he was excited, but more sleepy, on account of the potations which had accompanied his play. "By ——, I'll have it back to-morrow night — luck can't be so against me one night after another." This was the only burden of his simple and uncomplicated reflections. He thought nothing of his children one way or another. Both his children, however, though in different ways, were thinking of him.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Lottie, though she dared not openly sit up for her father, remained up in her own room until he came in, and she had made sure that he did not want anything, and was not likely to set the house on fire. But Law's reflections were more serious than those of the other two. It seemed to the idle lad as if suddenly a real burden had got on to his shoulders. He was thoroughly frightened out of the pleasant calm of nature — the sense that everything must go on as everything had gone since he could remember. In later days, indeed, things had gone better for Law — Lottie had managed now and then to scrape a shilling or two off the housekeeping to give him, and of late she had not bullied him quite so much as usual. The current had been flowing more evenly — everything had conspired to make the happy-go-lucky of his life more smooth than before. He woke up with all the more fright and surprise to the sudden danger now.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOTTIE had gone home that night, it need not be said, with her head full of excitement. Had she not good reason to look upon this evening as of importance in her life? She had met the man who, before he had ever spoken to her, had, according to all appearances, placed her on the highest pinnacle on which a girl can be placed — the throne of a romantic love. Though it had been a temporary downfall to her to be placed in the charge of Mr. Ashford and the signor, instead of crossing the Dean's Walk in the company of this secret and poetical lover, yet she was almost glad to be thus let drop into quietness, to avert any word or look too much, which might have spoiled the visionary elevation on which she felt herself. Yes, she was glad that they had never been alone. Had he whispered an avowal of any kind into her ear, she was not, she knew, prepared for it; Lottie was honest even in her self-delusion, and she knew that, however profoundly to her advantage it might be, she could not make any response to a man whom she did not know, whom she was speaking to for the first time, notwithstanding her consciousness that he must have been thinking of her for a long time. She could not have made any fit reply. She must have said something which probably would have hurt him in the fervor of his romantic passion; for, though grateful to him and romantically touched by his evident devotion, Lottie could not have persuaded herself that he was anything to her except a delightful wonder and most flattering novelty. No, it was better, much better, that he did not come; she must have hurt his feelings, discouraged him, probably driven him away from her; and she was very far from wishing to drive him away. Lottie thought, with an innocent calculation, if she saw a little more of him, had a little time given her to make his acquaintance, that probably she would come to love him quite naturally and spontaneously; but at present it was not possible that she could do so, and she felt a natural shrinking from any premature disclosure of his feelings. Thus it was evidently most fortunate that the dean had interposed, that Rollo had not been allowed to come home with her — fortunate, and yet a little disappointing too. There had been very few words exchanged with her companions as they crossed the Dean's Walk. Mr. Ashford had most kindly and courteously reminded her that she had expressed a wish to speak to him about something. "It is too late now to ask what it was," he said; "I must not keep you out of doors at this hour; but if you will permit me, I will call and inquire in what way I can be of any use to you." "You know in what way *I* would like to be of use to you, Miss Despard," the signor said on the other side. All this was very flattering, even though she might be displeased by the signor's reiteration of his disagreeable offer. She made him a curtsy like Lady Caroline, while to the minor canon she gave her hand, which perhaps was quite sufficient to mark her different estimation of them. And indeed the signor had been very kind about the accompaniments, which he had certainly played to perfection. This recollection came to her mind as he thanked her for her singing, undaunted by the stiffness of her leave-taking. "Indeed, I owe you more, a great deal more, than you can possibly owe me," Lottie said, with a burst of compunction; "I never sang so well before, because I never had such an accompaniment." "Then I hope I may accompany you very often again," he said, with a smile, as he went away. Thus even with the signor Lottie felt herself in perfect good-humor and charity. A man who paid such compliments to her voice, how could she be hard upon him, even if he made a little mistake in respect to her position? He had been deceived by the nocondition of the other chevaliers, she said to herself. And she went in out of the summer night in a state of celestial satisfaction with all the people surrounding

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

her — and herself. Even Lady Caroline had melted into something which was warmth for her. She had said, "I have enjoyed your singing very much, Miss Despard," and had touched Lottie's hand with two limp fingers — that was something, indeed it was much for Lady Caroline. And all the other great ladies had spoken, or at least had smiled upon Lottie, thanking her. What could she have wished for more? She went up into her little tiny room, which was not much bigger than Lady Caroline's grand piano, and throwing off the Indian shawl (if Mrs. O'Shaughnessy could but have seen it!) on the floor, sat down upon her little white bed and began to think. To think! nothing of the sort — to go over everything that had happened, with a dazzle of light and delight and triumph round her. She seemed to herself to have thrown down all the boundaries that had hitherto separated her from her lawful sphere. If a suitor should come from that higher and better world who could wonder now? Had she not been adopted into it — received to her just place at last?

And naturally it was upon Rollo that her recollections chiefly centred; he was the chief figure of the whole company to Lottie. She remembered minutely everything he had said and done, the expression of his face (though she put infinitely more meaning in it than was there), the tone of his voice. How the room had become at once full of interest, of excitement, when he came in, clearing away all the dimness! Lottie had scarcely time even to wonder how and where their next meeting would be, for thinking of this first meeting. How his face had lighted up when he saw that she was there; how he had been caught by some one on his way to her, and kept talking in spite of himself, with his eyes upon her all the time; how he had escaped and pressed through all the fine company to get to her side; how he had confessed that he had but a very visionary right to claim her acquaintance at all, but nevertheless meant to stand on that right as, for the time being, the son of the house! Lottie had scarcely forgotten a word of all he said. And, as a matter of fact, Rollo had been very careful to behave himself with due discretion, not to make it too apparent that her voice was the thing that most interested him. She thought that he admired her singing as a part of his enthusiasm for herself. She had not a suspicion of the real state of the case. It seemed to her that her voice was a delightful discovery to him, a something *pardessus le marché*, an added charm; that it was the sole foundation of his apparent enthusiasm never occurred to the girl; neither, though she knew that her general triumph was caused by her singing, did she solely set down to that cause the friendly looks and smiles and flattering compliments she had received. This was absurd, but we do not pretend that Lottie was beyond the reach of absurdity. She knew that it was her singing which had suddenly silenced all the conversation going on in the room, and called the attention of everybody; but yet it was surely something more; it was herself, not her voice, which brought that kindly look to their eyes as they smiled upon her. It is hard to acknowledge to ourselves that it is for some special, perhaps accidental, quality we may possess, that we are favored and esteemed by our fellow-creatures. Human nature is humbled by the conviction that it is the possession of a gift worthy of popularity which makes an individual popular. We all prefer to be prized for nothing at all, for ourselves. And this, in the face of circumstances, and clean against all reason, was what Lottie hoped and determinedly believed. She could not consent to the other idea. To be praised and made friends with *for her voice* was intolerable. The only approbation which is really flattering and delightful is that which is given upon no ground at all.

She had been sitting thus for some time on her bed, musing, with eyes that sparkled and a heart that fluttered with happiness; and had taken off her evening gown, and loosed the roses from her hair, and wrapped her white shining satin shoulders in a white cotton dressing-gown; and had even brushed out those long, dark locks, and twisted them up again close to her head for the night, with innumerable fancies twisted out and in of all she did, before Captain Despard, fumbling for the keyhole, opened his own door and came in, in the dark. It was Lottie's habit to sit up till he came in, but to-night she had been too much occupied by her own concerns to hear his approach, and it was only when he came up-stairs that she woke up to think of him. Lottie's experienced ear caught the lurch in his step just as Law's experienced eye had caught it. "Again!" she said to herself, with a momentary flash of anger; but it did not make her wretched as it might have done a more sensitive daughter. Lottie was accustomed to accept her father without question, not expecting much of him, and somewhat disposed when he did not come up even to

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the little she expected, to satisfy herself that it was just like papa. But his entrance relieved her from her habitual vigil. She heard Law steal up-stairs afterwards, and wondered how or when he had got in, and where he went at night, with more curiosity than she expended on her father; but even that did not much disturb Lottie, who had been used all her life to irregular entrances and exits. After a while all was still in the little house, notwithstanding the anxieties and excitements collected under its roof. Disquietude and trouble could not keep Law from sleeping any more than excitement and triumph could keep his sister; and, as for the captain, the sleep of the just was never so profound as that which wrapped him in a not too lovely tranquillity. The air was all thrilling with emotion of one kind or another, but they slept as profoundly as if they had not a care in the world — as soundly as the good O'Shaughnessys next door, who had been asleep since eleven o'clock, and who had no cares but those of their neighbors to disquiet them; or old Colonel Dalrymple, on the other side, who dozed through his life. The soft night stilled them all, young and old and middle-aged, in their kind, just as it held in soft shadow the Abbey, with all its grey pinnacles and immemorial towers. Nature cared nothing for the troubles of life; but life submitted to the gentle yoke of nature, which relieves the soul, while it binds the body, and makes a temporary truce and armistice with all the army of mortal cares.

Next morning Law lounged into the little drawing-room after breakfast with a big book in his hand. He had almost given up the pretence of reading for some time, so that it was all the more wonderful to see a book which was not a yellow railway novel in his hand. Lottie had been up early, awakened by the commotion in her mind, which did not allow her to rest — or rather which prevented her from going to sleep again when the early noises of the morning woke her up. Accordingly she had got through a great deal of her ordinary household work by this time, when Law, after a breakfast which was later than usual, lounged in upon her. He was very big, and filled up the little room; and his habit of doing as little as possible, and his want of money, which made some imperfections in his toilet inevitable, gave him a look of indolence and shabbiness such as was not natural to his age, or even to his disposition, for by nature Law was not lazy. He came sauntering in with one hand in his pocket, and with his book under the other arm; and he sat down in the only easy-chair the room contained, exasperating Lottie, to whom his very bigness seemed an offence. There were times when she was proud of Law's size, his somewhat heavy good looks, his athletic powers; but this morning, as many times before, the very sight of those long limbs jarred upon her. What was the use of all that superfluous length and strength? He took the only easy-chair, and stretched out his long limbs half across the room, and Lottie at the height of her activity felt impatience rise and swell within her. She could not put up with Law that morning. His indolence was an offence to her.

"What do you want, Law?" she said, in a voice which was not so sweet as it had been at the Deanery. She gave a rapid glance up at him as she went on with her darning, and took in the whole picture, the easy-chair and the lounging attitude. If he had sat upright upon the little hard wicker-work chair, Lottie would have felt more merciful.

"Well, I want nothing in particular, except to talk to you a little," said Law. "You need not be so cross."

"I am not cross; but to see you in an easy-chair, idling away all the morning —"

"How do you know I've been idling this morning? Look at my book; that's Virgil," said Law, looking at it with simple admiration. "I don't think a fellow could do much better than that."

"But have you *really* been reading?" Lottie's tone modified; she began to look at him with respect. "Oh, Law, if you only would work! it would make such a difference, it would make me quite happy. I was speaking to Mr. Ashford last night. You know Mr. Ashford, the minor canon. He is so clever with his pupils. If you could but go to him, if he would only take you, Law!"

"He would take me fast enough if we could afford the money. I say, Lottie, the governor was awfully late last night. Did you hear him coming in? I want to tell you something about him — something I have heard."

"I think you were very late, too, Law."

"Oh, never mind about that; it does not matter about me. Lottie, listen. A friend — I mean somebody — was speaking to me about him. Did it ever come into your head that he was not an old man, and that such a thing was possible as that he might — it seems too ridiculous to say it — marry again?"

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Marry again? you are dreaming!" cried Lottie loudly, in her astonishment.

"Yes, while we knew nothing of it. After all, when you come to think of it, when you look at him, you know, he is not so awfully old. One thinks he must be, because he is one's father. But some of these old beggars are just as silly" — said Law in awestruck tones, "and you can't stop them doing things as you can a fellow that is young. It is an awful shame! A fellow that is under age, as they call it, you can pull him up, though there's no harm in him; but an old fellow of fifty, you can't stop him, whatever nonsense he may set his face to. That's what I heard last night."

"It is not true. I don't believe a single word of it," said Lottie. "You must have been in very strange company, Law," she added with severity, "to hear all this gossip about papa."

Lottie did not mean to pass such a tremendous sentence on her father; she spoke simply enough. To hear this gossip her brother must have been in haunts such as those that Captain Despard frequented. She did not know what they were, but she knew they were evil; therefore she made use of this weapon instinctively, which she found, as it were, lying by her, not meaning any censure upon her father, only a necessary reproof to Law.

"You may say what you please about bad company," he said, "but that's what I heard; that he wasn't so old after all; and what would become of us if he married again? It was not gossip. I believe really, though I was very angry at the time, that it was meant kindly; it was meant for a warning. You would have thought so yourself, if you had been there."

"I do not believe a word of it!" said Lottie; but she had grown pale. She did not ask again who had told him or where he had been; she set herself seriously to prove the thing to be false, which showed that she was not so sure of not believing it as she pretended to be. "It is all a falsehood," she said. "Is papa a man to do that sort of thing? Marry! he would have to give up a great many things if he married. He could not afford to spend his money as he does; he would not be allowed to be always out in the evenings as he is now. Why, even poor mamma, she did not give in to him as we are obliged to do; he had to pay a little attention to her — sometimes. And now he has got more used to do what he likes than ever, and has more money to spend; do you think he would give up that *for a wife?*" cried Lottie with disdain. "It only shows that you don't know papa."

"Ah! but you don't know" —— said Law. He was about to say Polly, but stopped in time. "You don't know what might be put into his head, Lottie. He might be made to believe that to get rid of us would put all right. If he got rid of us, don't you see, he would want a woman in the house; and if it was some one he liked himself, that would make herself agreeable to him, and flatter him, and coddle him — that would please him better," said Law, with precocious knowledge of a man's requirements, "than you who are always trying to keep things straight but not to humor him, Lottie; or me — that am of no use at all."

Lottie grew paler and paler during this explanation. She had never humored her father, it was true. She had made desperate exertions "to keep things straight," to recover the family credit, to pay the bills, to keep regular hours; but, with the hardihood of youth, she had not hesitated even to stint her father of a meal when it seemed to her impetuous determination to be necessary, and she had not flattered him, nor made his convenience the absolute rule of the household, as some girls would have been wise enough to do. Lottie had reflected that he kept the lion's share of the family income to himself, and was quite able to remedy all shortcomings; and she had carried out her regulations with a high hand, feeling no compulsion upon her, no primary necessity to please her father. She perceived all this at a glance while Law spoke, and immediately felt herself confronting such a breach of all the ordinary usages of her life as made her shiver. What might he not do? Turn them out suddenly from his doors, out upon the world, at any moment whenever he pleased. He had the power to do it whenever he pleased, whatever seemed to him good. She drew a long shivering breath, feeling as if all were over, as if already she heard the door clanging and barred behind her, and was looking out penniless and destitute upon the world, not knowing where to go. Was it possible that such a fate was reserved for her? She was as white as her dress with that sudden panic of the imagination which is more terrible than any reality. Law was very anxious and alarmed also, but he had got over the worst on the previous night, and it gave him a kind of half pleasure to see how he had frightened Lottie; though, at the same time, the

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

effect of his communication upon her deepened his own conviction of the danger about to overtake them. He leaned back in his easy-chair with a certain solemn satisfaction, and stretched his long legs farther across the room than ever.

"You see, Lottie," he said, "it is what I have told you before; you never would humor him. I don't say that he's not unreasonable, but he might never perhaps have dropped among those sort of people if you had laid yourself out to —— "

Lottie sprang to her feet in a sudden gust of passion. She took Law by the shoulders, and with the sudden surprise of her assault got the better of him and turned him out of the chair. "You sit there, lolling all over the room," she cried, "and tell me my duty, you lazy, idle, useless boy! If papa turns you out, it will serve you right. You have a hundred things open to you; you have the whole world open to you; but you will not so much as take the trouble to pass the door. You would like to be carried over all the ditches, to be set up on a throne, to have everything and to do nothing. It will serve you right! And where do you get all this gossip about papa?" she went on. "Who are the sort of people you are spending your time with? You thought I did not know how late you came in last night. Where were you, Law? where are you always, all these long evenings? You say you are going out, and you never mind that I am sitting in the house all alone. You go somewhere, but I never hear that you have been with anybody — anybody in our own class —— "

"In our own class! I wonder what is our own class?" said Law, with a scornful sense of the weakness of the position. "Would you like me to take a hand in old O'Shaughnessy's rubber, or go out with Jack Dalrymple? I suppose that's what you call our own class."

Lottie felt that she had laid herself open to defeat, and the consciousness subdued her greatly. She sat down again on her little chair, and looked up at him as he stood leaning upon the door, red with indignation at her onslaught. Lottie herself was flushed with the exertion, and the shame of having thus afforded him an opportunity for a scoff. She eluded the dilemma as he proposed it, however, and flung herself back into the larger question. "You are grown up," she said indignantly; "a great big boy, looking like a man. It is a disgrace to you to be dependent on papa. It would be a good thing for you, a very good thing, if he were to — marry, as you say, and cast you off, and force you to work for yourself. What else have I been saying to you for years?"

"And what would it be for you?" said Law, taking, she thought, an unkind advantage of her; "there are two of us to be considered. What would it be for you, Lottie, I should like to know? What could you do any more than I?"

He stood up against the door, with a provoking smile on his face, and his big book under his arm, taunting her with her helplessness, even, Lottie felt, with her high notions, which made her helplessness all the worse. He smiled, looking down upon her from that serene height. "If the worst came to the worst," said Law, "I could always carry a hod or 'list for a soldier. I don't stand upon our class as you do. I haven't got a class. I don't mind if I take the shilling to-morrow. I have always thought it would be a jolly life."

Lottie gave a scream of horror, and flew upon him, seizing his coat collar with one hand, while she threatened him with her small nervous fist, at which Law laughed. "Will you dare to speak of 'listing to me," she said, flaming like a little fury; "you, an officer's son, and a gentleman born!" Then she broke down, after so many varieties of excitement. "Oh, Law, for the sake of heaven, go to Mr. Ashford! I will get the money somehow," she said, in a broken voice, melting into tears, through which her eyes shone doubly large and liquid. "Don't break my heart! Be better than we are — oh, Law! Climb up as far, as far as you please, above us; but don't fall lower. Don't forget you are a gentleman, unless you want to break my heart."

And then, in the overflow of feeling, she leaned her head upon his shoulder, which she had just gripped with fury, and cried. Law found this more embarrassing than the rage at which he laughed. He was obliged to allow her to lean upon him, pushing his book out of the way, and his heart smote him for making Lottie unhappy. By this time it could not be said that he was unhappy himself. He had shuffled off his burden, such as it was, upon her shoulders. He shifted his book, and stood awkwardly enough, permitting her to lean upon him; but it cannot be said that he was much of a prop to his sister. He held himself so as to keep her off as far as possible. He was not unkind, but he was shy, and did not like to be placed in a position which savored of the ridiculous. "I wish you wouldn't

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

cry," he said peevishly. "You girls always cry — and what's to be got by crying? I don't wan't to 'list if I can help it. I'd rather be an officer — but I can't be an officer; or get into something; but I never was bred up to anything, and what can I do?"

"You can go to Mr. Ashford," said Lottie, feeling herself repulsed, and withdrawing from him with a glimmer of indignation relighted in her eyes. "I met him last night, and I spoke to him about you. He seems very kind. If you go to him, he will at least tell us whether he thinks you have a chance for anything. Oh, Law, now that you do see the necessity——"

"But it's a great deal more serious for you," said the lad, mischievously. He was not unkind, but it seemed something like fun to him to treat Lottie as she had treated him so often, holding up before him the terrors and horrors of his idleness. Because she was a girl, did that make any difference? She had just as good a right to be bullied as he had, and to be made to see how little she could do for herself. Emma, who was younger than Lottie, worked for her living, and why should not Lottie do the same? why should she be exempted? Thus Law reasoned, whom Lottie, it must be allowed, had never spared. He watched with mischievous curiosity, making an experiment, not knowing whether it would be successful or not. But the way in which Lottie took it did not give Law the amusement he expected. She sat quite still in her chair, taking no notice at all — thinking — suddenly separated from him, by all the distance and inaccessibility of that mental condition in which the most trivial creature is beyond the reach of the greatest. Her face was so serious that he again felt very remorseful. But his own mind had recovered its elasticity, for, after all, if the worst came to the worst, if the governor was such an ass as to marry Polly, it would not matter so very much to Law. Something, there was no doubt, would turn up, or he would 'list — that was an alternative not to be despised. He was tall enough for the Guards, among whom Law had often heard a great many gentlemen were to be found; and the life was a jolly life — no bother about books, and plenty of time for amusement. There was nothing really in the circumstances to appal him now he had considered them fully. But it was a great deal more serious for Lottie. After all the bullying he had endured at her hands, Law may perhaps be excused if, in sheer thoughtlessness, he rather enjoyed the prospect of this turning of the tables upon his sister. He wondered how she would like it when it came to her turn, she who was so ready to urge himself to the last limits of patience. He did not wish anything unpleasant to happen to her. He would not have had her actually brought into contact with Polly, or placed under her power. But that Lottie should "just see how she liked it herself" was pleasant to him. It would not do her any real harm, and perhaps it would teach her to feel for other people, and understand that they did not like it either. A slight tinge of remorse crossed Law's mind as he saw how pale and serious she looked, sitting there thinking; but he shifted his Virgil to his other arm, and went away, steeling his heart against it. It would make her feel for other people in future. To have it brought home to herself would do her no harm.

CHAPTER IX.

AND what a problem it was with which Lottie Despard was thus left alone! The house was still, no one moving in it — nothing to distract her thoughts. Now and then a swell of music from the Abbey, where service was going on, swept in, filling the silence for a moment; but most of the inhabitants of the lodges were at matins, and all was very still in the sunshine, the Dean's Walk lying broad and quiet, with scarcely a shadow to break the light. Down-stairs the little maid-of-all-work had closed the door of the kitchen, so that her proceedings were inaudible. And the captain, as in duty bound, was in the Abbey, trolling forth the responses in a fine baritone, as he might have done had they been the chorus of a song. Lottie sat like a statue in the midst of this stillness, her eyes abstracted, her mind absorbed. What a problem to occupy her! Law, rustling over his books in his own room, grew frightened as he thought of her. She would break her heart; it would make her ill; it might almost kill her, he thought. She sat with her work dropped on her knee, her eyes fixed but not seeing anything, her mind — what could occupy it but one reflection? the sudden possibility of a breaking up of all her traditions, an end of her young life — a dismal sudden survey of the means of maintaining herself, and where she could go to in case this unthought-of catastrophe should occur at once. Poor desolate Lottie, motherless, friendless, with no one to consult in such an emergency, no one

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

to fly to! What could be more terrible than to be brought face to face with such an appalling change, unwarned, unprepared? What was she to do; where was she to go? Worse than an orphan, penniless, homeless, what would become of her? No wonder if despair was paramount in the poor girl's thoughts.

Well — but then despair was not paramount in her thoughts. She made a stand for a moment with wild panic before the sudden danger. What was it that was going to happen? Lottie gave a momentary gasp as a swimmer might do making the first plunge; and then, like the swimmer, lo! struck off with one quick movement into the sunshine and the smoothest gentle current. Change! the air was full of it, the world was full of it, the sky was beautiful with it, and her heart sprang to meet it. Do you think a girl of twenty on the verge of love, once left free to silence and musing, was likely to forget her own dreams in order to plunge into dark reveries as to what would happen to her if her father married again? Not Lottie, at least. She launched herself indeed on this subject, the corners of her mouth dropping, a gleam of panic in her eyes; but something caught her midway. Ah! it was like the touch of a magician's wand. What did it matter to Lottie what might happen to other people; had not everything that was wonderful, everything that was beautiful, begun to happen to herself? She floated off insensibly into that delicious current of her own thoughts, losing herself in imaginary scenes and dialogues. She lost her look of terror without knowing it, a faint smile came upon her face, a faint color, now heightening, now paling, went and came like breath. Sometimes she resumed her work, and her needle sped through her mending like the shuttle of the Fates; sometimes it dropped out of her hand altogether, and the work upon her knee. She lost count of time and of what she was doing. What was she doing? She was weaving a poem, a play, a romance, as she sat with her basket of stockings to darn. The *mise en scène* was varied, but the personages always the same — two personages — never any more; sometimes they only looked at each other, saying nothing; sometimes they talked for hours; and constantly in their talk they were approaching one subject, which something always occurred to postpone. This indefinite postponement of the explanation which, even in fiction, is a device which must be used sparingly, can be indulged in without stint in the private imagination, and Lottie in her romance took full advantage of this power. She approached the borders of her *éclaircissement* a hundred times, and evaded it with the most delicate skill, feeling by instinct the superior charm of the vague and undecided, and how love itself loses its variety, its infinite novelty, and delightfulness when it has declared and acknowledged itself. Law, in his room with his big book, comforting himself under the confused and painful study to which the shock of last night's suggestion had driven him by the idea that Lottie too must be as uncomfortable as himself, was as much mistaken as it was possible to imagine. His compunction and his satisfaction were equally thrown away. Still the feeling that he had startled her, and the hope that it would "do her good," gave him a little consolation in his reading, such as it was. And how difficult it was to read with the sun shining outside, and little puffs of soft, delicious air coming in at his open window, and laying hands upon him, who shall say? He was comforted to think that next door to him, Lottie with her basket of clothes to mend, patching and darning, must be very much disturbed too; but it would have been hard upon Law had he known that she had escaped from all this, and was meanly and treacherously enjoying herself in private gardens of fancy. He had his Emma to be sure — but of her and the very well-known scenes that enclosed her, and all the matter-of-fact circumstances around, he felt no inclination to dream. He liked to have her by him, and for her sake submitted to the chatter of the workroom (which, on the whole, rather amused him in itself), and was quite willing to read the *Family Herald* aloud; but he did not dream of Emma as Lottie did of the incident which had happened in her career. It was true there was this fundamental difference between them, that Lottie's romance alone had any margin of the unknown and mysterious in it. About Emma there was nothing that was mysterious or unknown.

It was not likely, however, that these two young people in their two different rooms, Law gaping over his Virgil, and feeling his eyes wander after every fly that lighted on his book, and every bird that chirped in the deep foliage round the window; and Lottie with her needle and her scissors, thinking of everything in the world except what she was doing or what had just been told her, should be left undisturbed for long in these virtuous occupations. Very soon Law was stopped in

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the middle of a bigger yawn than usual by the sound of a step coming up the stairs, which distracted his not very seriously fixed attention — and Lottie woke up from the very middle of an imaginary conversation, to hear a mellow round voice calling her, as it came slowly panting up-stairs. "Are you there then, Lottie, me honey? You'd never let me mount up to the top of the house, without telling me, if ye weren't there?" Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, like many of her country-folks, was half aware of the bull she was uttering, and there was a sound of laughter in her voice. Lottie, however, sat still, making no sign, holding her needle suspended in her fingers, reluctant to have her pleasant thoughts disturbed by any arrival. But while Law and Lottie, each behind a closed door, thus paused and listened, the captain (audibly) coming home from morning service, stepped in after Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, and addressed the new comer. "Lottie is in the drawing-room," he said, "though she does not answer. "I am just going out again when I've fetched something — but I must first see you up-stairs;" and then there was an interval of talking on the stairs and the little landing-place. Lottie made no movement for her part. She sat amidst her darnings, and awaited what was coming, feeling that her time for dreams was over. Captain Despard came lightly up, three steps at a time, after Mrs. O'Shaughnessy had panted to the drawing-room door. He was jaunty and gay as ever, in his well-brushed coat with a rosebud in his button-hole. Few, very few days were there, on which Captain Despard appeared without a flower in his coat. He managed to get them even in winter, no one could tell how. Sometimes a flaming red leaf from the Virginia creeper answered his purpose, but he was always jaunty, gay, decorated with something or other. He came in behind the large figure of their neighbor, holding out a glove with a hole in the finger, reproachfully to Lottie. "See how my child neglects me," he said. He liked to display himself even to Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, and stood and talked to her while Lottie, with no very good grace, put down her darning and mended his glove.

"When I was a young fellow, my dear lady," he said, "I never wanted for somebody to mend my glove; but a man can't expect to be as interesting to his daughter as he was in another stage of life."

"Oh, captain, take me word," said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, "the likes of you will always be interesting to one or another. You won't make me believe that ye find nobody but your daughter to do whatever ye ask them. Tell that — to another branch of the service, Captain Despard, me dear friend."

"You do me a great deal too much honor," he said, with the laugh of flattered vanity; for he was not difficult in the way of compliments. "Alas, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, who would pay any attention to an old married man, the father of a grown-up son and daughter, like me?"

"Sure, and you're much to be pitied, so old as ye are, with one foot in the grave, captain dear," the old Irishwoman said; and they both laughed, she enjoying at once her joke, and the pleasure of seeing her victim's pleased appreciation of the compliment; while he, conscious of being still irresistible, eyed himself in the little glass over the mantelpiece, and was quite unaware of the lurking demon of good-humored malice and ridicule in her eyes.

"Not so bad as that perhaps," he said, "but bad enough. A man grows old fast in this kind of life. Matins every morning by cockcrow, to a man accustomed to take his ease, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. The major grumbles, I make no doubt, as well as I."

"Sure it's nothing half so bad as morning parade. That's what O'Shaughnessy says; and he never was used to his ease, captain. I took better care of him than that. But, Lottie, me honey, here we're talking of ourselves, and it's you I've come to hear about. How many hearts did ye break; how many scalps have ye got, as we used to say in Canada? It wasn't for nothing ye put on your finery, and those roses in your hair. The captain, he's the one for a flower in his coat; you're his own daughter, Miss Lottie, dear."

"Were you out last night, my child?" said Captain Despard, taking his glove from Lottie's hand. "Ah, at the Deanery. I hope my friend the dean is well, and my Lady Caroline? Lady Caroline was once a very fine woman, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, though you would not think it. The Courtlands were neighbors of ours in our better days, and knew all our connections; and Lady Caroline has always been kind to Lottie. I do not think it necessary to provide any chaperon for her whan she goes there. That is where a girl feels the want of a mother; but Lady Caroline is a very kind friend."

"Fancy that now," said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, "how a body may be deceived! I never knew ye were among old friends, captain. What a comfort to you — till you find somebody that will be a nice chaperon for your dear girl!"

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

"Yes, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, that would be a satisfaction; but where could I find one that would satisfy me after Lottie's dear mother, who was a pearl of a woman? Good morning to you, my dear lady; I must be going," he said, kissing the fingers of the mended glove. And he went out of the room humming a tune, which, indeed, was as much a distinction of Captain Despard as the flower in his coat. He was always cheerful, whatever happened. His daughter looked up from her work, following him with her eyes, and Law, shut up in his room next door, stopped reading (which indeed he was very glad to do), and listened to the light carol of the captain's favorite air, and his jaunty step as he went down the stairs. No lurch in that step now, but a happy confidence and cheerful ring upon the pavement when he got outside, keeping time surely not only to the tune, but to the captain's genial and virtuous thoughts. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy looked after him without the cloud which was on his children's faces. She laughed. "Then, sure it does one's heart good," she said, "to see a man as pleased with himself as me friend the captain. And Lottie, me darlin', speaking of that, there's a word I have to say to you. Ye heard what I said and ye heard what he said about a chaperon — though, bless the child, it's not much use, so far as I can see, that you have for a chaperon ——"

"No use at all," cried Lottie, "and don't say anything about it, please. Papa talks; but nobody pays any attention to him," Lottie exclaimed, with a flush of shame.

"If he'd stop at talking! but Lottie, me dear, when a man at his age gets women in his head, there's no telling what is to come of it. I wouldn't vex ye, me dear, but there's gossip about — that the captain has thoughts ——"

"Oh, never mind what there's gossip about! There's gossip about everything."

"And that's true, me honey. There's your own self. They tell me a dozen stories. It's married ye're going to be (and that's natural); but there's them that uphold it's not marriage at all, but music, or maybe the stage even, which is what I never would have thought likely ——"

Lottie had risen to her feet, her eyes sparkling, her face crimson with excitement. "Wherever you hear it, please, *please* say it is a lie. I — on the stage! Oh, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, could you believe such a thing? I would rather die!"

"Dying's a strong step to take, me dear. I wouldn't go that length, Lottie; but at your age, and with your pretty looks, and all the world before ye, it's not the thing I would advise. I don't say but there are chances for a pretty girl that's well-conducted ——"

"Mrs. O'Shaughnessy! do you dare to speak to me so?" said Lottie with crimson cheeks, her eyes blazing through indignant tears. Well-conducted! the insult went to her very soul. But this was beyond the perception of her companion.

"Just so, me dear," she said. "There was Miss O'Neil, that was a great star in my time, and another stage lady that married the Earl of ——, one of the English earls. I forget his title. Lords and baronets and that sort of people are thrown in their way, and sometimes a pretty girl that minds what she is about, or even a plain girl that is clever, comes in for something that would never —— Who is that, Lottie? Me dear, look out of the window, and tell me who it is."

Lottie did not say a word; she gasped with pain and indignation, standing erect in the middle of the room. How it made the blood boil in her veins to have the triumphs of the "stage ladies" thus held up before her! She did not care who came. There was nobody here in this place, where nobody understood Lottie's position, to whose coming she could look with any satisfaction. She scorned the interference of any one. And what was the use even of standing up for herself where everybody would laugh at her? There was no one in the chevaliers' lodges who could render her justice. They would all think an earl or a Sir William "caught" by any exposure of herself to the public gaze to be a rich recompense for her toil. So long as she was well-conducted! To be well-conducted, is not that the highest praise that can be given to any one? Yet it made Lottie's blood boil in her veins.

While she stood thus flushed and angry, the door was suddenly pushed open by the untrained "girl," who was all that the household boasted in the shape of a servant. "She's here, sir," this homely usher said; and lo, suddenly, into the little room where sat Mrs. O'Shaughnessy taking up half the space, and where Lottie stood in all the excitement and glow of passion, there walked Rollo Ridsdale, like a hero of romance, more perfect in costume, appearance, and manner, more courteous and easy, more graceful and gracious, than anything that had ever appeared within that lower sphere. The captain was jaunty and shabby-genteel, but even he sometimes dazzled with his grand air the inexperienced ladies in the lodges; but

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Mr. Ridsdale was all that the captain only pretended to be, and the very sight of him was a revelation. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, sitting with her knees apart and her hands laid out upon her capacious lap, opened her mouth and gazed at him as if he had been an angel straight from the skies. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy knew him, as she knew every one who came within the Abbey precincts. She was aware of every visit he paid to his aunt, and saw him from her window every time he passed up and down the Dean's Walk, and she had the most intimate acquaintance with all his connections, and knew his exact place in the Courtland family, and even that there had been vicissitudes in his life more than generally fall to the lot of young men of exalted position. And, if it did her good even to see him from her window, and elevated her both in her own opinion and that of her friends to be able to point him out as the Honorable Rollo Ridsdale, it may be imagined what her feelings were, when she found herself suddenly under the same roof with him, in the same room with him. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy sat and stared, devouring his honorable figure with her eyes, with a vague sensation of delight and grandeur taking possession of her soul.

