

The Living age ...

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

<https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079579318>

HathiTrust



www.hathitrust.org

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.

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.

CM

AP
2
L79+

024853

Cornell University Library

BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME
FROM THE
SAGE ENDOWMENT FUND
THE GIFT OF
Henry W. Sage
1891

7.23.86.91..... 4/11/09

6896-1

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 XXV.

FROM THE BEGINNING, VOL. CXL.

JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH,

1879.

BOSTON:
LITTELL AND GAY.

AP
2
L79+

A.238691

TABLE OF THE PRINCIPAL CONTENTS
OF
THE LIVING AGE, VOLUME CXL.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH QUARTERLY VOLUME OF THE FIFTH SERIES.

JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH, 1879.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.	
The Jesuit Martyrs: Campion and Walpole,	67
Mental Physiology,	579
BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.	
Daniel Manin,	515
CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.	
The Greatness of England,	131
The Phœnicians in Greece,	175
A Farmhouse Dirge,	381
Atheism and the Church,	415
Ancient Egypt,	470
On the Migration of Birds,	673
New Guinea and its Inhabitants,	771
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.	
Prince Bismarck,	195
George Henry Lewes,	307
The Migration of Centres of Industrial Energy,	323
The Scientific Frontier,	435
Virgil,	643
NINETEENTH CENTURY.	
The Religion of the Ancient Egyptians,	33
Dogma, Reason, and Morality,	100
The Logic of Toleration,	281
Insectivorous Plants,	313
Novel-Reading,	349
Félix Antoine Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans,	707
BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.	
French Home Life. In the Country,	46
Contemporary Literature. Journalists,	222
Heather,	317
Journalists and Magazine-Writers,	387
Magazine-Writers,	739, 797
A Medium of Last Century,	806
FRASER'S MAGAZINE.	
Holidays in Eastern France,	150
Among the Burmese,	375
Negro Slavery under English Rule,	451

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.	
The Vicissitudes of Titles,	249
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.	
Landor's "Imaginary Conversations,"	3
About Lotteries,	561
The Polish Alps,	602
MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.	
Trafalgar,	383
America Rediviva,	546
An Old Friend with a New Face,	763
TEMPLE BAR.	
Count Fersen,	367
Grimaldi,	497
William Etty,	757
SPECTATOR.	
Will "Progress" Diminish Joy?	57
The Education of the Deaf,	125
A Worldlet within the World,	185
The Death of the Princess Alice,	190
Statesmen in Caricature,	443
Sceptical Patronage of the Pope,	446
Etna,	701
The Ideal Memory,	823
ECONOMIST.	
The Projected Lotteries,	572
SATURDAY REVIEW.	
Poor Creatures,	188
Character-Drawing,	253
Dreams,	314
Didactic Flirts,	574
Ebb and Flow,	638
A Quiet Day at Home,	820
PALL MALL GAZETTE.	
The French Expedition in Equatorial Africa,	767
ATHENÆUM.	
Gaur,	505
A Diary of Milton's Age,	704
CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.	
Robert Dick, the Thurso Baker,	630

IV

CONTENTS.

NATURE.				ACADEMY.	
Gall-Making Insects, 448	The Archimandrite Palladius,	. . .	768	
American Surveys and Explorations,	. 510	TOUCHSTONE.			
Music and Science, 635	The Country Lady in Town,	63	

INDEX TO VOLUME CXL.

<p>ALICE, Princess, The Death of . . . 190</p> <p>Atheism and the Church, . . . 415</p> <p>Afghanistan. The Scientific Frontier, . . . 435</p> <p>American Surveys and Explorations, . . . 510</p> <p>America Rediviva, . . . 546</p> <p>Alps, The Polish . . . 602</p> <p>Africa, Equatorial, French Expedition in . . . 767</p> <p>BRIDE'S Pass, The 42, 114, 142, 361, 424, 747, 783</p> <p>Bismarck, . . . 195</p> <p>Burmese, Among the . . . 375</p> <p>Birds, On the Migration of . . . 673</p> <p>COUNTRY Lady, The, in Town, . . . 63</p> <p>Campion and Walpole, The Jesuit Martyrs, . . . 67</p> <p>Character-Drawing, . . . 253</p> <p>Caricature of Statesmen, . . . 443</p> <p>DOGMA, Reason, and Morality, . . . 100</p> <p>Deaf, The Education of the . . . 125</p> <p>Doubting Heart, A . . . 208, 295, 663</p> <p>Dreams, . . . 314</p> <p>Dick, Robert, the Thurso Baker, . . . 630</p> <p>Dupanloup, Félix Antoine, Bishop of Orleans, . . . 707</p> <p>EGYPTIANS, Ancient, The Religion of the . . . 33</p> <p>England, The Greatness of . . . 131</p> <p>Egypt, Ancient . . . 470</p> <p>Ebb and Flow, . . . 638</p> <p>Etna, . . . 701</p> <p>Etty, William . . . 757</p> <p>FRENCH Home Life. In the Country, . . . 46</p> <p>France, Eastern, Holidays in . . . 150</p> <p>Fersen, Count . . . 367</p> <p>Farmhouse Dirge, A . . . 381</p> <p>Flirts, Didactic . . . 574</p> <p>French Expedition in Equatorial Africa, . . . 767</p> <p>GALL-MAKING Insects . . . 448</p> <p>Grimaldi . . . 497</p> <p>Gaur . . . 505</p> <p>HEATHER, . . . 317</p> <p>INSECTIVOROUS Plants, . . . 313</p>	<p>JESUIT Martyrs, The: Campion and Walpole, . . . 67</p> <p>Journalists, . . . 222</p> <p>Journalists and Magazine-Writers . . . 387</p> <p>LANDOR'S "Imaginary Conversations," . . . 3</p> <p>Lewes, George Henry . . . 307</p> <p>Lotteries, About . . . 561</p> <p>Lotteries, The Projected . . . 572</p> <p>MORALITY, Dogma, and Reason, . . . 100</p> <p>Migration of Centres of Industrial Energy, . . . 323</p> <p>Magazine-Writers and Journalists, . . . 387</p> <p>Magazine-Writers, . . . 739, 797</p> <p>Manin, Daniel . . . 515</p> <p>Mental Physiology, . . . 579</p> <p>Music and Science, . . . 635</p> <p>Migration of Birds, On the . . . 673</p> <p>Milton's Age, A Diary of . . . 704</p> <p>Medium, A, of the Last Century, . . . 806</p> <p>Memory, The Ideal. . . . 823</p> <p>NETTLE-STING, A . . . 128</p> <p>Novel-Reading, . . . 349</p> <p>Negro Slavery under English Rule, . . . 451</p> <p>New Guinea and its Inhabitants, . . . 771</p> <p>OLD Friend with a New Face, . . . 763</p> <p>"PROGRESS," Will it Diminish Joy? . . . 57</p> <p>Phœnicians, The, in Greece, . . . 175</p> <p>Pitcairn Island, . . . 185</p> <p>Poor Creatures, . . . 188</p> <p>Pope, Sceptical Patronage of the . . . 446</p> <p>Physiology, Mental . . . 579</p> <p>Polish Alps, The . . . 602</p> <p>Palladius, The Archimandrite . . . 768</p> <p>QUIET Day at Home, A. . . . 820</p> <p>REASON, Dogma, and Morality, . . . 100</p> <p>SIR Gibbie, 16, 85, 165, 238, 268, 335, 464, 556, 592, 686, 723</p> <p>Stanley, Dean, on the Historical Aspect of the United States, . . . 259</p> <p>Statesmen in Caricature, . . . 443</p> <p>Slavery under English Rule, . . . 451</p>
--	--

VI

INDEX.

TITLES, The Vicissitudes of	249	VIRGIL,	643
Toleration, The Logic of	281	WALPOLE and Campion, The Jesuit	
Trafalgar,	383	Martyrs,	67
		Within the Precincts,	481, 530, 614
UNITED States, The Historical Aspect		Waterton's Wanderings in South Amer-	
of the,	259	ica,	763

POETRY.

BROKEN Heart, A	322	In the Cathedral Close,	770
Between the Years,	386	Love's Promise,	2
Borrower, A	514	" Lusitania,"	258
Broken String, A	578	Lovers,	322
		Lead them Home,	322
Christmas Song,	66	Love's Reward,	386
Closing Year, The	130	Laborer, The Old	450
Consolation,	194	Memory,	130
Companions,	194	" My Soul Cleaveth to the Dust,"	194
Conservatory, In the	386	" More Sweet than Smiles are Tears,"	642
Convent Gate, At the	578	Mortality,	642
Cathedral Bells and New-Year's Eve,	706	Nuptura,	66
		Night on the Tweed,	258
Dialogue, A	322	" No more Sea,"	514
Difference, A	386	Night	706
Earth-Spirit,	450	Old and New,	258
		Quantity, An Essay in	66
Fancies,	322	Reproach, A, and its Answer,	642
Farmhouse Dirge, A	381	Sonnet,	258
Flower, A	642	Skating,	642
		South, From the	770
Gold, The, of Hope,	66	Trafalgar,	383
God's Call to Rest,	194	Two Robbers,	514
Girl, To a	322	Task, The	770
Hill-Voices,	2		
Horace's Ghost,	578		
Irish Air,	2		
" It was not in the Blooming May,"	194		
In Snow,	258		

TALES.

BRIDE'S Pass, The 42, 114, 142, 361, 424, 747, 783	Sir Gibbie, 16, 85, 165, 238, 268, 335, 464, 556, 592, 686, 723
Doubting Heart, A 208, 295, 663	
Medium, A, of the Last Century, 806	Within the Precincts, 481, 530, 614

IRISH AIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF KILLARNEY."

" 'Twas pretty to be in Ballinderry."

'Twas pretty to be in Ballinderry,

'Twas pretty to be in Aghalee,

'Twas prettier to be in little Ram's Island,

Trusting under the ivy tree !

Och hone, ochone !

Och hone, ochone !

For often I roved in little Ram's Island

Side by side with Phelimy Hyland,

And still he'd court me, and I'd be coy,

Though at heart I loved him, my handsome
boy !

"I'm sailing," he sighed, "from Ballinderry

Out and across the stormy sea,

Then if in your heart you love me, Mary,

Open your arms at last to me."

Och hone, ochone !

Och hone, ochone !

I opened my arms — how well he knew me !

I opened my arms and took him to me,

And there, in the gloom of the groaning
mast,

We kissed our first and we kissed our last !

'Twas happy to be in little Ram's Island :

But now 'tis sad as sad can be ;

For the ship that sailed with Phelimy Hyland

Is sunk forever beneath the sea.

Och hone, ochone !

Och hone, ochone !

And 'tis oh ! but I wear the weeping willow,

And wander alone by the lonesome billow,

And cry to him over the cruel sea,

"Phelimy Hyland, come back to me !"

Good Words.

LOVE'S PROMISE.

"I WILL come back," Love cried, "I will come
back."And there where he had passed lay one bright
trackDreamlike and golden, as the moonlit sea,
Between the pine wood's shadow tall and
black.

"I will come back," Love cried — ah me !

Love will come back.

He will come back. Yet, Love, I wait, I
wait ;

Though it is evening now, and cold and late,

And I am weary watching here so long,

A pale, sad watcher at a silent gate,

For Love who is so fair and swift and
strong,

I wait, I wait.

He will come back — come back, though he
delays ;

He will come back — for in old years and days

He was my playmate — he will not forget,

Though he may linger long amid new ways,

He will bring back, with barren sweet re-
gret,

Old years and days.

Hush ! on the lonely hills Love comes again ;

But his young feet are marked with many a
stain,The golden haze has passed from his fair
brow,And round him clings the blood-red robe of
pain ;And it is night : O Love — Love — enter
now.

Remain, remain !

Macmillan's Magazine.

U.

HILL-VOICES.

THE curlew wheeling o'er the height

Hath touched a softer note to-night ;

I hear it calling in its flight,

Helen, Helen !

The sad-toned burn from yon hillside

Sends my fond secret floating wide,

And whispers to the white-lipped tide,

Helen, Helen !

The sheep are bleating on the fell,

The night-wind chimes the heather-bell,

All music moves to one sweet spell,

Helen, Helen !

That spell hath sway within my breast,

And moves me to its one behest ;

Oh, gird me for some goodly quest,

Helen, Helen !

For brooding thought makes young hearts
sore ;

And I have lingered by the shore,

All weary for the passing o'er,

Helen, Helen !

But life to me is not so lone,

And death to me hath darker grown,

Since on my path thy presence shone,

Helen, Helen !

So 'mong the hills I dream my dream,

Under the starlight's wandering gleam,

And all around the voices seem,

Helen, Helen !

The curlew now is nestled still ;

The sheep are silent on the hill ;

But aye the burn goes singing shrill,

Helen, Helen !

Good Words.

JAMES HENDRY.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

LANDOR'S "IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS."

WHEN Mr. Forster brought out the collected edition of Landor's works, the critics were generally embarrassed. They evaded for the most part any committal of themselves to an estimate of their author's merits, and were generally content to say that we might now look forward to a definitive judgment in the ultimate court of literary appeal. Such an attitude of suspense was natural enough. Landor is perhaps the most striking instance in modern literature of a radical divergence of opinion between the connoisseurs and the mass of readers. The general public have never been induced to read him, in spite of the lavish applauses of some self-constituted authorities. One may go further. It is doubtful whether those who aspire to a finer literary palate than is possessed by the vulgar herd are really so keenly appreciative as the innocent reader of published remarks might suppose. Hypocrisy in matters of taste — whether of the literal or metaphorical kind — is the commonest of vices. There are vintages, both material and intellectual, which are more frequently praised than heartily enjoyed. I have heard very good judges whisper in private that they have found Landor dull; and the rare citations made from his works often betray a very perfunctory study of them. Not long ago, for example, an able critic quoted a passage from one of the "Imaginary Conversations," to prove that Landor admired Milton's prose, adding the remark that it might probably be taken as an expression of his real sentiments, although put in the mouth of a dramatic person. To any one who has read Landor with ordinary attention, it seems as absurd to speak in this hypothetical manner as it would be to infer from some incidental allusion that Mr. Ruskin admires Turner. Landor's adoration for Milton is one of the most conspicuous of his critical propensities. There are, of course, many eulogies upon Landor of undeniable weight. They are hearty, genuine, and from competent judges. Yet the enthusiasm of such admirable critics as Mr. Emerson and Mr. Lowell may be

carped at by some who fancy that every American enjoys a peculiar sense of complacency when rescuing an English genius from the neglect of his own countrymen. If Mr. Browning and Mr. Swinburne have been conspicuous in their admiration, it might be urged that neither of them has too strong desire to keep to that beaten high road of the commonplace, beyond which even the best guides meet with pitfalls. Southey's praises of Landor were sincere and emphatic; but it must be added that they provoke a recollection of one of Johnson's shrewd remarks. "The reciprocal civility of authors," says the doctor, "is one of the most risible scenes in the farce of life." One forgives poor Southey indeed for the vanity which enabled him to bear up so bravely against anxiety and repeated disappointment; and if both he and Landor found that "reciprocal civility" helped them to bear the disregard of contemporaries, one would not judge them harshly. It was simply a tacit agreement to throw their harmless vanity into a common stock. Of Mr. Forster, Landor's faithful friend and admirer, one can only say that in his writing about Landor, as upon other topics, we are distracted between the respect due to his strong feeling for the excellent in literature, and the undeniable fact that his criticisms have a very blunt edge, and that his eulogies are apt to be indiscriminate.

Southey and Wordsworth had a simple method of explaining the neglect of a great author. According to them contemporary neglect affords a negative presumption in favor of permanent reputation. No lofty poet has honor in his own generation. Southey's conviction that his ponderous epics would make the fortune of his children is a pleasant instance of self-delusion. But the theory is generally admitted in regard to Wordsworth; and Landor accepted and defended it with characteristic vigor. "I have published," he says in the conversation with Hare, "five volumes of 'Imaginary Conversations: ' cut the worst of them through the middle, and there will remain in the decimal fraction enough to satisfy my appetite for fame. I shall dine late; but the dining-room will be well lighted, the guests few and select." He

recurs frequently to the doctrine. "Be patient!" he says, in another character. "From the higher heavens of poetry, it is long before the radiance of the brightest star can reach the world below. We hear that one man finds out one beauty, another man finds out another, placing his observatory and instruments on the poet's grave. The worms must have eaten us before we rightly know what we are. It is only when we are skeletons that we are boxed and ticketed and prized and shown. Be it so! I shall not be tired of waiting." Conscious, as he says in his own person, that in two thousand years there have not been five volumes of prose (the work of one author) equal to his "Conversations," he could indeed afford to wait: if conscious of earthly things, he must be waiting still.

This superlative self-esteem strikes one, to say the truth, as part of Landor's abiding boyishness. It is only in schoolboy themes that we are still inclined to talk about the devouring love of fame. Grown-up men look rightly with some contempt upon such aspirations. What work a man does is really done in, or at least through, his own generation; and the posthumous fame which poets affect to value means, for the most part, being known by name to a few antiquarians, schoolmasters, or secluded students. When the poet, to adopt Landor's metaphor, has become a luminous star, his superiority to those which have grown dim by distance is for the first time clearly demonstrated. We can still see him, though other bodies of his system have vanished into the infinite depths of oblivion. But he has also ceased to give appreciable warmth or light to ordinary human beings. He is a splendid name, but not a living influence. There are, of course, exceptions and qualifications to any such statements, but I have a suspicion that even Shakespeare's chief work may have been done in the Globe Theatre, to living audiences, who felt what they never thought of criticising, and were quite unable to measure; and that spite of all æsthetic philosophers and minute antiquarians and judicious revivals, his real influence upon men's minds has been for the most part declining as his fame has been spreading. To defend or fully ex-

pound this heretical dogma would take too much space. The "late-dinner" theory, however, as held by Wordsworth and Landor, is subject to one less questionable qualification. It is an utterly untenable proposition that great men have been generally overlooked in their own day.

If we run over the chief names of our literature, it would be hard to point to one which was not honored, and sometimes honored to excess, during its proprietor's lifetime. It is, indeed, true that much ephemeral underwood has often hidden in part the majestic forms which now stand out as sole relics of the forest. It is true also that the petty spite and jealousy of contemporaries, especially of their ablest contemporaries, has often prevented the full recognition of great men. And there have been some whose fame, like that of Bunyan and Defoe, has extended amongst the lower sphere of readers before receiving the ratification of constituted judges. But such irregularities in the distribution of fame do not quite meet the point. I doubt whether one could mention a single case in which an author, overlooked at the time, both by the critics and the mass, has afterwards become famous; and the cases are very rare in which a reputation once decayed has again taken root and shown real vitality. The experiment of resuscitation has been tried of late years with great pertinacity. The forgotten images of our seventeenth-century ancestors have been brought out of the lumber-room amidst immense flourishes of trumpets, but they are terribly worm-eaten; and all efforts to make their statues once more stand firmly on their pedestals have generally failed. Landor himself refused to see the merits of the mere "mushrooms," as he somewhere called them, which grew beneath the Shakespearian oak; and though such men as Chapman, Webster, and Ford have received the warmest eulogies of Lamb and other able successors, their vitality is spasmodic and uncertain. We read them, if we read them, at the point of the critic's bayonet.

The case of Wordsworth is no precedent for Landor. Wordsworth's fame was for a long time confined to a narrow sect, and he did all in his power to hinder its spread

by wilful disregard of the established canons — even when founded in reason. A reformer who will not court the prejudices even of his friends is likely to be slow in making converts. But it is one thing to be slow in getting a hearing, and another in attracting men who are quite prepared to hear. Wordsworth resembled a man coming into a drawing-room with muddy boots and a smock-frock. He courted disgust, and such courtship is pretty sure of success. But Landor made his bow in full court dress. In spite of the difficulty of his poetry, he had all the natural graces which are apt to propitiate cultivated readers. His prose has merits so conspicuous and so dear to the critical mind, that one might have expected his welcome from the connoisseurs to be warm even beyond the limit of sincerity. To praise him was to announce one's own possession of a fine classical taste, and there can be no greater stimulus to critical enthusiasm. One might have guessed that he would be a favorite with all who set up for a discernment superior to that of the vulgar; though the causes which must obstruct a wide recognition of his merits are sufficiently obvious. It may be interesting to consider the cause of his ill success with some fulness; and it is a comfort to the critic to reflect that in such a case even obtuseness is in some sort a qualification; for it will enable one to sympathize with the vulgar insensibility to the offered delicacy, if only to substitute articulate rejection for simple, stolid silence.

I do not wish, indeed, to put forward such a claim too unreservedly. I will merely take courage to confess that Landor very frequently bores me. So do a good many writers whom I thoroughly admire. If any courage be wanted for such a confession, it is certainly not when writing upon Landor that one should be reticent for want of example. Nobody ever spoke his mind more freely about great expectations. He is, for example, almost the only poet who ever admitted that he could not read Spenser continuously. Even Milton in Landor's hands, in defiance of his known opinions, was made to speak contemptuously of "The Faerie

Queene." "There is scarcely a poet of the same eminence," says Porson, obviously representing Landor in this case, "whom I have found it so delightful to read in, and so hard to read through." What Landor here says of Spenser, I should venture to say of Landor. There are few books of the kind into which one may dip with so great a certainty of finding much to admire as the "Imaginary Conversations," and few of any high reputation which are so certain to become wearisome after a time. My apology, if apology be needed, shall be given presently. But I must also admit, that on thinking of the whole five volumes, so emphatically extolled by their author, I feel certain twinges of remorse. There is a vigor of feeling, an originality of character, a fineness of style which makes one understand, if not quite agree to, the audacious self-commendation. Part of the effect is due simply to the sheer quantity of good writing. Take any essay separately, and one must admit that — to speak only of his contemporaries — there is a greater charm in passages of equal length by Lamb, De Quincey, or even Hazlitt. None of them gets upon such stilts, or seems so anxious to keep the reader at arm's length. But, on the other hand, there is something imposing in so continuous a flow of stately and generally faultless English, with so many weighty aphorisms rising spontaneously, and without a splashing or disturbance, to the surface of talk, and such an easy felicity of theme unmarred by the flash and glitter of the modern epigrammatic style.* Lamb is both sweeter and more profound, to say nothing of his incomparable humor; but then Lamb's flight is short and uncertain. De Quincey's passages of splendid rhetoric are too often succeeded by dead levels of verbosity and labored puerilities which make annoyance alternate with enthusiasm. Hazlitt is often spasmodic, and his intrusive egotism is pettish and undignified. But so far at least as his style is concerned, Landor's unruffled stream of continuous harmony excites one's admira-

* Let me remark in passing that Landor should apparently have credit for one epigram which has been adopted by more popular authors: "Those who have failed as writers turn reviewers," says Porson to Southey.

tion the more the longer one reads. Hardly any one who has written so much has kept so uniformly to a high level, and so seldom descended to empty verbosity or to downright slipshod. It is true that the substance does not always correspond to the perfection of the form. There are frequent discontinuities of thought where the style is smoothest. He reminds one at times of those Alpine glaciers where an exquisitely rounded surface of snow conceals yawning crevasses beneath; and if one stops for a moment to think, one is apt to break through the crust with an abrupt and annoying jerk.

The excellence of Landor's style has, of course, been universally acknowledged, and it is natural that it should be more appreciated by his fellow craftsmen than by general readers less interested in technical questions. The defects are the natural complements of its merits. When accused of being too figurative, he had a ready reply. "Wordsworth," he says in one of his "Conversations," "slithers on the soft mud, and cannot stop himself until he comes down. In his poetry there is as much of prose as there is of poetry in the prose of Milton. But prose on certain occasions can bear a great deal of poetry; on the other hand, poetry sinks and swoons under a moderate weight of prose, and neither fan nor burnt feather can bring her to herself again." The remark about the relations of prose and poetry was originally made in a real conversation with Wordsworth in defence of Landor's own luxuriance. Wordsworth, it is said, took it to himself, and not without reason, as appears by its insertion in this "Conversation." The retort, however happy, is no more conclusive than other cases of the *tu quoque*. We are too often inclined to say to Landor as Southey says to Porson in another place: "Pray leave these tropes and metaphors." His sense suffers from a superfetation of figures, or from the undue pursuit of a figure, till the "wind of the poor phrase is cracked." In the phrase just quoted, for example, we could dispense with the "fan and burnt feather," which have very little relation to the thought. So, to take an instance of the excessively florid, I may quote the phrase in which Marvell defends his want of respect for the aristocracy of his day. "Ever too hard upon great men, Mr. Marvell!" says Bishop Parker; and Marvell replies:—

Little men in lofty places, who throw long shadows because our sun is setting; the men so little and the places so lofty that casting my pebble, I only show where they stand.

They would be less contented with themselves, if they had obtained their preferment honestly. Luck and dexterity always give more pleasure than intellect and knowledge; because they fill up what they fall on to the brim at once; and people run to them with acclamations at the splash. Wisdom is reserved and noiseless, contented with hard earnings, and daily letting go some early acquisition to make room for better specimens. But great is the exultation of a worthless man when he receives for the chips and raspings of his Bridewell logwood a richer reward than the best and wisest for extensive tracts of well-cleared truths! Even he who has sold his country—

"Forbear, good Mr. Marvell," says Bishop Parker, and one is inclined to sympathize with the poor man drowned under this cascade of tropes. It is certainly imposing, but I should be glad to know the meaning of the metaphor about "luck and dexterity." Passages occur, again, in which we are tempted to think that Landor is falling into an imitation of an obsolete model. Take, for example, the following:

A narrow mind cannot be enlarged, nor can a capacious one be contracted. Are we angry with a phial for not being a flask? or do we wonder that the skin of an elephant sits easily on a squirrel?

Or this, in reference to Wordsworth:—

Pastiness and flatness are the qualities of a pancake, and thus far he attained his aim: but if he means it for me, let him place the accessories on the table, lest what is insipid and clammy . . . grow into duller accretion and moister viscosity the more I masticate it.

Or a remark given to Newton:—

Wherever there is vacuity of mind, there must either be flaccidity or craving; and this vacuity must necessarily be found in the greater part of princes, from the defects of their education, from the fear of offending them in its progress by interrogations and admonitions, from the habit of rendering all things valueless by the facility with which they are obtained, and transitory by the negligence with which they are received and holden.

Should we not remove the names of Porson and Newton from these sentences, and substitute Sam Johnson? The last passage reads very like a quotation from "The Rambler." Johnson was, in my opinion and in Landor's, a great writer in spite of his mannerism; but the mannerism is always rather awkward, and in such places we seem to see—certainly not a squirrel—but, say, a thoroughbred horse invested with the skin of an elephant.

These lapses into the inflated are of course exceptional with Landor. There can be no question of the fineness of his

perception in all matters of literary form. To say that his standard of style is classical is to repeat a commonplace too obvious for repetition, except to add a doubt whether he is not often too ostentatious and self-conscious in his classicism. He loves and often exhibits a masculine simplicity, and speaks with enthusiasm of Locke and Swift in their own departments. Locke is to be "revered;" he is "too simply grand for admiration;" and no one, he thinks, ever had such a power as Swift of saying forcibly and completely whatever he meant to say. But for his own purposes he generally prefers a different model. The qualities which he specially claims seem to be summed up in the conversation upon Bacon's "Essays" between Newton and Barrow. Cicero and Bacon, says Barrow, have more wisdom between them than all the philosophers of antiquity. Newton's review of the "Essays," he adds, "hath brought back to my recollection so much of shrewd judgment, so much of rich imagery, such a profusion of truths so plain as (without his manner of exhibiting them) to appear almost unimportant, that in various high qualities of the human mind I must acknowledge not only Cicero, but every prose writer among the Greeks, to stand far below him. Cicero is least valued for his highest merits, his fulness and his perspicuity. Bad judges (and how few are not so!) desire in composition the concise and obscure; not knowing that the one most frequently arises from paucity of materials, and the other from inability to manage and dispose them." Landor aims, like Bacon, at rich imagery, at giving to thoughts which appear plain more value by fineness of expression, and at compressing shrewd judgments into weighty aphorisms. He would equally rival Cicero in fulness and perspicuity; whilst a severe rejection of everything slovenly or superfluous would save him from ever deviating into the merely florid. So far as style can be really separated from thought, we may admit unreservedly that he has succeeded in his aim, and has attained a rare harmony of tone and coloring.

There may, indeed, be some doubt as to his perspicuity. Southey said that Landor was obscure, whilst adding that he could not explain the cause of the obscurity. Causes enough may be suggested. Besides his incoherency, his love of figures which sometimes become half detached from the underlying thought, and an over-anxiety to avoid mere smartness which sometimes leads to real vagueness, he expects too much from his readers, or per-

haps despises them too much. He will not condescend to explanation if you do not catch his drift at half a word. He is so desirous to round off his transitions gracefully, that he obliterates the necessary indications of the main divisions of the subject. When criticising Milton or Dante, he can hardly keep his hand off the finest passages in his desire to pare away superfluities. Treating himself in the same fashion, he leaves none of those little signs which, like the typographical hand prefixed to a notice, are extremely convenient, though strictly superfluous. It is doubtless unpleasant to have the hard framework of logical divisions showing too distinctly in an argument, or to have a too elaborate statement of dates and places and external relations in a romance. But such aids to the memory may be removed too freely. The building may be injured in taking away the scaffolding. Such remarks, however, will not explain Landor's failure to get a real hold upon a large body of readers. Writers of far greater obscurity and much more repellent blemishes of style to set against much lower merits, have gained a far wider popularity. The want of sympathy between so eminent a literary artist and his time must rest upon some deeper divergence of sentiment. Landor's writings present the same kind of problem as his life. We are told, and we can see for ourselves, that he was a man of many very high, and many very amiable qualities. He was full of chivalrous feeling; capable of the most flowing and delicate courtesy; easily stirred to righteous indignation against every kind of tyranny and bigotry; capable, too, of a tenderness pleasantly contrasted with his outbursts of passing wrath; passionately fond of children, and a true lover of dogs. But with all this, he could never live long at peace with anybody. He was the most impracticable of men, and every turning-point in his career was decided by some vehement quarrel. He had to leave school in consequence of a quarrel, trifling in itself, but aggravated by "a fierce defiance of all authority and a refusal to ask forgiveness." He got into a preposterous scrape at Oxford, and forced the authorities to rusticate him. This branched out into a quarrel with his father. When he set up as a country gentleman at Llanthony Abbey, he managed to quarrel with his neighbors and his tenants, until the accumulating consequences to his purse forced him to go to Italy. On the road thither, he began the first of many quarrels with his wife, which ultimately developed into a

chronic quarrel and drove him back to England. From England he was finally dislodged by another quarrel which drove him back to Italy. Intermediate quarrels of minor importance are intercalated between those which provoked decisive crises. The lightheartedness which provoked all these difficulties is not more remarkable than the ease with which he threw them off his mind. Blown hither and thither by his own gusts of passion, he always seems to fall on his feet, and forgets his troubles as a schoolboy forgets yesterday's flogging. On the first transitory separation from his wife, he made himself quite happy by writing Latin verses; and he always seems to have found sufficient consolation in such literary occupation for vexations which would have driven some people out of their mind. He would not, he writes, encounter the rudeness of a certain lawyer to save all his property; but he adds, "I have chastised him in my Latin poetry now in the press." Such a mode of chastisement seems to have been as completely satisfactory to Landor as it doubtless was to the lawyer.

His quarrels do not alienate us, for it is evident that they did not proceed from any malignant passion. If his temper was ungovernable, his passions were not odious, or, in any low sense, selfish. In many, if not all of his quarrels he seems to have had at least a very strong show of right on his side, and to have put himself in the wrong by an excessive insistence upon his own dignity. He was one of those ingenious people who always contrive to be punctilious in the wrong place. It is amusing to observe how Scott generally bestows upon his heroes so keen a sense of honor that he can hardly save them from running their heads against stone walls; whilst to their followers he gives an abundance of shrewd sense which fully appreciates Falstaff's theory of honor. Scott himself managed to combine the two qualities; but poor Landor seems to have had Hotspur's readiness to quarrel on the tenth part of a hair without the redeeming touch of common sense. In a slightly different social sphere, he must, one would fancy, have been the mark of a dozen bullets before he had grown up to manhood: it is not quite clear even now how he avoided duels, unless because he regarded the practice as a Christian barbarism to which the ancients had never condescended.

His position and surroundings tended to aggravate his incoherencies of statement. Like his own Peterborough, he was a man of aristocratic feeling, with a hearty con-

tempt for aristocrats. The expectation that he would one day join the ranks of the country gentlemen unsettled him as a scholar; and when he became a landed proprietor he despised his fellow "barbarians" with a true scholar's contempt. He was not forced into the ordinary professional groove, and yet did not fully imbibe the prejudices of the class who can afford to be idle, and the natural result is an odd mixture of conflicting prejudices. He is classical in taste and cosmopolitan in life, and yet he always retains a certain John-Bull element. His preference of Shakespeare to Racine is associated with, if not partly prompted by, a mere English antipathy to foreigners. He never becomes Italianized so far as to lose his contempt for men whose ideas of sport rank larks with the orthodox partridge. He abuses Castlereagh and poor George III. to his heart's content, and so far flies in the face of British prejudice; but it is by no means as a sympathizer with foreign innovations. His republicanism is strongly dashed with old-fashioned conservatism, and he is proud of a doubtful descent from old worthies of the true English type. Through all his would-be paganism we feel that at bottom he is after all a true-born and wrong-headed Englishman. He never, like Shelley, pushed his quarrel with the old order to the extreme, but remained in a solitary cave of Adullam. "There can be no great genius," says Penn to Peterborough, "where there is not profound and continued reasoning." The remark is too good for Penn; and yet it would be dangerous in Landor's own mouth; for certainly the defect which most strikes us, both in his life and his writings, is just the inconsistency which leaves most people as the reasoning powers develop. His work was marred by the unreasonableness of a nature so impetuous and so absorbed by any momentary gust of passion that he could never bring his thoughts or his plans to a focus, or conform them to a general scheme. His prejudices master him both in speculation and practice. He cannot fairly rise above them or govern them by reference to general principles, or the permanent interests of his life. In the vulgar phrase, he is always ready to cut off his nose to spite his face. He quarrels with his schoolmaster or his wife. In an instant he is all fire and fury, runs amuck at his best friends, and does irreparable mischief. Some men might try to atone for such offences by remorse. Landor, unluckily for himself, could forget the past as easily as he could ignore the future. He

lives only in the present, and can throw himself into a favorite author or compose Latin verses or an imaginary conversation as though schoolmasters or wives, or duns or critics, had no existence. With such a temperament, reasoning, which implies patient contemplation and painful liberation from prejudice, has no fair chance; his principles are not the growth of thought, but the translation into dogmas of intense likes and dislikes, which have grown up in his mind he scarcely knows how, and gathered strength by sheer force of repetition instead of deliberate examination.

His writings reflect — and in some ways only too faithfully — these idiosyncrasies. Southey said that his temper was the only explanation of his faults. "Never did man represent himself in his writings so much less generous, less just, less compassionate, less noble in all respects than he really is. I certainly," he adds, "never knew any one of brighter genius or of kinder heart." Southey, no doubt, resented certain attacks of Landor's upon his most cherished opinions; and, truly, nothing but continuous separation could have preserved the friendship between two men so peremptorily opposed upon so many essential points. Southey's criticism, though sharpened by such latent antagonisms, has really much force. The "Conversations" give much that Landor's friends would have been glad to ignore; and yet they present such a full-length portrait of the man, that it is better to dwell upon them than upon his poetry, which, moreover, with all its fine qualities, is (in my opinion) of far less intrinsic value. The ordinary reader, however, is repelled from the "Conversations" not only by mere inherent difficulties, but by comments which raise a false expectation. An easy-going critic is apt to assume of any book that it exactly fulfils the ostensible aim of the author. So we are told of "Shakespeare's Examination" (and on the high authority of Charles Lamb), that no one could have written it except Landor or Shakespeare-himself. When Bacon is introduced, we are assured that the aphorisms introduced are worthy of Bacon himself. What Cicero is made to say is exactly what he would have said, "if he could;" and the dialogue between Walton, Cotton, and Oldways is, of course, as good as a passage from "The Complete Angler." In the same spirit we are told that the dialogues were to be "one-act dramas;" and we are informed how the great philosophers, statesmen, poets, and artists of all ages did in fact pass across the stage, each

represented to the life, and discoursing in his most admirable style.

All this is easy to say, but unluckily represents what the "Conversations" would have been had they been perfect. To say that they are very far from perfect is only to say that they were the compositions of a man; but Landor was also a man to whom his best friends would hardly attribute a remarkable immunity from fault. The dialogue, it need hardly be remarked, is one of the most difficult of all forms of composition. One rule, however, would be generally admitted. Landor defends his digressions on the ground that they always occur in real conversations. If we "adhere to one point," he says (in Southey's person), "it is a disquisition, not a conversation." And he adds, with one of his wilful back-handed blows at Plato, that most writers of dialogue plunge into abstruse questions, and "collect a heap of arguments to be blown away by the bloated whiff of some rhetorical charlatan, tricked out in a multiplicity of ribbons for the occasion." Possibly! but for all that, the perfect dialogue ought not, we should say, to be really incoherent. It should include digressions, but the digressions ought to return upon the main subject. The art consists in preserving real unity in the midst of the superficial deviations rendered easy by this form of conversation. The facility of digression is really a temptation, not a privilege. Anybody can write blank verse of a kind, because it so easily slips into prose; and that is why good blank verse is so rare. And anybody can write a decent dialogue if you allow him to ramble as much as we all do in actual talk. The finest philosophical dialogues are those in which a complete logical framework underlies the dramatic structure. They are a perfect fusion of logic and imagination. Instead of harsh divisions and cross-divisions of the subject, and a balance of abstract arguments, we have vivid portraits of human beings, each embodying a different line of thought. But the logic is still seen, though the more carefully hidden the more exquisite the skill of the artist. And the purely artistic dialogue which describes passion or the emotions arising from a given situation should in the same way set forth a single idea, and preserve a dramatic unity of conception at least as rigidly as a full-grown play. So far as Landor used his facilities as an excuse for rambling, instead of so skilfully subordinating them to the main purpose as to reproduce new variations on the central theme, he is clearly in error,

or is at least aiming at a lower kind of excellence. And this, it may be said at once, seems to be the most radical defect in the composition of Landor's "Conversations." They have the fault which his real talk is said to have exemplified. We are told that his temperament "disqualified him for anything like sustained reasoning, and he instinctively backed away from discussion or argument." Many of the written dialogues are a prolonged series of explosions; when one expects a continuous development of a theme, they are monotonous thunder-growls. Landor undoubtedly had a sufficient share of dramatic power to write short dialogues expressing a single situation with most admirable power, delicacy, and firmness of touch. Nor, again, does the criticism just made refer to those longer dialogues which are in reality a mere string of notes upon poems or proposals for reforms in spelling. The slight dramatic form binds together his pencillings from the margins of "Paradise Lost" or Wordsworth's poems very pleasantly, and enables him to give additional effect to vivacious outbursts of praise or censure. But the more elaborate dialogues suffer grievously from this absence of a true unity. There is not that skilful evolution of a central idea without the rigid formality of scientific discussion which we admire in the real masterpieces of the art. We have a conglomerate not an organic growth; a series of observations set forth with never-failing elegance of style, and often with singular keenness of perception; but they do not take us beyond the starting-point. When Robinson Crusoe crossed the Pyrenees, his guide led him by such dexterous windings and gradual ascents that he found himself across the mountains before he knew where he was. With Landor it is just the opposite. After many digressions and ramblings we find ourselves back on the same side of the original question. We are marking time with admirable gracefulness, but somehow we are not advancing. Naturally flesh and blood grow weary when there is no apparent end to a discussion, except that the author must in time be wearied of performing variations upon a single theme.

We are more easily reconciled to some other faults which are rather due to expectations raised by his critics than to positive errors. No one, for example, would care to notice an anachronism, if Landor did not occasionally put in a claim for accuracy. I have no objection whatever to allow Hooker to console Bacon for his

loss of the chancellorship, in calm disregard of the fact that Hooker died some twenty years before Bacon rose to that high office. The fault can be amended by substituting any other name for Hooker's. Nor do I at all wish to find in Landor that kind of archæological accuracy which is sought by some composers of historical romances. Were it not that critics have asserted the opposite, it would be hardly worth while to say that Landor's style seldom condescends to adapt itself to the mouth of the speaker, and that from Demosthenes to Porson every interlocutor has palpably the true Landorian trick of speech. Here and there, it is true, the effect is rather unpleasant. Pericles and Aspasia are apt to indulge in criticism of English customs, and no weak regard for time and place prevents Eubulides from denouncing Canning to Demosthenes. The classical dress becomes so thin on such occasions, that even the small degree of illusion which one may fairly desiderate is too rudely interrupted. The actor does not disguise his voice enough for theatrical purposes. It is perhaps a more serious fault that the dialogue constantly lapses into monologue. We might often remove the names of the talkers as useless interruptions. Some conversations might as well be headed, in legal phraseology, Landor *v.* Landor, or at most Landor *v.* Landor and another—the other being some wretched man of straw or Guy Faux effigy dragged in to be belabored with weighty aphorisms and talk obtrusive nonsense. Hence sometimes we resent a little the taking in vain of the name of some old friend. It is rather too hard upon Sam Johnson to be made a mere "passive bucket" into which Horne Tooke may pump his philological notions, with scarcely a feeble sputter or two to represent his smashing retorts.

There is yet another criticism or two to be added. The extreme scrupulosity with which Landor polishes his style and removes superfluities from poetical narrative, smoothing them at times till we can hardly grasp them, might have been applied to some of the wanton digressions in which the dialogues abound. We should have been glad if he had ruthlessly cut out two-thirds of the conversation between Riche-lieu and others, in which some charming English pastorals are mixed up with a quantity of unmistakable rubbish. But, for the most part, we can console ourselves by a smile. When Landor lowers his head and charges bull-like at the phantom of some king or priest, we are prepared for,

and amused by, his impetuosity. Malesherbes discourses with great point and vigor upon French literature, and may fairly diverge into a little politics; but it is certainly comic when he suddenly remembers one of Landor's pet grievances, and the unlucky Rousseau has to discuss a question for which few people could be more ludicrously unfit — the details of a plan for reforming the institution of English justices of the peace. The grave dignity with which the subject is introduced gives additional piquancy to the absurdity. An occasional laugh at Landor is the more valuable because, to say the truth, one is not very likely to laugh with him. Nothing is more difficult for an author — as he here observes in reference to Milton — than to decide upon his own merits as a wit or humorist. I am not quite sure that this is true; for I have certainly found authors distinctly fallible in judging of their own merits as poets and philosophers. But it is undeniable that many a man laughs at his own wit who has to laugh alone. I will not take upon myself to say that Landor was without humor; he has certainly a delicate gracefulness which may be classed with the finer kinds of humor; but if anybody (to take one instance) will read the story which Chaucer tells to Boccaccio and Petrarch and pronounce it to be amusing, I can only say that his notions of humor differ materially from mine. Landor often sins as distinctly, if not as heavily.

Blemishes such as these go some way perhaps to account for Landor's unpopularity. But they are such as might be amply redeemed by his vigor, his fulness, and unflagging energy of style. There is no equally voluminous author of great power who does not fall short of his own highest achievements in a large part of his work, and who is not open to the remark that his achievements are not all that we could have wished. It is doubtless best to take what we can get, and not to repine if we do not get something better, the possibility of which is suggested by the actual accomplishment. If Landor had united to his own powers those of Scott or Shakespeare, he would have been improved. Landor, repenting a little for some censures of Milton, says to Southey, "Are we not somewhat like two little beggar-boys who, forgetting that they are in tatters, sit noticing a few stains and rents in their father's raiment?" "But they love him," replies Southey, and we feel the apology to be sufficient.

Can we make it in the case of Landor?

Is he a man whom we can take to our hearts, treating his vagaries and ill-humors as we do the testiness of a valued friend? Or do we feel that he is one whom it is better to have for an acquaintance than for an intimate? The problem seems to have exercised those who knew him best in life. Many, like Southey or Napier, thought him a man of true nobility and tenderness of character, and looked upon his defects as mere superficial blemishes. If some who came closer seem to have had a rather different opinion, we must allow that a man's personal defects are often unimportant in his literary capacity. It has been laid down as a general rule that poets cannot get on with their wives; and yet they are poets in virtue of being lovable at the core. Landor's domestic troubles need not indicate an incapacity for meeting our sympathies any more than the domestic troubles of Shakespeare, Milton, Swift, Burns, Byron, Shelley, or many others. In his poetry a man should show his best self; and defects, important in the daily life which is made up of trifles, may cease to trouble us when admitted to the inmost recesses of his nature.

Landor, undoubtedly, may be loved; but I fancy that he can be loved unreservedly only by a very narrow circle. For when we pass from the form to the substance — from the manner in which his message is delivered to the message itself — we find that the superficial defects rise from very deep roots. Whenever we penetrate to the underlying character we find something harsh and uncongenial mixed with very high qualities. He has pronounced himself upon a wide range of subjects; there is much criticism, some of it of a very rare and admirable order; much theological and political disquisition; and much exposition, in various forms, of the practical philosophy which every man imbibes according to his faculties in his passage through the world. It would be undesirable to discuss seriously his political or religious notions. To say the truth, they are not really worth discussing; they are little more than vehement explosions of unreasoning prejudice. I do not know whether Landor would have approved the famous aspiration about strangling the last of kings with the entrails of the last priest, but some such sentiment seems to sum up all that he really has to say. His doctrine so far coincides with that of Diderot and other revolutionists, though he has no sympathy with their social aspirations. His utterances, however, remind us too much — in substance, though not in

form — of the rhetoric of debating societies. They are as factitious as the old-fashioned appeals to the memory of Brutus. They would doubtless make a sensation at the Union. Diogenes tells us that "all nations, all cities, all communities, should combine in one great hunt, like that of the Scythians at the approach of winter, and follow it" (the kingly power, to wit) "up, unrelentingly to its perdition. The diadem should designate the victim; all who wear it, all who offer it, all who bow to it, should perish." Demosthenes, in less direct language, announces the same plan to Eubulides as the one truth, far more important than any other, and "more conducive to whatever is desirable to the well-educated and free." We laugh, not because the phrase is overstrained, or intended to have a dramatic truth; for Landor puts similar sentiments into the mouths of all his favorite speakers; but simply because we feel it to be a mere form of swearing. The language would have been less elegant, but the meaning just the same, if he had rapped out a good, mouth-filling oath whenever he heard the name of a king. When, in reference to some such utterances, Mr. Carlyle said that "Landor's principle is mere rebellion," he was much nettled, and declared himself to be in favor of authority. He despised American republicanism, and regarded Venice as the pattern state. He sympathized in this, as in much else, with the theorists of Milton's time, and would have been approved by Harrington or Algernon Sidney; but, for all that, Mr. Carlyle seems pretty well to have hit the mark. Such republicanism is in reality nothing more than the political expression of intense pride, or, if you prefer the word, self-respect. It is the sentiment of personal dignity, which could not bear the thought that he, Landor, should have to bow the knee to a fool like George III.; or that Milton should have been regarded as the inferior of such a sneak as Charles I. But the same feeling would have been just as much shocked by the claim of a demagogue to override high-spirited gentlemen. Mobs were every where as vile as kings. He might have stood for Shakespeare's Coriolanus, if Coriolanus had not an unfortunate want of taste in his language. Landor, indeed, being never much troubled as to consistency, is fond of dilating on the absurdity of any kind of hereditary rank; but he sympathizes, to his last fibre, with the spirit fostered by the existence of an aristocratic caste, and producible, so far as our experience has gone, in no other way. He is generous enough

to hate all oppression in every form, and therefore to hate the oppression exercised by a noble as heartily as oppression exercised by a king. He is a big boy ready to fight any one who bullies his fag; but with no doubts as to the merits of fagging. But then he never chooses to look at the awkward consequences of his opinion. When talking of politics, an aristocracy full of virtue and talent, ruling on generous principles a people sufficiently educated to obey its natural leaders, is the ideal which is vaguely before his mind. To ask how it is to be produced without hereditary rank, or to be prevented from degenerating into a tyrannical oligarchy, or to be reconciled at all with modern principles, is simply to be impertinent. He answers all such questions by putting himself in imagination into the attitude of a Pericles or Demosthenes or Milton, fulminating against tyrants and keeping the mob in its place by the ascendancy of genius. To recommend Venice as a model is simply to say that you have nothing but contempt for all politics. It is as if a lad should be asked whether he preferred to join a cavalry or an infantry regiment, and should reply that he would only serve under Leonidas.

His religious principles are in the same way little more than the assertion that he will not be fettered in mind or body by any priest on earth. The priest is to him what he was to the deists and materialists of the eighteenth century — a juggling impostor who uses superstition as an instrument for creeping into the confidence of women and cowards, and burning brave men; but he has no dreams of the advent of a religion of reason. He ridicules the notion that truth will prevail: it never has and it never will. At bottom he prefers paganism to Christianity because it was tolerant and encouraged art, and allowed philosophers to enjoy as much privilege as they can ever really enjoy — that of living in peace and knowing that their neighbors are harmless fools. After a fashion he likes his own version of Christianity, which is superficially that of many popular preachers: Be tolerant, kindly, and happy, and don't worry your head about dogmas, or become a slave to priests. But then one also feels that humility is generally regarded as an essential part of Christianity, and that in Landor's version it is replaced by something like its antithesis. You should do good too, as you respect yourself and would be respected by men; but the chief good is the philosophic mind, which can wrap itself in its own consciousness of worth, and enjoy the finest pleasures of

life without superstitious asceticism. Let the vulgar amuse themselves with the playthings of their creed, so long as they do not take to playing with faggots. Stand apart and enjoy your own superiority with good-natured contempt.

One of his longest and, in this sense, most characteristic dialogues, is that between Penn and Peterborough. Peterborough is the ideal aristocrat with a contempt for the actual aristocracy; and Penn represents the religion of common sense. "Teach men to calculate rightly and thou wilt have taught them to live religiously," is Penn's sentiment, and perhaps not too unfaithful to the original. No one could have a more thorough contempt for the mystical element in Quakerism than Landor; but he loves Quakers as sober, industrious, easy-going people, who regard good-humor and comfort as the ultimate aim of religious life, and who manage to do without lawyers or priests. Peterborough, meanwhile, represents his other side—the haughty, energetic, cultivated aristocrat, who, on the ground of their common aversions, can hold out a friendly hand to the quiet Quaker. Landor, of course, is both at once. He is the noble who rather enjoys giving a little scandal at times to his drab-suited companion; but, on the whole, thinks that it would be an excellent world if the common people would adopt this harmless form of religion, which tolerates other opinions and does not give any leverage to kings, insolvent aristocrats, or intriguing bishops.

Landor's critical utterances reveal the same tendencies. Much of the criticism has of course an interest of its own. It is the judgment of a real master of language upon many technical points of style, and the judgment, moreover, of one who can look even upon classical poets as one who breathes the same atmosphere at an equal elevation, and who speaks out like a cultivated gentleman, not as a schoolmaster or a specialist. But putting aside this and the crotchets about spelling, which have been dignified with the name of philological theories, the general direction of his sympathies is eminently characteristic. Landor of course pays the inevitable homage to the great names of Plato, Dante, and Shakespeare, and yet it would be scarcely unfair to say that he hates Plato, that Dante gives him far more annoyance than pleasure, and that he really cares little for Shakespeare. The last might be denied on the ground of isolated expressions. "A rib of Shakespeare," he says, "would have made a Milton: the same portion of

Milton all poets born ever since." But he speaks of Shakespeare in conventional terms, and seldom quotes or alludes to him. When he touches Milton his eyes brighten and his voice takes a tone of reverent enthusiasm. His ear is dissatisfied with everything for days and weeks after the harmony of "Paradise Lost." "Leaving this magnificent temple, I am hardly to be pacified by the fairy-built chambers, the rich cupboards of embossed plate and the omnigenous images of Shakespeare." That is his genuine impression. Some readers may appeal to that "Examination of Shakespeare" which (as we have seen) was held by Lamb to be beyond the powers of any other writer except its hero. I confess that, in my opinion, Lamb could have himself drawn a far more sympathetic portrait of Shakespeare, and that Scott would have brought out the whole scene with incomparably greater vividness. Call it a morning in an English country-house in the sixteenth century, and it will be full of charming passages along with some laborious failures. But when we are forced to think of Slender and Shallow, and Sir Hugh Evans, and the Shakesperian method of portraiture, the personages in Landor's talk seem half asleep and terribly given to twaddle. His view of Dante is less equivocal. In the whole "*Inferno*," Petrarca (evidently representing Landor) finds nothing admirable but the famous descriptions of Francesca and Ugolino. They are the "greater and lesser oases" in a vast desert. And he would pare one of these fine passages to the quick, whilst the other provokes the remark ("we must whisper it") that Dante is "the great master of the disgusting." He seems really to prefer Boccaccio and Ovid, to say nothing of Homer and Virgil. Plato is denounced still more unsparingly. From Aristotle and Diogenes down to Lord Chatham, assailants are set on to worry him, and tear to pieces his gorgeous robes with just an occasional perfunctory apology. Even Lady Jane Grey is deprived of her favorite. She consents on Ascham's petition to lay aside books, but she excepts Cicero, Epictetus, Plutarch, and Polybius: the "others I do resign;" they are good for the arbor and garden walk, but not for the fireside or pillow. This is surely to wrong the poor soul; but Landor is intolerant in his enthusiasm for his philosophical favorites. Epicurus is the teacher whom he really delights to honor, and Cicero is forced to confess in his last hours that he has nearly come over to the camp of his old adversary.

It is easy to interpret the meaning of these prejudices. Landor hates and despises the romantic and the mystic. He has not the least feeling for the art which owes its powers to suggestions of the infinite, or to symbols forced into grotesqueness by the effort to express that for which no thought can be adequate. He refuses to bother himself with allegory or dreamy speculation, and, unlike Sir T. Browne, hates to lose himself in an "*O Altitudo!*" He cares nothing for Dante's inner thoughts, and sees only a hideous chamber of horrors in the "*Inferno.*" Plato is a mere compiler of idle sophistries and contemptible to the common sense and worldly wisdom of Locke and Bacon. In the same spirit he despised Wordsworth's philosophizing as heartily as Jeffrey, and though he tried to be just, could really see nothing in him except the writer of good rustic idylls, and of one good piece of paganism, the "*Laodamia.*"* From such a point of view he ranks him below Burns, Scott, and Cowper, and makes poor Southey consent—Southey who ranked Wordsworth with Milton!

These tendencies are generally summed up by speaking of Landor's objectivity and Hellenism. I have no particular objection to those words except that they seem rather vague and to leave our problem untouched. A man may be as "objective" as you please in a sense, and as thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Greek art, and yet may manage to fall in with the spirit of our own times. The truth is, I fancy, that a simpler name may be given to Landor's tastes, and that we may find them exemplified nearer home. There is many a good country gentleman who rides well to hounds, and is most heartily "objective" in the sense of hating metaphysics and elaborate allegory and unintelligible art, and preferring a glass of wine and a talk with a charming young lady to mystic communings with the world-spirit; and as for Landor's Hellenism, that surely ought not to be an uncommon phenomenon in the region of English public schools. It is really an odd result that we should be so much puzzled by the very man who seems to realize precisely that ideal of culture upon which our most popular system of education is apparently moulded. Here at last is a man who really takes the habit of writing Latin verses seriously; making it a consolation in trouble as well as an elegant amusement. He hopes to rest his

* De Quincey gets into a curious puzzle about Landor's remarks, asking which of Wordsworth's poems is meant; and making oddly erroneous guesses.

fame upon it, and even by a marvellous *tour de force* writes a great deal of English poetry which for all the world reads exactly like a first-rate copy of modern Greek iambics. For once we have produced just what the system ought to produce, and yet we cannot make him out.

The reason for our not producing more Landors is indeed pretty simple. Men of real poetic genius are exceedingly rare at all times, and it is still rarer to find such a man who remains a schoolboy all his life. Landor is precisely a glorified and sublime edition of the model sixth-form lad, only with an unusually strong infusion of schoolboy perversion. Perverse lads, indeed, generally kick over the traces at an earlier point: refuse to learn anything. Boys who take kindly to the classical are generally good, that is to say, docile. They develop into tutors and professors; or, when the cares of life begin to press, they start their cargo of classical lumber and fill the void with law or politics. Landor's peculiar temperament led him to kick against authority, whilst he yet imbibed the spirit of the teaching fully, and in some respects rather too fully.

The impatient and indomitable temper which made quiet or continuous meditation impossible, and the accidental circumstances of his life, left him in possession of qualities which are in most men subdued or expelled by the hard discipline of life. Brought into impulsive collision with all kinds of authorities, he set up a kind of schoolboy republicanism, and used all his poetic eloquence to give it an air of reality. But he never cared to bring it into harmony with any definite system of thought, or let his outbursts of temper transport him into settled antagonism with accepted principles. His aristocratic feeling lay deeper than his quarrels with aristocrats. He troubled himself just as little about theological as about political theories: he was as utterly impervious as the dullest of squires to the mystic philosophy imported by Coleridge, and found the world quite rich enough in sources of enjoyment without tormenting himself about the unseen and the ugly superstitions which thrive in mental twilight. But he had quarrelled with parsons as much as with lawyers, and could not stand the thought of a priest interfering with his affairs or limiting his amusements. And so he set up as a tolerant and hearty disciple of Epicurus. Chivalrous sentiment and an exquisite perception of the beautiful saved him from any gross interpretation of his master's principles; although, to say the

truth, he shows an occasional laxity on some points which savors of the easy-going pagan, or perhaps of the noble of the old school. As he grew up he drank deep of English literature, and sympathized with the grand republican pride of Milton — as sturdy a rebel as himself, and a still nobler because more serious rhetorician. He went to Italy, and as he imbibed Italian literature, sympathized with the joyous spirit of Boccaccio and the eternal boyishness of classical art. Mediævalism and all mystic philosophies remained unintelligible to this true-born Englishman. Irritated rather than humbled by his incapacity, he cast them aside, pretty much as a schoolboy might throw a Plato at the head of a pedantic master.

The best and most attractive dialogues are those in which he can give free play to this Epicurean sentiment; forget his political mouthing, and inoculate us for the moment with the spirit of youthful enjoyment. Nothing can be more perfectly charming in its way than Epicurus in his exquisite garden, discoursing, on his pleasant knoll, where, with violets, cyclamens, and convolvuluses clustering round, he talks to his lovely girl-disciples upon the true theory of life — temperate enjoyment of all refined pleasures, forgetfulness of all cares, and converse with true chosen spirits far from the noise of the profane and vulgar: of the art, in short, by which a man of fine cultivation may make the most of this life, and learn to take death as a calm and happy subsidence into oblivion. Nor far behind is the dialogue in which Lucullus entertains Cæsar in his delightful villa, and illustrates by example, as well as precept, Landor's favorite doctrine of the vast superiority of the literary to the active life. Politics, as he makes even Demosthenes admit, are the "sad refuge of restless minds, averse from business and from study." And certainly there are moods in which we could ask nothing better than to live in a remote villa, in which wealth and art have done everything in their power to give all the pleasures compatible with perfect refinement and contempt of the grosser tastes. Only it must be admitted that this is not quite a gospel for the million. And probably the highest triumph is in the "Pentameron," where the whole scene is so vividly colored by so many delicate touch-

es, and such charming little episodes of Italian life, that we seem almost to have seen the fat, wheezy poet hoisting himself on to his pampered steed, to have listened to the village gossip, and followed the little flirtations in which the true poets take so kindly an interest; and are quite ready to pardon certain useless digressions and critical vagaries, and to overlook complacently any little laxity of morals.

These, and many of the shorter and more dramatic dialogues, have a rare charm, and the critic will return to analyze, if he can, their technical qualities. But little explanation can be needed, after reading them, of Landor's want of popularity. If he had applied half as much literary skill to expand commonplace sentiment; if he had talked that kind of gentle twaddle by which some recent essayists edify their readers, he might have succeeded in gaining a wide popularity. Or if he had been really, as some writers seem to fancy, a deep and systematic thinker as well as a most admirable artist, he would have extorted a hearing even while provoking dissent. But his boyish waywardness has disqualified him from reaching the deeper sympathies of either class. We feel that the most superhuman of schoolboys has really a rather shallow view of life. His various outbursts of wrath amuse us at best when they do not bore, even though they take the outward form of philosophy or statesmanship. He has really no answer or vestige of answer for any problems of his, nor indeed of any other time, for he has no basis of serious thought. All he can say is, ultimately, that he feels himself in a very uncongenial atmosphere, from which it is delightful to retire, in imagination, to the society of Epicurus, or the study of a few literary masterpieces. That may be very true, but it can be interesting only to a few men of similar taste; and men of profound insight, whether of the poetic or the philosophic temperament, are apt to be vexed by his hasty dogmatism and irritable rejection of much which deserved his sympathy. His wanton quarrel with the world has been avenged by the world's indifference. We may regret the result, when we see what rare qualities have been cruelly wasted, but we cannot fairly shut our eyes to the fact that the world has a very strong case.

SIR GIBBIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

AUTHOR OF "MALCOLM," "THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE,"
ETC.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

REFUGE.

IT was a lovely Saturday evening on Glashgar. The few flowers about the small turf cottage scented the air in the hot western sun. The heather was not in bloom yet, and there were no trees; but there were rocks, and stones, and a brawling burn that half surrounded a little field of oats, one of potatoes, and a small spot with a few stocks of cabbage and kail, on the borders of which grew some bushes of double daisies, and primroses, and carnations. These Janet tended as part of her household, while her husband saw to the oats and potatoes. Robert had charge of the few sheep on the mountain which belonged to the farmer at the Mains, and for his trouble had the cottage and the land, most of which he had himself reclaimed. He had also a certain allowance of meal, which was paid in portions, as corn went from the farm to the mill. If they happened to fall short, the miller would always advance them as much as they needed, repaying himself—and not very strictly—the next time corn was sent from the Mains. They were never in any want, and never had any money, except what their children brought them out of their small wages. But that was plenty for their every need, nor had they the faintest feeling that they were persons to be pitied. It was very cold up there in winter, to be sure, and they both suffered from rheumatism; but they had no debt, no fear, much love, and between them, this being mostly Janet's, a large hope for what lay on the other side of death: as to the rheumatism, that was necessary, Janet said, to teach them patience, for they had no other trouble. They were indeed growing old, but neither had begun to feel age a burden yet, and when it should prove such, they had a daughter prepared to give up service and go home to help them. Their thoughts about themselves were nearly lost in their thoughts about each other, their children, and their friends. Janet's main care was her old man, and Robert turned to Janet as the one stay of his life, next to the God in whom he trusted. He did not think so much about God as she: he was not able; nor did he read so much

of his Bible; but she often read to him; and when any of his children were there of an evening, he always "took the book." While Janet prayed at home, his closet was the mountain-side, where he would kneel in the heather, and pray to him who was unseen, the king eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God. The sheep took no heed of him, but sometimes when he rose from his knees and saw Oscar gazing at him with deepest regard, he would feel a little as if he had not quite entered enough into his closet, and would wonder what the dog was thinking. All day, from the mountain and sky and preaching burns, from the sheep and his dog, from winter storms, spring sun and winds, or summer warmth and glow, but more than all, when he went home, from the presence and influence of his wife, came to him somehow—who can explain how!—spiritual nourishment and vital growth. One great thing in it was, that he kept growing wiser and better without knowing it. If St. Paul had to give up judging his own self, perhaps Robert Grant might get through without ever beginning it. He loved life, but if he had been asked why, he might not have found a ready answer. He loved his wife—just because she was Janet. Blithely he left his cottage in the morning, deep breathing the mountain air as if it were his first in the blissful world; and all day the essential bliss of being was his; but the immediate hope of his heart was not the heavenly city; it was his home and his old woman, and her talk of what she had found in her Bible that day. Strangely mingled—mingled even to confusion with his faith in God, was his absolute trust in his wife—a confidence not very different in kind from the faith which so many Christians place in the mother of our Lord. To Robert, Janet was one who knew—one who was far *ben* with the Father of lights. She perceived his intentions, understood his words, did his will, dwelt in the secret place of the Most High. When Janet entered into the kingdom of her Father, she would see that he was not left outside. He was as sure of her love to himself, as he was of God's love to her, and was certain she could never be content without her old man. He was himself a dull soul, he thought, and could not expect the great God to take much notice of him, but he would allow Janet to look after him. He had a vague conviction that he would not be very hard to save, for he knew himself ready to do whatever was required of him. None of all this was plain to his consciousness, however, or I

daresay he would have begun at once to combat the feeling.

His sole anxiety, on the other hand, was neither about life nor death, about this world nor the next, but that his children should be honest and honorable, fear God and keep his commandments. Around them, all and each, the thoughts of father and mother were constantly hovering — as if to watch them, and ward off evil.

Almost from the day, now many years ago, when, because of distance and difficulty, she ceased to go to church, Janet had taken to her New Testament in a new fashion.

She possessed an instinctive power of discriminating character, which had its root and growth in the simplicity of her own; she had always been a student of those phases of humanity that came within her ken; she had a large share of that interest in her fellows and their affairs which is the very bloom upon ripe humanity: with these qualifications, and the interpretative light afforded by her own calm practical way of living, she came to understand men and their actions, especially where the latter differed from what might ordinarily have been expected, in a marvellous way: her faculty amounted almost to sympathetic contact with the very humanity. When, therefore, she found herself in this remote spot, where she could see so little of her kind, she began, she hardly knew by what initiation, to turn her study upon the story of our Lord's life. Nor was it long before it possessed her utterly, so that she concentrated upon it all the light and power of vision she had gathered from her experience of humanity. It ought not therefore to be wonderful how much she now understood of the true humanity — with what simple directness she knew what many of the words of the Son of Man meant, and perceived many of the germs of his individual actions. Hence it followed naturally that the thought of him, and the hope of one day seeing him, became her one informing idea. She was now such another as those women who ministered to him on the earth.

A certain gentle indifference she showed to things considered important, the neighbors attributed to weakness of character, and called *softness*; while the honesty, energy, and directness with which she acted upon insights they did not possess, they attributed to intellectual derangement. She was "ower easy," they said, when the talk had been of prudence or worldly prospect; she was "ower hard," they said, when the question had been of right and wrong.

LIVING AGE. VOL. XXV. 1250

The same afternoon, a neighbor on her way over the shoulder of the hill to the next village, had called upon her and found her brushing the rafters of her cottage with a broom at the end of a long stick.

"Save's a', Janet! what are ye efter? I never saw sic a thing!" she exclaimed.

"I kenna hoo I never thought o' sic a thing afore," answered Janet, leaning her broom against the wall, and dusting a chair for her visitor; "but this mornin', whan my man an' me was sittin' at oor brakfast, there cam' sic a clap o' thunner, 'at it jist garred the bit hoosie trim'le; an' doen fell a snot o' soot until the very spune 'at my man was cairryin' till's honest moo. That cudna be as things war inten't, ye ken; sae what was to be said but set them richt?"

"Ow, weel! but ye micht hae waitit till Donal cam' hame; he wad hae dune 't in half the time, an' no raxed his jints."

"I cudna pit it aff," answered Janet. "Wha kened whan the Lord micht come? — He canna come at cock-crawin' the day, but he may be here afore nicht."

"Weel, I s' awa," said her visitor rising. "I'm gaivin' ower to the toon to buy a feow hanks o' worset to weyve a pair o' stockins to my man. Guid day to ye, Janet. — What neist, I won'er?" she added to herself as she left the house. "The wuman's clean dementit!"

The moment she was gone, Janet caught up her broom again, and went spying about over the roof — ceiling there was none — after long *tangles* of agglomerated cobweb and smoke.

"Ay!" she said to herself, "wha kens whan he may be at the door! an' I wadna like to hear him say — "Janet, ye micht hae had yer hoose a bit cleaner, whan ye kened I micht be at han'!"

With all the cleaning she could give it, her cottage would have looked but a place of misery to many a benevolent woman, who, if she had lived there, would not have been so benevolent as Janet, or have kept the place half so clean. For her soul was alive and rich, and out of her soul, not education or habit, came the smallest of her virtues. — Having finished at last, she took her besom to the door, and beat it against a stone. That done, she stood looking along the path down the hill. It was that by which her sons and daughters, every Saturday, came climbing, one after the other, to her bosom, from their various labors in the valley below, through the sunset, through the long twilight, through the moonlight, each urged by a heart eager to look again upon father and mother.

The sun was now far down his western arc, and nearly on a level with her eyes; and as she gazed into the darkness of the too much light, suddenly emerged from it, rose upward, staggered towards her — was it an angel? was it a spectre? Did her old eyes deceive her? — or was the second sight born in her now first in her old age? — It seemed a child — reeling, and spreading out hands that groped. She covered her eyes for a moment, for it might be a vision in the sun, not on the earth — and looked again. It was indeed a naked child! and — was she still so dazzled by the red sun as to see red where red was none? — or were those indeed blood-red streaks on his white skin? Straight now, though slow, he came towards her. It was the same child who had come and gone so strangely before! He held out his hands to her, and fell on his face at her feet like one dead. Then, with a horror of pitiful amazement, she saw a great cross marked in two cruel stripes on his back; and the thoughts that thereupon went coursing through her loving imagination, it would be hard to set forth. Could it be that the Lord was still, child and man, suffering for his race, to deliver his brothers and sisters from their sins? — wandering, enduring, beaten, blessing still? accepting the evil, slaying it, and returning none? his patience the one rock where the evil word finds no echo; his heart the one gulf into which the dead-sea wave rushes with no recoil — from which ever flows back only purest water, sweet and cool; the one abyss of destroying love, into which all wrong tumbles, and finding no reaction, is lost, ceases forevermore? there, in its own cradle, the primal order is still nursed, still restored; thence is it still sent forth afresh, to leaven with new life the world ever aging! Shadowy and vague they were — but vaguely shadowed were thoughts like these in Janet's mind, as she stood half-stunned, regarding for one moment motionless the prostrate child and his wrongs. The next she lifted him in her arms, and holding him tenderly to her mother-heart, carried him into the house, murmuring over him dove-like sounds of pity and endearment mingled with indignation. There she laid him on his side in her bed, covered him gently over, and hastened to the little byre at the end of the cottage, to get him some warm milk. When she returned, he had already lifted his heavy eyelids, and was looking wearily about the place. But when he saw her, did ever so bright a sun shine as that smile of his! Eyes and mouth and whole face

flashed upon Janet! She set down the milk, and went to the bedside. Gibbie put up his arms, threw them round her neck, and clung to her as if she had been his mother. And from that moment she was his mother: her heart was big enough to mother all the children of humanity. She was like Charity herself, with her babes innumerable.

"What have they done to ye, my bairn?" she said, in tones pitiful with the pity of the Shepherd of the sheep himself.

No reply came back — only another heavenly smile, a smile of absolute content. For what were stripes and nakedness and hunger to Gibbie, now that he had a woman to love! Gibbie's necessity was to love; but here was more; here was Love offering herself to him! Except in black Sambo he had scarcely caught a good sight of her before. He had never before been kissed by that might of God's grace, a true woman. She was an old woman who kissed him; but none who have drunk of the old wine of love, straightway desire the new, for they know that the old is better. Match such as hers with thy love, maiden of twenty, and where wilt thou find the man, I say not worthy, but fit to mate with thee? For hers was love indeed — not the love of love — but the love of Life. Already Gibbie's faintness was gone — and all his ills with it. She raised him with one arm, and held the bowl to his mouth, and he drank; but all the time he drank, his eyes were fixed upon hers. When she laid him down again, he turned on his side, off his scored back, and in a moment was fast asleep. She stood gazing at him. So still was he, that she began to fear he was dead, and laid her hand on his heart. It was beating steadily, and she left him, to make some gruel for him against his waking. Her soul was glad, for she was ministering to her master, not the less in his own self, that it was in the person of one of his own little ones. Gruel, as such a one makes it, is no common fare, but delicate enough for a queen. She set it down by the fire, and proceeded to lay the supper for her expected children. The clean yellow-white table of soft smooth fir, needed no cloth — only horn spoons and wooden caups.

At length a hand came to the latch, and mother and daughter greeted, as mother and daughter only can; then came a son, and mother and son greeted as mother and son only can. They kept on arriving singly to the number of six — two daughters and four sons, the youngest some little time

after the rest. Each, as he or she came, Janet took to the bed, and showed her seventh child where he slept. Each time she showed him, to secure like pity with her own, she turned down the bedclothes, and revealed the little back, smitten with the eternal memorial of the divine perfection. The women wept. The young men were furious, each after his fashion.

"God damn the rascal 'at did it!" cried one of them, clenching his teeth, and forgetting himself quite in the rage of the moment.

"Laddie, tak back the word," said his mother calmly. "Gien ye dinna forgie yer enemies, ye'll no be forgi'en yersel."

"That's some hard, mither," answered the offender, with an attempted smile.

"Hard!" she echoed; "it may weel be hard, for it canna be helpit. What wad be the use o' forgiein' ye, or hoo cud it win at ye, or what wad ye care for't, or mak o't, cairryin' a hell o' hate i' yer verra hert? For gien God be love, hell maun be hate. My bairn, them 'at winna forgie their enemies, cairries sic a nest o' deevilry i' their ain boasoms, 'at the verra speerit o' God himsel' canna win in till't for bein' scomfished wi' smell an' reik. Muckle guid wad ony pardon dee to sic! But ance lat them un'erstan' 'at he canna forgie them, an' maybe they'll be fleyt, an' turn again' the Sawtan 'ats i' them."

"Weel, but he's no *my* enemy," said the youth.

"No your enemy!" returned his mother; "— no your enemy, an' sair (*serve*) a bairn like that! My certy! but he's the enemy o' the haill race o' mankin'. He trespasses unco sair against *me*, I'm weel sure o' that! An' I'm glaid o' 't. I'm glaid 'at he has me for ane o' 's enemies, for I forgie him for ane; an' wuss him sae affrontit wi' himsel' er' a' be dune, 'at he wad fain hide his heid in a midden."

"Noo, noo, mither!" said the eldest son, who had not yet spoken, but whose countenance had been showing a mighty indignation, "that's surely as sair a bannin' as yon 'at Jock said."

"What, laddie! Wad ye hae a fellow-cratur live to a' eternity ohn been ashamed o' sic a thing's that? Wad that be to wuss him weel? Kenna ye 'at the mair shame the mair grace? My word was the best beginnin' o' better 'at I cud wuss him. Na, na, laddie! frae my verra hert I wuss he may be that affrontit wi' himsel' 'at he canna sae muckle as lift up's een to h'aven, but maun smite upo' 's breist an' say, 'God be mercifu' to me a sinner!' That's my curse upo' *him*, for I wadna hae 'im a de-

vil. Whan he comes to think that shame o' himsel', I'll tak him to my hert, as I tak the bairn he misguidit. Only I doobt I'll be lang awa afore that, for it taks time to fess a man like that till's holy sanses."

The sixth of the family now entered, and his mother led him up to the bed.

"The Lord preserve's!" cried Donal Grant, "it's the cratur! — An' is that the gait they hae guidit him! The quaietest cratur an' the willin'est!"

Donal began to choke.

"Ye ken him than, laddie?" said his mother.

"Weel that," answered Donal. "He's been wi' me an' the nowt ilka day for weeks till the day."

With that he hurried into the story of his acquaintance with Gibbie; and the fable of the brownie would soon have disappeared from Daurside, had it not been that Janet desired them to say nothing about the boy, but let him be forgotten by his enemies, till he grew able to take care of himself. Besides, she said, their father might get into trouble with the master and the laird, if it were known they had him.

Donal vowed to himself, that, if Fergus had had a hand in the abuse, he would never speak civil word to him again.

He turned towards the bed, and there were Gibbie's azure eyes wide open and fixed upon him.

"Eh, ye cratur!" he cried; and darting to the bed, he took Gibbie's face between his hands, and said, in a voice to which pity and sympathy gave a tone like his mother's,

"Whaten a deevil was't 'at lickit ye like that? Eh! I wuss I had the trimmin' o' him!"

Gibbie smiled.

"Has the ill-guideship ta'en the tongue frae 'im, think ye?" asked the mother.

"Na, na," answered Donal; "he's been like that sin' ever I kened him. I never h'ard word frae the moo' o' 'm."

"He'll be ane o' the deif an' dumb," said Janet.

"He's no deif, mither; that I ken weel; but dumb he maun be, I'm thinkin'. — Cratur," he continued, stooping over the boy, "gien ye hear what I'm sayin', tak haud o' my nose."

Thereupon, with a laugh like that of an amused infant, Gibbie raised his hand, and with thumb and forefinger gently pinched Donal's large nose, at which they all burst out laughing with joy. It was as if they had found an angel's baby in the bushes, and been afraid he was an idiot, but were now relieved. Away went Janet, and

brought him his gruel. It was with no small difficulty and not without a moan or two, that Gibbie sat up in the bed to take it. There was something very pathetic in the full content with which he sat there in his nakedness, and looked smiling at them all. It was more than content—it was bliss that shone in his countenance. He took the wooden bowl, and began to eat; and the look he cast on Janet seemed to say he had never tasted such delicious food. Indeed he never had; and the poor cottage, where once more he was a stranger and taken in, appeared to Gibbie a place of wondrous wealth. And so it was—not only in the best treasures, those of loving kindness, but in all homely plenty as well for the needs of the body—a very temple of the God of simplicity and comfort—rich in warmth and rest and food.

Janet went to her *kist*, whence she brought out a garment of her own, and aired it at the fire. It had no lace at the neck or cuffs, no embroidery down the front; but when she put it on him, amid the tearful laughter of the women, and had tied it round his waist with a piece of list that had served as a garter, it made a dress most becoming in their eyes, and gave Gibbie indescribable pleasure from its whiteness, and its coolness to his inflamed skin.

They had just finished clothing him thus, when the goodman came home, and the mother's narration had to be given afresh, with Donal's notes explanatory and complete. As the latter reported the doings of the imagined brownie, and the commotion they had caused at the Mains and along Daurside, Gibbie's countenance flashed with pleasure and fun; and at last he broke into such a peal of laughter as had never, for pure merriment, been heard before so high on Glashgar. All joined involuntarily in the laugh—even the old man, who had been listening with his gray eyebrows knit and hanging like bosky precipices over the tarns of his deep-set eyes, taking in every word, but uttering not one. When at last his wife showed him the child's back, he lifted his two hands, and moved them slowly up and down, as in pitiful appeal for man against man to the sire of the race. But still he said not a word. As to utterance of what lay in the deep soul of him, the old man, except sometimes to his wife, was nearly as dumb as Gibbie himself.

They sat down to their homely meal. Simplest things will carry the result of honest attention as plainly as more elaborate dishes; and, which it might be well to consider, they will carry no more than

they are worth: of Janet's supper it is enough to say that it was such as became her heart. In the judgment of all her guests, the porridge was such as none could make but mother, the milk such as none but mother's cow could yield, the cakes such as she only could bake.

Gibbie sat in the bed like a king on his throne, gazing on his kingdom. For he that loves has, as no one else has. It is the divine possession. Picture the delight of the child, in his passion for his kind, looking out upon this company of true hearts, honest faces, human forms—all strong and healthy, loving each other, and generous to the taking in of the world's outcast! Gibbie could not, at that period of his history, have invented a heaven more to his mind, and as often as one of them turned eyes towards the bed, his face shone up with love and merry gratitude, like a better sun.

It was now almost time for the sons and daughters to go down the hill again, and leave the cottage and the blessed old parents and the harbored child to the night, the mountain-silence, and the living God. The sun had long been down; but far away in the north, the faint thin fringe of his light-garment was still visible, moving with the unseen body of his glory softly eastward, dreaming along the horizon, growing fainter and fainter as it went, but at the faintest then beginning to revive and grow. Of the northern lands in summer, it may be said, as of the heaven of heavens, that there is no night there. And by-and-by the moon also would attend the steps of the returning children of labor.

"Noo, lads an' lasses, afore we hae worship, rin, ilk ane o' ye," said the mother, "an' pu heather to mak a bed to the wee man—i' the neuk there, at the heid o' oors. He'll sleep there bonny, an' no ill 'ill come near 'im."

She was obeyed instantly. The heather was pulled, and set together upright as it grew, only much closer, so that the tops made a dense surface, and the many stalks, each weak, a strong upbearing whole. They boxed them in below with a board or two for the purpose, and bound them together above with a blanket over the top, and a white sheet over that—a linen sheet it was, and large enough to be doubled and receive Gibbie between its folds. Then another blanket was added, and the bed, a perfect one, was ready. The eldest of the daughters took Gibbie in her arms, and, tenderly careful over his hurts, lifted him from the old folks' bed, and placed him in his own—one more

luxurious, for heather makes a still better stratum for repose than oat-chaff — and Gibbie sank into it with a sigh that was but a smile grown vocal.

Then Donal, as the youngest, got down the big Bible, and having laid it before his father, lighted the rush-pith-wick projecting from the beak of the little iron lamp that hung against the wall, its shape descended from Roman times. The old man put on his spectacles, took the book, and found the passage that fell, in continuous process, to that evening.

Now he was not a very good reader, and, what with blindness, and spectacles, and poor light, would sometimes lose his place. But it never troubled him, for he always knew the sense of what was coming, and being no idolater of the letter, used the word that first suggested itself, and so recovered his place without pausing. It reminded his sons and daughters of the time when he used to tell them Bible stories as they crowded about his knees; and sounding therefore merely like the substitution of a more familiar word to assist their comprehension, woke no surprise. And even now, the word supplied, being in the vernacular, was rather to the benefit than the disadvantage of his hearers. The word of Christ is spirit and life, and where the heart is aglow, the tongue will follow that spirit and life fearlessly, and will not err.

On this occasion he was reading of our Lord's cure of the leper; and having read, "*put forth his hand*," lost his place, and went straight on without it, from his memory of the facts.

"He put forth his han' — an' grippit him, an' said, Aw wull — be clean."

After the reading followed a prayer, very solemn and devout. It was then only, when before God, with his wife by his side, and his family around him, that the old man became articulate. He would scarcely have been so then, and would have floundered greatly in the marshes of his mental chaos, but for the stepping stones of certain theological forms and phrases, which were of endless service to him in that they helped him to utter what in him was far better, and so realize more to himself his own feelings. Those forms and phrases would have shocked any devout Christian who had not been brought up in the same school: but they did him little harm, for he saw only the good that *was* in them, and indeed did not understand them save in so far as they worded that lifting up of the heart after which he was ever striving.

By the time the prayer was over, Gibbie was fast asleep again. What it all meant he had not an idea; and the sound lulled him — a service often so rendered in lieu of that intended. When he woke next, from the aching of his stripes, the cottage was dark. The old people were fast asleep. A hairy thing lay by his side, which, without the least fear, he examined by palpation, and found to be a dog, whereupon he fell fast asleep again, if possible happier than ever. And while the cottage was thus quiet, the brothers and sisters were still tramping along the moonlit paths of Daurside. They had all set out together, but at one point after another there had been a parting, and now they were on six different roads, each drawing nearer to the labor of the new week.

CHAPTER II.

MORE SCHOOLING.

THE first opportunity Donal had, he questioned Fergus as to his share in the ill-usage of Gibbie. Fergus treated the inquiry as an impertinent interference, and mounted his high horse at once. What right had his father's herd-boy to question him as to his conduct? He put it so to him and in nearly just as many words. Thereupon answered Donal —

"It's this, ye see, Fergus: ye hae been unco guid to me, an' I'm mair obligatit till ye nor I can say. But it wad be a scunnerfu' thing to tak the len' o' buiks frae ye, an' speir quest'ons at ye 'at I canna mak oot mysel', an' syne gang awa despisin' ye i' my hert for cruelty an' wrang. What was the cratur punished for? Tell me that. Accordin' till yer aunt's ain account, he had taen naething, an' had dune naething but guid."

"Why didn't he speak up then, and defend himself, and not be so damned obstinate?" returned Fergus. "He wouldn't open his mouth to tell his name, or where he came from even. I couldn't get him to utter a single word. As for his punishment, it was by the laird's orders that Angus Mac Pholp took the whip to him. I had nothing to do with it." — Fergus did not consider the punishment he had himself given him as worth mentioning — as indeed, except for honesty's sake, it was not, beside the other.

"Weel, I'll be a man some day, an' Angus 'll hae to saddle wi' me!" said Donal through his clenched teeth. "Man, Fergus! the cratur's as dumb's a worum. I dinna believe 'at ever he spak a word in's life."

This cut Fergus to the heart, for he was far from being without generosity or pity. How many things a man who is not awake to side strenuously with the good in him against the evil, who is not on his guard lest himself should mislead himself, may do, of which he will one day be bitterly ashamed! — a trite remark, it may be, but, reader, that will make the thing itself no easier to bear, should you ever come to know you have done a thing of the sort. I fear, however, from what I know of Fergus afterwards, that he now, instead of seeking about to make some amends, turned the strength that should have gone in that direction, to the justifying of himself to himself in what he had done. Anyhow, he was far too proud to confess to Donal that he had done wrong — too much offended at being rebuked by one he counted so immeasurably his inferior, to do the right thing his rebuke set before him. What did the mighty business matter! The little rascal was nothing but a tramp; and if he didn't deserve his punishment this time, he had deserved it a hundred times without having it, and would ten thousand times again. So reasoned Fergus, while the feeling grew upon Donal that *the cratur* was of some superior race — came from some other and nobler world. I would remind my reader that Donal was a Celt, with a nature open to every fancy of love or awe — one of the same breed with the foolish Galatians, and like them ready to be bewitched; but bearing a heart that welcomed the light with glad rebound — loved the lovely, nor loved it only, but turned towards it with desire to become like to it. Fergus too was a Celt in the main, but was spoiled by the paltry ambition of being distinguished. He was not in love with loveliness, but in love with praise. He saw not a little of what was good and noble, and would fain be such, but mainly that men might regard him for his goodness and nobility; hence his practical notion of the good was weak, and of the noble, paltry. His one desire in doing anything, was to be approved of or admired in the same — approved of in the opinions he held, in the plans he pursued, in the doctrines he taught; admired in the poems in which he went halting after Byron, and in the eloquence with which he meant one day to astonish great congregations. There was nothing original as yet discoverable in him; nothing to deliver him from the poor imitative apery in which he imagined himself a poet. He did possess one invaluable gift — that of perceiving and admiring, more than a little, certain

forms of the beautiful; but it was rendered merely ridiculous by being conjoined with the miserable ambition — poor as that of any mountebank emperor — to be himself admired for that admiration. He mistook also sensibility for faculty, nor perceived that it was at best but a probable sign that he might be able to do something or other with pleasure, perhaps with success. If any one judge it hard that men should be made with ambitions to whose objects they can never attain, I answer, ambition is but the evil shadow of aspiration; and no man ever followed the truth, which is the one path of aspiration, and in the end complained that he had been made this way or that. Man is made to be that which he is made most capable of desiring — but it goes without saying that he must desire the thing itself and not its shadow. Man is of the truth, and while he follows a lie, no indication his nature yields will hold, except the fear, the discontent, the sickness of soul, that tell him he is wrong. If he say, "I care not for what you call the substance — it is to me the shadow; I want what you call the shadow," the only answer is, that to all eternity, he can never have it: a shadow can never be had.

Ginevra was hardly the same child after the experience of that terrible morning. At no time very much at home with her father, something had now come between them, to remove which all her struggles to love him as before were unavailing. The father was too stupid, too unsympathetic, to take note of the look of fear that crossed her face if ever he addressed her suddenly; and when she was absorbed in fighting the thoughts that *would* come, he took her constraint for sullenness.

With a cold spot in his heart where once had dwelt some genuine regard for Donal, Fergus went back to college. Donal went on herding the cattle, cudgeling Hornie, and reading what books he could lay his hands on: there was no supply through Fergus any more, alas! The year before, ere he took his leave, he had been careful to see Donal provided with at least books for study; but this time he left him to shift for himself. He was small because he was proud, spiteful because he was conceited. He would let Donal know what it was to have lost his favor! But Donal did not suffer much, except in the loss of the friendship itself. He managed to get the loan of a copy of Burns — better meat for a strong spirit than the poetry of Byron or even Scott. An innate cleanliness of soul rendered the occasional coarseness to him harmless, and the mighty torrent of

the man's life, broken by occasional pools reflecting the stars; its headlong hatred of hypocrisy and false religion; its generosity and struggling conscientiousness; its failures and its repentances, roused much in the heart of Donal. Happily the copy he had borrowed, had in it a tolerable biography; and that, read along with the man's work, enabled him, young as he was, to see something of where and how he had failed, and to shadow out to himself, not altogether vaguely, the perils to which the greatest must be exposed who cannot rule his own spirit, but, like a mere child, reels from one mood into another — at the will of — what?

From reading Burns, Donal learned also not a little of the capabilities of his own language; for, Celt as he was by birth and country and mental character, he could not speak the Gaelic: that language, soft as the speech of streams from rugged mountains, and wild as that of the wind in the tops of fir-trees, the language at once of bards and fighting men, had so far ebbed from the region, lingering only here and there in the hollow pools of old memories, that Donal had never learned it; and the lowland Scotch, an ancient branch of English, dry and gnarled, but still flourishing in its old age, had become, instead, his mother-tongue; and the man who loves the antique speech, or even the mere patois, of his childhood, and knows how to use it, possesses therein a certain kind of power over the hearts of men, which the most refined and perfect of languages cannot give, inasmuch as it has travelled farther from the original sources of laughter and tears. But the old Scottish itself is, alas! rapidly vanishing before a poor, shabby imitation of modern English — itself a weaker language in sound, however enriched in words, since the days of Shakspeare, when it was far more like Scotch in its utterance than it is now.

My mother-tongue, how sweet thy tone!
How near to good allied!
Were even my heart of steel or stone,
Thou wouldst drive out the pride.

So sings Klaus Groth, in and concerning his own Plattdeutsch — so nearly akin to the English.

To a poet especially is it an inestimable advantage to be able to employ such a language for his purposes. Not only was it the speech of his childhood, when he saw everything with fresh, true eyes, but it is itself a child-speech; and the child way of saying must always lie nearer the child way of seeing, which is the poetic way. There-

fore, as the poetic faculty was now slowly asserting itself in Donal, it was of vast importance that he should know what *the* genius of Scotland had been able to do with his homely mother-tongue, for through that tongue alone, could what poetry he had in him have thoroughly fair play, and in turn do its best towards his development — which is the first and greatest use of poetry. It is a ruinous misjudgment — too contemptible to be asserted, but not too contemptible to be acted upon, that the end of poetry is publication. Its true end is to help first the man who makes it along the path to the truth: help for other people may or may not be in it; that, if it become a question at all, must be an after one. To the man who has it, the gift is invaluable; and, in proportion as it helps him to be a better man, it is of value to the whole world; but it may, in itself, be so nearly worthless, that the publishing of it would be more for harm than good. Ask any one who has had to perform the unenviable duty of editor to a magazine: he will corroborate what I say — that the quantity of verse good enough to be its own reward, but without the smallest claim to be uttered to the world, is enormous.

Not yet, however, had Donal written a single stanza. A line, or at most two, would now and then come into his head with a buzz, like a wandering honey-bee that had mistaken its hive — generally in the shape of a humorous malediction on Hornie — but that was all.

In the mean time Gibbie slept and waked and slept again, night after night — with the loveliest days between, at the cottage on Glashgar. The morning after his arrival, the first thing he was aware of was Janet's face beaming over him, with a look in its eyes more like worship than benevolence. Her husband was gone, and she was about to milk the cow, and was anxious lest, while she was away, he should disappear as before. But the light that rushed into his eyes was in full response to that which kindled the light in hers, and her misgiving vanished: he could not love her like that and leave her. She gave him his breakfast of porridge and milk, and went to her cow.

When she came back, she found everything tidy in the cottage, the floor swept, every dish washed and set aside; and Gibbie was examining an old shoe of Robert's, to see whether he could not mend it. Janet, having therefore leisure, proceeded at once with joy to the construction of a garment she had been devising for him. The design was simple, and its execution

easy. Taking a blue winsey petticoat of her own, drawing it in round his waist, and tying it over the chemise which was his only garment, she found, as she had expected, that its hem reached his feet: she partly divided it up the middle, before and behind, and had but to backstitch two short seams, and there was a pair of sailor-like trousers, as tidy as comfortable! Gibbie was delighted with them. True, they had no pockets, but then he had nothing to put in pockets, and one might come to think of that as an advantage. Gibbie indeed had never had pockets, for the pockets of the garments he had had were always worn out before they reached him. Then Janet thought about a cap; but considering him a moment critically, and seeing how his hair stood out like thatch-eaves round his head, she concluded with herself, "There maun be some men as weel's women fowk, I'm thinkin', whause hair's gien them for a coverin'," and betook herself instead to her New Testament.

Gibbie stood by as she read in silence, gazing with delight, for he thought it must be a book of ballads like Donal's that she was reading. But Janet found his presence, his unresting attitude, and his gaze, discomposing. To worship freely, one must be alone, or else with fellow-worshippers. And reading and worshipping were often so mingled with Janet, as to form but one mental consciousness. She looked up therefore from her book, and said —

"Can ye read, laddie?"

Gibbie shook his head.

"Sit ye doon than, an I s' read till ye."

Gibbie obeyed more than willingly, expecting to hear some ancient Scots tale of love or chivalry. Instead, it was one of those love-awful glory-sad chapters in the end of the Gospel of John, over which hangs the darkest cloud of human sorrow, shot through and through with the radiance of light eternal, essential, invincible. Whether it was the uncertain response to Janet's tone merely, or to truth too loud to be heard save as a thrill, of some chord in his own spirit, having its one end indeed twisted around an earthly peg, but the other looped to a tail-piece far in the unknown — I cannot tell; it may have been that the name now and then recurring brought to his mind the last words of poor Sambo; anyhow, when Janet looked up, she saw the tears rolling down the child's face. At the same time, from the expression of his countenance, she judged that his understanding had grasped nothing. She turned therefore to the parable of the prodigal son, and read it. Even that had

not a few words and phrases unknown to Gibbie, but he did not fail to catch the drift of the perfect story. For had not Gibbie himself had a father, to whose bosom he went home every night? Let but love be the interpreter, and what most wretched type will not serve the turn for the carriage of profoundest truth! The prodigal's lowest degradation, Gibbie did not understand; but Janet saw the expression of the boy's face alter with every tone of the tale, through all the gamut between the swines' trough and the arms of the father. Then at last he burst — not into tears — Gibbie was not much acquainted with weeping — but into a laugh of loud triumph. He clapped his hands, and in a shiver of ecstasy, stood like a stork upon one leg, as if so much of him was all that could be spared for this lower world, and screwed himself together.

Janet was well satisfied with her experiment. Most Scotch women and more than most Scotch men, would have rebuked him for laughing, but Janet knew in herself a certain tension of delight which nothing served to relieve but a wild laughter of holiest gladness; and never in tears of deepest emotion did her heart appeal more directly to its God. It is the heart that is not yet sure of its God, that is afraid to laugh in his presence.

Thus had Gibbie his first lesson in the only thing worth learning, in that which, to be learned at all, demands the united energy of heart and soul and strength and mind; and from that day he went on learning it. I cannot tell how, or what were the slow stages by which his mind budded and swelled until it burst into the flower of humanity, the knowledge of God. I cannot tell the shape of the door by which the Lord entered into that house, and took everlasting possession of it. I cannot even tell in what shape he appeared himself in Gibbie's thoughts — for the Lord can take any shape that is human. I only know it was not any unhuman shape of earthly theology that he bore to Gibbie, when he saw him with "that inward eye, which is the bliss of solitude." For happily Janet never suspected how utter was Gibbie's ignorance. She never dreamed that he did not know what was generally said about Jesus Christ. She thought he must know as well as she the outlines of his story, and the purpose of his life and death, as commonly taught, and therefore never attempted explanations for the sake of which she would probably have found herself driven to use terms and phrases which merely substitute that which is intel-

ligible because it appeals to what in us is low, and is itself both low and false, for that which, if unintelligible, is so because of its grandeur and truth. Gibbie's ideas of God he got all from the mouth of Theology himself, the Word of God; and to the theologian who will not be content with his teaching, the disciple of Jesus must just turn his back, that his face may be to his Master.

So teaching him only that which she loved, not that which she had been taught, Janet read to Gibbie of Jesus, talked to him of Jesus, dreamed to him about Jesus; until at length — Gibbie did not think to watch, and knew nothing of the process by which it came about — his whole soul was full of the man, of his doings, of his words, of his thoughts, of his life. Jesus Christ was in him — he was possessed by him. Almost before he knew, he was trying to fashion his life after that of his Master.

Between the two, it was a sweet teaching, a sweet learning. Under Janet, Gibbie was saved the thousand agonies that befall the conscientious disciple, from the forcing upon him, as the thoughts and will of the eternal father of our spirits, of the ill expressed and worse understood experience, the crude conjectures, the vulgar imaginations of would-be teachers of the multitude. Containing truth enough to save those of sufficiently low development to receive such teaching without disgust, it contains falsehood enough, but for the spirit of God, to ruin all nobler — I mean all childlike natures, utterly; and many such it has gone far to ruin, driving them even to a madness in which they have died. Jesus alone knows the Father, and can reveal him. Janet studied only Jesus, and as a man knows his friend, so she, only infinitely better, knew her more than friend — her Lord and her God. Do I speak of a poor Scotch peasant woman too largely for the reader whose test of truth is the notion of probability he draws from his own experience? Let me put one question to make the real probability clearer. Should it be any wonder, if Christ be indeed the natural Lord of every man, woman, and child, that a simple, capable nature, laying itself entirely open to him and his influences, should understand him? How should he be the Lord of that nature if such a thing were not possible, or were at all improbable — nay if such a thing did not necessarily follow? Among women, was it not always to peasant women that heavenly messages came? See revelation culminate in Elizabeth and Mary, the mothers of John the

Baptist and Jesus. Think how much fitter that it should be so — that they to whom the word of God comes should be women bred in the dignity of a natural life, and familiarity with the large ways of the earth; women of simple and few wants, without distraction, and with time for reflection — compelled to reflection, indeed, from the enduring presence of an unsullied consciousness: for wherever there is a humble, thoughtful nature, into that nature the divine consciousness, that is, the spirit of God, presses as into its own place. Holy women are to be found everywhere, but the prophetess is not so likely to be found in the city as in the hill-country.

Whatever Janet, then, might, perhaps — I do not know — have imagined it her duty to say to Gibbie had she surmised his ignorance, having long ceased to trouble her own head, she had now no inclination to trouble Gibbie's heart with what men call the plan of salvation. It was enough to her to find that he followed her Master. Being in the light she understood the light, and had no need of system, either true or false, to explain it to her. She lived by the word proceeding out of the mouth of God. When life begins to speculate upon itself, I suspect it has begun to die. And seldom has there been a fitter soul, one cleaner from evil, from folly, from device — a purer cistern for such water of life as rose in the heart of Janet Grant to pour itself into, than the soul of Sir Gibbie. But I must not call any true soul a cistern: wherever the water of life is received, it sinks and softens and hollows, until it reaches, far down, the springs of life there also, that come straight from the eternal hills, and thenceforth there is in that soul a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

CHAPTER III.

THE SLATE.

FROM that very next day, then, after he was received into the cottage on Glashgar, Gibbie, as a matter of course, took upon him the work his hand could find to do, and Janet averred to her husband that never had any of her daughters been more useful to her. At the same time, however, she insisted that Robert should take the boy out with him. She would not have him do woman's work, especially work for which she was herself perfectly able. She had not come to her years, she said, to learn idleness; and the boy would save Robert many a weary step among the hills.

"He canna speyk to the dog," objected Robert, giving utterance to the first difficulty that suggested itself.

"The dog canna speyk himsel'," returned Janet, "an' the won'er is he can un'erstan': wha kens but he may come full nigher ane 'at's speechless like himsel'! Ye gie the cratur the chance, an' I s' warran' he'll mak himsel' plain to the dog. Ye jist try 'im. Tell ye him to tell the dog sae an sae, an' see what 'll come o' 't."

Robert made the experiment, and it proved satisfactory. As soon as he had received Robert's orders, Gibbie claimed Oscar's attention. The dog looked up in his face, noted every glance and gesture, and, partly from sympathetic instinct, that gift lying so near the very essence of life, partly from observation of the state of affairs in respect of the sheep, divined with certainty what the duty required of him was, and was off like a shot.

"The twa dumb craturs un'erstan' ane anither better nor I un'erstan' aither o' them," said Robert to his wife when they came home.

And now indeed it was a blessed time for Gibbie. It had been pleasant down in the valley, with the cattle and Donal, and foul weather sometimes; but now it was the full glow of summer; the sweet keen air of the mountain bathed him as he ran, entered into him, filled him with life like the new wine of the kingdom of God, and the whole world rose in its glory around him. Surely it is not the outspread sea, however the sight of its storms and its laboring ships may enhance the sense of safety to the onlooker, but the outspread land of peace and plenty, with its nestling houses, its well-stocked yards, its cattle feeding in the meadows, and its men and horses at labor in the fields, that gives the deepest delight to the heart of the poet! Gibbie was one of the meek, and inherited the earth. Throned on the mountain, he beheld the multiform "goings on of life," and in love possessed the whole. He was of the poet-kind also, and now that he was a shepherd, saw everything with shepherd-eyes. One moment, to his fancy, the great sun above played the shepherd to the world, the winds were the dogs, and the men and women the sheep. The next, in higher mood, he would remember the good shepherd of whom Janet had read to him, and pat the head of the collie that lay beside him: Oscar too was a shepherd and no hireling; he fed the sheep; he turned them from danger and barrenness; and he barked well.

"I'm the dumb dog!" said Gibbie to himself, not knowing that he was really a copy in small of the good shepherd; "but maybe there may be mair nor ae gait o' barkin'."

Then what a joy it was to the heaven-born obedience of the child, to hearken to every word, watch every look, divine every wish of the old man! Child Hercules could not have waited on mighty old Saturn as Gibbie waited on Robert. For he was to him the embodiment of all that was reverend and worthy, a very gulf of wisdom, a mountain of rectitude. Gibbie was one of those few elect natures to whom obedience is a delight — a creature so different from the vulgar that they have but one tentacle they can reach such with — that of contempt.

"I jist lo'e the bairn as the verra aipple o' my ee," said Robert. "I can scarce consave a wuss, but there's the cratur wi' a grip o' 't! He seems to ken what's risin' i', my min', an' in a moment he's up like the dog to be ready, an' luiks at me waitin'."

Nor was it long before the town-bred child grew to love the heavens almost as dearly as the earth. He would gaze and gaze at the clouds as they came and went, and watching them and the wind, weighing the heat and the cold, and marking many indications, known some of them perhaps only to himself, understood the signs of the earthly times at length nearly as well as an insect or a swallow, and far better than long-experienced old Robert. The mountain was Gibbie's very home; yet to see him far up on it, in the red glow of the setting sun, with his dog, as obedient as himself, hanging upon his every signal, one could have fancied him a shepherd boy come down from the plains of heaven to look after a lost lamb. Often, when the two old people were in bed and asleep, Gibbie would be out watching the moon rise — seated, still as ruined god of Egypt, on a stone of the mountain-side, islanded in space, nothing alive and visible near him, perhaps not even a solitary night-wind blowing and ceasing like the breath of a man's life, and the awfully silent moon sliding up from the hollow of a valley below. If there be indeed a one spirit, ever awake and aware, should it be hard to believe that that spirit should then hold common thought with a little spirit of its own? If the nightly mountain was the prayer-closet of him who said he would be with his disciples to the end of the world, can it be folly to think he would hold talk with such a child, alone under the heaven, in the presence of the father of both? Gib-

bie never thought about himself, therefore was there wide room for the entrance of the spirit. Does the questioning thought arise to any reader: How could a man be conscious of bliss without the thought of himself? I answer the doubt: When a man turns to look at himself, that moment the glow of the loftiest bliss begins to fade; the pulsing fireflies throb paler in the passionate night; an unseen vapor steams up from the marsh and dims the star-crowded sky and the azure sea; and the next moment the very bliss itself looks as if it had never been more than a phosphorescent gleam — the summer lightning of the brain. For then the man sees himself but in his own dim mirror, whereas ere he turned to look in that, he knew himself in the absolute clarity of God's present thought out-bodying him. The shoots of glad consciousness that come to the obedient man, surpass in bliss whole days and years of such ravined rapture as he gains whose weariness is ever spurring the sides of his intent towards the ever retreating goal of his desires. I am a traitor even to myself if I would live without my life.

But I withhold my pen; for vain were the fancy, by treatise or sermon or poem or tale to persuade a man to forget himself. He cannot if he would. Sooner will he forget the presence of a raging tooth. There is no forgetting of ourselves but in the finding of our deeper, our true self — God's idea of us when he devised us — the Christ in us. Nothing but that self can displace the false, greedy, whining self, of which most of us are so fond and proud. And that self no man can find for himself; seeing of himself he does not even know what to search for. "But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God."

Then there was the delight, fresh every week, of the Saturday gathering of the brothers and sisters, whom Gibbie could hardly have loved more, had they been of his own immediate kin. Dearest of all was Donal, whose greeting — "Weel, cratur," was heavenly in Gibbie's ears. Donal would have had him go down and spend a day, every now and then, with him and the *nowt*, as in old times — so soon the times grow old to the young! — but Janet would not hear of it, until the foolish tale of the brownie should have quite blown over.

"Eh, but I wuss," she added, as she said so, "I cud win at something about his fowk, or aiven whaur he cam frae, or what they ca'd him! Never ae word has the cratur spoken!"

"Ye sud learn him to read, mither," said Donal.

"Hoo wad I du that, laddie? I wad hae to learn him to speyk first," returned Janet.

"Lat 'im come doon to me, an' I'll try my han'," said Donal.

Janet, notwithstanding, persisted in her refusal — for the present. By Donal's words set thinking of the matter, however, she now pondered the question day after day, how she might teach him to read; and at last the idea dawned upon her to substitute writing for speech.

She took the Shorter Catechism, which, in those days, had always an alphabet as janitor to the gates of its mysteries — who, with the catechism as a consequence even dimly foreboded, would even have learned it? — and showed Gibbie the letters, naming each several times, and going over them repeatedly. Then she gave him Donal's school-slate, with a *sklet pike*, and said, "Noo, mak a muckle A, cratur."

Gibbie did so, and well too: she found that already he knew about half the letters.

"*He*'s no fule!" she said to herself in triumph.

The other half soon followed; and she then began to show him words — not in the catechism, but in the New Testament. Having told him what any word was, and led him to consider the letters composing it, she would desire him to make it on the slate, and he would do so with tolerable accuracy: she was not very severe about the spelling, if only it was plain he knew the word. Ere long he began to devise short ways of making the letters, and soon wrote with remarkable facility in a character modified from the printed letters. When at length Janet saw him take the book by himself, and sit pondering over it, she had not a doubt he was understanding it, and her heart leapt for joy. He had to ask her a good many words at first, and often the meaning of one and of another; but he seldom asked a question twice; and as his understanding was far ahead of his reading, he was able to test a conjectured meaning by the sense or nonsense it made of the passage.

One day she turned him to the paraphrases.* At once, to his astonishment, he found there, all silent, yet still the same delight which Donal used to divide to him from the book of *ballants*. His joy was unbounded. He jumped from his seat; he danced, and laughed, and finally stood

* Metrical paraphrases of passages of Scripture, always to be found at the end of the Bibles printed for Scotland.

upon one leg: no other mode of expression but this, the expression of utter failure to express, was of avail to the relief of his feeling.

One day, a few weeks after Gibbie had begun to read by himself, Janet became aware that he was sitting on his stool, in what had come to be called *the cratur's corner*, more than usually absorbed in some attempt with slate and pencil — now ceasing, lost in thought, and now commencing anew. She went near and peeped over his shoulder. At the top of the slate he had written the word *give*, then the word *giving*, and below them, *gib*, then *gibing*; upon these followed *gib* again, and he was now plainly meditating something farther. Suddenly he seemed to find what he wanted, for in haste, almost as if he feared it might escape him, he added a *y*, making the word *giby* — then first lifted his head, and looked round, evidently seeking her. She laid her hand on his head. He jumped up with one of his most radiant smiles, and holding out the slate to her, pointed with his pencil to the word he had just completed. She did not know it for a word, but sounded it as it seemed to stand, making the *g* soft, as I daresay some of my readers, not recognizing in *Gibbie* the diminutive of *Gilbert*, may have treated its more accurate form. He shook his head sharply, and laid the point of his pencil upon the *g* of the *give* written above. Janet had been his teacher too long not to see what he meant, and immediately pronounced the word as he would have it. Upon this he began a wild dance, but sobering suddenly, sat down, and was instantly again absorbed in further attempt. It lasted so long that Janet resumed her previous household occupation. At length he rose, and with thoughtful, doubtful contemplation of what he had done, brought her the slate. There, under the foregone success, he had written the words *galatians* and *breath*, and under them *galbreath*. She read them all, and at the last, which, witnessing to his success, she pronounced to his satisfaction, he began another dance, which again he ended abruptly, to draw her attention once more to the slate. He pointed to the *giby* first, and the *galbreath* next, and she read them together. This time he did not dance, but seemed waiting some result. Upon Janet the idea was dawning that he meant himself, but she was thrown out by the cognomen's correspondence with that of the laird, which suggested that the boy had been merely attempting the name of the great man of the district. With this in

her mind, and doubtfully feeling her way, she essayed the tentative of setting him right in the Christian name, and said: "*Thomas — Thomas Galbraith.*" Gibbie shook his head as before, and again resumed his seat. Presently he brought her the slate, with all the rest rubbed out, and these words standing alone — *sir giby galbreath*. Janet read them aloud, whereupon Gibbie began stabbing his forehead with the point of his slate-pencil, and dancing once more in triumph: he had, he hoped, for the first time in his life, conveyed a fact through words.

"That's what they ca' ye, is't?" said Janet, looking motherly at him: "— Sir Gibbie Galbraith?"

Gibbie nodded vehemently.

"It'll be some nickname the bairns hae gien him," said Janet to herself, but continued to gaze at him, in questioning doubt of her own solution. She could not recall having ever heard of a *Sir* in the family; but ghosts of things forgotten kept rising formless and thin in the sky of her memory: *had* she never heard of a *Sir* Somebody Galbraith somewhere? And still she stared at the child, trying to grasp what she could not even see. By this time Gibbie was standing quite still, staring at her in return: he could not think what made her stare so at him.

"Wha ca'd ye that?" said Janet at length, pointing to the slate.

Gibbie took the slate, dropped upon his seat, and after considerable cogitation and effort, brought her the words, *gibyse fapher*. Janet for a moment was puzzled, but when she thought of correcting the *p* with a *t*, Gibbie entirely approved.

"What was yer father, cratur?" she asked.

Gibbie, after a longer pause, and more evident labor than hitherto, brought her the enigmatical word, *asootr*, which, the *Sir* running about in her head, quite defeated Janet. Perceiving his failure, he jumped upon a chair, and reaching after one of Robert's Sunday shoes on the *crap o' the wa'*, the natural shelf running all round the cottage, formed by the top of the wall where the rafters rested, caught hold of it, tumbled with it upon his creepie, took it between his knees, and began a pantomime of the making or mending of the same with such verisimilitude of imitation, that it was clear to Janet he must have been familiar with the processes collectively called shoemaking; and therewith she recognized the word on the slate — *a sutor*. She smiled to herself at the association of name and trade, and concluded

that the *Sir* at least was a nickname. And yet — and yet — whether from the presence of some rudiment of an old memory, or from something about the boy that belonged to a higher style than his present showing, her mind kept swaying in an uncertainty whose very object eluded her.

“What is’t yer wull ’at we ca’ ye, than, cratur?” she asked, anxious to meet the child’s own idea of himself.

He pointed to the *giby*.

“Weel, Gibbie,” responded Janet, — and at the word, now for the first time addressed by her to himself, he began dancing more wildly than ever, and ended with standing motionless on one leg: now first and at last he was fully recognized for what he was! — “Weel, Gibbie, I s’ ca’ ye what ye think fit,” said Janet. “An noo gang yer wa’s, Gibbie, an’ see ’at Crummie’s no ower far oot o’ sicht.”

From that hour Gibbie had his name from the whole family — his Christian name only, however, Robert and Janet having agreed it would be wise to avoid whatever might possibly bring the boy again under the notice of the laird. The latter half of his name, they laid aside for him, as parents do a dangerous or over-valuable gift to a child.

CHAPTER IV.

RUMORS.

ALMOST from the first moment of his being domiciled on Glashgar, what with the good food, the fine exercise, the exquisite air, and his great happiness, Gibbie began to grow: and he took to growing so fast that his legs soon shot far out of his winsey garment. But, of all places, that was a small matter in Gormgarnet, where the kilt was as common as trousers. His wiry limbs grew larger without losing their firmness or elasticity; his chest, the effort in running up hill constantly alternated with the relief of running down, rapidly expanded, and his lungs grew hardy as well as powerful; till he became at length such in wirr and muscle, that he could run down a wayward sheep almost as well as Oscar. And his nerve grew also with his body and strength, till his coolness and courage were splendid. Never, when the tide of his affairs ran most in the shallows, had Gibbie had much acquaintance with fears, but now he had for gotten the taste of them, and would have encountered a wild highland bull alone on the mountain, as readily as tie Crummie up in her byre.

One afternoon, Donal, having got a half

holiday, by the help of a friend and the favor of Mistress Jean, came home to see his mother, and having greeted her, set out to find Gibbie. He had gone a long way, looking and calling without success, and had come in sight of a certain tiny loch, or tarn, that filled a hollow of the mountain. It was called the Deid Pot; and the old awe, amounting nearly to terror, with which in his childhood he had regarded it, returned upon him the moment he saw the dark gleam of it, nearly as strong as ever — an awe indescribable, arising from mingled feelings of depth, and darkness, and lateral recesses, and unknown serpent-like fishes. The pot, though small in surface, was truly of unknown depth, and had elements of dread about it telling upon far less active imaginations than Donal’s. While he stood gazing at it, almost afraid to go nearer, a great splash that echoed from the steep rocks surrounding it, brought his heart into his mouth, and immediately followed a loud barking, in which he recognized the voice of Oscar. Before he had well begun to think what it could mean, Gibbie appeared on the opposite side of the loch, high above its level, on the top of the rocks forming its basin. He began instantly a rapid descent towards the water, where the rocks were so steep, and the footing so precarious, that Oscar wisely remained at the top nor attempted to follow him. Presently the dog caught sight of Donal, where he stood on a lower level, whence the water was comparatively easy of access, and starting off at full speed, joined him, with much demonstration of welcome. But he received little notice from Donal, whose gaze was fixed, with much wonder and more fear, on the descending Gibbie. Some twenty feet from the surface of the loch, he reached a point whence clearly, in Donal’s judgment, there was no possibility of farther descent. But Donal was never more mistaken; for that instant Gibbie flashed from the face of the rock head foremost, like a fishing bird into the lake. Donal gave a cry, and ran to the edge of the water, accompanied by Oscar, who, all the time, had showed no anxiety, but had stood wagging his tail, and uttering now and then a little half-disappointed whine; neither now were his motions as he ran other than those of frolic and expectancy. When they reached the loch, there was Gibbie already but a few yards from the only possible landing-place, swimming with one hand, while in the other arm he held a baby lamb, its head lying quite still on his shoulder: it had

been stunned by the fall, but might come round again. Then first Donal began to perceive that *the cratur* was growing an athlete. When he landed, he gave Donal a merry laugh of welcome, but without stopping flew up the hill to take the lamb to its mother. Fresh from the icy water, he ran so fast that it was all Donal could do to keep up with him.

The Deid Pot, then, taught Gibbie what swimming it could, which was not much, and what diving it could, which was more; but the nights of the following summer, when everybody on mountain and valley was asleep, and the moon shone, he would often go down to the Daur, and throwing himself into its deepest reaches, spend hours in lonely sport with water and wind and moon. He had by that time learned things knowing which a man can never be lonesome.

The few goats on the mountain were for a time very inimical to him. So often did they but him over, causing him sometimes severe bruises, that at last he resolved to try conclusions with them; and when next a goat made a rush at him, he seized him by the horns and wrestled with him mightily. This exercise once begun, he provoked engagements, until his strength and aptitude were such and so well known, that not a billy-goat on Glashgar would have to do with him. But when he saw that every one of them ran at his approach, Gibbie, who could not bear to be in discord with any creature, changed his behavior towards them, and took equal pains to reconcile them to him — nor rested before he had entirely succeeded.

Every time Donal came home, he would bring some book of verse with him, and, leading Gibbie to some hollow, shady or sheltered as the time required, would there read to him ballads, or songs, or verse more stately, as mood or provision might suggest. The music, the melody and the cadence and the harmony, the tone and the rhythm and the time and the rime, instead of growing common to him, rejoiced Gibbie more and more every feast, and with ever growing reverence he looked up to Donal as a mighty master magician. But if Donal could have looked down into Gibbie's bosom, he would have seen something there beyond his comprehension. For Gibbie was already in the kingdom of heaven, and Donal would have to suffer, before he would begin even to look about for the door by which a man may enter into it.

I wonder how much Gibbie was indebted to his constrained silence during all

these years. That he lost by it, no one will doubt; that he gained also, a few will admit: though I should find it hard to say what and how great, I cannot doubt it bore an important part in the fostering of such thoughts and feelings and actions as were beyond the vision of Donal, poet as he was growing to be. While Donal read, rejoicing in the music both of sound and sense, Gibbie was doing something besides: he was listening with the same ears, and trying to see with the same eyes which he brought to bear upon the things Janet taught him out of the book. Already those first weekly issues, lately commenced, of a popular literature had penetrated into the mountains of Gormgarnet; but whether Donal read *Blind Harry* from a thumbed old modern edition, or some new tale or neat poem from the Edinburgh press, Gibbie was always placing what he heard by the side, as it were, of what he knew; asking himself, in this case and that, what Jesus Christ would have done, or what he would require of a disciple. There must be one right way, he argued. Sometimes his innocence failed to see that no disciple of the Son of Man could, save by fearful failure, be in such circumstances as the tale or ballad represented. But whether successful or not in the individual inquiry, the boy's mind and heart and spirit, in this silent, unembarrassed brooding, as energetic as it was peaceful, expanded upwards when it failed to widen, and the widening would come after. Gifted, from the first of his being, with such a rare drawing to his kind, he saw his utmost affection dwarfed by the words and deeds of Jesus — beheld more and more grand the requirements made of a man who would love his fellows as Christ loved them. When he sank foiled from any endeavor to understand how a man was to behave in certain circumstances, these or those, he always took refuge in *doing* something — and doing it better than before; leaped the more eagerly if Robert called him, spoke the more gently to Oscar, turned the sheep more careful not to scare them — as if by instinct he perceived that the only hope of understanding lies in doing. He would cleave to the skirt when the hand seemed withdrawn; he would run to do the thing he had learned yesterday, when as yet he could find no answer to the question of to-day. Thus, as the weeks of solitude and love and thought and obedience glided by, the reality of Christ grew upon him, till he saw the very rocks and heather and the faces of the sheep like him, and felt his presence everywhere, and

ever coming nearer. Nor did his imagination aid only a little in the growth of his being. He would dream waking dreams about Jesus, gloriously childlike. He fancied he came down every now and then to see how things were going in the lower part of his kingdom; and that when he did so, he made use of Glashgar and its rocks for his stair, coming down its granite scale in the morning, and again, when he had ended his visit, going up in the evening by the same steps. Then high and fast would his heart beat at the thought that some day he might come upon his path just when he had passed, see the heather lifting its head from the trail of his garment, or more slowly out of the prints left by his feet, as he walked up the stairs of heaven, going back to his father. Sometimes, when a sheep stopped feeding and looked up suddenly, he would fancy that Jesus had laid his hand on its head, and was now telling it that it must not mind being killed; for he had been killed, and it was all right.

Although he could read the New Testament for himself now, he always preferred making acquaintance with any new portion of it first from the mouth of Janet. Her voice made the word more of a word to him. But the next time he read, it was sure to be what she had then read. She was his priestess; the opening of her Bible was the opening of a window in heaven; her cottage was the porter's lodge to the temple; his very sheep were feeding on the temple-stairs. Smile at such fancies if you will, but think also whether they may not be within sight of the greatest of facts. Of all teachings that which presents a far distant God is the nearest to absurdity. Either there is none, or he is nearer to every one of us than our nearest consciousness of self. An unapproachable divinity is the veriest of monsters, the most horrible of human imaginations.

When the winter came, with its frost and snow, Gibbie saved Robert much suffering. At first Robert was unwilling to let him go out alone in stormy weather; but Janet believed that the child doing the old man's work would be specially protected. All through the hard time therefore, Gibbie went and came, and no evil befell him. Neither did he suffer from the cold; for, a sheep having died towards the end of the first autumn, Robert, in view of Gibbie's coming necessity, had begged of his master the skin, and dressed it with the wool upon it; and of this, between the three of them, they made a coat for him; so that he roamed the hill like a savage, in a garment of skin.

It became, of course, before very long, well known about the country that Mr. Duff's crofters upon Glashgar had taken in and were bringing up a foundling — some said an innocent, some said a wild boy — who helped Robert with his sheep, and Janet with her cow, but could not speak a word of either Gaelic or English. By and by, strange stories came to be told of his exploits, representing him as gifted with bodily powers as much surpassing the common, as his mental faculties were assumed to be under the ordinary standard. The rumor concerning him swelled as well as spread, mainly from the love of the marvellous common in the region, I suppose, until, towards the end of his second year on Glashgar, the notion of Gibbie in the imaginations of the children of Daur-side, was that of an almost supernatural being, who had dwelt upon, or rather who had haunted Glashgar from time immemorial, and of whom they had been hearing all their lives; and, although they had never heard anything bad of him — that he was *wild*, that he wore a hairy skin, that he could do more than any other boy dared attempt, that he was dumb, and that yet (for this also was said) sheep and dogs and cattle, and even the wild creatures of the mountain, could understand him perfectly — these statements were more than enough, acting on the suspicion and fear belonging to the savage in their own bosoms, to envelope the idea of him in a mist of dread, deepening to such horror in the case of the more timid and imaginative of them, that when the twilight began to gather about the cottages and farmhouses, the very mention of "the beast-loon o' Glashgar" was enough, and that for miles up and down the river, to send many of the children scouring like startled hares into the house. Gibbie, in his atmosphere of human grace and tenderness, little thought what clouds of foolish fancies, rising from the valleys below, had, by their distorting vapors, made of him an object of terror to those whom at the very first sight he would have loved and served. Amongst these, perhaps the most afraid of him were the children of the game-keeper, for they lived on the very foot of the haunted hill, near the bridge and gate of Glashruach; and the laird himself happened one day to be witness of their fear. He inquired the cause, and yet again was his enlightened soul vexed by the persistency with which the shadows of superstition still hung about his lands. Had he been half as philosophical as he fancied himself, he might have seen that there was not necessarily a single film of super-

stition involved in the belief that a savage roamed a mountain — which was all that Mistress MacPholp, depriving the rumor of its richer coloring, ventured to impart as the cause of her children's perturbation; but anything a hair's-breadth out of the common, was a thing hated of Thomas Galbraith's soul, and whatever another believed which he did not choose to believe, he set down at once as superstition. He held therefore immediate communication with his gamekeeper on the subject, who in his turn was scandalized that *his* children should have thus proved themselves unworthy of the privileges of their position, and given annoyance to the liberal soul of their master, and took care that both they and his wife should suffer in consequence. The expression of the man's face as he listened to the laird's complaint, would not have been a pleasant sight to any lover of Gibbie; but it had not occurred either to master or man, that the offensive being, whose doubtful existence caused the scandal, was the same towards whom they had once been guilty of such brutality; nor would their knowledge of the fact have been favorable to Gibbie. The same afternoon the laird questioned his tenant of the Mains concerning his cottars; and was assured that better or more respectable people were not in all the region of Gormgarnet.

When Robert became aware, chiefly through the representations of his wife and Donal, of Gibbie's gifts of other kinds than those revealed to himself by his good shepherding, he began to turn it over in his mind, and by and by referred the question to his wife whether they ought not to send the boy to school, that he might learn the things he was so much more than ordinarily capable of learning. Janet would give no immediate opinion. She must think, she said; and she took three days to turn the matter over in her mind. Her questioning cogitation was to this effect: "What need has a man to know anything but what the New Testament teaches him? Life was little to me before I began to understand its good news; now it is more than good — it is grand. But then, man is to live by *every* word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God; and everything came out of his mouth, when he said, Let there be this, and Let there be that. Whatever is true is his making, and the more we know of it the better. Besides, how much less of the New Testament would I understand now, if it were not for things I had gone through and learned before!"

"Ay, Robert," she answered, without preface, the third day, "I'm thinkin' there's a heap o' things, gien I hed them, 'at wad help me to ken what the Maister spak till. It wad be a sin no to lat the laddie learn. But wha'll tak the tribble needfu' to the learnin' o' a puir dummie?"

"Lat him gang doon to the Mains, an' herd wi' Donal," answered Robert. "He kens a hantle mair nor you or me or Gibbie aither; an' whan he's learnt a' 'at Donal can shaw him, it'll be time to think what neist."

"Weel," answered Janet, "nane can say but that's sense, Robert; an' though I'm laith, for your sake mair nor my ain, to lat the laddie gang, lat him gang to Donal. I houp, atween the twa, they winna lat the nowt amo' the corn."

"The corn's 'maist cuttit noo," replied Robert, "an' for the maitter o' that, twa guid consciences winna blaw ane anither oot. — But he needna gang ilka day. He can gie ae day to the learnin', an' the neist to thinkin' about it amo' the sheep. An' ony day 'at ye want to keep him, ye can keep him; for it winna be as gien he gaed to the schuil."

Gibbie was delighted with the proposal.

"Only," said Robert, in final warning, "dinna ye lat them tak ye, Gibbie, an' score yer back again, my cratur; an' dinna ye answer naebody, whan they speir what ye're ca'd, onything mair nor jist *Gibbie*."

The boy laughed and nodded, and, as Janet said, the bairn's nick was as guid 's the best man's word.

Now came a happy time for the two boys. Donal began at once to teach Gibbie Euclid and arithmetic. When they had had enough of that for a day, he read Scottish history to him; and when they had done what seemed their duty by that, then came the best of the feast — whatever tales or poetry Donal had laid his hands upon.

Somewhere about this time it was that he first got hold of a copy of the *Paradise Lost*. He found that he could not make much of it. But he found also that, as before with the ballads, when he read from it aloud to Gibbie, his mere listening presence sent back a spiritual echo that helped him to the meaning; and when neither of them understood it, the grand organ roll of it, losing nothing in the Scotch vowel-ing, delighted them both.

Once they were startled by seeing the gamekeeper enter the field. The moment he saw him, Gibbie laid himself flat on the ground, but ready to spring to his feet and run. The man, however, did not come near them.

From The Nineteenth Century.
THE RELIGION OF THE ANCIENT
EGYPTIANS.

"OH Egypt! Egypt! Of thy religion fables only will remain, which thy disciples will understand as little as they do thy religion. Words cut into stone will alone remain telling of thy pious deeds. The Scythian, or the dweller by the Indus, or some other barbarian will inhabit thy fair land."

Such was the prophecy of Hermes Trismegistus, too literally fulfilled concerning the religion of the nation which Herodotus considered to be "by far the best-instructed people with whom he was acquainted, since they, of all men, store up most for recollection" — the people who "of all men were most attentive to the worship of the gods," and "most scrupulous in matters of religion" — the people from whose pantheon he gladly acknowledges that "almost all the gods came into Greece." The crowning glory of the wisdom of King Solomon was that it "excelled the wisdom of Egypt."

Of their love of learning and reverence for religion we have abundant proof in their writings on the papyrus of the Nile and the "fine linen of Egypt;" and in the "words cut into stone" on the walls of temples, on the tombs of kings and queens, of priests and priestesses, of noble men and fair women. Every temple had its library attached. On the walls of the library at Dendera is sculptured a *catalogue raisonné* of manuscripts belonging to the temple. The exhortations to follow learning are unceasing: "Love letters as thy mother. I make its beauty to appear in thy face. It is a greater possession than all honors."*

And so we, descendants of the "barbarians," the thought of whose appearance on the banks of the Nile sent such a shiver to the heart of the cultured priest, are able to spell out the religion of the Egyptians; and, unsealing the lips of the dead, bid them speak for us their "sermons in stones."

The interest which attaches to the religion of ancient Egypt is due partly to the proof it gives that our Father — who is, as a Vedic hymn calls him, "the most fatherly of fathers" — fed the souls and spirits of his children when they "hungered and thirsted after righteousness" in the remotest ages of the world; and partly to the light it sheds upon the Mosaic con-

ception and idea of the Divine Being and man's relation to him.

On this account it may be well to bear in mind the extreme antiquity of the Egyptians and the state of their civilization during the serfdom of the Israelites. A pyramid at Sakkarah, near Thebes, has a royal title on the inner door to the fourth king of the first dynasty. If this inscription be correct, then the pyramid was built from five to seven hundred years before the great pyramid of Cheops, and was two thousand years old in the time of Abraham. Of this pyramid we may say, as King Amenemha said of a palace he was building, "Made for eternity, time shrinks before it."

During the period of the slavery of the Israelites, Egypt was already in its decadence, and its religion had lost much of its original purity. We possess books of travels, moral treatises, letters, sacred hymns, and novels, some written before and some during this period. Moses was "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," and the influence of this learning is felt in the Pentateuch.

The dry climate and the sand of Egypt have preserved the monuments, the papyri, and the frescoes, which appear fresh as the day on which they were painted. M. Mariette describes his penetrating into one of the sealed sepulchral chambers at Memphis and finding, on the thin layer of sand which covered the floor, the footprints of the workmen who, thirty-seven hundred years before, had laid the Apis mummy in its sarcophagus and closed, as they believed, the door of perfect fitting stone forever.

We shall consider (1) the idea of God, (2) the effect of this idea upon the life of the people, (3) the conception of the future life.

I. The manifold forms of the Egyptian pantheon were nothing, says the late E. Deutsch,* but religious masks of the sublime doctrine of the unity of the Deity communicated to the initiated in the mysteries. "The gods of the pantheon were," says M. Pierrot, "only manifestations of the One Being in his various capacities." † M. Maspero ‡ and other scholars have arrived at the same conclusion.

The following hymn occurs on two papyri in the British Museum. It represents the thought prevalent in Egypt at

* Lit. Rem. p. 178.

† *Dict. d'Arch. Egypt.*, art. "Religion." Paris, 1875.

‡ *Hist. Anc. des Peuples de l'Orient*, cap. i. Paris, 1876.

* G. Maspero, *Le Genre Epistolaire chez les Anciens Egyptiens*, p. 48. Paris, 1872.

the time of the Exodus, and is the work of Enna, the well-known author of the "Romance of the Two Brothers" and other works. The hymn was translated some years ago by Maspero.* A translation has also been offered by Canon Cook in "Records of the Past."† I select portions which express the unity of the Godhead:—

Hail to thee, O Nile!

He causeth growth to fulfil all desires,
He never wearies of it.
He maketh his might a buckler.‡
He is not graven in marble §
As an image bearing the double crown.
He is not beheld: ||
He hath neither ministrants nor offerings :
He is not adored in sanctuaries :
His abode is not known.
No shrine is found with painted figures (of him).
There is no building that can contain him ! ¶
There is no counsellor in thy heart ! **
Every eye is satisfied with him. ††

Unknown is his name in heaven,
He does not manifest his forms !
Vain are all representations of him.

On this hymn Canon Cook makes the note, sufficiently remarkable as coming from the editor of the "Speaker's Commentary:" "The whole of this passage is of extreme importance, showing that, apart from all objects of idolatrous worship, the old Egyptian recognized the existence of a supreme God, unknown and inconceivable; the true source of all power and goodness."

This one God is moreover the creator: "He has made the world with his hand, its waters, its atmosphere, its vegetation, all its flocks, and birds, and fish, and reptiles, and beasts of the field." †† "He made all the world contains, and hath given it light when there was as yet no sun." §§ "Glory to thee who hast begotten all that exists, who hast made man, and made the gods also, and all the beasts of the field. Thou makest men to live. Thou hast no being second to thee. Thou givest the breath of life. Thou art the light of this world." |||

* *Hymne au Nil*. Paris, 1868. Lauth offers a fine translation in "*Moses der Ebräer*."

† Vol. iv., p. 105.

‡ Cf. Ps. xviii. 2.

§ Cf. Acts xvii. 29.

|| Cf. St. John i. 18.

¶ Cf. 1 Kings viii. 27.

** Cf. Isa. xi. 13, 14.

†† Cf. Ps. xvii. 15.

‡‡ Hymn to Osiris. Paris Stelé. Transl. by Chabas.

§§ *Mélanges Egypt.* i. 118, 119. Chabas.

||| Leeman, *Monuments du Musée des Pays-Bas*, ii. 3.

But although God be the creator, yet he is "self-created:" "His commencement is from the beginning. He is the God who has existed from old time. There is no God without him. No mother bore him, no father hath begotten him. God-goddess created from himself. All gods came into existence when he began."*

Many of the hymns speak the mystery of his name: "Unknown is his name in heaven:" "Whose name is hidden from his creatures: in his name which is Amen" (*hidden, secret*).† Therefore the Egyptians never spoke the Unknown Name, but used a phrase which expressed the self-existence of the Eternal: "I am One Being, I am One." The expression is found in the "Ritual of the Dead," where Lepsius translates it: "*Ich bin Tum, ein Wesen das ich eines bin*;" and he refers to the similarly constructed sentence: "I and my Father are one."‡ E. Deutsch renders it, "I am He who I am." The original is Nuk-pu-Nuk. Plutarch § tells us of the veil which overhung the temple of Neith at Sais: "I am that was, and is, and is to be; and my veil no mortal hath yet drawn aside." The name Neith means "I came from myself." || In one of the magical texts there is a chapter entitled: "To open the Place of the Shrine of the Seat of Neith." "I am the seat of Neith, hidden in the hidden, concealed in the concealed, shut up in the shut up, unknown I am knowledge." ¶¶

At the town of Pilhom, God was worshipped under the name of "the Living God," which Brugsch considers to correspond with the meaning of the name Jehovah; and the serpent of brass, called *kerch* (the polished), was there regarded as the living symbol of God.**

These passages are sufficient to establish the fact stated in the letter of Jamblichus to Porphyry that the Egyptians "affirm that all things which exist were created, and that he who gave them being is their first Father and Creator." ††

The Egyptians felt that which we all

* *Ibid.* ii. 74. Chabas.

† The incommunicableness of the name of the Divine Being was the truth at which Jacob arrived after the night's hard wrestling: "Why askest thou after my name?"

‡ *ἐγὼ καὶ ὁ Πατήρ ἓΝ ἐσμεν.*

§ *De Isid. et Os.*, c. 9.

|| Athene is supposed to have had her origin in the Egyptian Neith. An inscription is said to exist in a temple of Athene: "I am all that was, and is, and shall be." Monier Williams, *Indian Wisdom*, p. 145, n.

¶¶ *Records of Past*, vi. 123.