"You must pardon my intrusion at such an early hour, Miss Despard," he said. "I wanted your maid to ask if I might come in, and I did not know she was ushering me into your very presence. But I have my credentials with me. I bear a note from Lady Caroline, which she charged me to support with my prayers."

The passion melted out of Lottie's countenance. Her eyes softened — the very lines of her figure, all proud and erect and vehement, melted too as if by a spell — the flush of anger on her cheek changed to a rose-red of gentler feeling. The transformation was exactly what the most accomplished actress would have desired to make, with the eye of an able manager inspecting her possibilities. "I beg your pardon," she said instinctively, with a sudden sense of guilt. It shocked her to be found so full of passion, so out of harmony with the melodious visitor who was in perfect tune and keeping with the sweet morning, and in whose presence all the vulgarities about seemed doubly vulgar. She felt humble, yet not humiliated. Here was at last one who would understand her, who would do her justice. She looked round to find a seat for him, confused, not knowing what to say.

"May I come here?" said Rollo, pushing forward for her the little chair from which she had evidently risen, and placing himself upon the narrow window-seat with his back to the light. "But let me give up my credentials first. My aunt is — what shall I say? — a little indolent, Miss Despard. Dear Aunt Caroline, it is an unkind word — shall I say she is not fond of action? Pardon if it is I who have acted as secretary. I do so constantly now that Augusta is away."

"Lottie," said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, as Lottie, confused, took the note from his hand, and the chair he offered, "me dear! you have not presented me to your friend."

Rollo got up instantly and bowed, as Lottie faltered forth his name ("A real bow," Mrs. O'Shaughnessy said after; "sure you never get them but in the upper classes"), while she herself, not to be outdone, rose too, and extended a warm hand ("What does the woman expect me to do with her hand?" was Mr. Ridsdale's alarmed commentary on his side).

"I'm proud to make your acquaintance, sir," said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. "Me husband the major was once a great friend of an uncle of yours, Mr. Ridsdale — or maybe it was a cousin; when we were out in Canada, in the Hundred and Fiftieth — the Honorable Mr. Green; they were together in musketry practice, and me major had the pleasure of being a great deal of use to the gentleman. Many a time he's told me of it; and when we come here, sure it was a pleasure to find out that me Lady Caroline was aunt — or maybe it was cousin — to an old friend. I am very glad to make your acquaintance," Mrs. O'Shaughnessy continued, shaking him warmly by the hand, which she had held all this time. Mr. Ridsdale kept bowing at intervals, and had done all that he could, without positive rudeness, to get himself free.

"Oh yes," he said, "I have cousins and uncles and that sort of thing scattered through the earth in every regiment under the sun; and very bad soldiers, I don't doubt, always wanting somebody to look after them. I am sure Major O'Shaughnessy was very kind. Won't you sit down?"

"It wasn't to make a brag of his kindness — not a bit of that — though he is a kind man, and a good man, Mr. Ridsdale, though I say it as shouldn't. I have been married to me major these forty years, and if any one knows it, I ought to be the one to know."

"Undoubtedly, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. I for one am most ready to take the fact on your word."

"And you'd be in the right of it. A man's wife, that's the best judge of his

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

character. Whatever another may say, she's the one that knows; and if she says too much, one way or the other, sure it's on herself it falls. She has to suffer if he's not as good as she gives him out to be. But maybe you're not interested, Mr. Ridsdale, in an old woman's opinions?"

"I am very much interested, I assure you," said Rollo, always polite. He kept an eye upon Lottie reading her note, but he listened to her friend (if this was her friend) with as much attention, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy always remembered, as if she had been a duchess at the least.

Meanwhile Lottie read the note, which purported to come from Lady Caroline, and which had a wavering C. Huntington at the bottom of the page, which was autograph. The warmth of the appeal however to her dear Miss Despard, to take pity on the dulness of the Deanery and come in "quietly" that evening for a little music, was not in any way Lady Caroline's. She had consented indeed to permit herself to be sung to, on Rollo's strenuous representation of the pleasure it had given her.

"You know, Aunt Caroline, you enjoyed it," he had said; and "Yes, I know I enjoyed it," Lady Caroline, much wavering, had replied. It would not have been creditable not to have enjoyed what was evidently such very good singing; but it was not she who wrote of the dulness of the Deanery nor who used such arguments to induce her dear Miss Despard to come. Lottie's countenance bending over the note glowed with pleasure as Mrs. O'Shaughnessy kept up the conversation. Even with those girls who think they believe that the admiration of men is all they care for, the approbation of a woman above their own rank is always a more touching and more thorough triumph than any admiration of men. And Lottie was not one of those young women; that Lady Caroline should thus take her up, and encourage her, praise her, invite her, went to her very heart. She almost cried over the kind words. She raised her face all softened and glowing with happiness to the anxious messenger who was listening to Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, and as their eyes met a sudden smile of such responsive pleasure and satisfaction came to Rollo's face as translated Lottie back into the very paradise of her dreams.

"I can't say, me dear sir," said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, "that things are just exactly as we wish here, or as we thought we had a right to look for. The major and me, we've been used to a deal of fine company. Wherever we've gone, was it in Canada, was it the Channel Islands, was it at the depot of the regiment, we've always been called upon by the best. But here, sure the position is anything but what you would wish. We've been here a dozen years, and we don't know a soul. Think of that! Yes, oh yes; some have called out of the town. But that does not count, Mr. Ridsdale, you know, that does not count; and to us in her Majesty's service, that have always been accustomed to the best ——"

"Surely, surely, I quite understand; or rather I don't understand at all, it is nothing less than incredible. Miss Despard," said the ambassador, "I hope you are considering what Lady Caroline says, and will not disappoint our hopes. Last night was a triumph, but this will be enjoyment. You, who must know what talent Miss Despard has — I appeal to you, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. I am sure from your kind looks that we will have your aid."

"Is it to go and sing for them again, Lottie, me dear? Sure I'd like to see it come to something," said the old lady in an undertone; "but there, there, don't frown at me. Go, me child, go and enjoy yourself. That's just the way, Mr. Ridsdale — excuse me if I speak my mind free — me Lady Caroline and his reverence the dean, when there's something that pleases them in the chevaliers' lodges ——"

"Do I need to write a note?" said Lottie, interrupting hastily to prevent the completion of a speech which seemed to threaten the very foundations of her happiness. "Perhaps it would be more polite to write a note." She looked at him with a little anxiety, for the thought passed through her mind that she had no pretty paper like this, with a pretty monogram and "The Deanery, St. Michael's," printed on its creamy glaze, and even that she did not write a pretty hand that would do her credit; and, going further, that she would not know how to begin, whether she should be familiar, and venture upon saying, "Dear Lady Caroline," which seemed rather presumptuous, calling an old lady by her Christian name, or ——

"I need not trouble you to write. I am sure you mean to say yes, Miss Despard, which is almost more than I dared hope. Yes is all we want, and I shall be so happy to carry it."

"Yes is easy said," said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy; "a great deal easier than no. Oh, me dear, I don't object to your going; not a bit; only I take an interest in ye, and ye must not make yourself too cheap. Know her talent, Mr. Ridsdale? sure I can't say that I do. I know herself, and a better

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

girl, saving for a bit of temper, don't exist. But a girl is the better of a spark of temper, and that's just what you've got, me dear Lottie. No; I don't know her talent. She has a voice for singing, that I know well; for to hear her and Rowley when she's having her lesson, sure it's enough to give a deaf person the ear-ache. But that's the most that I know."

"Then, Miss Despard," said Rollo, springing to his feet, "if your — friend is in this condition of doubt, it is impossible she can ever have heard you; will you not gratify me and convince her by singing something now? I know it is horrible impertinence on my part, so recent an acquaintance. But — no, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, you never can have heard her. I have some songs here that I know you would sing to perfection. I deserve to be ordered out of the house for my presumption. I know it; but" — and he clasped his hands and fixed supplicating eyes upon Lottie, who, blushing, trembling, frightened, and happy, did not know how to meet those eyes.

"Sure he'll be down on his knees next," cried Mrs. O'Shaughnessy delighted; "and you wouldn't have the heart to deny the gentleman when he begs so pretty. I'll not say but what I've heard her, and heard her many a time, but maybe the change of the circumstances and the want of Rowley will make a difference. Come, Lottie, me darling, don't wait for pressing, but give us a song, and let us be done with it. If it was a good song you would sing, and not one of those sacred pieces that make me feel myself in the Abbey — where we all are, saving your presence, often enough —— "

"I have a song here that will please you, I know," said Rollo. "We shall have you crying in two minutes. You don't know, my dear Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, what a glorious organ you are talking of."

"Organ! that's the Abbey all over; but, praised be heaven, there's no organ here, only an old cracked piano —— "

"Oh, indeed," cried Lottie, "it is not fit to play on, and I don't think I can sing at sight; and — I know I can't play an accompaniment."

"That shall be my happy office," he said, looking at her with those eyes that dazzled Lottie. They were not dazzling by nature, but he put a great deal of meaning into them, and Lottie, foolish Lottie, innocently deceived, put a great deal more. Her eyes sank beneath this look. She could scarcely keep the tears from coming into them, tears of confused pleasure and wonder and happiness; and she could not refuse him what he asked. He opened the wretched old piano, worn out and jingling, and out of tune as it was. And Mrs. O'Shaughnessy put her knees a little more apart, and threw her bonnet strings over her shoulders, and spread out her warm hands in her lap. There was a little good-humored cynicism in her face. She did not expect to enjoy the singing, but all her faculties were moved by the hint, the scent, of a flirtation, and that she was prepared to enjoy to the full.

From The Westminster Review.

THE TELEPHONE.

Of all modern inventions connected with the transmission of telegraphic signals, the telephone, devised by Mr. Alexander Graham Bell, has excited the most widespread interest and wonder. Wherever Mr. Bell has appeared before the public to give an account of his invention and the researches which have led up to it, crowds have assembled to hear him. Nor is this astonishing; for the telephone professes not only to convey intelligible signals to great distances without the use of a battery, but to transmit in facsimile the tones of the human voice, so that a voice shall be as certainly recognized when heard over a distance of a few hundreds of miles as if its owner were speaking in the room by our side. And the telephone does not fall short of its profession. Scientific men have had their wonder and curiosity aroused even more than the unscientific public, since a scientific man appreciates the enormous difficulties to be overcome before such an instrument can be realized. Had any hardy speculator a few years ago proposed a telephone which should act on the principle, and be constructed in the form, of Mr. Bell's instrument, he would probably have been considered a lunatic. The effects are so marvellous; the exciting causes at first sight so entirely inadequate to produce them. For a telephonic message differs as widely from an ordinary telegraphic message as a highly finished oil painting differs from a page of print. In the one you have only white and black, black symbols on a white ground, the symbols being limited in number, and recurring again and again with mere differences of order. The painting, on the other hand, discloses every variety of color and arrangement. No sharp lines of discontinuity offend the eye; on the contrary, the tints shade off gradually and softly into each other, presenting tone and depth

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

in endless variety. The page of print is unintelligible without the aid of a key; the painting tells its story plainly enough to any one who has eyes to see.

Let us inquire for a moment what is the nature of the apparatus which we have been using for the last thirty or forty years for the transmission of telegraphic signals. The instruments chiefly employed have been the single-needle telegraph and the Morse instrument. In the former a coil of wire surrounds a magnetized needle, which is suspended in a vertical position. When an electrical current passes through the coil, the needle is deflected, to right or left, according to the direction of the current. The sender by means of a handle can pass either positive or negative currents into the circuit. The right and left deflections of the needle are combined in various ways to form the letters of the alphabet, and the letters form words. Thus at the sending station a message is broken up into little bits, each bit or part of a bit transmitted separately, and the process of building these up again performed at the receiving station. Some of the letters of the alphabet are indicated by a single movement of the needle, that is, by a single current; for others, as many as four are required.

In the Morse instrument only one current is utilized, which may be either positive or negative, and the requisite variety is obtained by allowing the current to pass through the circuit for a longer or shorter interval. The essential part of the instrument consists of an electro-magnet with an iron armature attached to one end of a lever. At the other end of the lever is a pointer or pencil, and a paper ribbon moves at a constant rate in front of the end of the pointer. When the coils of the electro-magnet are traversed by a current, the iron armature is attracted, and the pointer comes in contact with the paper ribbon, on which it makes a mark, long or short, according to the duration of the current. Thus are produced the dots and dashes. These are combined in a similar way to the right and left movements of the needle in the needle instrument. In some of the more refined instruments letters are indicated and even printed directly at the receiving station. This is of course a great simplification; but with such arrangements we cannot have more than this. The page of print represents the limit of what such instruments and methods can do for us. It is true that a skilled operator with the Morse instrument can interpret the signals as they arrive without looking at the marks on the paper, simply by using his ears. Every time the circuit is made or broken a click is heard, and long practice has taught him to rely on the evidence of his ears with as much confidence as one less accustomed to the work would trust his eyes. Nevertheless he hears only a succession of clicks, which must be interpreted before they become intelligible to any one but himself.

In these forms of apparatus, it will be observed, the currents are intermittent; each current, circulating through the coil, is followed by an interval of rest. They begin and end abruptly, and all perform the same kind of work; that is, they deflect a needle, or produce marks on a piece of paper. Telephonic currents, on the other hand, rise and fall, ebb and flow, change in intensity within comparatively wide limits, but preserve their continuity so long as continuous sounds are being uttered in the neighborhood of the telephone. They are called undulatory currents, to distinguish them from the intermittent currents of the ordinary telegraphic apparatus; and their peculiar character is an essential feature of the telephone.

No skill or training is required for the effective use of the telephone. The operator has merely to press the instrument to his ear to hear distinctly every sound transmitted from the distant end. For this, it is true, an effort of attention is required, and some persons use the instrument at the first trial with more success than others. Individuals differ in the facility with which they are able to concentrate their attention on one ear, so as to be practically insensible to what goes on around them. But this habit of attention is readily acquired, and when it is once acquired the telephone may be used by any one who has ears to hear and a tongue to speak. In sending a message, the instrument is held about an inch in front of the mouth, and the sender merely talks into the mouthpiece in his ordinary natural manner. The words are repeated by the instrument at the other end of the circuit with the same pitch, the same cadences, and the same relative loudness. But what strikes one the most is that the *character* of the speaker's voice is faithfully preserved and reproduced. Thus one voice is readily distinguished from another. No peculiarity of inflection is lost. Nor is this result effected over short distances only. No doubt a sentence will be heard with diminishing distinctness as it comes over an increasing distance. In this country experiments

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

have not yet been made, so far as we know, over very long distances; but Mr. Bell states that he carried on a conversation without any difficulty between Boston and New York, two hundred and fifty-eight miles apart, through an ordinary telegraph wire. A man's breathing was distinctly heard one hundred and forty-nine miles away. At the Newport torpedo station, in Rhode Island, speaking was carried on through a line, including five miles of submerged cable and an equal length of land wire. Resistance coils were added two thousand ohms at a time, until twelve thousand ohms were introduced into the circuit, without interfering with the transmission of speech. The importance of this test will be understood when it is remembered that the resistance of the Atlantic cable is equal to seven thousand ohms only. The experiments at Newport were continued by the addition of a total resistance of thirty thousand ohms, but beyond twelve thousand ohms the sound was found to diminish in intensity. Mr. Bell states that the *maximum* amount of resistance through which the undulating current will pass, and yet retain sufficient force to produce an audible sound at the distant end, has yet to be determined. In the laboratory he has conversed through a resistance of sixty thousand ohms. There is a practical difficulty in transmitting telephonic signals through a telegraph wire running parallel to a number of other wires which are being used for ordinary telegraphic purposes. Induction currents are produced in the telephone wire, which greatly interfere with the distinctness of the sounds. The difficulty is said to be overcome by having an extra return wire, instead of utilizing the earth for a part of the circuit, as is ordinarily done. The two wires are put side by side in close proximity, and the detrimental effect of the inductive currents is thus partially or entirely disposed of. The following extract from a letter which appeared in the *Daily News* a few weeks ago shows that inductive action, when the parallel circuits are not numerous, does not seriously interfere with the transmission of speech:—

The experiments with the telephone were made by me upon the cable lying between Dover and Calais, which is twenty-one and three-quarters miles long. Several gentlemen and ladies were present, and conversed in French and English with a second party in France for upwards of two hours. There was not the slightest failure during the whole time. I was only using one wire. The other three (it is a four-wire cable) were working direct with London and Paris, Calais and Lille. I could distinctly hear the signals by the three wires on the telephone; and at times, when but one of the three wires was working, I could decipher the Morse signals, and read a message that was passing from Glasgow to Paris. Yet when all the three wires were working simultaneously, the telephone sounds were easily and clearly distinguishable above the click of the signals! I happened to know several of the party in France, and was able to recognize their voices. They also recognized mine, and told us immediately a lady spoke that it was a female voice. When making some trials upon a line three-fourths of a mile long, I arranged a musical box (the tones of which are very feeble) under the receiver of an air-pump, the top of the receiver being open. Upon this opening I placed the telephone, and every note came out at the second end so clearly as to enable those who were present to name the tune that was played. Unfortunately we had not the same means in France, but simply held the mouth of the telephone close to the box, and some of the notes were audible, but not so perfect as on the short line. One young lady burst out laughing the moment she placed the instrument to her ear, and exclaimed, "Some one is whistling, 'Tommy make way for your uncle'!" As my correspondent and myself had had a little practice, we were, without the slightest difficulty, able to talk in our usual manner, without any strain upon the voice or any unnatural lengthening of syllables. We were not able to hear breathing, in consequence of the continued pecking caused by induction from other wires.

The construction of the telephone is remarkably simple. It consists of a steel cylindrical magnet, about five inches long and three-eighths of an inch in diameter, encircled at one extremity by a short bobbin of wood or ebonite, on which is wound a quantity of very fine insulated copper wire. The magnet and coil are contained in a wooden cylindrical case. The two ends of the coil are soldered to thicker pieces of copper wire, which traverse the wooden envelope from one end to the other, and terminate in the binding screws at its extremity. Immediately in front of the magnet is a thin circular iron plate, which is kept in its place by being jammed between the main portion of the wooden case, and a wooden cap carrying the mouth or ear trumpet. These two parts are screwed together. The latter is cut away at the centre so as to expose a portion of the iron plate, about half an inch in diameter. In the experiments which Mr. Bell has carried out in order to determine the influence of the various parts of the telephone on the results produced, and their relations to each other when the best effects are obtained, he employed iron plates of various areas and thick-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

nesses, from boiler plate three-eighths of an inch in thickness to the thinnest plate procurable. Wonderful to relate, it appears that scarcely any plate is too thin or too thick for the purpose, but the best thickness is that of the ferrotype plate used by photographers. Thin tin-plate also answers very well. The iron plate is cut into the form of a disc, about two inches in diameter, and is placed as near as possible to the extremity of the steel magnet without actually touching it; the effect of this position being that, while the induced magnetism of the plate is considerable, it is susceptible to very rapid changes owing to the freedom with which the plate can vibrate. The dimensions of the various parts of the instrument given above are found to be convenient, but they are by no means essential. Good results have been obtained by means of a magnet only an inch an a half long, and a working instrument need not be too large for the waistcoat pocket. There is no difference between the transmitting and the receiving telephone; each instrument serves both purposes. Nevertheless in order to avoid the inconvenience of shifting the instrument backwards and forwards between the ear and the mouth, it is better to have two on the circuit at each station. The operator then holds one permanently to his ear, while he talks with the other.

It will not be supposed that the idea of this marvellously simple piece of apparatus was evolved ready formed from the inventor's brain; very far otherwise. It is the final outcome of a long series of patient researches carried out by Mr. Bell in the most skilful and philosophical manner, in which one modification suggested another, accessory after accessory was discarded, and finally the instrument was pruned down to its present form and dimensions. Telephones have been long known. A few years ago a simple arrangement whereby articulate sounds could be transmitted over a distance of fifty or sixty yards, or even further, could be bought in the streets for a penny. It consisted of a pair of pill-boxes, the bottoms of which were connected by a piece of string stretched tight, while over the mouth of each was pasted tissue paper. On speaking to one of the pill-boxes the tissue paper and enclosed air were set in vibration. The vibrations so produced were communicated to the thread and transmitted to the distant pill-box, which was held close to the ear, where they affected the air in such a way as to reproduce the original sounds. The simple apparatus was more effective than would be *a priori* imagined. Electric telephones were devised in this country about the same time that the telegraph was introduced, but the best of them differed widely from the modern instrument. They were capable of conveying to a distance sounds of various pitch, so that the succession of notes constituting a melody could be reproduced many miles away, but the special character of the voice by which the melody was originated was entirely lost. Now the great interest which attaches to Mr. Bell's telephone, and the intense wonder and curiosity it has aroused, are due to its power of conveying absolutely unaltered every peculiarity of voice or musical instrument. A violin note reappears as a violin note; it cannot be mistaken for anything else. And in the case of a human voice, it is not less easy to distinguish one speaker from another than it would be if the speakers were in the room close by instead of being miles or even hundreds of miles away. This is the charm of the new telephone; this it is which renders it immeasurably superior to anything of the kind which preceded it.

Mr. Bell's researches in electric telephony began with the artificial production of musical sounds, suggested by the work in which he was then engaged in Boston, viz., teaching the deaf and dumb to speak. Deaf mutes are dumb merely because they are deaf. There is no local defect to prevent utterance, and Mr. Bell has practically demonstrated by two thousand of his own pupils that when the deaf and dumb know how to control the action of their vocal organs, they can articulate with comparative facility. Striving to perfect his system of teaching, it occurred to Mr. Bell that if, instead of presenting to the eye of the deaf mute a system of symbols, he could make visible the vibrations of the air, the apparatus might be used as a means of teaching articulation. In this part of his investigations Mr. Bell derived great assistance from the phonautograph. He succeeded in vibrating by the voice a style of wood, about a foot in length, attached to the membrane of the phonautograph; and with this he obtained enlarged tracings of the vibrations of the air, produced by the vowel sounds, upon a plane surface of smoked glass. Mr. Bell traced a similarity between the manner in which this piece of wood was vibrated by the membrane of the phonautograph and the manner in which the ossiculæ of the human ear were moved by the tympanic membrane. Wishing to construct an apparatus closely resembling the human ear, it was suggested to him by Dr. Clarence

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

J. Blake, a distinguished aurist of Boston, that the human ear itself would be still better, and a specimen was prepared. Our readers are aware that the tympanic membrane of the ear is connected with the internal ear by a series of little bones called respectively the malleus, the incus, and the stapes, from their peculiar shapes, and that by their means the vibrations of the tympanic membrane are communicated to the internal ear and the auditory nerves. Mr. Bell removed the stapes, and attached to the end of the incus a style of hay about an inch in length. Upon singing into the external artificial ear, the style of hay was thrown into vibration, and tracings were obtained upon a plane surface of smoked glass passed rapidly underneath. The curves so obtained are of great interest, each showing peculiarities of its own dependent upon the vowel sound that is sung. Whilst engaged in these experiments, Mr. Bell's attention was arrested by observing the wonderful disproportion which exists between the size and weight of the membrane — no thicker than tissue paper — and the weight of the bones vibrated by it, and he was led to inquire whether a thicker membrane might not be able to vibrate a piece of iron in front of an electro-magnet. The experiment was at once tried. A piece of steel spring was attached to a stretched membrane of goldbeater'sskin and placed in front of the pole of the magnet. This answered very well, but it was found that the action of the instrument was improved by increasing the area of metal, and thus the membrane was done away with and an iron plate substituted for it. It was important, at the same time, to determine the effect produced by altering the strength of the magnet; that is, of the current which passed round the coils. The battery was gradually reduced from fifty cells to none at all, and still the effects were observed, but in a less marked degree. The action was in this latter case doubtless due to residual magnetism; hence, in the present form of apparatus a permanent magnet is employed. Lastly, the effect of varying the dimensions of the coil was studied, when it was found that the sounds became louder as its length was diminished; a certain length was, however, ultimately reached, beyond which no improvement was effected, and it was found to be only necessary to enclose one end of the magnet in the coil of wire.

Such was the instrument that Mr. Bell sent to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. The following is the official report of it, signed by Sir William Thomson and others: —

Mr. Alexander Graham Bell exhibits an apparatus by which he has achieved a result of transcendent scientific interest, — a transmission of spoken words by electric currents through a telegraph wire. To obtain this result Mr. Bell perceived that he must produce a variation of strength of current as nearly as may be in exact proportion to the velocity of a particle of air moved by the sound, and he invented a method of doing so, — a piece of iron attached to a membrane, and thus moved to and fro in the neighborhood of an electro-magnet, — which has proved perfectly successful. The battery and wire of this electro-magnet are in circuit with the telegraph wire and the wire of another electro-magnet at the receiving station. This second electro-magnet has a solid bar of iron for core, which is connected at one end by a thick disc of iron to an iron tube surrounding the coil and bar. The free circular end of the tube constitutes one pole of the electro-magnet, and the adjacent free end of the bar core the other. A thin circular iron disc, held pressed against the end of the tube by the electro-magnetic attraction and free to vibrate through a very small space without touching the central pole, constitutes the sounder by which the electric effect is reconverted into sound. With my ear pressed against this disc, I heard it speak distinctly several sentences. . . . I need scarcely say I was astonished and delighted. So were others, including some judges of our group, who witnessed the experiments and verified with their own ears the electric transmission of speech. This, perhaps the greatest marvel hitherto achieved by the electric telegraph, has been obtained by appliances of quite a homespun and rudimentary character. With somewhat more advanced plans and more powerful apparatus, we may confidently expect that Mr. Bell will give us the means of making voice and spoken words audible through the electric wire to an ear hundreds of miles distant.

The present form of instrument, which is now being manufactured in large numbers by the Silvertown Company, does not essentially differ from that reported on so enthusiastically by Sir William Thomson. Only it is more simple in construction and more handy.

Before attempting any explanation of the action of the telephone it may be well to draw the attention of our readers to the special characteristics of the human voice, and to those peculiarities which distinguish one musical note from another. Whatever the differences in question may depend upon, it is certain that they are transmitted and reproduced in the telephone with unerring fidelity, and it is therefore important that we should under-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

stand their nature and origin. Take a tuning-fork and set it in vibration by striking or drawing a violoncello bow across its prongs. The fork yields its own proper note, which will be loud or the reverse according as the fork has been struck energetically or lightly. So long as we use one fork only, it is obvious that the only variation which can be produced in the sound is a variation of intensity. If the extent of vibration be small, the resulting sound is feeble; its loudness increases with the excursion of the prongs. What is true of the tuning-fork is true of any other musical instrument, and hence, generally, the loudness of a musical sound depends upon the amplitude of vibration of that which produced it. Now take two similar tuning-forks of different pitch, and suppose that one is exactly an octave above the other. They may be excited in such a way that the notes emitted are of equal loudness, and then the only respect in which they differ from each other is in pitch. The pitch of a fork depends upon its rate of vibration. It is comparatively easy with suitable apparatus to measure the rate of vibration of a tuning-fork, and were we to test the two forks in question, it would be found that that giving the higher note vibrates exactly twice as fast as the other. If the one performs a hundred oscillations in a second, the other, which is an octave above, completes two hundred in the same interval of time. Thus, the pitch of a note yielded by a tuning-fork depends upon its rate of vibration, and on nothing else, and the same is true of a pianoforte wire, the air in an organ pipe, a harmonium reed, etc. We have now accounted for two of the characteristics of a musical note, its loudness and its pitch; but there is a third, equally, if not more, important, and by no means so simple of explanation. We refer to what is usually spoken of in English books on acoustics as the *quality* of the note; the French call it *timbre*, and the Germans *Klangfarbe*. It is that which constitutes the difference between a violin and an organ, or between an organ and a pianoforte, or between two human voices; indeed between any two musical sounds which are of the same pitch and loudness, but are still distinguishable from each other. In order to explain the physical cause of *quality*, we will suppose we have a thin metallic wire about a yard long stretched between two points over a sounding board. When plucked at its centre the wire vibrates as a whole; the two ends are points of rest, and a loop is formed between them. The note emitted by the wire when vibrating in this manner is called its fundamental note. If the wire be damped at the centre, by laying on it with slight pressure the feather of a quill pen, and plucked at a point half way between the centre and one end, both halves will vibrate in the same manner, and independently of each other. That is to say, there will be two equal vibrating segments and a point of rest or node at the centre. But the rapidity of vibration of each segment will be twice as great as that of the wire when vibrating as a whole, and consequently the note emitted will be the octave of the fundamental. When damped at a point one-third of the length from either extremity, and plucked half way between that point and the nearer extremity, the wire will vibrate in three equal divisions, just as it vibrates in two divisions in the previous case. The rate of vibration will be now three times as great as at first, and the note produced will be a twelfth above the fundamental. Similarly, by damping and plucking at suitable points, the wire may be made to vibrate in four parts, five parts, six parts, etc., the rate of vibration increasing to four, five, six, etc., times what it was at first. Let us suppose that when the wire was swinging as a whole and sounding its fundamental note, the number of oscillations performed in a second was one hundred. Then we see that, by taking suitable precautions, the wire can be made to break up into two, three, four, five, six, etc., vibrating segments, the rates of vibration being respectively two hundred, three hundred, four hundred, five hundred, six hundred, etc., and the series of notes emitted being the octave above the fundamental, the fifth above the octave, the double octave, the third and fifth above the double octave, and so on. We now come to an important point, which is this — that, the wire being free, it is practically impossible to strike or pluck it in such a way as to make it vibrate according to one of the above systems *only*. It will vibrate as whole, wherever and however it be struck, but this mode has always associated with it or superposed upon it some of the other modes of vibration to which we have just referred. In other words, the fundamental note is never heard alone, but always in combination with a certain number of its overtones, as they are called. Each form of vibration called into existence sings as it were its own song, without heeding what is being done by its fellows, and the consequence is that the sound which reaches the ears is not simple but highly composite in its character. The word *clang* has been suggested to denote

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

such a composite sound, the constituent simple sounds, of which it is the aggregate, being called its first, second, third, etc., partial tones. All the possible partial tones are not necessarily present in a clang, nor of those which are present are the intensities all the same. For instance, if the wire be struck at the centre, that point cannot be a node, but must be a point of maximum disturbance; hence all the even partial tones are excluded, and only the odd ones, the first, third, fifth, and so on, are heard.

That characteristic of a musical note or clang which is called its quality, depends upon the number and relative intensities of the partial tones which go to form it. The tone of a tuning-fork is approximately simple; so is that of a stopped wooden organ pipe of large aperture blown by only a slight pressure of wind. Such tones sound sweet and mild, but also tame and spiritless. In the clang of the violin, on the other hand, a large number of partial tones are represented; hence the vivacious and brilliant character of this instrument. The sounds of the human voice are produced by the vibrations of the vocal chords, aided by the resonance of the mouth. The size and shape of the cavity of the mouth may be altered by opening and closing the jaws, and by tightening or loosening the lips. We should expect that these movements would not be without effect on the resonance of the contained air, and such proves on experiment to be the fact. Hence, when the vocal chords have originated a clang containing numerous well-developed partial tones, the mouth-cavity, by successively throwing itself into different postures, can favor by its resonance first one overtone and then another; at one moment *this* group of partial tones, at another *that*. In this manner endless varieties of quality are rendered possible. Any one may prove to himself, by making the experiment, that when singing on a given note he can only change from one vowel sound to another by altering the shape and size of his mouth-cavity.

Having thus briefly indicated the physical causes of the various differences in musical notes, and the production of sounds by the organ of voice, we will devote a few moments to consider how these sounds are propagated through the air and reach the plate of the telephone. When a disturbance is produced at any point in an aerial medium, the particles of which are initially at rest, sonorous undulations spread out from that point in all directions. These undulations are the effect of the rapid vibratory motions of the air particles. The analogy of water waves will help us to understand what is taking place under these circumstances. If a stone be dropped into the still water of a pond, a series of concentric circular waves is produced, each wave consisting of a crest and a hollow. The waves travel onwards and outwards from the centre of disturbance along the surface of the water, while the drops of water which constitute them have an oscillatory motion in a vertical direction. That is to say, following any radial line, the water particles vibrate in a direction at right angles to that in which the wave is propagated. The distance between two successive crests or two successive hollows is called the length of the wave; the amplitude of vibration is the vertical distance through which an individual drop moves. In a similar manner sonorous undulations are propagated through air by the oscillatory motion of the air particles. But there is this important difference between the two cases, that, in the latter, the vibrating particles move in the *same* direction in which the sound is being propagated. Consequently such waves are not distinguished by alternate crests and hollows, but by alternate condensations and rarefactions of the air, the transmission of which constitutes the transmission of sound. The wave-length is the distance between two consecutive condensations or rarefactions. It depends upon the pitch of the transmitted sound, being shorter as the sound is more acute, while the extent of vibration of the air particles increases with the loudness. Such are the peculiarities of the vibratory motion in air corresponding to the pitch and loudness of the transmitted sound. But what is there in the character cf the motion to account for difference in quality? A little consideration will show that there is only one thing left to account for these, and that is the *form* of the vibration. Let us mentally isolate a particle of air, and follow its movements as the sound passes. If the disturbance is a simple one, produced, say, by the vibration of a tuning-fork, the motion of the air particle will be simple also, that is, it will vibrate to and fro like the bob of a pendulum, coming to rest at each end of its excursion, and from these points increasing in velocity until it passes its neutral point. Such, however, is clearly not the only mode of vibration possible. If the disturbance be produced by a clang comprising a number of partial tones of various intensities, all excited simultaneously, it is obvious that the air particle must vibrate in obedience to every one of these. Its motion will be the re-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

sultant of all the motions due to the separate partial tones. We may imagine it, starting from its position of rest, to move forward, then stop short, and turn back for an instant, then on again until it reaches the end of its excursion. In returning it may perform the same series of to-and-fro motions in the opposite direction, or it may move in a totally different way. Nevertheless, however complex its motion may be — and, as a rule, it will be exceedingly complex — its periodic character will be maintained. All the tremors and perturbations in one wave-length will recur in all the others.