** *Cong. of Orient*. London.

†† *De Myst.* i. 4.

feel, that no name can express all that God is. Nevertheless, they tried to realize God by taking some natural object which should in itself convey to their minds some feature in God's nature, so that from the well-known they might grope after if happily they might find the unknown. This became a necessity for the priests in the religious teaching of the people. Therefore in the sun they saw God manifested as the light of the world, in the river Nile they saw the likeness of him whom no temple can contain, whose form cannot be graven in marble, whose abode is unknown. The more fully they felt the infinite nature of God, the more would they seek in nature for symbols, and in flights of inspiration for names, to express the yearnings of their souls after God. Hence they called God Pthah when he speaks, and when by his word he becomes creator; they called him Thoth when he writes the sacred books, and "manifests truth and goodness;" they called him Osiris when he manifests all that is best and noblest in man's nature, and taking upon him the nature of man becomes the god-man. All the deities were regarded as manifestations of the one great Creator, the Uncreated, the Father of the universe.* This is expressed in the hymn: "Hail to thee! Lord of the lapse of time, king of gods! Thou of many names, of holy transformations, of mysterious forms." † This idea of one God expressed in many names is given by Aristotle: "God, though he be one, has many names, because he is called according to states into which he is continually entering anew." ‡ The same idea is found in several passages of the Rig-Veda: "That which is one the wise call it in divers manners; they call it Agni, Yama, Indra, Varuna." § "Wise poets make the beautiful-winged, though he be one, manifold by words." ||

Nevertheless, as in Greece and in India, so also in ancient Egypt, the symbols became in the popular mind actual gods, and the people degenerated into gross idolatry. It is an instance of the descent from the worship of the invisible attributes of God. They "changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible men, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things . . . and they changed the truth of God into a

lie; and worshipped and served the creature rather than the Creator."* This is unfortunately the aspect in which the Egyptian Pantheon has presented itself to mankind for many centuries.

After these appeared
A crew, who under names of old renown,
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused
Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek
Their wandering gods disguised in brutish
forms
Rather than human.†

We possess the account of a brilliant effort made by Amenophis the Fourth (1500 B.C.) to abolish all worship except that of the sun. He assumed the name of "Glory of the solar disk," and changed the capital city so that the architecture might not suggest the popular polytheism. Lepsius explored the ruins of the new city, and found the walls decorated with peculiar floral designs, and with hymns to the sun. This reformation, however, lasted only for one generation, and then passed away.‡ We find the influence of this religious revolution on the stele of a hymn to Osiris (eighteenth dynasty), for wherever the name of the deity Amen occurs, it has been chiselled out; but it is restored under his successors.

A striking picture is given of King Panchi Mer-Amon entering the temple of Ra, the sun. "He purified himself in the heart of the cool lake, washing his face in the stream of the heavenly waters in which Ra laves his face. Then he proceeded to the sandy height in Heliopolis, making a great sacrifice before the face of Ra at his rising, with cows, milk, gum, frankincense, and all precious woods delightful for scent. He went in procession to the temple of Ra . . . then the chief priest offered supplications to ward off calamity for the king, girded with the sacred vestments. He then purified him with incense and sprinkling, and brought to him garlands from the Temple of Obelisks.§ The king ascended the flight of steps to the great shrine to behold Ra in the Temple of Obelisks. The king stood by himself, the great one alone, he drew the bolt, he opened the folding doors, he saw his father Ra in the Temple of Obelisks. Then he closed the doors, and set sealing clay with the king's own signet, and enjoined the priests, say-

* *Hymne au Soleil dans le xv. chap. du Rituel*, par Lefebvre.

† Chabas, *Rev. Arch.*, O.S. xiv. 80.

‡ *De Mundo*, c. vii. init.

§ R. V. i. 164. 46.

|| R. V. x. 114. 5.

* Rom. i. 23-25. See also Plutarch in *De Is. et Osir.*, c. lxxi.

† *Paradise Lost*, i. 476-482.

‡ Brugsch, *Histoire d'Egypte*, p. 118.

§ One of the obelisks which then stood before the porch still exists.

ing: 'I have set my seal; let no other king whatever enter therein.' Then he stood, and they prostrated themselves before his majesty.*

The conception of the unity of the God-head did not prevent the Egyptians from thinking of God as very near to them. He is their Father, and they "sons beloved of their Father." He is the "Giver of life;" "Toucher of the hearts, Searcher of the inward parts, is his name." "Every one glorifies thy goodness, mild is thy love towards us; thy tenderness surrounds our hearts; great is thy love in all the souls of men." One lamentation cries: "Let not thy face be turned away from us; the joy of our hearts is to contemplate thee. Chase all anguish from our hearts." "He wipes tears from off all faces." "Hail to thee, Ra, Lord of all truth: whose shrine is hidden; Lord of the gods: who listeneth to the poor in his distress: gentle of heart when we cry to thee. Deliverer of the timid man from the violent; judging the poor, the poor and the oppressed. Lord of mercy most loving: at whose coming men live; at whose goodness gods and men rejoice. Sovereign of life, health, and strength."† "Speak nothing offensive of the great Creator, if the words are spoken in secret: the heart of man is no secret to him that made it. . . . He is present with thee though thou be alone."‡

As we might expect from so lofty a conception of God, their hearts broke forth into joyous hymns of praise:—

Hail to thee, say all creatures:
Salutation from every land:
To the height of heaven, to the breadth of the earth:
To the depths of the sea:
The gods adore thy majesty.
The spirits thou hast made exalt thee,
Rejoicing before the feet of their begetter.
They cry out welcome to thee:
Father of the father of all the gods:
Who raises the heavens, who fixes the earth.
Maker of beings, creator of existences,
Sovereign of life, health, and strength, chief of the gods:
We worship thy spirit, *who alone* hast made us:
We, whom thou hast made, thank thee, that thou hast given us birth;
We give to thee praises for thy mercy towards us.§

II. Such was the idea of God and his relation to man held by the ancient Egyp-

* Records of Past, ii. 98.

† *Ibid.* ii. 131.

‡ Goodwin, Cambridge Essays.

§ Records of Past, ii. 133.

tians; and, as we might expect, it drew forth in them "lovely and pleasant lives."

The three cardinal requirements of Egyptian piety were love to God, love to virtue, love to man.* "I was a wise man upon earth," says an ancient Egyptian, "and I ever loved God." On one of the tombs at Thebes a king sums up his life: "I lived in truth, I fed my soul with justice. What I did to men was done in peace; and how I loved God, God and my heart well know." The Rosetta stone records of Ptolemy Epiphanes: "He was pious towards the gods, he ameliorated the life of man, he was full of generous piety, he showed forth with all his might his sentiments of humanity. He distributed justice to all like God himself." Thus was the modern king a worthy successor of the ancient.

Love of truth and justice was a distinguishing characteristic of the Egyptians. God is invoked: "Rock of Truth is thy name."† In an inscription at Sistrum a king addresses Hathor, goddess of truth: "I offer to thee the truth, O goddess! for truth is thy work, and thou thyself art the truth."‡ Thoth is the god who "manifests truth and goodness." The high priest in every town, who was also the chief magistrate, wore round his neck a jewelled jewel, which bore on one side the image of Truth, and on the other sometimes the image of Justice sometimes of Light. When the accused was acquitted the judge held out the image for him to kiss.§ The image of Justice is represented with the eyes closed and without hands, to signify that the judge should never receive any bribe with his hands to "blind his eyes withal." So also, in the scene of the final judgment, Osiris wears round his neck the jewelled Justice and Truth, the heavenly pattern of the earthly copy, for justice and truth are eternal in the heavens. This jewel was adopted apparently by the Jewish high priest after the flight from Egypt. No English translation has been offered for the strange words Urim and Thummim, but the LXX. translated them "Truth and Light." Truthfulness was an essential part of the Egyptian moral code; and when, after death, the soul enters the Hall of the Two Truths, or Perfect Justice, it repeats the words learned upon earth: "O thou great God, Lord of truth! I have known thee. I

* Keim, *Jesus v. Nazara*, ii. 157.

† Brugsch, *Saï an Sinsin*. Berlin, 1851.

‡ Edwards, *One Thousand Miles up the Nile*, i. 191.

§ Chabas has an interesting paper on Egyptian justice in *Mélanges Egypte*, iii. 2 ff.

have known thy name. Lord of truth is thy name. I never told a lie at the tribunal of truth."*

The honor due to parents sprang naturally from the belief in God as "our Father which art in heaven." We constantly find inscriptions on the tombs such as the following: "I honored my father and my mother; I loved my brothers. I taught little children. I took care of orphans as though they had been my own children."† In letters of excellent advice addressed by an old man of one hundred and ten years of age to a young friend — which form the most ancient book in the world, dating 3000 B.C. — he says: "The obedience of a docile son is a blessing. God loves obedience. Disobedience is hated by God. The obedience of a son maketh glad the heart of his father. . . . A son teachable in God's service will be happy in consequence of his obedience, he will grow to be old, he will find favor."‡ This is the earliest appearance of the "first commandment with promise" (Eph. vi. 2), the obedience to God and man which was the "essence of Hebraism."

The moral code of the Egyptians was exceedingly elaborate. It consisted of forty-two commandments or heads under which all sins might be classed. This code was the ideal placed before men on earth; it was the standard of perfection according to which they would be judged in heaven. Some of them are of local interest only, but most belong to the eternal laws of right and wrong written on the tables of the heart. Men were taught from childhood, as children are nowadays taught their catechism, that they must appear in the presence of the Divine Judge, and say: "I have not privily done evil to my neighbors. I have not afflicted any, nor caused any to weep. I have not told lies.§ I have not done any wicked thing. I have not done what is hateful to the gods. I have not calumniated the slave to his master. I have not been idle. || I have

not stolen. I have not committed adultery. I have not committed murder." And so on.

But their commandments were positive as well as negative. On the tombs we find the common formula: "I have given bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, clothes to the naked, shelter to the stranger."* In the lamentation at funerals, the mourners see the deceased entering the presence of the Divine Judge, and they chant the words: "There is no fault in him. No accuser riseth up against him. In the truth he liveth, with the truth he nourisheth himself. The gods are satisfied with all that he hath done. . . . He succored the afflicted, he gave bread to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, clothes to the naked, he sheltered the outcast, his doors were open to the stranger, he was a father to the fatherless."† This was the principle of the final judgment announced by the Son of Man to whom "all judgment is committed," some four thousand years afterwards among the hills of Palestine.

This tenderness for suffering humanity is characteristic of the nation. Gratefully does a man acknowledge in his autobiography (4000 B.C.): "Wandering I wandered and was hungry, bread was set before me: I fled from the land naked, there was given me fine linen."‡ It is a glory to a man that "the poor shall make their moan at the door of his tomb." An inscription on a tomb at Beni-Hassan, written about 2500 B.C., reads: "I have not oppressed any widow. No prisoner languished in my days. No one died of hunger. When there were years of famine I had my fields ploughed. I gave food to the inhabitants, so that there was no hungry person. I gave the widow equal portions with the married. I did not prefer the rich to the poor."§ On a wall of the temple of Karnak there is sculptured the earliest known extradition treaty. It is between Rameses the Second and a Khetan prince. The last clause provides that political fugitives are to be sent back, with the following humane provision for their personal safety: "Whoever shall be

* Ritual.

† *Die ägyptische Gräberwelt*. Von H. Brugsch. Leipzig, 1868.

‡ Goodwin, Cambridge Essays, 1868.

§ The ninth commandment of the Jewish decalogue is a particular form of this great law.

|| They had a contempt for idleness. "God loathes idle hands" (*Hymne au Nil*). "Ra, the giver of food, destroys all place for idleness" (Ritual, xv. 20). In one of the "Letters" we read: "Why is thy heart volatile as the chaff before the wind? Give thy heart to something worthy of a man's doing. Give not thy heart to pleasure. Idleness is unprofitable. It is of no service to a man in the day of account. His work is found wanting when weighed in the balance. Such is the man whose heart is not in his business, whose eye scorns it," etc. — Goodwin, Essays.

* Brugsch gives a series of interesting inscriptions in *Die ägypt. Gräberwelt*.

† Henricus Brugsch, *Säi an Sinsin, sive Liber Metempsychosis veterum Ægypti*. Berlin, 1851. *Rev. Arch.* xiv. année, p. 194.

‡ Chabas, *Les Papyrus Hiératiques de Berlin, révisés d'il y a quatre mille ans*. 1863.

§ H. Brugsch, *Die ägypt. Gräberwelt*. This reference to famine is interesting. During the early dynasties, the officer in charge of the public granaries is entitled "master of the house of *zaf*," food. The name given to Joseph signifies "Food of the living:" Zaphnath-paanach.

delivered up, himself, his wives, his children, let him not be smitten to the death; moreover, let him not suffer in the eyes, in the mouth, in the feet; moreover, let not any crime be set up against him." This treaty was engraven for the Khetan prince on a silver tablet. In a volume of maxims we read: "Maltreat not an inferior. Let your wife find in you her protector, maltreat her not. Save not thine own life at the cost of another." On the tomb of a man at El-Kalb (4000 B.C.) it is recorded that he "never left home with anger in his heart."*

III. It was the opinion of Herodotus that the "Egyptians were the first people who affirmed the immortality of the soul."† No satisfactory explanation has been given of the silence of the Pentateuch on the immortality of the soul. No definite expression of the belief appears in the Hebrew Scriptures until the time of the Babylonish captivity, when the Jews came into contact with the Persians, who held it as a fixed article of faith. Certain it is that no nation kept more prominently before their minds the reality of the other world and the final judgment than did the ancient Egyptians. Birth into this world they called death into the land of darkness, death they spoke of as birth into the manifestation of light.‡

There are a large number of papyri found in the tombs laid beside and upon the mummy, which are known as the "Book or Ritual of the Dead." The most complete of these books, the Turin papyrus, consists of one hundred and sixty-five chapters, each with a title of its contents, and with rubrics in red ink explanatory of its use; the whole being illustrated by descriptive vignettes. Generally we find only a few chapters, either in papyrus leaves or cut into the hard black granite or the pure alabaster sarcophagus. There is an unknown variety of texts, apparently expressing the doctrine prevailing at the time in that part of Egypt where it was written. The oldest are the most valuable, as they are the purer, and show the various additions which have been made in the way of paraphrase and explanation, and which have become in process of time incorporated as part of the text. Some chapters of the book declare that they were written by God himself, and that they reveal his will and the divine

* Deutsch, Lit. Rem., p. 179.

† ii. 123.

‡ The dying words of Edward the Confessor were the "hope that he was passing from the land of the dead into the land of the living."

mysteries to man. One chapter, the sixty-fourth, states that it was written by the "finger of the god Thoth," the "manifestor of truth and goodness;"* therefore the book was regarded as hermetic or inspired. It says of itself: "There is no book like it; man hath not spoken it, neither hath ear heard it."†

The "Book of the Dead" describes the passage of the deceased through the other world into the presence of the Eternal Judge, Osiris.

The story of Osiris is one of great interest. He is said to have been a divine being, who in ancient times descended to earth and took upon him the form and nature of man. A being perfectly good, he ameliorated mankind by persuasion and by good deeds. But at length he was killed by Typhon the Evil One. His wife Isis went through the world in search of him, asking the little children if they had seen her lord. He was raised to life again; and he made his son Horus his avenger on the Evil One. It is this sacrifice which Osiris had once accomplished in behalf of man on earth, which makes him the protector of man in the other world, the invisible place. The god-man becomes not only the guide of the deceased through the other world; he also clothes him with his own divine nature, so that throughout the books the deceased is described as Osiris *M.* or *N.*, for he has put on, and become identified with, Osiris; and he sits on the throne of justice, the Judge Eternal. Finally he is represented as the mediator between God and man, and is thus at once the representative man and the savior of mankind.‡

In one of the hymns to Osiris, his praise is sung as he walks the heaven in holiness and overthrows the impure upon earth. He judges the world according to his will; then his name becomes hallowed, his immutable laws are respected, the world is at

* Champollion found a doorway in the Rameum at Thebes adorned with figures of Thoth as god of letters, and Saf with the title Lady President of the Hall of Books. *Lettres Egypt.* xiv. Paris, 1868.

† This resembles Lao-tse's description of the law: "You look and you see it not, it is colorless; you listen and you hear it not, it is voiceless; you desire to handle it, you touch it not, it is formless." — Stanislaus Julien, *Lao-tse-King.*

‡ Aug. Mariette Bey, *Notice des Monum. à Boulaq*, 1872, pp. 105 sq. I may notice here that Osiris, Isis, and Horus form one of those triads which are found in most great theologies: "Le point de départ de la mythologie égyptienne est une triade." (Champollion, *Lettres*, xi.) Isis the mother with Horus the child in her arms — the merciful who would save the worshipper from Osiris the stern judge — became as popular a worship in Egypt in the time of Augustus, as that of the Virgin and Child in Italy and Spain to-day. Juvenal mentions that the painters of Rome almost earned a livelihood by painting the goddess Isis.

rest, evil flies away, there is peace and plenty upon the earth, justice is established, and iniquity purged away.

The national hymn of Egypt was the *Maneros*, which was the passionate cry of Isis to Osiris.*

The soul on entering the realms of the dead addresses the Divine Being: "O thou Hidden One! Hidden where thou hast the praises of all in Hades (*Amenti*), who livest in power, covered with a precious veil — in purity!" † Then he prays for admission. Choirs of glorified spirits support the prayer. The priest on earth speaks in his turn, and implores the divine mercy. Then Osiris encourages the deceased to speak to his Father, and enter fearlessly into *Amenti*. Nevertheless, before the soul can enter, he must be purified, "cleansed from all stain of evil which is in his heart." Then and then only may he pass through the darkness, and be "manifested into light," and hear the voice of welcome: "Come, come in peace" ‡ But the Egyptians felt that no man could become pure enough to enter into the presence of the All-Pure, and therefore they described the soul as putting on Osiris. Under the shelter of that divine vesture the "deceased was protected by the mystery of the Name from the ills which afflicted the dead." § The soul then enters, and is amazed at the glory of God which he now sees for the first time. He chants a hymn of praise, and passes on his way.

Space will not permit me to follow the soul on its passage. The Turin papyrus has been translated by Dr. Birch in Bunsen's "Egypt." "One chapter is entitled: "Of Escaping out of the Folds of the Great Serpent," and tells how the deceased defies, and in the strength of Osiris escapes, the Evil One. A curious series of chapters follows, describing the "Reconstruction of the Deceased," or the new and glorified body which is given him. Several chapters relate to the "Protection of the Soul." By virtue of repeating one of these the soul "goes forth as the day. His soul is not detained in corruption (*Karneker*)," a passage which is equivalent to the Hebrew verse: "Thou wilt not abandon my soul in

Sheol, neither wilt thou suffer thy Holy One to see corruption."* A parallel passage occurs in a later chapter (155), "Hail, O Father Osiris! Thou dost not corrupt, thou dost not turn to worms. Thou dost not decay. . . . I am! I am! I grow! I grow! I wake in peace. I am not corrupted."

One of the most interesting chapters (125) is entitled: "Going into the Hall of the Two Truths, and Separating a Person from his Sins when he has been made to see the Faces of the Gods." Several copies of this chapter are exhibited on the stairs leading from the lower to the upper Egyptian rooms of the British Museum. The vignettes explain the chapter. At the entrance to that Hall of Justice the deceased is received by the god of truth. He finds himself in the presence of forty-two assessors, or avenging deities, corresponding to the forty-two commandments. Before each of these he kneels in turn, and confesses: "I have not committed murder, theft, falsehood," etc. Then he pronounces the formula of the final judgment: "I have fed the hungry, given drink to the thirsty, clothed the naked, sheltered the outcast, and been a father to the fatherless." He is then placed in one scale of a balance; in the other scale is placed the eyeless and handless image of Justice. This is the supreme moment in the soul's existence. In the Turin papyrus the scene is painted with a minuteness of detail suited to its importance: the guardian angel watches the scale which holds the soul; Horus watches the weight; Anubis, guardian of the dead, watches the image of Justice; while Thoth, stile in hand, records the result on a tablet.

The soul is then conducted by Thoth bearing the tablet into an inner chamber, where Osiris is seated. Osiris pronounces judgment; and according as the soul which has been weighed in the balance is found true or found wanting, it passes to the realms of bliss or to the regions of purifying fires.

In this trial scene the deities are sometimes depicted interceding as mediators, and offering sacrifices on behalf of the soul. There is a tablet in the British Museum in which the deceased is shown in the act of placing the gods themselves on the altar as his sin-offering, and pleading their merits.†

Joyfully does the "Book of Respirations," or "Book of the Breath of Life,"

* Brugsch, *Die Adonisklage*, p. 24.

† Henr. Brugsch, *Sai au Sinsin, sive Liber Metempsychosis veterum Ægypti*. Berlin, 1851.

‡ For the Christian parallel see Newman's "Dream of Gerontius."

§ Dr. Birch in *Zeitschrift für ägyptische Sprache*, Ap. 1869, p. 51. It is to this that Jamblichus refers when he says that the "Egyptians affirm the way to heaven is the name of God which penetrates through all the world" (*De Myst.* viii. 5).

* Ps. xvi. 10.

† Sharpe, *Egypt. Myth. and Egypt. Christianity*.

salute the soul: "Come, Osiris *N.*! Thou dost enter the hall of the two goddesses of truth! Thou art purified from all sin, from all crime. Hail, Osiris *N.*! Thou being very pure dost enter the lower heaven. The two goddesses of justice have purified thee in the great hall. . . . Thou art justified forever and ever!" "O ye gods who dwell in the lower heaven, hearken unto the voice of Osiris *N.* He is near unto you. There is no fault in him. . . . He liveth in the truth, he nourisheth himself with truth. The gods are satisfied with what he hath done. Let him live! Let his soul live!"*

That which strikes one most in the one hundred and twenty-fifth chapter is the profound insight that every work shall be brought into judgment, and every secret thing whether it be good or evil. It is the voice of conscience which accuses or excuses in that solemn hour, for no accuser appears in the hall; the man's whole life is seen by himself in its true light, all is "laid bare before Him with whom we have to do;" perfect justice is meted to every man, and yet at the last moment "mercy seasons justice," for the judge is Osiris the god-man.

The rubric that follows this chapter states that it was to be repeated on earth with great solemnity. The worshipper must be "clad in pure linen, and shod with white sandals, and anointed with fragrant oil, because he is received into the service of Osiris and is to be dressed in pure fine linen forever." This reminds us of the Apocalyptic vision: "To her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white, for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints." †

Constantly did the Egyptian look forward to the day of final judgment. It was the most important day of his existence; he called it, with significant brevity, "the day" — *dies illa* — the day in which he hoped to be "justified," or, as he expressed it, "found true in the balance." It was the supreme moment of escape from the death and darkness of this world into the life and light of the other world: then, not till then, should he "behold the face of God." Therefore death had for him no terror; it was a law, not a punishment; ‡ it was a release from the company of the fellow-spirits imprisoned in the body. Sometimes a perfect representation of a mummy was seated at the Egyptian banquets; sometimes it was carried round to

each guest in turn: "Gaze here, drink and be merry, for when you die such shall you become."* The object of this custom was to teach men "to love one another, and to avoid those evils which tend to make them consider life too long when in reality it is too short." † In a festal dirge King Antuf (eleventh dynasty) sang: "The gods who were aforetime rest in their tombs; the mummies of the saints are enwrapped in their tombs. They who build houses, and they who have no houses, behold what becomes of them. . . . No man returns thence. Who tells of their sayings? who tells of their doings? who encourages our hearts? Ye go to the place whence none return. . . . Feast in tranquillity, seeing that there is no one who carries away his goods with him. Yea, behold, none who goes thither comes back again." ‡ There is a sadness, a profound melancholy, in the "death in life" of the ancient Egyptians, which perhaps justifies the curious remark of Apuleius: "The gods of Egypt rejoice in lamentations, the gods of Greece in dances."

The Egyptian had a reverence for his body — the casket in which the precious jewel of the soul "lodged as in an inn" for so many years — and so he built sumptuous tombs, and adorned them with frescoes and inscriptions, and called them his "everlasting home." § Saneha, in his autobiography (2000 B. C.), says: "I built myself a tomb of stone. His Majesty chose the site. The chief painter designed it, the sculptors carved it. . . . All the decorations were of hewn stone. . . . My image was carved upon the portal of pure gold. His Majesty caused it to be done. No other was like unto it." ||

These tombs were often sadly desecrated. We read, for instance, of a commission appointed by Rameses the Ninth to inspect the tombs of the "royal ancestors" at Thebes. Their report has been translated by M. Chabas. It states that some of the royal mummies were found lying in the dust; their gold and silver ornaments and the treasures had been stolen. It also mentions a tomb "broken into from the back, at the place where the stela is placed before the monument, and having the statue of the king upon the front of the stela with his hound Bahuka between his legs. Verified this day, and found intact." ¶

* Herod. ii. 78. Lucian, Essay on Grief.

† Plutarch, *De Is.* 15.

‡ Records of the Past, iv. 118.

§ *ἄιδιους οἴκους προσαγορεύουσιν.* — Diodor. i. 51.

|| Goodwin's translation in Records, vi. 133.

¶ *Mélanges Egypt.*, 3me série, 1870.

* *Sai an Sinsin.* Records of the Past, iv. 121.

† Revel. xix. 8.

‡ "*Mors lex non pœna est.*" — Cicero.

Such is the report of three thousand years ago. Some years ago M. Marietta discovered the mummies of the tomb of this very king, and the broken stela bearing upon its face a full-length bas-relief of the king with the dog Bahuka between his legs, his name engraved upon his back.* It was often difficult to find the tomb in the necropolis. In the "Tale of Setnau" we read: "He proceeded to the necropolis of Coptos with the priests of Isis and with the high priests of Isis. They spent three days and three nights in searching all the tombs, and in examining the tablets of hieroglyphic writing, and reading the letters engraved upon them, without discovering the burial-places of Ahura and her son Merhu."†

Before the body was laid in the tomb it was embalmed by the "physicians of Egypt." It is by no means certain why the body was embalmed and preserved with so much care. Sir G. Wilkinson thinks that it intimated a belief in its resuscitation, but there is no proof in their writings of this belief.‡ The most probable solution is the idea that as the soul was purified in the other world so the body should be purified and prevented from putrefying in this world. So carefully are the mummies preserved that if a piece of mummy be macerated in warm water, it will recover the natural appearance of flesh, and if it be then exposed to the action of the air it will putrefy.§

On the way to the tomb the funeral procession halted on the shore of the sacred lake of its *nome* or department; and the scene of the Hall of the Two Truths was acted with an awe-inspiring solemnity. Forty-two judges stood to hear if any one on earth accused the dead as his own conscience was then accusing him in the hidden world. If an accusation was made and substantiated, the sentence of exclusion from burial was pronounced, even if the dead were the Pharaoh himself.

Such is a general outline of some few of the characteristics of the religion of the ancient Egyptians. It opens up a considerable number of questions of extreme interest touching its influence on the earlier religion of Israel from the time when

Abraham "came near to enter into Egypt," during the period when "Israel abode in Egypt," first as guests then as slaves, until they were led forth by the hand of Moses, the fair child brought up in the house of Pharaoh, the man "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." In later ages Egypt still stood forth as the source of wisdom and learning whence flowed the culture of Greece; and still later the highest culture and most brilliant thought of the Christian Church came from the schools of Alexandria, the new capital of the old country.*

The Egyptian religion, unaltered by the Persians, the Ptolemies, or the Romans, was of all ancient religions the most obstinate in its resistance to Christianity. The priests of the Temple of Osiris at Philæ—"he who sleeps at Philæ"—opposed the edict of Theodosius in A.D. 379; and that so successfully that we find from the votive tablets they were in possession so late as 453 A.D. At length, however, the day came when the chants in honor of the resurrection of Osiris gave way to chants in honor of the risen Christ; and the great temple was dedicated to the martyr St. Stephen. "This good work," says a Greek inscription, "was done by the God-beloved Abbot Theodore." But the day of vengeance came, and the Christian in his turn was driven forth by the triumphant Moslem, and the Christian Church is now extinct in Nubia.

In the claim which Egypt has upon our affections let us never forget that it welcomed as guest the patriarch to whom three great religions of the world, Judaism, Christianity, and Islam, trace back their spiritual origin, "our forefather Abraham;" and that it was the home in which the infant Saviour of the world, lying in his mother's arms, found a refuge, and the highest significance was given to the words: "Out of Egypt have I called my son."

JOHN NEWENHAM HOARE.

* Some curious details of Egyptian ritual are still extant in the various Churches of Christendom, such as the ring which the Egyptian put on his wife's finger in token that he entrusted her with his property; the feast of candles at Sais, which survives in Candlemas; the keys of St. Peter find their counterpart in the high priest of Thebes, who bore the title, "keeper of the two doors of heaven."

* *Trans. Bib. Arch. Soc.* IV., i. 172.

† Records, iv. 147.

‡ Prichard, *E. Myth.* 198.

§ Pettigrew, *Hist. of Egyptian Mummies.*

THE BRIDE'S PASS.

BY SARAH TYTLER,

AUTHOR OF

"WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE MANSE OF FEARNAVOIL, WITH THE
MINISTER AND THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

FEARNAVOIL was a wide Highland parish boasting much romantic scenery and great opportunities for sport. It was thus liable to attract to itself, in spite of its remoteness, fifteen years ago, constantly increasing swarms of visitors in summer and autumn, English and American tourists, aristocratic, cockney, Manchester, and Birmingham sportsmen.

Fearnavoil went on its way a little disdainful of outsiders. It had its own statistics, its own standards, its own magnets, and what did it care for the great world? True, that world undeniably brought grist to the Fearnavoil mill every time it intruded into the domain of a branch of the renowned Siol Ciunn, or race of Conn, or Clan Macdonald. But the clan preserved its self-respect by persistently regarding the world in general as an alien and intruder that had no particular business in Fearnavoil.

The kirk and manse of Fearnavoil, with a small adjoining hamlet — which was only in proportion to the scattered population of the parish as a small settlement of aborigines to the numerous tribes scattered broadcast over the wilderness — were situated close to the mouth of what was known by legend and traditional name as the Bride's Pass.

Had it not been for those minor conical hills which so often nestle at the foot and break the full view of the mountains, the manse windows would have had a glorious view as far as its windings would allow, down the steep, narrow pass, at its base waving with natural wood — oak, birch, and pine, only cleared to fill the reigning laird of Drumchatt's purse once in twenty years, and in winter sounding with the hoarse roar of the Fearn River. As it was, the occupants of the manse merely commanded within doors or from the garden the rough shoulder of this intruding "shelty" of a hill, which, as a mere spur of its ancestral mountain, had not even a name, while the mighty creature which in some later throe had given it birth, reared its huge crest a thousand feet above its puny progeny — not that the little hill would not have been a very respectable approach to a mountain in a tame, flat country.

Just the jagged pinnacles of the crest of the mountain, together with another toppling crest on the opposite side of the pass a mile farther down, could be distinguished from the manse; and those two glimpses of peaks were prized and clung to with a pride and fondness, an almost superstitious regard, which only those who have dwelt among the mountains and know how they affect the mountaineers can understand.

"Is that all you can see?" strangers would exclaim in disappointment, when brought to one of the manse windows or to the garden seat to peer up at the bald crowns of the giants' heads. "Why, I don't think those morsels up in the sky are worth the counting."

But it was the ignorance of the speaker that expressed itself in these words. Not one of the family or the servants — unless it were Mrs. Macdonald and Mrs. Macdonald's Jenny, who argued truly that those remote sentinels kept back the sun's rays, made the morning later and the evening earlier — would not have freely given up every other element in the prospect, the inlying fields that belonged to the minister's glebe, the brown and green thatched roofs of the hamlet, the wide heathery slope which completed the catalogue, sooner than yield these parings from the summits of Benvoil or the Tuaidh. For one thing, who would ever have known what the coming weather was to be if he or she had not caught a suggestion that the morning mists were rolling lightly away, or descending heavily like an old seer's mantle on Benvoil? And there were some people in the manse who would hardly have known the evening star, — to whom it would not have been the same fair, pale star, if they had not seen it rise as they had been accustomed to see it, and hang for a space — like a gleaming pearl rather than a glittering diamond — the one precious jewel over the dark brow of the Tuaidh.

The manse, though of course much less commodious as a building, was decidedly of a more pleasing exterior than the adjoining kirk, without the smallest disrespect intended to the latter beyond what lay in the rooted Scotch conviction that, since the days of the Jewish temple, there was nothing sacred in stone walls, and that no priest's consecration could confer greater holiness than might be imparted by the prayer of the head of the house on the family hearth. The church was a better sort of barn, with a wen of a belfry, in place of a tower, breaking its mean, mo-

notonous lines. The manse would have been a very fair dwelling for a moderately endowed laird. It had an air of old-fashioned respectability and comfort, and was not without a modified domestic picturesqueness and dignity. It was a two-storied white house, long enough and broad enough to imply no absence of room, even when the minister entertained half-a-dozen guests in the shooting-season. The roof was of a soft grey lichen-tinted stone, not hard, clean, blue slate. On the sheltered side of the house was a quaint enough glass porch, which Mrs. Macdonald used as a greenhouse in summer, though she did not share the minister's love of flowers.

The old overgrown garden, with an upper terrace for flower-beds and shrubs, and a lower terrace for such fruit and vegetables as did not disdain the climate and soil of Fearnavoil, stretched along by the Fearn River, which formed its boundary on one side — not an unmixed advantage, since in seasons of high flood the water rose and overflowed the banks so far as to do considerable damage to the minister's bedding-out plants and crops, even to his shrubs and bushes. But after all the loss was temporary. High floods did not occur every year, and not often in summer or early autumn. The geraniums, potatoes, and carrots, were not the worse next year for the wreck wrought twelve months before; the hollies and laurels, honeysuckles, thorns and sweet-briars, gooseberry and black-currant bushes, were never permanently injured by their submerging, but shook out their greenery afresh, and blossomed and bore berries, if possible, more luxuriantly than before.

The glebe offices, which in that generation served also as the offices for the adjoining lands of Craigdbhu, and included quarters for a couple of cows, several pairs of plough-horses, the minister's one carriage and riding horse, pigs and poultry, a hay and a peat stack, were at the opposite side of the house, only divided from it by a lane, or "loaning," which ran into the irregular street of a dozen houses, forming the hamlet of Fearnavoil, that had gathered at the skirts of the kirk and manse. For the straight-lined kirk and green hill-ocky kirkyard, stuck thick with mossy stones, upright or just out of the perpendicular, like almonds in a hedgehog cake, lay a little beyond the manse, in a final bend of the Fearn before it entered the Bride's Pass.

Every house of the hamlet had its rich brown peat-stack against its gable, though

it no longer possessed — thanks to the patient efforts of the minister — the primitive abomination of a pea-green "jaw hole" and a rotting refuse-heap placed in candid straightforwardness right before the only door. Over those squat, bulging-out, weather-stained little houses, olive-tinted like the heather when not in bloom — one or two of them still retaining the solitary decayed wooden chimney in the middle of the thatched roof, which was all that was required for the exigencies of the fire in the centre of the floor of the family room — there constantly hung or floated heavily clouds of white smoke that looked blue against a grey background. These clouds were full of the strong and subtle reek of peat, which once formed as distinctive an aroma of the Highlands as did the spicy fragrance of the gale or bog myrtle.

The manse had no other pleasure-grounds than its garden; but where was the need of them when a walk of a few minutes on either side led, in the first instance to the opening into the magnificent mountain pass, and in the second to a wild heathery slope stretching to the verge of the horizon? No doubt there was one of General Wade's wonderful high roads crossing this slope midway, and both the high road and the adjoining pass had become liable at certain seasons to be traversed and alighted on by flocks of restless, inquisitive strangers. Still both slope and glen were for the most part as quiet and secluded, and far more primitive, than any nook of a shrubbery or dell of a park. What lack of individual freedom could exist in Fearnavoil, where all or nearly all was free to the whole world of strangers as well as of natives? There was yet room in this corner of the Scotch wilderness — miniature wilderness though it was, contrasted with the majestic ranches, vast prairies, and endless bush-land of countries beyond the Atlantic and the Pacific — solitude and repose were in the very air. Defiles within the defile, corries and thickets, rocks and fallen trees in the pass, and the great heathery brae itself on the other side of the hamlet, afforded an endless variety of paths and resting-places where all might wander or sit at will who wished to enjoy God's world with none to make them afraid, none to call them back, and few to spy on their privacy.

It was hardly likely that the minister, or any one man, however well endowed, could command pleasure-grounds owning a tithe of the beauty, not to say the grandeur, of that nature which was open to mankind at large in Fearnavoil. For that matter, it

was known that Lord Moydart and his family, who were the great ones of the earth in that locality, cared little, when they came down in August, for their park or their gardens at Castle Moydart. They preferred to roam upon the mountains and in the glens, and make them their summer drawing-room, though it could be shared at a respectful distance by gillies and shepherds, old crones gathering sticks or herbs, barefooted boys and girls trudging long miles to school, black-faced sheep and long-horned cattle feeding on the carpet beneath their feet, crows and corbies soaring in the blue vault above their heads.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the principal man in the parish was the priest in his own person, since Lord Moydart belonged to another parish, while the Laird of Drumchatt, fifteen years ago, happened to be a young man, the minister's kinsman, and naturally under his influence. A rival might have existed in the shape of the minister of an opposing sect — and fifteen years ago party cries in Scotland were still louder than they are to-day — but it so chanced that no other church, save that by law established, had much footing in that particular parish.

Farquhar Macdonald, the laird of the farm of Craighbhu, as well as the minister of Fearnavoil, was a good man in every sense. Save when he was completing the studies begun at the parish school, and ended at the nearest university, he had dwelt from youth to middle age in the parish. He was well known to every man, woman, and child in the wide, sparsely peopled district; and his gifts and graces, that is, his unblemished character and kindly disposition, and his call to the ministry in the reverent godliness which had formed part of the idiosyncrasy of the boy no less than of the man, were not in vain. He was personally beloved.

But though Mr. Macdonald was also a man of fair parts intellectually, and could preach a sermon distinguished alike by devotion, simplicity, and good sense, he could not cope with difficulties he had never experienced, or rise to heights that were beyond the level of his mental and spiritual constitution. And there were those even among his attached flock who, while they admitted that the minister held the "fundamentals," could have wished that his words were more rousing, that he would introduce more stirring effects into his services, even that he would roundly attack rather than meekly bear with the critics' offences.

If the minister had so acted, his censors

would have cheerfully looked over other faults — mild, like the man — which they were tempted to find in his walk and conversation. These were his love of farming and gardening; his addiction, when at leisure, to the contemplative sport of angling; and the darker whisper which accused him not merely of playing a game at draughts or backgammon in an odd half-hour, but of the far graver delinquency of keeping playing-cards, "the devil's books," in his house, and of joining with his guests in a rubber at whist in the desecrated manse drawing-room, as well as in the drawing-rooms of neighboring lairds and visitors.

After all, those were not huge enormities by way of recreation; but the more rigid and scrupulous of Mr. Macdonald's parishioners, who took their own amusements of a still more dubious description at cattle-trysts and neighborly gatherings, had a notion that a proper minister ought to be too busy, not to say too austere, for recreation of any kind.

Among these objectors, there were men and women who declared that if Mrs. Macdonald had been the minister — supposing the apostle Paul had not forbidden women to teach and preach, she would have carried the war with a redder hand into the enemy's country. She would have exhorted, appealed, denounced, implored, till the barn kirk rang again.

Farquhar Macdonald was a tall, slightly gaunt man, with a stoop in his figure, and a hollowness in his healthily enough colored cheeks, but showing little grey in his soft brown hair. Perhaps the most notable feature in his face was his long, slightly sleepy-looking but not unpenetrating eyes — brown, like his hair. He was to be seen on weekdays in a suit of priest's grey — a compromise between a minister's black and a laird's tweed suit.

Mrs. Macdonald had been a portionless lass of long pedigree, whom Farquhar Macdonald had freely chosen and married for love, and with whom he dwelt in amity, though there were many points of difference between them. She possessed in a marked degree the Celtic temperament, with its elements of gain and loss, its susceptibility and passion, its variability, its complexity, which drew her in different directions while she was not consciously guilty of hypocrisy.

Mrs. Macdonald was an inconsistent woman without knowing it. She never found a sermon too long, she would have added indefinitely, had it been in her power, to days of fasting and prayer, and diets of

public worship, when sermon upon sermon should be preached in succession, and "tent addresses" given into the bargain. She could not imagine a secular engagement which might interfere with her attendance at a religious meeting. She trudged staunchly through mud and mire, since the minister's horse was often inevitably bespoken for his own use in another quarter, to exhort or solace a sinner open to such treatment. Nay, to do her justice, in these circumstances she was not mean; she would cheerfully convey to the sinner such temporal assistance and pleasant cates as Mrs. Macdonald herself could not well spare, while her client might feel tempted to claim them as no more than his or her due in the transaction.

But she would also resent and refuse to see the offer of the hand of the distiller's or cattle-dealer's wife when Mrs. Macdonald met her in the very kirkyard path. She would only keep up a kind of condescending professional intercourse with the households of her husband's brother clergymen, since these had brought to the neighboring parish manes womankind drawn from less distinguished sources than her own. She would not associate, or allow her daughter, Unah,* to associate familiarly, with any family in rank below that of a laird, unless, indeed, the family happened to be possessed of such wealth as to have hastened by a generation or two the process of refinement, and bought an entrance betimes into privileged circles.

The minister's personal habits were simple, and he did what he could to keep those of his household simple also. Nevertheless, Mrs. Macdonald maintained a style of living at the manse which, while it stopped short of entangling her husband in debt, hampered his finances, helped to send his sons abroad, without one of them waiting to succeed to the paternal farm, or to seek the promotion of being appointed his father's helper and successor, and afforded no possibility of any save a slender provision being made for the only daughter of the house.

But the apparent want of care for Unah's future was quite compatible with Mrs. Macdonald's entertaining for her daughter the most ambitious views which could be held with any show of reason in that part of the country. It was universally believed that the minister of Fearnavoil's wife did not destine Unah for a zealous and saintly young probationer not yet ordained, and looking to the field of missions as his true

sphere, but for her husband's cousin twice removed, Donald Macdonald, the laird of Drumchatt. And he was not only a sickly young fellow, the last of a short-lived race, he was also — always save in his lairdship, and the advantage it gave him as a suitor for Unah — a man not particularly to Mrs. Macdonald's mind, with his opinions and habits more conformed to the minister's standard.

Mrs. Macdonald's extravagance with a method in it, necessitated a sharp, vigilant economy in all household details apart from social pretensions. This closefistedness impaired her worldly popularity. The shopkeeper of the store at the Ford, the nearest village — deserving the name — to Fearnavoil, with all his Highland politeness and natural feeling for the minister and Craighdbhu, did not court her custom. Girls whom the minister had baptized and catechized, and whom Mrs. Macdonald herself had taught diligently in her Sabbath-school class, did not care to enter her service. Still, she was highly esteemed as an indefatigable district visitor and tract-distributor, a woman who could deliver a cottage address or prayer as ably or "powerfully," according to the Scotch phrase, as a man and a minister — for that matter, with far more natural eloquence than her husband possessed.

Mrs. Macdonald was a woman of some native elegance of person and mind. At fifty she was as slender, if a little more angular in figure, as she had been at twenty. She was a woman who wore a shawl well, while her gown of the simplest and plainest description always suited her, and looked the dress of a lady. In truth she was a good many stages beyond that type of the religious mind which finds a vent for its lurking worldliness either in fine clothes or in luxurious fare. She had always been a reader and thinker in her way, and had kept herself up with the mental progress of the day through book-boxes and reading-clubs, even while she preserved for herself, no less than for Unah, as rigid a system of prohibition and condemnation in her studies as ever was established by pope or presbyter.

Mrs. Macdonald had bright dark eyes still, and aquiline features getting stronger with age. She had not changed the fashion of arranging her hair since she was a bride, and retained on each side of her face, under her little cap, the two or three spiral ringlets of her youth. But the hair once black had become somewhat prematurely a lovely silver grey.

* Pronounced in the Highlands, Oonah.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
FRENCH HOME LIFE.

IN THE COUNTRY.

THERE really is a country in France. Not only a country of green fields and vines, of beet-root, olives, and tobacco, of poplars, oaks, and chestnuts, where corn is grown, and butter, wine, and oil are made, — not only a country of cows and sheep, of tillage and crops, but a country where people live and are at home, where they seek to satisfy their ambitions and their instincts, where they think, love, and try to be happy. Country life in France is composed, in part at least, of elements which are proper to itself. It presents aspects and it assumes forms which render it more or less dissimilar to the same life elsewhere; but it is none the less a national reality.

Taking the subject as a whole, it may be said that, though the gregariousness of the French inclines them to live in towns, their poverty or their functions oblige large numbers of them to live in the country. This way of stating the question has, of course, the defects of all general definitions; it leaves out the exception, and furthermore, it has no application to the richer classes, who can choose, and do as they like, but who, all the same, often reside by preference away from cities. Still it is tolerably correct as regards the mass of the population, and all the villages supply evidence of its general exactness, for all of them contain inhabitants who have been led to them by economy or by duty. In each of them is to be found a marked proportion of penurious old idlers, who sit on a bench in the sunlight throughout the day, and on a straw chair at their door or their fireside in the evening (if indeed there be an evening for people who go to bed at seven o'clock). There must be, in all France, at least five hundred thousand individuals who subsist in this way, waiting inertly for death, and doing utterly nothing meanwhile, except looking on at other people playing bowls. These obsolete citizens form a curious class, in which the exhausted energies of small government pensioners, of worn-out servants, and of various incapables from age, totter to their end. They linger torpidly on about £24 a year each; they adopt the villages because the towns are too expensive for their resources; they constitute the first grade of residents in the country.

The existence of so large a number of retired old people of the lower class supplies a striking example of the effects of

the resolute economy which the French practise with such self-denying, persistent vigor. Here are, we suppose, half a million men and women, two-thirds or three-quarters of whom are subsisting on the revenue of a treasure which they themselves have accumulated during forty or fifty years of work. Between them they spend, according to this estimate (which is certainly a low one), twelve millions sterling a year, representing, at five per cent., a capital of two hundred and forty millions. The true figure is probably a good deal larger; for, judging from the general concordance of the information which these veterans give about themselves, when questioned prudently, it is reasonable to imagine that their accumulations must exceed the general average of £480 a head, at which it is put here. The property which they represent is therefore so considerable as a total that its owners acquire from it a national importance which the outside view of them in no way suggests. Who would suppose that the ten or twenty decrepit ancients who crawl about the *place* in almost every one of the villages of France are living mainly on their own "economies"? Many of them, of course, are peasants who can no longer labor, and who are supported by their children. Some are in the receipt of pensions. But the majority are natives of the district, who left it in their youth to earn their bread elsewhere, and who come back to it at the end of life with £500. Not that everybody lays by £500 — most certainly not; if that were the rule, hoardings would rise so vast that, in about three generations, nobody could live in France, because the entire population would become too rich to work. And furthermore, it frequently happens that these fortunes are not the exclusive product of the personal labor of their possessors; they are often made up, in part, of little legacies from relations. Their owners necessarily leave them to some one else when their turn comes to die, and so facilitate for their successors the same sort of smouldering latter end through which they flicker out themselves. But still it may be taken as a general rule and a general truth that the majority of this group of country residents have put together with their own hands the cash which they possess.

In other countries such a class as this is rare. In France it is not only numerous, but it acquires, for the reason which has just been given, a serious economical importance. It is not personally amusing, for its members are, for the most part, very

deaf, with mixtures of blindness, asthma, and paralysis; but as a national species, and as an example of the fruits of laborious avarice, it merits observation and attention. It has no perceptible influence on country life as a whole, but it constitutes distinctly the lowest element of that life: for the peasants proper need not be taken into account at all; they work in the country, but they do not *live* in it in the sense which we are considering here.

Next above them comes a still more peculiarly French class, the army of small government *employés* who discharge their infinitely insignificant, but infinitely diversified functions, throughout the land, on salaries which stretch between £32 and the vast, envied, and rare immensity of £160. Of the six hundred thousand civil servants required by the complicated and inquisitorial administration of France, one-half at least are obliged by their occupations to inhabit the villages. The *gardes champêtres*, the forest-keepers, the various foremen of the national, departmental, and communal roads, the multifarious agents of the tax-collectors, the overlookers of navigation on the rivers and canals, the inspectors, surveyors, and overseers of every possible process, thing, or deed that can anyhow be inspected, surveyed, or overseen, and crowds of other diminutive officials with a line of gold or silver braid on their *képis*,—are all, by the essentially local nature of their calling, dwellers in the country. How they manage to lodge, nourish, clothe, and educate their families on an average pay of about £60 a year, is a mystery worthy to be classed amongst the great enigmas of life; but they do it; and furthermore, they constitute a society. In certain villages, indeed, their group composes a recognized aristocracy; they are the great world of the place; they possess the advantages of rank; the Sunday bonnets of their wives and daughters arouse emotion amongst cap-wearing spectators. And all this is paid for by about twenty-five shillings a week! Very wonderful! But the people of this curious category are rendered more remarkable still by a peculiarity which is proper to themselves, which saturates and permeates them—by an unimaginable servility to their superiors, and by an equally unimaginable arrogance to everybody else. They cringe and they bully with a skill which is the most productive and the most evident of their professional endowments, and which sets the beholder wondering what hidden grace there can be in the service of the French government to develop so

wonderful a capacity of alternate obsequiousness and insolence in its lower retainers. It is all over France; it sprouts in every wearer of a goldlaced cap: but it is more striking in the country than in the towns, for the double reason that there is more space for it in the former than in the latter, and that people have more time to contemplate it.

Luckily it has little to do with home life; it ceases usually on the doorstep, and hangs itself up in the hall with the *képi* of office. These intensely hierarchical functionaries, these slaves of their chiefs, these despots of their subordinates, these domineers of the public, are generally very worthy people indoors; in most cases they are good fathers and good husbands. It pleases them to behave like Prince Bismarck, and to take off their greatness in the bosom of their family. It is only in the open air that they appear as plenipotentiaries of the State, and that they call upon the surrounding earth to adore in them the glory of power, and to tremble with awe before the majesty of government, which they impersonate. If they did not enjoy this royal prerogative, it is scarcely likely that they would consent to serve the nation for £5 a month. Vanity consoles them for poverty.

Of course a good many of them possess some trifling property. They have inherited £30 a year from their father; or they own a field or a house which brings them in a rent; or they have married a wife with a *dot* of a few thousand francs; or they have got a *bourse* at a college for their son: and in some of these fashions the twenty-five shillings a week are often carried to two pounds. Still, even at the best, their struggle must be hard, and their maintenance of the social position which they conceive to belong to them must be achieved by desperate efforts. And yet this does not render them interesting. Neither their poverty nor their worthiness succeeds in bestowing on them any attractions: they are too grand for pity, and too overbearing for sympathy; and, additionally, they are too fawning for respect. All this is regrettable, for they really possess qualities which, under other conditions, would place them, as a class, in a meritorious and estimable situation. It is true that their neighbors are habituated to their ways, and that they do not always gaze upon them with the mixture of amazement and amusement which fills the soul of less accustomed spectators; but that fact exercises only a local influence, and does not affect the national aspects of the question.

Regarded, generally, as an element of French life, the government *employé* clan asserts itself with a pretentiousness, a swagger, and an oppressiveness which provoke against it—even in the mildest cases—a good deal of ill-will. The result is that, notwithstanding their numbers, these subaltern functionaries pay the penalty of unpopularity; they are rarely on warm terms with the people round them, and usually group together in a narrow society of their own. But that society forms all the same a distinct component in country life; it stands on the second step upwards, and its relative isolation makes it all the more visible.

The third rank is occupied by the small proprietors who do not work with their own hands. This category is not a large one, but it takes us right into country life properly so called; for the people who form it really do *live* in the country, in the strict sense of the phrase. They have country occupations, country ambitions, and country jealousies; and they would probably have country amusements too, if any such things were known in France. They make their own butter, stand for the municipal council, are proud of their pears and roses, abuse the government if the price of hay falls, take in a halfpenny newspaper, dine without a table-cloth, stand about abundantly with their hands in their pockets, wear *sabots* when it rains, never open a book, and live generally with vagueness towards everything but money. That one exception, however—money—suffices by itself alone, to arouse in them all the intensities of which their natures are capable; they love it as if it were the child of their heart, seek for it as they would for water in a desert, and reverence it with an awe which they undergo for nothing else on earth or in heaven. But, like most of their countrymen, they cherish money rather for its own sake than for what it could enable them to acquire; they have a thousand-fold more delight in possessing it than in employing it—in reminding themselves that they own it, than in considering how they could utilize it. Throughout the whole of France the attitude of the middle and lower classes towards money is essentially miserly; but it is even more so in the country than in the towns, partly from the comparative absence of temptations to spend, partly from contact with the peasants, with whom avarice is a natural law, and cupidity the noblest of virtues. So these small landowners live pretty much like laborers, and

regard the piling up of savings as the first object and the first duty of existence.

They do not, as a rule, supply any elements for the composition of a country society. They are not accumulated in villages, but are, on the contrary, spread about in the fields and the woods, and on the roadsides. They are not, like government *employés*, thrown upon each other by the force of proximity; they have no *esprit de corps* to hold them together. Each of them lives for himself, his family, and his hoardings, and feels no interest in his fellows. Taken as a whole, they form an utterly uninteresting and socially useless class. They contribute, of course, like other people round them, to the accumulation of national wealth—they practise steadily the qualities of patience and self-denial, of persevering labor and obstinate economy, the general application of which has enabled France to recover so rapidly from the ruin of 1870; but in their hands these indisputable merits seem to become almost negative, and to lose a part of their public value. The reason evidently is, that this particular category of Frenchmen is most un-Frenchly dull; it is silent amongst a population of talkers; it is grave amidst a throng of laughers; it constitutes a band apart, with manners and customs of its own. And stranger than all it keeps up these peculiarities without communication between its members, without exchange of examples or of influences, as if they were a spontaneous and inevitable product of the situation of a country proprietor.

Yet, with all this, the class exercises a perceptible function in the rural districts, for it stands in between the peasants and the educated landowners, between the cottage and the château. It acts both as a buffer and as a cement. Its social mission is to supply a stage on which the laborer can rest as he rises; and furthermore to offer a retreat to the town tradesman who aspires to end his days under the shade of his own orchard. It is one of the stepping-stones in the march of social change which is spreading throughout France. Such interest as it presents is therefore political rather than personal, and leads us into an element of the country life of France which we will look at presently by itself. Meanwhile we can move up another step in the ladder and can begin to pay visits to the châteaux. We need not stop to examine the notaries and the doctors, who alone represent the professional classes in the matter; they are

excellent people — some of them at least — but they constitute no distinct order; and notwithstanding the services they render, and the need which everybody has of them at some time or other, they are not numerous enough to count in the mass.

The châteaux, on the contrary, do count for a great deal. They ought, indeed, to count for nearly everything, for it is in them that we expect to find at least the true, essential country life of France — the realization of that well-practised, intelligent conception of rural existence which needs everywhere some share of both money and education for its fulfilment; and which, consequently, lies beyond the handling of all those who possess neither. Of this life we do find in France some part, but not the whole; and such of it as there is presents so many local characteristics, that comparison with other countries becomes difficult. The country life of the upper classes is usually supposed to be composed everywhere of two main elements — of a copious existence in a big house, with active out-of-door occupations and abundant sport, and of a large share of action and influence in the direction of the political, administrative, and social working of the neighborhood. Such is especially the theory of country life in England. In France, however, regarding the nation as a whole, the second of these elements is almost invisible, while even the first of them is only incompletely perceptible. Let us begin by the examination of the first one.

Of course there are in France examples of great life in châteaux. There are, indeed, a few specimens of immensely grand houses, where things are done indoors with a splendor which equals, if it does not surpass, anything that can be seen in England. There may be five or six of them, perhaps, all lying within a range of two or three hours' travel from Paris. Anybody at all acquainted with the composition of French society can put their names upon them, for they are well known to fame. But what do these rare exceptions prove? Simply that there are in France some gentlemen of fortune who, unlike the rest of their compatriots, have installed themselves superbly, who are not regarded as models, who are imitated by no one, and who can no more be instanced as national types than diamonds can be called charcoal. The best of the ordinary châteaux of France, putting aside the historic places, are nothing more than villas; the second class of them are little better than English farmhouses; while

LIVING AGE. VOL. XXV. 1252

the third category, which is discoverable particularly in the southern departments, is made up of white-washed walls, which look as if they contained a prison. The word château is so elastic in its application that it may be said to include every sort of good-sized country house in which no trade is carried on. Just as every man in France, whatever be his rank or title, is "Monsieur," so is every decent private residence outside a town a "château." The effect of this wide-spreading employment of the designation is to bring into the château class of inhabitants every person who is not comprised in the other categories already named, and thereby to extend the field of observation so largely that almost all the shades of more or less educated society find places in it.

But yet, notwithstanding the variety of elements, there is a singular unity of ways of life amongst the people who compose this great group. It may be said of them, as a general description, that they all agree in doing nothing. There is amongst them an almost total want of the vigor, of the earnestness, which impress so particular an aspect on our own country life. Frenchmen shoot, — but how many of them are there who hunt, or fish, or boat, or drive, or even ride? Who ever heard of outdoor games amongst them? And as for the women, is one of them in fifteen thousand to be seen on a horse in the lanes? These things do not attract the nation; and when they are done at all, it is usually in the very smallest way. There are, of course, exceptions: there are in France a few packs of hounds — there may, perhaps, be ten of them in all; but they are employed exclusively for private galloping, and are followed by none but the owner's friends. There are three Frenchmen who each sail a ten-ton yacht. There are men who ride, and like it; there are ladies who ride with them; but does the proportion of men and women who ever get into a saddle reach one-twentieth of the total number of the inhabitants of châteaux? Certainly not. Their system of existence is passive. The men look after their "interests," and try not to make a mess in managing their estates (if they have any); they bestow close attention on the garden; they read newspapers of their own political opinions, but never glance at a word from the other side; they stroll about the home farm, and count the chickens; they contemplate their laborers at work, and they regard country life as a serious process to be got through somehow, rather than as a condition which

opens to them special occupations, special thoughts, special exercises, and special directions of movement for their energy. It must be repeated that there are exceptions. There are, amongst the higher classes, some grand samples of men; fellows with will, and skill, and strength, and spirit, with all the qualities which make up manliness, and with true knowledge, and true love of the invigorating, inspiring pleasures which are obtainable nowhere but in fresh air. But the rule lies thoroughly the other way. The nation, taken as a whole, is as calm and gentle in its attitude towards outdoor life, as it is excited and intense in its conduct indoors. The contradiction between the two behaviors is complete.

Now, how is it that a race which possesses such rare capacity in the conception and the organization of its home life, which is so constantly seeking, at its firesides, for new emotions and new animations, should be so unable, nationally, to comprehend and utilize the thousand excitements which — to our eyes, at least — are so easily extractable from field sports and country occupations? The answer is not difficult to find. The reason is a double one: the French, as a mass, avoid all pleasures which cost money; and they shrink instinctively from diversions which they cannot share with women. So that, as hounds, yachts, coaches, salmon-streams, and game-preserves are expensive, and as there are not twenty women in France who could ride over a fence, handle an oar or a yoke-line, throw a fly, or walk with the guns — and as (perhaps happily for the tone of French ladies and of French society) there are not twenty fathers or husbands in the land who would let them do it if they could — the men abstain from diversions which involve large outlay, and in which they would find themselves alone. The two great influences of women and of the pocket, which dominate the national life of France, are seen and felt in this as in all else. So men and women compose their existences in the country as they do in the towns, and regard talk as the one essential to contentment.

This general description applies to the great mass of so-called châteaux — to nineteen-twentieths of them perhaps — to the houses which stand in a few acres of ground, with a garden and a poultry-yard, but to which no estate is attached. The exceptions are to be found in the places which really constitute a property, where the woods contain roe-deer and wild boar,

and where the men of the family have other notions in them than a disposition to sit in the drawing-room and make discreet love to somebody's wife. But even there, even in the best of cases, there is nothing but shooting to be seen; it is the one single sport of France. Such fishing as can be discovered is carried on with floats, with an occasional dragging of a pond for carp. A fly-rod is an object of which the nation is almost unaware. A riding-party is so rarely seen that the memory of it dwells in the talk of the neighborhood. Picnics are virtually unknown; neither cricket, nor football, nor lawn-tennis are things of France; croquet alone is discoverable. A remarkable result of all this is, that the French language contains but a single word to express the occupation of a man in the country: there is one thing for him to do, and one name to call it by; there is no variety for him either in his action or in its appellation. *Il chasse*. He rarely makes a heavy bag, but he always travels a good many miles over the stubble or through the fern. The exercise is good for him, so he takes walking for sport, and he is happy. *Il chasse*. And that is the sole daily work, from September to February, of about a fourth of the male inhabitants of the châteaux. The other three-fourths do nothing at all.

As happens, however, in a good many other cases, Frenchwomen come to the rescue of Frenchmen and save them from drowning in the sea of *ennui* on which it pleases them to navigate. What services those women render to their race and epoch! And nowhere are their services more solid or more brilliant than in the châteaux; nowhere is the superiority of the Gallic woman over the Gallic man more vividly and more convincingly established. In England the men make country life for themselves; they have no need whatever of the assistance of women in the matter; they would, indeed, in a good many country houses, forget that women exist at all, if the latter did not thrust themselves upon their attention with a vigor which supports no refusals. But in France the exact contrary is the case: there, as a national rule, it is the women who manufacture the country for the men, who provide them with the occupations which they are unable to create for themselves, but who naturally do it after their own fashion, indoors, not out of doors. Frenchwomen are, above all things, feminine; whatever be their faults, masculineness can never, by any possibility, be one of them. Their first ambition is to be, essentially and in every act, wom-

en. The roughening influences of the country have therefore no hold upon them; and even if, in infinitely rare cases, they take a share in sport, they do it awkwardly and timidly, get no encouragement from anybody, and are invariably blamed by all their friends. The result is that, though they think it natural that men should shoot and ride, and though they even laugh at them if they do not, yet they exercise no stimulating force in the matter, and turn, in reality, their sway precisely the other way, because they instinctively do their utmost to tempt the men to stop at home.

It is, however, certain that very few amongst them have any perception of the results which they are producing, and it would not be easy to make them feel that they are unconsciously but unceasingly contributing to the suppression of the main features of a country life. Just as Frenchwomen are habitually unaware of the enfeebling effects which they work in their boys by not directing them towards manliness, so also are they ignorant of the damage which they do to men by surrounding them in country houses with the habits and the diversions of Paris drawing-rooms. Still, though it would be too much to expect that they will ever ardently impel men towards regular outdoor work, they might not impossibly be induced to admit competition between it and indoor pleasures, if only they perceived that the men want it. But that is precisely what, in the majority of cases, they do not see. Putting aside the exceptions, the life which men lead in average French châteaux shows no sign whatever of any revolt against the system which the women organize for them and apply to them. They evidently like it — they are accustomed to it — it causes them no effort and no trouble; why, then, should they give the women to understand that they would prefer an alteration in it? So the thing goes on as it is. The ordinary château life is made to resemble, as closely as possible, life in Paris — and everybody is satisfied. There is sometimes downright dullness, and there is generally a sort of foolishness and misplacedness about it all; there is a want of fitness, of adaptation to surroundings; and above all, there is a lack of vigor, of that particular, well-marked, easily recognizable species of vigor which is the product of fresh air and exercise. And all this is as true of the people who spend the entire year in the country, as of those who come down from Paris; their method is the same, and so are the consequences. Throughout all France the situation is

substantially identical; the country counts for scarcely anything in country life.

And yet the people are as happy over it as if they were extracting its full essence from their situation, and were skilfully handling for their own benefit all the varied means of action which lie around them. They imagine, trustfully, that they really are living, not only in the country but of the country; and many of them talk about it with an earnestness which shows that they conscientiously believe in what they suppose that they are doing. It is this confidence which converts their incomplete life into a success for them. And after all, if they have all they want they merit envy rather than reproach; for they reach a state which we, with all our pastimes, do not frequently attain. The natural contentedness of the race comes to their help in this case as in so many others; their inborn philosophy inclines them to make the best of what they have and not to seek for more, especially if more costs money. And this is how it comes to pass that, as was said at the commencement, there really is a country life in France. Perhaps, however, it would be more exact, under all the circumstances, to describe it as life in the country.

It is a life on which the sun shines lazily, but gladsomely; a life without many objects or much change, but still a pleasant life, worth living. It does not afflict the men to do approximately nothing; on the contrary, they rather esteem themselves for being able to render nothing so diverting. Besides which, the women do really find a slight variation of occupation when they quit the towns and get amongst the fields. They visit the poor a little — as much as the democratic pride of the poor will allow; they work slowly (wonderfully slowly!) at altar-cloths and vestments for the church; they read the *Revue des Deux Mondes* or the *Contemporaine*, according to the direction of their convictions; they knit warm clothes for the village children; they mind the flowers; and they try to please the men — which, after all, is the most attractive function of women. So far, to some extent, at least, there is a connection between the habitual country avocations of Frenchwomen and of ordinary Englishwomen: but it is essential to avow that the sweet British emotion of teaching in schools is totally absent on the other side of the Channel, partly because that exciting process is not in harmony with French usages, partly because if it attempted to introduce itself, neither the *mairie* nor the mis-

ness would permit it to live a day. It is, however, consoling to be able to suspect that if this entails, from certain English points of view, a privation for ladies, it probably involves a considerable advantage for the children; and furthermore, even without school-teaching, the country life of Frenchwomen is bright and affectionate, and is full of sympathies and talk. It is true that they do not have many guests, and few visitors except their immediate neighbors; but this does not affect their happiness,—they are quite content by themselves. As our English system of staying about with people is almost unknown in France, as it is limited to the largest and richest châteaux, and as, even in the very big places, it never attains the development and the continuity which it presents with us, it follows that the system of mutual assistance, on which we rely so much for getting satisfactorily through country-house life, has scarcely any existence amongst the French, and that each of their groups is dependent on its own social resources, and looks for small aid from the world at large. Yet, if there is but little action around them, there are plenty of talkers and plenty of laughter; and after all, those are conditions of life which make one forget sometimes that sport and sporting discourse are wanting.

And there is an especial merit of high value in the French conception of rural existence—it is cheap. The national economy of management is particularly evident in the country. The French power of extracting its full worth from money comes out there perhaps still more clearly than in the towns; for though people live fairly well in nearly all the châteaux, down to the smallest—though they are beginning, indeed, to manifest, in many places, a distinct tendency towards luxury and show—they do their housekeeping at strangely moderate expense. A reasonably comfortable country house can be kept going in France for much less than its equivalent would cost in England. And this is not in any way because food or clothes or rent are low-priced; on the contrary, they are, as a whole, decidedly dearer than with us: the explaining causes lie, not in local cheapness, but in the system of life and in the character of the race. And whatever may be our prejudices in favor of our own ways—whatever may be our conviction of the insufficiencies of a procedure which does not offer the particular characteristics which we, by habit, regard as indispensable out of doors—we surely cannot fail to recognize that, all the

same, there is value in an organization which is open to all pockets, which excludes nobody for venturing to be poor, and which is rarely tinted by what Balzac called “the chilling hue of money.”

And this is not its sole quality. It owns another, for it serves to prove a curious and unexpected fact; to indicate that there really are occasions and states under which the French, both men and women, can manage to get on almost without excitement. A condition of life which can enable them to do this, must really possess some remarkable attributes, and must exercise some peculiar influences. If one of the most evident of the general dispositions of the race can be temporarily modified—if its action can be partially suspended by contact with fresh air and with country habits—it would seem to follow that there must be more in those habits than is evident at first sight, and that they must merit a respect which the description that has been given of them here is scarcely likely to have provoked. This is really a most satisfactory impression to attain; for French country ways are so simple and so sympathetic, that it would have been uncomfoting to find one's self incompetent to esteem them. The discovery that they lift up the nation to a height at which it passes beyond the need of its ordinary emotions, permits us to indulge in deference for them. And there can be no doubt whatever that the discovery is real and not deceptive; for there are châteaux in which existence is not only uninspired, but entirely dull—not only passionless, but positively stupid. Stupid! A form of life which permits us to say of French society that it can occasionally become stupid, must indeed be respectable, and most eminently worthy of reverence and honor!

It must, however, be added that stupidity is not easily discoverable anywhere but in the country proper—amongst the woods and the vines. In the two other categories of out-of-town residence—on the seashore and at the mineral springs—it is usually rather difficult to lay hands upon it; for in lodging-places of those sorts diversions are supplied so abundantly that no space is left between them for torpidity. Neither Trouville nor Luchon, nor any of their kindred, can be said to conduct either men or women towards demureness, stolidity, or innocent propriety. It may, indeed, be asserted, without any risk of bearing false witness, that their habitual effect is to do just the contrary, and to vigorously promote perspicuity, smart talking, waltzing,

love-making, enlarged views, *baccarat*, and other forms of developed intellect. Their action is, therefore, essentially quickening and elating; it throws people into groups with momentary identities of objects, with transient unities of enthusiasm; it engenders such a wonderful quantity of impetuous effervescence that silent persons are unable to support its proximity, and go forcedly away. And these "stations," as the French call them, act upon the body as well as on the intelligence: their operation is not purely psychical, it is physical as well; for at them many women and some men unequivocally swim or ride on ponies, according as the sea or the hills are before them.

It will, consequently, be at once perceived that we have reached here an altogether special phase of French country life; a phase in which the nation not only talks hard, but positively does something active out of doors. Several parties, each of them composed of about fourteen ladies and three gentlemen, may be seen every summer morning riding up from Luchon towards the Maladetta; just as numerous young persons in enterprising bathing-coats, and a few male swimmers, may be contemplated in the water at Dieppe in August. This evidence leads us to two results: the first, that, as has just been observed, the shore and the mountain provoke the French to exertions which they perform nowhere else; the second, that those exertions are infinitely more frequent amongst women than amongst men. Now this latter truth opens out sudden horizons and unforeseen contemplations. We all know that the women form the more valuable half of the French nation; but their superiority over the men, real as it is, in no way explains their greater occasional love of bathing and ponies, as we see it revealed in the Channel and the Pyrenees. What can be the cause of these local explosions of efforts of the body amongst ladies whose utmost struggles at other moments and in other places, would not carry them beyond a drive in the Bois or a walk of two hundred yards to church? Is it a brisk awaking to the merits of exercise? Is it a hasty recognition of a new pleasure? Is it a perception of a fresh form of domination over men? No: it can be for none of these reasons that French women arrive at relative exertion on the beaches and the hillsides; for if they supplied the explanation, we should necessarily see the exertion continued elsewhere afterwards — and the men would be tempted to take far more share in it

than they do. The true motive lies — so, at least, the women themselves pretend — in the eternal fitnesses of things; in the inevitable pertinence of certain acts to certain places; in the unavoidable impulse which forces the mind to direct the movements of the body in harmony with the aptitudes of the situation in which it is placed. So, according to this postulate, it is just as much in the inexorable destinies of Frenchwomen to jump into the salt waves directly they get near them, and to shake about for eleven hours a day on a stumbling hack as soon as they reach the mountain-sides of Auvergne or Gascony, as it is to sit at home in country houses and to go to the opera in Paris. The organization of life becomes, in this way, a simple question of local suitability.

Perhaps these principles are sound; perhaps they will one day guide the universe instead of being limited to France; but, for the moment, it may be urged against them that they take no notice of the usually accepted notion that the country at large does not present any obstacles to the continuance in it of the habit of fresh air and movement which is momentarily acquired by almost all French ladies, under the special circumstances which have just been indicated. It scarcely seems to lie within the eternal fitnesses of things that because you ought to ride up a rocky path in Navarre you should therefore walk up it in Burgundy — or, better still, not go up it at all. But so it is apparently; and in the proposition thus set forth lies the entire theory of French country life, and the interpretation of all the riddles which it offers. It is satisfactory to reach a solution at last; but having found it, it is prudent to leave it instantly and to go on to something else, lest it should appear, on looking closer at it, to be so utterly insufficient that another one must of necessity be sought for in its stead.

So let us turn back to the second element which every one expects to discover in country life, no matter where, — to the action and influence of the châteaux residents on political, administrative, and social life around them. This part of the subject has been reserved for separate consideration. We can now revert to it.

It is, in the present condition of France, far more interesting than all the other details which we have been examining, for it raises the whole question of the position of the upper layers — of their status towards the rest of the nation — of their power, their credit, and their usefulness.

That so grave an issue should present itself in a mere sketchy outline of some of the lighter aspects of existence in French châteaux, may seem perhaps, at first sight, to be an extravagance; but how is it possible to scrutinize the one without arriving forcedly at the other? Unless we disassociate the two essential components whose union forms the aggregate of country life, and gives to it its meaning and its value; unless we eliminate all inquiry into public attitude, or public tone, or relationship between classes; unless we strictly limit our study to the purely material and personal aspects of the case; unless we resolutely do all this, we cannot anyhow avoid encounter with the political and social considerations which thrust themselves forward everywhere in the matter. But if we did so, we should throw aside more than half the subject, and should voluntarily leave out its most striking features. The higher strata of the country residents in France represent to us a principle and a force. Like their fellows amongst ourselves, their order symbolizes in our eyes the idea of property, of education, of vested interests, of responsibility, of duty; and, as a necessary consequence, we associate with them the additional idea of action, of gratuitous public functions, of accepted guidance, of welcome counsel and assistance to those around them. This is a view which is so natural to an Englishman, that he usually sees no reason for shaking it off when he pictures to himself the situation of French gentlemen under their own trees; and furthermore, it is indisputably the view which nearly every French landowner would wish (if he could) to take of himself and his *rôle*. This being so, we may, without imprudence or exaggeration, look about us in France and see how far the real view corresponds to the conception of it which we have just shadowed out.

Alas! it must be confessed, at once, that such a prospect is rarely to be discovered on French soil. It is most certainly offered in some few special cases, but the rule is the other way. Instead of being the accepted pilot of his district, instead of acting as the recognized champion of local interests, instead of standing forward as the acknowledged leader and representative of his neighbors, the owner of the château is habitually regarded by the poorer people round him as their natural and obligatory enemy. There is rarely any unity of object or of interest between them, and there is almost always hostility of opinions, of sentiments, and of prejudices. The antagonism of classes comes

out in the country even more vividly than in the towns.

The causes of this estrangement are frankly avowed by both sides. The peasant hates the château because he has grown ambitious, and no longer sees any reason for admitting social superiorities now that he has become, in civil and political law, the equal of a duke; the gentleman looks with repulsion upon the peasant because he believes him to be a "Radical," and also because the peasant personally opposes him on nearly every question that arises between them. Each of them thrusts himself perpetually in the other's way; the first, by trying to keep the second down — the second, by intriguing against the influence of the first.

Now, whatever be our sympathies and our partialities as spectators of the conflict, it is not possible to seriously blame the peasant in all this. A struggle has been going on in France since 1789; it has been marked by ups and downs, by victories and defeats for both parties; but as a general result, the advantage has been largely with the people, and largely against the upper classes. The people have added to their education, to their money, to their power; they have done their best to rise in the world, and they have employed the surest and most productive means to that end. So far they merit no reproach. On the contrary, they deserve hearty admiration for having so thoroughly understood and so practically used the opportunities which the century is offering to them for bettering their situation, materially, intellectually, socially, and politically. But, unhappily, nothing of the kind can be said of the squires and patricians. It is on them that the responsibility of the position really lies; it is to their blind, bigoted dogmatism, to their utter want of true public spirit, to their inexcusable misconception of both their duties and their interests, and to their wilful neglect of the many weapons of defence which lay at their disposal, that the present almost total loss of their legitimate class influence is manifestly due. It is impossible for them to plead ignorance of their danger, for it is the main subject of their conversations between themselves; neither can they pretend that it is likely to die out by itself, for, since 1871, it has assumed fresh gravity by the proclamation of the ambitions of the *nouvelles couches sociales*. The intention to transfer both the origin and the exercise of power to the masses is loudly notified, and the masses are working intelligently and perseveringly to

attain their object. What have hitherto been known as "the governing classes" are distinctly requested to get out of the way; their coming dispossession from place and from authority is announced to them. Nothing can be more plain-spoken than the notice which is given to them. This being their situation, what are they doing to protect themselves? Are they uniting their action for the common preservation of the rights which are still regarded elsewhere as being inalienably attached to their birth and their position? Are they employing the arms of our time, which are the only ones fitted to actual forms of warfare? Are they using reason, patience, and argument? are they placing themselves at the head of a movement which they cannot resist? are they discussing concessions and inventing compromises? Not they. They are doing precisely the contrary. Instead of forming themselves into one solid army, they are broken up into bands of undisciplined skirmishers. Instead of copying the new systems of attack which their assailants have invented: instead of snatching from them and turning against them their arms of free debate, of free elections, of national will, of unrestricted liberty, and, above all, of "opportunism," — they continue to fire off (at the risk of their bursting) such antiquated blunderbusses as divine right, and the Napoleonic legend, and political prosecutions, and shoutings about "latent radicalism," and "social peril," and threatened *coups d'état*. Why, the arrows of Hastings might as well attempt to measure themselves against the artillery of Sedan. Instead of temperately discussing the new claims which have sprung up throughout the land, they sullenly and sulkily turn their backs upon them, and call everybody *canaille* who ventures to suggest that possibly there may be something in them. And instead of carefully inquiring into the motives which have led certain members of their own caste to take up the contrary attitude, and to join a movement which they are powerless to stop but by which they do not wish to be crushed, they shrink away from all such "renegades," and talk of them as "traitors."

If all this meant nothing else but opposition to the republic — if it signified no more than a desire to re-establish a monarchy — it would, of course, lie entirely outside the subject which we are considering. The form of the State, whatever it be, cannot be said to exercise much action on the march of home life; and it would be idle to make mention here of the fight

which is going on if its sense were merely dynastic. But the reality is deeper and graver. The establishment of the present government has evidently stimulated the ardor of the appetites which are shouting for satisfaction; but it would be a vast error to suppose that those appetites are, in themselves, republican. No: they lie outside the accidents of rule — they are independent of kings or emperors or presidents — they are uninfluenced by the shape of more or less temporary constitutions; but they do affect — most pressingly affect — the entire basis, the entire system, the entire organization, of country existence. This strife is a duel of classes — it is the "new ordeal" of our day. Its results — if victory falls to the assailants — will be to remove all the elements of power from the top of society, and to transfer them to the bottom. But still, in its actual aspects, it is social rather than political; it is, for the moment, a combat for self-respect rather than for prerogative — for opinion rather than for dictation — for a sentiment rather than for a right — for liberty rather than for authority. Yet, with all this moderation in its conduct, it is absolutely resolute in the pursuit of its object; and that object is — so far as country life is concerned — the abolition of the superiority of the *château*, and the reduction of its inhabitants to social impotence. To pretend that more than this is meant — to assert that the levelling of classes is to be accompanied by the seizure of property — is mere mad fear. Socialism has disappeared in France; respect of legal rights is universal there; the division of the soil amongst six millions of proprietors inclines each one of them to leave the holdings of the others undisturbed, in order not to provoke assaults upon his own; not even the wildest Radical would venture to invite the poor to rise against the rich. But even without any collateral outgrowth of that kind, the situation is serious enough as it stands; for the entire status of the upper classes towards the rest of the nation is at stake.

Of the many changes which have occurred in France during the last eighty years, there is not one which would be more innovating than the suppression of the upper classes as a recognized and valued national force; and such a suppression would make itself felt with especial keenness in the country because of the impossibility of avoiding frequent contacts between its inhabitants. France is, however, apparently marching towards it with a speed which is only explainable by the

abandonment of all endeavor to prevent it. There is not one château in a hundred in which any practical attempt is being made to win the neighbors back to confidence, to good-will, to esteem. The owner sulks; his wife sulks with him; their friends sulks round them; and they all unite in calling the peasants *canaille* because they no longer take off their hats when the carriage of the château passes. And yet, in the few cases of exception, in the rare instances in which common sense and the instinct of self preservation have led the gentlemen to adopt a different tone, the results attained have almost always been of a nature to indicate that the hatred of the peasant is not against the gentleman in the abstract, but against the particular opinions which are supposed to be proper to him, and which the peasant conceives to be inimical to himself. No one seriously professes in France, that a rich man, or an educated man, should be detested simply because he is rich or educated; the ground of the aversion which is now so general is to be found in the resentment of the poor man at what he conceives to be the use of wealth and knowledge to keep him down. This being the core of the difficulty — and that it really is so can be discovered in a quarter of an hour in any village in France — it would seem that it ought not to be difficult to get at it and dig it out. It certainly would be pulled into the daylight quickly enough if it existed in England; for luckily for us we have a habit of looking at difficulties in the face, and of dealing with them promptly according to their nature. But the case is different across the Channel. There the so-called Conservatives do not appeal to reason or to right; their one notion of defence is to talk loudly about the *canaille*, and about shooting every one who does not agree with them. This is strictly and positively the sort of language which is habitually heard in a great many of the drawing-rooms of France. The peasants know this, and it is not surprising that they object to it. The consequence of it all is, that the severance between the château and the cottage is growing less curable from year to year, and that little disposition to patch it over is left in the peasant's heart. He goes on accumulating rancor; he uses his tongue to teach his children that the château is a foe, and his vote to elect municipal and departmental councillors and deputies who will be disagreeable to the château. Putting aside the exceptions, this is a true picture of the situation.

Under such conditions rural life not only

loses one of its noblest and most fruitful uses — the strengthening of the tie between rich and poor — but it becomes, in many cases, a career of pain. Complaints that annoyances and humiliations are becoming more and more frequent are heard in every direction. Some excited people go indeed so far as to prophesy that, at the next revolution, half the châteaux will be set on fire, as an expression of opinion by the country round. It will therefore certainly be admitted now that this question of relations with the neighbors does really constitute an important element of the subject which we are considering here, and that if it had been left out, the story would have failed. A country life without hunting, without fishing, without riding, appears at first sight to be somewhat incomplete; but if the absence of these diversions is compensated by the probability of being hated and the possibility of being burnt, it will be acknowledged that there is still a little animation left in the situation, and that it may become almost as exciting to be a country gentleman in France as it used to be a few years ago in Tipperary.

This, however, is caricature. French villagers of our time are quiet, laborious, money-grubbing people, with nothing of assassins or incendiaries in them; and it is a pity that their would-be masters should aggravate difficulties, by suspecting them of dispositions which, most certainly, will never enter into their heads. What appears, however, to be true, to English eyes at least, is that the gentlemen still have a chance of saving the little that remains of their old standing, and of reconquering some fragments of influence, if only they could bring themselves to use the means which we employ. We cannot get it out of our heads that absence of sport means absence of vigor; that superiority of right and place over the masses is most easily and most assuredly maintained by a constant practice of the external forms of energy; and that popularity with the crowd is a result of a variety of causes, amongst which skill in bodily exercises still holds a not unimportant place. And the same idea has a certain limited application in France. The laborer there, like his fellows everywhere else, attaches value to mere strength; he admires those who possess it — he has a sort of instinctive scorn of puniness and weakness — and he is, instinctively, more inclined to recognize ascendancy, as he understands it, in a man of physical activity, than in one who sits at the fireside, reads "right-thinking" newspapers, and gnashes his teeth at the

wickedness of the epoch. If the women could only be got to comprehend this, there might yet be a faint prospect of saving something from the wreck. If they would drive the men out of doors instead of doing precisely the contrary; if they would urge them to try to take up a new attitude towards country life, and to show a liking for its special pleasures, — one step would be taken towards a reconciliation. The step could never be a long one, for it is not in ordinary French nature to really love field sports; and furthermore, the nation has no money for them, and the land is cut up into so many little holdings that no wide range is attainable anywhere but in forests. Still, such as it might be, it would do some little good, for it would introduce some unity of feeling, and would evidence to the peasants that the gentlemen find the country worth living in for its own sake.

The real solution, however, is not there. It lies, after all, not out of doors but indoors; not in the legs and arms, but in the heads and hearts of the upper classes. They may all learn to ride and shoot, and they may buy fly-rods, and feed prize pigs, but efforts of that kind will not suffice alone. They must change their very thoughts if they want to hold their own; and there is no more present sign that they will do so, as a class, than that they will all keep hounds or all sail about in yachts. It is precisely in their thoughts that the fatal obstacle lies; it is in their clinging to old prejudices, to their wilful blindness to the realities and the necessities of to-day, to the folly with which they are allowing an irresistible tide of advancing opinion to gain on them all round without attempting to reach a level of safety, to the persistence with which they go on "forgetting nothing and learning nothing," that their rapidly progressing effacement is due. Power in France will soon arise exclusively from below; it will cease to descend from above; it will no longer be a recognized attribute of social position or even of education: and the responsibility of the change will be charged by history, not to those who claimed it, but to those who did not prevent it; not to those who gained by it, but to those who lost by it; not to the conquerors, but to the conquered. The pity which spectators habitually accord to the vanquished will, in this case, be withheld. When the immense majority of the upper-class country residents of France have succeeded in getting themselves finally excluded from public life, from influence, and from exercise

of the prerogatives and the duties of their station; when the nation has contemptuously passed them by, and has learned to do without them, — Europe will tell them that they have reaped what they have sown; that they might have reared a very different crop if they had so pleased; and that, though the fact of their disappearance as a power in the nation is, for political and social reasons, deplored in other countries, no personal sympathy can be extended to them, because they have brought destruction on themselves.

But when all this has happened, when this vast change has been effected in the political situation, country life will still continue, all the same, to be pleasant. The châteaux will not be burned; the peasants will not become more rude — on the contrary, they may, not impossibly, show the generosity of great victors and treat their victims with particular respect; the cookery will remain excellent; the vine-shoots which light the autumn fires will blaze as brightly as now; rents will continue to come in exactly; the flowers will be as brilliant and the fruits as juicy as they have been this year; and the women's dresses will persevere in invention, their tongues in talk, and their lips in laughter.

After all, so far as the châteaux are concerned, nothing will be really changed; so it is useless to lament. The extinguished gentlemen of France will learn to do without position amongst their countrymen, just as they have ceased to need other privileges which have been successively taken from them. And the women, true to their mission, will console them.

From The Spectator.

WILL "PROGRESS" DIMINISH JOY?

I.

AFFIRMATIVE SIDE.

IT seems to me that one at least, perhaps the greatest, of the many drawbacks to our civilization, to that gradual increase in our knowledge of nature and our command over it which we call progress, is the decrease already perceptible, and soon to be more rapid, in our capacity of joy. The word "gladness," brightest of all expressions for the thought, has almost gone out of popular use in English; and after it will go slowly every cognate, though feebler form of the idea. It is true that with knowledge comes that physical ease which

we call comfort, and relief from the terror of many kinds which haunted the older world, and perhaps some relief from pain — though we doubt this, expecting new and subtle forms of brain-disease — but there comes also a consciousness which in all its forms can produce only sadness. Man is becoming day by day more alive to all that is passing in the world, and therefore to the misery which, if not the largest constituent in human life, is the one that makes the deepest impression on human consciousness. The miseries of mankind, which are endless, are served up daily at every breakfast-table. No war arises, no epidemic breaks out, no flood devastates, no drought brings famine, no crime ruins a household, but we are called upon for sympathies which, as the brain grows more receptive of impressions from a distance, and more apprehensive from its appreciation of contingencies, become every day more keen. Space tends to vanish, and time is disappearing. We know of hunger in Shangtung as accurately as in Cornwall; and while the people are still eating slate; the misfortunes which formerly reached us a year old are now occurrences of yesterday, and we feel for the cowering Christians in Batuk, or the shivering soldiers in Quetta, or the peasants in the Canaries dying of hunger from drought, as our forefathers were able to feel only for themselves and their immediate relatives. Thousands become actually ill as they read or hear of such calamities, and though the impact on the majority is not so deep, it is enough to impair most seriously the capacity of joy, which is farther diminished by the new intensity with which we realize the sufferings of those near enough to be part of ourselves. Knowledge has come, and with it sympathy, and our eyes are opened, as by an enchanted ointment, to all that passes in our midst, — to the dull monotony of endless toil, varied only by misfortune, in which the majority of our kind glide or stumble through uncheered and nearly hopeless lives. One-fifth of the population of England do not eat enough, and the four-fifths are learning to know it as if they were hungry too. The burden of the whole people rests on each, till a feeling begins to arise that pleasure is selfish, joyousness frivolous, gladness inhuman, if any of them are wilfully indulged, in an atmosphere so full of the cry of pain, and the reek of over-toil, and the steam of blood-guiltiness. The mere descriptions of household torture in any daily paper are enough to kill the serenity without which

joy must be momentary or artificial. No day passes without some new revelation of sorrow, which may be actual to one household only, yet brings either pain or sad reflection, or that indignation which is a burden, to all households that can read. Every new discovery in science, every improvement in machinery, or the diffusion of light, or the rapidity of intercommunication, does but intensify this process, which as it perfects itself develops in men the capacity of reception which we call sensitiveness. Habit makes them percipient of others' pain as physicians becomes percipient of latent disease. It is as if the skin of the mind were worn away by incessant friction, as if every man were mentally acquiring the powers of the divine Scandinavian watchman, Heimdaller, who looks abroad with such keen insight that he hears the trees grow, and sees the wool rise slowly on the backs of the sheep. Nor can we discern any limit to this sensitiveness. It is more than probable that as the faculty of sympathy arose in the modern world like a sixth sense, so it is developing itself until it will dominate the other senses, bringing with it that endless capacity of pain which, but for his wisdom and his foresight, knowing alike the truth and the ultimate meaning of things, must be the portion of God. Men who watch children much, say that among all mental impulses the hereditary capacity of anxiety is one of the most transmissible, and that we may yet see a generation in which apprehensiveness and sympathy will be the marked characteristics, both of which must be inevitably foes to joy. Knowledge always increases, and especially knowledge of the means to transmit knowledge, till it may well be that in half a century time and space will, in this world, have little meaning, till all that is done and suffered will be done and suffered under the mental eyes of all. And of all that occurs, pain will always be the visible feature, and the one which, while all men can feel pain, will evoke the greatest sympathy. We are not fully glad with the child's gladness, but we wince when the child shrieks or shivers with pain. The time may be, for many the time has arrived, when no cause of joy will still in London or San Francisco the pain arising from the certainty that the day before famine was raging in Tobolsk, and living skeletons falling dead of hunger in the Canaries, within the mental sight of the overfed in the great cities of the West. The impact of pain is so much greater than the impact of pleasure, that knowledge, as

it enlarges — and we stand obviously on the immediate edge of a cycle of enlargement — can bring to man only sadness.

And with the knowledge of suffering comes also a hopelessness of remedy. Whether religion revives, or momentarily dies out, it is certain that the most rapidly diffused of all new convictions of our day is the sense of the immutability of law. It affects those who protest against it almost as deeply as those to whom it comes with the force of a new and truer gospel. No one wholly escapes the sense that to dream of changing the deep current of human affairs is to dream of forcing water up-hill, that death, and disease, and war, the "pestilence, battle, murder, and sudden death," against which our forefathers compiled litanies of supplication will go on in their proportions, fixed or mutable, but still visible, while the human race endures. This certainty, revealed by the new knowledge, and accompanied by a perception of the vastness of all things in the world and in the universe, daunts, and will increasingly daunt, mankind, until the cry, old as the world, "*Cui bono?*" is perceptibly becoming more despondent — once it was uttered by the pococurante, now it is the wail of the philanthropist — and is more and more frequently answered by the despairing reply, "To none! There is no object in it all. Man is but an ant on an orange, and in appearing and disappearing matters as little. What matters progress when a gentleman lives but seventy years, and the world must cool in a few thousands? If we all heave at once, the world will still rotate, unregarding us." A form of pessimism is growing from knowledge which is not Schopenhauer's, but is rather a form of sullen submissiveness to unknown powers, of cowering resignation under the pitiless but unavoidable hail, before which the very spring of joyousness, which is hope, tends to fade away. There is no gladness consistent with such knowledge of pain and such conviction of its remedilessness, such certainty that live as we may, and exert ourselves as we can, pain and death, and separation, and the consciousness of infinite insignificance in the universe, will all come in their turn, and are all incurable. Happiness, the happiness of self-victory, of stoicism, of resignation may be attained; but of joy, elation, joyousness, gladness, there is a final end. Joy is not possible to those who realize the world, yet do not feel hope for it, and it is towards that mental condition that all progress tends. We

might as well expect joy in the farmer who, knowing that he must always farm, knows also that the law of the universe will always keep competitors also farming, and therefore keep crops too cheap for him ever to be free from anxiety for his piece of bread. He is the better, may be, for seeing daily how the great crops come on in Illinois, and Odessa, and the Dooabs of upper India, but that new knowledge brings a new certainty of coming defeat, and must extinguish joy.

And with the new knowledge is coming also for the millions of men a new discontent, a clear recognition, for so many ages mercifully concealed from their eyes, of the deep gulf which divides the lot of the poor from the lot of the rich, the day of the toiler from the day of the enjoyer, the fate of him who has from the fate of him who has not. With the perception of what is gained by leisure, by easily obtained food, by security from want, by the appliances of civilization, comes the fierce crave to possess them also, which is not envy, though it looks so like it, and which is at this moment, under its foolish name of "Communism," the most loudly and fiercely expressed of all the desires of man. It is a desire which produces exertion, and is not, therefore, all bad, is probably no more bad or good than any other motive force; but it kills gladness among the millions, not only because it is unappeasable, but because they know it to be so. The mass of mankind must toil forever, if only that they may eat, and as toil becomes distasteful, as it is sure to do as intellectual interests increase, and knowledge becomes desired, and the true benefits of wealth becomes more and more clearly perceived, this fact alone must kill joyousness in the masses, just as fatigue now kills it in the individual. It is so impossible, and would be so grateful, for the mass of mankind to rise to the point where intelligent content begins, that the sense of this truth alone must weigh on man like lead.

And all these enemies to joyousness are strengthened by the form which unbelief has assumed. I do not believe in the death of religion, and will not assume it, therefore, even for an argument; but I do believe that unbelief has only begun to spread, that it has not quite reached the European masses, and that as knowledge advances it is sure to reach them. They will become conscious, possibly all at once, of the thing they know not yet, the immense intellectual force of the great doubt,

of the extent of uncertainty in which the most pious minds are for the hour compelled to live. That uncertainty will spread to them, and in that uncertainty will be an abiding anxiety, amid which joyousness cannot live. It is so now. If there is one marked fact about the unbelieving masses of the Continent, it is that they are unhappy to pain, that the joyous unconsciousness of all but the present which should be the note of convinced secularism is entirely absent; that those in Germany, France, and Spain who profess atheism so loudly, and probably are atheists, are calling with equal loudness for a new earth, are declaring the social system unendurable, are risking life and liberty, in half-frenzied efforts to give society some incurable wound. Of all men the atheistic socialists cry aloud most as if in pain, are least at rest, are least inclined or able to manifest joyousness. They call themselves slaves, and they are not hypocrites. They say the world crushes them, and they feel crushed. They declare any overturn preferable to that which exists, and actually risk it. They show no trace of old pagan feeling or of the old defiant atheism, the atheism which sprang from fulness of life, and seemed in that form such a danger to the old priests; still less of the sulkily submissive atheism of the far East, the unbelief under which millions upon millions of Chinese, perhaps a tenth of all mankind, stoically endure all that happens, intent only, in the confusion of all things, to secure some silver for themselves. The uneducated atheists of today are miserable, discontented to acute pain, fierce to the fighting-point, with the very capacity of gladness fairly gone out of them. One no more expects laughter from them than from monks of La Trappe, or from a forlorn hope marching over a mine to apply a barrel of powder to a fortress-gate. I am not saying this, as an argument against atheism, or denying that an unbeliever may be joyous, or ignorant that many hereditary atheists, Jew atheists especially, have a capacity of enjoyment amounting sometimes to joyousness. I only state as one of the great melancholy facts of our era, that the unbelief which is filtering down so deep bears with it no relief from the burden of the world, rather tinges the new consciousness of man, the result of his new knowledge, with a fiercer discontent, a fighting antipathy to all that exists, a morose distaste for a gladness and joy that it does not profess to share. The new unbeliever rejects heaven, and hates or despises earth.

II.

THE NEGATIVE SIDE.

THE weak point in this argument seems to me to be the assumption that there is something in the necessary effect of what is known as "progress," to increase the drain on the inward elasticity and vitality of human nature. Now, that appears, on the whole, improbable, if not untrue, though undoubtedly, for particular phases of progress, it is true. It is clearly true that what we may call childishly happy races lose a great deal of the fountains of their joyousness, in losing their ignorance and their indifference to the future. I do not doubt for a moment that the Irish peasantry of the time before the famine were a far more joyous race than the Irish peasantry of the present day; nor that the negroes of our West Indian colonies, as they grow in culture and the power of looking forwards, lose a great deal of their gaiety of heart. Unquestionably, too, as the pressure of individual responsibilities on the character increases, — whether through the adoption of Protestantism, in place of Roman or Greek Catholicism, or through the growth of political anxieties and the habits of self-government, — that superabundance of the vitality needed to meet human cares which exhales in joyousness, tends to diminish. To admit as much as this is only admitting, in relation to nations, precisely what every one concedes in relation to individuals when it is said that the period of youth, before the weight of personal responsibilities becomes very heavy, and after the yoke, of parental authority has ceased to be so, is the most joyous period of life. Unquestionably it is so, for the very good reason that it is the period of life when there is more vitality, and less external drain upon it — a greater excess of inward springiness over outward anxieties — than ever before, or ever after. Some exceptionally happy children are perhaps even more joyous as children than in youth, but then they are the children who are not much "disciplined" in their childhood, and who therefore do not enjoy, later in their youth, the sense of power which that discipline is apt to give. As a rule, I fancy those children whose childhood is most joyous will not find their youth equally so, for they will miss the exquisite stimulus not merely of the final release from authority, but of the new consciousness of strength which the pressure of that authority has secured for them. And something of the same kind may be true of nations. As the man who

has to get in youth the discipline which he missed in childhood, will seldom find his youth so joyous as the man who inherited from his childhood the power which discipline gives, at the same time that he exults in the creative life of youth,—so the peoples which are too light-hearted and without thought for the morrow in one part of their career, are apt to become gloomier as they become more prudent; whilst those who have passed through a corrective discipline of responsibility in the earlier stages of their growth, will often blossom, as Athens did in the age of Pericles, and as England did in the Elizabethan period, into a sort of joyousness which is not the joyousness of mere light hearts, but includes the joyousness also of creative power. I say this to guard myself against being understood to mean that there is no kind of progress which does not, and does not necessarily, drain away the sources of that exuberant vitality to which joyousness is due. But the general thesis advanced is not that there are some changes of the progressive kind in the life of peoples, as in the life of individuals, which tend to exhaust joy,—but that *all* progress tends to be of this nature, that in the growth of science, and popular knowledge and sympathy,—the three chief constituents of progress,—a cause is at work which of itself tends and necessarily tends, to overtask men, and to drain off that surplus life, that redundant buoyancy of nature without which the joyous temperament is hardly possible.

Now this appears to me untrue. I cannot see any tendency inherent in the growth of science, of popular knowledge, and of sympathy, to overburden all men, no matter in what phase or stage of character it finds them. You cannot say absolutely of any one man, or of any one race, that the letting of new cares and responsibilities into his life will diminish joyousness. Joyousness seems to me to depend chiefly on the relative proportion between life or power, and that burden which stimulates and elicits life and power. Where the burden is sufficient to elicit the whole power of an individual or a race, but not to task it to the full, to leave a certain margin always ready to bubble over,—there, to my mind, the conditions of joyousness chiefly exist. But it is quite as easy to destroy the conditions of joyousness by a deficiency in the stimulus, as by an excess. The greatly overworked man can never be joyous. The slightly underworked man, if he is worked in that vein which best elicits his own consciousness of

power, is the most likely of all to be so. But the greatly underworked man, the so-called man of leisure, is hardly ever joyous. And so with nations, the over-taxed nation—"the weary Titan, staggering on to his goal"—is never joyous; the greatly undertaxed nation seldom; the nation which is just coming to the consciousness of its power, but feels that it has enough and to spare for all the probable drafts upon it, is in the condition most favorable to joyousness of any I can conceive.

Now let me apply this principle to the effect of growing science, growing knowledge, growing sympathy, on the life of man. Undoubtedly, it is true that the rapid dissemination of knowledge peculiar to our age, has a much greater tendency to tell us gloomy news than cheerful news. Prosperity is not a sensational fact; it seems so appropriate, that it does not attract attention; you telegraph a crime or a suicide, when you would not think of telegraphing a benefaction, or an accession of fortune. But I doubt extremely whether the gloom thus diffused over the world diminishes at all seriously the total amount of human joyousness. The fact is, that human sympathy, even at its highest point, is a limited quantity in human nature, and often quite as great in the man whose knowledge of misfortune only extends over a couple of alleys, as in him whose knowledge extends over two hemispheres. The general effect, I fancy, of increasing the range of our sympathy with the race in general, is to drain off a certain portion of its intensity for individuals. It has often been noticed that sympathies which are very wide, are not so eager in relation to individuals, as the sympathies which are somewhat narrow in range. I cannot help thinking that as the range widens, we probably feel more equably with all, but less ardently with a few. At all events, I doubt if the knowledge of distant and half-realized suffering, however terrible, sensibly diminishes that individual overflow of life and power in a creature so limited as man, to which joyousness of nature is due. So far, indeed, as the attempt to relieve such calamities overpowers the energies of men already tasked up to their full strength, it would, of course, have this effect. But short of this, I generally doubt it. You cannot sympathize enough with unknown sufferers, to restrain the welling-up of a buoyant, inward strength. As a child is quite unable to suppress its gaiety for anything less than a grief which touches its home, so men are unable to suppress the overflow of their strength and

youth, for anything less than a calamity which touches somewhat closely their own race. And we must remember that there is another side to the account. Every growth in the power of sympathy is probably a much greater addition to the fountains of joy than to the fountains of sorrow, — not, indeed, because you enter into the joys of others half as clearly as you enter into their sorrows, but because the power of sympathy is in itself so great a source of imaginative life, so great a help to the insight which elevates anguish into tragedy, and suffering into sacrifice; because it enables us more than anything else to obtain partial glimpses into the ends of sorrow, and of the light behind the cloud of pain; because it aids us to feel that we are not merely men, but also sharers in the life of man. In the highest sense of the word "gladness," I believe the growth of sympathy has swelled the springs of gladness, much more than it has swelled the springs of sorrow, by the extension it has given to the vividness and range of the human mind, the exaltation, not to say rapture, it has lent to the mood of meditative faith, and the sublimity which it has added even to many aspects of human suffering. Strangely enough, even those who, like Shelley, disbelieve in God, have been raised by the higher flights of human sympathy so as to reach some inscrutable confidence in the ultimate victory of Promethean fortitude over unjust power; and we see something of the same unreasonable, but indestructible, faith, in the exaltation with which modern Positivists speak of the future of humanity. All this meditative prophecy seems to me to be reasonable only so far as it is evidence of a real communion between men and God such as forces these beliefs even on those who have no logical ground for them. But whether it be so or not, it is at least clear that the extension of a vivid sympathy with all human feelings and hopes has, as a matter of fact, added, whether reasonably or unreasonably, at least not less, — I believe much more, — to the spring and elasticity of human hope, than it has added to the detailed suffering due to our enlarged knowledge of human misery.

And now as to the fresh drain upon human joyousness caused by the increasing vivacity with which we recognize the immutability of law, and by the paralysis with which our new knowledge of human insignificance is sometimes apt to strike us. I do not mean to say that it adds to our gladness to conceive of ourselves as mere ants upon an orange in a universe of

innumerable suns, or that the progress, if it be progress, which has assured us that regress must begin before many centuries are over in other words, which has brought so many of our astronomers to regard the cooling-down of the earth into a lifeless cinder as sooner or later a physical certainty, is a kind of progress which makes the heart lighter. But I do extremely doubt whether this sort of belief has any appreciable effect in depressing that sense of overflowing energy and life, on which the joyousness of men depends. If the heart bounds high, even though its owner may be abstractedly convinced that he is a mere ant on an orange, that will be no reason why it should cease to bound high. It may seem strange that there should be so much intensity of life in the infinitesimal, but after all, is not an ant on an orange, if it have keen thoughts, and warm hopes, and a sense of communion with the eternal, much more, after all, than a frozen planet, or a mighty globe of fire not yet alive? You cannot browbeat a mind to any good purpose by parading the vastness of the world of matter. Even admit that a physical term is fixed, by the fiat of immutable law, to all the teeming thoughts of hope and love which are embodied in this little world, and the only reply which a buoyant heart will make is, that so much the more certain will be the infinite extension of the spiritual part of that thought and hope and love, in a world which is not perishable. So long as there is no sign of a growing disproportion between the burden of man and the heart with which he bears it, so long I can see no tendency in what is called "progress" to extinguish joy. If there were any proof of a regularly dwindling vital power in man himself, or, without a dwindling vital power in man, a regularly increasing weight in the burden he has to bear, I should be dismayed. But I can see no proof of either. To a great extent it is admitted that the growth of knowledge and sympathy, implies a diminution of the burden to be borne. I maintain also that in the growth of both we have a positive source of growing power, directly increasing the spring and elation of the heart, and sometimes tending almost to an undue intoxication of human nature, — witness the nonsense often talked, and not seldom seriously accepted and wrought into the genius of more than one national character, as to the triumphs of the nineteenth century. Silly as most of this is, it rests upon something which is not silly, — genuine evidence of the marvellous elasticity of our mental and moral

resources,— which means, to my mind, genuine evidence of a perennial divine fountain from which they are supplied. But apart from any interpretation of mine, the evidence seems to me clear that the *spirit* of the race rises, instead of falls, as the centuries go on. We cope with pestilence and famine now, as no previous age would have dreamt of trying to cope with them. With our new knowledge of law, we feel as if we might almost learn, in a few centuries, to store up heat and light against the cooling of the sun. But after all, it is not conviction of any kind which feeds the fountains of joy; it is the instinctive sense of life, of youth, of surplus power. And the growing knowledge and the growing sympathy keep, as it seems to me, that instinctive sense of surplus power rather on the increase than on the decline.

Then there is the growth of scepticism, and I do not deny at all that the growth of scepticism does tend more effectually to throw a damper on the human spirit, to quench its vividness, to overshadow its joyousness, than any other influence really at work and probably destined for a time to *grow*, in this world. But then I suppose the growth of scepticism,— so far as it is due to “progress,”— so far as it is due to the new light and knowledge,— *not*, of course, so far as it is due to the old darkness of selfishness and sin,— to be only a temporary phase of error, and in that degree in which it is a phase of progress at all, only a phase essential to the ultimate and more steady decline of scepticism. Even now the higher sceptics are compelled, by their own minds, to give their materialism an idealistic turn which is almost fatal to it as materialism. Even now “the secret of Jesus,” to use Mr. Arnold’s own phrase, is claimed by one of the agnostics as the deepest principle in the law of the universe. Mind and conscience,— thought and self-sacrifice,— infinite purpose and divine humility,— are recognized more and more every century as at the heart of material things; and the more this recognition grows, the more, in my belief, will the spring of joyousness grow with it, for the greater will be the inward resources of man, and the less in proportion the burden he has to bear.

From The Touchstone.

THE COUNTRY LADY IN TOWN.

THEY are a source of great amusement to London relatives, who laugh at them —

good-naturedly enough — while they admire their *naïveté* and freshness, and, in some sense, even their *brusquerie*. But laugh we must. Who could help it? Despite railways, newspapers, and the various methods of rapid and easy transmission of metropolitan ideas to the country, it is surprising how primitive thoroughbred country people still remain. Take the ordinary specimen of the provincial lady, the wife or daughter of clergyman, solicitor, or surgeon in a village or small town (and the latter definition will include places which the provincials consider large towns), and transport her to London, and she is as completely at sea as a Whitechapel counter-jumper in a river boat. She has read about London often enough, and probably has her “best clothes” from a mercer’s in the West End; and her sons or brothers, as the case may be, tramp about the country-side in “wear-resisting” fabrics from a city tailor’s; but the London of her imagination only gives her a vague idea of the bewilderment awaiting her in the London of reality. From the moment that she sets her foot on the platform of the busy terminus, where she sees more people than were ever at one time present to her sight before, she enters upon the state of mind enjoyed by the renowned Tilly Slowboys — that of perpetual astonishment — and how she shows it! The country cousins with whom she has come to stay are less surprised than amused. The “Cockney impudence” anathematized by Mr. Ruskin, always expects something funny and outlandish in a provincial. Consequently, a bonnet of six months’ date, a dress ditto, and a mantle such as “nobody wears,” cause the metropolitan relatives to titter in secret, but are only what they expected. The lady from Wales or Yorkshire is, however, fully persuaded that she is attired in the last *mode*, and is as happy as the day is long. How she does enjoy herself! how frankly, how heartily! How she stares at the shop-windows, wonders at the number of police (we think there are too few!) and gapes at the omnibuses! She is rosy and cherubic, like a fat baby when it is not crying; and her heart embraces every form of suffering, real or simulated. You would have a *queue* of beggars half a mile long at your heels if you let her give to all the whining impostors who beg of her, seeing the “country lady” at a glance. She will not believe you when you tell her they are all impostors. She has rare faith in human nature, and says London life makes people cynics. Perhaps it does; but country life

narrows their minds to a nutshell. If she goes out alone, she comes back with a story of adventure rivalling Burnaby's "Ride to Khiva." What things she has done! What things she has left undone, that she might have done! She has tramped miles in her terrible boots. ("I vow and protest," as Dick Avenel said, "they've got nails in them.") She went from South Kensington, where she is staying, down to Newington to see Spurgeon's Tabernacle; from there she walked to London Bridge, and found out the Monument; then she reached the Bank, and, after standing there for an hour, timidly asked a policeman when the traffic would cease. The policeman grinned grimly, and took her over the maelstrom. Wasn't he kind? London police are the admiration of the country visitor. She wandered into Cheap-side, lost her way (how, you can't make out, but country cousins positively possess a genius for losing their way); was nearly bumped to pieces by the crowd; drifted somehow into Holborn; turned eastwards, and asked if she was going right for South Kensington; contemplated with rapt delight the superb view from the Viaduct; felt hungry, but could not summon courage to enter a confectioner's, because she saw a few young men in the shop; wanted to take an omnibus, but did not know how to stop one; finally got the wrong one, and, being carried to the Edgware Road, inquired if she had reached South Kensington; thought the Edgware Road was Regent Street, and Regent Street the direct route to South Kensington; at last got a cab—a four-wheeler, as hansoms, she imagined, were "fast"—and reached her destination tired out, and fully persuaded that she had passed through as many perils as Othello. To do her credit, the country lady is venturesome enough by daylight. It is after dark that she is afraid to move from the shelter of home. Then she believes the wild beasts seek their prey. Is it "proper" to go to a theatre without a

gentleman? Dare two ladies walk up Regent Street, are they not spoken to every minute? If by chance some one does speak to her, she gathers up her skirts in both hands, and bolts, under the full impression that the whole neighborhood is chasing her. It is a serious charge to have a country lady "in tow" in London streets, especially at night. At the crossings she either rushes into the road as if she were at home, where two carts per day traverse the village "streets," or stands trembling on the kerb, and almost compels you to drag her over the fearful whirlpool of vehicles. But for sight-seeing she is only rivalled by the Cookist on the Continent. She thinks nothing of Madame Tussaud's, the South Kensington Museum, the Tower, St. Paul's, and a theatre for a day's work, and wakes up the next morning ready for another half-dozen places at all the four points of the compass. In music she usually prefers the Christy's and in the drama she is omnivorous; never having seen a play, all acting is alike to her, and all splendid. In short, she is a happy, hearty creature, dreadfully unstylish, amazingly innocent, knowing nothing that "everybody knows," but wise in many things that to "Cockney impudence" seem hardly worth knowing. But she makes delicious conserves and preserves (we have not the least idea whether there is any difference between these two), and sends us up baskets of autumn apples. So the country cousin is useful, and certainly "most awfully amusing." Slang horrifies her, by the way; and, on the whole, though she *has* an accent, her English is, perhaps, purer than that of her town relations. She thinks them not a little fast, but very "nice"—she would not say "firstrate" on any account—and very ignorant not to know how jam is made, and never to have heard of the rural dean of Slowcombe. Perhaps she is right! Who shall decide what is "worth knowing"?

INDIAN PUNKAHS. — A very efficient mode of working punkahs has recently been patented, and for simplicity and cheapness will probably supersede all other methods of keeping these useful contrivances in continual motion. By means of an electric motor, punkahs can be worked at the cost of a few pence daily, and being very moderate in price, it is probable that it will ere long be largely employed in military establishments and private residences throughout our Indian Empire. The motor,

with the punkah in operation, can be seen daily at the offices of the Howe Machine Company, Limited, 48 Queen Victoria Street, City, and may fairly be regarded a very meritorious and useful contrivance. We believe that the motor can be employed to innumerable purposes, such as the working of sewing-machines, organs, harmoniums, etc.; and, when its merits are more widely known, will doubtless be in great demand.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XXV. }

No. 1804. — January 11, 1879.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXL. }

CONTENTS.

I. THE JESUIT MARTYRS: CAMPION AND WAL- POLE,	<i>Edinburgh Review,</i>	67
II. SIR GIBBIE. By George MacDonald, author of "Malcolm," "The Marquis of Lossie," etc. Part VIII.,	<i>Advance Sheets,</i>	85
III. DOGMA, REASON, AND MORALITY. By W. H. Mallock,	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i>	100
IV. THE BRIDE'S PASS. By Sarah Tytler. Au- thor of "What She Came Through," "Lady Bell," etc. Part II.,	<i>Advance Sheets,</i>	114
V. THE EDUCATION OF THE DEAF,	<i>Spectator,</i>	125

POETRY

THE GOLD OF HOPE,	66	NUPTURA,	66
A CHRISTMAS SONG,	66	AN ESSAY IN QUANTITY,	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.

THE GOLD OF HOPE.

BRIGHT shines the sun, but brighter after rain ;
The clouds that darken make the sky more
clear ;

So rest is sweeter when it follows pain,
And the sad parting makes our friends more
dear.

'Tis well it should be thus : our Father knows
The things that work together for our good ;
We draw a sweetness from our bitter woes —
We would not have all sunshine if we could.

The days with all their beauty and their light
Come from the dark and into dark return ;
Day speaks of earth, but heaven shines through
the night,
Where in the blue a thousand star-fires burn.

So runs the law, the law of recompense,
That binds our life on earth and heaven in
one ;

Faith cannot live when all is sight and sense,
But faith can live and sing when these are
gone.

We grieve and murmur, for we can but see
The single thread that flies in silence by ;
When if we only saw the things to be,
Our lips would breathe a song and not a
sigh.

Wait then, my soul, and edge the darkening
cloud
With the bright gold that Hope can always
lend ;

And if to-day thou art with sorrow bowed,
Wait till to-morrow and thy grief shall end !

And when we reach the limit of our days,
Beyond the reach of shadows and of night,
Then shall our every look and voice be praise
To him who shines, our everlasting light.
Sunday Magazine. HENRY BURTON.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

BY GENEVIEVE M. I. IRONS.

IN winter-time, when earth is drest
In robes of snowy white,
And peeping from their prickly nest
Shine holly-berries bright ;
When the sky is grey, and the air is chill,
And the frost-bound river is hushed and still,
The Christmas bells ring out their mirth
To greet the day of Jesus' birth.

Hark ! hark ! they ring, " Good news for
men !
Let tears and sorrow cease,
For Christmas comes with grace again,
Good-will, and joy, and peace !"
The angels to-day are busy on earth
With praises from Heaven for the Saviour's
birth,
While glory in the highest rings
To Jesus Christ, the king of kings.

The night is dark, the earth is cold,
Yet Jesus leaves his throne ;
To simple hearts the tale is told —
" He cometh to his own !"

But the world goes on, for its eyes are dim,
And its selfish heart has no thought for him,
Though Bethlehem is filled to-night
With glory from the light of light.

And heavenly joy shall flood each soul
Which truly worships there,
And learns that love whose sweet control
Makes Christmas everywhere ;
And life's winter-time shall be bright for them,
With faith in the story of Bethlehem,
The Father's love, the Saviour's birth,
Glory in heaven, and peace on earth.
Sunday Magazine.

NUPTURA.

HUSH ! let me hear of love no more
Till grief has had her rightful day :
Must I not count my treasure o'er
Before I give it all away ?

Sweet home ! from every field and tree
Breathes all my past of joys and tears ;
The store of lifelong memory,
The voiceless love of twenty years.

My father's sigh, with smiles above,
The tear my mother lets not fall,
My brother's heart, so sore with love —
Can I alone then heal them all ?

To love and heal, one little hour !
To loose and lift each clinging root ;
To pour the scent of my last flower
On those who shall not see my fruit :

One little hour ! my woman's eyes
With childhood's dying tears are dim :
Love calls me : I shall soon arise,
And bid farewell, and follow him !
Macmillan's Magazine.

AN ESSAY IN QUANTITY.

Lo ! the day, dawning with a rosy brightness,
Leaps to each mountain over all the valleys,
While the grey twilight, vanishing before it,
Clings to the lowlands ;
Where the hoarse tumult of an angry torrent,
Lonely in silence as of old eternal,
Roars a rough nocturn, ever in the darkness
Thundering onward, —
Like a forlorn soul that a gloomy passion
Urges, and dark mists gather all around
him, —
But the high mountains, if he gaze upon them,
Glow with the sunlight.
Spectator. T. A. LACEY.

From The Edinburgh Review.
THE JESUIT MARTYRS: CAMPION AND
WALPOLE.*

It is but of late years that the history of the Jesuit mission which began its operations in this country with the landing of Campion and Parsons at Dover in 1580, and the lives and characters of its principal leaders, have received anything like impartial examination. The histories and biographies from the Roman side, which closely followed the so-called "martyrdoms" in England — the bombast of Bombinus and the "*historia particular*" of Yepes — are no more impartial and no more to be trusted than the "Book of Martyrs" of the often picturesque but certainly unscrupulous John Foxe. The research of a Maitland was hardly needed to point out the extravagant one-sidedness of the old Jesuit hagiologies. To any reader who is not utterly prejudiced they convey their own antidote. But the task, not of criticising but of reconstructing, of tracing the history of the religious struggle (so it may safely be called) in England through the later decades of the sixteenth century, and of placing in a full and fair light the actions of those who, carrying their lives in their hands, attempted to bring back the country to what in their eyes was the one true faith, was one which demanded not only considerable labor, but most of all an impartiality and a severe love of truth not often to be met with among those to whom such subjects are chiefly attractive. It is not easy for the writer who undertakes such a work, be he Romanist or Anglican, to hold the balance quite evenly; and if he succeed in doing so he is pretty sure of receiving "some of the unpleasant'st words" from those on either side who hold it to be so much the worse for truth when it does not fall in with their

* 1. *Edmund Campion: a Biography*. By RICHARD SIMPSON. London: 1867.

2. *One Generation of a Norfolk House: a Contribution to Elizabethan History*. By AUGUSTUS JESSOPP, D.D., Head Master of King Edward VI.'s School, Norwich, etc. Norwich: 1878.

3. *Letters of Father Henry Walpole, S. J.* From the original MSS. at Stonyhurst College. Edited, with Notes, by AUGUSTUS JESSOPP, D.D. Norwich: 1873. (Fifty copies printed for private circulation.)

4. *Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus*. By HENRY FOLEY, S. J. London: 1877-78.

party feeling. We suspect that this may have been the case with the late Mr. Simpson, whose excellent life of Edmund Campion we have placed at the head of the present article. Mr. Simpson writes like a devoted son of the Church to which he belonged, but by no means with bigotry. He can distinguish political action from religious; and he can afford to smile at those enthusiasts of our own day (we hope there are not many of them) who, so that mass might be sung in St. Paul's, would not object to the accompaniment of a guard of French bayonets. His book is that of an impartial seeker for historical truth; and he has collected all that is known, and all, we believe, that is likely to be known, about the first and the most interesting of the Jesuit "martyrs." Mr. Simpson has been followed by Dr. Jessopp, who, in his "One Generation of a Norfolk House," gives us the story of Henry Walpole, who was present at Campion's execution, and who was so greatly affected by the sight that he forthwith devoted himself to the Jesuit cause, and suffered at York on a charge of treason, with all the horrible accompaniments of such a conviction, in 1595. Dr. Jessopp, head master of the venerable grammar school at Norwich, is of course an Anglican, with small sympathy for Jesuit teaching. But, no less than Mr. Simpson, he has an earnest sympathy for self-devotion and for old English courage, with whatever faith or whatever schools these may be found allied. It was natural that, closely connected with the county, and bound in ties of intimacy with members of the house of Walpole, he should have been attracted by a life of which the particulars were little known, although to set it forth fully and effectively demanded an amount of laborious research hardly to be estimated by even the very numerous references to manuscript and printed authorities which occur in the notes appended to his chapters. The work has been done, however, once for all. No one is likely to go over the same ground; nor will it be necessary, since in Dr. Jessopp's pages Henry Walpole becomes as much a reality as those of his family with whose doings and likings, throughout the last century, we are all so well acquainted.

Dr. Jessopp's book has been published by subscription, and none but subscribers' copies have been printed. It is almost, therefore, in the condition of a private volume, and we propose to make it the principal subject of our article, but we shall be surprised if a work of such extreme interest is not soon given to the public.

In order to understand the career of Walpole it is necessary to give some attention to that of his predecessor Campion, and to the circumstances under which the Jesuit mission was first despatched to England. These subjects are treated at some length by Dr. Jessopp; but we shall here depend for the most part on Mr. Simpson's elaborate life of Campion. We may say at once that this is the true spelling of the name. Campian, the more usual form, has been adopted from the Latinized "Campianus." From the accession of Elizabeth in 1559 to the promulgation (Feb. 25, 1570) of the bull of Pope Pius V. excommunicating the queen, and depriving her "of all dominion, dignity, and privilege whatsoever," it had been possible for those who held by the "old religion" (to use a term which was then common) to keep up some sort of conformity with the regulations of the State. A very large proportion of the English gentry were indeed recusants, as those were called who refused to swear allegiance to the queen in a form of oath which declared her to be supreme "as well in all spiritual or ecclesiastical things or causes as temporal." A clause in the first act of Parliament passed in the reign of Elizabeth directed the taking of this oath; and whosoever refused to take it forfeited at once any office or preferment he might hold, and debarred himself from all places of emolument and from all public position. Otherwise he was not disturbed; and although it was also enacted that any person not resorting to his parish church on Sundays and holy days was to forfeit twelve-pence for every offence, these fines were rarely enforced, and where they were they could be paid without any great inconvenience. This condition of things was entirely changed by the appearance of the bull of excommunication, which, on the morning of May 15, 1570, was found nailed

to the door of the Bishop of London's palace. It was a distinct declaration of war on the part of Rome. Henceforth the pope and Philip of Spain appear as the two great enemies of England; and it became almost impossible, in legislating for the protection of this country, to distinguish between the papal religion and the papal politics. Accordingly, within a few weeks after the excommunication, an act of Parliament was passed "against the bringing in and putting in execution bulls, writings, or instruments, and other superstitious things from the see of Rome." Persons who should "use or put in use in any place within the realm" any such bulls or instruments, were to "suffer pains of death," and to forfeit all lands and goods, as in cases of high treason. Another clause provided that the same penalties should be incurred by such Catholic priests as, admitted to their orders on the other side of the Channel, ventured to exercise their functions in England; and also by those, whoever they might be, who dared to receive absolution at their hands. The fine for not attending at church remained as before.

This act was the reply to the bull of excommunication. At first the queen's ministers proceeded with some moderation against the recusants; and it is probable that for the next four or five years the position of the Romanizing gentry was not greatly changed. But events, all rendering plain the position taken by the pope, and all inducing Burghley and Walsingham to keep a stricter watch on the recusants, came crowding on each other. The Duke of Norfolk was beheaded in June 1571. In 1572 occurred the massacre of St. Bartholomew; after which Elizabeth, when at last she consented to receive the French ambassador, did so attired, with all the ladies of her court, in the deepest mourning. The struggle was still in progress in the Low Countries, and at last (1573) came the horrible sack of Antwerp. As yet no seminary priests had appeared in England, or perhaps it would be safer to say that none had been discovered. The English college had been founded at Douay by Dr. (afterwards Cardinal) Allen in 1568; and to it had flocked numbers of

the most promising students from both the English universities. These formed a part, and but a small part, of the great body of Englishmen, including many of the higher clergy, bishops, deans, canons, besides fifteen heads of colleges, who took refuge in banishment rather than accept the oath of allegiance tendered on the accession of Elizabeth. In many cases the sons of the discontented gentry accompanied them as their pupils. It was intended that priests strongly impregnated with the Ultramontane sentiment should proceed from Douay to "labor in the English vineyard." The first of these apprehended was Cuthbert Mayne, who had been a fellow of St. John's, Oxford, and who was taken in the summer of 1577 in the house of a Cornish gentleman, Francis Tregian. Mayne suffered all the horrible penalties of high treason at Launceston, and Tregian's estate was forfeited. In the following spring two more seminarists were executed at Tyburn. The English government was, in fact, thoroughly alarmed. It was known that an armed attack on this country was in contemplation; and in the summer of 1578, during a royal progress through the eastern counties, more than one recusant was summarily dealt with and committed to gaol. The most remarkable of these was Edward Rookwood, who had himself lodged the queen at his house of Euston. When she left it, Elizabeth thanked him for his hospitality, and gave him "her fayre hand to kisse." "But my Lo. Chamberlain" (the account is from a letter written by the notorious informer, Topcliffe) "noblye and gravely understandinge that Rookwoode was excommunicated for Papistrie, cawled him before him; demanded of him how he durst presume to attempt her reall (royal) presence, he, unfytt to accompany any Chrystyan person; forthwith sayd he was fyttter for a payre of stocks; commanded hym out of the Coort, and yet to attende her Counsell's pleasure; and at Norwyche he was comytted." Grave and ominous incidents like this occurred in the midst of royal festivities, shows, and devices, including messages from the gods at the hands of Mercury, delivered to the queen in the green yard of Norwich Cathedral; and welcom-

ings from Gurgunt, king of England, "which built the Castle of Norwich called Blaunche flower."

The seminary priests were active, but the Jesuits were as yet unknown in England. It was evident, however, that although the excommunication of Elizabeth had produced among the townsfolk and the great mass of the people an effect directly contrary to that which had been intended, there was much perplexity in the universities and among the more highly educated of the English youth. It was determined to take all advantage of this perplexity, and to open fresh parallels against the state of England, religious and political. The pope had for some time been preparing an attack on Ireland; and the famous expedition to which Dr. Sanders was attached reached the Irish coast about the same time as the first Jesuits landed in England. There was undoubtedly a certain connection between the two events; and the English government can hardly be blamed if it insisted in seeing an almost equal danger in both. The Society of Jesus had been confirmed in 1540. St. Ignatius died in 1556. The only Englishman admitted to the society during his lifetime was a certain Thomas Lith, a Londoner, of whom nothing is known but the name. But after the accession of Elizabeth many Englishmen were received; and in 1579 the society was everywhere attracting to itself the most powerful intellects on the side of Rome. In that year Dr. Allen, head of the college at Douay was sent for to Rome on account of serious quarrels prevailing in the English college there. His mediation was effectual. He was fully acquainted with the plans for the invasion of Ireland; and he arrived at the conviction that it would be well to make simultaneously an effort on a large scale for "recovering the English people from their lapse into heresy and schism." The new Irish crusade, as it was called, was blessed by Pope Gregory XIII., who gave plenary indulgence to all who should join or assist it. It was now determined that the Society of Jesus should take its part in a mission to England; and this expedition started from Rome on April 18, 1580. The Irish crusade, and the

part which the Roman government took in it, were no secrets to the diplomatic body of Europe, least of all to the counselors of Elizabeth; and the spies of Walsingham made regular reports to their master concerning the organization and approach of the English mission.

The company which started from Rome was fourteen in number, and the nominal leader was Thomas Goldwell, the deprived Bishop of St. Asaph. But he and the elder priests found that the work was too laborious for them, and the real missionaries were the Jesuit fathers and certain young priests from Dr. Allen's colleges, associated with them as fellow-workers. The two Jesuits were Parsons and Campion—famous names, which figure in all histories of this country. The life of Parsons has yet to be written. Mr. Simpson has done all that is possible for that of Campion. It is evident that in the choice of these men the society had been guided by the same principles which afterwards ruled all their important missions. An active, clear-headed man of the world was supplied with a companion whose aims were more entirely religious. It would be hard to say that Parsons was not a man of deep and earnest religion. All that we know of him proves the reverse. But he was essentially the political Jesuit; and the best proof of the difference between the two men is afforded by the fact that Parsons was fully acquainted with the design and progress of the Irish expedition, and of the part borne in it by Dr. Allen, whilst Campion seems to have had no further knowledge of it than what was open to the world. His sole aim was, as he insisted on his trial, and as is proved by his whole career, to bring back to the papal fold all whom he could influence. Parsons was to sound the loyalty and the religious feeling of the country, and to see how far the English recusants were ready to sympathize with a foreign invader.

It is the life and the fate of Campion which belong more especially to our present subject. His father was a bookseller and citizen of London. Edmund, the future Jesuit, who had given early promise of remarkable ability, was sent to Oxford, became fellow of St. John's, and won for himself the reputation of the most brilliant scholar in the university. He was distinguished as an orator; and in 1560, when the funeral of Amy Robsart, the luckless wife of Lord Robert Dudley, was celebrated at St. Mary's, Campion was chosen to pronounce a funeral oration in her honor. Five years later he did the same for

the founder of his college, Sir Thomas White; and in 1566, when Elizabeth visited Oxford, he was one of those appointed to dispute before the queen. The impression which he then made was especially favorable. Leicester showed him much kindness, and Cecil, we are told, greatly admired him. But his position at Oxford became at last untenable. He took the oath of allegiance, and was afterwards so troubled in conscience that he left the university and crossed to Ireland under the protection of the lord deputy, Sir Henry Sidney. There he wrote his brief but curious "History of Ireland."* But he was a marked man. The pursuivants were let loose on him, and after one or two narrow escapes he succeeded in crossing to Calais in the summer of 1571. Thence he made his way to Douay, where he remained for a year, then set out for Rome, and with little delay offered himself for the Society of Jesus, and was at once accepted. For the next four years he labored in Bohemia, and was made professor of rhetoric in the University of Prague, which the emperor was endeavoring to revive, and mainly through the instrumentality of the Jesuits. At Prague Campion won for himself on all sides admiration and affection. Many young Englishmen visited him there, among the rest Sir Philip Sidney, who had been sent by Elizabeth to congratulate the emperor Rudolph on his accession. "He had much conversation with me," wrote Campion to Bavand; "I hope not in vain, for to all appearance he was most eager." Sidney, however, was not to be "converted," and in December 1579 Campion was summoned to Rome, where it had been determined that he should be attached to the English mission.

We have seen that this expedition left Rome in April 1580. The members of it were received at Milan by Carlo Borromeo, the sainted archbishop, who kept them for eight days in his house. They first disguised themselves at Geneva, where Campion played the part of an Irish servant very naturally and with much humor. They nevertheless professed themselves to be Catholics, and insisted on visiting Beza, whom they bearded in his study. He "came forth in his long black gown and round cap, with ruffs about his neck, and a fair long beard," saluted them courteously, but did not invite them into his house, or to sit down. He declined all

* First published by Richard Stanihurst in Holinshed's "Chronicles," 1587; then by Sir James Ware, in his "History of Ireland" (Dublin, 1633, fol.).

controversy, "for he was busy;" and the ardent Jesuits were at length got rid of by the help of his wife. At Rheims, to which place the establishment at Douay had been removed, but where its prosperity continued unabated, they were earnestly welcomed by Allen. They reached St. Omer in June, and there learned that the queen of England had particular information of their movements, and had issued proclamations especially directed against them and their plans. The Bishop of St. Asaph and the elder priest found themselves unable to proceed farther. The mission fell virtually into the hands of Parsons and Campion, and Parsons became its head.

It was no wonder that the English government was on the alert, or that the proceedings of the Jesuit mission were well watched. The armed expedition in which Sanders appeared as the papal legate, and towards which Pope Gregory had contributed two hundred and thirty thousand scudi, had landed in Ireland, at Dingle, in July 1579. The rebellion of the Earl of Desmond and of the Geraldines immediately followed. The whole country had been in violent disturbance for nearly twelve months; and it was not until the November of 1580 that the fort of Smerwick was taken, and that the rebellion became virtually at an end. It was still raging, therefore, when Parsons and Campion reached Calais in June. We entirely agree with Mr. Froude that it is impossible to suppose either of them to have been ignorant of what had been done and was doing in Ireland. The proceedings of Sanders on his landing were notorious. Allen had spared no hard words about Elizabeth; and the papal pretensions, since the promulgation of the bull of deposition, had been plain. It is true that the bull had been so far modified that English Catholics were allowed to continue their submission to the queen "during the present condition of things:" that is, in Mr. Froude's words, they were "free to profess themselves loyal until circumstances would allow the sentence to be executed. Catholic English gentlemen, that is, were to be allowed to call themselves good subjects of Elizabeth, to disclaim all disloyal intentions, to lead the queen to trust them by assurances of devotion and fidelity, until the Spaniards, or the French, or the Scots were ready to invade the country, and then it would be their duty to turn against her." But all this was well known in England, and it was only natural, therefore, that the Jesuit mission should be

regarded as having more or less a political object. So in fact it had; but the political action was confined to Parsons. There is no reason to believe that Campion was in any way acquainted with the plans or designs of his fellow Jesuit. It is certain that his own labors, throughout his brief career, were entirely religious, and that his sole object was the conversion of his countrymen to what he firmly held to be the truth. Unfortunately the promulgation of truth, in his sense, could hardly at that time be dissociated from treason.

Parsons crossed from Calais to Dover on June 11, 1580—the first Jesuit who touched the shore of England. He was disguised as a soldier from the Low Countries, and passed readily through the hands of the searchers. Campion followed on the 24th, disguised as a merchant of jewels, and, after a narrow escape from the hands of the mayor of Dover, arrived safely in London two days later. Then began—we quote the words of Dr. Jessopp—

such an outburst of Catholic fervor as England had not known for many a day. The researches of Mr. Simpson have disclosed to us the fact that some time before the arrival of Parsons and his coadjutors, a large and carefully organized society had been formed, with the special object of co-operating with the missionary priests and furnishing them the means of carrying on their work. A number of young men of property, all of them belonging to the upper classes, and some of them possessed of great wealth, banded themselves together to devote their time and substance to the Catholic cause, and to act as guides, protectors, and supporters of the priests who were coming to "reduce" England. . . . Wherever Campion went he found an eager audience. Five days after his landing, he preached in a house at Smithfield, which had been hired by Lord Paget—"gentlemen of worship and honor" standing at the doors and guarding the approaches. The effect of the sermon was very great, the audience breaking forth into tears and expressions of violent emotion. Enthusiasts began to believe that their fondest dreams would be realized, and they talked wildly and foolishly. The queen's Council were kept informed of all that was going on; but so powerful was the combination of the "Comforters," as they were called, that, though the spies and informers did their work sedulously, it was necessary to proceed with caution and not precipitate a crisis. Campion continued to lurk about London and the neighborhood for some time; his movements were watched, but for the present it seemed unadvisable to attempt his apprehension.*

The association of the "Comforters"

* One Generation of a Norfolk House, pp. 88-89.

had been solemnly blessed by Gregory XIII. in the April of 1580. The chief among them was a Mr. George Gilbert, a young gentleman of large property in Suffolk and other counties; but the society included many young men belonging to the chief Catholic families, and a list supplied by Mr. Simpson shows that it furnished the principals of many of the real or pretended plots of the last twenty years of Elizabeth and the opening years of James I. The association equipped Parsons and Campion, who, having determined to work in different parts of England, and with very distinct objects, met to take leave of each other at Hogsdon, at the house of Sir William Catesby. There, feeling that, should they be taken, "the enemy might falsely defame them," each wrote "a brief declaration of the true causes of his coming." That of Parsons is preserved among the MSS. at Stonyhurst. That of Campion was soon made public through the reckless enthusiasm of Thomas Pounce, who had received a copy, which at last fell into the hands of Watson, Bishop of Winchester. It is a remarkable paper, written with more trust in the goodwill of his opponents than knowledge of their views. "To reconcile the Catholicism which he came to preach" (and be it remembered that these are the words of a modern Romanist) "with the designs of the politicians of the Council, was a task beyond all the powers of reason."*

From Hogsdon, Parsons rode into the western counties, while Campion passed northward. The Council knew at once of their departure from London, and immediately sent pursuivants into most of the shires of England, with authority to apprehend them wherever they could be found. They rode of course disguised: Campion "in hat and feather like a ruffian." They were received with due caution in the houses of the greater recusants; and among converts made or confirmed by them, on this first expedition, were three, whose families were afterwards more or less concerned in the Gunpowder Plot — Sir Thomas Tresham of Rushton, Sir William Catesby of Ashby Ledger, and Lord Vaux of Harrowden, all three among the principal houses of Northamptonshire. The Jesuits returned to London in the winter, to meet and to report progress, and then at once proceeded on fresh expeditions. On these and on their various adventures it is not necessary to dwell. The government, after issuing proclamations

* Simpson's Campion, p. 161.