When sonorous undulations impinge upon the iron plate of the telephone, the latter is set in vibration. Its particles move to and fro in some way or other. The complexity of their motion will depend upon that of the air from which it was derived. But for the sake of simplicity we will assume that the plate has a simple pendulous motion. It will be remembered that the iron plate is placed quite close to, but not quite in contact with, the extremity of the steel magnet. It becomes, therefore, itself a magnet by induction; and, as it vibrates, its magnetic power is constantly changing, being strengthened when it approaches the magnetic core, enfeebled as it recedes. Again, when a magnet moves in the neighborhood of a coil of wire, the ends of which are connected together, an electrical current is developed in the coil, whose strength depends upon the rapidity with which, and the distance through which, the magnet moves. In the telephone then, as the plate moves towards the coil, a current is induced in the latter which traverses the whole length of wire connecting it with the distant instrument; the plate returning, another current with reversed sign follows the first. The intensity of these currents depends, as we have said, on the rapidity with which these movements are effected, but is largely influenced also by the fact that the plate does not retain a constant magnetic strength throughout its excursions. Under the assumption we have made with respect to the simplicity of the plate's motion, it follows that the induced currents, alternately positive and negative, follow each other in a uniform manner, and with a rapidity corresponding to the pitch of the exciting note. These currents pass along the circuit, and circulate round the coil of the distant telephone. There they modify the magnetic relations between the steel magnetic core and the iron plate in such a way that one current — say the positive — attracts the plate, while the other — the negative — repels it. And since the arriving currents follow each other, first positive and then negative, with perfect regularity, the plate will also vibrate in a uniform manner, and will perform the same number of vibrations per second as did the plate of the sending instrument. Hence the sound heard will be an exact copy, except as to loudness, of that produced at the sending station. Having thus followed the sequence of phenomena in this simple case, we are enabled to extend our explanation to the case in which composite sounds of more or less complexity — vowel sounds and speech — are transmitted. We are compelled to admit that every detail in the motion of an air particle, every turn and twist, must be passed on unaltered to the iron membrane, and that every modification of the motion of the membrane must have its counterpart in a modification of the induced currents. These, in their turn, affecting the iron plate of the receiving telephone, it follows that the plates of the two telephones must be vibrating in an absolutely identical manner.

We can thus follow in a general manner the course of the phenomena, and explain how air vibrations are connected with the vibrations of a magnetic plate — how these latter give rise to electrical currents, which, passing over a circuit of hundreds of miles, cause another magnetic plate to vibrate, every tremor in the first being reproduced in facsimile in the second, and thus excite sonorous undulations which pass on to the ear. We can understand all this in a general way, but we are not the less lost in wonder that the sequence of events should be what it is. That a succession of currents could be transmitted along a telegraph wire without the aid of a battery, that, by simply talking to a magnetic membrane in front of a coil of wire, the relations of the magnetic field between the two could be so far modified as to produce in the coil a succession of electrical currents of sufficient power to traverse a long circuit, and to reproduce a series of phenomena identical with those by which the currents were brought into existence, would have been a few years ago pronounced an impossibility. A man would have been derided who proposed an instrument constructed on such principles. Nevertheless, here it is realized in our hands. We can no longer doubt, we can only wonder, and admire the sagacity and patience with which Mr. Bell has worked out his problem to a successful issue.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume XXI. | No. 1763.—March 30, 1878. | From Beginning, Vol. CXXXVI.

CONTENTS.

I. BENEDICT DE SPINOZA, ... *Nineteenth Century*, ... 771
II. ERICA. Part XVI. Translated for THE LIVING AGE, from the German of . . *Frau von Ingersleben*, ... 785
III. A RING OF WORLDS, ... *Cornhill Magazine*, ... 797
IV. HOW THE TURKS RULE ARMENIA. By Dr. Humphry Sandwith (of Kars), . . . *Nineteenth Century*, ... 809
V. LAY-FIGURES, ... *Examiner*, ... 818
VI. THE MOBILITY OF ASIATICS, ... *Spectator*, ... 821
VII. THE SALARIES OF THE OFFICERS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM, ... *Nature*, ... 823
*** Title and Index to Volume CXXXVI.

POETRY.

MISERERE, ... 770
BEFORE THE SNOW, ... 770
"WIE KANNST DU RUHIG SCHLAFEN," 770

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

MISERERE.

AH, well I know 'tis wrong of me, who fain
Would hold my darling from the Lord that gave
Of his great love the boon my heart did crave,
And now would take unto himself again.

Ye do say well — 'tis wrong, I know, I know!
But all the agony of heart, the plann'd
Sweet joys laid waste, ye cannot understand,
Who ne'er gave up what you bid *me* forego.

Oh, do not ask a mother that hath known
The blissful bitter birth of him, if she
Were not more glad he should an angel be,
Than live on but a child to call her own!

No more with those soft locks of golden hair
To dally, and my fondling fingers weave;
No more to hearken every morn and eve
The pretty lisping of his infant prayer!

No more to soothe his little aches and cries,
Watch him at gambol or in rosy rest;
No more to catch him wildly to my breast,
And see all Heaven in his deep blue eyes!

Ah, never, never more to feel the fond
Soft tendril arms around my neck entwine,
And strain him in my own, all mine! all mine!
Fill'd with sweet joy, all other joys beyond.

Ye know not — God forgive me, if I dare
To plead with him! Father, oh, could he be
In Heaven with the angels and with thee,
Liker themselves than now, more pure, more fair?

Take him not from me, lest bereavement's bane
Might slay my soul with cruel, hopeless grief,
And poison of rebellious disbelief,
So I should never see his face again!

For strongest faith is tried by fondest love,
That to its idol clings with heedless hold;
Dumb, blind, and blunted to the manifold
Warnings below, or whispers from above.

Lord, pardon me! That thou shouldst yearn to take
The blessed guerdon back, it is most meet;
Thyself it was who madest him so sweet,
Thou well may'st crave him for the sweetness' sake.

Yea, Lord, thy will be done! Still, if it be
Thine own good pleasure, who didst freely give
What I so grudge to render, let him live,
That I may know thou art not vex'd with me.

Yea, if but for a season. Haply I,
Sore striving, and in very overflow
Of my unbounded gratitude, may grow
Better, O God, and stronger, by-and-by.

Unless — and who may know? save thee, most dread,
Most merciful! for all 'twere only right,
According to our poor weak human sight —
Thou shouldst be pleased to take me in his stead.

Nay, do not heed me, Lord — thy will be done!
Take to thyself, or suffer yet to live;
And — for thou knowest all my heart — forgive
The mother in the love of thy dear Son.

Month.

BEFORE THE SNOW.

AFTER ALBERT GLATIGNY.

WINTER is on us, but not yet the snow;
The hills are etched on the horizon, bare,
The skies are iron grey, a bitter air,
With meagre clouds that shudder as they go;
One yellow leaf the listless wind doth blow
Like some new butterfly, unclassed and rare;
Your footsteps ring in frozen alleys, where
The black trees seem to shiver as you go.

Beyond lie church and steeple, and their old
And rusty vanes that rattle as they veer —
A sharper gust would shock them from their hold.
Yet up that path, in Maytime of the year,
And past that dreary ruined tower we strolled
To pluck wild strawberries with summer cheer!

Macmillan's Magazine. A. LANG.

"WIE KANNST DU RUHIG SCHLAFEN?"

SLEEP, and in peace? How canst thou?
And know I am still alive?
Back comes the old wrath, and straightway
My yoke in sunder I rive.

Dost know the old-world legend,
How once a youth that was dead
At midnight drew his loved one
Down to his churchyard bed?

Oh trust me, thou beauteous wonder,
Of all sweet the sweetest far,
I live, yes, live, and am stronger
Than legions of dead men are!

Blackwood's Magazine. HEINE.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

From The Nineteenth Century.

BENEDICT DE SPINOZA.*

It is now two hundred years since there died, in an obscure lodging at the Hague, Benedict de Spinoza, a philosopher appreciated in his own time only by a very few. His name was indeed widely known, but it was for the most part known only to be execrated. For some time after his death *Spinozist* was current among the theologians of Holland as a term of opprobrium. Spinoza's thought, however, was of that vital kind which sooner or later cannot fail to make for itself a way into its due place. Some three-quarters of a century after his death came the great awakening of letters and philosophy in Germany, and the leaders of that movement, among whom the name of Lessing must be mentioned first, were not slow to perceive Spinoza's importance. Ever since that time his influence has been a widening and increasing one: not that I stop to maintain this in the strictest sense which can be put upon the words, for I do not think a philosopher's influence is properly measured by the number of persons who agree with his doctrines. Philosophical doctrines have been, and will doubtless continue to be, matter of controversy, but it is no matter of controversy that the life of a righteous man who gives up all else that he may seek the truth for its own sake is a sure and priceless possession for all the generations of men who come after him.

Baruch de Spinoza was born at Amsterdam on the 24th of November, 1632. His parents were members of the Portuguese synagogue, a community established towards the end of the sixteenth century by Jewish exiles from Spain and Portugal, who had turned to the United Provinces as a safe asylum. For at this critical time Holland, it should be remembered to her eternal honor, was the most tolerant commonwealth in Europe. Spinoza was brought up in the course of Hebrew learning then usual, and at the age of fifteen was already distinguished for his knowledge of the Talmud. He was also familiar from his youth up, as his writings bear witness, with the masterpieces of the golden age of modern Jewish literature. From the tenth to the twelfth centuries there flourished at the Mohammedan courts of Spain and Africa a series of Arab and Hebrew philosophers who held a position with regard to the societies in which they lived much like that of the Catholic schoolmen afterwards with regard to western Christendom. Like the schoolmen, they set themselves to effect a fusion of the Aristotelian philosophy with the accepted theology of their churches; and the schoolmen were in fact acquainted with their work to a considerable extent, and referred to it quite openly, and in general with respect.*

The Jewish schoolmen, if we may so call them, cannot be said to have founded any distinct philosophical doctrine; in philosophy they were hardly distinguishable, if at all, from their Mohammedan compeers. But they gave a distinct philosophical cast to Jewish theology, and thereby to Jewish education. Two names stand out foremost among them. Ibn-Ezra (1088–1166 A.D.) was a traveller, astronomer, grammarian, and poet, in addition to the learning in theology and philosophy which made his commentaries on the Scriptures classical. But the chief of all is Moses ben Maimon (1135–1205 A.D.) who became known in Europe as Maimonides, the father of modern Jewish theology. He was regarded with such veneration as to be compared to the great Lawgiver himself, so that it passed into a proverb, "From Moses until Moses there arose none like unto Moses." ‡ The Jewish peripatetic school

* In the course of this paper I shall have to refer several times to Dr. A. van der Linde's *Benedictus Spinoza: Bibliografie* (The Hague, 1871), which gives a full account of the literature of the subject.

* The names of Ibn-Roshd (Averroes) and Ibn-Sînâ (Avicenna) were familiar in Europe, and Dante groups them (*Inf.* iv. 143) with the leaders of classical science and philosophy. Ibn-Gebirol (Avicebron), a Jewish member of the school, broke with the Aristotelian tradition to take up Neo-Platonic ideas. His philosophical work was discredited and fell into oblivion among his own people; but it became current in Europe in a Latin form, and was used by Giordano Bruno, through whom it may have thus come round to Spinoza.

† In later times the proverb received an extended application in honor of Moses Mendelssohn, the grandfather of the musician, himself a philosopher and the restorer of Jewish culture in Germany. Maimonides' reputation was not established without conflict. About 1235 his opinions were formally condemned by the synagogue of Montpellier.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

was also represented in Provence, where, in the fourteenth century, Levi ben Gerson, the most daring of all the Jewish philosophers, and Moses of Narbonne were its most conspicuous members. This philosophical treatment of theology was on the whole generally accepted, but did not pass without controversy: in particular R. Chasdai Creskas, of Barcelona (flor. 1410 A.D.), whom Spinoza cites by name,* combated the peripatetics with great zeal and ability from an independent point of view. A mind like Spinoza's could not well have found anything more apt to stir it to speculation and inquiry than the works of the men I have named. They handled their subjects with extreme ingenuity, and with a freedom and boldness of thought which were only verbally disguised by a sort of ostentatious reserve. Both Maimonides and Ibn-Ezra delighted to throw out hints of meanings which could not or must not be expressly revealed. Maimonides, in the introduction to his principal work, entreats the reader who may perceive such meanings not to divulge them. Ibn-Ezra says in his commentaries: "Herein is a mystery; and whoso understandeth it, let him hold his peace." † The mysteries were, however, not so carefully concealed but that an open-eyed reader like Spinoza might easily find in them the principles of rational criticism which he afterwards developed in the "*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*."

At the same time Spinoza was far from neglecting secular learning and even accomplishments. His master in Latin, after he had acquired the rudiments elsewhere, was Francis van den Ende, a physician of Amsterdam who had a high reputation as a teacher, and was also well versed in the natural sciences. It is highly probable that he communicated this part of his knowledge also to Spinoza, who certainly had very sound instruction of that kind at some time; for it is remarkable (as Mr. G. H. Lewes has well pointed out) that Spinoza seldom or never makes mistakes in physics. The references and allusions in Spinoza's writings show that he had a fair knowledge of Latin literature; of Greek he knew something, but not much.* He wrote a Latin which, though not classical, was a very sufficient instrument for his purposes, and which he handled with perfect freedom. He seems to have been also familiar with Italian; and Spanish and Portuguese must have been almost as native to him as Dutch. About this time the philosophy of Descartes was in the first flush of its renown, and, like most new and brilliant things, was vehemently suspected of heresy. Spinoza made himself thoroughly familiar with it, his companions in this study being Henry Oldenburg and Dr. Lewis Meyer, the most constant of his friends in after life. It is at least doubtful, however, whether he was at any time a Cartesian. When he published a short exposition of the system in 1663 (the only work he ever set his name to), it was with an express warning that it did not represent his own opinions. At the same time it is beyond question that Descartes exercised a powerful influence upon the form and direction of Spinoza's speculations. Until of late years his part in this matter has been unduly exalted, and that of the Jewish philosophers underrated, or rather forgotten; but it would be very possible to carry the reaction to excess. In Spinoza's own time it is pretty certain that those who knew him only at second hand looked on him as a sort of erratic Cartesian. We know what Locke thought of the Cartesians as a body, and thus Locke's entire neglect of Spinoza may be explained. Those who followed Locke in England seem to have taken for granted, after his example (though in Berkeley we do find specific references to Spinoza), that Spinoza's philosophy was not worth serious attention.

To these graver studies Spinoza found time to add no small skill in drawing. He filled a book with sketches of distinguished persons of his acquaintance, as we are told by his biographer Colerus,† who had

* "Judæum quendam, Rab Ghasdai vocatum." — Ep. XXIX., *ad fin.*

† Ap. Spinoza, *Tract. Theol. Pol.*, c. 8, § 9. The mystery seems innocent enough to a modern reader.

* He expressly disclaims anything like critical competence in it (*Tract. Theol. Pol.*, cap. 10, *ad fin.*).

† The name is a Latinized form of Köhler. He was the minister of the German Lutheran congregation at the Hague.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the book in his possession. The same writer tells us that Spinoza's master, Van den Ende, had a learned, witty, and accomplished daughter, who took part in teaching his pupils, and Spinoza among them. From a learner, the tale says, he became a lover, but was supplanted by a fellow-pupil named Kerkering, who wooed and won the lady, not unassisted by the material persuasion of a valuable pearl necklace. The story passed current until it was rudely called in question by the facts which Dr. van Vloten discovered and published in 1862. True it is that Van den Ende had a daughter, but she was only eleven years old at the latest time when Spinoza can have been her father's pupil. True it is that she married Theodore Kerkering, but not till several years after, in 1671. He was, like her father, a physician, and earned a considerable scientific reputation by his work in medicine, chemistry, and anatomy. The match appears to have been a very natural and proper one, and the rivalry with Spinoza and the pearl necklace must be dismissed as inventions. It does not necessarily follow, however, that the tale of Spinoza's love for Clara van den Ende is wholly without foundation. Van den Ende probably continued to see something of his former pupil until, to his misfortune, he left Holland; * and we know that Spinoza was from time to time at Amsterdam. Besides this, nothing forbids us to suppose that even from an earlier date there may have sprung up a half romantic, half childish affection between Spinoza and Klaartje. Beatrice was only nine years old, and Dante himself only ten, when the "glorious lady of his soul" first showed herself to his eyes, and the word came to him, "*Ecce deus fortior me, qui veniens dominabitur mihi.*" So that if any one is minded to cling to this one piece of romance in Spinoza's life, I think he may do so by taking the story with some such qualification as here suggested.† I must confess, however, that my own inclination is, on reflection, towards entire unbelief. The story as told by Colerus is not credible, and any credible story we may devise in its stead must be so different from that given by Colerus as to rest in truth on no evidence at all. Besides, the testimony of Colerus is here at its weakest; he does not report this matter, as he does many others, as being within the actual knowledge of himself or his informants, but refers for confirmation to authorities which are all but worthless.*

So much we know of Spinoza for the first twenty-three years of his life. We may well believe that he had not long attained man's estate before the freedom of his thought and discourse, and perhaps also laxity in ceremonial observances, began to excite attention among the elders of his people; but, whatever suspicions may have been conceived, and whatever informal warnings may have been given, no action was taken till 1656. A community which owed its existence to flight from repeated persecutions might be expected by a hasty observer of human nature to practise toleration itself; but experience is far from warranting such an inference. Witness the example of the settlers of New England, whose first use of their freedom from the yoke of episcopacy was to set up a new ecclesiastical tyranny after their own patterns of a kind not less oppressive and infinitely more vexatious. There is too much reason to fear that the Jewish exiles from Spain and

* Van den Ende migrated to France, where he involved himself in a political conspiracy, hoping that it might turn to the profit of his own country, and was hanged at Paris in 1674.

† Most recent writers, including Auerbach, to whom it must have given a pang to cast away the foundation of his charming novel, treat the whole story as a fable. Dr. van Vloten himself (*Benedictus de Spinoza*, 2nd ed., 1871, p. 21), and Dr. H. J. Betz, of the Hague (*Levensschets van Baruch de Spinoza*, 1876), take a line not unlike what I have given in the text. Dr. Rothschild (*Spinoza: zur Rechtfertigung seiner Philosophie u. Zeit*, Leipzig, 1877) boldly maintains Colerus's account as historical, and dismisses the objection as to dates with the remark: "*Es giebt frühreife Naturen.*"

* Kortholt (*De tribus Impostoribus Magnis*, No. 82 in Van der Linde, cf. No. 287), and the article on Spinoza in Bayle's Dictionary. Kortholt's "three impostors" are Hobbes, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and Spinoza. The book has nothing to do (beyond the studied similarity of title) with the famous, perhaps mythical, *De tribus Impostoribus*, which is a standing riddle of bibliography. Of this, however, a spurious French version circulated in MS. in the eighteenth century, under the name of *L'Esprit*— or, bound up with Lucas's biography, *La Vie et l'Esprit — de M. Benoît de Spinoza*. See Van der Linde, Nos. 99–102.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Portugal had learned some of the evil lessons of the Inquisition.* Apart from this, the synagogue of Amsterdam had good reasons of secular policy for being scrupulous even to excess in its appearance to the outer world. Holland was indeed the land of toleration; but toleration was not such as we are nowadays accustomed to, and at this very time theological controversy ran high. The battle of Remonstrants and Contra-remonstrants was yet fresh in men's minds; and it behoved a society of men foreign in religion, language, and manners, which had been at first received with suspicion, and which existed only on sufferance, to let nothing pass among them which could lay them open to a charge of promoting new heresies or being indifferent to the general interests of religion. Hence we can understand the extreme anxiety to avoid an open schism which marked the first proceedings in Spinoza's case. The elders would have preferred to retain Spinoza in apparent conformity, and offered him as the price of this a pension of one thousand florins. This being declined, it was probably considered that the only safe course remaining, though not a desirable one in itself, was for the congregation to renounce its freethinking member as completely as possible. Meanwhile some obscure fanatic, thinking himself no doubt a messenger of divine justice, outran the zeal of his masters. One evening an unknown assailant set upon Spinoza with a dagger; † but he was on his guard in time, and the blow pierced only his coat, which he kept afterwards as a memorial. This was a sufficient warning that Amsterdam was no safe place for him, and he left the city without waiting for the final decision of the congregation upon the charge of heresy against him. This was given on the 27th of July, 1656, to the following effect: —

The chiefs of the council do you to wit, that having long known the evil opinions and works of Baruch de Espinoza, they have endeavored by divers ways and promises to withdraw him from his evil ways, and they are unable to find a remedy, but on the contrary have had every day more knowledge of the abominable heresies practised and taught by him, and of other enormities ‡ committed by him, and have of this many trustworthy witnesses, who have deposed and borne witness in the presence of the said Espinoza, and by whom he stood convicted; all which having been examined in the presence of the elders, it has been determined with their assent that the said Espinoza should be excommunicated and cut off from the nation of Israel; and now he is hereby excommunicated with the following anathema: —

With the judgment of the angels and of the saints we excommunicate, cut off, curse, and anathematize Baruch de Espinoza, with the consent of the elders and of all this holy congregation, in the presence of the holy books: by the six hundred and thirteen precepts which are written therein, with the anathema wherewith Joshua cursed Jericho, with the curse which Elisha laid upon the children, and with all the curses which are written in the law. Cursed be he by day and cursed be he by night. Cursed be he in sleeping and cursed be he in waking, cursed in going out and cursed in coming in. The Lord shall not pardon him, the wrath and fury of the Lord shall henceforth be kindled against this man, and shall lay upon him all the curses which are written in the book of the law. The Lord shall destroy his name under the sun, and cut him off for his undoing from all the tribes of Israel, with all the curses of the firmament which are written in the book of the law. But ye that cleave unto the Lord your God, live all of you this day.

And we warn you, that none may speak with him by word of mouth nor by writing, nor show any favor to him, nor be under one roof with him, nor come within four cubits of him, nor read any paper composed or written by him.

Thus was Baruch de Spinoza cut off from his own people and from his father's house. Not only was he an outcast from Israel and deprived of all fellowship of his nation and kindred — and the ties of kindred are with his people of exceeding strength and sanctity — but he became as it were a masterless man, a member of no recognized community, having none to stand by him or answer for him. Such a position might well seem a grave one in itself, apart from the shock to his personal feelings.* Altogether the blow must have been such as it is at this time hard for us to understand. Spinoza, however, received the news of the excommunication with per-

* Dr. Grätz (*Gesch. der Juden*, x. 14) says: "They had brought with them from Spain the fatal passion for maintaining the purity of the faith and exterminating heresy. The rabbis of Amsterdam introduced the new practice of sitting in judgment on religious opinions and beliefs, setting themselves up as a kind of Inquisition."

† The exact place and circumstances, which however are not material, are variously related.

‡ "*Ynormes obras que obrava.*" This I had supposed to be a piece of "common form" with no definite meaning; but I learn from a friend possessing special knowledge that it probably refers to distinct breaches of the ceremonial law; some such overt act, beyond mere speculative opinions, being required to justify the excommunication. (Cf. Grätz, *op. cit.*, 172, 175.)

* It is said that the Jewish elders represented to the civil authorities of Amsterdam that Spinoza was a dangerous person, that the Reformed clergy supported their request, and that Spinoza was actually banished from Amsterdam for a time. But Colerus knows nothing of this, nor is it in itself probable.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

fect equanimity. "This compels me," he said, "to nothing which I should not otherwise have done." Henceforth he disused his Hebrew name Baruch, and adopted the Latin form Benedict, which has the same meaning, and by which he is generally known. He now had to depend on his own work for a livelihood. It was a rabbinical precept that every one should learn a handicraft; and in compliance with this Spinoza had learned the trade of making lenses for optical instruments, which was no doubt chosen as congenial to his philosophical and scientific studies. He became so skilful in this art that the lenses of his make were much sought after, and some which were left undisposed of at his death fetched a high price. By this means he earned an income sufficient for his limited wants, and also a reputation for a thorough knowledge of optics which appears to have spread more quickly than his fame as a philosopher. In this manner he was brought into correspondence with Huygens and Leibnitz. We find Leibnitz, for instance, writing to him in 1671 to ask his opinion on certain optical questions, and treating him as a person of recognized authority. Leibnitz's behavior to Spinoza some years later can only be called shabby. He professed great interest in Spinoza's philosophy, and endeavored to get a sight of the unpublished MS. of the "Ethics," which Spinoza's prudence did not allow him. On his return from a stay in Paris, Leibnitz visited Spinoza in person. In later years he joined the vulgar cry against him, and borrowed a fundamental idea from his philosophy — which he also marred in the borrowing — without the slightest acknowledgment. The letter now in question begins thus: —

Among your other titles to fame [he says] I understand that you have excellent skill in optics. To you therefore I have chosen to send this attempt of mine for what it may be worth, as on this subject it would be difficult to find a better critic.

The friends who were best acquainted with his work believed that if he had lived longer he would have made some important addition to the science.* As it was, Spinoza's "excellent skill in optics" was only indirectly useful for the advancement of knowledge by affording him the means of cultivating philosophy. On the death of his father, indeed, he became entitled to share with his two sisters an inheritance of some value. The sisters, imagining, as it is conjectured, that the excommunication had deprived him of civil rights, endeavored to exclude him from his share. Spinoza was of opinion, as we know from his writings, that in a country where just laws prevail it is every citizen's duty to resist injustice to himself for the sake of the common weal, lest peradventure evil men find profit in their evil doing. He now acted on this principle, and asserted his rights before the law with success. Having done this, however, he declined to profit by them, and when the division came to be effected he gave up everything to his sisters but one bed, which he kept as a visible symbol of the established justice of his claim.

We know little of Spinoza's movements with certainty till the end of 1660 or beginning of 1661, when we find him at Rhijnsburg, a village near the mouth of the Rhine not far from Leyden. Thence he paid frequent visits to the Hague, where he increased his acquaintance with men of learning and eminence. This society must have had growing attractions for him as time went on, for in 1664 he moved to Voorburg, which is almost a suburb of the Hague, and finally about 1670 to the Hague itself. The greater part of what we know of his doings in after years is derived from the selection of his letters which was made — with a far too sparing hand unfortunately — by the editors of his posthumous works. The series of letters begins in 1661: the most important of Spinoza's correspondents, and also the most interesting to Englishmen, is Henry Oldenburg. Oldenburg spent the best part of his time in this country, where he settled in 1653. He was acquainted with Milton, and was the intimate friend of Robert Boyle; he shared Boyle's scientific tastes, and was the first secretary to the Royal Society (1662), and editor of its "Transactions." His friendship with Spinoza was already of long standing at the time now in question; he had lately visited Spinoza at Rhijnsburg, and the letters are a sort of continuation of the philosophical conversation they had then held. The first of Spinoza's answers to him contains a characteristic point: "It is not my way," he says, "to expose the mistakes of others." A thoroughly constructive habit of mind, an almost insuperable aversion to enter on criticism for criticism's sake, runs through the whole of Spinoza's philosophical work.

* The only scientific work left by him was a small treatise on the rainbow. It was supposed to have been lost, but it was, in fact, published at the Hague in 1687 (Van der Linde, *Bibliografie*, No. 36), and has recently been discovered and republished in Van Vloten's "Supplement."

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

In 1662 Oldenburg strongly advises Spinoza not to hesitate about publishing some work relating partly to theology, partly to philosophy, which means presumably the "*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus.*"

I would by all means advise you not to begrudge to men of letters the ripe fruits of your ingenuity and learning in philosophy and theology, but let them go forth into the world, notwithstanding any possible grumbling from petty theologians. Your commonwealth is most free [Oldenburg was writing from England]; and therein the philosopher should work most freely. . . . Come then, my friend, cast out all fear of stirring up the feebler folk of our time against you; we have sacrificed enough to their ignorance and trifling scruples; let us spread our sails to the wind of true knowledge, and search out the secrets of nature more thoroughly than has yet been done. In Holland I should think it will be quite safe to print your treatise, and there is no reason to fear its giving the least offence, among men of learning at any rate. If such are your promoters and patrons — and such, I answer for it, you will find — why should you fear the detraction of the ignorant? *

In the following year Oldenburg was again pressing Spinoza to finish and publish a little book on " The Amendment of the Understanding," of which we now have only a fragment, published among the " *Opera Posthuma.*"

Surely, my excellent friend, I believe nothing can be published more pleasant or acceptable to men of true learning and discernment than a treatise such as yours. This is what a man of your wit and genius should regard, more than what pleases theologians, as their manner now is; they care less for truth than for their own advantage.

And he conjures Spinoza by the bond of their friendship, by every duty of increasing and spreading abroad the truth, not to withhold the publication, or, if he indeed has grave reasons for withholding it, at least to write and explain them.† Oldenburg was a sincere friend to Spinoza, and a person worthy of all respect; but one cannot help observing that it is extremely easy for a man to be thus valiant in counsel when he does not risk anything on his own part. When Oldenburg in later years became better acquainted with Spinoza's results, he was himself not a little taken aback. Now, in spite of answers which were not encouraging, Oldenburg returned again and again to the charge; he would never desist till his request was satisfied; meanwhile it would be the greatest possible favor if Spinoza would give him some summary of the contents of the treatise. All this while Spinoza and Boyle were holding a scientific correspondence on chemistry and pneumatics in the form of long messages contained in the letters between Spinoza and Oldenburg, though they seem to have exchanged nothing directly. There is no doubt that Boyle knew a good deal of Spinoza, and took much interest in his work. In 1665 Oldenburg writes: " Mr. Boyle and I often talk of you and of your learning and philosophy." Boyle is also mentioned as joining in Oldenburg's exhortations to Spinoza to persevere in philosophical research. We find allusions in Oldenburg's letters of this time to the miseries of the plague and of the war between England and Holland. A certain book about which Spinoza had asked has not yet reached England " because the plague has almost put an end to all communication, besides which this fearful war brings a very Iliad of mischiefs (*nonnisi malorum Iliada*) in its train, and is like to leave but little civility in the world." He adds that though the meetings of the Royal Society are suspended, Boyle and others go on working in private.

After 1665 there is an unexplained break of ten years in this correspondence, which is but imperfectly supplied by letters between Spinoza and other persons.

The most interesting of Spinoza's other correspondents is Simon de Vries. He was a man younger than Spinoza, his pupil in philosophy, and of much promise. He died in his master's lifetime, having shown his gratitude by material benefactions so far as he was allowed. Once he offered Spinoza a present of two thousand florins; this was declined. He was unmarried, and it was his intention to make a will leaving the bulk of his property to Spinoza. But Spinoza, knowing that Simon de Vries had a brother living, pressed on him the duty of thinking first of his own kindred; so that De Vries finally made the brother his heir, and charged his estate with an annuity of five hundred florins to Spinoza. After his death Spinoza would not entirely accept even this; when the annuity came to be paid in due course, he refused to take more than three hundred florins, which he said was quite enough for him. The letters between Spinoza and his young friend belong to the year 1663, and throw light both on Spinoza's manner of life and on the growth of his philosophical system. They show that the leading definitions and propositions of the

* Ep. VII.
† Ep. VIII.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

first part of the "Ethics" were already sketched out in MS., and were in the hands of several of Spinoza's friends, who had formed a kind of philosophical club at Amsterdam, and held regular meetings for the study and discussion of the work. De Vries was commissioned, it seems, to write to Spinoza for the explanation of such points as remained obscure to the company. He says in the same letter: —

> At times I complain of my fate in being so far from you. Happy, most happy is the companion who dwells with you under the same roof, and who can at all times, dining, supping, or walking, hold discourse with you of the most excellent matters.*

Spinoza willingly gave the desired explanations, and replied thus to the complaint:

> You need not envy my fellow-lodger. There is no one I like less, or with whom I have been more cautious; so that I must warn you and all our friends not to communicate my doctrines to him till he has come to riper years. He is still too childish and inconstant, and cares more for novelty than truth. Still I hope he will amend these youthful failings some years hence; indeed, so far as I can guess from his disposition, I am pretty sure of it; and so his general character moves me to be friendly with him.†

It is worth observing that these and other letters of the same time, such as the very important one to Dr. Meyer, in which the notions of space, time, and infinity are discussed, show that as early as 1663 Spinoza's philosophy was fully formed as to its main features. This at once fixes the permissible limits of any speculation upon the growth of Spinoza's ideas which may be founded on a comparison of his earlier and later works. For instance, the avoidance of purely metaphysical discussion in the "*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*," published in 1670, must be set down not to uncertainty or immaturity of thought, but to deliberate reserve dictated by reasons of policy.

At this time (1663) Spinoza published the "Principles of Cartesian Philosophy." It has already been mentioned that in this book he was not speaking for himself, and he attached no value to it (as he informed Oldenburg), save as a means of attracting attention and patronage in certain places (alluding probably to the De Witts), such as might encourage him to publish something more substantial of his own. The book seems to have done its work in assuring the author's reputation. In 1664 we find William van Blyenbergh, a worthy merchant of Dort and a man of good family, introducing himself to Spinoza by letter in these terms: —

> Dear Sir and unknown Friend, — I have already several times carefully read over your treatise lately published with its appendix. It will be more proper for me to speak to others than to yourself of the instruction I found in it and the pleasure I derived from it. This much I cannot forbear saying, that the oftener I go over it with attention, the more I am pleased with it, and I constantly find something which I had not marked before.

He proceeds to ask several metaphysical questions.* Spinoza received his unknown correspondent with a warm welcome.

> Unknown Friend — From your letter I understand your exceeding love of truth, and how that only is the aim of all your desires; and since I direct my mind upon naught else, this constrains me to determine, not only fully to grant your request, which is to answer to the best of my skill the questions which you now send or shall send hereafter, but to perform all else on my part which may avail for our better acquaintance and sincere friendship. For myself, there is among things out of my own control none I prize more than entering into the bond of friendship with men who are sincere lovers of truth. For I believe that nothing in the world, not being under our control, can be so securely taken for the object of our love as men of this temper; since 'tis no more possible to dissolve that love they have for one another (seeing it is founded on the love each of them hath for the knowledge of truth) than not to embrace the truth itself when once perceived.

Blyenbergh sent to this a very long reply, from which Spinoza discovered that their notions of philosophical inquiry did not agree so well as he had supposed. "So that," he says, "I fear we shall get little mutual instruction by our correspondence. For I perceive that no proof, however firm it may be as a proof, may have weight with you unless it agrees with the construction which you or certain other theologians may put upon the Scriptures." For my part, he continues in effect, I confess I find the Scriptures obscure, though I have studied them several years; and on the other hand, when I obtain sufficient proof of anything, I know not how to refuse assent to it. And he goes on to show that Blyenbergh has completely misunderstood his position. This, however, did not put an end to the correspondence,

* Ep. XXVI. a. I use Auerbach's notation for references to the lately discovered letters and parts of letters.

† Ep. XXVII. a. These two letters are for the first time given in full in Van Vloten's "Supplement."

* Ep. XXXI.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

and sundry other letters passed. In one of these Van Blyenbergh throws in by way of postscript the sage question "whether we cannot avoid by the exercise of prudence that which otherwise would happen to us;" to which Spinoza could only say: "As to the question added to the end of your letter, since we might put a hundred like it in an hour and never settle one of them, and you hardly press for an answer yourself, I shall not answer it." Soon after this they met, and had a friendly conversation. Blyenbergh attempted to renew the correspondence, but this time Spinoza distinctly declined it.