"against harboring of Jesuits," arranged a plan for putting all the "recusants" of England under surveillance, and for confining the most energetic of them either to prison or to very narrow limits. Numbers were committed, including the Earl of Southampton, Lord Herbert, Lord Compton, and Lord Paget; and the "persecution" is described in violent language by Dr. Allen in a letter to the Cardinal of Como, written from Rheims, Sept. 12, 1580.* He adds in a postscript, "I have sent you a page of the English calendar that you may see how solemnly the festival of Elizabeth's birthday is kept on the 7th of September, so as totally to eclipse that of the Blessed Virgin on the 8th, which is omitted. See the pride of the queen, who is not content with the festival of her coronation, but must have her birthday kept besides." A press was afterwards set up in connection with the Jesuits, and was worked for some time at a lodge in a wood belonging to Lady Stonor. Undoubtedly the watch on the recusants was severe, and they were exposed to much vexatious interference; but neither Parsons nor Campion writes of the persecution in the same unmeasured terms as Allen, who knew far less about it; and the fact that the press remained for some months without discovery indicates that, however sharp the watch may have been, it was not impossible to elude it. At this press was printed Campion's book — better known by name than by sight — the "*Decem Rationes*," or "Ten Reasons for being a Catholic." This was prepared in time for the commemoration at Oxford (June 27, 1581), when those who attended St. Mary's Church in the morning found the benches strewn with copies. Attention was fixed on the book rather than on the "responsions" which were going on in the church; and the readers, we are told, were "strangely moved." The arguments are not very remarkable; but here and there occurs a passage which may explain the agitation. After quoting the words of Isaiah, "Queens shall be thy nursing mothers," Campion proceeds: —

Listen, Elizabeth, mighty queen. The prophet is speaking to thee, is teaching thee thy duty. I tell thee, one heaven cannot receive Calvin and these thy ancestors; join thyself therefore to them, be worthy of thy name, of thy genius, of thy learning, of thy fame, of thy fortune. Thus only do I conspire, thus only will I conspire against thee, whatever be-

* This letter is printed by Simpson (p. 167 *et seq.*) from Theiner, *Annals*, iii., p. 215.

comes of me, who am so often threatened with the gallows as a conspirator against thy life. Hail, thou good cross! The day shall come, Elizabeth, the day that will show thee clearly who loved thee best—the Society of Jesus or the brood of Luther.

“I have no doubt,” adds Mr. Simpson, who quotes this outbreak, “that Campion wrote these words in perfect good faith; “but Parsons may have laughed in his sleeve when he gave them his *imprimatur*.”

A very short time, not more than a fortnight or three weeks, elapsed between the dispersion of the “*Decem Rationes*” and the taking of the author. It was probably the excitement caused by the book which led Parsons to determine on a separation. He and Campion had been together for some time; the latter was now sent into Norfolk, but received permission to visit on his way Lyford in Berkshire, the house of a Mrs. Yate, who had there under her protection eight Brigittine nuns. Campion was ordered to remain at Lyford but one day. That time he spent almost entirely in hearing confessions and in religious conferences; and after dinner “he took horse and rode away.” But a number of Catholics came in the afternoon to Lyford to see the nuns; and when they found “what a treasure they had so barely missed,” they determined to send after Campion, came up with him at an inn not far from Oxford, surrounded, we are told, “by students and masters of the university,” and persuaded him to return with them to Lyford.

A certain George Eliot, a professed Catholic, but an informer and a man of the lowest character, was at this time in Oxfordshire, and, through his intercourse with Leicester, had been furnished with full powers to apprehend Campion wherever he might find him. It was known that Campion was in the neighborhood; and Eliot seems to have traced him to Lyford without difficulty. The moated house of Lyford, ancient at that time, was pierced with secret passages, and contained one at least of those hiding-places which are found in so many old English mansions. Campion remained there in peace for two days, preaching and celebrating mass for the nuns, a great body of neighboring Catholics, and many Oxford students. On the evening of Sunday, July 16, 1581, Eliot arrived at the house with his attendant pursuivant. He was not suspected; and, professing a great desire “for the consolation of mass,” he was admitted, the servant who let him into the house

whispering to him that he was a lucky man, since he would not only hear mass, but also hear Father Campion preach. Eliot at once sent off his pursuivant to a magistrate near at hand, ordering him to come to Lyford with an hundred men for the purpose of apprehending Campion. Meanwhile mass was sung; dinner was served; Eliot left abruptly; and a watchman who had been placed on one of the turrets announced that the house was entirely surrounded by armed men. The company broke up in confusion; and Campion with two priests, Ford and Collingham, was hurried to a secret chamber above the gateway, where they remained all the afternoon. The house was carefully searched, “Judas” Eliot, as he was afterwards called, conducting the operations. The evening came, and nothing had been found. The men, leaving the house, laughed at Eliot, who, roused in his turn, insisted that they had not broken the walls or searched the hiding-places. “We have no warrant,” said the magistrate, “to break down or destroy.” “But I have,” returned Eliot, and drawing the warrant from his bosom he proceeded to read it. Meanwhile the priests had crept out of their confinement, and the whole house was in a tumult of rejoicing, interrupted sharply by the return of the magistrate with his men. Mrs. Yate was allowed to choose a chamber where she might remain in peace; but the rest of the house was examined, the walls were sounded, and were broken in where they seemed hollow. At last the men, who had been well supplied with beer, tired of their work, and composed themselves to sleep. When Mrs. Yate was assured that all were asleep, with an imprudence which seems hardly credible she sent for Campion from his hiding-place, and insisted on his preaching at her bedside. The servants assembled, Campion became excited and preached noisily. The sentinels awoke, and the priests had barely time to escape—not, however, before their presence in the house had been made known with certainty. The search was continued, still without result; until Eliot, almost in despair, as he passed down the staircase, put his hand on the wall over the stairs, and exclaimed, “We have not broken through here.” One of Mrs. Yate’s servants, who had been placed in attendance on him, and to whom he spoke, knowing that it was precisely there that the priests were hidden,

turned deadly pale, and stammered out that he should have thought enough walls had been

broken up already. Eliot marked his confusion, and immediately asked for a smith's hammer. He smashed in the wall, and there, in a little close cell, on a narrow bed, were the three priests lying side by side, their faces and hands raised towards heaven. They had confessed their sins to one another, and had received for their penance to say once *Fiat voluntas tua*, and to invoke St. John Baptist three times. For St. John had once before saved Campion from a similar danger. (Simpson, pp. 226-7).

Thus Campion was taken. The Council, to which the sheriff of Berkshire at once applied, ordered that the prisoners (many recusants were also taken into custody) should be sent under a strong guard to London. They were well treated until they reached Colebrook, about ten miles from London. At that place their elbows were tied behind them, their hands in front, and their legs under their horses' bellies. Campion rode first; and in his hat was stuck a paper, on which was written "Campion the seditious Jesuit." Thus they passed through the city to the Tower, where they were delivered over to the custody of the governor, Sir Owen Hopton.

We cannot attempt to follow at any length all that occurred between the taking of Campion and his execution at Tyburn. He was examined at the house of the Earl of Leicester, and there is every reason for believing that Elizabeth was present herself on this occasion. Afterwards the council determined to treat him with severity. He was three several times stretched on the rack; for although the use of torture was contrary to the law of England, it was employed at this time without scruple. On the rack he did make some kind of statement about the houses in which he had been received; but nothing could be extracted from him which in any way indicated a knowledge of, or a connection with, any political conspiracy. At length, on November 20, he was brought to his trial in Westminster Hall, where he was allowed free speech, but where, of course, nothing that he could say was of avail to set aside a foregone conclusion. The Council had determined that an example should be made; and Campion, although not the slightest proof was offered of his having been concerned in treasonable practices, was a Jesuit, and one of great name. It must be admitted too that when pressed for his opinion concerning the bull of deposition, his answers were doubtful, although they did not imply an entire acceptance of it. The jury found him guilty; and the lord chief justice pronounced

sentence of death, with all the fearful penalties of high treason. The sentence was carried out at Tyburn on December 1. The chief reporter of the executions of Campion and his fellows was Anthony Munday, a player and a dramatist of some reputation. His account is printed in Holinshed; and Hallam rightly condemns it for "a savageness and bigotry which I am very sure no scribe of the Inquisition could have surpassed."* The details are fully given by Mr. Simpson. We need not pain our readers by dwelling on them; but it should be stated that Campion was allowed to die on the gallows before the last frightful indignities were offered to his body, and that when Lord Charles Howard asked him "for which queen he prayed, whether for Elizabeth the queen?" he answered, "Yea, for Elizabeth, your queen and my queen, unto whom I wish a long quiet reign with all prosperity." At the same time with Campion suffered two other priests, Sherwin and Briant.

Whilst the executioner was quartering the body of Campion, some drops of blood fell on a young man standing beside the block, whose name was Henry Walpole. It seemed, we are told, that there had thus come to him a call from heaven to take up the work which had been so cruelly cut short, and to follow the same path which Campion had trodden. Walpole returned to his chambers, and there, within the next day or two, composed a poem of thirty stanzas, entitled "An Epitaph of the Lyfe and Deathe of the most famous Clerke and vertuouse Priest Edmūd Campion, and reverend Father of the meeke Societie of the blessed Name of Jesus." The verses, which at first were handed about in manuscript, and were afterwards printed, are graceful and flowing, and, although they tell us nothing important about Campion, they sufficiently indicate the deep emotion of the writer.

His hurdle drawes us wyth hym to the crosse,
His speeches there provoke us for to dye.
His death doth saie, this lyfe is but a losse;
His martyred blood from heaven to us doth crye.

His first and last, and all, conspire in this
To schewe the way that leadeth us to blisse.

It is this Henry Walpole the records of whose life, hitherto little known, have been so carefully traced by Dr. Jessopp. His book not only gives us the touching story of a very remarkable man, but illustrates,

* Constitutional History of England, i., p. 146, note (ed. 1855).

as only family history can illustrate, the condition of an important part of England during the reign of Elizabeth, when the great religious changes of the Reformation were still in progress, and when, whatever might be the outward appearance of things, so great confusion, disagreement, and unrest in reality underlay the surface. Out of all this confusion, and as a direct consequence of the Catholic combination against England which culminated in the Armada, there arose, and rapidly deepened, a strong feeling of patriotism in which all participated, with little or no distinction of creed or party. Trouble and danger from the side of Rome did not of course cease after the dispersion of the Armada; but the circumstances were different. It was at least certain that no foreign invasion would be welcomed or assisted by any considerable party in this country.

As the son of an ancient house whose influence and connections were widely spread, the position of Henry Walpole differed altogether from that of Campion. The Walpoles first appear in the Norfolk Marshland, where their most ancient manor seems to have been Walpole St. Peter's, a place now famous for its superb perpendicular church. They retained this manor until the year 1797; but in the time of Henry II. the Walpoles migrated to Houghton, in a drier and pleasanter country. They married and prospered; and at the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth there was no family in the Norfolk district lying between Fakenham and Ely at all to be compared with the Walpoles in the extent of their possessions and the width of their local influence and resources. The three principal branches of the family at this time were the Walpoles of Houghton, of Herpley, and, represented by a second son of Walpole of Herpley, the Walpoles of Docking, who afterwards removed to Anmer Hall. Henry Walpole the Jesuit, born in 1558, was a son of Christopher Walpole of Docking. Dr. Jessopp gives so picturesque a description of the Walpole district in the sixteenth century that we must quote it.

First and last, the possessions of the three squires stretched over a tract covering not much short of fifty square miles. It was wild heath and scrub for the most part, where huge flocks of sheep roamed at large; except where the "common fields" of arable land and the small patches of meadow and pasture supplied with cereals and fodder the population of villages which were then perhaps more thickly inhabited than now. The peasantry were dismally ignorant, timid, and slavish; each man's

village was his world, and he shrank from looking beyond it. The turf or the brushwood of the parish gave him fuel; the bees gave him all the sweetness he ever tasted; the sheepskin served him for clothing, and its wool, which the women spun, served for the squire's doublet and hose. The lord of the manor allowed no corn to be ground save at his own mill; and he who was so fortunate as to own some diminutive saltpan was the rich man of the district. It is very difficult for us to throw ourselves back in imagination to a time when nothing was too insignificant to be made the subject of a special bequest. Not only do we meet with instances of bed and bedding, brass pot, a single silver spoon, a table, and the smallest household utensils left in the wills of people of some substance and position, but old shoes, swarms of bees, half a bushel of rye, and as small a sum as sixpence, are common legacies even down to the end of the sixteenth century. The cottage of the laborer, who was as much tied to the soil as his forefather the "villein" (who had passed with the land as a chattel when an estate changed owners), was nothing but a mud hovel with a few sods for roof, and, as a dwelling, incomparably less comfortable than the gipsy's tent is in our own days. The manor-house, on the other hand, small though it were, exhibited a certain barbaric prodigality. Foreigners were amazed at the extent of English households, out of all proportion to the accommodation provided for them. In the latter half of Elizabeth's reign the fashion of building large houses in the country parishes prevailed to a surprising extent, and this, with other causes, hastened the ruin of many an old county family which had held its own for generations: but at her accession the houses of the landed gentry were very small and unpretending, and their furniture almost incredibly scanty; while, for the agricultural laboring classes, there were tens of thousands of them who, as we understand the words, had never in their lives slept in a bed. Roads there were none. Fakenham, the nearest town to Houghton, was nine miles off as the crow flies, and Lynn was eleven or twelve. As men rode across the level moors, now and then starting a bustard on their way, or scaring some fox or curlew, there was little to catch the eye save the church towers, which are here planted somewhat thickly; but Coxford Abbey, not yet in ruins — indeed part of it actually at this time inhabited — and Flitcham Priory, a cell of Walsingham, frowned down upon the passer-by, the desolate ghosts of what had been but twenty years before.*

Henry Walpole was educated at the grammar school founded in Norwich by Edward VI., where among his companions may possibly have been Edward Coke, the future lord chief justice, Naunton, author of the "*Fragmenta Regalia*," and Greene

* One Generation of a Norfolk House, pp. 22-23.

the dramatist. At this time Puritanism was rampant in the city of Norwich; but the gentry of the county, who then formed almost a caste, were very differently disposed. Walpole matriculated at St. Peter's College, Cambridge, in 1575; and carried with him there the strongest Catholic leanings, if indeed he were not at that time a professed Catholic. His cousin Edward Walpole was also at Peterhouse, besides many of their kindred, three of whom afterwards became Jesuits like himself. He was clearly a diligent student; and in 1579, on leaving Cambridge, entered at Gray's Inn, then a favorite haunt of all who were "Catholicly" inclined. He was still at Cambridge, when in 1578 Elizabeth made her Norfolk progress, during which her host Rookwood was imprisoned. In 1580 Campion arrived in England, and it is clear that Henry Walpole was a decided favorer of the Jesuit mission. Then followed the execution of Campion, after which Walpole wrote his poem, printed at length by one Vallenger, who was fined and condemned to lose his ears for it, but would not give up the author's name.

But though Vallenger kept his secret with unusual courage, it was not long before whippers went abroad that the true author of the poem was Henry Walpole, who forthwith became an object of suspicion. He had been notoriously at Cambridge an associate with the Romanist malcontents; he had taken no degree; the oath of allegiance he had declined to be bound by; at Gray's Inn he had already become famous by his uncompromising habit of standing up for his own opinions, and had the character of being a far better theologian than lawyer. At the disputations between Campion and the English divines in the Tower, he had been a constant attendant; he had been present at his trial in Westminster Hall, and had stood by his side at the execution; he had taken no pains to conceal his sentiments, and rather appears to have exhibited something like a spirit of bravado. His biographers assert that he had made himself obnoxious by "converting" more than twenty young men who were his associates, and that his activity as a proselytizer drew upon him at last the notice of the Council. It is certain that his cousin, Edward Walpole of Houghton, was powerfully influenced by him, and induced to refuse the oath of allegiance, and certain too that this circumstance had something to do with his finding it necessary to go away from London, where a warrant was out against him. Even the precincts of Gray's Inn would soon become unsafe, and he rode off to his Norfolk home to escape the pursuivants. But there was a danger that by remaining in his native county he should compromise his relations,

and after some delays he managed to get a passage on board a vessel sailing for France. (Jessopp, pp. 92-3.)

He reached Rheims on July 7, 1582, and enrolled himself among the students of theology. There he remained for nine or ten months, and then set out for Rome. He was received as a student in the English College, took minor orders, and in February, 1584, was admitted among the probationers of the Society of Jesus. His health afterwards broke down; he was sent to France, and by order of the general of the Jesuits was ordained priest at Paris in December, 1588. Thence, in the same year, just after the failure of the Armada, Walpole was sent to join the so-called "*Missio Castrensis*," a Jesuit mission which had been established in the Low Countries for the spiritual welfare of the soldiery serving under the prince of Parma. Walpole's

readiness of speech and abundant culture, his captivating manner and extraordinary facility as a linguist, his long and careful training, and perhaps too his birth and connection with some who were conspicuous in the army, marked him out as an eminently fit man for work of this kind. He himself, in his examinations, tells us that his business was to hear confessions in French and English, Spanish and Italian, of all which he was a master; and we may be sure that he threw himself into his new duties with no half-heartedness. (Jessopp, p. 149.)

The "*Missio*" was watched, however, by Walsingham's spies; and during an attempt on the part of Walpole to minister to the soldiery of Flushing, or to confer with friends in the town, then held by a garrison chiefly English, whose commander was Sir Robert Sidney, he was taken prisoner and committed to close custody. In prison he suffered much; but Captain Russell, a cousin of his family, one of the English officers serving at Flushing, found means of communicating with the Norfolk Walpoles, and Michael, a younger brother, determined at once to cross the seas, and to join Henry Walpole, whose position was known to be perilous. A ransom was accepted for the release of the Jesuit; and he was set at liberty in January, 1590, having learned, as he himself says, by his imprisonment, "to know better both God, the world, and himself."

This sentence occurs in the earliest of a series of letters preserved among the MSS. at Stonyhurst, and written by Henry Walpole to Father Creswell, rector of the English College at Rome. They cover a

period of fifteen months, and furnish us with a very valuable picture of the deplorable state of affairs among the English refugees in Belgium during the two years after the Armada.

They give us notices of the coming and going of Jesuit priests and political agents and Spanish generals. Now and then there are scraps of news from home, and sometimes faint whispers of dark intrigues going on, or of wars and rumors of wars that might be imminent. But free and unrestrained as these letters are, and written as they are in full confidence and affection by one Jesuit to another, there is not from beginning to end one single word or hint which indicates anything approaching, I will not say to treasonable designs, but even to an acquaintance with the existence of such designs on the writer's part. Setting aside such religious views as we should of course expect to meet with, these letters exhibit to us a man of intense enthusiasm, of lofty piety, of fanaticism if you will, but one whose faith was the very life of his life, and the mainspring of his every act and thought and word.*

All the letters are dated from Brussels; and the time of Walpole's residence there is regarded by his biographer as the most useful and perhaps the happiest period of his life. But his thoughts were strongly turned towards England. His brother Michael, after remaining with him for some months, went to Rome and entered at the English College there. His youngest brother, Thomas, crossed to Flanders in 1589, and obtained a commission in the Spanish army. His cousin, Edward Walpole, soon afterwards "abjured the realm" of England, and was received into the English College at Rome; and before another year had passed, his brother Christopher, with two other Norfolk gentlemen, Thomas Lucie or Lacy, and Anthony Rouse, arrived at Rheims. With each of these arrivals came fresh tidings of the religious excitement that was prevailing among the gentry of the eastern counties, fed mainly by the exertions of a certain Father Gerard. "Gerard doeth much good," writes Walpole to Father Creswell; and he grew himself earnestly desirous of also doing good work in England. This, however, he was not to attempt immediately. From Brussels he was sent to the Jesuit novitiate at Tournay; thence he was called to the college at Bruges; and in the autumn of 1592 he was ordered by the general of the society to proceed to Spain, where Par-

* One Generation of a Norfolk House, p. 151. These letters have been privately printed by Dr. Jessopp from the originals at Stonyhurst.

sons had for some time been occupied in organizing an English seminary which should be a Jesuit, and not, like that of Douay or of Rheims, a secular college. The new college was established at Seville. Walpole took part in the opening ceremony, which was conducted with great magnificence; and we are told by an eyewitness that "at the end of the mass four scholars took the oath of priesthood and returning into England, according to the manner of the seminaries." In a month or two Walpole was sent to Valladolid; and there at length came the long-desired summons. In his examination before his trial he declared:—

I was minister (at Valladolid) till Fa. Parsons coming to Valladolid about June, anno 93, did find me not so apt, as he said, for that office, and told me he was in doubt whether to send me to hear confessions in Seville or to Lisbon, where is a residence begun: and suddenly he told me he was resolved I should go into England if I did not refuse, having order thereto from the General and Provincial; and so he and the rector did determine.

Accordingly, after an interview with Philip II., who "being very low, very weak, so as I could scarcely hear him, said only these words that I could understand, '*Dios os encamina,*'" Henry Walpole proceeded to Bilbao, embarked at Portugaleta for Calais, arrived there after a long and stormy voyage, and waited, first at Douay and then at St. Omer, for an opportunity of passing into England.

Here we must return on our steps to describe the condition of things in the eastern counties. We have seen how the devotion of Henry Walpole influenced his own family and his immediate relations. But in truth by far the greater part of Norfolk was "recusant."

The squires in this part of Norfolk [*i.e.* the north-western portion of the county] had by no means moved with the times. They were Catholics almost to a man. People discussed the great questions between the Churches of England and Rome freely and openly, and scarcely a single one of the old county families was without some prominent members who were already, or were soon about to be, sufferers for their faith. The Townshends of Rainham, the Cobbs of Sandringham, the Bastards of Dunham, the Bozouns of Whissonsett, the Kerviles of Wiggshall, and many others of less note and importance, all figure in the Recusant Rolls; . . . the country swarmed with squires who, though they "kept their church," yet had small love for the new order of things, and would have welcomed a change to the old *régime* with something more than equanimity. (Jessopp, p. 127.)

It can hardly be matter of surprise that such a district as this should have attracted the special attention of Walsingham's spies and informers, or that seminary priests and Jesuits should have found it one of their best centres of operation. It was here that Gerard had "done much good." Like Walpole, he was a man of family, the son of Sir Thomas Gerard of Bryn in Lancashire. He had not the learning of Walpole or of Campion, but could sit a horse or train a falcon, knew all the tricks and terms of the hunting-field, and was familiar with all the pastimes of country life. It is somewhat remarkable that such a man should have entered the Jesuit society; but, says Dr. Jessopp,

it is a significant fact, explain it as we may, that in the latter half of the sixteenth century the "call of God" for young Englishmen of culture and birth, who were Romanists, meant almost invariably a call to enter the Society of Jesus; so completely had the new order attracted to itself all the choice and lofty spirits among the Catholics, and so wonderfully had the fathers of the society impressed the minds of men with a belief in their sanctity, self-abnegation, and the sincerity of their devotion to a great cause. (Jessopp, p. 122.)

Gerard has himself written an account of his early life and of his mission to England, whither he was sent in the autumn of 1588, the year of the Armada. He landed on the Norfolk coast towards the end of October, and, not without considerable danger, found his way to Norwich. There he was fortunate enough to fall into the hands of Edward Yelverton, of Grimston, whose father was one of the richest and most influential men in the county, who had himself been at Cambridge with the Walpoles, and like them had become strongly affected by so-called Catholicism. Gerard met Yelverton by appointment in the nave of Norwich Cathedral; for although no recusant would enter a church, the nave of a cathedral was regarded as only within the precincts.* Gerard then

* A very curious proof of the little respect paid to the naves (and, it would seem, more than the naves) of churches and cathedrals, and of the indifference with which they were regarded in the early days of the Reformation, is afforded by a remarkable proclamation, preserved among the Cotton MSS. (Titus, B. ii. 39), and printed for the first time by Dr. Jessopp. It runs as follows:—

"A Proclamation for the Reformation of Quarrels and other like Abuses in the Church."

"The King's Majesty considering that churches, holy cathedrals, and others, which at the beginning were godly instituted for common prayer, for the Word of God, and the ministration of Sacraments, be now of late time in many places, and especially within the city of London, irreverently used, and by divers insolent rash persons sundry ways much abused, so far

admitted that he was a Jesuit priest; and Yelverton insisted on carrying him at once to Grimston, where the neighborhood was altogether Catholic. Here, and in other Catholic houses, in Norfolk and Suffolk, he remained for some years, during which time

the number of converts of both sexes which he made would appear absolutely incredible, if the evidence were not so conclusive, and the proofs had not come to us from so many different quarters. At least ten young men of birth, and belonging to the most considerable families in the two counties, left England and joined the Society of Jesus before the close of Elizabeth's reign, and in every instance we can distinctly trace his influence; indeed in the majority of cases they themselves attribute their conversion to Gerard by name. (Jessopp, p. 129.)

It is clear that Gerard was one of those men who possess in an unusual degree the power of attraction and persuasion. He received and "reconciled to the Church of Rome" three brothers of Henry Walpole, Michael, Christopher, and Thomas, besides their cousin, Edward Walpole of Houghton, all of whom thus became something more than ordinary recusants. Indeed, as to attendance at church, neglect of which was one of the chief marks of a recusant,

by this time a very simple device had been invented by the Catholic squires which has hitherto escaped the notice of historians. If there were no church to go to in the parish, the squire could not be presented by the churchwardens as a nonconformist. It was easy to reduce the fabric to a ruinous condition in any out-of-the-way village where the lord of the manor was all but supreme, where he was resident and the parson was not. Accordingly a systematic destruction of the churches in Nor-

forth that many quarrels, riots, frays, bloodsheddings, have been made in some of the said churches, besides shootings of hand-guns to doves, and the common bringing of horses and mules in and through the said churches, making the same which were properly appointed to God's service and common prayer like a stable or common inn, or rather a den or sink of all unchristliness, to the great dishonor of God, the fear of his Majesty, and disquiet of all such as for the time be then assembled for common prayer and hearing of God's Word:

"Forasmuch as the insolency of great numbers using the said ill demeanes doth daily more and more increase, his Highness, by the advice of the Lords and others of his Privy Council, straightly chargeth and commandeth that no manner of person or persons, of what state or condition soever he or they be, do from henceforth presume to quarrel, fray, or fight, shoot any hand-gun, bring any horse or mule into or through any cathedral or other church, or by any other ways or means irreverently use the said churches or any of them upon pain of his Highness's indignation, and imprisonment of his or their bodies that so shall offend against the effect of his present proclamation.

"EDWARD VI."

folk commenced, and went on to an extent that may well amaze us. (Jessopp, p. 186.)

It is no doubt true that Norfolk at this day contains more ruined churches than any other English county, and there is direct evidence that in one case at least the lord of the manor "converted the church to a barn, and the steeple to a dove-house;" but the history of these desecrations deserves more attention at the hands of east-country antiquaries than it has hitherto received. We may briefly notice the rest of Gerard's story. After passing through imminent perils, and after many hair-breadth escapes, he was apprehended in 1594 and flung into the Tower. There he was tortured, and lost the use of his hands for some months; but in 1597 he escaped, at once returned to what he believed to be his duty, labored to the end, and died quietly in his bed at last.

He was still at large, and working diligently in Norfolk, when Henry Walpole reached the north coast of France on his way to England, in September 1593. There was great difficulty in securing a passage. The plague was raging in London; and "no French ship went from Calais by reason of the sickness." With Walpole was his brother Thomas; and while they were waiting at St. Omer they fell in with Edward Lingen, a "soldier of fortune," as he would have been called in those days, who had been for some years a "pirate," carrying into Dunkirk whatever prizes he could make, with an entire indifference whether the ships taken were Flemish, French, or English. Three "vessels of war," in reality three pirate vessels, were at that moment fitting out at Dunkirk. Lingen, who had friends among the buccanners, heard of this expedition, and, since he also wished to pass into England, secured places on board one of the ships for himself and the two Walpoles, with an understanding that they were to be set ashore somewhere on the coast of Essex, Suffolk, or Norfolk. Another priest, travelling under the name of Ingram, had already bargained for a passage; and a spy of Walsingham's was also on board. They set sail in very boisterous weather, and were off the English coast on December 3, on which day they took a prize; but they had been carried past the Wash and the Humber, and on the evening of the 4th the ship which conveyed the Jesuits was off Flamborough Head.

Ingram was bound for Scotland; he would have been quite content to go on. Henry Walpole had far overshot his mark. Any-

where on the coast of Norfolk or even Lincolnshire, he would have found himself very soon among friends, but to land in Yorkshire was to rush into the lion's jaws. Nevertheless, the weather showed no signs of mending; it was impossible to say where next he might find himself; and as the captain told him, to use his own words, "that he could not touch the land where he would, and the wind, they said, was not good . . . for very weariness of the sea I desired them to set me on land anywhere, or else carry me back — and so they put me on land." Unfortunately, he and his two companions were not the first to leave the ships. The spy, who was a passenger on board another of the vessels, managed to land before them, and slipped away to carry information to York. The three companions were set ashore at Bridlington, and the ships put out to sea again. Henry Walpole was in England once more. (Jessopp, p. 174.)

At the time of his landing on the coast of Yorkshire the position of the English Catholics was very different from what it had been in Campion's time, or even in 1588, when Gerard came to England. After the Jesuit mission had assumed the character of an actual invasion, a new act was passed "to retain the queen's Majesty's subjects in their due obedience;" and it was rigorously enforced.

Hitherto the Catholic gentry had received some measure of toleration, though regarded with disfavor and suspicion. Henceforth they had to choose between conformity and something like ruin or death. By the first clause of this act, to persuade any one to embrace the "Romish religion," or to yield to such persuasion, was to incur the penalties of high treason. By the fourth clause, "every person which shall say or sing mass" shall forfeit the sum of two hundred marks, and be imprisoned for a year; and "every person which shall willingly hear mass" is to forfeit one hundred marks and suffer a like imprisonment. But the most terrible clause of all was the fifth, which from this time became the real instrument of oppression and robbery upon the unhappy recusants, and which, in lieu of the old fine for non-attendance at church, provided that "every person above the age of sixteen years which shall not repair to some church, chapel, or usual place of common prayer, but forbear the same . . . shall forfeit to the queen's Majesty for every month . . . which he or she shall so forbear, *twenty pounds of lawful English money*; and besides, over and above the said forfeitures, . . . be bound with two sufficient sureties in the sum of two hundred pounds at least to their good behavior." (Jessopp, p. 105.)

Fines gathered under this statute were to be divided into three parts, one of which went to the queen, another to the poor of the parish where the offence was com-

mitted, and the remaining third to the informer. "I have never met," writes Dr. Jessopp, "with the slightest trace of evidence that the poor of the parish in any one case benefited directly or indirectly by the fines that were levied. Some portion undoubtedly did find its way into the exchequer; but they who got the lion's share of the spoil were the pursuivants and informers."

This was the law throughout the country. In Yorkshire, even before the passing of the new act, the severity with which all recusants were treated had been unusually great. The county had been a stronghold of the "old religion;" and the overthrow of the "Pilgrimage of Grace" in 1536 was succeeded by the establishment of the Council of the North, "a name of terror during the later years of the sixteenth century to all who favored the Roman cause, or who had any leaning towards the papal hierarchy or the papal authority." The president of the Council at the time of Walpole's landing was the Earl of Huntingdon, a man who had always sided with the party of progress in religion, had consistently favored the Puritans, and as consistently set himself to oppose the Romanists. He became president in 1572, and from the first set himself at work to keep down the malcontents. A system of espionage grew up, and a regular band of informers was taken into the lord president's pay. A list was sent up to Burghley of the principal gentry in Yorkshire, with marks against their names indicating which were "protestant," "the worste sorte," "meane or less evyll," and "doubtfull or newter." Fines were exacted; those who could not pay were thrown into York Castle; and after the death of Campion the discipline became sterner. William Lacey, of Great Houghton, who had fled from Yorkshire and returned as a seminary priest, was taken in 1582 in the act of exercising his functions among the prisoners in the castle, and, having been put on his trial with another seminarist, was of course found guilty, and both were hanged. Many other victims followed; and in 1586 occurred what Dr. Jessopp rightly calls the "atrocious and almost unexampled barbarity which distinguished the case of Margaret Clitherow." She was the daughter of Thomas Middleton, a wealthy citizen of York, and sheriff of the city in 1565. After his death, her mother took as her second husband one Henry Maye, who was lord mayor of York in 1586. Margaret had married John Clitherow in 1571, and had borne him several children. She

had been presented as a recusant in 1576, and had then been imprisoned for a time in York Castle. It is clear that she was a woman of much enthusiasm, that her life was that of an ascetic, and that she was a great befriender of priests. In March, 1586, the Council ordered that Clitherow's house should be searched. Every one found in it was arrested, and a boy of ten or twelve years of age was compelled to give such information as he could. On this evidence Margaret Clitherow was put on her trial for the crime of concealing priests. She obstinately refused to plead at the bar; and when no arguments or threats could move her, she was condemned to suffer the *peine forte et dure*, and was actually crushed to death in accordance with the sentence. She was by no means the last who suffered. Each succeeding year saw the death of priests at York, who for the most part had to endure the extreme penalties of high treason.

It was in the province thus severely ruled that Walpole and his two companions were set ashore on a December night in 1593. They knew nothing of the neighborhood; and after wandering through leafless woods and over rough moorland they found themselves, early in the morning, at Kilham, about nine miles from their landing-place, and took refuge in the village inn.

Before noon the tidings had spread far and wide that three strangers, travel-stained and soaked with rain, had appeared in the neighborhood, no one knew whence, and had taken up their quarters at the roadside alehouse. The constables, at this time more than ordinarily vigilant, were soon upon the track. Three months before, Lord Huntingdon had laid his hands upon a seminary priest of some note — one John Boast — whom he had been endeavoring for years to get into his power. On his succeeding at last, he had received from the lords of the Privy Council a special letter of thanks in acknowledgment of the important service rendered. Gratified by this recognition, the earl had replied to the Council assuring them of his unabated desire to deserve the approbation of his royal mistress; and in accordance with his professions the coast had been watched with increased strictness. Every stranger and wayfarer was subjected to search and cross-examination, and the chances of escape for any seminary priest adrift in Yorkshire had been reduced to a minimum. Before the sun set on that first day after landing on English soil the three returned exiles had been arrested and straightway committed to the castle at York. (Jessopp, p. 208.)

The three men were allowed no commu-

nication in prison. They all gave their true names. Henry Walpole confessed that he was a Jesuit father, and his brother and Lingen admitted that they had served in Flanders in the regiment of Sir William Stanley—that Sir William Stanley who had treasonably surrendered Deventer to the Spanish commander Tassis. But while Henry Walpole and Lingen steadily refused to answer questions which affected the safety or the life of others, Thomas Walpole—“not of the stuff that martyrs are made of”—told all that he knew; and, being taken by the officers to the seashore, he dug up a packet of letters which his brother had, on their first landing, hidden in the sand under a stone. Henry Walpole was himself a man of too much note, not only as an active Jesuit, but as the heir of an ancient and wealthy English family, to escape extreme “persecution,” as he describes it, at the hands of the president of the Council. Lord Huntingdon felt that “it would be a great point gained if his convictions could be shaken, or, better, if in open controversy he might be put to the worse by some practised theologians qualified to stand forward as champions for the Protestant faith.” Accordingly, several Roman priests, who had been arrested and had recanted (for all had not Campion’s firmness), and the earl’s chaplain, Dr. Favour, “a very mild divine,” who had lately been made vicar of Halifax, and who was a man of learning and piety, with some of the York clergy, were appointed to “confer” with the Jesuit. It is uncertain whether the conferences were public or private; but they ended in the usual fashion, and each side remained perfectly satisfied with itself. The president then directed a gaol-delivery for January 24, 1594, when the Walpoles and Lingen were to be put upon their trial. It was found, however, that there was no law to deal with the cases of the two laymen. Their offences had been committed beyond the seas; and with the piracy of Lingen it was difficult to grapple. It was at first proposed to issue a special commission; and although this was overruled, a special commissioner was sent to York by the lords of the Privy Council. This commissioner was the notorious informer, Richard Topcliffe, who, on his arrival proceeded to examine Lingen, from whom nothing could be extracted, and Thomas Walpole, who had already told all he knew.

How much that was may appear from Topcliffe’s own letter, in which he exultingly praises the young man for his candor, and adds

LIVING AGE. VOL. XXV. 1254

to the lord keeper, “By this your lordship may show unto her sacred Majesty how God blessed her Highness with the uttering of that which I see will turn to her high service for discovering of disloyal men and women both about London, in sundry counties in England, and deeply in Ireland;” and then, after giving a list of some trinkets and tokens with which Henry Walpole had been entrusted . . . Topcliffe significantly adds: “Much more lieth hid in these two lewd persons, the Jesuit and Lingen, which wit of man giveth occasion to be suspected that labor of man without further authority and conference than his lordship hath here can never be digged out. . . . So the Jesuit and Lingen must be dealt with in some sharp sort above; and more will burst out than yet, or otherwise can be known; yet see I more in this service than ever I did in any before to her Majesty’s benefit both of state and purse.” (Jessopp, pp. 213-14.)

The “sharp dealing” pointed, of course, to the rack. The benefit to her Majesty was to be the plunder of Henry Walpole’s inheritance. Topcliffe did not remain long in York. After his departure the friends of Walpole determined to make an effort to effect his release; and a plot was laid which Walpole would not in any way encourage until he had submitted the whole as a “case of conscience” to Richard Holtby, a Yorkshireman and a Jesuit, who had been sent into the north soon after the death of Campion. Holtby gave it as his opinion that the attempt should not be made. The freedom of one Jesuit father might be bought too dearly by the blood of others. The answer was accepted by Walpole as the voice of God; and he surrendered himself to the prospect of a martyr’s death—always too welcome to an enthusiast of his order. “I am much astonished,” he writes, “that so vile a creature as I am should be so near, as they tell me, to the crown of martyrdom.” Topcliffe returned to York; and under his charge Henry Walpole was conveyed to London and to the Tower. On the road Topcliffe gave out that he had in his keeping a notable Jesuit who was privy to the plot of Rodrigo Lopez, a Portuguese physician, to assassinate the queen; and no insult or outrage was omitted which might aggravate his sufferings. The plot of Lopez, which had just been made public, and for which he suffered, seems to have been a mere “invention” of Elizabeth’s favorite at the time, the Earl of Essex, whom, in connection with it, she called “a rash and temerarious youth.”

For nearly two months Henry Walpole remained in solitary confinement in the Tower. The place of his imprisonment

was what is known as the Salt Tower, at the south-east angle of the inner fortification. On the wall of a room in this tower, in shape a pentagon about sixteen feet across, and but dimly lighted, the name of "Henry Walpole" still remains, cut with a knife into the stone. He had ample time for such work before, on April 14, 1594, a certain Richard Young, "a creature whose life was spent in hunting up priests and torturing them," and who disputed the palm of cruelty with Topcliffe, wrote to the lord keeper Puckering, suggesting that an order should be given him to examine certain prisoners in the Tower, who had "long lain in oblivion, and by delay and lingering, matters of great importance are hurt and hid." Walpole's first examination accordingly took place at once, but not before Young. His examiners were Sergeant Drewe, Sir Edward Coke, the attorney-general, and Richard Topcliffe. He admitted that he was a Jesuit, that he had been at the new seminary at Valladolid, and had received certain "labels" to serve as a pass from some Englishman at Dunkirk. He also declared that there were about forty young Englishmen studying at Valladolid, all sons of men of substance and position at home. But he would not give the names of these students, nor say who was the Englishman at Dunkirk. This first examination ended quietly. On May 3, Walpole was again brought before the commissioners, and the questions addressed to him were aimed almost exclusively at extorting such names as it was in his power to disclose. He refused to answer. Torture was applied on this occasion again and again; and once more on the 18th, but without the result hoped for. Other examinations, at which Young was present, followed; and while Walpole continued to insist that his only object in coming to England was the "recovery of souls," the torture at length drew from him a confession, written in his own hand, in which certain names were mentioned. A final examination led to his giving, whether under immediate torture or not we do not know, a particular account of all the seminaries in Spain, with the names of all the scholars and priests then residing in them; and he was directed to write to the Council whatever additional information he had to furnish. This letter was handed in at the beginning of July.

It is a painful document; painful, that is, to those who would wish to find a man who had endured so much exhibit more heroism than in this case can be claimed for him. But who of us can estimate the power which im-

measurable bodily pain must exercise upon a highly sensitive and nervous temperament? . . . Mr. Froude talks of the dungeons of the Tower that had re-echoed with the screams of the Jesuits. Who can imagine the sum of misery, shame, remorse, despair, and self-reproach, which those grim solitudes could tell of in the cases of men who could bear their agonies no longer, who broke down and betrayed their dearest friends, and when the respite came from the torturer's manacles or his rack, were left to reflect upon the consequences which their "weakness" might have brought on others; left to gnash their teeth, and gnaw their hearts, and weep tears of blood, for treachery which none more than they themselves blushed at, and sorrowed for, and abhorred? (Jessopp, p. 236.)

All those whose names were mentioned by Walpole were already heavily compromised. Thus much must be said in his favor. But there are parts of the paper addressed to the lords of the Council for which it is less easy to find excuse. It is difficult to see how he can have been sincere in declaring that he "never allowed of the ambition of the popes or any their unjust usurpation over princes and their kingdoms;" or in saying that "having conferred with divers learned Protestants of the clergy at York, he did find much less difference than he thought." The document, no doubt, must be read "between the lines;" but if he intended by such admissions as these to soften the hearts of the commissioners, he failed. Worse tortures were in store, and Topcliffe was allowed to deal with him as he pleased.

What he endured in that terrible time, what he revealed, and what he was pressed to invent, and what they tried to make him say or do or promise, will never be known. The curtain drops upon all those horrible scenes which make us shudder as we faintly endeavor to recall them to our minds. We do know that there came a time when he lost the use of his hands altogether; and when he somewhat recovered from the effects of his torturing his writing had become a tremulous and almost illegible scrawl. For nine long months he lay in the Tower, and no further word or whisper concerning him has survived to our time. The grey old walls have many a sad story to tell of those who languished there broken down and desperate, but no sadder one than that of this man who aspired to be a hero, and who failed. (Jessopp, p. 238.)

There was at this time a general impression that the queen had been so shocked at the execution of Campion that she vowed never again to put a Jesuit father to death. Many Jesuits had been captured since that day. Father Southwell, the "sweet singer," had been in the Tower

nearly three years; but although seminary priests were hanged by scores, no Jesuit had suffered. Whatever the cause may have been, however, it was now determined that the long respite should come to an end; and in the spring of 1595 Henry Walpole was sent to York for trial.

The judges who held the Lent assizes at York were Francis Beaumont, father of the dramatist, and Matthew Ewens. The indictment contained three counts: (1) that the prisoner had abjured the realm without a license; (2) that he had received holy orders beyond the seas; and (3) that he had returned to England to exercise his priestly functions, he being a Jesuit father and a priest of the Roman Church. The prisoner pleaded not guilty; and Sergeant Saville, opening the case for the prosecution, made a long and elaborate speech.

When the prosecutor had finished, Henry Walpole's own confessions, extracted under torture, were read by the clerk of the court, . . . and upon the evidence thus adduced the jury were called upon to pronounce their verdict. At this point Henry Walpole begged to be heard in his own defence. It must be borne in mind that no one charged with a capital offence in any English court was allowed under any circumstances to employ counsel to defend him, for more than two centuries after the time we are now speaking of, and the chances of obtaining an acquittal were almost infinitely small; on this occasion it was even moved by the recorder Hillyard that the prisoner should not be heard. The court, he said, had before it the confessions which had been put in as evidence, and required to hear no more. The prisoner earnestly and humbly appealed against the cruel objection, and Beaumont overruled it, and allowed him to proceed. (Jessopp, p. 248.)

Walpole argued that none of the points of his indictment could constitute treason. But the English law had made them so. His strong point lay in his reply to Beaumont. "Our English laws appoint," said the judge,

"that a priest who returns from beyond the seas, and does not present himself before a justice, within three days, to make the usual submission to the queen's Majesty, in matters of religion, shall be deemed a traitor." "Then I am out of the case," said Father Walpole, "who was apprehended before I had been one whole day on English ground."

All his argument and all his pleading were of course in vain. The judge summed up the evidence, and ordered the jury to find the prisoner guilty. They did as they were told; but sentence was de-

ferred until after the trial of a seminary priest, one Alexander Rawlings, who had been for some time in York Castle, and of whom an example was now to be made. In the mean time Walpole found opportunity for writing to his father and to some other persons. Sentence was at length passed on both the prisoners; and Monday, April 17, was fixed for its execution. On the Sunday before Walpole was subjected to a fresh ordeal.

Once again the prison was turned into a debating place, and a crowd of polemics presented themselves to dispute on points of controversial divinity with this man, who had but a few hours to spend on earth. It is painful to hear of clergymen of learning and character taking part in such an unseemly wrangling, and of a scholar and gentleman like Sir Edwin Sandys putting himself forward and entering the lists: but these encounters suited the temper of the age, which after all was a cruel and coarse one; and people were attracted in crowds to watch the way in which a criminal met his fate, much in the same spirit that they assembled to look on at a bull-fight or a bear-baiting. (Jessopp, p. 252.)

Dr. Jessopp prints for the first time a letter among the Stonyhurst manuscripts, which is apparently in the writing of the Jesuit Holtby, and gives the story of Walpole's execution. We quote a portion of it. The writer describes the austerity of Walpole's life after he left the Tower, and declares that, although tortured six or seven times, "he was not upon the racke."

At the tyme of his execution, first they brought out Mr. Alexander (the priest who suffered with him). . . . There went divers of the cheefe to Fa. Warp. (*sic*) to intreate him that they might save him, and stayed him two howers all, the other lying upon the hurdle. One tyme they asked hym what he sayd of the queene and whether he would praye for her, . . . and he answered he took her for his queene, and honoured her, and would praye for her: with which answer they, being desirous to save him, ranne to the president: but it pleased God that he propounded an other question, willing them to aske him what yf the pope should excommunicate her, etc., and forbid men to praye for her, . . . whether then he would doe as before; he answered he might not nor would not. Then they carried him awaie. Mr. Alexander was first put to deathe, whoe being taken up went first to Fa. Warp. to aske his benediction. They had been laid contrarie ways upon the hurdle, and F. Warp. head next unto the horses. Mr. Alexr goinge up the ladder kissed it, and the people bade him kisse the rope also. He sayd he would with all his hart, and so did when he came unto it. When he was dead they shewed him

to Fa. Warp., still using persuasions. When he was up the ladder they still cried upon him to yeeld in the least point, but to sey he would confer, and he should be saved. He answered, you know I have conferred. They kept him longe with such questions, and (he) satisfied all in few words, and prayed muche. At length some asked him what he thought of the queene's supremacy; he answered, she doth challenge it, but I maye not graunt it. His last praier was *Pater Noster*, and he was begininge *Ave Maria* when they turned him over the ladder. They let him hange untill he were dead. There were verie many of the beste thier present, and the highe sheriffe went with him to his deathe, which was never seene in the contrey before. I am promised a peece of his ha . . . (hart? or habit? the word is partly destroyed in the MS.) which was taken out of the fier whole when the people were gone. (Jessopp, pp. 254, 255.)

Those who suffered in the Jesuit cause, and for what they held to be the Catholic faith, were naturally regarded as martyrs. Relics of many are still treasured. A reliquary, which it is said belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, contains a relic of "B. Campianus, Mart.;" one of "Walpole, Mart., 1595," and another of "H. Garnet, Mart.," 1606. These, if genuine, must have been added after the death of the Scottish queen, whose veil of lawn, that which she wore on the day of her execution, is, we believe, among the treasures of the English College in Rome. The most remarkable of all the Jesuit relics was the ear of corn, which, when Garnet was executed, "did leap in strange manner out of the basket which contained the martyr's head into the hand of a young man standing by," who gave it spotted with blood to a "devout Catholic gentlewoman" of his acquaintance. She placed it in a reliquary; and looking at it a day or two after, she and others "saw a perfect face, as it had been painted, upon the empty ear." The fame of the miraculous straw became very great. It passed in some manner out of England; and Sir Richard Wynne, during his journey into Spain with Prince Charles's servants in 1623, says that he saw it in the Jesuits' College at Santander. "They shewed us all their relics and idols, amongst which was Garnett and his strawe."

The news of Henry Walpole's death travelled rapidly to Norfolk. His father and mother were still living, but of their six sons only two remained to them. Henry was the eldest. Three of his brothers had become Jesuits, and were virtually dead to their parents. Geoffry, the second son, now the heir of this branch

of the family, seems to have labored under some mental or physical infirmity, and was thus saved from the notoriety to which the others attained. Thomas, when he returned home after his imprisonment, settled quietly down as a country gentleman. Their father, Christopher Walpole, died at Anmer in July, 1596, less than fifteen months after the execution of his son Henry. The Norfolk estates were divided between Geoffry and Thomas.

The three Jesuit brothers attained to some eminence in the society to which they belonged. Richard appears in connection with the "plot" of Edward Squier, who, according to his own confessions (which he afterwards revoked), attempted to poison the Earl of Essex and the queen. The pommel of Elizabeth's saddle was to be "impoisoned" by a confection which Walpole had devised. The story is more than questionable, although Squier was hung for his device. Richard Walpole died at Valladolid in 1607. His brother Christopher died at the same place about a year earlier. Michael, the survivor, was the confessor of Doña Luisa de Carvajal, an enthusiastic lady who, excited by the story of Henry Walpole, determined to follow his example, and accordingly betook herself to England, where she gave much trouble during the early part of the reign of James I. Michael Walpole was with her at her death in London in 1614, and afterwards accompanied her body on its removal to Spain.*

Edward Walpole, the cousin of these Jesuit brothers, and the heir of Houghton, became himself first a seminary priest and then a Jesuit; and after some time was indicted in the Court of Queen's Bench "for a supposed treason done at Rome on April 1, 1593;" and was then outlawed at Norwich. A commission was issued for holding an inquisition concerning his estates. They were forfeited to the crown.

The family would have been well-nigh beggared, and we should never have heard of the great Sir Robert as the son of a wealthy Norfolk squire but for one circumstance. Edward Walpole's interest in these lands and manors was a reversionary interest, and there were two tenants for life in actual possession; his mother at Houghton, and his cousin William's widow still living at Tuddenham. Either of these ladies might live many years, and in the mean time circumstances might arise to bring about a reversal of the attainder. The grant

* Michael Walpole wrote a life of Doña Luisa, of which the original MS. is still preserved at Madrid. There is a long account of her in Southey's "Letters written during a Journey in Spain," 1808.

of the lands might after all prove valueless, and whoever obtained that grant would be prudent if he turned it into money as soon as he could get a price. (Jessopp, p. 275.)

This is what actually happened. The estates, two years later, were given to two persons of whom nothing is known but the names; and from them Calicut Walpole (the remarkable name is that of a Norfolk family with which the Walpoles had intermarried) bought back the estates for a sum of 1,600*l.* This of course did not alter the position of Edward Walpole; but when he died in England in 1637, his pardon had been obtained from James I. through the interest of his brother Calicut. To him he made over all interest in his paternal estates. Sir Robert Walpole was the lineal descendant of Calicut, who died at Houghton in 1646, just thirty years before Sir Robert was born there. It is "interesting to reflect that in Sir Robert's boyhood and early manhood the memories and traditions of the persecuting days were still fresh and matters of common parlance; and that there must have been men still alive at Houghton who had talked with the outlawed Jesuit father, who had voluntarily resigned his inheritance, and with his brother, who had saved the estates from forfeiture."

Here we must take our leave of Dr. Jessopp. His book is a real "contribution to Elizabethan history;" and we can well believe his assertion that, as the work proceeded, the England of Queen Elizabeth's days became to him an altogether different land from the England he had formerly imagined it to be; and that the conflict with Rome gradually unfolded itself as a problem which must remain unintelligible to the merely political historian. To the Norfolk antiquary and genealogist he has rendered extreme service. The long notes attached to his chapters are full of valuable details which could only have been collected with the utmost patience, and by dint of long and arduous labor.

We cannot attempt to follow the fortunes of the "Jesuit mission" beyond the death of Walpole. Those readers, however, who are attracted by the subject, and who feel that it has hardly received justice at the hands of modern historians, may consult with advantage the "Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus," edited by Father Henry Foley. We have placed this book with others at the head of our article, but can only direct attention to it as a work which will demand the most ample consideration from all who in future may have to treat of the times or of the

subjects with which it is concerned. It has been the fashion, while giving full recognition to the earnest faith and constancy of many a Protestant martyr — and there is no difficulty in finding men and women worthy of all such honor — either to ignore altogether, or at least to look doubtfully upon, those who, like Campion and Walpole, suffered no less firmly and courageously in the cause of truth, as it appeared to them. There may have been sound reason for the hesitation; for there was, and perhaps is, such a thing as political Jesuitism, and in the days of Elizabeth it must have been difficult enough to distinguish that from the simple devotion of one whose only object was the restoration of Englishmen to the faith of Rome. But by this time we may surely venture to do such men justice; at any rate we may consider fairly and without acrimony the evidence concerning them which modern research has been accumulating on all sides. A man who lays down his life for what he holds to be the truth deserves all admiration and respect, whether he be a Cameronian on the wild moors of Gallo-way, or a Jesuit on the gallows at Tyburn.

SIR GIBBIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

AUTHOR OF "MALCOLM," "THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE,"
ETC.

CHAPTER V.

THE GAMEKEEPER.

THE second winter came, and with the first frost Gibbie resumed his sheepskin coat and the brogues and leggings which he had made for himself of deer-hide tanned with the hair. It pleased the two old people to see him so warmly clad. It pleased them also that, thus dressed, he always reminded them of some sacred personage undetermined — Jacob, or John the Baptist, or the man who went to meet the lion and be killed by him — in Robert's big bible, that is, in one or other of the woodcuts of the same. Very soon the stories about him were all stirred up afresh, and new rumors added. This one and that of the children declared they had caught sight of the beast-loon, running about the rocks like a goat; and one day a boy of Angus's own, who had been a good way up the mountain, came home nearly dead with terror, saying the beast-loon had chased him a long way. He did not add

that he had been throwing stones at the sheep, not perceiving any one in charge of them. So, one fine morning in December, having nothing particular to attend to, Angus shouldered his double-barrelled gun, and set out for a walk over Glashgar, in the hope of coming upon the savage that terrified the children. He must be off. That was settled. Where Angus was in authority, the outlandish was not to be suffered. The sun shone bright, and a keen wind was blowing.

About noon he came in sight of a few sheep, in a sheltered spot, where were little patches of coarse grass among the heather. On a stone, a few yards above them, sat Gibbie, not reading, as he would be half the time now, but busied with a Pan's-pipes — which, under Donal's direction, he had made for himself — drawing from them experimental sounds, and feeling after the possibility of a melody. He was so much occupied that he did not see Angus approach, who now stood for a moment or two regarding him. He was hirsute as Esau, his head crowned with its own plentiful crop — even in winter he wore no cap — his body covered with the wool of the sheep, and his legs and feet with the hide of the deer — the hair, as in nature, outward. The deer-skin Angus knew for what it was from afar, and concluding it the spoil of the only crime of which he recognized the enormity, whereas it was in truth part of a skin he had himself sold to a saddler in the next village, to make sporrans of, boiled over with wrath, and strode nearer, grinding his teeth. Gibbie looked up, knew him, and starting to his feet, turned to the hill. Angus, levelling his gun, shouted to him to stop, but Gibbie only ran the harder, nor once looked round. Idiotic with rage, Angus fired. One of his barrels was loaded with shot, the other with ball: meaning to use the shot barrel, he pulled the wrong trigger, and liberated the bullet. It went through the calf of Gibbie's right leg, and he fell. It had, however, passed between two muscles without injuring either greatly, and had severed no artery. The next moment he was on his feet again and running, nor did he yet feel pain. Happily he was not very far from home, and he made for it as fast as he could — preceded by Oscar, who, having once by accident been shot himself, had a mortal terror of guns. Maimed as Gibbie was, he could yet run a good deal faster up hill than the rascal who followed him. But long before he reached the cottage, the pain had arrived, and the nearer he got to it, the worse it grew. In spite of

the anguish, however, he held on with determination: to be seized by Angus and dragged down to Glashruach, would be far worse.

Robert Grant was at home that day, suffering from rheumatism. He was seated in the *ingle-neuk*, with his pipe in his mouth, and Janet was just taking the potatoes for their dinner off the fire, when the door flew open, and in stumbled Gibbie, and fell on the floor. The old man threw his pipe from him, and rose trembling, but Janet was before him. She dropt down on her knees beside the boy, and put her arm under his head. He was white and motionless.

"Eh, Robert Grant!" she cried, "he's bleedin'."

The same moment they heard quick yet heavy steps approaching. At once Robert divined the truth, and a great wrath banished rheumatism and age together. Like a boy he sprang to the *crao' the wa'*, whence his yet powerful hand came back armed with a huge rusty old broadsword that had seen service in its day. Two or three fierce tugs at the hilt proving the blade immovable in the sheath, and the steps being now almost at the door, he clubbed the weapon, grasping it by the sheathed blade, and holding it with the edge downward, so that the blow he meant to deal should fall from the round of the basket hilt. As he heaved it aloft, the gray old shepherd seemed inspired by the god of battles; the rage of a hundred ancestors was welling up in his peaceful breast. His red eye flashed, and the few hairs that were left him stood erect on his head like the mane of a roused lion. Ere Angus had his second foot over the threshold, down came the helmet-like hilt with a dull crash on his head, and he staggered against the wall.

"Tak ye that, Angus Mac Pholp!" panted Robert through his clenched teeth, following the blow with another from his fist, that prostrated the enemy. Again he heaved his weapon, and standing over him where he lay, more than half-stunned, said in a hoarse voice,

"By the great God, my maker, Angus Mac Pholp, gien ye seek to rise, I'll come doon on ye again as ye lie! — Here, Oscar! — He's no ane to haud ony fair play wi', mair nor a brute beast. — Watch him, Oscar. an' tak' 'im by the thro't gien he muv a finger."

The gun had dropped from Angus's hand, and Robert, keeping his eye on him, secured it.

"She's lodd," muttered Angus.

"Lie still than," returned Robert, pointing the weapon at his head.

"It'll be murder," said Angus, and made a movement to lay hold of the barrel.

"Haud him doon, Oscar," cried Robert. The dog's paws were instantly on his chest, and his teeth grinning within an inch of his face. Angus vowed in his heart he would kill the beast on the first chance. "It wad be but blude for blude, Angus MacPholp," he went on. "Yer hoor's come, my man. That bairn's is no the first blude o' man ye hae shed, an' it's time the scripture was fulfillt, an' the han' o' man shed yours."

"Ye're no gain to kill me, Rob Grant?" growled the fellow in growing fright.

"I'm gain to see whether the shirra winna be perswaudit to hang ye," answered the shepherd. "This maun be putten a stag till. — Quaiet! or I'll brain ye, an' save him the trouble. — Here, Janet, fess yer pot o' pitawtas, I'm gain' to toom the man's gun. Gien he daur to muv, jist gie him the haill bilin', bree an a', i' the ill face o' 'm; gien ye lat him up he'll kill 's a'; only tak care an' haud aff o' the dog, puir fallow! — I wad lay the stock o' yer murderin' gun i' the fire gien 'twarna 'at I reckon it's the laird's an' no yours. Ye're no fit to be trustit wi' a gun. Ye're waur nor a weyver."

So saying, he carried the weapon to the door, and, in terror lest he might, through wrath or the pressure of dire necessity, use it against his foe, emptied its second barrel into the earth, and leaned it up against the wall outside.

Janet obeyed her husband so far as to stand over Angus with the potato-pot: how far she would have carried her obedience had he attempted to rise, may remain a question. Doubtless a brave man doing his duty would have scorned to yield himself thus; but right and wrong had met face to face, and the wrong had a righteous traitor in his citadel.

When Robert returned and relieved her guard, Janet went back to Gibbie, whom she had drawn towards the fire. He lay almost insensible, but in vain Janet attempted to get a teaspoonful of whisky between his lips. For as he grew older, his horror of it increased; and now, even when he was faint and but half conscious, his physical nature seemed to recoil from contact with it. It was with signs of disgust, rubbing his mouth with the back of each hand alternately, that he first showed returning vitality. In a minute or two more he was able to crawl to his bed in the

corner, and then Janet proceeded to examine his wound.

By this time his leg was much swollen, but the wound had almost stopped bleeding, and it was plain there was no bullet in it, for there were the two orifices. She washed it carefully and bound it up. Then Gibbie raised his head, and looked somewhat anxiously round the room.

"Ye're luikin' efter Angus?" said Janet: "he's yon'er upo' the flure, a twa yairds frae ye. Dinna be fleyt; yer father an' Oscar has him safe eneuch, I s' warran'."

"Here, Janet!" cried her husband; "gien ye be throu' wi' the bairn, I maun be gain'."

"Hoot, Robert! ye're no surely gain to lea' me an' puir Gibbie 'at maunna stir, i' the hoose oor lanes wi' the murderin' man!" returned Janet.

"Deed am I, lass! Jist rin and fess the bit tow 'at ye hing yer duds upo' at the washin', an' we'll bin' the feet an' the han's o' 'im."

Janet obeyed and went. Angus, who had been quiet enough for the last ten minutes, meditating and watching, began to swear furiously, but Robert paid no more heed than if he had not heard him — stood calm and grim at his head, with the clubbed sword heaved over his shoulder. When she came back, by her husband's directions, she passed the rope repeatedly round the keeper's ankles, then several times between them, drawing the bouts tightly together, so that, instead of the two sharing one ring, each ankle had now, as it were, a close-fitting one for itself. Again and again, as she tied it, did Angus meditate a sudden spring, but the determined look of Robert, and his feeling memory of the blows he had so unsparingly delivered upon him, as well as the weakening effect of that he had received on his head, caused him to hesitate until it was altogether too late. When they began to bind his hands, however, he turned desperate, and struck at both, cursing and raging.

"Gien ye binna quaiet, ye s' taste the dog's teeth," said Robert. — Angus reflected that he would have a better chance when he was left alone with Janet, and yielded. — "Troth!" Robert went on, as he continued his task, "I hae no pity left for ye, Angus MacPholp; an' gien ye tyauve ony mair, I'll lat at ye. I wad care no more to caw oot yer harns nor I wad to kill a tod (*fox*). To be hangt for 't, I wad be but prood. It's a fine thing to be hangt for a guid cause, but ye'll be hangt for an ill ane. — Noo, Janet, fess a bun'le o' brackens frae the byre, an' lay aneth 's heid.

We maunna be sairer upo' him, nor the needcessity laid upo' hiz. I s' jist trail him aff o' the door, an' a bit on to the fire, for he'll be cauld whan he's quaiet doon, an' syne I'll awa' an' get word o' the shirra'. Scotlan's come till a pretty pass, whan they shoot men wi' guns, as gien they war wull craturs to be peelt an' aiten. Care what set him! He may weel be a keeper o' ghem, for he's as ill a keeper o' 's brither as auld Cain himsel'. But," he concluded, tying the last knot hard, "we'll e'en dee what we can to keep the keeper."

It was seldom Robert spoke at such length, but the provocation, the wrath, the conflict, and the victory, had sent the blood rushing through his brain, and loosed his tongue like strong drink.

"Ye'll tak yer denner afore ye gang, Robert," said his wife.

"Na, I can ait naething; I'll tak a bannock i' my pooch. Ye can gie my denner to Angus: he'll want hertenin' for the wuddie (*gallows*.)"

So saying he put the bannock in his pocket, flung his broad blue bonnet upon his head, took his stick, and ordering Oscar to remain at home, and watch the prisoner, set out for a walk of five miles, as if he had never known such a thing as rheumatism. He must find another magistrate than the laird; he would not trust him where his own gamekeeper, Angus Mac-Pholp, was concerned.

"Keep yer ee upon him, Janet," he said, turning in the doorway. "Dinna lowse sicht o' him afore I come back wi' the constable. Dinna lippen. I s' be back in three hoors like."

With these words he turned finally, and disappeared.

The mortification of Angus, as he lay thus trapped in the den of the beast-loon, at being taken and bound by an old man, a woman, and a colley dog, was extreme. He went over the whole affair again and again in his mind, ever with a fresh burst of fury. It was in vain he excused himself on the ground that the attack had been so sudden and treacherous, and the precautions taken so complete. He had proved himself an ass, and the whole country would ring with mockery of him! He had sense enough, too, to know that he was in a serious as well as ludicrous predicament: he had scarcely courage enough to contemplate the possible result. If he could but get his hands free, it would be easy to kill Oscar and disable Janet. For the idiot, he counted him nothing. He had better wait, however, until there should be no boiling liquid ready to her hand.

Janet set out the dinner, peeled some potatoes, and approaching Angus would have fed him. In place of accepting her ministrations, he fell to abusing her with the worst language he could find. She withdrew without a word, and sat down to her own dinner; but, finding the torrent of vituperation kept flowing, rose again, and going to the door, fetched a great jug of cold water from the pail that always stood there, and coming behind her prisoner, emptied it over his face. He gave a horrid yell, taking the douche for a boiling one.

"Ye needna cry oot like that at guid cauld watter," said Janet. "But ye'll jist absteen frae ony mair sic words i' my hearin', or ye s' get the like ilka time ye brak oot." As she spoke, she knelt, and wiped his face and head with her apron.

A fresh oath rushed to Angus's lips, but the fear of a second jugful made him suppress it, and Janet sat down again to her dinner. She could scarcely eat a mouthful, however, for pity of the rascal beside her, at whom she kept looking wistfully without daring again offer him anything.

While she sat thus, she caught a swift investigating look he cast on the cords that bound his hands, and then at the fire. She perceived at once what was passing in his mind. Rising, she went quickly to the byre, and returned immediately with a chain they used for tethering the cow. The end of it she slipt deftly round his neck, and made it fast, putting the little bar through a link.

"Ir ye gauin to hang me, ye she-deevil?" he cried, making a futile attempt to grasp the chain with his bound hands.

"Ye'll be wantin' a drappy mair cauld watter, I'm thinkin'," said Janet.

She stretched the chain to its length, and with a great stone drove the sharp iron stake at the other end of it, into the clay-floor. Fearing next that, bound as his hands were, he might get a hold of the chain and drag out the stake, or might even contrive to remove the rope from his feet with them, or that he might indeed with his teeth undo the knot that confined his hands themselves — she got a piece of rope, and made a loop at the end of it, then watching her opportunity passed the loop between his hands, noosed the other end through it, and drew the noose tight. The free end of the rope she put through the staple that received the bolt of the cottage-door, and gradually, as he grew weary in pulling against her, tightened the rope until she had his arms at their stretch beyond his head. Not quite satisfied yet,

she lastly contrived, in part by setting Oscar to occupy his attention, to do the same with his feet, securing them to a heavy chest in the corner opposite the door, upon which chest she heaped a pile of stones. If it pleased the Lord to deliver them from this man, she would have her honest part in the salvation! And now at last she believed she had him safe.

Gibbie had fallen asleep, but he now woke and she gave him his dinner; then *redd up*, and took her Bible. Gibbie had lain down again, and she thought he was asleep.

Angus grew more and more uncomfortable, both in body and in mind. He knew he was hated throughout the country, and had hitherto rather enjoyed the knowledge; but now he judged that the popular feeling, by no means a mere prejudice, would tell against him committed for trial. He knew also that the magistrate to whom Robert had betaken himself, was not over friendly with his master, and certainly would not listen to any intercession from him. At length, what with pain, hunger, and fear, his pride began to yield, and, after an hour had passed in utter silence, he condescended to parley.

"Janet Grant," he said, "lat me gang, an' I'll trouble you or yours no more."

"Wadna ye think me some fule to hearken till ye?" suggested Janet.

"I'll sweir ony lawfu' aith 'at ye like to lay upo' me," protested Angus, "'at I'll dee whatever ye please to require o' me."

"I dinna doobt ye wad sweir; but what neist?" said Janet.

"What neist but ye'll lowse my han's?" rejoined Angus.

"It's no mainner o' use mentionin' 't," replied Janet; "for, as ye ken, I'm un'er authority, an' yersel' h'ard my man tell me to tak unco percaution no to lat ye gang; for verily, Angus, ye hae conduckit yersel' this day more like ane possessed wi' a legion, than the douce faimily man 'at ye're supposit by the laird, yer maister, to be."

"Was ever man," protested Angus, "made sic a fule o', an sae misguidit, by a pair o' auld cottars like you an' Robert Grant!"

"Wi' the help o' the Lord, by means o' the dog," supplemented Janet. "I wuss frae my hert I hed the great reid draigon i' yer place, an' I wad watch him bonny, I can tell ye, Angus MacPholp. I wadna be clear about giein *him* his denner, Angus."

"Let me gang, wuman, wi' yer reid draigons! I'll hairm naebody. The pair idiot's no muckle the waur, an' I'll tak mair tent whan I fire anither time."

"Wiser fowk nor me maun see to that," answered Janet.

"Hoots, wuman! it was naething but an accident."

"I kenna; but it'll be seen what Gibbie says."

"Awva! his word's guid for naething."

"For a penny, or a thoosan' poun'."

"My wife 'll be oot o' her wuts," pleaded Angus.

"Wad ye like a drink o' milk?" asked Janet, rising.

"I wad that," he answered.

She filled her little teapot with milk, and he drank it from the spout, hoping she was on the point of giving away.

"Noo," she said, when he had finished his draught, "ye maun jist mak the best o' 't, Angus. Ony gait, it's a guid lesson in patience to ye, an' that ye haena had ower aften, I'm thinkin'. — Robert'll be here er lang."

With these words she set down the teapot, and went out: it was time to milk her cow.

In a little while Gibbie rose, tried to walk, but failed, and getting down on his hands and knees, crawled out after her. Angus caught a glimpse of his face as he crept past him, and then first recognized the boy he had lashed. Not compunction, but an occasional pang of dread lest he should have been the cause of his death, and might come upon his body in one of his walks, had served so to fix his face in his memory, that, now he had a near view of him, pale with suffering and loss of blood and therefore more like his former self, he knew him beyond a doubt. With a great shoot of terror he concluded that the idiot had been lying there silently gloating over his revenge, waiting only till Janet should be out of sight, and was now gone after some instrument wherewith to take it. He pulled and tugged at his bonds, but only to find escape absolutely hopeless. In gathering horror, he lay moveless at last, but strained his hearing towards every sound.

Not only did Janet often pray with Gibbie, but sometimes as she read, her heart would grow so full, her soul be so pervaded with the conviction, perhaps the consciousness, of the presence of the man who had said he would be always with his friends, that, sitting there on her stool, she would begin talking to him out of the very depth of her life, just as if she saw him in Robert's chair in the ingle-neuk, at home in her cottage as in the house where Mary sat at his feet and heard his word. Then would Gibbie listen indeed, awed by very glad-

ness. He never doubted that Jesus was there, or that Janet saw him all the time although he could not.

This custom of praying aloud, she had grown into so long before Gibbie came to her, and he was so much and such a child, that his presence was no check upon the habit. It came in part from the intense reality of her belief, and was in part a willed fostering of its intensity. She never imagined that words were necessary; she believed that God knew her every thought, and that the moment she lifted up her heart, it entered into communion with him; but the very sound of the words she spoke seemed to make her feel nearer to the man who, being the eternal Son of the Father, yet had ears to hear and lips to speak, like herself. To talk to him aloud, also kept her thoughts together, helped her to feel the fact of the things she contemplated, as well as the reality of his presence.

Now the byre was just on the other side of the turf wall against which was the head of Gibbie's bed, and through the wall Gibbie had heard her voice, with that something in the tone of it which let him understand she was not talking to Crummie, but to Crummie's maker; and it was therefore he had got up and gone after her. For there was no reason, so far as he knew or imagined, why he should not hear, as so many times before, what she was saying to the Master. He supposed that as she could not well speak to him in the presence of a man like Angus, she had gone out to the byre to have her talk with him there. He crawled to the end of the cottage so silently that she heard no sound of his approach. He would not go into the byre, for that might disturb her, for she would have to look up to know that it was only Gibbie; he would listen at the door. He found it wide open, and peeping in, saw Crummie chewing away, and Janet on her knees with her forehead leaning against the cow and her hands thrown up over her shoulder. She spoke in such a voice of troubled entreaty as he had never heard from her before, but which yet woke a strange vibration of memory in his deepest heart. — Yes, it was his father's voice it reminded him of! So had he cried in prayer the last time he ever heard him speak. What she said was nearly this:

"O Lord, gin ye wad but say what ye wad hae deen! Whan a body disna ken yer wull, she's jist driven to distraction. Thoo knows, my Maister, as weel's I can tell ye, 'at gien ye said till me, 'That man's gain to cut yer thro't; tak the tows frae him, an' lat him up,' I wad rin to dee't.

It's no revenge, Lord; it's jist 'at I dinna ken. The man's dune me no ill, 'cep' as he's sair hurtit yer bonnie Gibbie. It's Gibbie 'at has to forgie 'im an' syne me. But my man tellt me no to lat him up, an' hoo am I to be a wife sic as ye wad hae, O Lord, gien I dinna dee as my man tellt me! It wad ill befitt me to lat my auld Robert gang sae far wantin' his denner, a' for naething. What wad he think whan he cam hame! Of coorse, Lord, gien ye tellt me, that wad mak a' the differ, for ye're Robert's maister as weel's mine, an' your wull wad saitisfee him jist as weel's me. I wad fain lat him gang, pair chield! but I daurna. Lord, convert him to the trowth. Lord, lat him ken what hate is. — But eh, Lord! I wuss ye wad tell me what to do. Thy wull's the beginnin' an' mids an' en' o' a' thing to me. I'm wullin' eneuch to lat him gang, but he's Robert's pris'ner an' Gibbie's enemy; he's no *my* pris'ner an' no my enemy, an' I dinna think I hae the richt. An' wha kens but he micht gang shottin' mair fowk yet, 'cause I loot him gang! — But he canna shot a hare wantin' thy wull, O Jesus, the saviour o' man an' beast; an' ill wad I like to hae a han' i' the hangin' o' 'm. He may deserve 't, Lord, I dinna ken; but I'm thinkin' ye made him no sae weel tempered — as my Robert, for enstance."

Here her voice ceased, and she fell a moaning.

Her trouble was echoed in dim pain from Gibbie's soul. That the prophetess who knew everything, the priestess who was at home in the very treasure-house of the great king, should be thus abandoned to dire perplexity, was a dreadful, a bewildering fact. But now first he understood the real state of the affair in the purport of the old man's absence; also how he was himself potently concerned in the business: if the offence had been committed against Gibbie, then with Gibbie lay the power, therefore the duty, of forgiveness. But verily Gibbie's merit and his grace were in inverse ratio. Few things were easier to him than to love his enemies, and his merit in obeying the commandment was small indeed. No enemy had as yet done him, in his immediate person, the wrong he could even imagine it hard to forgive. No sooner had Janet ceased than he was on his way back to the cottage; on its floor lay one who had to be waited upon with forgiveness.

Wearied with futile struggles, Angus found himself compelled to abide his fate, and was lying quite still when Gibbie re-entered. The boy thought he was asleep,

but on the contrary he was watching his every motion, full of dread. Gibbie went hopping upon one foot to the hole in the wall where Janet kept the only knife she had. It was not there. He glanced round, but could not see it. There was no time to lose. Robert's returning steps might be heard any moment, and poor Angus might be hanged — only for shooting Gibbie! He hopped up to him and examined the knots that tied his hands: they were drawn so tight — in great measure by his own struggles — and so difficult to reach from their position, that he saw it would take him a long time to undo them. Angus thought, with fresh horror, he was examining them to make sure they would hold, and was so absorbed in watching his movements that he even forgot to curse, which was the only thing left him. Gibbie looked round again for a moment, as if in doubt, then darted upon the tongs — there was no poker — and thrust them into the fire, caught up the asthmatic old bellows, and began to blow the peats. Angus saw the first action, heard the second, and a hideous dismay clutched his very heart: the savage fool was about to take his revenge in pinches with the red-hot tongs! He looked for no mercy — perhaps felt that he deserved none. Manhood held him silent until he saw him take the implement of torture from the fire, glowing, not red but white hot, when he uttered such a terrific yell, that Gibbie dropped the tongs — happily not the hot ends — on his own bare foot, but caught them up again instantly, and made a great hop to Angus: if Janet had heard that yell and came in, all would be spoilt. But the faithless keeper began to struggle so fiercely, writhing with every contortion, and kicking with every inch, left possible to him, that Gibbie hardly dared attempt anything for dread of burning him, while he sent yell after yell “as fast as mill-wheels strike.” With a sudden thought Gibbie sprang to the door and locked it, so that Janet should not get in, and Angus, hearing the bolt, was the more convinced that his purpose was cruel, and struggled and yelled, with his eyes fixed on the glowing tongs, now fast cooling in Gibbie's hand. If instead of glowering at the tongs, he had but lent one steadfast regard to the face of the boy whom he took for a demoniacal idiot, he would have seen his supposed devil smile the sweetest of human, troubled, pitiful smiles. Even then, I suspect, however, his eye being evil, he would have beheld in the smile only the joy of malice in the near prospect of a glut of revenge.

In the mean time Janet in her perplexity, had, quite forgetful of the poor cow's necessities, abandoned Crummie, and wandered down the path as far as the shoulder her husband must cross ascending from the other side: thither, a great rock intervening, so little of Angus's cries reached, that she heard nothing through the deafness of her absorbing appeal for direction to her shepherd, the master of men.

Gibbie thrust the tongs again into the fire, and while blowing it, bethought him that it might give Angus confidence if he removed the chain from his neck. He laid down the bellows, and did so. But to Angus the action seemed only preparatory to taking him by the throat with the horrible implement. In his agony and wild endeavor to frustrate the supposed intent, he struggled harder than ever. But now Gibbie was undoing the rope fastened round the chest. This Angus did not perceive, and when it came suddenly loose in the midst of one of his fierce straining contortions, the result was that he threw his body right over his head, and lay on his face for a moment confused. Gibbie saw his advantage. He snatched his clumsy tool out of the fire, seated himself on the corresponding part of Angus's person, and seizing with the tongs the rope between his feet, held on to both, in spite of his heaves and kicks. In the few moments that passed while Gibbie burned through a round of the rope, Angus imagined a considerable number of pangs; but when Gibbie rose and hopped away, he discovered that his feet were at liberty, and scrambled up, his head dizzy, and his body reeling. But such was then the sunshine of delight in Gibbie's countenance, that even Angus stared at him for a moment — only, however, with a vague reflection on the inconsequentiality of idiots, to which succeeded the impulse to take vengeance upon him for his sufferings. But Gibbie still had the tongs, and Angus's hands were still tied. He held them out to him. Gibbie pounced upon the knots with hands and teeth. They occupied him some little time, during which Angus was almost compelled to take better cognizance of the face of the savage; and dull as he was to the good things of human nature, he was yet in a measure subdued by what he there looked upon rather than perceived; while he could scarcely mistake the hearty ministrations of his teeth and nails! The moment his hands were free, Gibbie looked up at him with a smile, and Angus did not even box his ears. Holding by the wall, Gibbie limped to the door

and opened it. With a nod meant for thanks, the gamekeeper stepped out, took up his gun from where it leaned against the wall, and hurried away down the hill. A moment sooner and he would have met Janet; but she had just entered the byre again to milk poor Crummie.

When she came into the cottage, she stared with astonishment to see no Angus on the floor. Gibbie, who had lain down again in much pain, made signs that he had let him go; whereupon such a look of relief came over her countenance that he was filled with fresh gladness, and was if possible more satisfied still with what he had done. It was late before Robert returned — alone, weary, and disappointed. The magistrate was from home; he had waited for him as long as he dared; but at length, both because of his wife's unpleasant position, and the danger to himself if he longer delayed his journey across the mountain, seeing it threatened a storm, and there was no moon, he set out. That he too was relieved to find no Angus there he did not attempt to conceal. The next day he went to see him, and told him that, to please Gibbie, he had consented to say nothing more about the affair. Angus could not help being sullen, but he judged it wise to behave as well as he could, kept his temper therefore, and said he was sorry he had been so hasty, but that Robert had punished him pretty well, for it would be weeks before he recovered the blow on the head he had given him. So they parted on tolerable terms, and there was no further persecution of Gibbie from that quarter.

It was some time before he was able to be out again, but no hour spent with Janet was lost.

CHAPTER VI.

A VOICE.

THAT winter the old people were greatly tried with rheumatism; for not only were the frosts severe, but there was much rain between. Their children did all in their power to minister to their wants, and Gibbie was nurse as well as shepherd. He who when a child had sought his place in the live universe by attending on drunk people and helping them home through the midnight streets, might have felt himself promoted considerably in having the necessities of such as Robert and Janet to minister to, but he never thought of that. It made him a little mournful sometimes to think that he could not read to them. Janet, however, was generally able to read

aloud. Robert, being asthmatic, suffered more than she, and was at times a little impatient.

Gibbie still occupied his heather-bed on the floor, and it was part of his business, as nurse, to keep up a good fire on the hearth: peats, happily, were plentiful. Awake for this cause, he heard in the middle of one night, the following dialogue between the husband and wife.

"I'm growin' terrible auld, Janet," said Robert. "It's a sair thing this auld age, an' I canna bring mysel' content wi' 't. Ye see I haena been used till't."

"That's true, Robert," answered Janet. "Gien we had been born auld, we micht by this time hae been at hame wi't. But syne what wad hae come o' the gran' delight o' seein' auld age rin hirplin awa' frae the face o' the Auncient o' Days?"

"I wad fain be contentit wi' my lot, though," persisted Robert; "but whan I fin' mysel' sae helpless like, I canna get it oot o' my heid 'at the Lord has forsaken me, an' left me to mak an ill best o' 't wantin' him."

"I wadna lat sic a thought come intil my heid, Robert, sae lang as I kened I cudna draw breath nor wag tongue wantin' him, for in him we leeve an' muv an' hae oor bein. Gien he be the life o' me, what for sud I tribble mysel' about that life?"

"Ay, lass! but gien ye hed this ashmy, makin' a' yer breist as gièn 'twar lined wi' the san' paper 'at they hed been lichtin' a thoosan' or twa lucifer spunks upo' — ye micht be driven to forget 'at the Lord was yer life — for I can tell ye it's no like haein' *his* breith i' yer nostrils."

"Eh, my bonny laad!" returned Janet, with infinite tenderness, "I micht weel forget it! I doobt I wadna be half sae patient as yersel; but jist to help to haud ye up, I s' tell ye what I think I wad ettle efter. I wad say to mysel, Gien he be the life o' me, I hae no business wi' ony mair o' 't nor he gies me. I hae but to tak ae breath, be 't hard, be 't easy, ane at a time, an' lat him see to the neist himsel'. Here I am, an' here's him; an' 'at he winna lat 's ain wark come to ill, that I'm weel sure o'. An' ye micht jist think to yersel, Robert, 'at as ye *are* born intil the warl', an' here ye are auld intil 't — ye may jist think, I say, 'at hoo ye're jist new-born an' beginnin' to grow yoong, an' 'at that's yer business. For naither you nor me can be that far frae hame, Robert, an' whan we win there we'll be yoong enouch, I'm thinkin'; an' no ower yoong, for we'll hae what they say ye canna get doon here — a pair o' auld heids upo' yoong shooters."

"Eh! but I wuss I may hae ye there, Janet, for I kenna what I wad do wantin' ye. I wad be unco stray up yon'er, gien I had to gang my lane, an' no you to reftar till, 'at kens the wy's o' the place."

"I ken no more about the w'ys o' the place nor yersel', Robert, though I'm thinkin' they'll be unco quaiet an' sensible, seein' 'at a' there maun be gentle fowk. It's eneuch to me 'at I'll be i' the hoose o' my Maister's father; an' my Maister was weel content to gang to that hoose; an' it maun be something by ordinar' 'at was fit for *him*. But puir simple fowk like oorsel's 'ill hae no need to hing down the heid an' luik like gowks 'at disna ken mainners. Bairns are no expeckit to ken a' the w'ys o' a muckle hoose 'at they hae never been intil i' their lives afore."

"It's no that a'thegither 'at tribles me, Janet; it's mair 'at I'll be expeckit to sing an' luik pleased-like, an' I div not ken hoo it'll be poossible, an' you nae gait 'ithin my sicht or my cry, or the hearin' o' my ears."

"Div ye believe this, Robert — 'at we're a' ane, jist ane, in Christ Jesus?"

"I canna weel say. I'm no denyin' naething 'at the buik tells me; ye ken me better nor that, Janet; but there's mony a thing it says 'at I dinna ken whether I believe 't at my ane han' or whether it be only at a' thing 'at ye believe, Janet, 's jist to me as gien I believet it mysel'; an' that's a sair thought, for a man canna be savet e'en by the proxy o' 's ain wife."

"Weel ye're just muckle whaur I fin' mysel' whiles, Robert; an' I comfort mysel' wi' the houp 'at we'll *ken* the thing there, 'at maybe we're but tryin' to believe here. But ony gait ye hae pruv't weel 'at you an' me's ane, Robert. Noo we ken frae Scriptor' 'at the Maister cam to mak aye ane o' them 'at was at twa; an' we ken also 'at he conquered Deith; sae he wad never lat Deith mak the ane, 'at he had made ane, intil two again: it's no rizon to think it. For oucht I ken, what luiks like a gangin' awa may be a comin' nearer. An' there may be w'ys o' comin' nearer till ane anither up yon'er 'at we ken naething about doon here. There's that laddie, Gibbie: I canna but think 'at gien he hed the tongue to speyk, or aiven gien he cud mak' ony soon wi' sense intil't, like singin', say, he wad fin' himsel' nearer till's nor he can i' the noo. Wha kens but them 'at's singin' up there afore the throne, may sing so bonny, 'at, i' the pooer o' their braw thoughts, their verra sangs may be like laidders for them to come doon upo', an' hing about them 'at they hae lift ahin'

them, till the time comes for them to gang an' jine them i' the green pasturs about the tree o' life."

More of like talk followed, but these words concerning appropinquation in song, although their meaning was not very clear, took such a hold of Gibbie that he heard nothing after, but fell asleep thinking about them.

In the middle of the following night, Janet woke her husband.

"Robert! Robert!" she whispered in his ear, "hearken. I'm thinkin' yon maun be some wee angel come doon to say, 'I ken ye, puir fowk.'"

Robert, scarce daring to draw his breath, listened with his heart in his mouth. From somewhere, apparently within the four walls of the cottage, came a low lovely sweet song — something like the piping of a big bird, something like a small human voice.

"It canna be an angel," said Robert at length, "for it's singin', 'My Nanny's Awa'."

"An' what for no angel?" returned Janet. "Isna that jist what ye might be singin' yersel, efter what ye was sayin' last nicht? I'm thinkin' there maun be a heap o' yoong angels up there, new deid, singin' 'My Nannie's Awa'."

"Hoot, Janet! ye ken there's naither merryin' nor giein' in merriage there."

"Wha was sayin' onything about merryin' or giein' in merriage, Robert? Is that to say 'at you an' me's to be no more to ane anither nor ither fowk? Nor it's no to say 'at, 'cause merriage is no the w'y o' the country, 'at there's to be naething better i' the place o' 't."

"What garred the Maister say onything about it, than?"

"Jist 'cause they plaguit him wi' speirin'. He wad never hae opened his moo' anent it — it wasna ane o' his subjec's — gien it hadna been 'at a when pride-prankit beuk-fowk 'at didna believe there was ony angels, or speerits o' ony kin', but said 'at a man ance deid was aye an' a'thegither deid, an' yet preten't to believe in God himsel' for a' that, thought to bleck (*nonplus*) the Maister wi' speirin' whilk o' saiven a puir body 'at had been garred merry them a', wad be the wife o' whan they gat up again."

"A body might think it wad be left to hersel' to say," suggested Robert. "She had come throu' eneuch to hae some claim to be considert."

"She maun hae been a richt guid ane," said Janet, "gien ilk ane o' the saiven wad be wantin' her again. But I s' warran' she

kenned weel eneuch whilk o' them was her ain. But, Robert, man, this is jokin' — no 'at it's your wyte (*blame*) — an' it's no becomin', I doobt, upo' sic a sarious subjec'. An' I'm feart — ay! there! — I thought as muckle! — the wee sangie's drappit itsel' a'thegither, jist as gien the laverock had fa'ntit intil 'ts nest. I doobt we'll hear nae mair o' 't."

As soon as he could hear what they were saying, Gibbie had stopped to listen; and now they had stopped also, and there was an end.

For weeks he had been picking out tunes on his Pan's-pipes; also, he had lately discovered that, although he could not articulate, he could produce tones, and had taught himself to imitate the pipes. Now, to his delight, he had found that the noises he made were recognized as song by his father and mother. From that time he was often heard crooning to himself. Before long he began to look about the heavens for airs — to suit this or that song he came upon, or heard from Donal.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WISDOM OF THE WISE.

CHANGE, meantime, was in progress elsewhere, and as well upon the foot as high on the side of Glashgar — change which seemed all important to those who felt the grind of the glacier as it slipped. Thomas Galbraith, of Glashruach, Esquire, whom no more than any other could negation save, was not enfranchised from folly or lifted above belief in a lie, by his hatred to what he called superstition: he had long fallen into what will ultimately prove the most degrading superstition of all — the worship of Mammon, and was rapidly sinking from deep to lower deep. First of all, this was the superstition of placing hope and trust in that which, from age to age, and on the testimony of all sorts of persons who have tried it, has been proved to fail utterly; next, such was the folly of the man whose wisdom was indignant with the harmless imagination of simple people for daring flutter its wings upon his land, that he risked what he loved best in the world, even better than Mammon, the approbation of fellow worshippers, by investing in Welsh gold mines.

The property of Glashruach was a good one, but not nearly so large as it had been, and he was anxious to restore it to its former dimensions. The rents were low, and it could but tardily widen its own borders, while of money he had little, and no will to mortgage. To increase his money, that

he might increase his property, he took to speculation, but had never had much success until that same year, when he disposed of certain shares at a large profit — nothing troubled by the conviction that the man who bought them — in ignorance of many a fact which the laird knew — must in all probability be ruined by them. He counted this success, and it gave him confidence to speculate further. In the mean time, with what he had thus secured, he reannexed to the property a small farm which had been for some time in the market, but whose sale he had managed to delay. The purchase gave him particular pleasure, because the farm not only marched with his home-grounds, but filled up a great notch in the map of the property between Glashruach and the Mains, with which also it marched. It was good land, and he let it at once, on his own terms, to Mr. Duff.

In the spring, affairs looked rather bad for him, and in the month of May, he considered himself compelled to go to London: he had a faith in his own business-faculty quite as foolish as any superstition in Gormgarnet. There he fell into the hands of a certain man, whose true place would have been in the swell mob, and not in the House of Commons — a fellow who used his influence and facilities as member of Parliament in promoting bubble companies. He was intimate with an elder brother of the laird, himself member for a not unimportant borough — a man, likewise, of principles that love the shade; and between them they had no difficulty in making a tool of Thomas Galbraith, as chairman of a certain aggregate of iniquity, whose designation will not, in some families, be forgotten for a century or so. During the summer, therefore, the laird was from home, working up the company, hoping much from it, and trying hard to believe in it — whipping up its cream, and perhaps himself taking the froth, certainly doing his best to make others take it, for an increase of genuine substance. He devoted the chamber of his imagination to the service of Mammon, and the brownie he kept there played him fine pranks.

A smaller change, though of really greater importance in the end, was, that in the course of the winter, one of Donal's sisters was engaged by the housekeeper at Glashruach, chiefly to wait upon Miss Galbraith. Ginevra was still a silent, simple, unconsciously retiring, and therewith dignified girl, in whom childhood and womanhood had begun to interchange hues, as it were with the play of colors in

a dove's neck. Happy they in whom neither has a final victory! Happy also all who have such women to love! At one moment Ginevra would draw herself up—*bridle* her grandmother would have called it—with involuntary recoil from doubtful approach; the next, Ginny would burst out in a merry laugh at something in which only a child could have perceived the mirth-causing element; then again the woman would seem suddenly to re-enter and rebuke the child, for the sparkle would fade from her eyes, and she would look solemn, and even a little sad. The people about the place loved her, but from the stillness on the general surface of her behavior, the far-away feeling she gave them, and the impossibility of divining how she was thinking except she chose to unbosom herself, they were all a little afraid of her as well. They did not acknowledge, even to themselves, that her evident conscientiousness bore no small part in causing that slight uneasiness of which they were aware in her presence. Possibly it roused in some of them such a dissatisfaction with themselves as gave the initiative to dislike of her.

In the mind of her new maid, however, there was no strife, therefore no tendency to dislike. She was thoroughly well-meaning, like the rest of her family, and finding her little mistress dwell in the same atmosphere, the desire to be acceptable to her awoke at once, and grew rapidly in her heart. She was the youngest of Janet's girls, about four years older than Donal, not clever, but as sweet as honest, and full of divine service. Always ready to think others better than herself, the moment she saw the still face of Ginevra, she took her for a little saint, and accepted her as a queen, whose will to her should be law. Ginevra, on her part, was taken with the healthy hue, and honest eyes of the girl, and neither felt any dislike to her touching her hair, nor lost her temper when she was awkward and pulled it. Before the winter was over, the bond between them was strong.

One principal duty required of Nicie—her parents had named her after the mother of St. Paul's Timothy—was to accompany her mistress every fine day to the manse, a mile and a half from Glashruach. For some time Ginevra had been under the care of Miss Machar, the daughter of the parish clergyman, an old gentleman of sober aspirations, to whom the last century was the Augustan age of English literature. He was genial, gentle, and a lover

of his race, with much reverence for, and some faith in a Scotch God, whose nature was summed up in a series of words beginning with *omni*. Partly that the living was a poor one, and her father old and infirm, Miss Machar, herself middle-aged, had undertaken the instruction of the little heiress, never doubting herself mistress of all it was necessary a lady should know. By nature she was romantic, but her romance had faded a good deal. Possibly had she read the new poets of her age, the vital flame of wonder and hope might have kept not a little of its original brightness in her heart; but under her father's guidance, she had never got beyond the Night Thoughts, and the Course of Time. Both intellectually and emotionally, therefore, Miss Machar had withered instead of ripening. As to her spiritual carriage, she thought too much about being a lady to be thoroughly one. The utter graciousness of the ideal lady would blush to regard itself. She was both gentle and dignified; but would have done a nature inferior to Ginevra's injury by the way she talked of things right and wrong as becoming or not becoming in a lady of position such as Ginevra would one day find herself. What lessons she taught her she taught her well. Her music was old-fashioned of course; but I have a fancy that perhaps the older the music one learns first, the better; for the deeper is thereby the rooting of that which will have the atmosphere of the age to blossom in. But then to every lover of the truth, a true thing is dearer because it is old-fashioned, and dearer because it is new-fashioned; and true music, like true love, like all truth, laughs at the god Fashion because it knows him to be but an ape.

Every day, then, except Saturday and Sunday, Miss Machar had for two years been in the habit of walking or driving to Glashruach, and there spending the morning hours; but of late her father had been ailing, and as he was so old that she could not without anxiety leave him when suffering from the smallest indisposition, she had found herself compelled either to give up teaching Ginevra, or to ask Mr. Galbraith to allow her to go, when such occasion should render it necessary, to the manse. She did the latter; the laird had consented; and thence arose the duty required of Nicie. Mr. Machar's health did not improve as the spring advanced, and by the time Mr. Galbraith left for London, he was confined to his room, and Ginevra's walk to the manse for lessons had settled into a custom.

CHAPTER VIII.
THE BEAST-BOY.

ONE morning they found, on reaching the manse, that the minister was very unwell, and that in consequence Miss Machar could not attend to Ginevra; they turned, therefore, to walk home again. Now the manse, upon another root of Glashgar, was nearer than Glashruach to Nicie's home, and many a time as she went and came, did she lift longing eyes to the ridge that hid it from her view. This morning, Ginevra observed that, every other moment, Nicie was looking up the side of the mountain, as if she saw something unusual upon it—occasionally, indeed, when the winding of the road turned their backs to it, stopping and turning round to gaze.

"What is the matter with you, Nicie?" she asked. "What are you looking at up there?"

"I'm won'erin' what my mother'il be deein'," answered Nicie: "she's up there."

"Up there!" exclaimed Ginny, and, turning, stared at the mountain too, expecting to perceive Nicie's mother somewhere up on the face of it.

"Na, na, missie! ye canna see her," said the girl; "she's no in sicht. She's ower ayont there. Only gien we war up whaur ye see yon twa three sheep again' the lift (*sky*), we cud see the bit hoosie whaur her an' my father bides."

"How I *should* like to see your father and mother, Nicie!" exclaimed Ginevra.

"Weel, I'm sure they wad be richt glaid to see yersel', missie, ony time 'at ye likit to gang an' see them."

"Why shouldn't we go now, Nicie? It's not a dangerous place, is it?"

"No, missie. Glashgar's as quiet an' weel-behaved a hill as ony in a' the cweentry," answered Nicie, laughing. "She's some puir, like the lave o' 's, an' hasna muckle to spare, but the sheep get a feow nibbles upon her, here an' there; an' my mither manages to keep a coo, an' get plenty o' milk frae her tee."

"Come, then, Nicie. We have plenty of time. Nobody wants either you or me; and we shall get home before any one misses us."

Nicie was glad enough to consent; they turned at once to the hill, and began climbing. But Nicie did not know this part of it nearly so well as that which lay between Glashruach and the cottage, and after they had climbed some distance, often stopping and turning to look down on the valley below, the prospect of which, with its streams and river, kept still widening and

changing as they ascended, they arrived at a place where the path grew very doubtful, and she could not tell in which of two directions they ought to go.

"I'll take this way, and you take that, Nicie," said Ginevra, "and if I find there is no path my way, I will come back to yours; and if you find there is no path your way, you will come back to mine."

It was a childish proposal, and one to which Nicie should not have consented, but she was little more than a child herself. Advancing a short distance in doubt, and the path reappearing quite plainly, she sat down, expecting her little mistress to return directly. No thought of anxiety crossed her mind: how should one, in broad sunlight, on a mountain-side, in the first of summer, and with the long day before them? So, there sitting in peace, Nicie fell into a maidenly reverie, and so there Nicie sat for a long time, half dreaming in the great light, without once really thinking about anything. All at once she came to herself: some latent fear had exploded in her heart: yes! what could have become of her little mistress? She jumped to her feet, and shouted "Missie! Missie Galbraith! Ginnie!" but no answer came back. The mountain was as still as a midnight. She ran to the spot where they had parted, and along the other path: it was plainer than that where she had been so idly forgetting herself. She hurried on, wildly calling as she ran.

In the mean time Ginevra, having found the path so indubitable, and imagining it led straight to the door of Nicie's mother's cottage, and that Nicie would be after her in a moment, thinking also to have a bit of fun with her, set off dancing and running so fast, that by the time Nicie came to herself, she was a good mile from her. What a delight it was to be thus alone upon the grand mountain! with the earth banished so far below, and the great rocky heap climbing and leading and climbing up and up towards the sky!

Ginny was not in the way of thinking much about God. Little had been taught her concerning him, and nothing almost that was pleasant to meditate upon—nothing that she could hide in her heart, and be dreadfully glad about when she lay alone in her little bed, listening to the sound of the burn that ran under her window. But there was in her soul a large wilderness ready for the voice that should come crying to prepare the way of the king.

The path was after all a mere sheep-track, and led her at length into a lonely hollow in the hillside, with a swampy peat-

bog at the bottom of it. She stopped. The place looked unpleasant, reminding her of how she always felt when she came unexpectedly upon Angus MacPholp. She would go no further alone; she would wait till Nicie overtook her. It must have been just in such places that the people possessed with devils — only Miss Machar always made her read the word, *demons* — ran about! As she thought thus, a lone-hearted bird uttered a single, wailing cry, strange to her ear. The cry remained solitary, unanswered, and then first suddenly she felt that there was nobody there but herself, and the feeling had in it a pang of uneasiness. But she was a brave child; nothing frightened her much except her father: she turned and went slowly back to the edge of the hollow: Nicie must by this time be visible.

In her haste and anxiety, however, Nicie had struck into another sheep-track, and was now higher up the hill; so that Ginny could see no living thing nearer than in the valley below: far down there — and it was some comfort, in the desolation that now began to invade her — she saw upon the road, so distant that it seemed motionless, a cart with a man in it, drawn by a white horse. Never in her life before had she felt that she was alone. She had often felt lonely, but she had always known where to find the bodily presence of somebody. Now she might cry and scream the whole day, and nobody answer! Her heart swelled into her throat, then sank away, leaving a wide hollow. It was so eerie! But Nicie would soon come, and then all would be well.

She sat down on a stone, where she could see the path she had come a long way back. But "*never and never*" did any Nicie appear. At last she began to cry. This process with Ginny was a very slow one, and never brought her much relief. The tears would mount into her eyes, and remain there, little pools of Baca, a long time before the crying went any further. But with time the pools would grow deeper, and swell larger, and at last, when they had become two huge little lakes, the larger from the slowness of their gathering, two mighty tears would tumble over the edges of their embankments, and roll down her white mournful cheeks. This time many more followed, and her eyes were fast becoming fountains, when all at once a verse she had heard the Sunday before at church seemed to come of itself into her head: "Call upon me in the time of trouble and I will answer thee."

LIVING AGE. VOL. XXV. 1255

It must mean that she was to ask God to help her: was that the same as saying prayers? But she wasn't good, and he wouldn't hear anybody that wasn't good. Then, if he was only the God of the good people, what was to become of the rest when they were lost on mountains? She had better try; it could not do much harm. Even if he would not hear her, he would not surely be angry with her for calling upon him when she was in such trouble. So thinking, she began to pray to what dim distorted reflection of God there was in her mind. They alone pray to the real God, the maker of the heart that prays, who know his son Jesus. If our prayers were heard only in accordance with the idea of God to which we seem to ourselves to pray, how miserably would our infinite wants be met! But every honest cry, even if sent into the deaf ear of an idol, passes on to the ears of the unknown God, the heart of the unknown Father.

"O God, help me home again," cried Ginevra, and stood up in her great loneliness to return.

The same instant she spied, seated upon a stone, a little way off, but close to her path, the beast-boy. There could be no mistake. He was just as she had heard him described by the children at the game-keeper's cottage. That was his hair sticking all out from his head, though the sun in it made it look like a crown of gold or a shining mist. Those were his bare arms, and that was dreadful indeed! Bare legs and feet she was used to; but bare arms! Worst of all, making it absolutely certain he was the beast-boy, he was playing upon a curious kind of whistling thing, making dreadfully sweet music to entice her nearer that he might catch her and tear her to pieces! Was this the answer God sent to the prayer she had offered in her sore need — the beast-boy? She asked him for protection and deliverance, and here was the beast-boy! She asked him to help her home, and there, right in the middle of her path, sat the beast-boy, waiting for her! Well, it was just like what they said about him on Sundays in the churches, and in the books Miss Machar made her read! But the horrid creature's music should not have any power over her! She would rather run down to the black water, glooming in those holes, and be drowned, than the beast-boy should have her to eat!

Most girls would have screamed, but such was not Ginny's natural mode of meeting a difficulty. With fear, she was far more likely to choke than to cry out.

So she sat down again and stared at him. Perhaps he would go away when he found he could not entice her. He did not move, but kept playing on his curious instrument. Perhaps, by returning into the hollow, she could make a circuit, and so pass him, lower down the hill. She rose at once and ran.

Now Gibbie had seen her long before she saw him, but, from experience, was afraid of frightening her. He had therefore drawn gradually near, and sat as if unaware of her presence. Treating her as he would a bird with which he wanted to make better acquaintance, he would have her get accustomed to the look of him before he made advances. But when he saw her run in the direction of the swamp, knowing what a dangerous place it was, he was terrified, sprung to his feet, and darted off to get between her and the danger. She heard him coming like the wind at her back, and whether from bewilderment, or that she did intend throwing herself into the water to escape him, instead of pursuing her former design, she made straight for the swamp. But was the beast-boy ubiquitous? As she approached the place, there he was, on the edge of a great hole half full of water, as if he had been sitting there for an hour! Was he going to drown her in that hole? She turned again, and ran towards the descent of the mountain. But there Gibbie feared a certain precipitous spot; and, besides, there was no path in that direction. So Ginevra had not run far before again she saw him right in her way. She threw herself on the ground in despair, and hid her face. After thus hunting her as a cat might a mouse, or a lion a man, what could she look for but that he would pounce upon her, and tear her to pieces? Fearfully expectant of the horrible grasp, she lay breathless. But nothing came. Still she lay, and still nothing came. Could it be that she was dreaming? In dreams generally the hideous thing never arrived. But she dared not look up. She lay and lay, weary and still, with the terror slowly ebbing away out of her. At length to her ears came a strange sweet voice of singing — such a sound as she had never heard before. It seemed to come from far away: what if it should be an angel God was sending in answer after all to her prayer, to deliver her from the beast-boy! He would of course want some time to come, and certainly no harm had happened to her yet. The sound grew and grew, and came nearer and nearer. But although it was song, she could distinguish no vowel-

melody in it, nothing but a tone-melody, a crooning, as it were, ever upon one vowel in a minor key. It came quite near at length, and yet even then had something of the far-away sound left in it. It was like the wind of a summer night inside a great church bell in a deserted tower. It came close, and ceased suddenly, as if, like a lark, the angel ceased to sing the moment he lighted. She opened her eyes and looked up. Over her stood the beast-boy, gazing down upon her! Could it really be the beast-boy? If so, then he was fascinating her, to devour her the more easily, as she had read of snakes doing to birds; but she could not believe it. Still — she could not take her eyes off him — that was certain. But no marvel! From under a great crown of reddish gold, looked out two eyes of heaven's own blue, and through the eyes looked out something that dwells behind the sky and every blue thing. What if the angel, to try her, had taken to himself the form of the beast-boy? No beast-boy could sing like what she had heard, or look like what she now saw! She lay motionless, flat on the ground, her face turned sideways upon her hands, and her eyes fixed on the heavenly vision. Then a curious feeling began to wake in her of having seen him before — somewhere, ever so long ago — and that sight of him as well as this had to do with misery — with something that made a stain that would not come out. Yes — it was the very face, only larger, and still sweeter, of the little naked child whom Angus had so cruelly lashed! That was ages ago, but she had not forgotten, and never could forget either the child's back, or the lovely innocent white face that he turned round upon her. If it was indeed he, perhaps he would remember her. In any case, she was now certain he would not hurt her.

While she looked at him thus, Gibbie's face grew grave: seldom was his face grave when fronting the face of a fellow-creature, but now he too was remembering, and trying to recollect: as through a dream of sickness and pain he saw a face like the one before him, yet not the same.

Ginevra recollected first, and a sweet slow diffident smile crept like a dawn up from the depth of her underworld to the sky of her face, but settled in her eyes, and made two stars of them. Then rose the very sun himself in Gibbie's, and flashed a full response of daylight — a smile that no woman, girl or matron, could mistrust. From brow to chin his face was radiant. The sun of this world had made

his nest in his hair, but the smile below it seemed to dim the aureole he wore. Timidly yet trustingly Ginevra took one hand from under her cheek, and stretched it up to him. He clasped it gently. She moved, and he helped her to rise.

"I've lost Nicie," she said.

Gibbie nodded, but did not look concerned.

"Nicie is my maid," said Ginevra.

Gibbie nodded several times. He knew who Nicie was rather better than her mistress.

"I left her away back there, a long long time ago, and she has never come to me," she said.

Gibbie gave a shrill loud whistle that startled her. In a few seconds, from somewhere unseen, a dog came bounding to him over stones and heather. How he spoke to the dog, or what he told him to do, she had not an idea; but the next instant Oscar was rushing along the path she had come, and was presently out of sight. So full of life was Gibbie, so quick and decided was his every motion, so full of expression his every glance and smile, that she had not yet begun to wonder he had not spoken; indeed she was hardly yet aware of the fact. She knew him now for a mortal, but, just as it had been with Donal and his mother, he continued to affect her as a creature of some higher world, come down on a mission of goodwill to men. At the same time she had, oddly enough, a feeling as if the beast-boy were still somewhere not far off, held aloof only by the presence of the angel who had assumed his shape.

Gibbie took her hand, and led her towards the path she had left; she yielded without a movement of question. But he did not lead her far in that direction; he turned to the left up the mountain. It grew wilder as they ascended. But the air was so thin and invigorating, the changes so curious and interesting, as now they skirted the edge of a precipitous rock, now scrambled up the steepest of paths by the help of the heather that nearly closed over it, and the reaction of relief from the terror she had suffered so exciting, that she never for a moment felt tired. Then they went down the side of a little burn—a torrent when the snow was dissolving and even now a good stream, whose dance and song delighted her: it was the same, as she learned afterwards, to whose song under her window she listened every night in bed, trying in vain to make out the melted tune. Ever after she knew this, it seemed, as she lis-

tened, to come straight from the mountain to her window, with news of the stars and the heather and the sheep. They crossed the burn and climbed the opposite bank. Then Gibbie pointed, and there was the cottage, and there was Nicie coming up the path to it, with Oscar bounding before her! The dog was merry, but Nicie was weeping bitterly. They were a good way off, with another larger burn between; but Gibbie whistled, and Oscar came flying to him. Nicie looked up, gave a cry, and like a sheep to her lost lamb came running.

"Oh, missie!" she said, breathless, as she reached the opposite bank of the burn, and her tone had more than a touch of sorrowful reproach in it, "what garred ye rin awa'?"

"There *was* a road, Nicie, and I thought you would come after me."

"I was a muckle geese, missie; but eh! I'm glaid I hae gotten ye. Come awa' an' see my mother."

"Yes, Nicie. We'll tell her all about it. You see I haven't got a mother to tell, so I will tell yours."

From that hour Nicie's mother was a mother to Ginny as well.

"Anither o' 's lambs to feed!" she said to herself.

If a woman be a mother she may have plenty of children.

Never before had Ginny spent such a happy day, drunk such milk as Crummie's, or eaten such cakes as Janet's. She saw no more of Gibbie; the moment she was safe, he and Oscar were off again to the sheep, for Robert was busy cutting peats that day, and Gibbie was in sole charge. Eager to know about him, Ginevra gathered all that Janet could tell of his story, and in return told the little she had seen of it, which was the one dreadful point.

"Is he a good boy, Mistress Grant," she asked.

"The best boy ever I kenned—better nor my ain Donal, an' he was the best afore him," answered Janet.

Ginny gave a little sigh, and wished she were good.

"Whan saw ye Donal?" asked Janet of Nicie.

"No this lang time—no sin' I was here last," answered Nicie, who did not now get home so often as the rest.

"I was thinkin'," returned her mother, "ye sud 'maist see him noo frae the back o' the muckle hoose; for he was tellin' me he was wi' the nowt i' the new meadow upo' the Lorrie bank, 'at missie's papa boucht frae Jeames Glass."

"Ow, is he there?" said Nicie. "I'll maybe get sicht, gien I dinna get word o' 'im. He cam ance to the kitchen-door to see me, but Mistress MacFarlane wadna lat him in. She wad hae nae loons comin' about the place, she said. I said 'at hoo he was my brither. She said, says she, that was naething to her, an she wad hae no brithers. My sister nicht come whiles, she said, gien she camna ower aften; but lasses had naething to dee wi' brithers. Wha was to tell wha was or wha wasna my brither? I tellt her 'at a' my brithers was weel kenned for douce laads; an' she tellt me to haud my tongue, an no speyk up; an' I cud hae jist gien her a guid clot o' the lug — I was that angert wi' her."

"She'll be soary for't some day," said Janet, with a quiet smile; "an' what a body's sure to be soary for, ye may as weel forgie them at ance."

"Hoo ken ye, mither, she'll be soary for't?" asked Nicie, not very willing to forgie Mistress MacFarlane.

"Cause the Maister says 'at we'll hae to pey the uttermost fardin'. There's naebody'll be latten aff. We maun dee oor neiper richt."

"But nichtna the Maister himsel' forgie her?" suggested Nicie, a little puzzled.

"Lassie," said her mother solemnly, "ye dinna surely think 'at the Lord's forgi-fness is to lat fowk aff ohn repentit? That wad be a strange fawvour to grant them! He winna hurt mair nor he can help; but the grue (*horror*) maun mak w'y for the grace. I'm sure it was sae when I gied you yer whups, lass. I'll no say about some o' the first o' ye, for at that time I didna ken sae weel what I was about, an' was mair angert whiles nor there was ony occasion for — tuik my beam to dang their motes. I hae been sair tribled about it, mony's the time."

"Eh, mither!" said Nicie, shocked at the idea of her reproaching herself about anything concerning her children, "I'm weel sure there's no ane o' them wad think, no to say *say*, sic a thing."

"I daursay ye're richt there, lass. I think whiles a woman's bairns are like the God they cam frae — aye ready to forgie her ony thing."

Ginevra went home with a good many things to think about.

From The Nineteenth Century.
DOGMA, REASON, AND MORALITY.

BY W. H. MALLOCK.

I TRIED, in the October number of this review,* to point out the fallacy that vitiates all our positive thought, in all its dealings with things religious and spiritual. I tried to show that its supposed destructive power resides not in it, but in something from without, that we ourselves supply it with; and that all its fabric of proofs would, in this connection, have no meaning whatsoever, if we did not base them on an axiom which not only we can never prove, but which implicitly we nearly all deny. That axiom is that nothing is true, or that at any rate we can be sure of nothing which is not supported by some objective proof, or which, in other words, can be denied without absurdity. I urged upon those who would be on the side of faith, that their opponents are probably quite correct in their main conclusion. Of the existence of a soul, a God, or of anything high or holy, no proof is yielded us by the physical universe. But I urged, on the other hand, that such a want of proof does not itself prove anything, unless we are already fore-determined that for us it shall do so. That scientific methods can discover no trace of God, is a fact of little import to us, unless we have first convinced ourselves that scientific methods are the only methods of discovery. Do we really hold this, or do we not hold it? That is the real question. If we do hold it, there is little more to be said. The rest, it is daily becoming plainer to us, is a very simple process; and our reasoning on religious matters will amount henceforth to this. There is no supernatural, because everything is natural; there is no spirit, because everything is matter; there is no air, because everything is earth; or, there is no fire, because everything is water; or, a rose has no smell, because our eyes cannot detect any.

Such, in its simplest form, is the so-called argument of modern materialism. Argument, however, it is quite plain it is not. It is a simple dogmatic statement, that can give no logical account of itself, and must trust, for its acceptance, to the world's vague sense of its fitness. The modern world, it is true, has mistaken it for an argument, and has been cowed by it accordingly; but the mistake is a simple one, and can be readily accounted for. The dogmatism of denial was formerly a

* LIVING AGE, No. 1796, p. 410.

sort of crude rebellion, inconsistent with itself, and vulnerable in a thousand places. Nature, as then known, was, to all who could weigh the wonder of it, a thing inexplicable without some supernatural agency. Indeed, marks of such an agency seemed to meet men everywhere. But now all this has changed. Step by step science has been unravelling the tangle, and has loosened with its human fingers the knots that once seemed *deo digni vindice*. It has enabled us to see in nature a complete machine, needing no aid from without. It has made a conception of things rational and coherent that was formerly absurd and arbitrary. Science has done all this; but this is all that it has done. The dogmatism of denial it has left as it found it, an unverified and unverifiable assertion. It has simply made this dogmatism consistent with itself. But in doing this, as men will soon come to see, it has done a great deal more than its chief masters bargained for. Nature, as explained by science, is nothing more than a vast automaton; and man with all his ways and works is simply a part of nature, and can, by no device of thought, be detached from or set above it. He is as absolutely automatic as a tree is, or as a flower is; and is as incapable as a tree or flower of any spiritual responsibility or significance. Here we see the real limits of science. It will explain the facts of life to us, it is true, but it will not explain the value that hitherto we have attached to them. Is that solemn value a fact or fancy? As far as proof goes, we can answer either way. We have two simple and opposite statements set against each other, between which argument will give us no help in choosing, and between which the only arbiter is the common judgment of mankind. What shall our judgment be?

Now I am addressing those at present, as I have said already, who, on this point at any rate, have made their minds up. The moral value of life for them is not a fancy, though it may be a thing often that they find hard to realize. The dignity of man and his spiritual nature is for them not a dream. Faith, purity, and endurance are not names only; and affection has some abiding meaning even though given in vain. Such a belief, in times like these, it is true may have grown dim to them; but it is obscured only, and they know that it is not quenched, and it still makes a light for them upon the clouds that hide it. What I have tried to make evident to such men as these is the absolute dualism that their conception of life necessitates; and I have tried to show how sci-

ence, so far from removing this dualism, has only made its necessity more imperious and apparent. Once let us deal with virtue, and we are moving in a spiritual world — a world as different from the material world as a wine is from the cup that holds it — a supernatural order of things that does not destroy the natural, but which literally is *fulfilling* it. Further I pointed out this — that not only is this supernatural order distinct from the natural, but is also in contrast to it. The conceptions that underlie the two are absolutely opposed to each other. The one is the uniformity of nature; the other is the freedom of the will. Lastly, I urged more in detail how necessarily miraculous is the operation of this will in matter — a worker of daily miracles in all its homeliest manifestations — and how, if we give our faith to these, there is no reason but the lack of historical evidence why we should not give our faith to others.

Thus far, then, the position of my readers will be this. They start as moral beings with a belief in a spiritual world, in which freedom of the will, and consequent responsibility, are the primary conceptions; and a daily visible and miraculous action on the material world is the sign of its reality. Now, in this stage, what is their condition? It is essentially an incomplete one, and one in which reason will not allow them to remain. Life weighs upon them with a vague solemnity, formless, aimless, and inexplicable. Their fears seem groundless, and their hopes without an object. Reason analyzes this vague sense of solemnity, and discovers in it a complete natural theism — a God to be gained or lost, and a future life for this loss or gain to be completed in. Once give us the moral sense, and reason, if applied continuously, will as surely develop from it these articles of faith, as a hen, if she sits long enough, will hatch a chicken from an egg. In my former papers I have tried to explain this fully; but I now suppose that my readers will take thus much for granted, and not this only, but something more than this. I not only suppose them to be would-be theists, but would-be believers also in some definite form of orthodoxy. But somehow they find they cannot be what they would be. The assents that all religion, and still more that all orthodoxy, demands of them, seem, when fully thought out, to be self-contradictory and impossible; and though at first they feel that they cannot do without them, they end by feeling also that they can as little do with them. They are de-

terminated to retain their spiritual world, it is true, but they find that it is a world of bewilderment; they are baffled perpetually in trying to reduce it to order; and the difficulties that beset them seem every day increasing in clearness. Let them see never so plainly that science cannot take away God from them, that it still leaves them free if they will, to believe in him: it seems getting clearer to them and yet more clear that the conception of a God is a conception inconsistent with itself, and destructive of those very moral feelings to which they hoped it would give meaning and shelter. This is true even of natural religion in its haziest and most compliant form; to any form of orthodoxy it applies with a double force; and if orthodoxy stands and falls, as it must, with some special alleged history of itself, not only do our clearer moral perceptions stand in our way, but our enlarged historical knowledge also.

These difficulties are very real and very great ones; and I propose, though necessarily in a very imperfect way, to estimate their value. I have shown already that, if there be a moral world at all, our knowledge of nature contains nothing inconsistent with theism. I have now to inquire how far theism is inconsistent with our conception of the moral world, and an adherence to any exclusive form of it inconsistent with our knowledge of the world's past history.

In treating these difficulties, it will be well to begin with the primary and most universal ones — those that lie on the threshold of the matter, and which apply to all religion as well as to any special form of it. Then we will pass on to its special forms, and inquire how, morally and historically, our difficulties are increased by our selection of one of these forms as the sole embodiment of truth.

To begin then with the great primary difficulties: these, though they take various forms, can all, in the last resort, be reduced to two — the existence of evil in the face of the power of God, and the freedom of man's will in the face of the will of God. And what I shall try to make plain with respect to them is this — that they are not difficulties that are due to theism, nor by abandoning theism can we in any way escape from them. They start into being not with the conception of God, but with the conception of virtue, and are common to all systems in which the worth of virtue is recognized.

The vulgar view of the matter cannot be better stated than in the following ac-

count by J. S. Mill of the anti-religious reasonings of his father. He looked upon religion, says his son, "as the greatest enemy of morality: first, by setting up fictions excellences — belief in creeds, devotional feelings, and ceremonies, not connected with the good of humankind, and causing them to be accepted as substitutes for genuine virtues; *but above all* by radically vitiating the standard of morals, making it consist in doing the will of a being, on whom, indeed, it lavishes all the phrases of adulation, but whom, in sober truth, it depicts as eminently hateful. I have a hundred times heard him say that *all ages and nations have represented their gods as wicked* in a constantly increasing progression; that mankind had gone on adding trait after trait, till they reached the most perfect expression of wickedness which the human mind can devise, and have called this God, and prostrated themselves before it. This *ne plus ultra* of wickedness he considered to be embodied in what is commonly presented to mankind as the creed of Christianity. Think (he used to say) of a being who would make a hell — who would create the human race with the infallible foreknowledge, and therefore with the intention, that the great majority of them should be consigned to horrible and everlasting torment." James Mill, adds his son, knew quite well that Christians were not, in fact, as demoralized by this monstrous creed as, if they were logically consistent, they ought to be. "The same slovenliness of thought (he said) and subjection of the reason to fears, wishes, and affections, which enable them to accept a theory involving a contradiction in terms, prevent them from perceiving the logical consequence of the theory."

Now, in spite of its vulgar and exaggerated acrimony, this passage doubtless expresses a great truth, which presently I shall go on to consider. But it contains also a very characteristic falsehood, of which we must first divest it. God is here represented as *making* a hell, with the express intention of forcibly putting men into it, and his main hatefulness consists in this capricious and wanton cruelty. Such a representation is, however, an essentially false one. It is not only not true to the true Christian teaching, but it is absolutely opposed to it. The God of Christianity does not *make* hell; still less does he deliberately put men into it. It is made by men themselves, and the essence of its torment consists in the loss of God. And those that lose him, lose him by their

own act, from having deliberately made themselves incapable of loving him. All this rhetoric, therefore, about God's malevolence and wickedness, is entirely beside the point. God never wills the death of the sinner. It is to the sinner's own will that the sinner's death is due. The real difficulty that J. Mill indicates is this: how can an infinite will, that rules everywhere, find room for a finite will, not in harmony with itself? Whilst, in the remainder of the passage, what is really aimed at is the existence of those evil conditions by which the finite will, in addition to its own weakness, is yet further hampered and degraded.

Here, it is quite true, are great difficulties. But they are intellectual difficulties, be it observed, not moral. Mill truly says they involve a contradiction in terms; but they only involve this contradiction because, in spite of all the wickedness existent, the author of all existence is affirmed to be not wicked. Nor is Mill right again in saying that the admission of this contradiction is due to "slovenliness of thought." Theology accepts it with its eyes wide open, making no attempt to explain the inexplicable; and the human will it treats in the same way. It makes no attempt to clear up everything, or to enable thought to put a girdle round the universe. It avows boldly that its primary axioms are unthinkable. What shall it say, then, when assailed by the rational moralist? It will show him simply that he is in the same condition; and that, let him give his morality what base he will, he cannot conceive of things without the same contradiction in terms. If good be a thing of any spiritual value — if it be, in other words, what every moral system supposes it to be — that good can coexist with evil is just as unthinkable as that God can. The value of moral good is supposed to lie in this — that by it we are put *en rapport* with something that is better than ourselves — some "stream of tendency," let us say, "that makes for righteousness." But if this stream of tendency be not a personal God, what is it? Is it nature? Nature is open to just the same objection that God is. Nature is equally guilty of all the evil that is contained in it. Is it truth — pure truth for its own sake? As little can it be that. For truth, so far as it transcends ourselves, is nothing for the non-theist but a knowledge of the ways of nature; and nature is a thing that, if we apply any moral epithets to it at all, or make it the object of any moral feelings, is even more incapable than a God of be-

ing logically conceived of as good. With what, then, is it that goodness brings us into harmony? Is it with human nature, as opposed to nature? — man, as distinct from and holier than any individual men? Of all substitutes for God, this at first sight seems the most promising, or at any rate the most practical. But it will be very soon apparent that it involves equally the same inconsistency, the same contradiction of terms. The fact of moral evil still confronts us, and the humanity to which we lift up our hearts is still taxable with that. But perhaps we separate the good in humanity from the evil, and only worship the former as struggling to get free from the latter. This, however, will be of little help to us. If what we call humanity is nothing but the good part of it, we can only vindicate its goodness at the expense of its strength. Evil is at least an equal match for it, and in most of the battles hitherto it is evil that has been victorious. But to conceive of good in this way is really to destroy our conception of it. Goodness is in itself an incomplete notion; it is but one facet of a figure which, approached from other sides, appears to us as eternity, as omnipresence, and, above all, as supreme strength; and to reduce goodness to nothing but the higher part of humanity — to make it a wavering fitful flame that continually sinks and flickers, that at its best can but blaze for a while, and at its brightest can throw no light beyond this paltry parish of a world — is to deprive it of its whole meaning and hold on us. Or again, even were this not so, and could we believe, and be strengthened by believing, that the good in humanity would one day gain the victory, and that some higher future, which even we might anticipate by preparing, was in store for the human race, would our conception of the matter then be any more harmonious? As we surveyed our race as a whole, would its brighter future ever do away with its past? Would not the depth and the darkness of the shadow grow more portentous as the light grew brighter? And would not man's history strike more clearly on us as the ghastly embodiment of a vast injustice? But it may be said that the sorrows of the past will hereafter be dead and done with; that evil will literally be as though it had never been. Well, and so in a short time will the good likewise; and if we are ever to think lightly of the world's sinful and sorrowful past, we shall have to think equally lightly of its sinless and cheerful future.

Let us now come to two secondary

points. Opponents of theism, or at any rate of the Christian forms of it, are perpetually attacking it for its theories of a future life. Eternal rewards and punishments are to them irremovable stumbling-blocks. A future life of happiness they think a foolish promise, because they cannot conceive how they could be amused or occupied anywhere but on this earth; and a future life of misery they think a brutal and an unworthy threat. And these objections are certainly quite valid ones. If we believe in heaven, we believe in something that the imagination fails to grasp. If we believe in hell, we believe in something that our moral sense revolts at. And though hell may be nothing more than the conscious loss of God, and though those that lose him may have made their own hell for themselves, nevertheless, if this loss be eternal, we must still believe that there will be an eternal discord in the sum of things that will never be done away with. From these difficulties it is impossible to escape. All we can do here, as in the former case, is to show that they are not peculiar to the doctrines they are commonly said to be due to, but are equally inseparable from any of the proposed substitutes. If we condemn a belief in heaven because, as Mr. Harrison says, heaven is unthinkable, we must for just the same reason condemn a Utopia on earth, which is the thing we are now told we ought to hope for instead of it. A Utopia on earth is perfectly unimaginable, as all the attempts made to describe one might be enough to indicate; and this inability to imagine it is far more conclusive against it than in the case of heaven, for heaven is a place which is, *ex hypothesi*, full of unknown resources, whereas the resources of life on earth can never be much greater than we at present know them to be. In the next place, as to the eternity of punishment, we may certainly here get rid of one difficulty by adopting the doctrine of a final restitution. But, though one difficulty will be thus got rid of, another equally great will take its place. Our moral sense, it is true, will no more be shocked by the conception of an eternal discord in things, but we shall be confronted by a fatalism that will allow to us no moral being at all. If we shall all reach the same place in the end — if inevitably we shall all do so — it is quite plain that our freedom to choose in the matter is a freedom that is apparent only. Mr. Leslie Stephen, it seems, sees this clearly enough. Once give morality its spiritual and supernatural meaning, and there is, he holds, “some underlying logical

necessity which binds [a belief in hell] indissolubly with the primary articles of the faith.” Such a system of retribution, he adds, is “created spontaneously” by the “conscience.” “Heaven and hell are corollaries that rise and fall together. . . . Whatever the meaning of *αἰώνιος*, the *fearful* emotion which is symbolized is eternal or independent of time, by the same right as the *ecstatic* emotion.” He sees this clearly enough; but the strange thing is that he does not see the converse. He sees that the Christian conception of morality necessitates the affirmation of hell. He does not see that the denial of hell is the denial of Christian morality, and that in calling the former a dream, he does not call the latter a dream likewise.

Here, then, is the point that I am trying to make evident — not that theism, with its attendant doctrines, presents us with no difficulties, necessitates no baffling contradictions in terms, and confronts us with no terrible and piteous spectacles, but that all this is not peculiar to theism. It is not the price we pay for rising from morality to religion. It is the price we pay for rising from the natural to the supernatural. Once double the sum of things by adding this second world to it, and it swells to such a size that our reason can no longer encircle it. We are torn this way and that by convictions, each of which is equally necessary, but each of which excludes the others. When we try to grasp them all at once, our mind is like a man tied to wild horses; or like Phaeton in the sun’s chariot, bewildered and powerless over the intractable and the terrible team. We can only recover our strength by a full confession of our weakness. We can only lay hold on the beliefs that we see to be needful, by asking faith to join hands with reason. If we refuse to do this, there is but one alternative. Without faith we can explain things if we will; but we must first make them not worth explaining. We can only think them out entirely by regarding them as something not worth thinking out at all.

That this is the real alternative is of course denied by many; and indeed of so momentous a fact it must take some time to make us fully conscious. But even now a suspicion of the truth of it is beginning to burn slowly through the clouds of scientific assertion to the contrary; and it may be worth while quoting, in confirmation of this, the words of a recent writer on the non-theistic side, as showing what to one, who regards natural science as the

sole road to the truth of things, things look like when his science has shown him all it can of them. "Never," says this writer, "in the history of man has so terrific a calamity befallen the race as that which all who look may now behold, advancing as a deluge, black with destruction, resistless in might, uprooting our most cherished hopes, engulfing our most precious creed, and burying our highest life in mindless desolation."*

The question before men now is, whether they will suffer their life to be thus desolated, or whether they will consent to save it by a sacrifice of reason to faith. Now those I am addressing at present are men who will not, come what may, allow their lives to be desolated. On that point I suppose them to be quite decided. They are firm believers in good; they desire to be believers in God; but they pause before making the intellectual sacrifices that the acceptance of this last belief necessitates. What I am urging on them is this — not that these sacrifices are not great, but that unconsciously they have already made them. What I have tried to explain thus far is that the difficulties in question are common to every theory of the moral sense that admits the moral sense to be what we are now supposing it; and therefore a certain sacrifice of reason is a thing we cannot escape from. I will now point out something more than this — the difficulties inherent, not in any theories about moral good, but in the very first conception of it, long before any theories have been felt to be required by us.

The very first belief that the conception of morality postulates is, as has been said already, a belief in free will, or, what is the same thing, responsibility for our conduct. Now let us consider the nature of this belief. When we speak of free will ordinarily, we know practically quite well what we mean by it. Its existence is presupposed habitually. It gives shape and color to our daily thoughts and feelings; it is implicit in our daily judgments on conduct, either of praise or blame. Everywhere in human society, everywhere in human emotion, in law, in language, in art, in poetry, we can see the belief of men in it written broad and plain and clear; and it would be idle to pretend that this belief had not for us a very powerful and a very practical meaning. Such is free will when looked at from a distance, and as embodied in the ways of the human race. But let us look

at it more closely, and see what happens then. Like a path seen at dusk across a moorland, plain and visible from a distance, but gradually fading before us the more near we draw to it, so will the conception of free will fade before the near inspection of reason, until at last, ceasing to be hazy, it becomes impossible; and instead of being doubtful of what we mean by it, we become convinced, so far as we trust to reason, that we cannot possibly have any meaning at all. Examined in this way, every act of our lives, all our choices and refusals, seem nothing but the necessary outcome of things that have gone before. It is true that between some actions the choice hangs at times so evenly, that our *will* may seem the one thing that at last turns the balance. But let us analyze the matter a little more carefully, and we shall see that there are a thousand microscopic motives, too small for us to be entirely conscious of, which, according to how they settle on us, will really decide the question. Nor shall we see only that this is so. Let us go a little further, and reason will tell us that it must be so. Were this not the case, there would have been an escape left for us. Though admitting that what controlled our actions could be nothing but the strongest motive, it might yet be contended that the will could intensify any motive it chose, and that thus motives really were only tools in its hands. But this does but postpone the difficulty, not solve it. We have thus secured, let us say, a place for free will to act in. But what is it when it comes to take its place? It is a something, we shall find, that our minds cannot give harbor to. It is a thing contrary to every analogy of nature. It is a thing which is forever causing, but which is in itself uncaused.

Such is free will when examined by the natural reason — a thing that fades away to haze first, and then into utter nothingness. And we feel convinced for the time that it really is nothing. Let us, however, but again retire to a distance, and the phantom which we thought we had exorcised reappears in an instant, as full of meaning and as full of force as ever. We again feel certain — more certain of this than of anything — that we are all of us free agents, free to choose and free to refuse; and in virtue of this freedom, and in virtue of this alone, are responsible for what we do and are. The circumstances in which we each one of us find ourselves are of course various, and have their special influence upon each of us. But the circumstances thus dealt out to us are but as a man's

* A Candid Examination of Theism. By Physicus. Trübner & Co., 1878.

hand at whist, which the will is conceived of as playing with, and making the best or worst of.

Let us consider this point well. Let us consider first how free will is a moral necessity; next how it is an intellectual impossibility; and lastly how, though it be impossible, we yet, in defiance of intellect, continue, as moral beings, to believe in it. Let us but once do this — and it is this that I suppose my readers to have done — and the difficulties offered us by theism will no longer stagger us. We shall be prepared for them, prepared not to drive them away, but to endure their presence. If in spite of my reason I can believe that my will is free, in spite of my reason I can believe that God is good. The latter belief is not nearly so hard as the former. The greatest stumbling-block in the moral world lies in the threshold by which to enter it. But it is not only by accustoming our mind to mysteries that a belief in human will prepares us for accepting theism. A part of the difficulties it diminishes actually as well as relatively. If we consider carefully what we mean by our own will, we shall grow to see something of what we mean by God, and that if his nature is inconceivable, so also is our own; whilst the question of how our free will can coexist with his, we shall see to be but a reduplication of the question of how our free will can exist at all.

Thus far I have been considering natural religion simply, and the objections that beset that; and I have tried to make it clear that if knowledge and exact thought do not take from us our conception of morality, neither they nor morality can take away from us such religion: or, in other words, let us have a spiritual conception of humanity, and we can at once rise from that to the conception of a God.