We have also letters to various persons, chiefly on scientific topics, which approximately cover the next few years. Mr. Lewes has called attention to the interest shown by Spinoza in an experiment in alchemy to which he was at the time disposed to give credit.* And at the time there was nothing surprising or absurd in this; we have evidence, however, that some years later Spinoza had become more sceptical. For in 1675, when his friend Dr. Schaller had written to him from Paris, describing some similar process, Spinoza replied almost bluntly that he had no mind to repeat the experiment, and felt quite sure that no gold had been produced which was not there before.†

In 1670 was published the "*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*," of which I give the title from an English translation (London, 1689): —

> A Treatise partly theological and partly political, containing some few discourses to prove that the Liberty of Philosophizing (that is, making use of Natural Reason) may be allowed without any prejudice to Piety, or to the Peace of any Commonwealth; and that the Loss of Public Peace and Religion itself must necessarily follow, when such a Liberty of Reasoning is taken away.

The final thesis of the book is that "In a free commonwealth it should be lawful for every man to think what he will and speak what he thinks." And little more than two centuries ago, in the freest country in Europe, this opinion was put forth without the name of the author, and with the name of an imaginary printer at Hamburg, and had to be gradually led up to by an investigation of the principles of Scriptural interpretation and the true provinces of theology and philosophy. To modern eyes the introduction looks much bolder than the conclusion. I forbear to say more of the contents and character of the work, as Mr. Matthew Arnold has already given an admirable account of it in his essay on "Spinoza and the Bible."

The opposition which Spinoza doubtless expected was not long in showing itself. Early in 1671 Spinoza writes to a friend not named: —

> When Professor N. N.* lately saw me, he told me, among other things, he had heard that my "Theologico-Political Treatise" was translated into Dutch, and that a person whose name he did not know was on the point of printing the translation. I therefore earnestly entreat you to inquire diligently into this matter, and stop the printing if it can be done. This request is not from me alone, but also from many of my friends and acquaintance, who would be sorry to see the book prohibited, as it certainly will be if it appears in Dutch.†

The book was, in fact, formally condemned some time after; it does not appear exactly when, but it must have been before 1673, in which year no less than three editions appeared at Amsterdam with entirely false titles, purporting to be works on medicine or history. It is hardly needful to say that it was also put on the Roman Index, and in that catalogue it may still be seen in a very mixed company.

In the same year a Doctor Lambert van Velthuysen sent to Spinoza through a common friend a long letter, which repeated in violent language all the current topics against the "*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*," and finally charged the writer with covertly teaching atheism. This fashion of controversy survives to our own day, and has been improved upon. We have invented the term *materialist*, which makes a fine gradation possible. When we want to say in a short and decided form that we disagree with a man's philosophical opinions, we call him a materialist. If we wish to add to this that the disagreement rests on theological grounds also, we call him an atheist.

Spinoza, having a fancy for the exact use of words, did not like these controversial amenities, and replied (though it was unwillingly that he replied at all) more sharply than was usual with him; he obviously thought the criticism almost too perverse to have been made in good faith. But here too we may note his even temper and peaceable disposition. The letter ends thus: —

* Ep. XLV.; Lewes, Hist. Phil., ii. 180 (3rd ed.).
† Ep. LXV. b. (Van Vloten, Supp., p. 318.)

* The name is deliberately suppressed by the editors of the "*Opera Posthuma*."
† Ep. XLVII.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

I do not think you will find anything in this which can be considered too harsh in manner towards my critic. But if anything does so appear to you, pray strike it out, or alter it if you think fit. Whoever he may be, I have no wish to exasperate him and make enemies by my work; in fact, since this is a common result of discussions like the present, I could hardly prevail on myself to write this answer; nor should I have prevailed on myself, unless I had promised you.*

Nevertheless, Van Velthuysen and Spinoza were afterwards on friendly terms. One of the latest of Spinoza's letters is addressed to Van Velthuysen, and relates to a project of publishing some notes and explanations to the "*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*," including, it seems, this very correspondence, or something founded on it. The letter is a model of literary courtesy and good feeling, and as such is worth giving.

I am surprised at our friend Neustadt having told you that I thought of replying to the various writings against my treatise which have been published, and intended to include your MS. in the number. I am sure I never intended to refute any of my opponents, for none of them have seemed to me worth answering. All I remember to have said to Mr. Neustadt is that I purposed to publish some notes explaining the more difficult passages of the treatise, and to add to these your MS. and my answer, if I had your leave for so doing. This I desired him to ask of you, and added that in case you should be unwilling to grant it on the score of certain expressions in the answer being rather severe, you should be at full liberty to strike out or alter them. Meanwhile I have no cause of offence against Mr. N.; but I thought it well to show you the real state of the case, so that, if I cannot obtain your leave, I might at any rate make it clear that I had no intention of publishing your MS. against your will. I believe, indeed, it may be done without any risk to your reputation, if your name is not affixed to it; but I will do nothing unless you grant me leave and license to publish it. But I am free to confess you would do me a far greater favor if you would set down the arguments with which you think you can attack my treatise; and this I most heartily beseech you to do. There is no one whose arguments I should be more glad to consider; for I am aware that your only motive is affection for the truth, and I know the candor of your mind; in the name of which I again entreat you not to decline giving yourself this trouble.

Van Velthuysen afterwards expanded his letter into one of the many answers to Spinoza's treatise that were published in the next few years. In 1674 Spinoza mentions that he had seen an answer to the "*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*," written by a professor at Utrecht, in a bookseller's window, but on looking into it found it not worth reading, much less answering. "So there I left the book and its author. I smiled inwardly as I considered how the most ignorant of men are everywhere the boldest and the most ready to write books."

In 1672 occurred the one striking incident of Spinoza's life after his excommunication. The public misfortunes of that year, the French invasion of the Netherlands, the outbreak of popular discontent, and the massacre of the brothers De Witt by the infuriated mob of the Hague, belong to general history. Spinoza was a personal friend of John de Witt's, had accepted a small pension from him, and may through his means have taken some part in politics. He was moved by this event, it is said, so much beyond his wont, that he could hardly be restrained from expressing his indignation in public at the risk of his life. Shortly afterwards the Prince of Condé, being then in command of the French army, invited Spinoza to his headquarters at Utrecht. His only motive appears to have been a genuine desire to make the philosopher's acquaintance. The invitation was accepted, and Spinoza betook himself to Utrecht with a safe-conduct. Condé, however, had in the mean time been called away, and Spinoza went home without seeing him, having turned a deaf ear to the suggestion of the French officers who entertained him that he might probably insure a pension from their king if he would dedicate some work to him. On Spinoza's return to the Hague sinister rumors got abroad concerning his journey, and Spinoza's landlord was for a time in fear that the mob would attack and storm the house for the purpose of seizing him as a spy.

Spinoza, however, comforted his host with these words:—

Fear nothing on my account, I can easily justify myself; there are people enough, and of chief men in the country too, who well know the motives of my journey. But, whatever come of it, so soon as the crowd make the least noise at your door, I will go out and make straight for them, though they should serve me as they have done the unhappy De Witts. I am a good republican, and have never had any aim but the honor and welfare of the State.

The danger passed off, but Spinoza's conduct under it is none the less worthy of admiration; and the incident has its

* Epp. XLVIII., XLIX.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

value in the light it throws on the general esteem in which he then stood. For the consciousness, not merely of an innocent purpose, but of a character above the possibility of rational suspicion, was necessary to make Spinoza's visit to the French headquarters prudent or justifiable; and the authorities of his own country would assuredly never have consented to it had they not felt absolute confidence that the public good would in no way suffer by it.

In 1673 Spinoza received a courteous letter from Professor Fabritius, of Heidelberg, who was commanded by Charles Lewis, the Elector Palatine, to offer him the chair of philosophy at that university. This letter contained the following sentence: "You will have the largest freedom of speech in philosophy, which the prince is confident you will not misuse to disturb the established religion." It seems by no means unlikely that this condition was inserted merely as a matter of form. The elector probably knew the "*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus;*" and if he seriously meant to impose restrictions, he would have laid down something much more definite. Spinoza, however, answered thus: —

Had it ever been my desire to occupy a chair in any faculty, I could have wished for no other than that which the Most Serene Elector Palatine offers me by your hands: and especially on account of that freedom in philosophy which the prince is pleased to grant, to say nothing of the desire I have long entertained to live under the rule of a prince whose wisdom is the admiration of all men. But since I have never been minded to give public lectures, I cannot persuade myself to accept even this splendid opportunity, though I have given long consideration to it. For I reflect, in the first place, that I must give up philosophical research if I am to find time for teaching a class. I reflect, moreover, that I cannot tell within what bounds I ought to confine that philosophical freedom you mention, in order to escape any charge of attempting to disturb the established religion. Religious dissensions arise not so much from the ardor of men's zeal for religion itself, as from their various dispositions and love of contradiction, which leads them into a habit of decrying and condemning everything, however justly it be said. Of this I have already had experience in my private and solitary life; much more then should I have to fear it after mounting to this honorable condition. You see, therefore, that I am not holding back in the hope of some better post, but for mere love of quietness, which I think I can in some measure secure if I abstain from lecturing in public. Wherefore I heartily beseech you to desire the Most Serene Elector that I may be allowed to consider further of this matter.*

In 1674 Spinoza had an amusing discussion with a person whose name is withheld on the existence of ghosts. In his first answer Spinoza gives an exquisite turn of politeness to his incredulity. He was delighted, he says, to get his friend's letter and have news of him.

Some people might think it a bad omen that ghosts should be the occasion of your writing to me; but I find something much better in it when I consider that not only real things, but even trifles of the imagination, may thus do me good service.

The correspondence continues, on Spinoza's part, in a tone of courteous banter. At last his friend attempts to overpower him with the authority of ancient philosophers. The reply to this last argument has a distinct importance, as showing what were Spinoza's notions about the philosophical systems of Greece.

The authority of Plato, Aristotle, and Socrates has not much weight with me. I should have been surprised, indeed, if you had brought forward Epicurus, Democritus, Lucretius, or any of the supporters of the doctrine of atoms. It is no wonder that those who devised occult qualities, intentional species, substantial forms, and a thousand other fond things, should have imagined ghosts and apparitions, and given ear to old wives to diminish the authority of Democritus, whose fame they so envied that they burnt all his books. If you choose to believe these, how can you deny the miracles of the Virgin and all the saints, recorded by so many renowned philosophers, historians, and theologians, of whom one hundred can be produced for one that has recorded a ghost?†

It is obvious that Spinoza's knowledge of Greek philosophy was slight and at second hand; but it is significant that his sympathy, so far as his knowledge went, was all with Democritus and the atomic school. The sort of metaphysic which in our own time is always clamoring against supposed encroachments by physical science would have found no favor in his eyes.

In 1674 he wrote an important letter explaining the difference between his view and Descartes' on free will.

I call a thing *free* if it exists and acts merely from the necessary laws of its own nature, but *constrained* if it is determined by something else to exist and act in a certain determinate way. Thus God exists necessarily, and yet freely, because he exists by the

* Ep. LIV.
† Ep. LX.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

necessity of his own nature alone. So God freely understands himself and everything else, because it follows solely from the necessity of his own nature that he must understand everything. You see then that I make freedom consist not in a free decision of the will, but in free necessity. . . .

Imagine, if you can, that a stone, while its motion continues, is conscious, and knows that so far as it can it endeavors to persist in its motion. This stone, since it is conscious only of its own endeavor and deeply interested therein (*minime indifferens*), will believe that it is perfectly free and continues in motion for no other reason than that it so wills. Now such is this freedom of man's will which every one boasts of possessing, and which consists only in this, that men are aware of their own desires and ignorant of the causes by which those desires are determined. So an infant thinks his appetite for milk is free; so a child in anger thinks his will is for revenge, in fear that it is for flight. Again, a drunkard thinks he speaks of his free will things which, when sober, he would fain not have spoken.*

In 1675 the correspondence with Oldenburg is resumed.† By this time the "Ethics" were completely written, and Oldenburg exhorts him to publish the book, though not with such pressing earnestness as he used in former years. He wishes to have some copies sent over to England, and will undertake to dispose of them; yet he wishes their consignment to him not to be talked of. His temper had probably become less valiant since he read the "*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*."

Spinoza writes, in answer to Oldenburg,‡ that he did go to Amsterdam to see about printing the "Ethics." But the rumor had gone before him that he had in the press an utterly atheistic book; and certain theologians had actually commenced proceedings against him. The Cartesians, who had by this time a respectable reputation to preserve, were only too glad to find a convenient and edifying occasion for disclaiming Spinoza, and joined eagerly in the cry against him. He determined accordingly to put off the publication; and the result was that the "Ethics" did not appear in his lifetime. The work had a certain private circulation, however, among Spinoza's friends. In the same year, 1675, we have a series of letters raising sundry questions on the most abstruse points in the system. The objections here stated are by far the most acute of those which Spinoza had to encounter from his various correspondents, and it gave him no small trouble to answer them. He does not, indeed, give a complete answer, and all but admits that he cannot. The chief part in these letters is now assigned to Ehrenfried Walter von Tschirnhausen, a young German nobleman, who was intimate with both Leibnitz and Spinoza, and afterwards became a member of the French Academy of Sciences, and was distinguished in mathematics and physics, and most chiefly by advances in optics. In the construction of lenses, in particular, he arrived at brilliant results; and one may guess that this special study was the common ground on which his acquaintance with Spinoza was first formed.*

In 1676 Spinoza received an extraordinary letter dated from Florence, and written by one Albert Burgh, identified by Van Vloten's plausible conjecture with the fellow-lodger whose facilities of intercourse with Spinoza Simon de Vries had envied, and of whose temper and capacities Spinoza had expressed the doubtful opinion already quoted. He now informed Spinoza that he had been received into the Church of Rome, and proceeded to denounce with all the zeal of a proselyte the profane philosophy he had abandoned. He tells Spinoza that all his learning is merely chimerical, and laments that he should suffer himself to be so deceived by the devil. He asks, with delightful simplicity: —

How do you know that your philosophy is the best of all that are, or have been, or will be taught in the world? Have you examined all the ancient and modern systems of philosophy which are taught here, in India, and all over the face of the earth? And even if you have, how do you know you have chosen the right one?

Spinoza framed the obvious retort in the easiest and most effective manner by repeating the convert's own words: —

How do you know that your teachers are the best of all those who teach, or have taught,

* Ep. LXII., §§ 2-4. The latest editor of the letters objects to Bruder's division into paragraphs as pedantic: a principle which, if consistently carried out, would make it impossible to give a reference to any passage in most of the classics, to say nothing of the chapters and verses in the Bible.

† Ep. XVII., *et seq.*

‡ Ep. XIX.

* Tschirnhausen has received, I think, hard measure from Van Vloten and others for the unacknowledged use of Spinoza's work in his "*Medicina Mentis*." Not only was it the habit of the time to be careless in this duty, but Tschirnhausen may not unreasonably have been of opinion that his only way to secure a fair hearing for Spinoza's ideas was to conceal their true authorship. It is certain, however, that he gave offence to both Huygens and Leibnitz by appropriating, without acknowledgment, unpublished ideas which they had communicated to him (Van Vloten, *Benedictus de Spinoza*, App. III.).

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

or will teach other systems of religion? Have you examined all the ancient and modern systems of religion which are taught here, in India, and all over the face of the earth? And even if you have, how do you know you have chosen the right one?

Burgh's letter runs to a great length, and is a curious specimen of unrefined theological amenity. I can give only a condensed extract as a specimen: —

Do not flatter yourself [he cries] with the reflection that the Calvinists, or so-called Reformers, the Lutherans, the Mennonites, the Socinians, etc., cannot refute your doctrine. All those poor creatures, as I have already said, are in as wretched a state as you, and are sitting along with you in the shadow of death.

Worm and ashes and food for worms that you are, how dare you set up for knowing better than all the Church? What foundation have you for this rash, insane, deplorable, accursed arrogance? What business have you to judge of mysteries which Catholics themselves declare to be incomprehensible?

One of his arguments is that it is presumptuous to disbelieve in alchemy and ghosts because Julius Cæsar would probably not have believed a prophecy of gunpowder. Finally, he threatens Spinoza with eternal damnation if he is not convinced. The immortal discourse delivered by Brother Peter in the "Tale of a Tub," which ends with invoking similar consequences on those who offer to believe otherwise, is hardly a caricature of this effusion.

Spinoza's answer,* which I have anticipated in part, was much the sharpest he ever wrote. As far as argument went he had no serious task; the letter contains, however, some striking passages. "As for your argument about the common consent of multitudes, the unbroken succes sion of the Church, etc., that is just the story I know of old from the Pharisees: for they produce their multitudes of witnesses with no less confidence than the adherents of Rome." They are the most ancient, the most persistent, the most obstinate of all the Churches; and if martyrs are evidence, they have more to show than any other. Even in ecclesiastical discipline, he says, Rome is surpassed by the Mohammedans, for they have had no schisms. This seems a rash statement for a writer versed in Jewish philosophy, which abounds in allusions to the different Mohammedan sects. It is, however, true in the sense that there has been in Islam no great visible rupture like the Reformation in Europe.

Of Spinoza's habits in daily life we know just so much as to make us regret that we do not know more. In outward appearance he was unpretending, but not careless. His way of living was exceedingly modest and retired; often he did not leave his room for many days together. He was likewise almost incredibly frugal; his expenses sometimes amounted only to a few pence a day. But it must not be supposed that he shared the opinion of those who profess to despise man and the world. There was nothing ascetic in his frugality, nothing misanthropic in his solitude. He kept down his expenses simply in order to keep them within his means; and his means remained slender because he did not choose to live at other people's charges. He used to say of himself that he was like a snake with its tail in its mouth, just making both ends meet. Doubtless he was indifferent as to money and the world's goods, but with the genuine indifference which is utterly removed from the affected indifference of the cynic. A man to whom he had lent two hundred florins — which must have been a considerable sum in proportion to Spinoza's income — became bankrupt. Spinoza's remark on hearing of it was this: "Then I must lessen my expenses to make up the loss; that is the price I pay for equanimity." In like manner he kept himself retired not because he was unsociable, but because he found retirement necessary for his work. There is ample evidence that he was none of those who hate or disdain the intercourse of mankind. He kept up, as we have seen, an extensive correspondence, of which we must regret that so little has been preserved. He was free and pleasant in familiar conversation with the people of his house. On Sundays he would talk with them of the sermon they had heard, and would praise the sound learning and morality of their worthy Lutheran pastor, a certain Dr. Cordes who was succeeded in his office by Spinoza's biographer Colerus. Thus he won the esteem and affection not only of his philosophic friends, but of the simple folk among whom he lived; and such affection, as M. Renan has well said, is in truth the most precious of all.

Thus he showed in action the ideal of life set forth in those writings which he could not venture to publish in his lifetime, and which were supposed to strike at the foundations of religion and morality. And what is the rule proposed for the guidance

* Ep. LXXIV.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

of conduct by this man whose opinions have been called abominable, execrable, and atheistic? In one word, it is this: to use the world with cheerfulness and content, not abusing it, and remembering that the good of mankind consists in doing good to one another. Here are some of his precepts: —

Nothing is more useful to man than man; men can desire nothing more exeellent for their welfare than that all should so agree in all things that the minds and bodies of all should make up as it were one mind and one body, and all together strive to maintain their welfare to the best of their power, and all together seek the common good of all. Therefore reasonable men desire no good for themselves which they do not also desire for other men, and so they are righteous, faithful, and honorable.*

Again he says that discontent and melancholy are good for no man: that it is the part of a wise man to use the world and take all reasonable pleasure in it. It is good to refresh oneself not only with moderate food and drink, but with pleasant prospects, music, the theatre, and other things which every man may enjoy without harm to his neighbor.† In the same way, though his own life was most quiet and sedentary, he strongly points out the advantage of being many-sided (as we should now say) in both mind and body, and thereby being apt to receive new impressions and put forth new activities.‡ This is one of the points in which he curiously anticipates modern ideas about development and adaptation to one's environment.

He insists in the strongest terms on the importance of society to man's well-being.

Society is imperfect [he says], but even as it is men get far more good than harm by it. Therefore let satirists laugh at men's affairs as much as they please, let theologians decry them, let misanthropes do their utmost to extol a rude and brutish life; but men will still find that their needs are best satisfied by each other's help, and that the dangers which surround them can be avoided only by joining their strength.§

Again he says: —

He who chooses to avenge wrong by returning hatred for it is assuredly miserable. But if a man strives to cast out hatred by love, he fights his fight in all joy and confidence, being able to withstand many foes as easily as one, and having no need to call on fortune for aid. As for those he conquers, they yield to him joyfully, and that not from failing strength, but because they are made stronger.*

Again: —

The spirit of men is overcome, not by force of arms, but by love and high-mindedness.†

The following maxim contains a lofty refinement of morality, if one may so speak, to which it would be difficult to find a parallel even in Marcus Aurelius: —

If a man wishes to help others by word or deed to the common enjoyment of the highest good, he shall first of all endeavor himself to win their love to him; but not to draw them into admiration of him, that a doctrine may be called after his name, nor in any manner to give cause for offence. Also in common talk he will avoid telling of men's faults, and will speak but sparingly of human weakness. But he will speak largely of man's excellence and power, and the means whereby it may be perfected; so that men may strive to live after the commandment of reason, so far as in them lies, being moved thereto not by fear or disgust, but in pure joyfulness.‡

The mention of M. Aurelius suggests a parallel which I must note in passing, though I have not room to work it out. There is a singular coincidence between the ethical theory of Spinoza and that of the Stoics: I say coincidence, for Spinoza's slender acquaintance with Greek philosophy precludes the supposition of borrowing. The effort or impulse of self-preservation, which in his system is the mainspring of action, is really involved in the Stoic conception of "following nature." He holds that right action for man lies in the preservation — taken in the largest sense — of mankind; not of the individual merely, because, as a matter of fact shown by experience, man is a social animal, and the welfare of the individual can be found only in society. He likewise constantly speaks of a *moral* life as equivalent to a life which is *reasonable* or according to reason. Both these positions are thoroughly Stoic. Nor are these the only resemblances.

Spinoza's health had been failing for some years before his death, and he was attacked by consumption, which possibly was aggravated by his work of glass-polishing. The last illness was short and almost sudden. It came on the 21st of February, 1677. The day was a Sunday, and in the morning Spinoza had been talking to his hosts, Van der Spyck and his wife, as was his custom. His friend and

* Eth. iv. 18, schol.
† Ib. 45, schol. 2.
‡ Ib. 38.
§ Ib. 35, schol.

* Eth. iv. 46, schol.
† Ib. Appendix, cap. 11.
‡ Ib. Appendix, cap. 25.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

physician, Lewis Meyer, came from Amsterdam at his request, and was alone with him at the last. When the people of the house came home in the afternoon, they found Spinoza dead.

Some time before this Spinoza had committed to Van der Spyck the trust of sending his unpublished papers to a bookseller at Amsterdam. This was duly fulfilled, and in the course of the same year the philosopher's posthumous works, including the "Ethics," appeared. They were received with even more violent opposition than the "Theologico-Political Treatise," and were forbidden by the States-General of Holland.*

Spinoza's first biographer, Colerus,† whose frank and honest admiration of Spinoza's personal character went along with a no less frank detestation of his philosophy, calls the "*Opera Posthuma*" abominable productions, and states that divers champions were providentially raised up to confute them, who had all the success they could desire. At this day there is probably no man living who has read these refutations, while the fame of Spinoza stands higher than ever.

He was an outcast from the synagogue, a stranger to the Church, a solitary thinker who cast his thought in difficult and startling forms. Notwithstanding all this, men of divers nations and of widely different opinions have joined together to do honor to the memory of Benedict de Spinoza, the philosopher whose genius has made him in some sort the founder of modern speculation, and the man who in modern times has given us the highest example of a true and perfect philosophic life.

It is impossible to attempt in this place any account of Spinoza's philosophy; and I may add that he is eminently one of those writers whose thought cannot be learned at second hand. It may be worth while, however, to give a very brief sketch of the manner in which his influence has risen and spread in modern times.

Spinoza very soon had eccentric followers as well as bitter enemies in his own country;* but in the European world of letters he was entirely misunderstood and neglected for the best part of a century. Leibnitz, the man most capable of doing him justice, preferred to take the opposite course, and he was ill-treated even by the people who might have been expected to take him up if only for the reason that he was hateful to theologians. He fared little better at the hands of Bayle and Voltaire than at the hands of orthodox apologists. To Lessing, the founder in some sort of German literature and criticism, belongs the credit of having seen and announced Spinoza's real worth. In a certain memorable conversation with Jacobi he said, in so many words, "There is no philosophy but the philosophy of Spinoza." This and much more came out after Lessing's death in a long correspondence between Jacobi and Moses Mendelssohn, which finally degenerated into a controversy. After the report of that one conversation, the record of all this is now of little interest; from these, however, and from other letters preserved among Lessing's works, the fact comes out that Lessing thoroughly understood Spinoza, and had grasped the leading points more firmly than many of Spinoza's later critics.

Meanwhile Goethe too had found out Spinoza for himself, and he has recorded how the study of the "Ethics" had a critical effect on the development of his character.† And his statement is fully borne out by the witness of his mature work. Goethe's poems are full of the spirit of Spinoza; not that you can often lay your finger on this or that idea and give a reference to this or that proposition in the "Ethics," but there is a Spinozistic atmosphere about all his deeper thoughts. There is a set of speculative poems, "*Gott und Welt*," which gives the most striking instances; but the same ideas are woven into all parts of Goethe's work, and may be found alike in romance, tragedy, lyrics, and epigrams.

The influence thus started in philosophy and literature spread rapidly. Kant's great work in philosophy was independent of it; but a strong current of Spinozism set in immediately after Kant, and acted powerfully on his successors. Fichte, though his system widely departs from Spinoza's, had obviously mastered his philosophy and felt the intellectual fascina-

* June 20, 1678. The full text of the ordinance is given in Van der Linde's *Bibliografie*, No. 24.

† The Dutch original of his book (No. 88 in *Bibliografie*) is extremely scarce. There is one copy in the Royal Library at the Hague: the only other known one is, according to Dr. van der Linde, at Halle. The French version by which it is commonly known, and which is often taken for the original, is also scarce, but has been several times reprinted. The last reprint is in Dr. Ginsberg's edition of Spinoza's correspondence (Leipzig, 1876).

* See Van der Linde's *Spinoza, seine Lehre und dessen erste Nachwirkungen in Holland* (Göttingen, 1862), and M. Paul Janet's article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for July 15, 1876.

† *Aus meinem Leben*, Book 14.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

tion of it; and many of his metaphysical ideas are simply taken from Spinoza. Hegel said, "You are much of a Spinozist or no philosopher at all." In like manner Schelling said that no one could arrive at philosophical truth who had not once at least plunged into the depths of Spinozism. Novalis, Schleiermacher, Heine, and many others have spoken of Spinoza in words of enthusiastic praise. There is in Germany a whole recent literature of exposition and discussion about him, which is fast increasing, and to give an account of which would itself need a monograph.

In France the prevailing tone of philosophy has not been one that accords well with Spinoza; but he has met there with keen and intelligent criticism, which is the next best thing to intelligent admiration; and the beautiful address lately delivered by M. Renan at the Hague (besides the serious attention given to the subject by M. Paul Janet and others) is a sufficient proof that Spinoza has now at least found a response in the highest thought of France.

In England Coleridge, in this as in other things the advanced guard of the peaceful invasion of German culture and philosophy, spread the name of Spinoza, and much of his ideas, among the friends whom he delighted by his conversation. He used to say that the three great works since the introduction of Christianity were Bacon's "*Novum Organum*," Spinoza's "Ethics," and Kant's "*Kritik*." Coleridge's own position as to Spinoza was something like Jacobi's; he admired and honored him without accepting his teaching. It may well be that some part of the nature-worship of Wordsworth's poetry, which has been a most important element in our later English literature, was derived through Coleridge from Spinoza. But we must come down many years later before we find any certain manifestation of this part of Coleridge's influence. Those who have spoken of Spinoza to English readers as he deserves to be spoken of are still among us and working for us. We have Mr. G. H. Lewes's various articles and writings on Spinoza, to which he has given a finished form in his "History of Philosophy." We have Mr. Froude's essay on Spinoza, perhaps the best general account of his doctrine which has been given in our language for those who do not make philosophy their special study. There is Mr. Matthew Arnold's admirable monograph on the "*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*," whose only fault is that he has not completed it by a companion piece on the "Ethics." There are Mr. Huxley's contributions to pure philosophy, which do not treat of Spinoza directly, but have done much to put Spinoza's fundamental ideas into shapes adapted to the present state of our knowledge. The same may be said of Mr. G. H. Lewes's most recent work in "Problems of Life and Mind." Nor are other signs wanting of an active and increasing interest in Spinoza both at home and abroad.

It has been said of Spinoza by an able and not unfair critic (M. Saisset), that his theory was after all but a system, which has passed away like all other systems, never to come back. It is true that Spinoza did not found a school, and had few or no disciples in the proper sense. It would be difficult to name any one who ever formally accepted his system as a whole. But the worth of a philosopher to the world is measured not by the number of people who accept his system, or by the failure of criticism to detect logical flaws in it, but by the life and strength of the ideas he sets stirring in men's minds. Systems are the perishable body of philosophy, ideas are the living soul. Judged by this test, Spinoza stands on a height of eminence such as very few other thinkers have attained.

F. POLLOCK.

ERICA.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE GERMAN OF

FRAU VON INGERSLEBEN.

XXXI.

(*continued.*)

THE countess paused and turned her marble-like face towards her husband.

"Your word is sufficient," she gasped, "I have your promise to comply with both conditions?"

"My promise to comply with both, Vally!" cried the count bitterly, "but, with this promise, my hatred and contempt for this boundless abuse of your power."

She nodded again, as if in assent, and said gently: "The money shall be ready on Wednesday." Then she turned away, and leaning on her son's arm walked slowly out of the door, while the count

* Copyright 1877, by Littell & Gay.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

gazed steadily at the floor in gloomy silence. On reaching her room, she threw herself on a sofa, raised both arms toward heaven in passionate agony, and exclaimed amid convulsive sobs,—

"My God, my God, why dost thou try me so terribly! How sweet it would be to pray for the repose of the grave, but I must continue to walk along my dark path, which lies before me so dreary, so bereft of every charm, so full of thorns."

Her voice choked, she covered her eyes with her hands, and gave free course to the tears which perhaps saved her from a convulsion. Ottomar, who stood beside her, threw himself on his knees before his mother, and clasping her in his arms, said in a tone of the warmest affection, —

"My dear, dear mother! Cannot the grateful reverence, the adoring love of your children compensate in some little degree for what you have lost? Cannot the esteem of all who know you partially outweigh words hastily uttered in an outburst of anger?"

The countess threw both arms around her son's neck, and rested her head on his shoulder. "My own Ottomar!" she whispered with the same convulsive sobs; "there is no compensation on earth for me; pray to God that the trial may not be beyond my strength."

The sound of footsteps approaching the door made the countess sit upright, and Ottomar spring to his feet. A servant entered and announced the arrival of Baron von Sonnenstein, who insisted upon being admitted. The young man himself followed close at the footman's heels, and was so greatly agitated that he did not notice the countess's condition, but approached her without the slightest ceremony, and standing before her, said hastily,—

"Madame, I have just come from Bonn, where to my horror I heard of the horrible treachery Ramsdorff has practised towards the count. This is the only term that can be applied to the affair, although the rascal has not been detected, and the news affected me all the more painfully because I am compelled to accuse myself of being the original cause of it. My folly induced me to believe that I could obtain the desire of my heart more speedily by means of his intervention, and he not only took advantage of this delusion to swindle me out of large sums, but also shamefully abused the hospitality offered to him in this house."

The wonderful power of self-control possessed by the countess now showed itself in a way which surprised even her son, as she quietly rose and said to her guest,—

"In what way did you hear of this affair, my dear baron? Is it already town-talk?"

"Oh! God forbid, by no means!" answered the young man in a deeply agitated tone; "Ramsdorff is too cunning for that. But he seems to have been watched by certain parties, and Generode made the discovery and told me himself, after first obtaining a promise that I would not speak of it."

"And why did Count Generode give you this information?" asked the countess, while her eyes rested on her guest with such a penetrating expression, that even the keenest observer would not have suspected, save by the reddened lids, that they had just shed tears of the most bitter agony. "Why did Count Generode tell you about this affair, my dear baron?" she repeated, as the young man made no reply.

"The sum is rather large," he said hesitatingly, "and — and people rarely have so much ready money at their disposal. But a note may easily be made a source of annoyance, because it must be paid at once. I — I happen to have the necessary amount, and hope that —— "

"That we possess sufficient regard for you, to allow you to help us out of this temporary embarrassment;" said the countess, coming to his assistance. "We shall have no hesitation in gratefully accepting your offer, and freely confess that it is very opportune, for we could only have obtained the sum by making heavy sacrifices, and I was already thinking of pawning my jewels, in order to avoid too great a loss from the forced sale of my bonds."

"Merciful Heaven!" cried Baron von Sonnenstein in horror, as he thrust both hands through his hair, "there is really nothing left for me to do except shoot myself, when I think that *I* have brought all this misfortune upon you."

"Nay, my dear baron," said the countess with a pleasant smile, "a *young* man need not reproach himself too bitterly for his lack of knowledge of human nature, when one so many years his senior was deceived by the same person. Do not allow yourself to be so greatly disheartened, but let us all work together to repair the misfortune as speedily as possible. I will instantly make over to you, in return for the sum you are willing to advance, bonds which you may keep until

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

their value rises so that we can sell them for enough to cover our debt."

"But, madame," replied the young man in a somewhat hurt tone, "I did not expect to arrange the matter in such a business-like way"

"A business matter, even among friends, must always assume a business-like character," replied the countess in her usual cold, quiet tone; "besides, I am not treating you exactly like a merchant, for these bonds may perhaps not be marketable for some time, and yet I offer you no interest."

"That is all that was wanting!" burst forth Sonnenstein, but instantly started at his own words, and was evidently relieved when, at this moment, a servant entered and interrupted the conversation.

"Count Generode!" said the footman; "I beg the countess's pardon," he hastily added, as he noticed his mistress's expression of surprise, "but the gentlemen insist upon coming in to-day."

The new visitor must have been already at the door, for he entered the apartment as soon as it was opened. His dress was not arranged with the studied care it usually displayed when he appeared in the presence of ladies, and especially at Dorneck. It was evidently a fatigue uniform which had seen considerable service, and was, moreover, dusty and disordered by his hasty ride; but the wearer scarcely seemed aware of it, as, like Sonnenstein, he hurriedly approached the countess, saying in a very excited tone,—

"I beg your pardon, Countess Rodenwald, for the unsuitable hour of my visit, but necessity compelled me to come. I hoped to overtake Baron von Sonnenstein and prevent him from perhaps alarming you, but he seems to have hastened his arrival, so you have doubtless already learned that your husband has a note for a considerable sum to pay to that Wehlen-Ramsdorff, although he appears under another name.