Let me then, at least for argument's sake, suppose my readers to be convinced of this. Let me suppose that their doubts are so far done away with, that they find themselves in the possession of a sincere natural theism. They have a God to pray to, a God's will to do, and another life to hope for, in which their natures may grow to fulness. But even this, they find, is not enough for them. Having thus much, they inevitably want more. A creed like this has excited more longings than it has satisfied, and raised more perplexities than it has set at rest. It is true that it has supplied them with a sufficient analysis of the worth they attach to life, and of the momentous issues attendant on the way in which they live it. But when they come

practically to have to choose their way, they find such religion is of little help to them. It never puts out a hand to lift or lead them. It is nothing more than an alluring voice, heard far off through a fog, and calling to them "Follow me;" but which leaves them in the fog to pick their own way out towards it, over rocks and streams and pitfalls, which they can but half distinguish, and amongst which they may either cripple or kill themselves, and are almost certain to grow bewildered.

There are doubtless some to whom the matter does not appear in this light; but the number to whom it does is certainly far larger. And even men of the former class, though such is not their view when they only regard themselves, can hardly help entertaining it if they regard the world in general. A purely natural theism, with no organ of human speech, and with no machinery for making its spirit articulate, never has ruled men, and, so far as we can see, never possibly can rule them. The choices which our life consists of are definite things. The rule which is to guide our choices must be something definite also. And here it is that natural theism fails. It may supply us with the major premiss, but it is vague and uncertain about the minor. It can tell us with sufficient emphasis that all vice is to be avoided; it is continually at a loss to tell us whether this thing or whether that thing is vicious. And this practical insufficiency of natural theism is borne witness to by the whole history of alleged revelation. For if a so-called revelation be not the express word of God, a belief in it all the more expresses the general need of men. If it does not represent the attainment of help, it at all events embodies the cry for it.

We shall understand this need of a revelation more clearly, if we consider one of its first essential characteristics — viz., an absolute infallibility — and the results that attend on rejecting the claim to this. Any supernatural religion that rejects this claim, it is clear can profess to be a semi-revelation only. It is a hybrid thing, partly supernatural and partly natural; and it has thus the radical weakness of a religion that is wholly natural. In so far as it professes to be revealed, it of course professes to be infallible; but if the revealed part be ambiguous, if it may mean many things, and many of these contradictory, it might just as well have never been made at all. To make it in any sense an infallible revelation *to us*, we need a power to interpret the testament,

that shall have an equal authority with that testament itself.

It has taken a long time for men to realize this; but it cannot be doubted that the fact is becoming now more clear to them. The history of Protestantism is a growing demonstration of it. To some minds the true nature of the Protestant movement was long ago apparent; but it has only lately become clear to the general apprehension. Long ago it was seen by some that that movement was really neither the restorer of a corrupted creed, nor the corruptor of a pure creed; but that logically and essentially it was the solvent of all creeds whatever, and that, when it had come to maturity, its essential nature would be visible. And now that time has come. Let us look at England, Europe, and America, and consider the condition of the entire Protestant world. Religion, it is true, we may still find in it; but it is religion from which the supernatural element is fast disappearing, and in which the natural element is fast becoming nebulous. It has grown indeed, as Mr. Stephen says, into a religion of dreams. All its doctrines are as vague as dreams, and like dreams their outlines are forever changing. Day by day they are becoming more and more inconstant; and more than this, they are day by day evaporating. Mr. Stephen has pitched on a very happy illustration of this, which may be yet fresh in the memories of many of us. It bears on the doctrine of future punishment, and the way in which this has been treated by our modern Protestant speculators.

Canon Farrar [says Mr. Stephen] has lately published a set of sermons upon "Our Eternal Hope," which have been criticised by the representatives of various shades of Christian opinion in the *Contemporary Review*. It is barely possible with the best intentions to take such a discussion seriously. Boswell tells us how a lady interrogated Dr. Johnson as to the nature of the spiritual body. She seemed desirous, he adds, "of knowing more; but he left the subject in obscurity." We smile at Boswell's evident impression that Johnson could, if he had chosen, have dispelled the darkness. When we find a number of educated gentlemen seriously inquiring as to the conditions of existence in the next world, we feel that they are sharing Boswell's *naïveté* without his excuse. What can any human being outside a pulpit say upon such a subject which does not amount to a confession of ignorance, coupled, it may be, with more or less suggestive of shadowy hopes and fears? Have the secrets of the prison-house really been revealed to Canon Farrar or Mr. Beresford Hope? . . . When men search into the unknowable, they naturally arrive at very dif-

ferent results. There are, according to Canon Farrar, four different forms of creed within the Christian Church.

And thus, Mr. Stephen adds, not without justice, if we are to judge Christianity from such discussions as these, its doctrines of heaven and hell will all be seen to be melting away into "dreamland;" and it will be plain, he says (I have quoted these words before), "that the impertinent young curate who tells me I shall be burned everlastingly for not sharing his superstition is just as ignorant as I am myself, and that I know as much as my dog."

Mr. Stephen here draws his conclusion from the fate of one Protestant doctrine; but he might draw the same conclusion from all, for the whole body of them is in precisely the same state. The divinity of Christ, the nature of his atonement, the constitution of the Trinity, the efficacy of the sacraments, the inspiration of the Bible—all the old doctrines upon these points are getting as vague and wavering, as weak and as compliant to the caprice of each individual thinker, as the doctrine of eternal punishment. And it is evident that Mr. Stephen and the critics of his school are perfectly right in the moral they draw from the spectacle.

But there is one fact that they apparently all forget—I refer mainly now to such critics in our own country—that Protestant Christianity is not the only form of it. They have still the Church of Rome to deal with, which is Christianity in its oldest, its most legitimate, and its most coherent form. They surely cannot forget her existence or her magnitude. To suppose this would be to attribute to them too insular, or rather too provincial, an ignorance. The cause, however, certainly is ignorance, and an ignorance which, though less surprising, is far deeper. In this country the popular conception of Rome has been so distorted by our familiarity with Protestantism, that the true conception of her is something quite strange to us. Our divines have exhibited her to us as though she were a lapsed Protestant sect, and they have attacked her for being false to doctrines that were never really hers. They have failed to see that the first and essential difference which separates her from them lies not primarily in any special dogma, but in the authority on which all her dogmas rest. Protestants, basing their religion on the Bible solely, have conceived that Catholics of course profess to do so likewise; they have covered them with invective for being traitors to their supposed profession, and have

triumphantly convicted them of contradicting principles that they always repudiated. The Church's primary doctrine is her own perpetual infallibility. She is inspired by the same Spirit that inspired the Bible, and her voice is, equally with the Bible, the voice of God. This, however, which is really her primary doctrine, popular Protestantism either ignores altogether, or treats it as if it were a modern superstition, which, so far from being essential to the whole Church's system, is, on the contrary, inconsistent with it. Looked at in this way, Rome to the Protestant's mind has seemed naturally to be a mass of superstitions and dishonesties; and it is this view of her that, strangely enough, our modern advanced thinkers have accepted without question. Though they have trusted the Protestants in nothing else, they have trusted them here. They have taken the Protestant's word for it that Protestantism is more reasonable than Romanism; and they think, therefore, that if they have destroyed the former, *a fortiori* have they destroyed the latter.*

No conception of the matter, however, could be more false than this. To whatever criticism the Catholic position may be open, it is certainly not thus included in Protestantism, nor is it reached through it. Let us try and consider the matter a little more truly. Let us grant all that hostile criticism can say against Protestantism as a supernatural religion: in other words, let us set it aside altogether. Let us suppose nothing, to start with, in the world but a natural moral sense, and a simple natural theism; and let us then see the relation of the Church of Rome to that. Approached in this way, the religious world will appear to us as a body of natural theists, all agreeing that they must do God's will, but differing widely amongst themselves as to what his will and his nature are. Their moral and religious views will be equally vague and dreamlike—more dreamlike even than those of the Protestant world at present. Their theories as to the future will be but "shadowy hopes and fears." Their practice, in the present, will vary from asceticism to the

* It is difficult on any other supposition to account for the marked fact that hardly any of our English rationalists have criticised Christianity, except as presented to them in a form essentially Protestant; and that a large proportion of their criticisms are solely applicable to this. It is amusing, too, to observe how, to men of often such really wide minds, all theological authority is represented by curates, clergymen, and other Anglican dignitaries. Mr. Matthew Arnold, for instance, seems to think that the whole cause of revealed religion stands and falls with the present Bishop of Gloucester.

widest license. And yet, in spite of all this confusion and difference, there will be amongst them a vague tendency to unanimity. Each man will be dreaming his own spiritual dream, and the dreams of all will be different. All their dreams, it will be plain, cannot represent reality; and yet the belief will be common to all that some reality is represented by them. Men, therefore, will begin to compare their dreams together, and try to draw out of them the common element, so that the dream may come slowly to be the same for all; that, if it grows, it may grow by some recognizable laws; that it may, in other words, lose its character of a dream, and assume that of a reality. We suppose, therefore, that our natural theists form themselves into a kind of common parliament, in which they may compare, adjust, and give shape to the ideas that were before so wavering, and which shall contain some machinery for formulating such agreements as may be come to. The common religious sense of the world is then organized, and its conclusions registered. We have no longer the wavering *dreams* of men; we have instead of them the constant *vision* of man.

Now in such a universal parliament we see what the Church of Rome essentially is, viewed from her natural side. She is, ideally, if not actually, the parliament of the believing world. Her doctrines, as she one by one unfolds them, emerge upon us like petals from a half-closed bud. They are not added arbitrarily from without; they are developed from within. They are the flowers contained from the first in the bud of our moral consciousness. When she formulates now something that has not been formulated before, she is no more enunciating a new truth than was Newton when he enunciated the theory of gravitation. Whatever truths, hitherto hidden, she may become conscious of, she holds that these were always implied in her teaching, though at the time she did not know it, just as gravitation was implied in many ascertained facts that men knew well enough long before they knew what was implied in them. Thus far, then, the Church of Rome essentially is the spiritual sense of humanity, speaking to men through its proper and only possible organ. Its intricate machinery, such as its systems of representation, its methods of voting, the appointment of its speaker, and the legal formalities required in the recording of its decrees, are things accidental only; or if they are necessary, they are necessary only in a secondary way.

But the picture of the Church thus far is only half drawn. She is all this, but she is something more than this. She is not only the parliament of spiritual man, but she is such a parliament guided by the spirit of God. The work of that spirit may be secret, and to the natural eyes untraceable, as the work of the human will is in the human brain. But none the less it is there.

Totam infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore
miscet.

The analogy of the human brain is here of great help to us. The human brain is an arrangement of material particles which can become connected with consciousness only in virtue of such a special arrangement. The Church is an arrangement of individuals which can become connected with the spirit of God only in virtue of an arrangement equally special.

If this be a true picture of the Catholic Church, and of the place that religious orthodoxy ideally holds in the world, there can be no *a-priori* difficulty in the passage from a natural religion to such a supernatural one. The difficulty begins only when we compare the ideal picture with the actual scene about us. When we do this, there are various facts that perplex us. First, we find that the Church is not actually what she is ideally. She is not the parliament of the whole believing world, but of a part only. Secondly, that part of the world that does not belong to her bears, in what she calls its errors, so strong a family likeness to herself, that it is hard to assign to her a validity which she denies to others. Further, the accounts she gives of herself, in archives for the truth of which she vouches, seem suspicious and improbable in the light of an unbiassed criticism. And lastly, the supernatural moral conceptions that she presents us with seem out of harmony with those natural moral conceptions of which they profess to be the ratification and the completion.

Let us examine these difficulties more closely. The first, though the greatest, may be most quickly dealt with, since it is one that can be acknowledged only, and not explained. If there be for men but one revelation of God, why this revelation should be so partial and so capricious as it seems to be must forever remain a mystery. But it is not a new mystery. We already suppose ourselves to have accepted it in a simpler form—in the form of the presence of evil, and the partial and

capricious prevalence of good. This is the only real difficulty. I am aware, however, that in the minds of many it has been complicated by a further one, which, I will now try to show, is wholly imaginary. Accepting the fact of the apparent injustice in the distribution of good in the world, it is said that orthodoxy tends to aggravate this difficulty by making the presence of good yet more partial than it was; and not this only, but that it condemns as evil what to our natural moral apprehensions would seem good of the purest kind. There are many good and holy men without the Church, doing their best to fight their way towards God; and orthodoxy is supposed to condemn these for want of an assent to some obscure formula, which evidently, from the facts of the case, has not been injurious to their purity of life and heart. Hence it has been argued that a special set of doctrines cannot be specially true, since they are seen to be not essential to success in the matters that they deal with. This line of argument, however, is based entirely on a misconception. In the first place, the Church does not condemn any genuine goodness, though it may be outside her own pale. On the contrary, she says explicitly that a knowledge of "the one true God, our Creator and Lord," may be attained to by the "natural light of human reason," meaning, by reason, faith unenlightened by revelation; and she declares those to be anathema who deny this. The holy and humble men of heart who do not know her, or who in good faith reject her, she commits to God's uncovenanted mercies. The mercies of God she declares to be infinite; but, except in so far as they are revealed to her, she can necessarily say nothing definite about them. But what she does say certainly is sufficient to satisfy the largest charity. Of error as error, or of truth as mixed with error, it is naturally beyond her province to consider as ways to truth, just as it is beyond the province of exact science to estimate the comparative value of inexact results arrived at by erroneous methods, even though these results may contain much that is really true in them. For those that are without her, she has only one condemnation. Her anathemas are on those only who deliberately reject her, by tampering with a conviction that she really is the truth. They are condemned not because they cannot see that the teacher is true, but that, at heart seeing this, they contrive to close their eyes to it. They will not obey when they know they ought to obey.

And thus the moral offence in denying some obscure theological proposition does not lie entirely, and need not lie at all, in the immediate bad consequences that such a denial would necessitate, but in the disobedience, the self-will, the rebellion that must be both the cause and the result of it. The case will often be just that of a child who may rightly be condemned for deliberately disobeying its father, though the point on which it disobeys may itself, so far as the child is concerned, be an indifferent one.

In the light of these considerations, though the original perplexity will still confront us, arising from the partial distribution of good and the wide-spread presence of evil, an assent to the claims of orthodoxy will be seen to add nothing further to this. Granting this, however, another question suggests itself. Granting that orthodoxy recognizes good as attainable by the unorthodox, it may be asked what profit is orthodoxy to the world, and what motives can be ours for the propagation of it? But the question might just as well be asked, what is the good of true physical science, and why should we try to impress on the world its teachings? Such a question, we can at once see, is absurd. Because a large number of men know nothing of physical science, and are apparently not the worse for their ignorance, we do not for that reason think physical science worthless. We believe, on the whole, that a knowledge of the laws of matter, including those both of our organisms and their environment, will steadily tend to better our lives, in so far as they are material. It will tend, for instance, to a better preservation of our health. But we do not for this reason deny that many individuals may be healthy who are but very partially acquainted with the laws of health. Nor do we deny the value of a thorough study of astronomy and meteorology because a certain practical knowledge of the weather and of navigation may be attained without it. On the contrary, we hold that the fullest knowledge we can acquire on such matters it is our duty to acquire, and not acquire only, but as far as possible promulgate. The mass of men may never be able to understand these matters more than partially; but what they do understand we feel convinced should be the truth, and even what they do not understand we feel convinced will be some indirect profit to them. And the case of spiritual science is entirely analogous to the case of natural science. A man to

whom the truth is open is not excused from finding it because he knows it is not so open to all. A heretic who denies the dogmas of the Church has his counterpart in the quack who denies the verified conclusions of science. The moral condemnation that is given to the one is illustrated by the intellectual condemnation that is given to the other.

If we take these considerations into account, we shall get a clearer notion of the moral value of orthodoxy. Some of its doctrines—the great simple facts of it, that appeal to all, and can in a certain degree be taken in by all—are doubtless held to be saving in their own nature. But for the mass of men the case is different with other facts underlying these. That we eat Christ's body in the sacrament is a belief that in a certain degree can be understood by all. Yet the philosophy that is involved in this belief would for most men be perfectly unintelligible. But it is no more unimportant that those who do understand this philosophy should do so truly, and should transmit it faithfully, than it is unimportant that a physician should understand the action of alcohol, because any one, independent of such knowledge, can know that so many glasses of wine will have such and such an effect on him. Theology is to the spiritual body of the Church what anatomy and medicine are to the natural body of man. The parts they each play in human life are analogous, and in their respective worlds the *raison d'être* is the same. We do not say respecting any individual that a wrong theology need make him a bad man; nor do we say that a wrong theory of medicine need make him an unhealthy man. But we do say this with regard to the world in general. And we say this further—that if we not only hold wrong theories on these matters, but knowingly contradict right ones, we shall in the one case be excommunicated from the moral world, as we shall be in the other from the intellectual.

To the candid theist, then, the partiality of revelation will offer no new difficulty; nor will the fact that there are so many who have no means of finding it lessen for those that have the means the supreme duty of seeking it.

Let us now pass on to another point—to another difficulty in the way of the Church's claims. It is urged—and modern discoveries are daily adding force to this plea—that the Christian revelation, even though it contain truth, yet cannot do so in any special and exceptional manner, since the more we study other creeds

and systems, their teachings, and their histories, the more clearly do we see that they have all a common origin, that Christianity is but one amongst a number, and that they are either all of them divine, or that else none are. And it is quite true that the spectacle we have been called to look at is, at first sight, somewhat startling. We have found all kinds of virtue and spiritual aspiration in places where, for a long time, we had been taught to look for degradation only; and the conclusion that at once suggests itself is that, since truth is apparently diffused everywhere, it is concentrated nowhere. But if we reflect on the matter a little more calmly, we shall see that, from the Catholic point of view, this is just the state of things we might have expected. Revealed religion, as we have seen, is not the destruction of natural religion; it is simply the fulfilling of it. It is natural religion, with something super-added to it. And this being the case, it will be plain from the first that all religions will have much in common. But the inevitable similarity does not end here. The Catholic Church, as we have seen, is a human organism capable of receiving the divine spirit. And this is really what all other religious bodies, so far as they have professed to speak with authority, have virtually attempted to be; and they all, from the Catholic standpoint, are nothing more than so many incomplete and abortive Catholicisms. So far, then, from these other religions tending, by their likeness to her, to make the Church's special supremacy doubtful, they will to the Catholic rather tend to confirm it. Certainly they can logically do nothing to prove the contrary, any more than the fact that a number of arrows have hit the target will prevent our recognizing that one has hit the centre.

Admitting all this, there of course arises the further question — how do we know that it is the Catholic Church, and not some other faith, that has thus hit the centre? And to answer this question fully is a long matter. I presume, however, that those to whom I am writing have not, in their search for a creed, cast their eyes beyond the Christian world; and the answer, so far as at present needed, is therefore much simplified. Indeed, for the present, it may be enough to point out that, of all creeds now existent in the world, Catholicism is the only one that has recognized what dogmatism really implies, and what necessarily will be in the long run demanded of it, and has provided herself with the full appliances for meeting these

demands. She alone has seen that if there is to be any infallible voice in the world at all, this voice must be an ever-living one, as capable of speaking now as it ever was in the past; and that, as the world's capacities for knowledge grow, the teacher shall be always able to unfold to it a fuller teaching. The Catholic Church is the only historical religion that can conceivably adapt itself to the wants of the present day, without virtually ceasing to be itself. It is the only religion that can keep its identity without losing its life, and keep its life without losing its identity; that can enlarge its teachings without changing them; that can be always the same, and yet be always developing.

Still, even if we grant all this, there remains to be taken account of the moral and the historical objections. A certain part of the moral objections will have been removed already by the foregoing considerations. The conception of Catholicism will have been seen to involve no real want of charity; and it will have been seen also, in some degree, how little the complexity of theology, and still less of its constitution, destroys the simplicity of its religion. But it will be well to consider this point a little more fully. Many writers of eminence, Mr. Carlyle for instance, are accustomed to contrast natural religion with all orthodoxy in general, and with Catholicism in particular, praising the former as simple and at once going home to the heart, and deriding or declaiming against the latter as being the very reverse of this. On the one hand, they say, see the soul going straight to its God, feeling his love, and content that others shall feel it. On the other hand, see this pure and free communion distracted and interrupted by a thousand tortuous reasonings as to the nature of it. Can such obscure intellectual propositions have anything to do with a religion of the heart? And do not they choke the latter by being thus bound up with it? But this language, though it sounds plausible, represents really an entire misconception of the matter. Natural religion is doubtless, in one sense, simpler than revealed religion; but it is so merely because it can have no authoritative science of itself. It is simpler for the same reason that a boy's account of having given himself a headache is simpler than the physician's would be. The boy says merely, "I ate ten tarts, and drank three bottles of ginger-beer." The physician, were he to give a full account of the occurrence, would have to describe a number of far more complex processes. The

boy's account would be, of course, the simplest, and would doubtless go more home to the general heart of boyhood; but it would not for that reason be the truest. And thus to love God, and to feel the better for it, may seem, from a certain point of view, as simple as to drink a bottle of ginger-beer and feel the worse for it. And yet, if the latter be really so complex, how much more will the former be! The simplicity of religion and the complexity of theology are not opposed to each other; and the contrast between the two is an essentially false and superficial one.

But even putting theology altogether aside, the simplicity of a religion can of itself be no test of the probable truth of it. And in the case of natural religion, what is called simplicity is in general nothing more than vagueness. If this be a right way of speaking, we might praise a landscape as simple, when it was half drowned in mist. The religion of the Catholic Church, however, as apart from its theology, is something far simpler than is supposed by the outside world; and there is not a point in it that has not a direct moral meaning for us, and is not calculated to have a direct effect on the spirit. The outside world misjudges all this, because it can, in general, only reach it through explanations; and the explanation, or the account of anything, is always far more complex than the apprehension of the thing itself. Take, for instance, the practice of the invocation of saints. This seems to many to complicate the whole relation of the soul to God, to be introducing a number of new and unnecessary go-betweens, and to make us, as it were, communicate with God through a dragoman. But the case really is very different. Of course it may be contended that intercessory prayer, or that prayer of any kind, is an absurdity; but for those who do not think this, there can be nothing to object to in the invocation of saints. It is admitted by such men that we are not wrong in asking the living to pray for us. Surely, therefore, it is not wrong to make a like request of the dead. In the same way, to those who believe in purgatory, to pray for the dead is as natural and as rational as to pray for the living. And now as to this doctrine of purgatory itself — which has so long been a stumbling-block to the whole Protestant world — time goes on, and the view men take of it is changing. It is becoming fast recognized on all sides that it is the only doctrine that can bring a belief in future rewards and punishments into anything

like accordance with our notions of what is just or reasonable, and, so far from its being a superfluous superstition, it will be seen to be just what is demanded at once by reason and morality; and a belief in it amounts not only to an intellectual assent, but to a harmonizing and completion of the whole moral ideal. The same, too, will be found to hold true of the whole Catholic *religion*.

But the outside world fails to see this, not only because the account of the religion is, as I have just said, necessarily more complex than the religion itself, but because it perpetually confounds with religion not theology only, but mere pious opinions and rules of discipline also. Take, for instance, the celibacy of the clergy. It is commonly supposed to be of Catholic faith, that celibacy is essential to the priesthood. It is, however, nothing of the kind, any more than it is essential to college fellowships, or that it is essential to a naval officer that he shall not carry his wife about with him on shipboard. Nor is the headship of the Roman Church essentially connected with any special locality, any more than the English Parliament is essentially connected with Westminster. The difficulty of the outside observer in distinguishing things that are of faith from mere pious opinions is a more subtle source of confusion, and a more dangerous one. From this confusion, the Church is supposed to be pledged to all sorts of grotesque accounts of the nature of heaven, of hell, and of purgatory, and to be logically bound to stand and fall by these. I cited an instance of this error some months since from the writings of Sir James Stephen, who pitched on an opinion of Bellarmine's, and certain arguments by which he supported it, as to the locality of purgatory. It is quite true that to us Bellarmine's opinion seems sufficiently ludicrous, and Sir James Stephen argued that the Roman Church is ludicrous in just the same degree. But if he had studied the matter a little deeper, he would have seen that this argument was an entirely false one. He would have seen that he was, in the first instance, attacking not the doctrine of the Church, but simply an opinion, not indeed condemned by her, but held avowedly without her sanction. Had he studied Bellarmine to a little more purpose, he would have seen that that writer expressly states that "it is a question where purgatory is, but *the Church has defined nothing on this point*." He would also have learned from the same source that it is no article of Catholic faith

that there is in purgatory any material fire ; and that, "as to the intensity of the pains of purgatory, though all admit that they are greater than anything that we suffer in this life, still it is doubtful how this is to be explained and understood." He would have learned too that, according to Bonaventura, "the sufferings of purgatory are only severer than those of this life, inasmuch as the greatest suffering in purgatory is more severe than the greatest suffering endured in this life; though there may be a degree of punishment in purgatory less intense than what may sometimes be undergone in this world." And finally he would have learned — what in this connection would have been well worth his attention — that the duration of pains in purgatory is, according to Bellarmine, "so completely uncertain, that it is rash to pretend to determine anything about it."

Here is one instance, that will be as good as many, of the way in which the private opinions of individual Catholics, or the transitory opinions of particular epochs, are taken for the unalterable teachings of the Catholic Church itself; and it is no more logical to condemn the latter as false because the former are, than it would be to say that all modern geography is false because geographers may still entertain false opinions about regions as to which they do not profess certainty. Mediæval doctors thought that purgatory might be the middle of the earth. Modern geographers have thought that there might be an open sea in the North Pole. But that we hazard a wrong conjecture can prove in neither case that we have made no true discoveries.

To sum up, then, if we would obtain a true view of Catholicism, we must begin by making a clean sweep of all the views that, as outsiders, we have been taught to entertain about her. We must, in the first place, learn to conceive of her as a living, spiritual body, as infallible and as authoritative now as she ever was, with her eyes undimmed and her strength not abated; continuing to grow still as she has continued to grow hitherto; and the growth of the new dogmas that she may learn from time to time enunciate, we must learn to see are, from her standpoint, signs of life and not signs of corruption. And further, when we come to look into her more closely, we must separate carefully the diverse elements we find in her — her discipline, her pious opinions, her theology, and her religion.

Let her be once fairly looked at in this way — looked at not with any prepos-

sion in her favor, but only without prejudice — and thus much, at least, I am firmly convinced of. I am convinced that, if it be once admitted that we belong to a spiritual world, and in that world are free and responsible agents, there will be no new difficulty encountered, either by the reason or the moral sense, in admitting to the full the supernatural claims of Catholicism. The study of other religions will not lie in our way; the partial success of it itself will not lie in our way; nor will any of its own teachings, if only apprehended fairly. Difficulties, as I have said, we do meet doubtless; but we have passed them long ago, as we crossed the very threshold of the spiritual world. We have neither denied them nor forgotten them. We have done all that was possible — we have accepted them.

The historical difficulty alone remains for us, and with this it is impossible that I can deal here. I do not underrate it; but I think others have overrated it. As to the Bible, and the results on it of modern criticism, the Church of Rome has still her position to take up; and if ever she teaches anything authoritatively on the matter, we may be sure she will teach nothing that will be demonstrably at variance with fact. Her attitude, however, on this point, and with regard to the Old Testament especially, may reasonably cause some perplexity. As to her subsequent history, we shall doubtless discover in it many facts that seem to tell against her. But it will, I believe, be found that none of these facts are of such a nature as to absolutely give the lie to her claims; or if so, that they rest on insufficient evidence. Uninspired history, indeed, is much like the Bible. It may be read in many various and often contradictory ways, and, for it to convey any distinct impression to us on many points, we shall need an interpreter whose authority equals that of the text.

For the present, however, putting the historical question aside, and looking simply on the world as it is, on science as it is, on our morality as it is, on other religions as they are, and on the Catholic religion as it professes to be, what I have tried to show is this: that the Catholic religion is a logical development of our natural moral sense, developed indeed under a special spiritual care, but essentially the same thing, with the same negations, the same assertions, the same positive truths, and the same impenetrable mysteries — the difference only being that what was always implied unconsciously is

by it recognized and expressed consciously.

It is possible that we may see thus much, and yet feel ourselves unable to go further. Such an inability, however, will not detract from the truth of what I have been urging, nor from the utility of duly considering it. Any apology for Romanism is to many a very distasteful thing. But such petulant and vulgar prejudice as this should never be given way to. The Roman Church exists, and exists as a power in the world; and whether she be an enemy to be destroyed, or a saviour to be clung to, it is equally important that we should estimate her full strength. It is idle to waste our arguments and our sarcasm on Protestantism only. If we think that Christianity is false, and is doing an evil work in the world, let us meet it in combat in its strongest and most coherent form. The Church will not shrink from these attacks. She will rather court them. Only see me, she says, what I really am, and then strike me as forcibly as you will or can.

Me, me — adsum qui feci — in me convertite ferrum.

The one thing that is needed now, in appreciating such questions as these, is not a criticism that shall be less severe than at present, but far more so; that it shall analyze to the very bottom not only one religion, but all religions, and not only all religions, but all morality, that it shall not only discover difficulties, but discover how far these difficulties extend themselves; and that one party shall not seek to damage another by taxing it with inconsistencies that they both of necessity must have in common. Until this is done, no clear result will be arrived at. The spiritual world is at present a battlefield, on which a variety of parties are all struggling for supremacy. But for the most part they cannot see each other's faces, because of the dust of the encounter; and they fight idly like one that beats the air. There is a perpetual struggle only, but there is no victory — nothing, despite the intellectual light that is supposed to be prevailing, nothing but

Confused alarms of struggle and fight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

THE BRIDE'S PASS.

BY SARAH TYTLER,

AUTHOR OF

"WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

THE MINISTER'S MAN, MRS. MACDONALD'S JENNY, AND THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

NEXT to Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald in importance in the manse were Malise Gow, the minister's man, and Jenny Reach (pronounced Re-ach), Mrs. Macdonald's Jenny. It was doubtful which of the two owned the greater supremacy in the establishment; though Jenny was the stronger, firmer character, Malise, as a lord of creation in a region where woman's rights had not been heard of fifteen years ago, bore the bell. Oddly enough too, Malise possessed a double recommendation which served him both with master and mistress. His duty and his devotion — for he was a faithful, attached creature — were to his master, but the chief sympathies of his excitable, impulsive nature were with his mistress. He reflected as in a primitive rude mirror both her spiritual and her worldly bent. He was as vehement in his religious principles, and as convinced of the natural superiority and extensive dues of the Fearnavoil Manse family, and of himself in connection with them, as was his mistress.

One of the two great mortifications of Malise Gow's life was that his master and minister was, as Malise was compelled to grant, no great hand at the preaching — not given to terribly thrilling denunciations or wildly piteous appeals, a thought too wide in doctrine for Malise's creed, and much too controlled in tone for the servant's taste.

Sometimes Malise was so moved in spirit by these deficiencies, as to go a little beyond his own province and hint to his pastor and patron the room there was for improvement in his pulpit speech.

Mr. Macdonald always took these well-meant groans, sighs, and crafty suggestions of Malise's in perfectly good part and with the quietest of smiles on his own account, but he could not be said to profit by them in other respects.

Malise had also to accuse Mr. Macdonald in his heart of not keeping up the family dignity as Mrs. Macdonald asserted it. Mr. Macdonald would not only shake hands right and left with the humblest tacksman and shepherd — perhaps that piece of cordiality belonged to his office,

and might have been regarded by some men, not Highlanders, as disgusting affability — he would not merely baptize, marry, and bury his parishioners, he would fraternize with any one of them on his hobbies of farming, gardening, and natural history. He would not draw the wise distinction of holding the middle class, as more in danger of mistaking his meaning, at a greater distance than their humble neighbors. He sat at farmers' dinner and tea tables on terms of equality — a pleased as well as a welcome guest.

Malise could not say that the parishioners thus favored took great advantage of their minister's humility. But when things came to the pass that Mr. Macdonald, in his unassuming temper and freedom from respect of persons, affected the company of the more intelligent and worthier middle-class residents in his parish and lifelong members of his church, to a greater extent than he did that of Lord Moydart who belonged to another parish and communion, it was really time for a friend of the family to speak out. It did appear — hard as it was to conceive it of a Highland gentleman, himself a laird by descent, from as long a line of duinhéwassels as great chiefs could be reckoned in the family tree of Macdhonnill nan Eilean — that the minister was a radical and republican, a black neb, a *bonnet rouge*. But in the face of the danger of horrible scandal, and in spite of the minister's peaceableness, he was not easy to be entreated where such questions were concerned. He beheld his wife's example, he was so far subject to her influence, he knew Malise's mind, and yet he continued to behave as if neither wife of his bosom nor faithful servant existed for him in this matter.

Still, with all his reasons of complaint against his master and agreement with his mistress, it was to the minister that Malise's soul clave — as it well might, for it was the minister who freely forgave and forgot Malise's heavy falls from his high profession — since where Mrs. Macdonald only stumbled in her walk, poor Malise lapsed terribly at times. The grace he had received, and of which, as he clutched it, he was tempted to make his boast, did not at this stage enable him to cast triumphantly behind him the national love of usquebagh. There were seasons — notably at the annual Ford games — when usquebagh found its advantage and wit was driven out. Then the victim was not only shamefully overtaken by drink, but let himself be induced like any poor blind Papist of an Irishman at Donnybrooke, to

shed his hot Celtic blood in such brawls as, had not these offences been regarded tenderly by his brother Highlanders, would on their first occurrence have inevitably deprived Malise of his cherished post of church officer.

After such flagrant backslidings, Mrs. Macdonald, who had in general much satisfaction in Malise's zealous church-going and enthusiastic professions, and who was wont to express herself as entertaining good hopes of his spiritual state, only showed that she did not give him up entirely, by her bitter upbraidings and stern rebukes.

But Mr. Macdonald would hang his own head, look at Malise wistfully, and take the first opportunity of proving his faith in the sincerity of the sinner's repentance by affording him new chances of displaying his regard for Kirk and minister. And Malise, though his mind was warped by passion and prejudice, remembered another look at an erring disciple, and felt in the depth of his soul that the pure, meek, tender man he served, had something in common with his Master.

Malise's duties partook both of the secular and the sacred character. He was at the same time the minister's man and a church officer. He worked one of the ploughs on the glebe lands and at Craighbhu; he overlooked the young shepherds at both places; he groomed Mr. Macdonald's horse, and occasionally drove it, when his master was not with the ladies, in the waggonette; he worked under the minister and Unah in the manse garden. To these work-a-day duties Mrs. Macdonald would fain have added those of butler and footboy. But lack of time on Malise's part, his unrepresentability when fresh from some of his functions, and a certain awkward flutter bred of his very willingness and eagerness to do her spiriting gently, or genteelly, caused her to relegate the housework which would otherwise have fallen to Malise's share to a veritable boy, who was always a raw apprentice to his calling, since Mrs. Macdonald could not afford to employ a youthful proficient equal to serving at Castle Moydart.

Neither the primitiveness nor the onerousness of Malise's week-day avocations prevented his having on the Sabbath day the honor and responsibility of bearing into the kirk the church Bible containing Mr. Macdonald's MS. sermon; for, alas! another sore grievance to Mrs. Macdonald and Malise, the minister had always been a supporter, if not a slave, to what in Scotland is emphatically and derisively termed

"the paper." Malise in the very height of his official glory was condemned — with secret shame and confusion of face where this detail was concerned, to carry the hated thing within the Book itself up the pulpit stairs, and deposit it on the reading-desk of the pulpit, at the door of which he stood solemnly like a soldier at attention — the pulpit itself was not unlike a sentry-box at Fearnavoil — waiting till the minister, in his Geneva gown and bands, entered from the session-house, ascended the stairs in his turn, and took his seat, when Malise closed the pulpit-door and retired.

On these occasions Malise was dressed in a cast-off suit of the minister's black, as at other times he wore up his master's priest's grey. The succession to Mr. Macdonald's wardrobe was a special windfall to Malise, for in his forlorn position as an elderly widower without a child, in his cottage in the hamlet, his wearing apparel was apt to be neglected. He was a meagre little scarecrow of a man, bald and furrowed before his time from the restless spirit which was in him, that, like a sword never still, had fretted the scabbard.

Jenny Reach was of a different mould and mind; she had come with Mrs. Macdonald to Fearnavoil, and she was so valuable a servant, that, as it was Jenny's pleasure to cast in her fortunes with those of the manse family, Mrs. Macdonald never dreamt of parting with her, though Jenny, in spite of her worth, was a thorn in her mistress's side, as Malise was not in his master's flesh. Nay, Malise was a favorite with Mr. Macdonald, and a gentle diversion to him, while Jenny proved often like a scourge of knotted whipcord to her mistress.

Jenny was a born philosopher as well as a capable woman and servant, a good-natured cynic, a female Hume of humble rank, such as is more frequently to be found in the class of domestic servants than masters and mistresses are apt to suppose. Jenny's reason so far exceeded her imagination, that her amount of reverence must needs have been limited. She saw through everything and everybody. She was the *femme de chambre*, or house-keeper, in this case, to whom her mistress could not be a heroine — a match to the valet to whom his master is no hero.

Withal there was nothing caustic or savage about Jenny. There was the more fatal easy tolerance which bears to any extent with inferiority simply because it has no faith in superiority.

Jenny would say to herself of her mistress, that Mrs. Macdonald beat her breast

with the best on the Sabbath day, and on Monday drove a hard bargain with her servants in the matter of their board, wages, and work, that she might retain the table-boy or the parlor-maid, or that she might have a carriage and horses over from the inn at Corriemorag every time she dined at Castle Moydart; and she was quite sincere in both instances, Jenny reflected with a critical appreciation of the anomaly of the sincerity. It had always been the mistress's way since she was a young girl, and offended her uncle by setting off, without so much as asking his leave, and walking miles over moor and moss in rain and snow — such weather that he would not have the horses out — like any poor old seceder or Romanist who acted as if her salvation depended on her attendance at this sermon or that mass. And she would offend the old master still more mortally in the course of the ensuing week by casting her head and turning a cold shoulder on the wife of the English stock-broker to whom he fancied himself indebted, and whom he chose to invite to Ballyfruin during the shooting-season. Mrs. Macdonald — Miss Macgregor that was — would, even in those days, beat down the account of the Ford dressmaker, who could ill afford the sharp process, to the lowest penny; while the young lady would contend with her sister, Miss Sybilla, about trifles for which the elder sister did not care, except that she had her own will in them.

Jenny measured the minister as accurately. He was a simple man though he had studied divinity. He could not wrestle vigorously with his adversaries; he could do no more than oppose a patient front to them. There was a lack of pith in his peaceableness. He was barely master in his own house and parish. "Honest man!" Jenny called him, with more of complacent pity than praise in her tone.

Miss Unah was but a white-faced, childish lass who could not walk alone — and she going on for nineteen. To have so much work made about her!

But the manse family were a fine family, as families went, Jenny wound up her cool commentary; and she had no objection to spend her days with them.

In reality Jenny, who made no pretence at devotion, and felt as untroubled with enthusiasm as a born diplomat, was a careful, steady servant, and took pride in discharging her duties as creditably as if she had been attached to distraction to her worldly superiors, and in her attachment

blind to all their errors and weaknesses. She expected no great attachment from them in turn, and, in the absence of disappointment on her part, she was a comfortable person to live with.

Jenny's great defect was that her candid objections and doubts fell like a cold-water douche on warm or sensitive temperaments, and that though she was too sensible a woman not to know and keep her place, she took little trouble to conceal the fact that she penetrated the sophistries which but for her would have remained unsuspected by the very persons who employed them.

Jenny had even a malicious pleasure in civilly letting her neighbors, including her mistress, see that whatever they themselves might do, she did not hold them for more or other than they actually were worth. This nice weighing process of Jenny's, though her mistress instinctively avoided contending with it, or even contemplating it, was a distress to Mrs. Macdonald every time she came in contact with it. She took refuge in a grave, regretful doubt with regard to Jenny's spiritual condition. But here again Jenny tacitly asserted her right of private judgment, and declined to have her mistress interfere either with her conscience or her soul. Indeed, the one style of person whom Jenny could not abide, and for whom her large loose tolerance utterly failed, was the individual who made an outward profession serve for an inward experience, and whose cant was as fluent as it was false.

Jenny was a large, stout woman, who had not been particularly comely in her youth, but who wore so well, and whose contentment of spirit — granting it was but a base sort of contentment, was written so agreeably to the most superficial observer in her smooth forehead, still abundant, sandy-colored hair, permanently fresh color, and plump, but not heavy, cheeks, that she might be said to be fairly well-looking in middle life. She became the sober-colored, substantial woollen gowns, and head-dresses of amply-puffed ribbon and lace which she assumed when dressed for the afternoon. But Jenny was never slovenly in her dress, even in the busiest working-hours. Her cotton gowns and check aprons and thick caps were always scrupulously clean and to the purpose.

Malise and Jenny were like fire and water, or like water in its constant change and motion, and rock immutable and fixed; like man and woman with their constitutions reversed, a transformation which

does not often bode good; like the poet breaking his finely-tempered weapons hopelessly against the bull-hide shield of the philosopher. There was a natural antagonism between the two, which, in the beginning, took with Malise the form of rage and aversion. But with Jenny — in consequence of her fund of not unwholesome good-humor and impartial fairness that in some respects stood her instead of wider sympathies, and readily made allowance for all the provocation she could not help giving, as well as for what was genuine in the passionate, fallible man — the antagonism never went beyond a species of half-kindly contempt. Jenny was even good to Malise in the middle of his unrestrained exasperation against her and dislike to her. And it was in the very nature of things that Malise, quickly alive to the benefits without pausing to inquire narrowly into their origin, should feel his wrath beginning to transmute itself with the speed of lightning into a totally different sentiment, until the disparity between the couple became the subtlest, most fascinating attraction to the man. In addition to the attraction, poor Malise, who had all the shiftlessness of a poet who has never written a line, and whose life in his weather-stained, tumble-down cottage where he dwelt "a lone man" — that far more pitiable object than a "lone woman" — was far from a luxurious form of existence, had a cunning perception that a union with a respectable, substantial, clever, elderly lass like Jenny, who had her savings, would make all the difference in the world to the domestic comfort of his declining years.

But to give Malise all the credit that was his due, the crowning inducement to his suit lay in the joy and honor which would redound to him if he proved the unworthy instrument of converting Jenny into a lively Christian. Even he, in his changed mood, could not regard her as other than a cool professor. More than that, there was a horrible suspicion prevailing among her fellow-servants that Jenny would not have paid the homage which she did to the Kirk in her unflinching attendance on its services if she had not been a minister's house-keeper; nay, that in the said capacity she sometimes allowed herself a freedom of expression and action which startled her hearers. But rumor went too far here, or misunderstood Jenny, for she had no disposition to quarrel with existing institutions; she was rather inclined to rest perfectly satisfied with them, at the same time that she saw every flaw in the edifice.

So Malise, from starting as Jenny's bitter foe, became her humble servant, well-nigh her slave.

And Jenny was amused instead of touched, and as she was the first to laugh she had no difficulty in standing the ridicule which Malise's pretensions provoked among the younger servants, and in their circle generally. Indeed the ridicule fell off the unmitten, unshaken, diverted woman, and left her scathless. Jenny only lost her patience when her lover's plea threatened to wax importunate.

"What does the silly body take me for, that I should give up my freedom for his support?" she cried in her Gaelic. "Does he fancy that I am ready to flee from the reproach of being an old maid? No me," protested Jenny, speaking again with the suspicion of Lowland Scotch, which interlarded and qualified her tolerable English. "I think it is the grandest thing in the world to be a single woman — my own mistress, save that I am in service, and with no man to answer to for what I choose to think or do."

Malise would retreat, intensely mortified and cruelly baffled, but always to return and renew the hopeless attack.

It may seem odd that the servants should be described before the daughter — the sole daughter of the house. But although Unah was her father's pet and the darling of her mother, who held ambitious views for her, it had been part of Mrs. Macdonald's discipline, which had fitted in with the girl's own shy, humble disposition, to keep her long a child, and even when she had unmistakably outgrown childish things, to treat her as irresponsible and dependent.

Even in the religious life of the parish, in which Mrs. Macdonald took so prominent a part as almost to leave her husband behind her, she had curiously enough refrained from forcing or stimulating her young daughter. Unah indeed had been carried to the kirk as a mere baby, and had never since, when in health, been absent from any Sabbath sermon or week-day prayer-meeting. But it was only lately that she had been withdrawn from her mother's class of big girls in the Sabbath-school, in order to be intrusted with a handful of babies on her own account. She was a member of the Church certainly, but she had not been judged sufficiently mature to join it till she had reached her seventeenth year, and she still attended her father's class for young communicants in prospect. If Unah accompanied her mother in her "visitation" of the parish,

the girl was confined to being a reverent listener and worshipper, whatever exhortation or prayers were engaged in. She might be commissioned to leave a tract in a cottage or read a chapter to an old person, but she was not expected — she would have been reprov'd if she had presumed to explain their contents. Some of Mrs. Macdonald's peculiar allies censured her dealings with her daughter in this respect, and held that they savored of the worldly side of the lady's character. It was as if she did not wish to commit Unah to too marked a profession of religion, or too active a participation in the duties of the member of a manse family, which might hamper her promotion as the wife of Drumchatt, or any other laird of moderate opinions. But whatever were Mrs. Macdonald's defects she was not a person who would allow herself to be influenced by other people's censure; so she went on her way in her management of Unah without regard to critical fault-finding.

Unah had been carefully and lovingly taught, to the point where her education approached the pale of accomplishments, by her father. She was a respectable scholar, not only in his old-fashioned English, French, and Italian classics, but in his natural history, with its love of the hills and glens and garden. For the man was to some extent a Scotch White, to whom Fearnavoil was another Selbourne. And he had taken delight in imparting to his daughter the acquired knowledge of a quiet lifetime in observations of birds and bees, pine-trees, and cotton-grass, lights upon the hills and shadows on the tarns.

From various other sources, especially from her cousin Drumchatt, Unah had picked up her share of the mass of tradition and legend which floats all over the Highlands. Her father, whose artistic side was all towards the outer world of nature, had been too sober-minded and matter-of-fact for such myths; her mother regarded them, unless when they were among her ancestral properties, as vanities; but Unah had a natural appetite for primitive story and song, and fed on them along with other food, while the diet produced its effect on her character.

Thus Unah had her own stores of intelligence, and if a stranger could overcome her timidity and shrinking from being brought forward beyond the lines of girlish subjection and unobtrusiveness in which she had been reared, there might be discovered in her a latent spring of impulsiveness as well as earnestness, which showed that some of her mother's speciali-

ties were grafted on those of her father in the girl's composition.

Withal Unah Macdonald was as ignorant of the world, and more unaccustomed to act for herself, than the poorest, most uncultivated girl in Mr. Macdonald's parish, who, in tartan petticoat and linen short gown — her head as well as her feet often uncovered — “shore the harvest,” or cut peats for the winter's fuel.

In her personal appearance Unah was not very like either her father or mother. Strictly speaking, she was not so handsome as they had once been. They were both tall, and she was only of a middle size. They were both more or less dark, and she was fair — of an auburn-haired fairness — pale for a healthy girl who spent much of her life out of doors, and with that favored immunity from tan and freckles which is the rare portion of some blondes. A field-worker has been known to possess in a measure this exemption from atmospheric effect on the skin and complexion. Unah's forehead was a little too big, and her peaked chin a shade too small; but her nose was of an unobjectionable Greek type, and her mouth was finely curved in lines, neither too round nor too straight, the happy medium between fullness and thinness — a very lovable mouth, and yet not a weak any more than a hard mouth. Her eyes were dark for her complexion, a soft, dusky grey where one would have expected them to be a warm hazel, if not a limpid blue. The hue came upon the gazer with the effect of a surprise, and lent a curious precocious depth of meaning to what would otherwise have been the juvenile shallowness of the lily face. And, withal, in character and person, Unah Macdonald, in the cherished and guarded isolated life she had led, possessed the intangible charm which falls to the lot of a few women in their generation — sometimes in the room of beauty, wit, and worldly wealth, and proving often more potent than each or all. The charm may be defined as a rare simplicity and delicacy of mind and face, a blending of unsophisticatedness and refinement which to the contemporaries who can appreciate it may prove marvellously irresistible.

Already the distinction was recognized in the case of Unah Macdonald. She was only a parish minister's daughter, let her mother claim for her what she might. Her education, if good of its kind, had been old-fashioned, and even a little eccentric in its departure from the usual standards of a young lady's attainments. She

was but a humble musician, and the most rudimentary of artists. She had not even been to a boarding-school to lose her Highland accent, to be taught to walk and dance according to high precedent, and to learn to make something of her hair. She had not her mother's sleight of hand in putting on a shawl. It must be confessed that Unah was a little of a dowdy at this time of her life in her hasty careless arrangement of her extremely modest and maidenly calicots and serges, rustic hats with ribbons of the same color, sashes which were tied in the old childish knot, and were as unchanging as the muslin frock of which they were adjuncts. She was too colorless, and not sufficiently perfect in features for either prettiness or beauty. Her nervous bashfulness, though in Unah it was not readily mistaken for pride — indeed, the girl was unmistakably unassuming and gentle, and had rather an air of helplessness, which hindered her reserve from giving offence — prevented her from being popular except with the small circle that knew and doted upon her. Yet there was a tolerably general, almost involuntary, acknowledgment in the parish of Fearnavoil, whether or not Mrs. Macdonald's decision had anything to do with it, that the minister's daughter was somebody out of the common. There was a growing inclination shown by high and low to put Unah Macdonald on a pedestal, and wait breathlessly to see what wonderful destiny should come to the sweet gravity and the spontaneous joyousness of the baby face. Would it be that marriage with Drumchatt which her mother had chalked out for her? or would it be a still more splendid fortune, altogether beyond her strict deserts, yet no more than what was due to her fairy gift?

CHAPTER III.

DRUMCHATT AND COUSIN DONALD.

DRUMCHATT, the house of the “biggest” laird in Fearnavoil, lay beyond the Bride's Pass, miles off by the regular road, but there was a hill track much shorter, and which was counted nothing by the natives, even by the delicate young laird on his sure-footed pony. He was lonely in his ancient, rambling mansion, empty of all save servants. What could be more natural for him than to come across the hills where Rory never missed a step in fair weather or foul, when Rory's master ought not to have ventured abroad? But his plaid protected him from the weather, and if it grew worse at nightfall he could

always command a bed at the manse when he had taken refuge with the family of his kinsman, his old tutor and his minister rolled in one — like the hero of the once popular riddle of “The Minister, the Dominie, and Maister Andry Lamb.”

The house of Drumchatt did not possess the advantage of a grand pass like the Bride's within a stone's throw. There was nothing save a wilderness of heathery hills, without the nobility and awfulness of mountains, and the gleaming head of a long sinuous loch lying like a serpent in their recesses, where the ancestors of the Macdonalds of Drumchatt had laid the foundation of their fortress. The prospect even on a summer day was dreary rather than picturesque. And to many people there was absolutely no beauty in these sterile ranges of low heights, brown shoulder standing to shoulder, as the old Highlanders made their battle array, with equally bleak and bare hollows between, where flocks of sheep were smothered in the winter drifts, or a shepherd found his untimely grave once in a dozen years, and where the snow lingered in ungenial seasons till May.

But to the minister and to Unah, not to say to Donald of Drumchatt, whose nursery the braes had been, there was a peculiar, let it be a savage, space and freedom in the sombre monotony of the hills, which changed only with the bloom or withering of the heather, denied to the deep narrow pass hemmed in by its terrible mountains where the sun was out of sight save when he shone in his strength right overhead. There the blast could only rush down shrieking and howling, carrying double devastation in its compressed vent, like volumes of smoke in a funnel. There the birch and the oak, the mountain-ash and the wild cherry, the primrose and the wind-flower, the foxglove and the harebell, hung out fresh signals of spring, summer, autumn, and winter, as they budded, blossomed, and withered like the shrubs and flowers in the manse garden. And as a consequence of the unfailing succession, one was apt to find in the pass a mournful premature suggestion of decay, even in July and August, and an accumulation of dying and rotting things under the first hoarfrosts of September and October. These unwelcome tokens did not exist, or had every perishing particle scattered at once to the four winds on the wide open braes.

The house was built of stone, rough-dashed, and white once on a day, but long become grey and discolored. It had two

little pepper-box turrets which, as they were not modern antiques, but formed the original shells of a pair of singularly useless little rooms, were proportionately prized as evidences of the antiquity and dignity of the building. Of course Prince Charlie had slept a night in Drumchatt, though he must have made a dangerous private expedition and gone far out of his ascertained route to confer the obligation. Indeed, seeing how often he had done so, one may be allowed to object to the ungrateful character which modern historians have foisted on the Stewart race of kings. The room thus occupied was still pointed out by the descendants of that Drumchatt who had fought along with Glengarry, Clanranald, Keppoch — well nigh every head of the race of “Conn of the hundred battles,” on the disastrous field of Culloden. To have doubted the testimony would have been to have insulted the teller of the tale.

The young laird and his cousin Unah devoutly believed the tradition, and were inclined to be indignant with the minister when his sense of historical integrity compelled him to cast doubts on its origin. But surely it was better, as far as posterity was concerned, that the estate of Drumchatt had not lain near the line of the rebels' route, or that the laird of the day had not been a person of sufficient consequence to become the host of a knight-errant prince, than that the lands should have run the risk of being laid waste and forfeited. The present Drumchatt was better qualified to admit the force of the argument than Unah, who was only a girl; still the young laird stuck to the shadowy honor which his house had appropriated, and in undeniable proof of it brought forward — not the veritable lock “cut from his ain lang yellow hair,” but a harmless looking wineglass, very like any other glass, out of which it was alleged the Young Chevalier had drunk.

After all there were far older and less questionable relics in rusty dirk and battered broadsword, silver-bound quaich, and ivory-mounted spinning-wheel, stored among the treasures of Drumchatt, so that the laird and his little cousin — not to say a crafty domestic showing the house for a fee — might have let go the apocryphal chronicle.

But bonnie Prince Charlie and his ancestress Queen Mary form the two rocks on which the truth of Scotch traditions is apt to split. The glamor of their beauty and misfortunes still lay hold of the popular mind, and constitute them the hero and heroine before whom manlier heroes and

more tender heroines are made to strike their colors ignobly.

It was almost a shame to young Drumchatt and his cousin Unah that they could not, because of a species of mental snobbery so common as to be well-nigh universal, appreciate the great superiority of their own ancestress "Fair Janet," and their own kinsman stout Keppoch who advanced to the last hopeless charge on Drummosie Moor with his drawn sword in one hand and his pistol in the other, over a passion-driven Queen Mary or a fate-mastered Prince Charlie.

Drumchatt, in spite of its advantages of antiquity and position in the county, which Mrs. Macdonald of the manse — while she rather eschewed such unregenerate heathens as "Fair Janet" and Keppoch, was not the last to count upon, could not well be anything save a dull habitation fifteen years ago. The last laird and his wife, who was his cousin, had not only both died young, they had passed away in the very flower of their age, after the melancholy example of several brothers and sisters who had preceded them — victims of a fate that hung over a race decimated generation after generation by the great national malady consumption, which was still more formidable and unappeasable when it was treated ignorantly, and madly pelted by brickbats in the shape of lancets and blisters, forty or fifty years ago. The pure, keen, heather and peat scented hill breezes around Drumchatt, which brought with every breath vigor and animation to the healthy, were of small avail to the sick who were pining under a mortal malady. That rare and spicy air early and late tingling with frost, only worked more cruel havoc on the stricken lungs which could not inhale it without pain, and to which its biting favors — welcomed by the strong as gifts to brace and stimulate, caused only swifter waning and wasting. There was a hard destiny involved in the fatal flaw in the family constitution in the days when travelling was not made easy, and few even of the most adventurous thought of exile as preferable to death.

The poor young couple in question presided for a brief troubled season at Drumchatt, and then shared the lot of their family. They were laid one after the other, with an interval of months not of years between them, in that corner set apart for the laird's family in the island burial place of the clan at one of the bends of the river Fearn, which long antedated the kirkyard round the kirk on the skirts of the hamlet. The pair left a son and

heir, a feeble baby, with regard to whom none, except perhaps his nurse, cherished the faith that he could ever reach the term of early manhood, which had for half a century been the short allotted span of the Macdonalds of Drumchatt.

Everything was left as it had been in the old house; none even of such changes as a long minority admits of, were thought worth while, when the great change of all was expected, first monthly and then yearly, for the hapless young heir. The old dark dining-room continued badly lit, and furnished with drugget and tartan, and well scrubbed but passing hard and comfortless pine and haircloth. The drawing-room, rarely opened, retained its long-legged, bent-backed, languishing-looking chairs of imitation ebony; its closed tuneless box — like a coffin on legs — of a piano; its peacocks' feathers and rosy-lipped shells, which were considered proper and pretty ornaments in innocent, inexpensive days.

The garden, with its high box hedges, which the minister could demonstrate beyond a doubt shaded and impoverished the ground, stood as the last laird and lady had left it, with its perennial plants dwindling year by year, and its fruit-trees gnarled and burdened with unsightly lumps like the ailing joints of rheumatic patients, still capable of what proved a mocking wealth of blossom, but bringing little fruit to perfection. Only the natural park, where the heather blossomed as on the other side of the wall, and fallow-deer flourished in the room of the roe and red deer outside, did not suffer by the kind of apathy which had fallen on the trustees of young Donald of Drumchatt as they waited for his confidently expected decease.

The child, too, was suffered to hang as he grew in the charge of his foster-mother, of an old kinswoman on the mother's side who survived for ten or twelve years the family devastation, of the minister of Fearn-avoi, a more remote kinsman on the father's side, of the country factor, and the Edinburgh lawyers who were the young laird's remaining trustees.

For a long time there was a perfectly comprehensible and merciful, if unexpressed idea, that where was the use of trying and torturing by elaborate training and education the child whose little grave was all but dug for him in the wild grassy nook of the island round which the Fearn rippled or raved? Poor little Donald might lie on his nurse's knee or totter out and pull flowers in the sunshine as long as he could.

When the boy grew a little older and stronger, and it became advisable that he should know his letters, though he might never put them to any practical use, the minister kindly undertook to give his small cousin a lesson every fine day that he could be brought over to the manse. Farquhar Macdonald's own active, hardy boys got their early education at the parish school; and even if they had learnt their lessons at home they would not have been fit or altogether safe class and play fellows for a sickly comrade, with regard to whom they could not be expected always to recollect that he was privileged in more ways than one. But there was Unah who, if she happened to be a girl and four years younger, was, in her perfect health and the progress she had made in the studies which were already a labor of love to the minister, more than a match for the puny, backward little laird.

Thus Unah and young Drumchatt for years coned the same book and played together at the same girls' games of dressing dolls, keeping house, and nursing kittens, protected from the occasional rude interference and derision of the manse boys by Mrs. Macdonald's vigilant care.

Later Donald had a tutor for himself up at Drumchatt. But as it was still judged inadvisable that the pupil should be pressed in any way, or that he should be committed entirely to the discretion of some over-zealous, inexperienced divinity student, the minister continued to overlook his kinsman's education, which was still conducted partly at the manse, and shared in to a certain extent by Unah.

Young Drumchatt was not sent to any university or from home at all, as it was feared by his guardians that the danger to be encountered would outweigh any gain to be derived from a free admixture with his fellows in years and worldly position, who might indeed easily beguile him into an imprudence which would be a trifle to their youthful vigor, but might give the finishing stroke to the fragile life trembling in the balance. In fact, these worthy seniors had not grown familiar with the conclusion that their charge, in spite of all prognostications to the contrary, had attained a prospect of living at least as long as his immediate progenitors, and of transmitting his lairdship and lands with his feeble constitution to another generation.

Young Drumchatt was now of age and his own master, owner of a great tract of moorland rapidly increasing in value, as the propriety and possibility of letting spare shootings and fishings, as well as

sheep-farms, began to take shape in Highland lairds' minds, and the rents of such property rose like quicksilver in the market. At the same time, he presented the marvel of a laird who had spent nearly the whole of his young life at home in the wilds of the Highlands, who had never strayed farther from Drumchatt than to Edinburgh, which, however beautiful and interesting to a novice who had never seen so great or fine a town before, was yet not very large or stirring among modern capitals.

Latterly, of course, it had been Drumchatt's own doing that he had not seen more of the world. He was fit enough to travel — for that matter it might have been in his favor, as his doctors had hinted, if he had quitted Scotland at least in winter for a more genial climate.

But one consequence of the young laird's stationary, immured existence, had been the growth of a considerable stock of self-will and obstinacy. And just as people who have been denied some not very uncommon privilege in their youth, and felt sore enough under the particular restriction, have turned round in the end and come to take a morbid pride in the deprivation; so Donald of Drumchatt, who in his boyhood had envied as much as a really kindly-disposed little fellow could grudge the lads at the manse their powers of locomotion, and even their early exodus and rough adventures in the colonies, now when he had the power, absolutely declined to move from Drumchatt, and professed himself perfectly satisfied with his parish as the limit of his enterprise.

There was no pardonable hypocrisy under the profession, no romantic devotion to Unah or to any other girl which kept him fixed in Fearnavoil. He was fond enough of Unah in his way, but it was the easy, dictatorial fondness of conscious proprietorship, undisturbed as yet, which made him satisfied that he might leave her behind him at any time with the certainty of finding her just as he had quitted her, when he chose to return and claim her affectionate regard. There was really nothing under Donald's assumption of contentment with his life at Drumchatt, unless it were a kind of half-indolent defiance into which the mortification of his youth had merged.

Donald's neighbors, tenants, and servants were attached to him with clannish fidelity, no less than in gratitude for favors received from his "forbears," and in the kindly use and wont of constant association with Drumchatt. There was com

penetration, alike to the young laird's vanity and his better nature, in the consideration he received everywhere and the good-will lavished on him, for the lack of those varied acquirements and that wider experience he had missed. His position and popularity even made up for his incapacity to rival the youthful exploits of strength and skill—the glory and delight of which the poor young fellow, like other invalids of his age, was inclined to magnify even in the middle of his complacency, and the loss of which still rankled more than any other in the mind of the descendant of so many duinhéwassels.

Thus Donald lived on among the brown hills in the grim grey house of his fathers, which, as it had been his home all his life, though it might be dull at times, was not haunted with any funereal gloom to him. He amused himself with a little farming on his own account; he fished or shot in the season when he was able for the sport. Donald was not a naturalist like some of his kinsfolk, neither was he so much of a desultory reader as might have been looked for in a man who, whatever his tastes, was compelled during at least a third of his time to lead a sedentary life. But the laird of Drumchatt, though not a dunce, had so little affinity to bookishness that the study of the newspapers and an agricultural journal or two, elaborately spread out to cover a certain amount of his superabundant leisure, served him. The probability was that if he had been robust he would have been a practical farmer, an active justice of the peace, a keen sportsman, and nothing more. As it was he had one favorite study, that of Highland genealogy with the Gaelic records and traditions, which he and his cousin Unah pursued together diligently but not very learnedly, since neither of the two could read, they could only speak and sing Gaelic. They had to submit to fall back on the unpatriotically cool and cautious minister to translate the requisite documents for them.

Mrs. Macdonald never once interfered with these researches where Donald and Unah were in question, though she had been known to make a conscientious stand against Lord Moydart's devotion to Highland customs when he was in the country, and she had objected to her husband's becoming editor of a Gaelic magazine which had not a direct religious bearing.

Donald was also more decidedly musical by nature than Unah, and could coax away some of the long hours with his violin or at the piano.

The young laird visited his neighbors, and was petted and taken care of by them even more than he liked. The commiseration which had been felt for the piteous fate of his father and mother and his own lonely and doomed life in infancy, did not die out with its cause. But the house which was nearest to him, where he was always certain of a cordial welcome when his time hung heavy on his hands, was that of his kinsman and late trustee, his minister, the father of his earliest playmate, the husband of the most motherly, to him, of all the matrons who felt and expressed an interest in poor young Donald of Drumchatt.

The young laird's orphan condition had appealed to what was best in Mrs. Macdonald's disposition from the very beginning. And she had pleased herself, as the descendant of a long line of lairds, with cherishing a fellow-feeling for him in his social position. Little Donald had always been "one of ourselves" in the sense of worldly rank to Mrs. Macdonald. And although she was perfectly sincere in her religious convictions, her conduct on six days of the week was swayed by class influence to a greater extent than a novice might have conceived possible.

It would be hard to say how soon, on seeing little Donald continually with Unah, and in being one of the first to remark that the boy was gradually overcoming and not succumbing to the seeds of death in his constitution, Mrs. Macdonald began to dream of a future alliance between Drumchatt and the manse. It would be a graceful earthly recompense for all the family had done for the young laird. It would restore Unah to the position which some carpers supposed her mother had forfeited by becoming the wife of a man who was a worthy minister of the gospel as well as the laird of Craigdbhu. Whether the vision had been entertained sooner or later, it is certain it was the cherished purpose, so far as it could be brought about with dignity and honor, of a woman whose strong will balanced her passionate impulses.

Donald was rather a handsome fellow in his own style. He was tall, while he showed a tendency to the length of neck, slope of shoulder, and hollowness of chest which had been for more than half a century the ill-starred personal distinction of a once stalwart race. But the plaid which he wore nearly always when he was abroad, and very often when he was in morning dress at home or at the manse, muffled up these defects and the slightness

of his figure. He was not unlike the minister in face, only where Farquhar Macdonald's complexion was a hale brown, Donald's was the florid pink and white of a girl, not without a pathetic hectic beauty. He had the same soft brown hair and heavily-lidded brown eyes. For that matter brown eyes are said to be the clan distinction. The very origin of the name Donald, or Dhonnill, is derived, according to some philologists, from the Gaelic for brown eyes. Fifteen years ago the mouth was no more masked by a moustache and beard in young Drumchatt than it was similarly veiled in his elderly clerical kinsman. But if Donald did not lead the van in the beard movement just then setting in throughout the country, he had the comfort of a manly pair of tawny whiskers to qualify the feminine delicacy of his complexion.

Donald of Drumchatt's shrewd observation, which was only slightly warped by an exaggerated sense of his own consequence in the world, and the idle or malicious gossip of the parish, quickly apprised him of the compliment which Mrs. Macdonald was paying him in those plans which had him and her daughter for their object.

He was not sufficiently sensitive for his old friend to be hurt on her account, while on his own he was half flattered, half amused. It gratified as well as tickled his *amour propre* to be deliberately schemed for in a decorous, upright manner — as he was told, and the evidence of his own senses confirmed the tale. Mrs. Macdonald was laying herself out, in as far as dignity and duty would permit her, to bring about a match between him and her daughter.

And in Donald of Drumchatt's eyes where was the harm of such conduct, so that it did not overstep the bounds which social etiquette, self-respect, and fairness forbade to be passed? To young Donald, with his high opinion of his position if not of himself, it seemed the most natural thing in the world that any woman should desire to share it. He did not accuse Unah of this desire; he had some perception of the guilelessness which belonged to that first bloom of youth which clung to her and made her still younger than her years. But that her mother should cherish the wish for her only daughter appeared little more than what was fit and proper.

Such an idea was also like a good omen for the prolonged life which he craved. The notion that people were looking forward — granting they were actuated by

motives of self-interest, to future years for him, came to him like a cheering prophecy, which helped to beat back and crush down those hours of depression and morbid anticipations of premature decline, which could not but visit him on occasions — though he was not a nervous or apprehensive, hardly even a sensitive man. Doubtless it was, as viewed in the light of his living on, that Mrs. Macdonald's well-mannered designs on his freedom, of choice came to Donald robbed of all that indignation which the smallest abuse of his defencelessness, either in the present or in the past, the most benevolent plot against his independence might otherwise have aroused in the young man.