"A long time ago, Werner requested me to try to render this man harmless, since, for very evident reasons, the task would be a doubly painful one to Ottomar; and in company with several of my comrades, whom I took into my confidence, I made every possible effort to detect him in cheating at cards, but we could not succeed in doing so, and I feared he had perceived our design and was therefore doubly cautious. Early this morning, I heard from my spies of the count's note, which would soon fall due, and was forced to acknowledge that unless we speedily unmasked the scoundrel, all our efforts would be vain, as he would certainly decamp with his spoils as quickly as possible. I therefore thought myself justified in using somewhat strong measures to attain my object."

The young man paused; and then continued with a faint smile, —

"I must be assured of your pardon, countess, ere I assail your ears with matters which —— "

"Speak," interrupted the countess almost vehemently. "There are circumstances which entirely set aside the ordinary rules of etiquette."

"I gave a dinner at the Star to-day," continued the young man, "where, as usual at a bachelor's entertainment, wine was not spared. The gentlemen became very lively, their gaiety increased to somewhat uproarious mirth, and I really think that some of my accomplices went rather too far."

"That is true enough, heaven knows!" interposed Sonnenstein; "I was really startled when I entered the room, and should have gone out again immediately if I had not felt ashamed to do so before Ramsdorff, who would have called it very narrow-minded."

"It was fortunate that you conquered your sensitiveness, my dear baron," replied Generode, with a somewhat sarcastic curl of the lip; "for without you I should not have attained my object."

"Without me?" asked Sonnenstein in unfeigned astonishment.

"Listen, and you will understand. To be frank, this somewhat boisterous mirth on the part of the gentlemen coincided with my plan. I knew that Wehlen — who is never intoxicated, no matter how much wine he consumes — would instantly take advantage of this opportunity to propose a game, and hoped that the condition of the rest of the party might induce him to be less cautious. Unfortunately, however, I was mistaken in the latter supposition, and it seemed as if, spite of the little farce I performed, he had discovered the only sober spectator, for he occasionally cast searching glances at me. The presence of Baron Sonnenstein — who unexpectedly came in somewhat later — was, to tell the truth, extremely unpleasant, for I feared it would baffle all my plans."

"My presence need not have disturbed you, count," said Sonnenstein, with a good-humored smile; "for Ramsdorff knows that I can scarcely distinguish the ace of hearts from the knave of spades."

"The hours slowly passed away, and I almost despaired of obtaining any success.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

At last I happened to think of sending Sonnenstein away, while at the same time I availed myself of his assistance to relieve an embarrassment which was perhaps already making itself felt. I therefore went into an adjoining room to tell him the situation of affairs, and of course instantly found him ready to fulfil my wishes. When he left me to order his carriage, I returned to the card-room, and either by accident, or because I instinctively opened the door noiselessly, my presence was not perceived, as the thick carpet rendered my footsteps inaudible. I involuntarily walked behind Wehlen's chair, and had scarcely taken my position there, when I saw him, with wonderful swiftness, conceal a card in his coat sleeve.

"I was actually stupefied; the lightning-like celerity with which the card had disappeared betrayed long practice, but at the same time made me doubt my own eyes, and I still stood irresolute, without moving, when a second card vanished up the sleeve. I now laid my hand firmly on his arm, and said aloud: "Gentlemen, we will have no farther intercourse with this scoundrel, he cheats!"

All sprang from their seats, Wehlen's eyes pierced me like daggers, and he hastily tried to release his arm from my grasp; but I was prepared for the movement, and held it like an iron vice, so the proofs of his false play could not be removed. A very tumultuous scene ensued; the gentlemen were speedily sobered, and I had considerable difficulty —— But why should I offend your ears with such repulsive things, countess? Enough that they at last yielded to my proposal. Wehlen was forced to acknowledge that he had constantly cheated the count, that he had dishonorably increased the original amount in the note paid for the sums thus due, and lastly that the usurer was his own tool. Landsheim and I accompanied him to his room, and there the note, which he had carefully preserved, was torn to pieces, but unfortunately I could not help promising him the payment of a certain sum to defray the expenses of his departure from this place. We, on our part, not only permitted this immediate departure, but promised not to adopt legal measures against him. This was the sole bait which induced him to yield to my wishes, and I think, countess, you will approve my course."

"Entirely, my dear Generode," said the countess with tears in her eyes. "I thank you most sincerely for your wise and faithful friendship." She held out her hand, over which the young count bowed reverently, and then said, in a very different tone, "This terrible scene must fortunately have transpired in a short time, since you reached Dorneck so soon after Baron von Sonnenstein."

"It *was* very short, countess. I had arranged every detail of my plan beforehand. As I knew that Baron von Sonnestein's coachman, spite of his master's impatience, rarely hurried himself about harnessing his horses, I instantly sprang into the saddle to overtake him and prevent him from being the first to make you aware of the existence of this note, as, to my horror, I afterwards thought might be possible."

"My husband had already informed me of it," said the countess gently, "but now let us see whether the sum you were obliged to promise him may not exceed the amount of ready money at my disposal."

"Unfortunately, it is two thousand thalers," said the young count sadly. "Wehlen obstinately insisted upon having this sum, which he pretended he absolutely required, and preferred to risk a prison, rather than lower his demands. However, he had had all his baggage removed from his villa to Bonn, so he had been preparing for his departure."

"We will gladly pay him the money, and thank God that we have escaped so easily. I hope your friends will say nothing about this matter, and ——"

"They have all promised, I think I can be sure of them in this respect."

"Very well. Fortunately I have the sum at my disposal, and, inhospitable as it sounds, I must beg you to take it to its destination at once, as I shall have no rest until I know this man has really gone."

"And I can do nothing at all?" asked Sonnenstein mournfully, when the countess had left the room.

"You have already played a prominent part in the drama, Sonnenstein," replied Ottomar.

"And what a part!" said Generode, with the same half-sarcastic curl of the lip. "The *rôle* of holy innocence, which, without any knowledge or intention, destroys the most skilful plans of the wicked."

"You seem pleased to be ironical, Count Generode, which I think somewhat unkind at this moment, when I am in a particularly depressed and sorrowful mood."

"Forgive me, Sonnenstein!" said Generode cordially, holding out his hand to the young man, which the latter grasped, and thus peace was concluded.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

The countess entered the room, handed the young officer a small package of bank-notes, and took leave of both her guests in a manner very different from her usual calm composure. When once more alone with her son, she said gently,—

"This must have been God's will, Ottomar; if Generode had only attained his object an hour sooner, I should have been spared the bitterest sorrow of my life."

"What will you do now, mamma?" asked Ottomar in the same tone.

The countess smiled sadly. "The gulf which this incident has made cannot be closed by any efforts of mine. And besides, we have gazed too far into the abyss that yearns before us, to be able to walk quietly on its verge again."

"Then you will not release my father from his promise?" asked Ottomar anxiously.

"No, Ottomar," replied the countess firmly. "God will give me strength and courage to pursue my thorny path."

XXXII.

ALTENBORN.

On one of the highest ranges of hills, in a region pleasantly diversified by mountains and valleys, stood Castle Altenborn. The huge edifice, towering high into the air from its rocky foundation, was visible for miles around, and the various styles of architecture represented in the different portions of the building, which by manifold and apparently voluntary combinations formed a perfect and harmonious whole, showed that generations had aided in its erection. The reverent affection of the descendants of a noble family, which spares the creations of its ancestors, makes them accord with the demands of the present, and continues to erect with the same devout reverence for the past, had, in spite of the diversity of architecture, produced a harmonious whole which possessed great charms.

Although at first the eye was somewhat bewildered by the numerous fronts of the various additions to the main building, the numberless balconies supported by pillars, the various towers of all sizes, bow-windows, etc., the spectator's mind soon recognized the harmony that pervaded this apparent confusion, and the seeming conglomeration gradually changed into a beautiful whole.

Centuries had impressed their traces upon these walls, and given them a venerable dignity, which aroused grave thoughts. If yonder towers, with the narrow windows like loopholes, spoke of a time when one man's hand was raised against another, and war was the normal condition of the country, that carved façade with its caryatides, and pillars with richly ornamented capitals, marked the time of the Renaissance, when the strife to produce forms of beauty was so eager, though it afterwards unfortunately degenerated.

The magic of history, appearing in this visible form before the eye, which hovered around the ancient edifice, gave it a charm which secured its precedence over the most beautiful modern castle, for that magic spell no human power can invent; it is the work of the slowly passing centuries, which transfigure ancient buildings as well as former generations, from which no deep mind can escape, and which extorts, even from the practical American, a sigh for the deficiencies of his own country.

An extensive park with ancient trees surrounded the building like a wide, ample cloak. Sloping gradually downward in terrace-like steps, it led to the level ground, and ended in meadows and shrubbery, without any very exact boundary line to define its limits. A smooth carriage-road swept in wide curves to the castle, past numerous artificial lakes and plashing fountains, which showed the visitor that the great abundance of water in the neighborhood produced its unusual fruitfulness.

Even the situation of this park revealed a reverent memory of the past. Before the magnificent façade of the wing which owed its existence to the Renaissance, closely clipped hedges formed regular interlaced lines, and trees cut in fantastic forms stood singly or in groups, while between them, on high pedestals, gleamed somewhat weather-beaten marble statues.

The tastefully arranged beds of flowers — by which the present tries to lure the somewhat too formal garden to its own peculiar domain — were ingeniously and harmoniously placed in various parts of the grounds, and thus aided in forming a whole, whose somewhat stiff exactness, pleasantly relieved by the bright hues of the flowers, produced a most agreeable impression.

The broad terraces in which the grounds were laid out extended around the whole castle for about the same distance, though their style of ornamentation was somewhat different, and luxuriant shrubbery, with the wide-spreading branches of trees left to grow according to nature, soon appeared in the place of those whose forms were regulated by the shears. A winding path on this terrace afforded a view of the whole

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

landscape, and thus made a most delightful walk. The green waves of the Rhine appeared like a narrow silver ribbon, twining in graceful curves through the meadows. The eye could wander far beyond the range of hills on the opposite shore, and the beautiful landscape lay outspread before the beholder like a chart.

The view from the opposite side of the terrace was closed by the dim blue outlines of distant mountains, and the eyes, satiated with gazing at the beautiful scene, rested upon them with a delightful sense of repose. In the foreground were tolerably rugged rocks, which appeared between the dark foliage of the pines and larches. Foaming waterfalls dashed glittering down to the plain, and were lost in a large lake, in whose centre appeared a wooded island. As if in harmony with these graver surroundings, the visitor here beheld the most ancient portion of the castle. Frowning towers, overgrown with ivy and wild vines, looked down from the rocky height, and walls in which the loopholes made in early times were still visible recalled the dark days when they had been erected for defence and protection.

Nestling at the foot of the hill on which the castle was enthroned, stood the little town belonging to it; the streets lined with small houses, several stories high, covered with grapevines and climbing roses. On an open square in the midst of these houses was the church, embowered in lofty trees, and the parsonage with its large orchard, apparently a very desirable residence.

On a rainy autumn evening, which had closed in unusually early on account of the lowering sky, a travelling carriage rolled through the streets of the little town and entered the avenue leading to the castle. Three ladies were leaning silently and wearily back in the corners, apparently equally anxious to reach the end of their journey. The bright panes of the houses cast fleeting rays of light through the windows of the carriage upon the travellers within, played warmly on the dark, lustrous hair of one, and sent a quick flash into the large brown eyes of the other.

"Thank Heaven, we have reached Altenborn," said an old lady, whom hitherto the light had not reached.

"I'm afraid grandmamma will be anxious about us," replied one of the young girls; "the steamer was certainly very late. Have you been waiting for us long, my dear Fräulein Arensfeld?"

"Oh, I was very glad to do so, countess," replied the old lady kindly. Sidonie slightly raised her eyebrows, as if displeased by the reply, while a faint smile hovered around the other young girl's lips.

"This large, dark building seems to be the church;" the latterly now eagerly exclaimed, leaning close to the pane and trying to pierce the gloom with her keen eyes. "Does the young pastor please the parish?"

"I believe so," replied the old lady; "as the baron allowed them a free choice. He seems rather too young for a pastor, however; he has not the dignity which to me appears inseparable from the office."

"It is a pity that we arrive at night, Erica," said Sidonie; "Altenborn is beautifully situated, and I am always delighted whenever I see it. But you have not uttered a syllable except that one eager question about your admirer. Are you ill, or out of spirits?"

"Neither, Sidonie. I only feel a little embarrassed, because I am going among perfect strangers."

"Why, surely you know Katharina and Elmar, and you will adore my beautiful old grandmamma as soon as you have been with her a single day."

Erica made no reply, so the conversation dropped, and the ladies leaned silently back in their corners as before. The carriage had left the lighted windows behind, and the deepest darkness again surrounded the travellers; only the lamps on each side of the coachman's box cast a faint ray which sometimes illumined a narrow strip of turf, revealed the drooping branches of a tree, or made the jet of a fountain glitter for a moment. Soon, however, the lights of the castle appeared, and at last the carriage, with a noise like thunder, rolled under the lofty portal.

Servants were already standing there and opened the door, while a grey-haired old man in black clothes, with silk stockings and low shoes, bowed respectfully, and welcomed the new-comers in the baroness's name. He then led them up a broad, brilliantly lighted flight of steps, and they entered a large, vaulted anteroom, from which two corridors led in opposite directions.

Sidonie walked rapidly across the anteroom and turned down one of the corridors, while Erica followed with a beating heart, which had gradually grown more and more heavy. She had half expected Elmar to meet them at Coblenz, and now he did not even receive her here, but left this duty to a servant. He was certainly angry with her for coming, and the thought

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

made her so unhappy that she could scarcely maintain her composure.

"Will the countess go directly to the baroness's room?" asked the old man, who seemed to act as a sort of major-domo.

"Certainly, Hausmann, does she still occupy the same room?"

Hausmann bowed, and immediately threw open a pair of folding doors. The young girls entered a large, lofty room, where a small fire was burning, and which was but dimly lighted by lamps covered with thick shades. Near the chimney-piece, by one of these lamps, sat an old lady, engaged in reading. At the noise made by the opening doors, she raised her eyes, and as soon as she perceived the two young girls, came forward with open arms. Sidonie threw herself into them with a tenderness very unusual to her, and the old lady kissed her affectionately on the lips and forehead.

The next instant she turned to Erica, who was standing a little aside, clasped her also in her arms, and kissed her without the slightest formality. "Thank you, my dear child," she said cordially, "for brightening an old woman's life by your presence. I promised your aunt to watch over you like my own little darling, which, under any circumstances, you will soon become."

Erica stooped and kissed the old lady's hand. The warmth of this reception cheered her, and the deep sadness she had just felt vanished as if by magic.

The baroness now turned to Sidonie again, removed her hat with her own hands, and drew her towards the lamp, gazing with earnest tenderness at the beautiful features, now somewhat flushed by the journey. "What is the matter, Sidonie?" she asked anxiously, "you have grown thin, and look weary and sad. Is this a face for a young lady who bewitches every one, and yet sometimes condescends to brighten an old woman's home with the sunlight of her presence? Don't say a word, Sidonie!" she continued, gently placing her hand on the young girl's lips, as she saw that she was about to make some reply, "it is exactly as I say, my old eyes cannot be deceived. But I assure you that you shall not leave Altenborn until these eyes again sparkle with their former proud light, for my little princess is rather arrogant by nature."

"Now let me look at you too, my little Erica," she continued, turning to the young girl, drawing her also close beside the shaded lamp and gazing earnestly into her face. "I see no sadness here, but on the contrary mirth and a little mischief, though the eyes now look thoughtful and grave. In these features," she added in an undertone, "lies a treasure, of love for those who know how to arouse it, and also firm opposition, nay, unyielding defiance, to all who cannot utter the magic word. I think we shall suit each other, Erica," said the old lady cordially, when she had finished her examination. "I hope we on this side of the house have the divining rod which can disclose the buried riches, and for that wing," she continued with a faint sigh, "this obstinate little head may sometimes prove a blessing."

"Where is Elmar?" asked Sidonie suddenly, and the question crimsoned Erica's cheeks with blushes. She was just wondering whether the old lady's "we" included him also.

"He has been away a long time, and did not know you were coming, or he would probably have hastened his return. I have been secretly rejoicing over the pleasant surprise he would find on reaching home."

"And Katharina?"

"She has gone out to drive. You know, Sidonie, that Katharina is utterly careless of etiquette, otherwise ordinary politeness would probably have required her to be at home to welcome you."

"Oh! she wants to show me that I am not her guest. Well, I am very grateful to her for the opinion, for it is mine too. I intend to devote myself entirely to you, grandmamma."

"Then you will be doing a good work, my little princess, or queen, as Elmar calls you, and to-day I will make tea for my two young ladies with my own hands, that they may feel perfectly at home with me."

"May I not undertake the task, gracious baroness?" asked Erica, approaching the table on which the servant had just placed the tea-service.

"Who is your gracious baroness, Erica?" asked the old lady, with mock sternness. "If you are not yet aware of it, I will tell you that I am grandmamma to the whole family, grandmamma *par excellence*, and if you call me anything else, or do not treat me precisely like a grandmamma, you will expose yourself to the harshest usage. Do you understand me, little malapert?"

"Perfectly my dear, dear grandmamma!" said Erica, pressing her lips to the old lady's hand.

The latter tenderly stroked the young girl's soft brown tresses, and added,

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

"What beautiful hair this is! Elmar was not so far wrong — but, dear me, I fear I am committing a little indiscretion!" she exclaimed interrupting herself. "When one is nearly eighty years old, one's thoughts are not quite so much under control as they should be."

"And may I make the tea, grandmamma?"

"No, my little Erica, not to-night. To-night I will serve my guests, and let no one but Fräulein Arensfeld help me. Besides, young ladies, you are to have — for I suppose you lost your dinners — a remarkably nice supper. The cook promised me to do his very best. He proposed all sorts of *salmis* and *pâtés*, but I told him to make whips and creams the strong point."

The young girls sat down at the tea-table and allowed the old lady to help them, then drew their chairs close around the fire to talk; and Erica felt as if she were no stranger, but had always been familiar with the household.

How strange on entering the castle had been the thought that she was in Elmar's home, and then — when she could in some degree appreciate its magnificence — that it was so much more grand and beautiful than she had supposed! But the old lady's cordial, affectionate manner had soon crowded all these thoughts into the background, and given her a certain sense of ease and comfort which, in Elmar's presence, she might have lacked.

The supper was really very excellent, as the old lady had promised. The *soufflées à la Vienne* and the *crêmes à la Bacaroise*, which successively appeared, did great honor to their originator, and grandmamma seemed to have correctly understood the tastes of her young guests. But even the boiled partridges and other substantial dishes were eaten with admirable relish by the young girls, whose appetite had been sharpened by the journey. They were again seated around the fire, when Katharina's carriage rolled up to the door.

"Children," said the old lady, when the distant thunder of the wheels became audible in the room, "if you feel no inclination to see *madame la princesse* this evening, I advise you to retire now. Her restlessness has brought her back early, and I know she will rush here as soon as she has laid aside her hat and cloak. I frankly confess that I should not like to end our pleasant evening with the whirlwind Katharina's presence always creates. So good-night, good-night, my dears. May the brightest dreams haunt your sleep!"

XXXIII.

ELMAR.

When Erica went to her window the next morning and saw the broad, beautiful landscape outspread before her, she gave utterance to her surprise and pleasure by loud exclamations of delight. She had been so long deprived of the sight of a wide, open country, that it affected her with a sense of something familiar, different as were these broad plains from those of her home. Soon, however, she perceived that it was only the elevated site of the castle which afforded her such an extensive view of the world at her feet, and that tolerably high chains of hills interrupted the apparently level ground.

Directly before her window the land sloped gently down to the plain, the regular gradation of the terraces was here less perceptible, and the wide, level patches of turf fell gradually down to the valley. The trees and shrubs with which the grass was adorned looked very beautiful in the variegated hues of autumn, while the clumps of flowers in full bloom made one forget the lateness of the season. Some of the trees, which had had plenty of room to grow, had increased to an immense size, and their drooping boughs rested on the turf as if weary, or dipped into the water of one of the little ponds, whose clear surface distinctly reflected all the objects on its banks.

A projecting tower obstructed the view, and Erica therefore boldly entered the tower chamber, unfastened the glass doors opening upon a balcony, and stepped out. Here she perceived the clipped hedges with the statues and prim garden, and saw Tritons spouting jets of water, which fell into a large basin, near which a little boy was standing gazing earnestly in. He had thrown aside his cap, his long, fair hair floated in the autumn breeze, and his little blue velvet skirt was ever and anon dampened by the spray from the Tritons' mouths.

"Carlos!" cried Erica, in a loud, joyous tone, "Carlos, don't you remember me?" But she had not calculated on the distance, the boy still continued to gaze intently into the basin, and, as she now perceived, throw bits of bread into the water. She was obliged to defer meeting the little fellow, but he soon came to pay a morning visit to the baroness. On seeing the young girl, he was at first a little shy and inclined to hide behind his grandmamma's dress; but Erica soon managed to recall herself to his memory, and it was not long before the

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

old familiar relations were again established between them.

Katharina also at last made her appearance, and evidently endeavored to be amiable and winning. She seemed rather less restless than usual, for she intended in a few days to give a large ball, the preparations for which diverted and occupied her mind. The entertainment — as was a matter of course with a ball given by the Princess Bagadoff — was to be remarkably brilliant, and she had already driven her numerous retinue of servants to the verge of despair by her contradictory orders.

On leaving the room, she wanted to take Erica to her own part of the house at once, but the baroness resolutely vetoed the proposal. "Erica is *my* guest, and must not be carried away from me the first day; I have given up the companionship of my good old Fräulein Arensfeld, and I will not allow myself to be doubly robbed."

"I will gladly return your good old Fräulein Arensfeld, grandmamma," replied Katharina, with her somewhat unmusical laugh, "she is a burden instead of a pleasure."

"You ought to have thought of that before, child, now the matter is settled according to your own wish."

The princess was, for the moment, too much occupied with various matters to attempt any serious opposition, and soon withdrew, as she was obliged to dress early to drive to a dinner-party, to which she had been invited at a castle several miles away.

"I suppose you think me a very heartless old lady, to give up my good Fräulein Arensfeld in this way," said the baroness, when Katharina had left the room. "But we are both too old to find much support in each other, and therefore should soon have parted. The obstinate woman, however, insists upon remaining here until the time arrives when she will be entitled to a pension, though Elmar would of course pay it without this delay. She will then go to a sister who lives in Coblenz, and, in order to give me a little rest from Katharina, offered to spend this time with her."

The old lady then invited the two young girls to take a walk, and the stroll along the winding path on the upper terrace, as well as a longer ramble through the park, was very pleasant and refreshing. The interior of the castle revealed its full magnificence in the broad light of day. The beautiful, spacious staircases and wide corridors, upon which lofty folding doors opened, justly excited Erica's admiration. Altenborn was so different from Dorneck that the two places could not be compared. While magnificence was the predominant feature in the former, the leading thought in the latter was comfort, and while at Altenborn the ante-rooms, corridors, and staircases consumed an immense amount of space, in Dorneck every inch of room was economized and made available. True, at Altenborn, even with a very numerous party of visitors, there would probably be no lack of guest-chambers, but the great size of the building, the numerous staircases, ante-rooms, and passages which connected the various portions, had their objectionable features, which were unknown in the compact mansion at Dorneck.

When they returned to the old lady's room, they found her in her winter garden, as she called a glass-covered balcony filled with flowers, which was built out from one of her rooms. In the autumn and winter the baroness rarely left her own suite of apartments, so this little conservatory was a great source of pleasure to her. It was very charming to sit among the flowers, and the young girls declared it delightful to visit grandmamma, though they remained alone with the old lady nearly every day. But the latter possessed the great art of turning the conversation upon subjects interesting to her guests, and even Sidonie talked far more than was her usual custom. In the evening some book was usually read aloud as they sat by the fire, and they parted with the consciousness of having spent a very pleasant day.

The princess was so much occupied with her ball and the invitations she sent out every day, that she fortunately troubled herself very little about the baroness's guests, and the latter were therefore permitted to lead their pleasant, quiet life a few days undisturbed. The first interruption came from a violent headache, which attacked Sidonie and compelled her to spend the afternoon in bed. The old lady always retired every day to take a little nap, and so Erica remained by the fire, absorbed in her own thoughts.

They must have been neither sad nor gloomy, for she leaned back in one corner of the armchair with her feet propped against the fender, and gave herself up to a very pleasant *dolce far niente*. The book she had intended to read lay untouched upon the little table by her side, and the brown eyes rested dreamily on the leaping flames. By degrees familiar objects seemed to gleam forth amid the forked tongues. The sea, with its danc-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ing waves, sparkled and flashed in the sunlight which blazed hotly on the white sand of the downs, and the pungent odor of the pines floated to her from the forest. There was she herself, with her hat transformed into a flower-basket on her arm, pouring the blossoms over a young man who lay unseen among the heather. She saw the dark eyes rest upon her with the quiet, searching gaze that aroused her anger, and perhaps for that very reason lived so firmly in her memory.

A faint smile played around the lips of the dreaming girl at the thought of this anger, and the recollection of the subsequent timid flight, which was half an advance. Now she sees the dear old house rise from the flames, her invalid mother reclining in her chair, while through the open doors of the veranda the balmy night breeze floats into the room, the breeze that bewitched her on the evening whose adventures would probably exert a lasting influence over her fate. The figure of the robber emerges from the darkness, the flash of his pistol illumines the gloom for a moment, and she firmly grasps the hand of the man she guides steadily and safely through the night.

The noise of the opening door rouses Erica from her reverie. The spell is broken; sea and forest are once more transformed into the dying embers on the hearth, which glow with a dim, red light. She turns her head towards the intruder with a half impatient movement, and instantly starts up with an exclamation of surprise. Elmar is standing on the threshold, looking fixedly at her. He seems almost petrified with surprise, for he remains perfectly motionless a few moments, then hastily approaches her, gazes into her face, and says in a half whisper,—

"I am dreaming, or it is the deceptive light of this hanging lamp. You cannot possibly be Erica."

He seizes her hand as if to convince himself of the reality of the vision before him, and then says in a louder, almost reproachful tone, "So you could not resist Katharina's persuasions?"

The joy which illumined her features has vanished; she feels only too keenly that her presence arouses no pleasure. The expression of his features, now that the first emotion of surprise has passed away, is sad and gloomy, and he slowly lets her hand fall ere any warmer pressure has given a token of welcome. Her eyes fill with tears, but her lips quiver with angry defiance, as she replies,—

"I did not come to the princess, I was sent, against my will, to visit grandmamma."

"You are grandmamma's guest?" asked Elmar with fresh surprise; "and why was this kept a secret from me?"

"Probably because no one thought of you," she replied in her former tone, as she turned away and resumed her seat in the armchair. "I came with Sidonie," she continued, "and my aunt —— "

"Sidonie here too?" interrupted Elmar, as he threw himself down on a little sofa, "I am heartily glad of it, our moods this time will be particularly sympathetic."

Erica cast a side glance at her companion. He had rested his elbow on the arm of the sofa, and was leaning his head wearily on his hand. His eyes were fixed on the fire, as hers had just been, but the leaping flames seemed to conjure up no bright pictures, for the eyes, half concealed under the downcast lids, looked dim and mournful. The angry indignation Erica had felt at his reception began to change into anxiety: what could have happened that he was so altered?

"It must be the decree of destiny that I find you here, Erica," said Elmar after a pause; "I had half resolved never to see you again."

She gazed at him with dilated eyes; this was too much to bear. She rose from her seat, and said in a tremulous voice: "It is not my fault that you find me here against your will, but fortunately I am at liberty to fix the time of my return." She moved, as if to leave the room, but Elmar again caught her hand and thus prevented her departure. Then he drew her back to her former seat, and said in a tone far more like his usual one, —

"The misfortune has happened, little fairy, so we must try to bear it manfully. Besides — I fear my good resolutions would have vanished like chaff before the wind, so it is well to throw the responsibility upon fate."

Erica made no reply; she had completely lost her composure, and was struggling bravely to maintain the mere external appearance of it. Elmar glanced at her face, and bending towards her whispered in a gentle, loving tone, "Don't be angry with me, Erica, you don't know how unhappy I have been the last few days. I believe Heaven has sent you to console me, that your presence may dispel the dark shadows, and my life again become bright and fair."

His words, and still more the tone in which they were spoken, aided her to re-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

cover her self-possession more than all her previous efforts, and the brown eyes sparkled with a sudden light, as she answered pouting: "Unfortunately you showed only too plainly that my presence here was a calamity, instead of a consolation. But I have already told you that my return depends entirely on myself, and so ——"

"So you will stay here as long as possible," he replied. "But I hear grandmamma in the next room, let us make our peace quickly, before she comes in."

The young girl did not seem inclined to do so, for she made no reply, but started up and hurried towards the old lady, followed, though more slowly, by Elmar. The baroness seemed overjoyed to see her grandson, kissed him affectionately on the forehead, and then took her usual seat, while Elmar and Erica occupied the sofa.

"Well, Elmar, what do you say to our dear little visitor? Have I pleased you?" asked the old lady, casting a smiling glance at the young man.

"Pleased him, grandmamma?" replied Erica, before he could answer. "Baron von Altenborn reproached me violently for coming, and was still quarrelling about it when you entered."

"That is, grandmamma, the case was exactly reversed, and the young lady was quarrelling with me."

"Indeed?" said the baroness quietly; "I did not know, Erica, that your visit was intended for Elmar, I thought you came to see me."

"Grandmamma!" exclaimed Erica, fixing her startled eyes upon the old lady.

"Yes, or why should you quarrel with each other about it? But he really seems wearied and out of humor, and by no means in the mood to be an agreeable host. So your journey was unsuccessful, Elmar?"

"I am utterly hopeless, grandmamma. I have searched everything myself, bravely bid defiance to the most unspeakable weariness, but without the least result. Eberhard thought, as the document could not be found either here or there, it would probably never be discovered. True, in former times, various portions of the Altenborn estates passed into the hands of other branches of the family, but it is really impossible to believe that such an important document would not be kept here. Yet, for all that, I have searched almost everywhere else."

"Well, don't lose courage, Elmar; perhaps the old paper is still concealed here among the piles of deeds. But we must take our young friend here into our confidence, that she may share our anxieties. The matter in question concerns an old document that entails the estates of Altenborn on the oldest son, and in which — as I know positively, and have often discussed with my son — it is not an essential requirement that the mother should be of equal rank. At that time, to be sure, the founder of the entail probably took this as a matter of course, but the absence of the stipulation gives later descendants, whose views are different, valuable freedom. Elmar's mother was not his father's equal in rank, and this circumstance may be used to his disadvantage if the missing document does not protect him in his right. If nothing more, there might be an annoying lawsuit, which on every account we desire to avoid.

"Katharina, for she is the person in question, would be the next heir, if Elmar were not entitled to the inheritance, and would merely be obliged to add the name of Altenborn to her own. She therefore thinks herself in a certain sense defrauded by Elmar, considers her little boy the true heir of Altenborn, and believes herself very generous in allowing her brother to retain possession of the property so long as the child is his heir. At first she probably did not intend to assert any legal rights, but by degrees the wish has increased to a positive determination, which she is unable to control, and Elmar's marriage would undoubtedly be the signal for her to question his title to the estate."

The fire had burned down somewhat low during the conversation, but notwithstanding this, Erica held in her hand a small screen, to protect her glowing face. The old lady's last words made her heart throb quickly, not with sympathy for the imperilled title to the estate, but a sense of exultant joy. It required no great penetration to enable her to understand what had hitherto been incomprehensible in Elmar's conduct, as well as to explain his reception, and moreover grandmamma's desire to see her and the information she had just given showed a knowledge and at the same time approval of her grandson's choice. The light that had suddenly flashed upon her mind was very bright, and the radiance was so enchanting that she forgot the dark gulf into which she had just been allowed to look.

"You do not answer, Erica," said Elmar, as, without heeding his grandmother's presence, he bent over her. "Are you still angry with me because I did not receive you more warmly?"

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Erica seemed to suffer from the heat of the fire, for she held the little screen close before her face as she replied: "I am very much shocked to learn that the princess is capable of treating her own brother in such a way."

"Let us talk no more about the sad affair, that we may not spoil our whole evening," said the old lady. "We will allow Elmar to smoke a cigar before tea to-day, to put him in a good humor, for later in the evening the young gentleman is uncivil enough to look upon the permission as a right."

"Grandmamma, you would light one for me yourself, if I forgot it," said the young man laughing, as he drew out his case to smoke the cigar before tea.

After conversing a long time upon indifferent subjects, Elmar asked: "Where is Sidonie? Has she gone out to drive with Katharina?"

"No, she is ill. I suppose you know Count Meerburg has been living for some time on his estates in this neighborhood."

"I have heard of it, has he been here?"

"Yes, a few days ago; he almost met Sidonie."

"Do you think him very much altered?"

"The Egyptian sun has bronzed his face a little, and the sight of the Pyramids made him somewhat graver, otherwise he seems the same as before."

"Has Katharina seen him?"

"No, he intended to call on her, but she had driven out as usual. Besides, he has accepted the invitation to her ball, and she will permit no visitors to come to this side of the house in order to keep Sidonie's arrival secret. I believe she is specially delighted at the thought of this meeting, because she thinks both parties have a decided aversion to each other."

"Did he confess any dislike to Sidonie to you, grandmamma?"

"What an idea, Elmar! But his conduct certainly shows no great eagerness for the marriage."

"Who likes to have a bride assigned him? But I am curious to see how many balls Katharina will give this winter."

"The entertainment is to be unusually magnificent this time, the rooms in her own wing are not sufficient, and she has ordered all the guest-chambers in the old castle to be prepared. My little Erica, can you turn your pretty brown eyes away from the fire and make tea for us?"

Erica sprang from her seat with a deep blush. The flames had again exerted their magnetic power, only instead of images of the past, their changeful light conjured up visions of a happy future. She had therefore neither attended to the conversation, nor perceived that the servant had set the tea-table. She now hurriedly strove to make amends for her forgetfulness, while the old lady told the footman to move a small marble table before Elmar and set a plate upon it.

"You must know, Erica, that this young gentleman is terribly spoiled by his old grandmother," she said, turning to the young girl, "and we must pass over all his incivilities. So he can take his tea where he is, and moreover we must butter his bread, as he is far too comfortable to undertake any such arduous labor."

"You must know, Erica, that I should make grandmamma thoroughly miserable if I undertook to butter my bread myself."

"Very well, Elmar. Now you want to transform your indolence into an act of self-sacrificing love."

"Unfortunately that will be a useless effort," replied Erica, entering into the jesting tone of the conversation; "the very first time we met I had strong proofs of this love of ease."

"I was lying in the shade asleep, when the thermometer stood at thirty degrees Reaumur; confess, grandmamma, that it would not have been amiss even for a classic Roman."

"I don't know whether a classic Roman would also have reclined on the Sternaus' lawn, or leaned back in a rocking-chair at the little fairy castle."

Elmar hastily started from his recumbent posture. "You amaze me, Erica; you could not have seen me at Herr Sternau's except through the garden fence, or at the little fairy castle except by looking in at the window."

Erica's blush only too distinctly verified Elmar's assertion, and the old lady said laughing, —

"My vanity is very much flattered to know that Elmar is the object of such close attention on the part of the young ladies. Did you look at him through the garden fence, Erica?"

"I see it is dangerous to take grandmamma's part against her grandson," replied the latter, with a very tolerable degree of self-possession, "and shall know how to act in future."

"But now let us think of Elmar's sandwich. What will you have, caviare, roast venison, or broiled salmon?"

"They are all excellent things in their way, and I am not very particular, grandmamma; I should like a little of each."

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

"We shall have to fill a large plate, Erica. Perhaps you would also like some Westphalian rye bread and Brunswick ginger-bread?"

"Of course, grandmamma."

"And roast chestnuts with new butter?"

"I never refuse chestnuts, grandmamma."

"I see orange marmalade too; will you have some?"

"If there is any toast."

"The toast is here, but I am afraid your marble table will be too small."

"Let us try it, grandmamma," replied Elmar good-naturedly. His melancholy mood seemed to have entirely disappeared, for he evidently felt both cheerful and comfortable. When Erica brought him his teacup and a plate piled with sandwiches, he took her hand and raised it to his lips.

"I have, as you see, adopted the manner of a veritable pacha, Erica, but grandmamma has trained me too well for me to release the hand of such a benevolent fairy without a kiss of gratitude."

Whether grandmamma's training also necessitated so long a detention of the benevolent hand was somewhat doubtful, and Erica at last withdrew it by the exertion of some little strength.

After the tea-equipage was removed, the servant placed a bottle and glass on Elmar's table. Erica, who had already resumed her seat beside him, looked at them with some little surprise.

"It is terrible, Erica, that this evening discloses all my weaknesses," said Elmar, laughing. "I am not satisfied with the tea you present, but drink wine, and moreover fiery red wine, at which you would shudder."

"And light, I see, a second cigar."

"Terrible, but true, Erica."

"My indulgence has made him a very wild fellow," said the old lady, casting a loving glance at her grandson. "Well, I can endure him for the few remaining years of my life, but I sincerely pity his future wife."

It must have been some fortunate instinct, that had just led Erica to take up the fire-screen again; so it was not remarkable that she now held it before her face, as she felt Elmar's glance rest upon her without any apparent cause.

The evening passed away very quickly and pleasantly; they were not compelled to resort to reading, and when the old lady gave the signal to retire, it was discovered that they had talked until a late hour of the night. Notwithstanding this, however, Elmar delayed his departure so long that the baroness was at last obliged to fairly send him away. On bidding them good-night, he showed that he was not only very "wild," but actually heartless, for he declared that he was very glad Sidonie had had the headache to-day. His grandmother pulled his hair a little, by way of punishment, but Erica uttered no reproof, as she cordially sympathized with him.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

A RING OF WORLDS.

THREE hundred years ago, when what was called the Copernican paradox was struggling for existence against the then orthodox Ptolemaic astronomy, the solar system was supposed to consist of eight bodies. The followers of Copernicus believed in a central sun, round which six orbs revolved, while around one of these — our earth — travelled one other orb,— making (with the central sun) eight bodies in all. The followers of the old astronomy, including at that time nine-tenths of the astronomers of repute, believed in a central earth, round which travelled seven planets, the sun and moon being two of these, only distinguished from the rest (as planets) by the comparative simplicity of their movements. During last year the number of bodies forming the solar system, without including comets or meteorites, or the multitudinous satellites which compose the ring of Saturn, has been raised to two hundred — so that for every orb known in the days of Copernicus and his first followers, twenty-five are now recognized by astronomers. Year after year more are becoming known to us. In fact, planets are being discovered so fast, that, after an effort (by dividing the watch upon them among the leading observatories) to keep them well under survey, the task has become regarded as almost hopeless. One or two of the flock are already missing; and it seems not improbable that, before many years have passed, twenty or thirty planets will have to be described as missing, while endless controversies may possibly arise, respecting those newly discovered each year, on the delicate question whether a discovery or a re-discovery has been effected.

It is hardly necessary to say, perhaps, that we refer to that strange ring of small planets which travels between the paths of Mars, the miniature of our earth, and

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Jupiter, the giant of the solar system, as far surpassing our earth in size as it is surpassed by the sun. In the wide space between these two planets wander thousands of tiny planets. They form a zone of division not only between Mars and Jupiter, thus unlike each other, but between the family of small planets of which our earth is the principal member, and the family of large planets, — Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. It is a strange thought that for ages these bodies have been circling round the sun unknown to men, though so near to us, compared with the fixed stars, that from the nearest of these the whole ring, far within which, be it remembered, the earth travels, would appear as the merest point in space. Still stranger is the thought that, among the members of this system or ring of worlds utterly invisible to ordinary eyesight, there must be presented at times, if living creatures are there to see, some of the most remarkable celestial scenery visible from any part of the solar system. For the orbits of these bodies interlace in a strangely complex manner. At times, from one or other of the set, several of the rest must be seen at so short a distance as to appear larger and more conspicuous than Jupiter or Venus appears to ourselves, while occasionally an even nearer approach must be made. In fact, in this part alone, collisions between planets are possible catastrophes; though, fortunately, the motions of these bodies being always in the same direction, they cannot encounter each other full tilt, but can only come into collision by the swifter overtaking the slower. Even of this there is little risk, so small are those planets, and so enormous the ring of space in which they travel.

For many years the idea had been gaining ground that those astronomers who were using their telescopes in the search for small planets, were wasting time which might be better employed. Of what use, many asked, can it be, now that we know these bodies may be counted by thousands, to search night after night for hours on the chance of discovering a few each year? But recently it has been seen that the small planets may give us very useful information. They have in fact already told us how much their giant neighbor Jupiter would weigh if he could be put in a scale against the earth,— or rather (for that was already known) they have shown us that Jupiter had been rightly weighed in another way. And now it seems likely that we shall learn from this despised family the true measure of the sun's distance, and with that the scale of the solar system, the quantity of matter contained by the sun, and many other matters of great importance in astronomy.

As one of the longest known among the minor planets has already given a very fair answer to the questions of astronomers on such points, while two others have recently been put under examination, the occasion seems a suitable one for giving a brief account of this ring of worlds, of the manner of their discovery, and of the ideas which have been suggested as to their origin.

If the solar system could be seen at a single view, its appearance at any moment would give no idea of regularity in its construction. The pictures of the solar system in our books present a certain symmetry even when the paths of the planets are shown with their true eccentricity of position (which is, unfortunately, but seldom done). The symmetry is like that of a leaf or flower, not perfect, not geometrical or rigid, but still it is sufficiently striking. But if from a picture of the orbits, presenting this symmetry of appearance, we prick off the positions of the central sun and of the planets in various parts of their paths around him, we can see no symmetry at all in the resulting set of points. The solar system thus shows how there may be real symmetry of arrangement among bodies apparently scattered without law or order. And it shows us also the part which time plays in educing symmetry from apparent disorder. Conceive a being so constituted that the circuit even of the planet Neptune around the sun, though lasting more than a hundred and sixty of our years, would seem to last but a single instant, so that to his vision the planet would be visible during its entire circuit even as a spark swiftly whirled round appears as a circle of light. To such a being the solar system would present a symmetrical and doubtless a most beautiful appearance. At its centre would be the glowing orb of the sun, round which would appear four rings of light, representing the paths of Mercury, Venus, the earth, and Mars; far outside these again four other rings of light, much brighter and with much wider spaces between them, showing where Jupiter and Saturn, Uranus and Neptune, traverse their wide courses; and between these families would be seen the multitudinous intertwining paths of the small planets, scarce discernible separately, but forming as a whole a faintly luminous ring be-

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

tween the well-defined sets of bright rings marking the paths of the eight planets. We need not here consider how the beauty of this scene would be enhanced by the rings of light which the moons of the giant plants and of our earth would produce. Let it suffice to note that the symmetry of the solar system, as thus seen, would be altogether marred if the ring of asteroids were removed. It is not given to man, whose span of life is less than half the orbital period of the outermost planet, to witness, scarcely even to conceive rightly, the scene we have described. But the mathematician can perceive what is necessary to its completeness. Accordingly, the astronomer Kepler, enquiring into the harmonies of the solar system, perceived that one note was wanting; or, returning to our ideal description of the system as it would be seen if centuries were fractions only of seconds, he perceived that the absence of a certain feature impaired the symmetry of the picture. He saw that though the distance separating the path of Mars from that of Jupiter is in reality much less than that which separates the path of Jupiter from that of Saturn, the next planet beyond him, yet there is a certain regularity in the progression of the distances which requires that the space between Mars and Jupiter should not be untenanted, as, according to the astronomy of his day, it was supposed to be. In his youth Kepler had noted the want, and had suggested certain fanciful relations which might be fulfilled by a planet occupying the gap. He had written to Galileo on the subject, who had advised him to base his theories on observed facts only. Later, when unwearying researches for nineteen years had revealed to him the laws of the solar system, Kepler suggested, as the relation which connects the distances of the planets, that which is now commonly called Bode's law. It may be thus simply expressed: calling Mercury's distance from the sun 4, the distances of the other planets' orbits from Mercury's orbit are in order as the number 3, 6, 12, and so on, doubling as we proceed. According to this law the distance of Mars from Mercury's orbit should be 12, and the distance of the next planet 24. But there was no known planet at that distance. Jupiter, the planet next beyond Mars, travels at a distance from Mercury's orbit represented on this scale by 48, and Saturn — the most distant known planet — at a distance of 91, the former corresponding exactly, the latter fairly enough, with the law we have indicated. But the planet which, according to the law, should have travelled between Mars and Jupiter at a distance of 24 from Mercury's orbit, or 28 from the sun, either did not exist, or was invisible.

In Kepler's day it was thought by many a sufficient solution of the difficulty to conclude that a planet formerly travelling along this seemingly vacant track had been destroyed on account of the wickedness of its inhabitants. And we are told that there were not wanting preachers who used the destruction of this hypothetical planet as a warning to evil-doers. If they continued in their sins they might not only bring destruction on themselves, but on the world, which might burst, as had that other world, and reduce the sun's family by yet another planet.*

It was not until the discovery of Uranus by Sir W. Herschel in 1781 that the speculations of Kepler attracted scientific attention. Astronomers had seen the three laws of Kepler interpreted physically by Newton, and had come to regard those relations which admitted of no such interpretation as mere coincidences. But when the empirical law of distances, for which, as it appeared, no reason in nature could be assigned, was found to be fulfilled by the new planet, astronomers could not but regard the circumstance as somewhat more than a mere coincidence. It is strange to consider that had Neptune instead of Uranus been discovered by Sir W. Herschel, the very reverse would have been inferred. Mercury's orbit by Bode's law should be 96, but is really 91; that of Saturn's distance from Uranus should be 192, but is really 188, so that Bode's law is satisfactorily fulfilled by Uranus; but Neptune's distance from Mercury's orbit should be 384, and is really but 296, which cannot in any way be reconciled with the law. Supposing Uranus unknown when Neptune was discovered, the distance of Neptune would have seemed too great by 104 for Saturn's next neighbor (being 296 instead of 192), and too little by 88 for Saturn's next neighbor but one, according to Bode's law of distances. Thus astronomers would have inferred that Bode's law was erroneous (as indeed it is), and would

* We do not learn whether the warning was effective or not; but probably the evil-doers were not more troubled by a danger affecting the whole of the human race than by that which had long been described as hanging over themselves in particular. The logical effect of the warning, one would suppose, must have been to encourage that particular form of godliness which is shown by anxiety about the sins of others. For it was clearly very much to the interest of those who did well to see that the evil-doers did not bring about a catastrophe from which good and bad alike could not fail to suffer.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

not have thought of looking for a planet between Mars and Jupiter. As, however, by good fortune Uranus was found first, they inferred (mistakenly) that Bode's law represents a real relation existing, no one could say why, among the planetary orbits, and thence concluded (rightly) that the space between Mars and Jupiter is not vacant.

A society was therefore formed — chiefly through the active exertions of De Zach of Gotha — to search for the missing planet. It consisted of twenty-four astronomers, under the presidency of Schroeter. The zodiac, the highway of the planets, was divided into twenty-four zones, one of which was assigned to each member of this Society for the Detection of a Missing World. The twenty-four commenced their labors with great zeal. When we consider that over the region of the heavens which they were to examine at least a hundred planets, well within the range of their telescopes, were travelling, we may fairly wonder that they discovered nothing. Such, however, was the result of their labors. After they had been at work a considerable time, accident revealed to an astronomer outside their society a body which was regarded for a long time as the missing planet.

Professor Piazzi, while observing stars for his catalogue, was led to examine very carefully a part of the constellation Taurus, where Wollaston had marked in a star which Piazzi could not find. On the first day of the present century he observed in this part of the heavens a small star, which he suspected of variability, seeing that it appeared where before no star of equal brightness had been mapped. On January 3 he found that the star had disappeared from that place, but another, much like it, lay at a short distance to the west of the place which it had occupied. The actual distance between the two positions was nearly a third of the moon's apparent diameter. On January 24 (our observer was not too impatient, it will be seen) he transmitted to Oriani and Bode, members of the Missing World Detection Society, an account of the movements of this star, which had travelled towards the west till January 11 or 12, and had then begun to advance. He continued his labors till February 11, when he was seized with serious illness. Unfortunately, his letters to Oriani and Bode did not reach those astronomers until nearly the end of March, by which time the planet (for such it was) had become invisible, owing to the approach of the sun to the part of the heavens along which the planet was travelling.

But the planet was not lost. The sun passed on his way through the region occupied by the planet, and in September that region was again visible at night. In the mean time, the great mathematican Gauss had calculated from Piazzi's observations the real path of the planet. Throughout September, October, November, and December search was made for the missing star. At length, on the last day of the year 1801, De Zach detected the planet, Olbers independently effecting the rediscovery on January 1, 1802. Thus the first night of the present century was distinguished by the discovery of a new planet, and before the first year of the century had passed the planet was fairly secured.

Piazzi, the discoverer of the planet, assigned to it the name of the titular goddess of Sicily, where the discovery was made, — Ceres.

Ceres was found to be travelling in an orbit corresponding in the most satisfactory manner with Bode's law. According to that law the missing planet's distance from the orbit of Mercury should have been twenty-four; calling Mercury's distance from the sun four, the actual distance of Ceres is twenty-three and one-third.

Yet astronomers were not satisfied with the new planet. It travelled at the right mean distance from the sun; but passing over its inferiority to its neighbors, Mars and Jupiter, in size and splendor, it moved in most unplanetary fashion. Instead of travelling nearly in the same plane as the earth, like its neighbors Mars and Jupiter, its path was inclined to that plane in an angle of more than ten degrees, — a thing as yet unheard of among planets. As to its size, Sir W. Herschel, from measurements made with his powerful telescopes, estimated the new planet's diameter at about one hundred and sixty miles, so that, supposing it of the same density as our earth, its mass is less than one hundred and twenty-five thousandth part of hers. Thus it would take more than fifteen hundred and sixty such planets to make a globe as massive as our moon. And even this probably falls far short of the truth. For our earth owes no small part of her density to the compression produced by the attractive energy of her own substance. The moon, which is less compressed, has much smaller density; in fact, little more than half the earth's. Mars, again, being smaller, and having less attractive energy, has less density than the

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

earth (his density is about seven-tenths of hers).* The tiny Ceres would be very much less compressed, and, if made of the same substances, as we may well believe, would probably have a density less than half the moon's, or not very much exceeding that of water. Thus it would probably take some half million of worlds like Ceres to make such a globe as our earth, while from our moon six thousand such worlds as Ceres might be made. It was natural that astronomers should regard with some suspicion a planet falling so far short of every known planet, and even of a mere moon, in size and mass.

But presently a discovery was made which still more markedly separated Ceres from the rest of the planetary family. Olbers, during his search for Ceres, had had occasion to study very closely the arrangement of the groups of small stars scattered along the track which Ceres might be expected to follow. What reason he had for continuing his examination of these groups after Ceres was found does not appear. Possibly he may have had some hope of what actually occurred. Certain it is that in March 1802, or nearly three months after Ceres had been rediscovered, he was examining a part of the constellation Virgo, close by the spot where he had found Ceres on January 1 in the same year. While thus at work he noticed a small star forming with two others known by him an equilateral triangle. He felt sure this star had not been there three months before, and his first idea was that it was a variable star. At the end of two hours, however, he perceived that it had moved slightly towards the north-west. On the next evening it had moved still farther towards the north-west. It was in fact a planet, and, to the amazement of astronomers, the study of this planet's motion showed that its mean distance from the sun differed very little from that of Ceres. We speak of the amazement of astronomers, because the fact thus discovered was in reality the most surprising of any which had been made known to them since the nature of Saturn's ring was discovered by Huyghens in 1656. We have become so accustomed of late to the discovery of planets travelling along the region of space between the paths of Mars and Jupiter, that we are apt to forget how strange the circumstance must have appeared to astronomers at the beginning of the present century, that the old views respecting the solar system were erroneous, and that in addition to the planets travelling singly around the sun the existence of a ring of planets must be admitted. It is true that the discovery of this second planet (to which the name Pallas was given) did not fully demonstrate this. Still it showed that Ceres was not travelling alone in the region which had so long been supposed untenanted. And as it seemed in some degree to explain the smallness of Ceres, suggesting the idea that possibly the combined mass of bodies travelling in this space might not be greatly inferior to the mass of a primary planet, the notion of a ring of worlds travelling between Mars and Jupiter was presently entertained as according fairly with the facts already discovered.

Olbers himself was fully satisfied that other planets travel in the region between Mars and Jupiter. He was struck by the remarkable features of the orbit of the planet he had discovered. It was inclined more than three times as much as that of Ceres to the plane in which the earth travels, or to that medial plane near which lie the tracks of all the single planets. So greatly is the path of Pallas inclined to this track that even as seen from the sun its range on either side gave to the planetary highway a width of sixty-nine degrees, or nearly four times the width of the zodiac (the conventional highway assigned by the ancients to the planets) as determined by the range of Venus, viewed from the earth, on either side of the medial track. The range of Pallas as seen from the earth is still greater; so great, indeed, that this planet may actually be seen at times among the polar constellations. Moreover the path of Pallas is markedly eccentric, insomuch that her greatest distance from the sun exceeds her least in the proportion of about five to three. Olbers was led by these peculiarities to the belief that Ceres and Pallas are the fragments of a planet which formerly travelled between the paths of Mars and Jupiter, but had been shattered to pieces by a tremendous explosion. If our earth, as she travels along her present path, could by some violent internal action be shattered into fragments, the greater number of these would no longer travel in the plane in which lies the earth's present path. Those which chanced to be driven

* Of course the giant planets Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune seem to present exceptions to the rule we have here indicated. But there can be no doubt that in their case intense heat expands the planets' substance, while in reality we have no means of forming an opinion respecting their real density, since the surfaces we measure are not the real surfaces, but layers of clouds enwrapping these planets, and lying who shall say how far from the solid surface.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

outwards in that plane would continue to travel in it, though on a changed path; for their original motion and their imparted motion both lying in that plane, so also of necessity would that motion which would result from the combination of these. But fragments which were driven away at an angle to that plane would no longer travel in it. Hence the great inclination of the path of Ceres and the monstrous inclination of the path of Pallas might be explained by supposing that the former was a fragment which had been driven away at a considerable angle to the ecliptic, while Pallas was a fragment driven away on a path nearly square to that plane.

To show more clearly how Olbers accounted for the peculiar motions of the new planets, suppose our earth to explode on or about March 20, at noon Greenwich time. Then the greater part of South America would be driven forwards; it would therefore travel on a course not far from the original track of the earth, but more quickly; our Indian empire would be driven backwards; and though the advancing motion previously possessed by this part of the earth, in common with the rest, would still carry it forwards, this motion would be greatly reduced. The central parts of Africa and the Atlantic around Ascension Island and St. Helena would be driven sunwards — an impulse which, combined with the previous advancing motion of this region, would cause this part of their new track to cross their former nearly circular track at a sharp angle, passing athwart that track inwards. The part opposite to the last-named — that is, in the middle of the Pacific — would be driven directly from the sun, and this impulse, combined with advance, would cause this part of the new track of the scattered fragments from the Pacific to cross the original track at a sharp angle, passing outwards. All these regions, and all lying on the zone passing through them, would continue to move in or near the former plane of the earth's motion; some more quickly than before, some more slowly, some passing outwards at that portion of their course to return eventually inwards till they came to it again, and some passing inwards for a while, to return, however, after a complete circuit, to the scene of the catastrophe. But England and other European countries would be impelled partly sunwards, partly upwards and northwards, from the plane of their former motion, and would therefore travel on a track largely inclined to their former course; that is, to the earth's present track. The same would happen, so far as upward motion was concerned, to the United States and to all the northern parts of Asia. The fragments from all these regions would thenceforward travel on inclined paths crossing their original track ascendingly at the place where the explosion occurred. On the other hand, Australia and New Zealand, south Africa, and the southern parts of South America, would be driven somewhat downwards or southwards, and the fragments of this zone of the earth would accordingly travel on paths crossing the original track of the earth descendingly at the place of the explosion. The north polar regions, especially the parts north of the American continent, would be driven more directly upwards by the explosion; while the south polar regions, especially the parts south of the Indian Ocean, would be driven as directly downwards: the fragments from these regions then would travel on paths most largely inclined to the original track of the earth.

Regarding the two planets hitherto discovered as fragments of one which had burst, Olbers perceived that there was a certain region of the heavens where he would have a better chance of discovering other fragments than anywhere else. Every fragment after the explosion would have a path passing through the place where the explosion occurred. For the place of explosion, being the spot from which each fragment started, would of necessity be a point along each fragment's future track. The fragments, be it understood, would not return simultaneously to that spot. Those which had been driven forwards (more or less) would have their period of circulation lengthened, those which had been driven backwards would have their period shortened; these last then would return to the scene of the outburst sooner than the former, and in point of fact no two would return simultaneously to that place unless, by some utterly improbable chance, they had been hastened or retarded in exactly the same degree. But all would pass through that spot for many centuries after the terrible catastrophe which had scattered them on their various paths. If the region of the heavens towards which that spot lay could be determined, then, the careful observation of that region probably would soon be rewarded by the discovery of other fragments. Moreover, the region exactly opposite to it would be similarly suitable for the search after these small bodies; for though their paths would not all pass

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

through a *point* exactly opposite the scene of the explosion, these paths would all pass through the prolongation of a line drawn through the sun from that place. This is easily seen. Every planet has its own plane of motion, in which plane the sun necessarily lies; if, then, we know any one point of a planet's path, we know that the line joining the sun and that point lies in the plane of the planet's motion, and if extended beyond the sun must cross the planet's track.

Olbers then set himself the task of carefully observing two parts of the heavens, one being the place where the tracks of Ceres and Pallas approached each other nearest, the other being the place directly opposite to this. One point is to be noticed as essential to Olbers's faith in the success of his method of search. In his day it was generally believed that many centuries had not passed since the planets had been set moving on their respective paths. According to this view the catastrophe by which Ceres and Pallas and the fragments yet to be discovered had been sent on their new courses, could not have occurred so long ago that the paths of the fragments had been materially displaced from their original position. If, on the other hand, millions of years might have elapsed since the catastrophe happened, there would have been little room for hoping that the actual paths of the fragments would have retained any trace of the peculiarity we have described. It was somewhat fortunate for science that Olbers had full faith in the doctrine that the date of the catastrophe could not be more than four or five thousand years before his time, and that therefore he observed the two regions of the heavens indicated by the explosion theory with unwearying assiduity for many months. He also persuaded Harding, of Lilienthal, to pay special attention to these two regions; one near the northern wing of the Virgin, the other in the constellation of the Whale.

At length, on September 4, 1804, the search was rewarded with success; the planet called Juno being discovered by Harding in that part of the Whale which Olbers had indicated. Olbers did not cease from the search, however, but continued it for thirty months after Harding's success, and five years after his own discovery of Pallas. At length on March 28, the fifth anniversary of this discovery, Olbers detected Vesta, the only member of the family of asteroids which has ever (we believe) been seen with the naked eye.

For some reason astronomers seem to have been satisfied with this fourth fragment of Olbers's hypothetical planet. The search was not resumed for twenty-three years. Then Hencke, an amateur astronomer of Driessen, in Germany, commenced a search destined to meet with no success until more than fifteen years had elapsed. We shall return presently to the discovery of the fifth asteroid by Hencke. We must first, however, consider the interesting questions raised by astronomers, after the discovery of Vesta, upon the theory of Olbers that the asteroids are fragments of an exploded planet.

Lagrange, in 1814, examined the theory mathematically, enquiring what degree of explosive force would be necessary to detach a fragment of a planet in such sort that it would not return, but travel thereafter on an orbit of its own around the sun. We have not by us the result of his researches except as they are given in Grant's "Physical Astronomy," as follows: "Applying his results to the earth, Lagrange found that if the velocity exceeded that of a cannon-ball in the proportion of one hundred and twenty-one to one, the fragment would become a comet with a direct motion; but if the velocity rose in the proportion of one hundred and fifty-six to one, the motion of the comet would be retrograde. If the velocity were less than in either of these cases, the fragment would revolve as a planet in an elliptic orbit." This statement is not very satisfactory, because the velocity of a cannon-ball, depending considerably on circumstances, is not a definite unit of measurement. The assertion, too, that the fragment would become a comet is open to exception, and nothing is said about the least velocity necessary to free the expelled body from the earth. Probably the velocity of a cannon-ball was taken by Lagrange at about five hundred yards per second, that being a fair velocity for a sixty-eight pounder at the date of his paper. A velocity, then, exceeding a cannon-ball in the proportion of one hundred and fifty-six to one, would be about forty-four miles a second. Now, for a body expelled from the earth to travel as a retrograde comet, it must be sent backwards with a velocity equal to the earth's in her orbit (about eighteen and one-half miles per second), increased by the proper velocity for a retrograde comet, about twenty-five and one-half miles per second, or forty-four miles per second in all. This agrees, then, with Lagrange's result. But he seems to have been led from the real

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

subject of enquiry to problems which are only matters of curiosity. The fragmentary planets of Olbers's theory move neither as advancing nor as retrograde comets. Leaving, then, Lagrange's paper, as not very much to the point, if rightly represented by Grant, we note simply that the velocity necessary to expel from the earth a fragment of her mass, in such sort that it would not be drawn back, would amount to about seven miles per second, or, say, about twenty-five times the velocity of a cannon-ball.

But again, the expulsion of a fragment, and the explosion of an entire planet, are processes very different in their nature. If a fragment were expelled, the entire mass of the earth would recoil with a motion bearing the same kind of relation to that of the fragment which the recoil of a very heavy cannon bears to the motion of the ball. If a cannon were not heavier than the ball, the cannon would be driven back as rapidly as the ball would be expelled, though frictional resistance would bring it sooner to rest. Again, when a shell at rest bursts, the fragments are driven outwards on all sides, with much smaller velocities than any one of them would have if the entire charge of powder acted upon it, the rest of the shell being in some way restrained from moving. We see, then, that for a planet to explode into fragments which thereafter should be free to travel independently around the sun, the explosive force must enormously exceed what would be necessary in the case of a single fragment expelled as a projectile is expelled from a gun.

When we consider, further, that the frame of the earth is demonstrably not the hollow shell formerly imagined, but even denser at its core than near its surface; that, moreover, it is not formed of rigid materials, but of materials which under the forces to which they are subject are perfectly plastic and ductile, it seems incredible that under any conditions which appear possible our earth could be shattered by an explosion. Professor Newcomb, of Washington, in an able paper on this subject, remarks on this objection that, "since the limits of our knowledge are not necessarily the limits of possibility, the objection is not fatal, and it is difficult to say what weight ought to be attached to it;" and, as many of our readers will remember, Sir W. Thomson, one of the greatest mathematicians living, has not thought the arguments against the possible or probable shattering of a planet sufficiently weighty to prevent the theory from being entertained that one world may be peopled from the seeds of life brought to it by the fragments of another which had exploded. Yet it may fairly be said that if the destructive explosion of a planet is possible it is utterly improbable; and that absolutely nothing is at present known to us which suggests even the bare possibility of such a catastrophe.

Yet the theory that a planet which had been travelling between Mars and Jupiter had burst into fragments had a much more probable appearance in Olbers's time than it has at present; for the four asteroids first discovered travelled on orbits not differing greatly as to their mean distances, which are as the numbers 236 (Vesta), 267 (Juno), 277 (Ceres and Pallas). When asteroids began to be discovered which travelled nearer to the sun than Vesta, and much farther away than Ceres and Pallas, the explosion theory was shown to be improbable. When, further, the actual paths of these multitudinous worlds came to be examined, the theory was found to be utterly untenable. More recently still a circumstance noted by the ingenious American astronomer, Kirkwood, has pointed to another theory as extremely probable.

The history of the successive discovery of the various members of the asteroidal family, though not without interest, would be little suited to these pages. A few details, however, may be mentioned here as illustrating the general character of the search.

We have seen that Hencke engaged in 1830 in the search for a fifth asteroid. On the evening of December 8 he observed a star of the ninth magnitude in the constellation Taurus, in a place where he felt sure, from his recollection of the region, that there had previously been no star of that degree of brightness. He communicated the observation to Encke, of Berlin; and on December 14 they rediscovered it in the place to which by that time it had removed. It was found to be an asteroid travelling at a distance almost midway between that of Vesta and that of Ceres. Hencke requested Encke to name the new planet, and that astronomer selected for it the name of Astræa.

On July 1, Hencke discovered a sixth asteroid which Gauss named at his request, calling it Hebe. In the same year, and only six weeks later, our English astronomer Hind discovered the asteroid Iris; and on October 18 he discovered another, to which Sir J. Herschel, at his request, assigned a name, selecting (somewhat unsuitably, per-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

haps, for an October discovery) the name Flora.

Since that date, not a year has passed without the discovery of at least one asteroid, as in 1848, 1849, and 1859. Two were discovered in 1851, 1863, and 1869; three in 1850, 1864, 1865, and 1870; four in 1853, 1855, and 1867; five in 1856, 1860, 1862, and 1871; six in 1854, 1858, 1866, 1873, and 1874; eight in 1852 and 1857; ten in 1861; eleven in 1872; twelve in 1868 and 1876; and seventeen in 1875. During last year six were discovered. The astronomer who has hitherto been most successful in the search for asteroids is Peters, of Clinton, U.S. (Professor Peters is a German by birth, however), with twenty-seven; next Luther, of Bilk, with twenty; and third Watson, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, with twenty. Goldschmidt, a French painter, discovered fourteen; Borelly and our Hind, ten. These six have thus discovered one hundred and one of the one hundred and seventy-five asteroids at present known. After them come De Gasparis and Palisa, with nine each; Pogson, of Madras, with seven; Chacornac and Paul Henry, with six each; Prosper Henry and Tempel, with five, and Perrotin, with four, bringing up the total to one hundred and forty-nine. Of the remaining twenty-three three were discovered by Ferguson; two by Olbers, Hencke, and Tuttle; and Piazzi, Harding, Graham, Marth, Laurent, Searle, Forster d'Arrest, Tietjen, Stéphan, Coggia, Schulhof, Schiaparelli, and Knorre have each discovered one.

Some coincidences which would seem curious, but for the great number of asteroids already known, have naturally occurred during the progress of discovery. Thus the asteroid Irene was discovered by De Gasparis, independently, a few days after Hind had marked it for his own (May 19, 1851). *En revanche*, De Gasparis discovered Psyche on March 19, 1852, while Hind, who had seen the planet on January 18, but had been prevented by bad weather from re-observing it, satisfied himself on March 18 of its planetary character. While Hind was planning a vigorous search after the planet, news reached him that De Gasparis had discovered it. Goldschmidt, on September 19, 1857, discovered two asteroids, which chanced that night to be within a distance from each other equal to about one-third of the apparent diameter of the moon. No other astronomer has ever had the good fortune to capture two of these wandering bodies on the same night and within the same telescopic field of view. But the planet Alexandra was discovered by Goldschmidt, at Paris, on September 10, 1858, and the planet Pandora by Mr. Searle, of Albany, New York, on the same night, only a few hours later. The asteroid Melete, really discovered on September 9, 1857, was not recognized as a new planet till 1858, having been for a long time mistaken for the asteroid Daphne. The latter had been lost since May 1856, and Goldschmidt, its discoverer, was looking for it in September 1857, when he found Melete. When Melete was proved by Schubert's calculations to be a different body, fresh search had to be made for Daphne; but she was not found till August 31, 1862, having been thus lost more than six years.

One feature of M. Goldschmidt's labors in this field of research is worthy of mention. Most of the astronomers who have added to the list of known asteroids were professional observers, employed in well-provided observatories. Goldschmidt was a painter by profession, and the telescopes with which he observed were successively, as he could afford to extend his observational resources, of two inches', two and two-thirds inches', and four inches' aperture only. "None of M. Goldschmidt's telescopes," says Mr. Main, of the Radcliffe Observatory, "were mounted equatorially" (that is, so as to follow any star to which they might be directed by a single motion), "but in the greater number of instances were pointed out of a window which did not command the whole of the sky."

Having now nearly two hundred of these bodies to deal with, we can form a safer opinion, than in Olbers's time, of the theory whether they are fragments of an exploded planet. The answer to this question comes in no doubtful terms. One fact alone suffices to show clearly that they cannot have had a common origin. The least distances of some of the more remote of these bodies from the sun exceed the greatest distances of some of the nearer. Thus Harmonia, at her greatest distance from the sun, is about two hundred and seventeen millions of miles from him, Nemansa two hundred and thirty-one millions, Feronia two hundred and thirty-three millions, and so on; while Cybele, at her nearest, is two hundred and seventy-six millions of miles from the sun, Doris two hundred and sixty-two millions, Hygeia two hundred and fifty-nine millions, and so on. So that Cybele, at her nearest to the sun, is farther from him by nearly eighty million miles than Harmonia at her nearest. The two orbits do not even approach

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

each other within this distance, enormous though it is, for the place of Cybele's nearest approach is not *nearly* in the same direction from the sun as the place of Harmonia's greatest recession. The two orbits nowhere approach within a distance less than that which separates our earth from the sun. If the two planets were originally parts of a single one, their orbits after the explosion would have intersected. It is utterly impossible that, if this had been so, subsequent perturbations could have separated the paths by so enormous a distance as ninety millions of miles at the place even of nearest approach.