At the same time Donald was not so unlike other young men as not to feel a little restive at the thought of the disposal of his destiny being summarily taken out of his own hands. He was provoked to baulk the designs of the aggressor. He felt tempted to take some mischievous entertainment out of their discovery. Therefore Donald would indulge in a little perverse neglect of his best friends, alternating with fitful attentions when his manlier, more generous instincts gained the sway over him — an inconsistency which perplexed and pained the unsuspecting minister and Unah. Donald became ostentatious in his devoirs to neighboring county houses where there were young people. He allowed himself to be drawn into more visiting in the Moydart and Hopkins' sets than was altogether good for him. He got up a pretence of being the humble servant of Lady Jean Stewart, Lord Moydart's daughter, who was kept up for a much greater laird than he was, if she were for a laird at all, and not an English nobleman or squire, in spite of her own and her father's mania for every thing Scotch and Highland when they were down at Castle Moydart.

Donald philandered with Miss Laura Hopkins, who was like her maid in not feeling content unless she had a young man of some sort to "keep company" with her wherever she tarried for a few weeks. And he either left Unah and her family out of count among his other attractions, or he took them up when the fancy struck him, and put them down again without ceremony.

Unah was a little wounded in her girlish friendship, but she felt no particular resentment. The minister concluded gravely it was the way of the world with his old pupil of whom he had hoped better things.

But Mrs. Macdonald only smiled, and said to herself they had experienced quite enough of such foolish behavior on young Donald's part, although she saw clearly it was all working towards the accomplishment of her object.

From The Spectator.

THE EDUCATION OF THE DEAF.

THE education of the deaf is not a subject which has called forth so much public interest as that of the blind. The calamity of those who do not hear, appeals, at the first glance, less powerfully to the imagination, than that of those whose eyes are closed to all that is beautiful in the world, and who are beyond reach of those communications, more rapid than speech, and sometimes more eloquent, which eye makes to eye, which tell with more subtle effect than words the emotions of the heart. The deaf man, the deaf child, is not so entirely and hopelessly a spirit in prison as is the blind. So many avenues of human intercourse are still open to him, — the varied and ample primitive language of signs, and all the wealth of facial expression. We are sorry for him, indeed, but not in the same degree. He can see, we think, the thoughts of those around him in their looks; he can enter into their life in a way which is impossible to the closed eyes of his brother in misfortune. And accordingly, unless the affliction comes to our own fireside, or enters at least within the immediate circle of our acquaintance, we treat it with comparative indifference. Notwithstanding, it is almost proverbial, it is a fact universally acknowledged, that whereas the blind are very generally placid and contented, the deaf are far more apt to be querulous, jealous, and unhappy. The very fact that they are more in our life makes their separation more apparent to them and more terrible. They are able to fathom the depths of their own loss. They see, with eyes sharpened to keenest consciousness, all our careless, light communications, the easy words that come to our lips like breath, the allusions, the jibes, the laughter, which are all visible, yet all unknown. Even those who are but slightly deaf are apt, as we all know, to resent like a personal injury the indistinct tone or low-pitched voice, which cuts off half a sentence from them, and become exigent, suspicious, painfully and troublesomely curious, making themselves wretched about the merest trifles, misunderstanding and

taking amiss the most innocent chatterings, as their infirmity grows upon them. The completer isolation of the blind is in some respects less cruel.

On the other hand, the language of signs, which gives to the deaf-mute so great an advantage to start with, is, as will be easily perceived, so far as it is merely natural, a language which communicates only the simplest elements of knowledge, enough to help him through the necessities of existence, but not to cultivate his mind or train its faculties. So far, he is worse than the blind, to whom all the wealth of oral teaching is possible, and who can be made heir to the rich inheritance of literature, though he may never be able to feel his way to personal knowledge of any written word. The deficiencies and advantages of each are thus balanced to a great degree; but the blind will always appeal more forcibly to our sympathies, and the efforts made on their behalf call forth a more lively and vivid interest. He who sits "dark amid the blaze of noon" is deprived of so much that makes life tolerable, that we cannot grudge him, perhaps, a larger share than he really needs, of our tender compassion and pity.

Without any comparison, however, of the special claims of these two classes of sufferers, it is certain that the efforts which have been made to train the deaf to the fullest use of their faculties, impaired by this great deprivation, have not been in proportion either to its seriousness or to the possibility of overcoming it. Up to a very recent period, the only thing which, in England at least, had been attempted on their behalf was the perfection, into a kind of mechanical language, of that system of signs which was the first suggestion of nature for their relief. Many people know something of this language, which is not very difficult to acquire, and which indeed is cultivated for its own sake by ingenious schoolboys and schoolgirls, anxious to talk when they ought not to be talking. The tendency, however, of this facile and easily-communicated system is to make, if we may say so, the deaf more deaf than ever, to shut them up more and more into a distinct class, and strengthen all the lines of separation, which are already too strong. They are not put in communication with the world in general, but with a few specially instructed persons; and their language, though of course a great gain to them, does very little to bridge over the dreary distance between them and the bulk of their fellow-creatures. While, however, this system had almost monopolized all the

efforts of the benevolent on behalf of the deaf, and had been regarded, among ourselves at least, as the only means of instructing them, it had occurred to a thoughtful German that something more might be possible, and that indeed their grand deficiency might be more or less done away with, by the diligent use and cultivation of the senses they have, to make up for the sense that is wanting. This had been attempted through the manual alphabet, by substituting sight and touch entirely for sound; the new system, however, was a much more wonderful undertaking. It aims at nothing less than the production of sound, the creation of a voice; and attempts to make its pupils read by the motion of the lips what they have hitherto slowly learnt by the spelling on the fingers — thus making it possible for them (we do not say easy) to take their part in the world, to *see* what is said, and to reply; to secure, in short, the gift of speech, and substitute for hearing the art of *seeing* what is said to them. A more beautiful expedient could not be conceived; and the effect it produces is like a miracle.

A great effort is being made at the present moment to introduce this system into general use in England, the chief agent in which is Mr. St. John Ackers, of Prinkash Hall, Gloucestershire, a gentleman to whom the necessity of finding out the best means possible of training his own little deaf child, has communicated that enthusiasm of benevolence which will not rest without sharing with others the good things it has procured for itself. The story in itself is very attractive and interesting. From the moment in which they found that their child did not possess the power of hearing, and consequently was doomed never to exercise that of speech, Mr. Ackers and his young wife set themselves to question heaven and earth as to the best way of remedying a deficiency so terrible. They went here and there, wherever they could hear of any instruction to be had, any expedient to be suggested, wandering over Europe and across the Atlantic from place to place, true pilgrims of love, to find help for their child. They found it in this method, called sometimes the German, sometimes the American (in distinction from the system of signs which is called the French system), by which, the reader will be glad to hear, the little girl who has been the object of all this love and labor has been so successfully trained as to be able to hear, nay, see (the confusion of words is inevitable) everything that is said to her by the lips to which she is accus-

tomed, and to reply in connected human speech. Thus happy in the result of his own great exertions, Mr. Ackers has not contented himself with his personal success, but with a noble and generous determination to extend to others the advantages he has gained, has ever since labored to instruct the public in the system, and awaken curiosity and interest in the work. His last step has been to institute a normal school for the training of teachers,* in order to extend its benefits far and wide. The enterprise is a great one, and as worthy of interest in itself, as it is touching in all the circumstances that have given it a beginning. In the hope of interesting the reader in so purely philanthropic an undertaking, we will endeavor to give an account of as much of the process of teaching as can be seen in a single visit to one of the schools already established. The school in question was a small private establishment, in Holland Road, Kensington, kept by Miss Hull, and consisting of some ten or twelve scholars, from the age of five or six up to fourteen or fifteen.

A school of deaf children is in itself a curious and affecting sight. The noises, for noise is not absent, are not toned down by any sense of necessary precaution. Harsh little cries take the place of the pretty whisperings of childhood, and the excess of meaning in their eager looks is sadly contrasted with the want of meaning in those broken sounds which come from their little throats, like the cries of fledglings anxious and discordant. Our first experience, however, of the school referred to was of a crowd of little hands held out to be shaken, and a "How do you do!" of monotonous, but sufficiently distinct utterance, one of the first acquirements evidently of the little mutes upon whom education only confers the gift of speech. Their voice is not a sweet or liquid voice. It is muffled and monotonous, and betrays at once a stiffness of the unaccustomed muscles, a difficulty of movement, and thickness of tone; but it is not discordant, nor loud, nor harsh. After this universal greeting, the children returned to their seats and their studies, and the smallest and newest of all the pupils — those who were still only at the beginning of their education — were brought up, to show the first stage of the process. Naturally, this first stage — the manner in which these little imprisoned intelligences are made aware that they possess a latent faculty by

* This school has very lately begun its operations at Ealing.

which they can communicate with those around them—is the most curious stage of all. It is begun by play. The teacher places an india-rubber ball on her hand, which the little pupil has to set in motion, by blowing at it with all the force of his little lungs; or she produces a bladder, attached to a tube, which he has in the same way to puff out with his breath. The ball rolls along; he perceives that this breath of his has powers before unknown to him; the limp bladder fills, becomes tight and round; then is discharged against his cheek, with a little rush of the released air, which gives the child pleasure. (Several of them, we noticed, let the air escape from the bladder against the corner of the eye, with a touching identification of the one valid and all-powerful organ from which all impressions come.) This is in reality the establishment of the link which is necessary between teacher and taught, the channel of all further communication. The next step is to show how that breath can produce sound. An “ă” is written upon the blackboard, and with her mouth fully opened, the teacher projects the vowel into the air with a movement of her throat and action of her breath, which the sensitive little fingers are made to feel. When the child imitates this effort, the vibration of the larynx adds to his experiences a sense of a new effect attained. Thus sight and sensation together achieve the result which nature has denied, and convey to the child’s mind a conviction of something new which he is able to do. After this he is taught the labials, a still more easy lesson, since the action by which he has already puffed his ball will produce the “p” and “b,” which vibrate upon his hand from his teacher’s breath, with a subtle difference of sensation which we might be unable to detect, but which he can very well identify. Thus the entire germ of the system is deposited in the mind of the little mute. He sees the letter form itself, a meaningless hieroglyphic, on the blackboard; then sees it on the lips of his instructor, feels it in the movement of the muscles of the throat, to which his attention is directed, and in the vibration of the breath; copies it, and then recognizes in his own sensitive throat the surprise and pleasure of a new sensation, exactly corresponding to the exertion he has made.

This foundation of the system is, as the reader will easily perceive, the explanation of all that follows. The little mute has recovered one of his lost senses, or is in the royal road of recovery, the moment he

has felt the vibration of that vowel in his throat, and learnt that the breath on his lips comes with a different sensation when he breathes out “pa” and “pha.” All the rest is simple perseverance and work. The other and still more vital portion of the process, by which the pupil reads on his teacher’s lips, almost unerringly, the ordinary words of human speech, has, we confess, still more the air of a miracle. The unwearied patience by which alone this can be attained cannot, it is needless to say, be followed or fathomed in a single lesson. We can confidently assert, however, that this marvellous result has been attained. The lady whose lessons we had been following selected three of her more advanced pupils. To these she related a little story of the simplest construction. When she had said a sentence, she required them to repeat it, to show that they had caught and understood every word, which they did, in their soft little muffled voices, with scarcely a stumble. When she had come to the end of the story, she said, “Now write it down on your slates.” The children did so, bringing, each in turn, to us, to be inspected, the slate upon which they had written down the anecdote. Their ages varied from twelve to fifteen. With more or less verbal faithfulness, but perfect accuracy to the facts, each had written down the story which he or she had heard,—nay, not heard, but seen—from the lips of their teacher. The little differences were characteristic and individual; the spelling in every case was perfect; no phonetic eccentricities are possible to the deaf. But that they should have caught, repeated, written down every syllable,—what a wonder it was! We do not know when we have seen anything that bore such an appearance of a miracle.

We are bound to add that we were not ourselves intelligible to Miss Hull’s pupils. A word or two of commendation over the written slates which we returned to them was all they could make out from the unaccustomed lips and hurried diction of the visitor, whom they had never seen before. But on the other hand, they did not lose a word which fell from the mouth of their intelligent and patient instructor. It is needless to say that clear and slow enunciation is absolutely necessary, at least from strangers. In their own homes, and among those whose faces are perfectly well known to them, the deaf mutes, we are told, make out everything, and end by taking their share in ordinary conversation.

The superiority of this system to the

laborious and limited alphabet of signs is too evident to require any further demonstration. The one is an expedient of mechanical ingenuity, like a wooden leg; the other a restoration of natural powers, — a

restoration which seems miraculous, and which, indeed, is so; for are not love, devotion, and patience, divine and wonder-working powers?

A NETTLE-STING. — Most persons have made an unpleasant acquaintance with one form of plant-hair through being stung by a nettle, but comparatively few have paid any attention to the exact nature of the offending organ, much less considered its relation to similar structures on other plants. The stinging hairs of the nettle belong to the class of "glandular hairs," and they consist of the glandular, or secreting part, at the base, and of the conical tube arising from it, and most often ending in a very sharp point. A simple plant-hair is an outgrowth from the epidermis, or plant-skin; but those with glands at their base may, as Sachs explains, be partly formed by cells of this *epidermis*, and by a layer of the vegetable tissue below them. A gland may consist of one or more cells. In the nettle there are several. The function of a gland is to separate some peculiar substance, such as oil, resin, camphor, etc.; or a poison, as in the nettle and other stinging plants. Many plants that have scent glands (sweet herbs, scented geraniums, etc.) easily yield a portion of their contents to slight pressure; the nettle as readily parts with its poison, which the sharp hairs insert into the skin of the person inadvertently touching it. If a vigorous leaf is examined under the microscope, or with a hand-lens of about an inch focus, each tubular hair will be seen wholly or partially filled with a colorless fluid. If while under examination one of these hairs is pressed with a needle, the fluid will be seen to move. If a glove is put on the left hand, a nettle-leaf twisted round the fore-finger with its upper side outermost, and held up to the light, the stinging hairs may be readily examined with a small magnifying glass in the right hand; and if any one of them is touched with the nail of the middle finger a movement of the fluid contents will be noticed. A few hairs may be picked out of the leaf with a needle, taking also a little of the leaf tissue, avoiding injury to any part of the structure. The hairs may then be placed on a glass slide, covered with thin glass, and put under a microscope with an inch power. If the covering glass is pressed with a needle while the objects are under view, the fluid will be seen to run out, often without visible injury to the hair. One writer says that the well-known plan of grasping the nettle

to escape its sting succeeds because the hairs are broken off below their sharp points, and cannot pierce the skin; but a great many trials show that the hairs are very often by no means so brittle as this notion supposes.

Science for All.

THE NORMAN CASTLES. — The castles built in the era immediately following the Conquest were very numerous, and, considered in connection with the enormous number of religious foundations, which date from the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the building activity of that age was, perhaps, unexampled. In their construction, everything was sacrificed to military necessities, without the slightest concession to any rival consideration. Not a stone was laid except in the strictest conformity with the conditions of the problem, and every inch of the structure, from basement to battlement, was the expression and result of a single purpose. The very profiles of the copings were devised to deflect or check the flight of the arrow, and indeed every part of the work bears testimony to the over-ruling sway of an iron age. The rough fancy of the Norman breaks out here and there in the ornament he loved so well, and with which the ecclesiastical buildings of the age abound, but never to the prejudice or even to the apparent weakening of the main purpose of the building. Cushioned capital, and zig-zag billet and chevron are found, but only in the crypt, or on some inner gateway, or for the adornment of the little oratory — seldom absent — nestling in the thickness of the mighty walls. Yet, in spite of the absence of deliberate artistic aim, the art instinct of their builders is everywhere felt. By fortuitous combinations of line and mass, the picturesque grandeur of the early castles is not exceeded by any of the works of man, nor is there probably any class of building the world over which has afforded the artist such universal aid and delight. To the novelist and the poet they are a never-failing source of inspiration. Need I mention Scott? The sight of a castle stirs his heart like the sound of a trumpet.

Magazine of Art.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XXV. }

No. 1805. — January 18, 1879.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXL. }

CONTENTS.

I. THE GREATNESS OF ENGLAND. By Prof. Goldwin Smith,	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ,	131
II. THE BRIDE'S PASS. By Sarah Tytler. Author of "What She Came Through," "Lady Bell," etc. Part III.,	<i>Advance Sheets</i> ,	142
III. HOLIDAYS IN EASTERN FRANCE. Conclusion,	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> ,	150
IV. SIR GIBBIE. By George MacDonald, author of "Malcolm," "The Marquis of Lossie," etc. Part IX.,	<i>Advance Sheets</i> ,	165
V. THE PHŒNICIANS IN GREECE,	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ,	175
VI. A WORLDLET WITHIN THE WORLD,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	185
VII. POOR CREATURES,	<i>Saturday Review</i> ,	188
VIII. THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS ALICE,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	190

POETRY.

MEMORY,	130	THE CLOSING YEAR,	130
MISCELLANY,			192

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.

MEMORY.

I.

ALL down the river's stretch I float,
While song-birds carol in the air;
Sweet ripples swirl about my boat,
And all the wakening world is fair.

The world is fair: I should be glad
When Nature showers her gifts on me,
Ah me! my portion is the sad
Sweet bitterness of memory;

And all my world is in one face,
One face upon the distant shore,
That looks and longs for me, whose place
Is with the live who live no more.

For surely this is death in life,
To know that I can never move
The fates, and that no toil or strife
Can ever win me her I love.

I hear the loud cicalas sing
Upon the river's grassy slope,
And still their ceaseless chirruping
Two weary words, "No hope — no hope."

O fond white arms that loved to play
About my neck and soothe my pain,
Will there be nevermore a day
For me to know your touch again?

O soft low voice that loved to tell
Sweet tales to my enraptured ears!
O voice that answered mine so well,
In laughter and in loving tears!

O love, my lost, my only love,
Who make the barren years so slow,
I see you in the skies above,
And in the whirling stream below,

Where all the ripples sound and swell
With all the words you spoke to me,
Till life once more runs smooth and well,
While I am fooled by memory.

Come back, O love, to speak one word,
One little word before I die,
One of the many I have heard
And always hear in memory.

It cannot be. The visions wane
And pale before reality;
The world is cold and bare again —
There is no joy in memory.

Yet could I only this believe,
That some day in the heaven they dream
We two should meet, I'd cease to grieve,
The heavy time would lightened seem.

Nought see I but this wretched world,
A shore whereon the fierce wind drives
Weird wrecks upon the shingle hurled,
The jetsam of divided lives.

What hard and weary punishment
The awful fates contrive for men:
They will not let me give, content,
All days of now for one of them!

Ah no! Where'er I pass my years,
That darken on the deathward slope,
Those words will echo in mine ears,
Those weary words, "No hope — no hope!"

II.

STILL cradled on the waters clear
The mirror of the dropping sun,
I slowly float, and strangely dear
Appear the days that now are done.

The sunset breezes lightly kiss
The treetops with their last low breath;
And there is happiness in this,
The happiness that comes with death.

They tower in the waning light
Those shadowy trees that stud the dell,
And through the softly opening night
Peals far away the evening bell.

The birds have hushed their noise above,
All through the day they sang their best;
They interchange last notes of love,
And sink with all the world to rest.

A strange and sweetly solemn mirth
Is waiting on the dying day;
Peace holds secure upon the earth
And in my weary heart her sway;

As like a worn-out child I lie,
To slumber rocked on Nature's breast,
And the night-wind comes sighing by
With faintly whispered words of rest.
Temple Bar. W. H. POLLOCK.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

FASTER than petals fall on windy days
From ruined roses,
Hope after hope falls fluttering, and decays,
Ere the year closes.

For little hopes, that open but to die,
And little pleasures,
Divide the long, sad year, that labors by,
Into short measures.

Yea, let them go! our day-lived hopes are not
The life we cherish;
Love lives, till disappointments are forgot,
And sorrows perish.

On withered boughs, where still the old leaf
clings,
New leaves come never;
And in the heart, where hope hangs faded,
springs
No new endeavor.
Spectator. F. W. B.

From The Contemporary Review.

THE GREATNESS OF ENGLAND.*

Two large islands lie close to that continent which has hitherto been selected by nature as the chief seat of civilization. One island is much larger than the other, and the larger island lies between the smaller and the continent. The larger island is so placed as to receive primeval immigration from three quarters—from France, from the coast of northern Germany and the Low Countries, and from Scandinavia, the transit being rendered somewhat easier in the last case by the prevailing winds and by the little islands which Scotland throws out, as resting-places and guides for the primeval navigator, into the northern sea. The smaller island, on the other hand, can hardly receive immigration except through the larger, though its southern ports look out, somewhat ominously to the eye of history, towards Spain. The western and northern parts of the larger island are mountainous, and it is divided into two very unequal parts by the Cheviot Hills and the mosses of the Border. In the larger island are extensive districts well suited for grain; the climate of most of the smaller island is too wet for grain and good only for pasture. The larger island is full of minerals and coal, of which the smaller island is almost destitute. These are the most salient features of the scene of English history, and, with a temperate climate, the chief physical determinants of English destiny.

What, politically speaking, are the special attributes of an island? In the first place, it is likely to be settled by a bold and enterprising race. Migration by land under the pressure of hunger or of a stronger tribe, or from the mere habit of wandering, calls for no special effort of courage or intelligence on the part of the nomad. Migration by sea does: to go forth on a strange element at all, courage

* The writer some time ago gave a lecture before the Royal Institution on "The Influence of Geographical Circumstances on Political Character," using Rome and England as illustrations. It may perhaps be right to say that the present paper, which touches here and there on matters of political opinion, is not identical with the latter portion of that lecture.

is required; but we can hardly realize the amount of courage required to go voluntarily out of sight of land. The first attempts at ship-building also imply superior intelligence, or an effort by which the intelligence will be raised. Of the two great races which make up the English nation, the Celtic had only to pass a channel which you can see across, which perhaps in the time of the earliest migration did not exist. But the Teutons, who are the dominant race and have supplied the basis of the English character and institutions had to pass a wider sea. From Scandinavia especially, England received, under the form of freebooters who afterwards became conquerors and settlers, the very core and sinews of her maritime population, the progenitors of the Blakes and Nelsons. The Northman, like the Phœnician, had a country too narrow for him, and timber for shipbuilding at hand. But the land of the Phœnician was a lovely land, which bound him to itself; and wherever he roved his heart still turned to the pleasant abodes of Lebanon and the sunlit quays of Tyre. Thus he became a merchant, and the father of all who have made the estranging sea a highway and a bond between nations, more than atoning, by the service thus rendered to humanity, for his craft, his treachery, his cruelty, and his Moloch-worship. The land of the Scandinavian was not a lovely land, though it was a land suited to form strong arms, strong hearts, chaste natures, and, with purity, strength of domestic affection. He was glad to exchange it for a sunnier dwelling-place, and thus instead of becoming a merchant, he became the founder of Norman dynasties in Italy, France, and England. We are tempted to linger over the story of these primeval mariners, for nothing equals it in romance. In our days science has gone before the most adventurous barque, limiting the possibilities of discovery, disenchanting the enchanted seas, and depriving us forever of Sindbad and Ulysses. But the Phœnician and the Northman put forth into a really unknown world. The Northman, moreover, was so far as we know the first ocean sailor. If the story of the circumnavigation of Africa by the Phœnicians is true, it was

an astonishing enterprise, and almost dwarfs modern voyages of discovery. Still it would be a coasting voyage, and the Phœnician seems generally to have hugged the land. But the Northman put freely out into the wide Atlantic, and even crossed it before Columbus, if we may believe a legend made specially dear to the Americans by the craving of a new country for antiquities. It has been truly said, that the feeling of the Greek, mariner as he was, towards the sea, remained rather one of fear and aversion, intensified perhaps by the treacherous character of the squally Ægean; but the Northman evidently felt perfectly at home on the ocean, and rode joyously, like a seabird, on the vast Atlantic waves.

Not only is a race which comes by sea likely to be peculiarly vigorous, self-reliant, and inclined, when settled, to political liberty, but the very process of maritime migration can scarcely fail to intensify the spirit of freedom and independence. Timon or Genghis Khan, sweeping on from land to land with the vast human herd under his sway, becomes more despotic as the herd grows larger by accretion, and the area of its conquests is increased. But a maritime migration is a number of little joint-stock enterprises implying limited leadership, common counsels, and a good deal of equality among the adventurers. We see in fact that the Saxon immigration resulted in the foundation of a number of small communities which, though they were afterwards fused into seven or eight petty kingdoms and ultimately into one large kingdom, must, while they existed, have fostered habits of local independence and self-government. Maritime migration would also facilitate the transition from the tribe to the nation, because the ships could hardly be manned on purely tribal principles: the early Saxon communities in England appear in fact to have been semi-tribal, the local bond predominating over the tribal, though a name with a tribal termination is retained. Room would scarcely be found in the ships for a full proportion of women; the want would be supplied by taking the women of the conquered country; and thus tribal rules of exclusive intermarriage, and all barriers

connected with them, would be broken down.

Another obvious attribute of an island is freedom from invasion. The success of the Saxon invaders may be ascribed to the absence of strong resistance. The policy of Roman conquest, by disarming the natives, had destroyed their military character, as the policy of British conquest has done in India, where races which once fought hard against the invader under their native princes, such as the people of Mysore, are now wholly unwarlike. Anything like national unity, or power of cooperation against a foreign enemy, had at the same time been extirpated by a government which divided that it might command. The Northman in his turn owed his success partly to the want of unity among the Saxon principalities, partly and principally to the command of the sea which the Saxon usually abandoned to him, and which enabled him to choose his own point of attack, and to baffle the movements of the defenders. When Alfred built a fleet, the case was changed. William of Normandy would scarcely have succeeded, great as his armament was, had it not been for the diversion effected in his favor by the landing of the Scandinavian pretender in the North, and the failure of provisions in Harold's Channel fleet, which compelled the fleet to put into port. Louis of France was called in as a deliverer by the barons who were in arms against the tyranny of John; and it is not necessary to discuss the Tory description of the coming of William of Orange as a conquest of England by the Dutch. Bonaparte threatened invasion, but unhappily was unable to invade: unhappily we say, because if he had landed in England he would assuredly have there met his doom; the Russian campaign would have been antedated with a more complete result, and all the after-pages in the history of the arch-brigand would have been torn from the book of fate. England is indebted for her political liberties in great measure to the Teutonic character, but she is also in no small measure indebted to this immunity from invasion which has brought with it a comparative immunity from standing armies. In the Middle Ages the question

between absolutism and that baronial liberty which was the germ and precursor of the popular liberty of after-times turned in great measure upon the relative strength of the national militia and of the bands of mercenaries kept in pay by overreaching kings. The bands of mercenaries brought over by John proved too strong for the patriot barons, and would have annulled the Great Charter, had not national liberty found a timely and powerful, though sinister auxiliary in the ambition of the French prince. Charles I. had no standing army: the troops taken into pay for the wars with Spain and France had been disbanded before the outbreak of the Revolution; and on that occasion the nation was able to overthrow the tyranny without looking abroad for assistance. But Charles II. had learned wisdom from his father's fate; he kept up a small standing army; and the Whigs, though at the crisis of the Exclusion Bill they laid their hands upon their swords, never ventured to draw them, but allowed themselves to be proscribed, their adherents to be ejected from the corporations, and their leaders to be brought to the scaffold. Resistance was in the same way rendered hopeless by the standing army of James II., and the patriots were compelled to stretch their hands for aid to William of Orange. Even so, it might have gone hard with them if James's soldiers, and above all Churchill, had been true to their paymaster. Navies are not political; they do not overthrow constitutions; and in the time of Charles I. it appears that the leading seamen were Protestant, and inclined to the side of the Parliament. Perhaps Protestantism had been rendered fashionable in the navy by the naval wars with Spain.

A third consequence of insular position, especially in early times, is isolation. An extreme case of isolation is presented by Egypt, which is in fact a great island in the desert. The extraordinary fertility of the valley of the Nile produced an early development, which was afterwards arrested by its isolation; the isolation being probably intensified by the jealous exclusiveness of a powerful priesthood which discouraged maritime pursuits. The isolation of England, though comparatively

slight, has still been an important factor in her history. She underwent less than the Continental provinces the influence of Roman conquest. Scotland and Ireland escaped it altogether, for the tide of invasion, having flowed to the foot of the Grampians, soon ebbed to the line between the Solway and Tyne. Britain has no monuments of Roman power and civilization like those which have been left in Gaul and Spain, and of British Christianity of the Roman period hardly a trace, monumental or historical, remains. By the Saxon conquest England was entirely severed for a time from the European system. The missionary of ecclesiastical Rome recovered what the legionary had lost. Of the main elements of English character political and general, five were brought together when Ethelbert and Augustine met on the coast of Kent. The king represented Teutonism; the missionary represented Judaism, Christianity, imperial and ecclesiastical Rome. We mention Judaism as a separate element, because, among other things, the image of the Hebrew monarchy has certainly entered largely into the political conceptions of Englishmen, perhaps at least as largely as the image of imperial Rome. A sixth element, classical republicanism, came in with the Reformation, while the political and social influence of science is only just beginning to be felt. Still, after the conversion of England by Augustine, the Church, which was the main organ of civilization, and almost identical with it in the early Middle Ages, remained national; and to make it thoroughly Roman and Papal, in other words to assimilate it completely to the Church of the Continent, was the object of Hildebrand in promoting the enterprise of William. Roman and Papal the English Church was made, yet not so thoroughly so as completely to destroy its insular and Teutonic character. The Archbishop of Canterbury was still *papa alterius orbis*; and the struggle for national independence of the papacy commenced in England long before the struggle for doctrinal reform. The Reformation broke up the confederated Christendom of the Middle Ages, and England was then thrown back into an isolation very marked, though tempered

by her sympathy with the Protestant party on the Continent. In later times the growth of European interests, of commerce, of international law, of international intercourse, of the community of intellect and science, has been gradually building again, on a sounder foundation than that of the Latin Church, the federation of Europe, or rather the federation of mankind. The political sympathy of England with Continental nations, especially with France, has been increasing of late in a very marked manner; the French Revolution of 1830 told at once upon the fortunes of English Reform, and the victory of the Republic over the reactionary attempt of May was profoundly felt by both parties in England. Placed too close to the Continent not to be essentially a part of the European system, England has yet been a peculiar and semi-independent part of it. In European progress she has often acted as a balancing and moderating power. She has been the asylum of vanquished ideas and parties. In the seventeenth century, when absolutism and the Catholic reaction prevailed on the Continent, she was the chief refuge of Protestantism and political liberty. When the French Revolution swept Europe, she threw herself into the anti-revolutionary scale. The tricolor has gone nearly round the world, at least nearly round Europe; but on the flag of England still remains the religious symbol of the era before the Revolution.

The insular arrogance of the English character is a commonplace joke. It finds, perhaps, its strongest expression in the saying of Milton that the manner of God is to reveal things first to his Englishmen. It has made Englishmen odious even to those who, like the Spaniards, have received liberation or protection from English hands. It stimulated the desperate desire to see France rid of the "Goddams" which inspired Joan of Arc. For an imperial people it is a very unlucky peculiarity, since it precludes not only fusion but sympathy and almost intercourse with the subject races. The kind heart of Lord Elgin, when he was governor-general of India, was shocked by the absolute want of sympathy or bond of any kind, except love of conquest, between the Anglo-Indian and the native; and the gulf apparently, instead of being filled up, now yawns wider than ever.

It is needless to dwell on anything so commonplace as the effect of an insular position in giving birth to commerce and developing the corresponding elements of political character. The British islands

are singularly well placed for trade with both hemispheres; in them, more than in any other point, may be placed the commercial centre of the world. It may be said that the nation looked out unconsciously from its cradle to an immense heritage beyond the Atlantic. France and Spain looked the same way, and became competitors with England for ascendancy in the New World; but England was more maritime, and the most maritime was sure to prevail. Canada was conquered by the British fleet. To the commerce and the maritime enterprise of former days, which were mainly the results of geographical position, has been added within the last century the vast development of manufactures produced by coal and steam, the parents of manufactures, as well as the expansion of the iron trade in close connection with manufactures. Nothing can be more marked than the effect of industry on political character in the case of England. From being the chief seat of reaction, the north has been converted by manufactures into the chief seat of progress. The Wars of the Roses were not a struggle of political principle; hardly even a dynastic struggle; they had their origin partly in a patriotic antagonism to the foreign queen and to her foreign councils; but they were in the main a vast faction fight between two sections of an armed and turbulent nobility turned into buccaneers by the French wars, and, like their compeers all over Europe, bereft, by the decay of Catholicism, of the religious restraints with which their morality was bound up. But the Lancastrian party, or rather the party of Margaret of Anjou and her favorites, was the more reactionary, and it had the centre of its strength in the north, whence Margaret drew the plundering and devastating host which gained for her the second battle of St. Albans and paid the penalty of its ravages in the merciless slaughter of Towton. The north had been kept back in the race of progress by agricultural inferiority, by the absence of commerce with the Continent, and by border wars with Scotland. In the south was the seat of prosperous industry, wealth, and comparative civilization; and the banners of the southern cities were in the armies of the house of York. The south accepted the Reformation, while the north was the scene of the Pilgrimage of Grace. Coming down to the Civil War in the time of Charles I., we find the Parliament strong in the south and east, where are still the centres of commerce and manufactures, even the iron trade,

which has its smelting-works in Sussex. In the north the feudal tie between landlord and tenant, and the sentiment of the past, preserve much of their force; and the great power in those parts is the Marquis of Newcastle, at once great territorial lord of the Middle Ages and elegant *grand seigneur* of the Renaissance, who brings into the field a famous regiment of his own retainers. In certain towns, such as Bradford and Manchester, there are germs of manufacturing industry, and these form the sinews of the Parliamentary party in the district which is headed by the Fairfaxes. But in the reform movement which extended through the first half of the present century, the geographical position of parties was reversed; the swarming cities of the north were then the great centres of liberalism and the motive power of reform; while the south, having by this time fallen into the hands of great landed proprietors, was conservative. The stimulating effect of populous centres on opinion is a very familiar fact: even in the rural districts it is noticed by canvassers at elections that men who work in gangs are generally more inclined to the liberal side than those who work separately.

In England, however, the agricultural element always has been and remains a full counterpoise to the manufacturing and commercial element. Agricultural England is not what Pericles called Attica, a mere suburban garden, the embellishment of a queenly city. It is a substantive interest and a political power. In the time of Charles I. it happened that, owing to the great quantity of land thrown into the market in consequence of the confiscation of the monastic estates, which had slipped through the fingers of the spendthrift courtiers to whom they were at first granted, small freeholders were very numerous in the south, and these men like the middle class in the towns, being strong Protestants, went with the Parliament against the Laudian reaction in religion. But land in the hands of great proprietors is conservative, especially when it is held under entails and connected with hereditary nobility; and into the hands of great proprietors the land of England has now entirely passed. The last remnant of the old yeoman freeholders departed in the Cumberland statesmen, and the yeoman freeholder in England is now about as rare as the other. Commerce has itself assisted the process by giving birth to great fortunes, the owners of which are led by social ambition to buy landed estates, because to land the odor of feudal superiority

still clings, and it is almost the necessary qualification for a title. The land has also actually absorbed a large portion of the wealth produced by manufactures, and by the general development of industry; the estates of northern landowners especially have enormously increased in value, through the increase of population, not to mention the not inconsiderable appropriation of commercial wealth by marriage. Thus the conservative element retains its predominance, and it even seems as though the land of Milton, Vane, Cromwell, and the reformers of 1832, might after all become, politically as well as territorially, the domain of a vast aristocracy of landowners, and the most reactionary instead of the most progressive country in Europe. Before the repeal of the Corn Laws there was a strong antagonism of interest between the land-owning aristocracy and the manufacturers of the north; but that antagonism is now at an end; the sympathy of wealth has taken its place; the old aristocracy has veiled its social pride and learned to conciliate the new men, who on their part are more than willing to enter the privileged circle. This junction is at present the great fact of English politics, and was the main cause of the overthrow of the liberal government in 1874. The growth of the great cities itself seems likely, as the number of poor householders increases, to furnish reaction with auxiliaries in the shape of political lazzaroni capable of being organized by wealth in opposition to the higher order of workmen and the middle class. In Harrington's "Oceania," there is much nonsense; but it rises at least to the level of Montesquieu in tracing the intimate connection of political power, even under elective institutions, with wealth in land.

Hitherto, the result of the balance between the landowning and commercial elements has been steadiness of political progress, in contrast on the one hand to the commercial republics of Italy, whose political progress was precocious and rapid but shortlived, and on the other hand to great feudal kingdoms where commerce was comparatively weak. England, as yet, has taken but few steps backwards. It remains to be seen what the future may bring under the changed conditions which we have just described. English commerce, moreover, may have passed its acme. Her insular position gave Great Britain during the Napoleonic wars, with immunity from invasion, a monopoly of manufactures and of the carrying trade. This element of her commercial supremacy

is transitory, though others, such as the possession of coal, are not.

Let us now consider the effects of the division between the two islands and of those between different parts of the larger island. The most obvious effect of these is tardy consolidation, which is still indicated by the absence of a collective name for the people of the three kingdoms. The writer was once rebuked by a Scotchman for saying "England" and "English," instead of saying "Great Britain" and "British." He replied that the rebuke was just, but that we must say "British and Irish." The Scot had overlooked his poor relations.

We always speak of Anglo-Saxons and identify the extension of the colonial empire with that of the Anglo-Saxon race. But even if we assume that the Celts of England and of the Scotch Lowlands were exterminated by the Saxons, taking all the elements of Celtic population in the two islands together, they must bear a very considerable proportion to the Teutonic element. That large Irish settlements are being formed in the cities of northern England is proved by election addresses coquetting with Home Rule. In the competition of the races on the American continent the Irish more than holds its own. In the age of the steam-engine the Scotch Highlands, the mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland, of Wales, of Devonshire, and Cornwall, are the asylum of natural beauty, of poetry and hearts which seek repose from the din and turmoil of commercial life. In the primeval age of conquest they, with sea-girt Ireland, were the asylum of the weaker race. There the Celt found refuge when Saxon invasion swept him from the open country of England and from the Scotch Lowlands. There he was preserved with his own language, indicating by its variety of dialects the rapid flux and change of unwritten speech; with his own form of Christianity, that of apostolic Britain; with his un-Teutonic gifts and weaknesses, his lively, social, sympathetic nature, his religious enthusiasm, essentially the same in its Calvinistic as in its Catholic guise, his superstition, his clannishness, his devotion to chiefs and leaders, his comparative indifference to institutions, and lack of national aptitude for self-government.

The further we go in these inquiries the more reason there seems to be for believing that the peculiarities of races are not congenital, but impressed by primeval circumstance. Not only the same moral and intellectual nature, but the same primitive

institutions, are found in all the races that come under our view; they appear alike in Teuton, Celt, and Semite. That which is not congenital is probably not indelible, so that the less favored races, placed under happier circumstances, may in time be brought to the level of the more favored, and nothing warrants inhuman pride of race. But it is surely absurd to deny that peculiarities of race, when formed, are important factors in history. Mr. Buckle, who is most severe upon the extravagances of the race theory, himself runs into extravagances not less manifest in a different direction. He connects the religious character of the Spaniards with the influence of apocryphal volcanoes and earthquakes, whereas it palpably had its origin in the long struggle with the Moors. He in like manner connects the theological tendencies of the Scotch with the thunderstorms which he imagines (wrongly, if we may judge by our own experience) to be very frequent in the Highlands, whereas Scotch theology and the religious habits of the Scotch generally were formed in the Lowlands and among the Teutons, not among the Celts.

The remnant of the Celtic race in Cornwall and West Devon was small, and was subdued and half incorporated by the Teutons at a comparatively early period; yet it played a distinct and a decidedly Celtic part in the Civil War of the seventeenth century. It played a more important part towards the close of the following century by giving itself almost in a mass to John Wesley. No doubt the neglect of the remote districts by the Bishops of Exeter and their clergy left Wesley a clear field; but the temperament of the people was also in his favor. Anything fervent takes with the Celt, while he cannot abide the religious compromise which commends itself to the practical Saxon.

In the Great Charter there is a provision in favor of the Welsh, who were allied with the barons in insurrection against the crown. The barons were fighting for the Charter, the Welshmen only for their barbarous and predatory independence. But the struggle for Welsh independence helped those who were struggling for the Charter; and the remark may be extended in substance to the general influence of Wales on the political contest between the crown and the barons. Even under the house of Lancaster, Llewellyn was faintly reproduced in Owen Glendower. The powerful monarchy of the Tudors finally completed the annexation. But isolation survived independence. The Welsh-

man remained a Celt, preserved his language and his clannish spirit, though local magnates, such as the family of Wynn, filled the place in his heart once occupied by the chief. Ecclesiastically he was annexed, but refused to be incorporated, never seeing the advantage of walking in the middle path which the State Church of England had traced between the extremes of Popery and Dissent. He took Methodism in a Calvinistic and almost wildly enthusiastic form. In this respect his isolation is likely to prove far more important than anything which Welsh patriotism strives to resuscitate by Eisteddfods. In the struggle, apparently imminent, between the system of Church establishments and religious equality, Wales furnishes a most favorable battle-ground to the party of disestablishment.

The Teutonic realm of England was powerful enough to subdue, if not to assimilate, the remnants of the Celtic race in Wales and their other western hills of refuge. But the Teutonic realm of Scotland was not large or powerful enough to subdue the Celts of the Highlands, whose fastnesses constituted in geographical area the greater portion of the country. It seems that in the case of the Highlands, as in that of Ireland, Teutonic adventurers found their way into the domain of the Celts and became chieftains, but in becoming chieftains they became Celts. Down to the Hanoverian times the chain of the Grampians which from the Castle of Stirling is seen rising like a wall over the rich plain, divided from each other two nationalities, differing totally in ideas, institutions, habits, and costume, as well as in speech, and the less civilized of which still regarded the more civilized as alien intruders, while the more civilized regarded the less civilized as robbers. Internally, the topographical character of the Highlands was favorable to the continuance of the clan system, because each clan having its own separate glen, fusion was precluded, and the progress towards union went no further than the domination of the more powerful clans over the less powerful. Mountains also preserve the general equality and brotherhood which are not less essential to the constitution of the clan than devotion to the chief, by preventing the use of that great minister of aristocracy, the horse. At Killiecrankie and Prestonpans the leaders of the clan and the humblest clansmen still charged on foot side by side. Macaulay is undoubtedly right in saying that the Highland risings against William

III. and the first two Georges were not dynastic but clan movements. They were in fact the last raids of the Gael upon the country which had been wrested from him by the Sassenach. Little cared the clansman for the principles of Filmer or Locke, for the claims of the house of Stuart or for those of the house of Brunswick. Antipathy to the Clan Campbell was the nearest approach to a political motive. Chiefs alone, such as the unspeakable Lovat, had entered as political *condottieri* into the dynastic intrigues of the period, and brought the claymores of their clansmen to the standard of their patron, as Indian chiefs in the American wars brought the tomahawks of their tribes to the standard of France or England. Celtic independence greatly contributed to the general perpetuation of anarchy in Scotland, to the backwardness of Scotch civilization, and to the abortive weakness of the Parliamentary institutions. Union with the more powerful kingdom at last supplied the force requisite for the taming of the Celt. Highlanders, at the bidding of Chatham's genius, became the soldiers, and are now the pet soldiers, of the British monarchy. A Hanoverian tailor with improving hand shaped the Highland plaid, which had originally resembled the simple drapery of the Irish kern, into a garb of complex beauty and well suited for fancy balls. The power of the chiefs and the substance of the clan system were finally swept away, though the sentiment lingers, even in the transatlantic abodes of the clansmen, and is prized, like the dress, as a remnant of social picturesqueness in a prosaic and levelling age. The hills and lakes—at the thought of which even Gibbon shuddered—are the favorite retreats of the luxury which seeks in wildness refreshment from civilization. After Culloden, Presbyterianism effectually made its way into the Highlands, of which a great part had up to that time been little better than heathen; but it did not fail to take a strong tinge of Celtic enthusiasm and superstition.

Of all the lines of division in Great Britain, however, the most important politically has been that which is least clearly traced by the hand of nature. The natural barriers between England and Scotland were not sufficient to prevent the extension of the Saxon settlements and kingdoms across the border. In the name of the Scotch capital we have a monument of a union before that of 1603. That the Norman Conquest did not include the Saxons of the Scotch Lowlands was due chiefly to the menacing attitude of Danish pretend-

ers, and the other military dangers which led the Conqueror to guard himself on the north by a broad belt of desolation. Edward I., in attempting to extend his feudal supremacy over Scotland, may well have seemed to himself to be acting in the interest of both nations. Union would have put an end to border war, and it would have delivered the Scotch in the Lowlands from the extremity of feudal oppression, and the rest of the country from a savage anarchy, giving them in place of those curses by far the best government of the time. The resistance came partly from mere barbarism, partly from Norman adventurers, who were no more Scotch than English, whose aims were purely selfish, and who would gladly have accepted Scotland as a vassal kingdom from Edward's hand. But the annexation would no doubt have formidably increased the power of the crown, not only by extending its dominions, but by removing that which was a support often of aristocratic anarchy in England, but sometimes of rudimentary freedom. Had the whole island fallen under one victorious sceptre, the next wielder of that sceptre, under the name of the great Edward's wittold son, would have been Piers Gaveston. But what no prescience on the part of any one in the time of Edward I. could possibly have foreseen was the inestimable benefit which disunion and even anarchy indirectly conferred on the whole island in the shape of a separate Scotch Reformation. Divines, when they have exhausted their reasonings about the rival forms of Church government, will probably find that the argument which had practically most effect in determining the question was that of the much decried but in his way sagacious James I., "No bishop, no king!" In England the Reformation was semi-Catholic; in Sweden it was Lutheran; but in both countries it was made by the kings, and in both episcopacy was retained. Where the Reformation was the work of the people, more popular forms of Church government prevailed. In Scotland the monarchy, always weak, was at the time of the Reformation practically in abeyance, and the master of the movement was emphatically a man of the people. As to the nobles, they seem to have thought only of appropriating the Church lands, and to have been willing to leave to the nation the spiritual gratification of settling its own religion. Probably they also felt with regard to the disinherited proprietors of the Church lands that "stone dead had no fellow." The result was a democratic and thoroughly Protes-

tant Church, which drew into itself the highest energies, political as well as religious, of a strong and great-hearted people, and by which Laud and his confederates, when they had apparently overcome resistance in England, were, as Milton says, "more robustiously handled." If the Scotch auxiliaries did not win the decisive battle of Marston Moor, they enabled the English Parliamentarians to fight and win it. During the dark days of the Restoration English resistance to tyranny was strongly supported on the ecclesiastical side by the martyr steadfastness of the Scotch, till the joint effort triumphed in the Revolution. It is singular and sad to find Scotland afterwards becoming one vast rotten borough, managed in the time of Pitt by Dundas, who paid the borough-mongers by appointments in India, with calamitous consequences to the poor Hindoo. But the intensity of the local evil, perhaps, lent force to the revulsion, and Scotland has ever since been a distinctly Liberal element in British politics, and seems now likely to lead the way to a complete measure of religious freedom.

Nature, to a great extent, fore-ordained the high destiny of the larger island; to at least an equal extent she fore-ordained the sad destiny of the smaller island. Irish history, studied impartially, is a grand lesson in political charity; so clear is it that in these deplorable annals the more important part was played by adverse circumstance, the less important by the malignity of man. That the stronger nation is entitled by the law of force to conquer its weaker neighbor and to govern the conquered in its own interest is a doctrine which civilized morality abhors. But in the days before civilized morality, in the days when the only law was that of natural selection, to which philosophy by a strange counter-revolution seems now inclined to return, the smaller island was almost sure to be conquered by the possessors of the larger, more especially as the smaller, cut off from the continent by the larger, lay completely within its grasp. The map, in short, tells us plainly that the destiny of Ireland was subordinated to that of Great Britain. At the same time, the smaller island being of considerable size and the Channel of considerable breadth, it was likely that the resistance would be tough and the conquest slow. The unsettled state of Ireland, and the half-nomad condition in which at a comparatively late period its tribes remained, would also help to protract the bitter process of subjugation; and these again were

the inevitable results of the rainy climate, which, while it clothed the island with green and made pasture abundant, forbade the cultivation of grain. Ireland and Wales alike appear to have been the scenes of a precocious civilization, merely intellectual and literary in its character, and closely connected with the Church, though including also a bardic element derived from the times before Christianity, the fruits of which were poetry, fantastic law-making, and probably the germs of scholastic theology, combined, in the case of Ireland, with missionary enterprise and such ecclesiastical architecture as the Round Towers. But cities there were none, and it is evident that the native Church with difficulty sustained her higher life amidst the influences and encroachments of surrounding barbarism. The Anglo-Norman conquest of Ireland was a supplement to the Norman conquest of England; and, like the Norman conquest of England, it was a religious as well as a political enterprise. As Hildebrand had commissioned William to bring the national Church of England into complete submission to the see of Rome, so Adrian, by the bull which is the stumbling-block of Irish Catholics, granted Ireland to Henry upon condition of his reforming, that is, Romanizing, its primitive and schismatic church. Ecclesiastical intrigue had already been working in the same direction, and had in some measure prepared the way for the conqueror by disposing the heads of the Irish clergy to receive him as the emancipator of the Church from the secular oppression and imposts of the chiefs. But in the case of England, a settled and agricultural country, the conquest was complete and final; the conquerors became everywhere a new upper class which, though at first alien and oppressive, became in time a national nobility, and ultimately blended with the subject race. In the case of Ireland, though the septs were easily defeated by the Norman soldiery, and the formal submission of their chiefs was easily extorted, the conquest was neither complete nor final. In their hills and bogs the wandering septs easily evaded the Norman arms. The Irish Channel was wide. The road lay through north Wales, long unsubdued, and, even when subdued, mutinous, and presenting natural obstacles to the passage of heavy troops. The centre of Anglo-Norman power lay far away in the southeast of England, and the force of the monarchy was either attracted to Continental fields or absorbed by struggles with baronial factions. Richard

II., coming to a throne which had been strengthened and exalted by the achievements of his grandfather, seems in one of his moods of fitful ambition to have conceived the design of completing the conquest of Ireland, and he passed over with a great power; but his fate showed that the arm of the monarchy was still too short to reach the dependency without losing hold upon the imperial country. As a rule, the subjugation of Ireland during the period before the Tudors was in effect left to private enterprise, which of course confined its efforts to objects of private gain, and never thought of undertaking the systematic subjugation of native fortresses in the interest of order and civilization. Instead of a national aristocracy the result was a military colony or pale, between the inhabitants of which and the natives raged a perpetual border war, as savage as that between the settlers at the Cape and the Kaffirs, or that between the American frontier-man and the red Indian. The religious quarrel was and has always been secondary in importance to the struggle of the races for the land. In the period following the conquest it was the pale that was distinctively Romanist. But when at the Reformation the Pale became Protestant, the natives, from antagonism of race, became more intensely Catholic, and were drawn into the league of Catholic powers on the Continent, in which they suffered the usual fate of the dwarf who goes to battle with the giant. By the strong monarchy of the Tudors the conquest of Ireland was completed with circumstances of cruelty sufficient to plant undying hatred in the breast of the people. But the struggle for the land did not end there; instead of the form of conquest it took that of confiscation, and was waged by the intruder with the arms of legal chicane. In the form of eviction it has lasted to the present hour; and eviction in Ireland is not like eviction in England, where great manufacturing cities receive and employ the evicted; it is starvation or exile. Into exile the Irish people have gone by millions, and thus, though neither maritime nor by nature colonists, they have had a great share in the peopling of the New World. The cities and railroads of the United States are to a great extent the monuments of their labor. In the political sphere they have retained the weakness produced by ages of political serfage, and are still the *débris* of broken clans, with little about them of the genuine republican, apt blindly to follow the leader who stands to them as a chief, while they are instinc-

tively hostile to law and government as their immemorial oppressors in their native land. British statesmen, when they had conceded Catholic emancipation and afterwards disestablishment, may have fancied that they had removed the root of the evil. But the real root was not touched till Parliament took up the question of the land, and effected a compromise which may perhaps have to be again revised before complete pacification is attained.

In another way geography has exercised a sinister influence on the fortunes of Ireland. Closely approaching Scotland, the northern coast of Ireland in course of time invited Scotch immigration, which formed as it were a Presbyterian pale. If the antagonism between the English Episcopalian and the Irish Catholic was strong, that between the Scotch Presbyterian and the Irish Catholic was stronger. To the English Episcopalian the Irish Catholic was a barbarian and a Romanist; to the Scotch Presbyterian he was a Canaanite and an idolater. Nothing in history is more hideous than the conflict in the north of Ireland in the time of Charles I. This is the feud which has been tenacious enough of its evil life to propagate itself even in the New World, and to renew in the streets of Canadian cities the brutal and scandalous conflicts which disgrace Belfast. On the other hand, through the Scotch colony, the larger island has a second hold upon the smaller. Of all political projects a federal union of England and Ireland with separate Parliaments under the same crown seems the most hopeless, at least if government is to remain Parliamentary; it may be safely said that the normal relation between the two Parliaments would be collision, and collision on a question of peace or war would be disruption. But an independent Ireland would be a feasible as well as natural object of Irish aspiration if it were not for the strength, moral as well as numerical, of the two intrusive elements. How could the Catholic majority be restrained from legislation which the Protestant minority would deem oppressive? And how could the Protestant minority, being as it is more English or Scotch than Irish, be restrained from stretching its hands to England or Scotland for aid? It is true that if scepticism continues to advance at its present rate, the lines of religious separation may be obliterated or become too faint to exercise a great practical influence, and the bond of the soil may then prevail. But the feeling against England which is the strength of Irish

nationalism is likely to subside at the same time.

Speculation on unfulfilled contingencies is not invariably barren. It is interesting at all events to consider what would have been the consequences to the people of the two islands, and to humanity generally, if a Saxon England and a Celtic Ireland had been allowed to grow up and develop by the side of each other untouched by Norman conquest. In the case of Ireland we should have been spared centuries of oppression which has profoundly reacted, as oppression always does, on the character of the oppressor; and it is difficult to believe that the isle of saints and of primitive universities would not have produced some good fruits of its own. In the Norman Conquest of England historical optimism sees a great political and intellectual blessing beneath the disguise of barbarous havoc and alien tyranny. The Conquest was a continuation of the process of migratory invasions by which the nations of modern Europe were founded, from restless ambition and cupidity, when it had ceased to be beneficent. It was not the superposition of one primitive element of population on another, to the ultimate advantage, possibly, of the compound; but the destruction of a nationality, the nationality of Alfred and Harold, of Bede and Ælfric. The French were superior in military organization; that they had superior gifts of any kind, or that their promise was higher than that of the native English, it would not be easy to prove. The language, we are told, was enriched by the intrusion of the French element. If it was enriched it was shattered; and the result is a mixture so heterogeneous as to be hardly available for the purposes of exact thought, while the language of science is borrowed from the Greek, and as regards the unlearned mass of the people is hardly a medium of thought at all. There are great calamities in history, though their effects may in time be worked off, and they may be attended by some incidental good. Perhaps the greatest calamity in history was the wars of Napoleon, in which some incidental good may nevertheless be found.

To the influences of geographical position, soil, and race is to be added, to complete the account of the physical heritage, the influence of climate. But in the case of the British Islands we must speak not of climate, but of climates; for within the compass of one small realm are climates moist and comparatively dry, warm and cold, bracing and enervating, the results

of special influences the range of which is limited. Civilized man to a great extent makes a climate for himself; his life in the north is spent mainly indoors, where artificial heat replaces the sun. The idea which still haunts us, that formidable vigor and aptitude for conquest are the appanage of northern races, is a survival from the state in which the rigor of nature selected and hardened the destined conquerors of the Roman Empire. The stoves of St. Petersburg are as enervating as the sun of Naples, and in the struggle between the northern and southern states of America not the least vigorous soldiers were those who came from Louisiana. In the barbarous state the action of a northern climate as a force of natural selection must be tremendous. The most important of the races which peopled the British Islands had already undergone that action in their original abodes. They could, however, still feel the beneficent influence of a climate on the whole eminently favorable to health and to activity; bracing, yet not so rigorous as to kill those tender plants of humanity which often bear in them the most precious germs of civilization; neither confining the inhabitant too much to the shelter of his dwelling, nor, as the suns of the south are apt to do, drawing him too much from home. The climate and the soil together formed a good school for the character of the young nation, as they exacted the toil of the husbandman and rewarded it. Of the varieties of temperature and weather within the islands the national character still bears the impress, though in a degree always decreasing as the assimilating agencies of civilization make their way. Irrespectively of the influence of special employments, and perhaps even of peculiarity of race, mental vigor, independence, and reasoning power are always ascribed to the people of the north. Variety, in this as in other respects, would naturally produce a balance of tendencies in the nation conducive to moderation and evenness of progress.

The islands are now the centre of an empire which to some minds seems more important than the islands themselves. An empire it is called, but the name is really applicable only to India. The relation of England to her free colonies is not in the proper sense of the term imperial; while her relation to such dependencies as Gibraltar and Malta is military alone. Colonization is the natural and entirely beneficent result of general causes, obvious enough

and already mentioned, including the power of self-government, fostered by the circumstances of the colonizing country, which made the character and destiny of New England so different from those of New France. Equally natural was the choice of the situation for the original colonies on the shore of the New World. The foundation of the Australian colonies, on the other hand, was determined by political accident, compensation for the loss of the American colonies being sought on the other side of the globe. It will perhaps be thought hereafter that the quarrel with New England was calamitous in its consequences as well as in itself, since it led to the diversion of British emigration from America, where it supplied the necessary element of guidance and control to a democracy of mixed but not uncongenial races, to Australia, where, as there must be a limit to its own multiplication, it may hereafter have to struggle for mastery with swarming multitudes of Chinese, almost as incapable of incorporation with it as the negro. India and the other conquered dependencies are the fruits of strength as a war power at sea combined with weakness on land. Though not so generally noticed, the second of these two factors has not been less operative than the first. Chatham attacked France in her distant dependencies when he had failed to make any impression on her own coasts. Still more clearly was Chatham's son the most incapable of war ministers, driven to the capture of sugar islands by his inability to take part otherwise than by subsidies in the decisive struggle on the Continental fields. This may deserve the attention of those who do not think it criminal to examine the policy of empire. Outlying pawns picked up by a feeble chessplayer merely because he could not mate the king do not at first sight necessarily commend themselves as invaluable possessions. Carthage and Venice were merely great commercial cities, which, when they entered on a career of conquest, were compelled at once to form armies of mercenaries, and to incur all the evil consequences by which the employment of those vile and fatal instruments of ambition is attended. England being, not a commercial city, but a nation, and a nation endowed with the highest military qualities, has escaped the fell necessity except in the case of India; and India, under the reign of the Company, and even for some time after its legal annexation to the crown, was regarded and treated almost as a realm in another planet, with an army, a politi-

cal system, and a morality of its own. But now it appears that the wrongs of the Hindoo are going to be avenged, as the wrongs of the conquered have often been, by their moral effect upon the conqueror. A body of barbarian mercenaries has appeared upon the European scene as an integral part of the British army, while the reflex influence of Indian empire upon the political character and tendencies of the imperial nation is too manifest to be any longer overlooked. England now stands where the paths divide, the one leading by industrial and commercial progress to increase of political liberty; the other, by a career of conquest, to the political results in which such a career has never yet failed to end. At present the influences in favor of taking the path of conquest seem to preponderate, and the probability seems to be that the leadership of political progress, which has hitherto belonged to England and has constituted the special interest of her history, will, in the near future, pass into other hands.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE BRIDE'S PASS.

BY SARAH TYTLER,

AUTHOR OF

"WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FUTURE LADY OF DRUMCHATT.

MRS. MACDONALD chose her time when the shooting-season was nearly over, and the Moydarts and the Hopkinses, with their houses thinned of company, were about to return to England till the next 12th of August. The fine weather had broken and was succeeded by a raw and misty October day, with a melancholy anticipation of the gusty blasts and piercing sleet showers of November.

But the minister's wife was too humane to have counted beforehand on the corresponding bodily condition of her victim, she had not in imagination forestalled the well-known symptoms in a general chill and a roughness in the throat, which augured the setting in of a bad cold that would keep the sufferer a prisoner for weeks at the least. Donald had run the risk by a piece of unwonted rashness, in allowing *ennui* to carry him on an inclement day to his nearest neighbors, the manse people, whom he had not looked near for the last fortnight of fine weather.

Mrs. Macdonald happened to be the only person at home to receive the laird, and she met him with the greatest kindness. She paid no heed to his small bravado of superiority to the weather, uttered with chattering teeth. She inducted him, nothing loth, into the minister's easy-chair in front of the drawing-room fire, forcing him to swallow a little brandy, and filching a hot basin of soup from the coming lunch to solace him still further. Then she improved the opportunity to inform him blandly that she had a project of sending Unah south under the chaperonage of Mrs. Hopkins, to remain over the winter with a cousin of her mother's, of whom Donald had not heard before — but then she had been in India, had just escaped from the rebellion, and was only now settling down in Yorkshire.

"Send Unah away for the whole winter!" cried Donald in such dismay that he blurted out his consternation without disguise. "How am I — I mean how are you and the minister to get through all the dreary winter months when the rest of the people are gone too, without her?"

Mrs. Macdonald smiled more graciously than ever, while she gently shook the silvery ringlets beneath her little lace cap. "The other people, even though they stayed over Christmas, could do little for her father and me in the absence of Unah," she said, with a reproach which was altogether playful in her tone. "It is different with you of course, but we, who are really concerned, must put aside every consideration, including our own feelings, for the child's good — that is the way with fathers and mothers, Donald — and at the same time we must not make an idol of Unah."

"If you think I don't care for Unah's going, or for her good, if her going be for her good, you are very much mistaken, Mrs. Macdonald," said Donald hastily and resentfully; "but I must say I don't see what advantage she is to gain by wandering away, without any of her people, at this season, to England, where she may get into all kinds of trouble, fall ill and die among strangers, or when we may all be dead and buried here before we can see each other again. A girl whose life is to be spent in the Highlands — what acquirements can she pick up in England among self-indulgent folks like the Hopkinses, that will compensate the risk, or for that matter be of the smallest use to her afterwards?" protested Donald at once imperiously and a little fretfully.

"My dear Donald, our life or death are

beyond our own control, but we may be thankful that if we have a Christian's faith, we can leave the time and the place in the darkness in which I believe they are mercifully hidden." Mrs. Macdonald rebuked him gently. Then she took up the lighter parts of his remonstrance, and resumed her rallying tone of seniority and superior wisdom, while she remained firm in her opinion. "Unah's life has been spent in the Highlands hitherto, it is true, but we are far from knowing that she is to be always in the north. Her brothers are in a different hemisphere; we are not to cheat ourselves with the delusion that her father and mother are to live forever, and that we are to go on for the next hundred years or so, staying in the manse of Fearnavoil, even if we did not aspire to a higher destiny. When we are gone there is no saying where Unah's lot may be cast, so she ought to see a little more of the world when she is young, that everything out of the parish or beyond the Grampians may not be strange to her when she is too old to learn to accommodate herself to novelties. A shy, timid girl is one thing, Donald, and a shy, timid, middle-aged woman is quite another; the last is a pitiable object. As for the Hopkinses, whom you call self-indulgent, I don't deny that the world has a great hold upon them; but let us look at their temptations and not judge our neighbors too harshly. The Hopkinses are certainly perfectly respectable, and far nicer than one might have expected of such *nouveaux riches*. I see a great improvement on them since I knew them first; but why need I say all this to you, Donald? Have you not been getting on quite intimate terms with the Hopkinses this autumn? I have even been doubtful whether I ought not to congratulate you on inducing Miss Laura to forego England with London and Brighton, in order to settle in the parish for the rest of her life."

"I don't care a rush where Laura Hopkins settles," said Donald ungallantly; "not that she would ever bury herself alive, as she would consider it, in Fearnavoil, for the sake of me or any man, without the glory of a handle to his name, like Lord Moydart, or even Sir Duncan. The Hopkinses have not got over the distinction possessed by a live baronet, though they are a little beyond being smitten by majors and captains. Miss Laura, and still more her mamma, would dearly like to have a ladyship among their valuable properties." He had meant to correct himself for a rude inference, but in his ill-

humor he had fallen into further strictures on his recent associates.

But Donald was not really minding the Hopkinses, his thoughts returned at once to the injury which was about to be inflicted on himself by Unah Macdonald's presuming to go away, or her relations presuming to send her away, for some months. During the interval she might meet with all manner of counter-attractions. She might, instead of sickening and dying without the benefit of relations or old friends, do what was more likely in the case of a young girl who had never suffered from a serious illness in her life, see and be seen, marry, or at least engage herself to marry, some horribly rich snob of the Hopkinses' set, who had never crossed her path before, or some rudely healthy Yorkshire squire.

Donald dwelt on the cold which he was sure he had caught this very morning, and every sign of which had become suddenly aggravated and intensified till a whole host of shivers ran through his system. Who knew but that it might lay him up for the whole winter? He imagined how dismal the days would be without Unah walking up with her father or mother to inquire for him, and staying to play and sing to him when he could not do either for himself. Unah was not a great musician, not nearly so well trained as Miss Laura Hopkins was; and the little Highland girl had not heard one of the multitude of operas of which Lady Jean could give snatches. Still Unah could play the old Highland music—the laments and the pibrochs—better than Lady Jean could do, with all her efforts.

And there was that English version of the Red Book of Clanranald, which Donald had so long wished to get, and that Hector Maclean, the schoolmaster, had at last obtained for him. The prize had arrived when the company were in all the county houses for the shooting-season, and though Donald knew that Lord Moydart would neglect the very birds to study it amidst the fit surroundings, he, Donald, had kept its *perdu*. He had laid it aside during the autumn, meaning that Unah and he should have the first eager examination of it all to themselves. They should read it together at their leisure, sift its statements, comparing them with their own chronicles as painstakingly and methodically as the minister himself, and finding it a welcome resource during the dark bitter days of winter which, in their proverbial shortness, were yet apt to prove all too long for him. The Red Book of Clanranald lost half its charm without

Unah. It was very ungrateful of Unah to forsake it and him for new friends such as the Hopkinses — vulgar, purse-proud people, in spite of their superficial refinement and what Mrs. Macdonald was time-serving enough to say in their defence. It was cruel of Unah to go to a foreign country like England, knowing all the while that he had sworn to live and die, for the short time he might spend on this earth, in his own Highlands and in his own home. She was perfectly aware that in winter for him to gad about and run off as far as the Yorkshire dales to catch a glimpse of her, would be as much as his wretched life was worth. But Unah did not heed whether the doom of his family came upon him early. She had no feeling, no pity for him.

"Does Unah care to go?" he asked abruptly, after he had nursed his knees and stared in silence into the fire for full five minutes, during which he had been considering that he had tried for himself and had found that he would give all the Laura Hopkinses and the Lady Jeans to boot (save the mark!) that the world held, sooner than lose Unah Macdonald.

"Unah does not know yet that there is any chance of her going," said Mrs. Macdonald, still with the same friendly but perfectly disengaged voice and manner. "I have thought it better not to mention it to her till everything is fixed. It is unsettling for a home-keeping girl to have such a proposal put before her; not that I expect Unah will be greatly elated at first — she is a tender-hearted child, and will be grieved to part from us all — that first parting, and for a period of months. It would not be worth incurring the fatigue and expense — in a manse household one must be very self-denying and careful, Donald — for a shorter time. But after the wrench is over, no doubt she will enjoy the variety like other girls."

"I don't believe it," declared the spoiled young laird doggedly; "but I will find for myself what is Unah's mind on the matter, and whether it is her pleasure to leave us all in the lurch."

"My dear Donald," Mrs. Macdonald exclaimed again in mild expostulation, "you are surely well aware that Unah knows her duty better than to object to the will of her parents, even were they to set her a much harder task than this. Another thing, you are a young man, and no longer a boy, Donald; you have sense and the feelings of a gentleman to appreciate the proper restraints of society. Though I trust you and Unah will always remain

true and dear friends, you must see that as you are not her brother in reality, there can