But while the discovery of multitudinous members of this ring of worlds has rendered Olbers's theory of the explosion of a single planet between Mars and Jupiter utterly untenable, it has brought to our knowledge a remarkable relation which points very clearly to the real origin of the ring system of planets.

When as yet only half as many asteroids had been discovered as are now known, Professor Kirkwood, of Bloomington, Indiana, arranging these bodies in the order of their mean distances from the sun, noticed that certain gaps exist, in such sort that no asteroids travel at or nearly at certain mean distances from the sun. And looking more closely into these missing distances, he observed that they correspond to the distance of the giant planet Jupiter in this way, that a planet travelling at any one of these missing distances would have motions synchronizing with those of Jupiter, in the same sense in which the vibrations of one note synchronize with the vibrations of another in harmony with it. For instance, there is a well-marked gap at a distance from the sun exceeding our earth's in the proportion of five to two; now a planet travelling at this distance would make three circuits while Jupiter makes one. There is another gap at a distance somewhat exceeding three and a quarter times the earth's; and a planet at this distance would travel twice round the sun while Jupiter travels once round him. Still more remarkable, because occurring in the very heart of the ring, is the gap corresponding to the distance of a planet which would travel five times round the sun while Jupiter travels twice round him. There are two gaps, also, where a planet would travel seven times round (1) during two circuits, and (2) during three circuits, of Jupiter.

Before enquiring into the meaning of this peculiarity, we note that now, when twice as many asteroids have been discovered, the peculiarity is better marked even than when Kirkwood first noticed it. He was justified in saying, as he did in 1868, that the coincidences are not accidental; for the odds were enormously against the observed arrangement, and its accidental occurrence so unlikely as to be practically impossible. But had the arrangement been accidental with the eighty-seven asteroids known to Kirkwood, it could not but have happened that some of the eighty-nine since discovered would have had mean distances corresponding to those gaps or *lacunæ*. This, however, has not only not happened, but the aggregation of asteroids at distances where Kirkwood had already noticed that they were most numerous, has become still more decided.

We are led back, in our enquiry into the significance of this singular relation, to the time when our solar system was gradually forming from its former nebulous condition. Imagine a ring of nebulous fragments, not as yet gathered into a single mass. The process of aggregation would depend in considerable degree on the disturbances to which the fragments were exposed. If they were all moving in concentric orbits, and were not disturbed at all, there would be no collisions, and they would remain as a ring of fragments. It might seem, then, at a first view, that the zone of asteriods was most favorably placed for aggregation into planet form, being under the special perturbing influence of Jupiter, the mightiest of all the planets. But excessive disturbance would be by no means favorable to the formation of a single planet. The nebulous matter must be churned by perturbations, but it must not be scattered by them; and this is what Jupiter's action on the planetoidal ring has done. Quantity of matter, again, would be a very important point in the process of aggregation. A region crowded with nebulous fragments would soon teem with aggregations, which would before long gather into a few large masses, which in turn would aggregate into one. But in a region where nebulous matter was very sparsely strewn, aggregations would not readily form, however mightily the region might be disturbed. The very activity of the disturbing forces might, in this case, check the process of aggregation. The two bodies which had once come into collision would travel on intersecting orbits, and would therefore before long come into collision, if not perturbed; but if perturbed, their orbits would cease to coalesce; so that the action of a great disturbing planet might prevent a process of

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

aggregation which had already commenced. Nor we know that the quantity of matter in the region where the asteroids travel is less than in any other zone of the solar system. We do not know how many asteroids there are, but we do know how much they all weigh; at least, we know that altogether their weight is not more than a fourth of our earth's, and is probably a great deal less. And the zone over which they range is very much larger than the zone over which our earth may be regarded as bearing sway. Their zone being thus poverty-stricken, and Jupiter's mighty mass in their neighborhood perturbing them too actively to allow of their aggregation, they remain as a ring of fragments.

And now let the signs of Jupiter's influence in this respect be noticed. He would perturb all these fragments pretty equally in a single revolution of his. But those whose periods synchronized with his own would be more seriously perturbed. For the disturbance produced in one set of revolutions which brought any asteroid and Jupiter back to the position they had before those revolutions began, would be renewed in the next similar set, and in the next, and so on, until one of two things happened. Either the asteroid would be thrown entirely out of that periodic motion which had brought it thus under Jupiter's effectively disturbing influence, *or*, being set travelling on a markedly eccentric path, it would be brought into collision with some of the neighboring asteroids, and would cease to have separate existence, or at least move thenceforward on a changed orbit. Thus those asteroids having a period synchronizing with that of Jupiter would be gradually eliminated, and we should find gaps in the ring of worlds precisely where gaps actually exist.

There can be no reasonable doubt that these marked gaps were produced in the manner here described. Their existence can indeed be explained in no other way, and can be so satisfactorily explained in this way that assurance is made doubly sure.

But now consider the significance of this result. Imagine the asteroidal ring as it now exists to be redistributed, the gaps being filled up. The process we have described would immediately come into operation. But many millions of years would be required before it could eliminate even a few among the asteroids having those synchronous periods which expose them to accumulating perturbations. Only one of the two processes above described would really be effective. Mere change of period would be oscillatory. We have an instance of the kind in the motions of Jupiter and Saturn, which very nearly synchronize, Saturn going almost exactly twice round the sun while Jupiter goes five times round. But though for a long period of time accumulating perturbations lengthen Saturn's period (and shorten Jupiter's), after a while the time comes when these changes are reversed; then Saturn's period begins to shorten (and Jupiter's to lengthen). The changes carry these periods on either side of their mean value, just as the swinging of a pendulum carries it on either side of its mean position. So it would be with an asteroid mightily perturbed by Jupiter; its period would oscillate more widely, but still it would oscillate; and during the middle of the oscillation (just as a pendulum at the middle of its swing is in its mean position) the asteroid would have that synchronous period which, as we have seen, none of the asteroids in point of fact possess. We must look, then, to collisions to cause the gaps in the ring of worlds. But how rare must such collisions be among minute bodies like the asteroids, even though they be hundreds of thousands in number, occupying a domain in space so vast as that which belongs to this system! The width of the ring greatly exceeds the earth's distance from the sun, amounting in fact to more than one hundred and twenty millions of miles. Its innermost edge is more than two hundred million of miles from the sun. It is not a flat ring, but shaped like an anchor ring (or a wedding ring), and is as thick as it is wide — insomuch that a cross section of the ring would be a mighty circle, more than one hundred and twenty millions of miles in diameter. Amidst this enormous space a million asteroids, each five hundred miles in diameter (and none of the asteroids are so large, while the number even of those exceeding one hundred miles in diameter scarce amounts to a hundred), would be as widely scattered as a million grains of sand would be in such a space as the interior of St. Peter's, at Rome. Take a cubical block of sandstone, one inch in length, breadth, and thickness, crumble it into finest sand-dust, and imagine this dust scattered in the interior of that great building. How small would be the chance that any two particles from that tiny heap would come into collision during months of their aërial wanderings! Very much smaller would be the risk of a single collision between asteroids during millions of years as they

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

travel (all the same way round, be it noticed) on their wide orbits, even though their number were a hundredfold greater than it is, and their volumes increased a millionfold.

Either, then, we must imagine innumerable millions of years to have elapsed since the ring of asteroids first existed, and that very gradually the synchronous asteroids have been eliminated by collisions, or else we are forced to the conclusion that the formation of this ring of worlds, or rather this series of rings, belongs to an earlier era of our solar system's history, when the matter from whence the rings were one day to be formed was in the nebulous condition. It appears to us that the latter conclusion is altogether the more probable. We escape none of the difficulties of the problem by adopting the former conclusion, while many other difficulties are introduced. By the latter we simply have the same difficulties to encounter which appertain to all forms of the nebular hypothesis respecting the origin of the solar system. These difficulties are great, because the distance over which we endeavor to look back is great; but they are not insuperable. The positive evidence for the general theory becomes stronger and stronger as astronomical research advances; and the mere circumstance that it is surrounded by difficulties can in no sense lead us to abandon it, although compelling us to admit that as yet we have not thoroughly mastered its details. The asteroids themselves supply an argument in favor of the nebular theory rendering its probability so strong as practically to amount to certainty; for the antecedent probability against the observed uniformity of direction of the one hundred and seventy-five asteroids by chance, or in any conceivable way except as the result of some process of evolution, is equal to that of tossing either "head" or "tail" one hundred and seventy-five times running, or about

23,945,290,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 to 1.

Adopting the nebular theory, we must of course adopt with it the conclusion respecting the origin of the asteroids, to which, as we have seen above, we are led by the examination of the relations presented by this system, — viz., that while still existing as a great ring of nebulous masses, they were to such degree perturbed by Jupiter's mighty attraction upon them, as on the one hand to be prevented from forming into a single planet, and on the other to be sorted out, if one may so speak, into several rings with well-marked gaps between them, these gaps corresponding *exactly* with the distances at which planets would be most effectively disturbed by Jupiter. The close accordance between the results to which we are led by *a posteriori* and *a priori* considerations, affords strong evidence in favor of both lines of reasoning. But it is very noteworthy, also, that when, seeing the probability of the conclusions towards which we have been led, we enquire whether any similar case exists within our solar system, and if so whether the evidence in that case corresponds with that which we have obtained in the case we have been considering, we find the most striking evidence of all. The ring system of Saturn has long been regarded as consisting of multitudes of minute satellites. Thus it resembles the zone of asteroids, only it is relatively much more crowded. Now in the ring system of Saturn there are gaps or relatively vacant divisions separating rings of closely clustering satellites. Distinguished among all these gaps by superior breadth and darkness is the great division separating what were formerly called the two rings from each other. Here, for a breadth of nearly two thousand miles, so few satellites travel that to ordinary observation the great division looks black, though, closely scrutinised, it is found to be simply very dark. Now when we enquire whether satellites moving round this open space would have periods synchronizing with that of the innermost (and therefore most effectively disturbing) of his moons, we discover these remarkable facts, — that a satellite would travel in the very middle of the dark division or open space if its period were one-half that of the innermost of Saturn's moons, and almost on the same track if its period were one-fourth that of the innermost moon but two, while it would be well within the open space, but nearer its inner edge, if its period were one-third that of the innermost moon but one, or one-sixth that of the innermost moon but three. It follows unmistakably from these relations, first noted by Professor Kirkwood, that the great division in Saturn's rings has been swept and garnished by the action of the four innermost of Saturn's moons, but especially by the innermost of all. This fact corresponds so well with the nebular hypothesis, and is so utterly inexplicable on any other, as strongly to corroborate an opinion, expressed by the present writer twelve years ago, that the peculiarities of

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

the Saturnian ring system would one day be found to afford "a key to the law of development under which the solar system has reached its present development." The same may now confidently be said respecting the ring of worlds travelling between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. It has already enabled us to weigh the giant Jupiter afresh; it has given excellent measures, and promises to give yet better measures, of the dimensions of the solar system; and we venture to predict that before long this zone of worlds will have placed beyond shadow of doubt or question the general theory of the development of our solar system of which Laplace's nebular hypothesis presents only a few details, or rather suggests only a few possibilities.

From The Nineteenth Century.

HOW THE TURKS RULE ARMENIA.

BY DR. HUMPHRY SANDWITH.
(OF KARS.)

SUPPOSE an English prime minister were to persuade himself and a large section of the public that the security of our dominion in India required the sacrifice, once a year, of twenty innocent natives of both sexes, with every circumstance of cruelty and indignity which could add bitterness to death; and suppose a bill were introduced into Parliament for the purpose of giving practical effect to such conclusion. How many members of Parliament would be found to vote for it? Not one, I believe. The most loyal and submissive of the minister's followers would recoil from participation in the guilt of so great a crime, even though the alternative should be the probable loss of our Indian empire. He would say to himself that the alternative supposed, though possible or even probable, was by no means certain; that the danger was perhaps, after all, not so great as had been supposed, and might perchance be altogether averted by the operation of events as yet unforeseen; but that, in any case, he must decline to have a hand in the commission of a great crime, be the political gain accruing therefrom ever so important.

Now what is the difference, in point of morality, between the policy which I have supposed and that which has found so many advocates in England during the last eighteen months? We have been told on high authority — and the doctrine has been energetically defended in high quarters — that we are bound for the sake of "our own interests" to "uphold" a political system of which we know that one of the inevitable fruits is the periodical torture and slaughter of "ten thousand or twenty thousand" innocent human beings, to say nothing of other evils which are not periodical, but chronic. We are not simply to stand aloof and let matters take their course; we are to "uphold" this periodical sacrifice to the Moloch of "British interests," and must accordingly interfere actively "to prevent changes from occurring" in Turkey which would put an end to the sacrifice, if we think that such changes would be "detrimental to ourselves."* In point of morality there really is no difference at all between upholding a system which now and then massacres twenty thousand persons, and committing the massacre ourselves. Yet so inconsistent is human nature that those who do not scruple to defend the one would shrink in horror from the other. How is this? One cause of the anomaly is probably a defective imagination. We are slow to realize our responsibility for crimes of which the scene is far away, and which are not directly the work of our own hands. Yet if we uphold the system which perpetrates them we are in truth as responsible as if the scene were London, and ours the hands that have been imbrued in innocent blood. Look, for instance, at the arguments in vogue against the annexation of Armenia, wholly or in part, by Russia. Such annexation, we are told, would endanger British interests. But that is a surmise only, and a surmise, moreover, resting on several improbable assumptions. It is an assumption that Russia has any designs on India at all. It is a surmise that Russia is likely to make a railway through the Euphrates valley. It is a surmise that the Porte would always have the will and power to keep open a route to India through the Euphrates valley for the passage of British troops. It is a surmise that Russia would not find her interest in cultivating friendly relations with England, provided England frankly substituted a policy of confidence for a policy of perpetual suspicion and abuse of Russia. And because it is barely possible that one or more of these surmises may come true,

* See Sir Henry Elliot's famous despatch, Blue-Book No. 1, for 1877, p. 197.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

just as it is barely possible that Germany is aiming at the annexation of Holland and the invasion of England, we are to oppose — if need be by force of arms — the annexation of any part of Armenia to Russia.

Have those who argue thus made any effort to realize what Turkish rule in Armenia means? Charity forbids me to believe it, for I do not think so ill of them as to suppose that they would deliberately advocate the indefinite perpetuation of wrongs the most intolerable, and cruelties the most revolting, in order to avert some remote and perhaps imaginary danger to British interests. Let me endeavor, then, to give a succinct yet accurate picture of the actual condition of the Christians of Armenia, and then ask the people of England whether they are willing to bear the responsibility of upholding a system which has always produced, and must produce while it lasts, the state of things which I will now proceed to describe. My evidence shall be all official, not that there is any lack of other evidence. I know the country well myself, having spent some considerable time in it rather more than twenty years ago, and paid a visit of some length to it since; but I prefer to give the evidence of her Majesty's consuls, because their natural bias is to palliate rather than exaggerate the misdeeds of the Mussulmans; so that, however black the picture may be, the reader may feel assured that it never goes beyond the facts, but is more likely to fall short of them.

The blue-book that I propose mainly to consider is that marked "Turkey, November 16, 1877." It treats of the state of the Christians in Turkey. The first despatch I call attention to is one from Mr. Consul Zohrab of Erzeroom, a gentleman who has spent the best part of his life in various parts of Turkey, and who speaks the language as a native. Such a man would not be likely to take an exclusively English standard from which to judge her shortcomings. He has also at times proved himself a defender of the Ottoman Empire by his pen. About sixteen years ago he wrote strongly to a leading paper, accusing me of exaggerating the vices of the governing class in a book I had lately brought out entitled "The Hekim Bashy." In December of 1876 he thus wrote from Erzeroom: —

The demands of the government press with crushing weight on all classes. Arrears of taxes (the validity of which no court of justice would admit), current taxes, taxes in advance, aid in money for the war, contributions in kind for the army, means of transport for munitions of war and provisions, are exacted from the Christian and from the Mussulman peasants with pitiless severity, and already thousands of families have been so reduced that they live only by public charity. Unscrupulous employés take advantage of the pressing needs of the government to augment their own exactions, and as there is no possibility of checking such corruption, seeing that the officers who are supposed to watch over and protect the people (!) are the culprits, it is impossible to state what can be done, while Turkish officials have power, to put an end to this systematic spoliation of the people.

In an interview with the pasha he frankly tells him that "the persons the villagers had to dread most were the officials and the lower grades of officers, who are the real oppressors and robbers."

The same gentleman, in a despatch dated December 24, 1876, reports a large fire in the city of Van which occasioned the loss of from eight hundred to one thousand buildings. We all know the rigorous measures taken by civilized people, on the occasion of a fire, against plunderers. In Turkey they know better than this — the government officers share with the plunderers. Mr. Zohrab, writing on this occasion, says: —

The Christians complain bitterly of the conduct of the government officials and soldiers, whom they accuse of having directed their efforts, while the fire lasted, to breaking open, carrying off, and concealing property, instead of endeavoring to arrest the flames.

In another despatch the consul calls on the governor-general to ask what steps he intended to take for the protection of the Christians of Van. His Excellency reads a letter from Nazim Bey, who had just arrived in Van, reporting that the fire was accidental; that the soldiers were not at all implicated; that there had been considerable pillaging, but the greater portion of the stolen property had been recovered; that the Christians had evidently been the most active in pillaging, as the greater part of the lost property was found in their possession; that the fire had destroyed about five hundred shops and stores, about half belonging to the Mussulmans, who were as great sufferers as the Christians.

The consul at once contradicted every detail of the report of Nazim Bey from information "received from disinterested

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

persons who had personally taken evidence, and had visited the scene of the conflagration;" and he remarked: "If Nazim Bey considered the duty laid on him so light that a mere glance was sufficient for him to come to a decision, I feared his reports would be set aside as those of the commissioners sent into Bulgaria by the Porte had been." This plundering by the Turkish officials is no new thing; we read precisely the same reports in the blue-book on the Damascus massacres, during which *officers of the sultan* were seen by Europeans returning from the Christian quarter laden with plunder. Any one knowing the real character of the Turkish officer would not be surprised at anything of the kind. Usually the officer comes from the family of a small shopkeeper, or perhaps oftener he has been a valet or pipe-bearer to some great pasha. He is of a race decidedly lower in *morale* than that of the peasant, is often many months in arrears of pay, and has probably a wife and children dependent on him.

On the 30th of January of this year, the same consul telegraphs to Sir H. Elliot: "Panic in Bitlis district, several murders, many villages devastated, others deserted by inhabitants from dread of Koords, who threaten the town. Inhabitants, Mussulman, Christian, watch armed in their barricaded houses." The state of Bitlis and the neighborhood was simply one of anarchy as described by the consul. The Koords had plundered the villages around; the people had fled into Bitlis, which was in a state of great alarm. On all this being represented to the pasha, he replied that he could spare no troops; "the people of each town must create their own police force." Be it remembered that the Christians are not allowed to bear arms.

On the 14th of March of this year, Mr. Zohrab sent the following telegrams to Mr. Jocelyn at Constantinople: —

> One hundred and seventy-five Redifs, on way to Erzeroom, stopped at Gelintpatch, Kehlabar, and Hosberik, in district of Bunis; have desecrated church, maltreated priest, beat Christians, outraged women — three violated by about sixty men, left dying. Authorities refuse protection. Villages were deserted, Christians fearing massacre having fled. Military authorities here supine. Christians begin to suffer severely — dread opening their shops. Acts of oppression and cruelty occur daily.

The foreign minister assures Mr. Jocelyn that no effort shall be spared to discover and punish the perpetrators with all rigor. The consul follows his telegram by a despatch in which he relates that the village in question was a mixed one. The head of the village was of course a Turk, and he quartered one hundred and twenty-five men on the Christians, and forty-five were taken into Mussulman houses.

> A demand for food was at once made on the Christians, and was complied with. Money was then asked for and given. The troops then got hold of the priest of the village and maltreated him. Afterwards they began abusing and beating all the male Christians they could find, and, entering the women's portion of the houses, commenced outraging the women and violating the girls. Three young women were so brutally treated by about sixty soldiers that they were reported dying when the letters, which I have seen, relating these atrocities, were sent to the authorities here.

The same enormities were committed in the villages of Kielakhboor and Hosberik. These, be it remembered, were not Circassians nor Bashi-Bazooks; they were regular soldiers. The consul complains to the pasha that he should have considered the affair so light as to have sent only a single *binbashi* (major) to investigate it.

The consul makes also a very pertinent remark. He says: —

> The Christians would bear with much hard treatment, under these exceptional circumstances, without complaining, were it not that cruel treatment and oppression originate not with the men, but with the officers. . . . Officers go to shops and take goods at their own prices; the least remonstrance on the part of the owners results in abuse and blows. . . . On the part of the government nothing is done to check these abuses. . . . In the villages officers and soldiers act just as they please, and the accounts of injustice and cruelty daily brought to me are most revolting.

I had intended to confine my quotations to the official blue-books, but a correspondent of the *Times* in Armenia may be mentioned as abundantly confirming all that Mr. Zohrab writes as to the treatment of the Christians in this province. He speaks of large tracts of country where not alone one but every Christian village has been destroyed, and the people either murdered or driven off as refugees. He further states that the Russians, while in their adversary's territory, were careful even not to tread down the corn, and did their utmost to protect all non-combatants. This correspondent was with the Turkish, not the Russian army, and, as he says, had left England with a strong feeling in favor

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

of the Turks. One significant fact he mentions has not, I fancy, been fully understood by the public. He praises Mouktar Pasha for his determination to put down outrage and robbery, and mentions a case in which a Circassian shot a peasant who remonstrated against his lamb being taken. The Circassian was seized and condemned to death. A number of chiefs interceded for him, but he was hanged; and then about twelve hundred Circassians deserted. The murdered peasant, belonging to a village close to Kars, was evidently a Mussulman. The correspondent in question, Captain Norman, has lately stated in a lecture on the campaign in Armenia that the murdered man was a Mussulman; no such execution would have been possible had he been a Christian.

Further light may be thrown upon the condition of this important Asiatic province by referring to the despatches of Mr. Consul Taylor. It may justly be said that it is not fair to judge of the condition of a country during a state of warfare; so we may inquire how the country was governed before the war, although the mode of carrying on hostilities is surely a valuable test of a nation's civilization. The first despatch of Mr. Consul Taylor is one relating to the condition of the Nestorian Christians of the Tyari Mountains, situated in the Koordish range of heights forming the frontier between Turkey and Persia. These interesting people have been more than once decimated by Koordish or Turkish massacres. In 1875 two of their chiefs came as a deputation to England, and were sent to me to advise them.

They told me they had come to throw themselves at the footstool of the great queen of England to demand her protection against the cruelties of the Turkish officials and the Koords, and they gave me sundry details of outrage and cruelty, which are too common to be repeated; the last that one of them had seen was the yoking of some Christian women to a plough by a Turk. One of these chiefs had a sister who was called Victoria, after the queen of England, as she had been rescued from a Turkish harem, into which she had been introduced on the occasion of the massacre of ten thousand thirty years ago, by the exertions of her Majesty's ambassador, Sir Stratford Canning (now Lord Stratford de Redcliffe). I need scarcely add that these poor mountaineers got nothing substantial for their pilgrimage. The foreign secretary would have nothing to say to them; some religious people took them in hand, and they figured on the platforms of sundry missionary meetings, and that was all. One of them never lived to return to his native mountains. The smoke and fogs of London were too much for him, and he sank and died of phthisis.

The chief aim of Consul Taylor's despatch is to warn our government of Russian intrigues — these intrigues consisting of an address by Mar Shamoon, the Nestorian patriarch, to the grand duke Michael, governor-general of the Caucasus, imploring his protection against the Kurds and Turks. Seeing that a deputation had come to England to ask for protection, I presume the Russian consul also wrote to warn his government against English intrigues. I have no reason to believe that the governor-general of the Caucasus was any more favorable to the address than Lord Derby was to the deputation. Mr. Consul Taylor, however, very forcibly shows the *fons et origo* of these so-called "foreign intrigues." He says: —

I have not thought it necessary to trouble your lordship with a copy of enclosure No. 1 in my despatch to the embassy, as it is simply a long detailed account of the different species of maltreatment and oppression the Koords and Turks have inflicted upon the Nestorians for the last two years. But the substance of that enclosure is that, during that period, they have been plundered of several thousand head of sheep, cattle, and mules; several villages have been entirely pillaged; six of their churches destroyed, eight men barbarously murdered, and no less than ten virgins and married women ravished and forcibly abducted from their homes by the Koords or government police.

These last being the protectors of the Christians!

No punishment has ever attended these acts, the Turkish sub-governors of Inlamerk, Bashkalla, and Guever, where all these atrocities have taken place, paying no attention to the Christian complaints; on the contrary, rather, from their culpable apathy with respect to them, sympathizing with and encouraging the marauders.

Besides the grand duke Michael, our own Consul Taylor was appealed to by the patriarch, and, being a British consul, he was equal to the cruel farce of bidding the lambs to turn to the wolves for redress, according to the well-known custom of the Foreign Office, a custom undeniably correct and judicious *as long as one has to deal with a civilized government.* Mr.

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Taylor, in his reply to Mar Shamoon (dated September 5, 1868), says:—

I have now the honor to address you these lines to inform you I shall not be wanting in my endeavors to promote the welfare of your flock as long as its members, by their deportment to the State they are subject to, will enable me conveniently to represent their grievances, when well founded, *to the Erzeroom vali for redress* (!), and suggest means for their proper and permanent relief.

I need not add that no vali, caimakam, mudir, or any such functionary has ever been known to interfere on behalf of Christians; and when these are bidden to look to their own authorities for redress, it is not surprising if such advice appears to them a bitter mockery.

Mr. Consul Taylor gives in a long despatch dated March 19, 1869, a general view of the social and political condition of the consulate for Koordistan. He informs the government that the province of Sileywan, although the richest of the grain-producing districts of Turkey, was suffering from the intolerable measures pursued by the government in the collection of the tithes. Each village was obliged to accept the tithes on grains, fruits, and cotton at a money value based upon winter and spring prices, although the former amounted to 1*l*. 3*s*. 7*d*. a quarter, while the season's wheat barely realized ninety piastres, or 16*s*., for the same measure. He mentions a village which had to borrow thirty thousand piastres at two and one-half per cent. per month to make up the deficiency, the whole of the produce realizing only twenty-two thousand piastres; another, whose produce was seventeen thousand seven hundred piastres, had to pay twenty-four thousand piastres, and while the year of his visit only produced eleven thousand piastres the government claimed twenty thousand. The consul adds these significant words:—

Three years ago, with wheat at two hundred and fifty piastres (2*l*. 5*s*. 5*d*.) per quarter, the whole amount of tithe realized from this district was four lacs (7,000*l*. Turkish). During the same period, however, of the one hundred and six villages then existing, seventy-six only now remain; and in each one of the latter, five or six chifts, or small farms, are entirely deserted.

I am reminded of a circumstance to be found in some consular reports, nearly twenty years old, of the district of Salonica, complaining of the illegal extortions of the government employés. The plaintiffs were directed to furnish a list of these extortions, which soon appeared. The district was then forthwith assessed at that amount, being told, at the same time, that they had proved themselves able to bear it. Under such circumstances large numbers of the fellahs emigrate, and while their lands run out of cultivation, nevertheless their quota of direct taxes is added to the already heavy obligations of those who remain, and thus taxation increases in inverse ratio to population. The measures resorted to by government for collecting arrears are peculiarly Turkish. Consul Taylor reports as follows:—

Moolas, aged men, and council-members were made to transport heavy loads on their backs, in a burning sun, from one place to another, for no other purpose than by such torture to accelerate payment, their steps being unnaturally quickened by frequent blows from the muskets of the brutal soldiery appointed to superintend their unaccustomed labor. Married Christian women, Protestants, were dragged by night, in the absence of their husbands, to the harems and stripped of their gold ornaments; while several of the aged male members of the same creed were so severely injured by the treatment they were subjected to, as to be confined to their beds for months.

A certain Mustafa Pasha was so outrageously tyrannical that the government sent two commissioners to inquire into his deeds, the only result of which was that the pasha was exonerated and his chief accusers thrown into prison for an alleged debt due to government, although the acts of which the pasha was guilty were a subject of public scandal.

The consul gives us much information concerning the Koords. He says:—

The Kochers and Koords are under very imperfect subjection, and it is only by satisfying all demands, however outrageous, that the Christian agriculturists can maintain their position. One unbearable custom, that of *kichlak*, has done more than anything else to contribute to their present paucity and decay. That custom, originating some years ago in the weakness of the government and growing power of the Koords, enabled the latter to exercise the extraordinary right of quartering themselves and flocks during winter in and about the Christian villages, entailing upon the inhabitants large expenses, not only for fodder for their animals, but also food and fuel for themselves during at least four months.

In consequence of this intolerable custom seven hundred and fifty families had emigrated during the last six years to Russia (here is an example of Russian in-

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

trigue), and in the same district the few remaining Christian families have abandoned all culture but that of wheat, as other produce is easier eaten up by Koordish stock. But the consul adds that the slightest complaint to government on the part of the Christians is followed by night attacks or open assaults in the day upon them. During the year preceding this report no less than ten had been killed and forty wounded, in consequence of a complaint to the authorities. In addition to the lawless mob of Koords there exists in these regions a society of holy men, called sheiks, living in the Boolanik district of Moosh. They incessantly preach war against infidels, representing any outrage as lawful or even meritorious. Last autumn (1868) they stormed and plundered

the venerable church and convent, dating from the time of the Illuminator, of Surb Ohann, not ten miles from Moosh itself. In the *mêlée* two of the higher ecclesiastics were severely wounded, all the church plate, ornaments, and embroidered robes carried off; but [hear it, ye antiquarians] the most irreparable loss consisted in the complete destruction of the valuable MS. library by these miscreants. For these and other cases alluded to no redress has been given, no punishment awarded.

The consul adds that "great crimes always unpunished, grievous oppressions unredressed, are perpetrated and merge into what the Koords and Sheiks consider, as warranted by custom, permissible." He tells us, too, that the tithes being sold to the highest bidder, and no one being allowed to cut or gather his crops until assessed, sometimes it is midwinter before they can be gathered. This miserable history is not unrelieved by an occasional grim pleasantry; thus we are informed that a common mode of extorting money is as follows. A Koord extracts one of his own teeth, and then engages purposely in a quarrel with a Christian, during which blows are exchanged. The Koord then complains to his chief, who in every case, unless he is bribed by the Christian, inflicts a fine in money, which varies according to the reputed wealth of the Christian. The *pièce de conviction*, the old tooth, is never impounded, and serves for several other charges, and is sometimes lent to a friend for a similar purpose. The custom is so common as to have originated a proverb: "A Koord carries his teeth in his pocket." In this district the consul informs us that the principal sufferers, "although sedentary agricultural Turks must be included in the category, are the Nestorians, Armenians, and Jews." Within the last two years several have been murdered, others plundered of their property, forced to become Moslems, or emigrate for safety to Persia; while during the same period seven Christian churches have been destroyed, more than thirty human beings killed, virgins and married women abducted, whole villages devastated and plundered, without (in spite of repeated orders from Constantinople) the slightest notice on the part of the vali and subordinate authorities.

The consul describes the present condition of Achlat, a city I once visited many years ago, a city of miserable hovels built upon the splendid ruins of the formerly magnificent Armenian city of Klat. On the occasion of my visit it was but a ruined heap of mounds and hovels, and it has not since improved. Mr. Taylor points out the advantages it presents for commanding the whole district and keeping the Koords in subjection. Of the present state of this once flourishing city the consul says: —

Deserted villages, ruined churches, crumbling mosques, abandoned fields, meet the eye everywhere. The ruthless conduct of these ruffians (Koords), rendered bolder by the feebleness of the executive, has rendered what ought to be a paradise a desert. People who formerly possessed thirty to forty buffaloes, besides sheep and cows, at the same time working ten ploughs, are now begging their bread, and within the last two years the Christian villages, Medzk, Kosthyan, Tapa Vank, Jizroke, Khulleek, Jogkey, and Sivratore, have been utterly abandoned by the Armenians, owing to the depredations of the people mentioned above.

Meantime these Koords pay scarcely anything to government, but receive hard coin for their cattle and sheep from dealers coming to purchase from Egypt and Damascus. Thus they have become extortionate usurers, obtaining three and four per cent. a month, with the additional obligation imposed on the creditor of keeping a cow for the lender during the winter months for every one thousand piastres so lent, or paying one hundred piastres. The consul during his trip arrives at Piran, which, when I visited it in 1849, was comparatively a flourishing community. He had much difficulty in obtaining milk for his tea. The very evening before his visit seven Koords had visited the village, broken into the house of the village priest, beaten him and his son nearly to death,

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

and carried off the young bride of the latter. She was recovered ten days after, but in a most pitiable state. None of the villagers durst go to the rescue of this poor woman, although her cries resounded through the village. To such a state of abject submission have these people been reduced. For generations past every being amongst them with the slightest courage, self-respect, or nobility of mind has been murdered. Naturally the race has deteriorated, being bred from the most abject of them; and this mean submissiveness has been a reproach against them from many English travellers, and from it the strange argument is deduced that they are best kept under Turkish government.

A large proportion of these Koords are Russian subjects living on the other side of the Russian frontier; and there seems to be no doubt that they fear the Russian government far more than the Turkish, yet on the whole prefer the Christian government, and "are influenced by its intrigues."

The Armenians are everywhere described as industrious and useful citizens. Mr. Taylor, speaking as an official of the Foreign Office, says: —

Everywhere throughout these districts I found the Armenians bitter in their complaints against the Turkish government, at the same time that they were unreserved in their praises of Russia, openly avowing their determination to emigrate. This bias is owing, as already stated, to the constant hostile teaching of their clergy; at the same time ample cause for discontent is afforded by the really wretched system of Turkish provincial administration, the unequal imposition of taxes, scandalous method of levying them and the tithes, persistent denial or miscarriage of justice.

The Christians are betrayed rather than protected by the Christian members of the Mijlis; but as we have been told by other consuls that these are brow-beaten, and obliged to place their signatures to any document that their Moslem masters offer, we can hardly blame them — though it is undeniable that the Turkish system breeds as corrupt a class of Christians as any tyrants could desire for their purposes. Under all these circumstances, it is somewhat amusing to hear the intrigues of Russia and the exhortations of priests spoken of as the cause of the disaffection of the Christians; to use a homely expression, surely this is putting the cart before the horse. The words "loyal" and "dis loyal," too, as applied to these people, are surely as absurd as can be imagined, "because," to quote the words of the consul, a witness of the daily life of these people, "the Christians, in addition to deprivation of property, daily jeopardize their lives, and what is more terrible, the honor of their females, in daily struggle for existence — trials from which the Moslems are exempt." The consul bears witness to Turkish morals in the following words, while speaking of decrease of population: —

Other reasons also, apart from those stated and the detestable vice common to Eastern countries tending to demoralize a people and curtail increase, or rather in favor of decrease, are to be found in the facts that previously no private soldier was allowed to marry, and that in every town and village morals are so depraved that forced abortion and infanticide are daily crimes.

In a further report on the condition of his consulate Mr. Taylor, in a despatch dated July 4, 1871, speaks of a certain holy man of Kurdistan, by name Sheikh Obeyd Ullah, whom the consul irreverently terms "a notorious criminal." He had murdered and plundered amongst the Christian villages in all directions.

Notwithstanding repeated orders of the Porte for this man's trial and punishment, consequent upon the repeated complaints of the Nestorians, the fanatical feelings of the vali prevailing over his sense of justice and true policy induced him to give this criminal, who ought long ago to have been consigned to the bagnio for life, a public entry into the town, escorted by public troops and high functionaries. During his stay here the fanatical party, headed by the vali, treated him more like an inspired being, a man sent from God, than anything else, and on his departure furnished him with such recommendations as induced Aali Pasha, *in the face of his previous orders for Obeyd Ullah's arrest and trial*, to declare his innocence of all the atrocious crimes he or his people, through his instigation and preaching, most undoubtedly committed.

Erzeroom is, as we all know, the capital city of Armenia, and the residence of a British consul. The most industrious and largest portion of the inhabitants are Armenians, who, treated like dogs by their Moslem fellow-citizens, are often accused of being "disloyal." Mr. Consul Taylor gives an example of Moslem fanaticism which is instructive.

A certain Khachatoor Effendi was a

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

wealthy Christian of Erzeroom of great public spirit. He purchased a part of the city that was covered with mean buildings, which he pulled down, and erected in their place two really magnificent spacious khans, rows of elegant shops, and a sumptuous bath. He also entirely repaired and restored a ruined mosque, to the horror of both Christians and Moslems. He also purchased the right to a spring of water; but before the completion of the purchase he was engaged in a lawsuit with the mufti and certain fanatics of Erzeroom, who tried to prevent the purchase on the plea of its being *wugguf*, or mosque property. The wealthy Christian won his cause, as wealthy men invariably do in Turkey. On the very first night of the day on which the water circulated in the new bath the new buildings were discovered to be on fire, and the whole were consumed. This was evidently the work of an incendiary; and the buildings had cost 20,000*l*. During the conflagration not a finger was stirred in any endeavor to extinguish the flames, but several of the Moslems plundered.

Khachatoor Effendi, who was a man of very determined character, sadly but resolutely commenced the work of rebuilding the quarter; and while he was seated in a *café* a Moslem rode up and shot him dead, and not a finger was raised against the assassin. The consul adds: —

All parties seem to agree that the chief promoter of this despicable gang, without whom, indeed, the members would soon be exposed to the punishment they merit, is, unfortunately for the administration of impartial justice in this vilayet, the chief justice or *mufetish-ool-ihkam*, originally a miserable Greek Christian from the islands. This silly renegade openly declares the assassin to have been a Moslem phantom saint in disguise, Khizr Elias, in revenge for the sacrilege done to a mosque by a Christian repairing it, and in like manner, to please the ready dupes around him, he affects incredulity of a witness unless he has certain marks on the palms of his hands, which he regards for that purpose before taking their evidence.

The consul proceeds to say that his influence on the bench or in council is always directed to destroy a Christian's case, however just, if against a Moslem; and in criminal cases against the latter the guilty usually escape. His avarice, however, exceeds even his fanatical partiality, so that a rich Christian has a good chance, when brought before him, of gaining his cause by means of a judicious present.

It would be easy to prove, did space permit, that the European provinces of Turkey are in no better plight than that of Armenia. We have heard much of late, and from none more persistently than from Mr. Consul (now Sir William) Holmes, of Russian and Slav intrigues being the chief cause of trouble in European Turkey. But this apology for Turkish misrule admits of ample refutation out of Consul Holmes's own despatches. In a despatch dated July 3, 1873, he characterizes all the subordinate agents of the government in Bosnia as "venal, ignorant, fanatical, and untruthful."

The same consul, writing to Lord Granville on the 24th of February, 1871, complains that a Greek archimandrite of Mostar, who had been arrested in the previous year, was still in prison, and no decision had been come to concerning him. He adds that after all there is nothing unusual in the case; and the consul, who certainly during the late troubles has shown himself very favorable to the Turks, and has been officially thanked by them in consequence, thus concludes his despatch: —

The unnecessary delay and neglect, to the prejudice often of innocent persons, the open bribery and corruption, the invariable and unjust favor shown to Mussulmans in all cases between Turks and Christians, which distinguish the Turkish administration of what is called "justice" throughout the empire, cannot fail to suggest the question — what would be the lot of foreigners in Turkey were the European powers to give up the Capitulations? I am convinced that their position, in the provinces at all events, would be intolerable, and that they would quit the country to a man, while the outcry and feeling in Europe against Turkey would ultimately cause her ruin. The universal ignorance, corruption, and fanaticism of all classes preclude all hope of an efficient administration of justice for at least another generation.

It certainly does seem strange that a gentleman who could thus describe the administration of a government, of which he is one of the most vehement supporters, should have thought it necessary to seek in the machinations of foreign intrigue the cause of the chronic disaffection which prevails throughout the Christian provinces of the Ottoman Porte. Mr. Consul Holmes does not state the ground of his faintly hinted hope that "at least a generation" would make the slightest change in the state of things which he has painted in such sombre colors. Turkish rule is not a political experiment of so

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

novel a character that reasoning minds are justified, in the absence of all evidence, in building hopes on its possible amelioration. Turkish rule has a history embracing many ages and countries, and that history tells one invariable uniform tale. The state of things described by Consul Zohrab and others in Armenia, and by Consul Holmes and a legion of unimpeachable witnesses in the European provinces of Turkey, has ever prevailed in every country in which a Mussulman government has wielded independent sway. The student of history, therefore, must reject as idle dreams all hopes and theories which start from the hypothesis that the Turkish government can ever reform itself. The iniquities of its administration are organic. They belong to the essence of Turkish rule, and can only be abolished by the abolition of that rule. For Armenia, for Bulgaria and Bosnia, and the other Christian provinces of Turkey, the only hope is in their emancipation from the foul and cruel yoke of the Turk, for that yoke can never be other than foul and cruel. I have seen its working in times of war and in times of peace. My knowledge of Bulgaria, as of other provinces of Turkey, does not date from yesterday. I have travelled in Bulgaria when Turkey was in the enjoyment of profound peace, and there was no pretension of Russian intrigues, and I know that Consul Holmes's description of Turkish rule in Bosnia would do very well, *mutatis mutandis*, for a description of Turkish rule in Bulgaria. Why should it be thought that Midhat's Constitution gives better hope than the solemn pledge offered to Europe in the more august hatti-houmayoun of the treaty of Paris? Mr. Consul Stuart states that the promises made in that famous international engagement on the part of the Porte "are as dead a letter as if they had never been penned." And he gives forcibly the Moslem argument: —

> God, who gave us these countries, can, if he pleases, enable us to hold them. If we are to lose them, his will be done. But, happen what will, we must follow the commandments of the Prophet. At the same time we must try, as long as we can, to keep up appearances with the Ghiaours, promise anything, and boldly affirm the execution of the promises. Deception is lawful with the Ghiaours.

Mr. Wood, our consul-general at Tunis, puts in a clear form the simple principles of Mohammedan government. He says: —

> It must always be borne in mind that the Koran is at the same time a religious and a political code. All Mussulmans admit it to be so, and it cannot be expected, therefore, that, since their religion is intimately connected with their national policy, they will not make use of the former to carry out the latter. Their policy may be briefly defined, namely, the maintenance of their faith in its purity by exclusiveness and isolation; the emancipation of the countries which have fallen under Christian rule; and the extermination of the infidel nations and races who, by refusing to pay tribute for the redemption of their blood, are pronounced by the Prophet to be in a state of open rebellion against the law, and consequently deserving of death. Enlightened and tolerant Mohammedans will endeavor to palliate these precepts by quotations from the Koran and Hadis; but they are not the less the cherished creed, the conscious belief of upwards of two hundred million Mohammedans.

This is a warning to all Europe. The countries which have fallen under Christian rule, but which were once Moslem, comprise an enormous territory in Asia, the best part of which is now British territory, and flourishing European states, such as Hungary. Supposing for a moment that the dearest wish of the philo-Turks was gratified, that the Ottoman arms were victorious in this war, and that the Russians were driven out of Turkish territory. They flatter themselves doubtless that things would go on precisely as before, *minus* the "intrigues" of Russia. Turkey, the firm ally of England, would preserve the road to India clear by keeping herself weak, anarchical, and ready to be dictated to and to yield to pressure. On the contrary, feeling she had defeated a country which has always seemed to her eyes the most powerful in Europe, Turkey might be pardoned some elation. Would she then continue to submit to the Capitulations, to that international agreement which recognizes the impossibility of Christians being treated with any degree of fairness before the law? In all European countries it is a matter of course that aliens must submit themselves to the laws of the country, so that even an Englishman accused of murder in France would, after due inquiry before a magistrate, be given up to the French authorities, supposing he had crossed the Channel. But in Turkey the subject of any Christian State accused of any offence, even the murder of a Moslem, would at once be delivered up to his own authorities to be dealt with. And why? Because the judges of Turkey from time immemorial have always been recognized as corrupt and fanatical. According to a large party of Englishmen, these

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

judges are good enough for native Christians, but it would be rank cruelty to allow them to judge even the criminal classes of Europe. Under the changed circumstances produced by Turkish victories, the Turks would not for a moment submit to the humiliation of the Capitulations. And what then? Mr. Consul Holmes says that the position of Europeans, a very numerous population, would become intolerable, and that they would quit the country to a man. He is right. There would be an outcry all over Europe; we should as likely as not hear of an English consul being impaled; certainly Englishmen would be rotting in horrible Turkish dungeons all over the country. Would Turkey submit to our holding Aden, a piece of genuine Moslem territory? If she found that fortress too hard a nut to crack, she certainly would no longer allow the Arabs to furnish the garrison with victuals. They have but a few years ago tried to cut off the supplies. Would the Turks patiently allow the Suez Canal to continue to be a high road for infidels through their dominions? If they durst not openly lay hands on it, we may be sure they would block it up *accidentally*, for nothing would be easier.

Our philo-Turks, most of whom are grossly ignorant of the country, seem not to be aware that Turkey is endurable to Europeans only as long as she can be bullied. The ambassadors of the powers are incessantly bringing pressure to bear on the government, which yields only to menaces. This was the secret of the enormous influence of the "great Elchie." He browbeat and bullied the pashas, and played on their fears; he would be about the last man in the world to treat a Turkish minister as a civilized being. All this would be over if Turkey should come out of the war triumphant. Englishmen would find that they had been favored merely because they were supposed to be the enemies of Russia; but after that country had been disposed of Englishmen would be classed with other Ghiaours, but worse, inasmuch as they hold in bondage some millions of true believers. The elation of the Turks would not be the only evil; there would be a general Moslem war-cry all over the world. In the Crimean days we flattered ourselves that we were propitiating our Moslem subjects by fighting for the kaliph. A few months after the termination of the war Moslems were cutting the throats of English women and children. Russia is incessantly accused of "intriguing" in the Christian provinces of Turkey; the charge now would be that Turkey was intriguing amongst the Moslems of India. These would be incessantly reminded that they were under the yoke of the Ghiaour, and they would naturally look to Turkey as their champion. How long under such circumstances could we keep the peace with this Asiatic people, which has been for hundreds of years the unmitigated curse of eastern Europe and western Asia, and has cost us so much blood and treasure?

The tragedy now being acted in European Turkey is such as the world has not witnessed for ages. The Turks have swarmed over the country, ravaging their own territories, and indulging in hideous orgies that none but central Asiatics are capable of. The Bulgarians, when armed by the invaders, have here and there brutally revenged themselves, as might have been expected; but the worst symptom to ourselves is that there exists amongst us a large body of decent Christians who, faintly deploring these deeds as far as they choose to believe them, nevertheless join in the Turkish war-cry and profess to believe Turkish lies, despite the contradictions of our officials on the spot.

Happily, there is now little fear that the arms of Turkey will triumph in the present struggle. Nor is there much doubt that Bulgaria, Bosnia, and Herzegovina, at least, will be delivered from the bondage of Turkish administration. It is in Armenia chiefly that the English admirers of the Turk and his ways will strain every nerve to impose again on the neck of a long-suffering population the galling yoke which the sword of Russia has broken. The writer, however, can hardly persuade himself that the most fanatical among the advocates of Ottoman rule would deliberately commit so great a crime if they knew what they were doing. They really do not know what Turkish rule means for the helpless populations who are subject to its tender mercies. The evidence recorded in the preceding pages — evidence which can hardly be gainsaid — may peradventure open the eyes of those who would commit their country to the hazard of one of the most calamitous and flagitious wars in history.

From The Examiner.

LAY-FIGURES.

THIS is not about the wooden dolls who wear clothes to oblige the artists, and who

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

accept any sort of attitudes, heroic or vile, pathetic or frivolous, convenient to their delineators, without suffering inconvenience. Those dolls exist for their destiny, and their destiny is their salvation from a worse. But for it they might be fire-wood or kitchen dressers; instead of sitting sacredly on chairs which must not be moved lest they should be ever so little disturbed, they might be chairs themselves, sat upon and knocked over by any mere stout gentleman; they might bear the burden of draperies as towel-horses or clothes-pegs; they might be chipped into matches; they might be trodden on as floors. But, rescued from degradation, rescued from annihilation, they have their calm and honored place; they fulfil their vocation avowedly and without sense of wrong; they are lay-figures and they know it.

The lay-figures who do not know it are the persons in question — the live lay-figures who, not dreaming what is happening to them, sit for their characters to novelists and social caricaturists. They have been seized on in the bosom of their families, in the shelter of their friends' houses, at their clubs, at church, and put to use. Some of them have posed for personages of strange histories, personages fearful and wonderful to them when they come to read of them, never dreaming who has sat for them; some as their mere uneventful selves with just an altered name; some of them for specimens of the latest faults and follies of the age to do duty under a class-labelling in the objurgations of Juvenals by the week.

It is evident that if these live lay-figures never come to know the purposes they have served, and if other people do not come to know it either, if the secret of who was the model remains a fathomless mystery in the artist's breast, they are not the worse for his work upon them. Nobody will feel any uneasiness but the artist, whose conscience, one would think, may get a little pricked if he chance to receive some proof of confidence from the man whose fireside foibles he has copied for his latest villain, or some neighborly charity from the good lady he has, to his thinking, drawn to the life as the vulgar mother. And as, because of the different lights in which other people's characters present themselves to us according to our own position towards them and according to the actual position as regards themselves, and still more because of the difference of perceptions and sympathies which make each man's mental vision in some way differently tinged from every other man's, no two human beings form exactly the same conception of any third human being, it can never be an easy task to produce a likeness of an individual character which shall make itself recognized by everybody without any help from external accessories, and it need never be a difficult task to disguise its identity by such accessories. Some of us could not be easy under any sense whatever of using the intimacies, or even the mere social contacts of life, towards individual portraiture, however disguised; yet this is rather a personal idiosyncracy than the conviction of a carefully reasoning conscience, and there can be no doubt that a skilful employment of one's neighbors as lay-figures is consonant with the strictest honor in every relation of life. In this matter the one certain law of duty, but that law an immutable one, is in plain fact the popular eleventh commandment, *Thou shalt not be found out.* To admit so much is not by one jot or one tittle to palliate the abominable baseness of creeping into confidences for artistic purposes. Still less can it be held to allow the cowardly and easy cleverness of concocting an unmistakable effigy and exhibiting it in a literary pillory against which no protest can be made by or for the original, for to protest is to admit the likeness. Such crimes are heard of and no doubt do happen, though they probably are heard of far oftener than they happen; the common fallacy of the non-writing public that in literature a portrait must necessarily have an original cannot but cause a good many Procrustean fittings of originals to portraits, and the luckless artist who thought he had created may live to learn that he has only caricatured. But however that may be there ought to be, among honest people, no room for discussion whether such crimes, when they do happen, are crimes; nor are they the less so because their results may be amusing, or even edifying, to us as readers, any more than the fraudulent obtaining of a bill of exchange would be less an offence against the law because we ourselves, coming into possession of it as innocent holders, have received good money for it.

The question that does present itself for discussion is whether the conscious use of a lay-figure for a literary portrait is artistically desirable. Should the novelist who wishes to depict some phase of embodied character to the life select a given man of the required character and depict *him* to the life? Or should he, as a means of

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

giving verisimilitude to a more or less invented personage, elaborate the details from some one in actual existence, describing real peculiarities, and perhaps real incidents? The methods, usual enough, sound good on first statement; and they would be good if they were not misleading. The writer believes that, because he has the evidence of actual occurrence in his world of facts for what he has set down as occurring in his world of fiction, he has been true to nature; the reader is conscious, more or less clearly, of the interpolation of one sort of truth to nature into another sort of truth to nature, to the disturbance of both. It is like the crown one sees affixed on the canvas to the painted heads of Madonnas and saints: the beaten gold is real, and the gems are real; without them the face would have been real, and with a higher reality than theirs. The whole picture becomes false by the introduction of the extraneous bit of veritable material. Nor, even, is the actual personage, or the actual saying or doing, interpolated by the writer into his imaginary sequence of causes and effects, however carefully copied, absolutely true in itself apart from its relative truth as a portion in the whole; for these are not themselves except *as* themselves, they need the rest of their facts. Without them they are incomplete; you get a certain full-faced view of them, but the rest of them is not there, and you feel it; just as you miss the rounding sides and back of the crown on the pictures, although perspective would not have allowed of your seeing all round the crown at once if it had been complete.

The fact is, you can learn from each human being a great deal more about human nature than you can learn of his individual nature. Everybody does things which, as coming from him, are quite unaccountable to his most intimate friends — more unaccountable to them the more intimate they are. "I have known So-and-So intimately for years, and he is the very last person I should have expected to do that," — what a familiar phrase it is! The action spoken of may be quite comprehensible, given a certain character and certain circumstance; it may even, if of a meritorious or lofty-souled nature, be what we conceive that we ourselves should do in such a case, but as So-and So's action it is incomprehensible to us. That simply means that, because we are not So-and-So and look on him from the outside, we do not really know his character; he has an identity which we cannot master. Superiority on one side cannot enable us to read him through and through, still less of course can inferiority, and even sympathy will not overcome that inevitable separation of self from self which makes the most closely-knit minds still in so many workings a secret to each other. We may, from what our lives have taught us of many John Smiths, create a John Smith of a probable or at the least possible character, on whom we look from the inside, and make him do according to his character within the facts we assign him in his three-volume career; but we cannot say with certainty of any individual John Smith of our flesh and blood acquaintance what he would be and do in imaginary circumstances. Do what we will the individual John Smith will be incongruous to our theory of him, and when we have got him well copied into our book he will show there as the lay-figure he is.

Supposing that a novelist wants to represent a first-class heroine rejecting a first-class hero for a second-class hero, without any such appearance of idiocy on her part as shall alienate the admiration of the reader. What would be the use of his trying to give her vitality by making her a close study of the real young lady who committed a like error of judgment and refused his real self in favor of his real, and, to his mind, manifestly ineligible rival? He never was able, he never will be able, to comprehend how she arrived at her selection. Consequently if he be never so successful in describing her as he knows her, in transcribing her amiabilities, her caprices, the little traits that reveal disposition, the little special mannerisms that give originality, she will remain incomprehensible to the readers. And in literature the incomprehensible is the unnatural; the personages are allowed no lasting secrets from the reader, their very hearts are laid bare, and what they are must be reason for what they do. If the novelist from what intuition, sympathy, observation, reflection, have taught him of human hearts, generally, and what he has known or has guessed of the feelings and ways, generally, of women of the sort of the heroine he has in view, creates his creature, he will know her too thoroughly to make mistakes about what she would be likely to do in any of her predicaments, and she will even, as he goes on, teach him things he never dreamed of in his first conception of such a nature, and of which all readers will feel, "How true!" and some will say, "What a careful study from the life — evidently a portrait."

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

There is of course a kind of delineation for which the use of the lay-figure is, artistically speaking, not only unobjectionable but distinctly useful; and that is when the effect aimed at is that of caricature. And by caricature is here meant not merely humoristic exaggeration, but that kind of description which, whether for mirth or for pathos, for blackening or for beautifying, aims at giving vividness by rendering salient points of character, and still more of manner, strongly and persistently conspicuous without much, if any, attempt at general truth to nature. In this sort of work a lay-figure with a peculiarity may be an invaluable model. But it is not a kind of work of which very much is desirable. To do it badly, perhaps even to do it moderately well, is too easy; to do it well is too difficult. Caricature is not, as rash folk suppose, merely a convenient simplifying of art for those who cannot succeed in reproducing the true proportions, but a special sort of art requiring a special gift. It is true, unhappily, that to copy a caricature is immeasurably easier than to copy, let alone to create, an ordinary portrait; and so far the second-hand of caricature is of better result than other imitation: but so far only. For those who have only to read the books, not to write them, the ease with which a vigorous or a deftly touched-in caricature can be imitated into a tedious monstrosity is something other than a gain. However, granted the style, it must be granted that in it the human lay-figure has his use. Must it not, however, also be said that it is just in this manner that he should not be used? To use him you cannot disguise him; on the contrary you must make his peculiarities more evident, you must keep them strong, unmistakable, and you must ignore those large intervals in the lives of the most peculiar of us in which we are not being peculiar. You must, in fact, catch your lay-figure in striking moments so that the likeness shall be unhesitating, and you must not, on pain of losing your points, alter away those features by which recognition of the original is possible. Your fellow-creature's right not to be made a lay-figure under such circumstances is surely as inalienable as his right not to be hanged without trial by judge and jury.

From The Spectator.

THE MOBILITY OF ASIATICS.

THE papers are full of accounts of two great movements among the Mahommedans of eastern Europe,—a flight among those of Roumelia and Bulgaria towards the capital, and an exodus of all classes belonging to all the coast provinces into Asia. The first movement is a most distressing one, — a panic flight of peaceable households, driven from their homes by unreal fears of the Russians, whose interest as well as policy is conciliation, and by real fears of their outraged neighbors, the Bulgarians, of the Turkish irregulars, and of the Circassians, whose criminal violence daunts and exasperates the Turks themselves,—a flight attended by all the horrors which accompany such catastrophes in Asia, but exaggerated by accidental contact with European methods of locomotion. In a normal state of affairs, the terror-stricken crowds would fly slowly, in carts, along many roads, or across the open country, and would of necessity be dispersed, and therefore suffer little from hunger or from overcrowding; but Roumelia has one railway, and as a train moves quicker than a cart, the multitudes precipitate themselves on the stations, throw themselves before the engines till the drivers dare not move, swarm into the carriages till children perish of suffocation, and even sling themselves in crates, like quails or wild ducks, beneath the wheels, without food, or means of momentary escape from imprisonment. The result is as if a herd of buffaloes were stampeding down the Strand, an uncivilized rush being, as it were, compressed, yet not stopped, by contact with a civilized locality, till all circumstances of suffering and horror and violence are concentrated in one spot, to their great increase in reality and their multiplication tenfold in appearance. This flight, of course, will be stopped by peace, or by the restoration of order which follows military occupation, or by a determined effort of the Porte to put the Circassians down; but the second movement, the exodus of Mahommedans out of Europe into Asia, may possibly not end at all, but continue for months or years, until the last Mussulman has shaken off the dust of Europe from his feet.

No idea has a more complete possession of the English mind and no idea has more need of rectification than that of the immobility of the ordinary Asiatic, whether Mussulman or Hindoo. It is supposed that if he is once settled on the land, he becomes so attached to it that nothing will move him from his village, that he will remain ploughing the same fields for age after age, and that nothing but force

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

will tempt him to quit the one spot that he knows. The immobility of an English villager is said to be activity when compared with the tenacious restfulness of an Asiatic, who remains under all circumstances rooted to the soil, more like a natural feature of it than a human being. This statement is true in the main, but it requires some exceptions which are very seldom made, and which in practice modify the general truth most materially. The Asiatic, west of China, no doubt is attached to his home, knows little if aught beyond it, and is so entirely free from annoyance at the daily monotony of a life confined to one place, that he looks upon such monotony as part of the divine order and as essential to the true enjoyment of existence. He likes to live in one place, to see always the same scenes, to meet always the same people, to perform for years the same daily tasks, to find everything, even moderately unpleasant things, always to-day what they were yesterday and will be to-morrow. He loves monotony — it may be, as many assert, from a peculiarity of the Asiatic temperament inherited through ages, though we find the same love among many of the European nations,— as, for example, the southern French and Bavarians,— and cannot forget that the Aryan came from Bactria, or it may be from the profound conviction which he entertains that the order of things when once settled being divine, the effort to alter is at once impious and futile. There are artisan families in India and, we are told, in Damascus who have worked at the same work day by day for a thousand years; peasant families who have not only tilled the same fields, but have gone into them and left them at the same hour, according to the season, from a period before the birth of Christ. They have no wish for change, no ambition to do better, no inclination to roam, no sense of failure because they are as their forefathers were, and as their sons will be. Such content, content which is consistent with permanent melancholy, and even in occasional instances with deep and persistent sadness, seems incomprehensible to the Englishman, who never witnesses it unless he has already uprooted himself from his own home, and he very readily exaggerates its limits. The Asiatic adheres to his home only when, as the result of his adherence, certain conditions are sure to be fulfilled. He requires a motive for movement other than that hope of enjoyment in change, or that desire of bettering himself, which is the impulse of the Western man, but once disturbed, once presented with a motive for going which is sufficient to his own mind, no man moves so easily. In India, in Persia, in Arabia, in Turkey, pilgrimage is a habit such as it never has been in any European land. The most customary accident — a death in the house, a sickness, a loss of money, an access of spiritual restlessness — is motive sufficient, and in a few days or hours the individual or the family is in motion towards some shrine or some sacred spot hundreds, it may be thousands, of miles away, on a journey which may take months or years, and through lands as unknown to the pilgrims as Egypt is to a Suffolk laborer or Thibet to an Esquimaux. The celebrated pilgrimage to Mecca is but one among hundreds of such pilgrimages, undertaken every day by thousands of Asiatics as readily and as cheerfully as an English migration is undertaken to the next village. Throughout the Asiatic world there are spots toward which, through all ages and from all countries a ceaseless stream of humanity is always slowly flowing, filled up by crowds whose objects and impulses are almost as obscure as their means of subsistence or their chances of a return. Religious anxiety has destroyed content, and the Asiatic moves as readily as the Yankee or the Missourian. Nor is religion the only motive. The Asiatic moves instantly if anything hateful and not visibly of God, like a flood or an earthquake, comes across him, moves out of the way of an army or of an oppressive governor, or of an epidemic, or of famine, or of taxation pressing unbearably, as he thinks, upon his land. All men who have set themselves to organize provinces filled with Asiatics know that there is a turn of the financial screw which will, even in Egypt, empty provinces, entire peoples taking flight to some more favored land. An Englishman, not a century ago, emptied Bundelcund in that way, and the province has never recovered; a stern Persian tax-gatherer often depopulates a district, and an oppressive governor in Turkey sometimes inflicts in one year a blow from which his pashalic does not recover for a century. The people do not perish,— they go away. The attraction to the soil once ended, the Asiatic moves even more easily than the European. He has no feeling about his "country" in the English sense; indeed, in many languages he cannot express the idea. He is not afraid to go far, if he has not to cross the sea, for once uprooted, distance makes

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

little difference to him. He has no furniture to carry, for, except a carpet and a few brass pans, he uses none. He has no trouble about meals, for he is content with parched grain, which his wife can cook anywhere, or dried dates, or dried flesh, or anything obtainable which will keep. He is, on a march, careless where he sleeps, provided his family are round him — in a stable, under a porch, or in the open air — he never changes his clothes at night, and he is profoundly indifferent to everything that the Western man understands by "comfort." If he has time, he takes his cattle with him, if not, he abandons them or sells them for any sum procurable, turns everything possible into money, and with all his possessions on his back or in a cart marches on, perfectly secure of the favor of God, to the destination which, sometimes from a tradition as old as his own family, he has fixed in his own mind, with a certain stoicism and even nobility of resignation which it is impossible not to admire. If the English had it progress would cease, but so also would discontent. Movements of this kind have repeatedly been reported within the past century in Turkey, in Persia, and even in India, where occasionally a huge wave of population breaks out of or into some misgoverned or well-governed native state. The losses in every such movement are frightful, but the Asiatic is careless of statistics, and thinks of the deaths only as calamitous incidents of the route, no more to be lamented than any others which it may please Providence to send. It is quite possible that an impulse of this kind may strike the European Mussulmans, who as an ascendant caste will sorely chafe under the victory of the Christians, and that within ten years they will all have silently glided away, as they have within the last quarter of a century out of Roumania and Servia. They will fret under the altered social system, they will recall undying traditions of pleasanter lands across the southern straits, where all things are still ordered according to Moslem use and wont, and where there is room for millions; and silently selling their property, they will, with their wives and children, depart for the south, and crossing the Bosphorus or the Dardanelles, settle, each group going deeper and deeper into the interior, in Asia Minor, the wonderfully fertile land, four times as large as England, which the rule of the pashas has emptied of its ancient population. They will not be prosperous there, for their *métier* in life is rule, and not the steady industry through which alone in our day prosperity is attained; but they will be content and tolerably peaceful until the intrusive, restless European, filling up European Turkey, shall decide that the southern Mediterranean also belongs to him, and that the stationary or decaying Moslem must depart thence also. The new settlers will take the unoccupied fields, construct light, unfurnished dwellings, plough, or compel Christians to plough enough acres to maintain them, and live on, unprogressing, sure that this is what God ordained from the beginning, utterly contemptuous of Western restlessness, and leaving the general results of their inaction to fate and the stars. Travellers who see their daily life will like them very much, and travellers who see their spasmodic life — their life when their calm monotony is threatened by men whom they can kill — will consider them brute beasts; and once again the controversy will rise and fall and be fought out, to end, as it always ends, in showing that that which moves will conquer the immobile, and that sand must fly before an advancing breeze. The Moslem, unless we mistake all signs, is uprooting himself, and his tradition as to his home being Asia, will no longer stay in what for him has become the most ungenial quarter of the world.

From Nature.

THE SALARIES OF THE OFFICERS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE inadequacy of the salaries of the officers of the British Museum has long been a standing grievance. It is manifestly impossible to give any valid reasons why the literary and scientific men of this great national establishment should not receive emoluments at least equal to those granted in the ordinary branches of the civil service. The obstinacy of the trustees in clinging to obsolete principles of priority, and in endeavoring to keep entirely in their own hands the right of nomination to all the more important posts, has, no doubt, been the main cause why the Treasury have until recently refused to do justice to a most meritorious and ill-treated branch of the public service. From the "Correspondence between the Trustees of the British Museum and the Treasury," which has lately been issued as a Parliamentary paper, we are glad to find that in this instance, as on former

Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586 Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

occasions, the present ministry has been induced to do justice where their predecessors in office have persistently ignored righteous claims. After a long correspondence, commenced in May, 1876, and extending over some fifteen months, it seems to have been finally settled that the salaries of the keepers of the various departments shall be raised to 750*l.* per annum after five years' service, instead of stopping at 600*l.*, the former limit, and that the salaries of the assistant keepers shall rise to 600*l.* after five years' service, instead of being restricted to 450*l.* as heretofore. The assistants in the various departments will, in future, be divided into two classes, the first, or upper class, with salaries commencing at 250*l.* per annum, and rising by annual increments of 15*l.* to 450*l.*; those of the second, or lower class, commencing at 120*l.*, and rising by increments of 10*l.* to 240*l.* This will create a considerable general improvement in the position of these subordinates, of whom the junior assistants, as they are called, have hitherto commenced at 90*l.*, and the senior assistants have never risen beyond 400*l.* But the trustees have agreed to regard the new second class for the future as an "educational class," from which those persons who show special aptitude for the work of the different departments may be promoted to the first class, whilst those who have no extraordinary abilities must remain content with the maximum salary of the lower class. Another concession that the trustees have been compelled to make in order to obtain the above-mentioned advantages is a reduction in the number of the assistants of the upper class. The Treasury justly point out to the trustees that the scheme of having a first class of assistants double the number of that of the second class, is "inconsistent with all ordinary classification," and that the comparative numbers of the two classes "ought to be exactly reversed." This the trustees have, as it appears, somewhat unwillingly undertaken to effect, by a gradual reduction of the number of first-class assistants as vacancies occur, and by making all future appointments into the second class, except when "an opportunity occurs of securing the services of a person possessing very special qualifications."

A third point which the trustees "are prepared to reconsider" is the number of keeperships, now amounting to thirteen; and in order that the Treasury may have greater control in this matter, they have undertaken not to fill up any keepership which may hereafter become vacant, "without the previous concurrence of the Treasury." A still more important proposal made by the Treasury and "conceded by the trustees," is that the position of keeper should be considered as a "staff appointment, to which no officer within the museum should have any right of succession by seniority." This "concession" will, we trust, do away with the practice of putting round men into square holes, in order to obtain for them an additional salary, which in former years has, we fear, been followed in some instances at the British Museum.

One remaining point, which has much exercised the well-known economy of the secretary of the treasury, we are pleased to see he has been obliged to give up. It was proposed that the keepers who occupy the residences attached to the British Museum ought to give up a certain portion of their salaries in lieu of rent. In reply to this ingenious suggestion, the trustees very justly urge that those keepers who reside on the premises have important duties to perform, in having to take in turn the general charge of the whole museum under the principal librarian, for which the accommodation of a residence is no more than a fair equivalent. This contention was ultimately allowed to prevail; and on the whole, we think, there is every reason to be grateful to the government for the improvements effected by the new scheme in the position of the *employés* at the British Museum. Even in these hard times it cannot be said that a place of 750*l.* per annum with a good residence attached and a pension in future when work is no longer possible, is not such a prospect as may well attract some of the cleverest youths of the period who have a leaning towards literature or science to seek the place of "junior assistant" in the British Museum.

SINCE the article on "Miramar and Maximilian" was in press we are informed that a few weeks since a letter from Madame Bazaine was received by the editor of a French paper, speaking of the article in question as one likely to be widely read by the public, and requesting him to correct the statement that she was in any way related to or connected with General Lopez the betrayer.

[ED.

Generated on 2020-05-04 08:49 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079893586
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd
Digitized by CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY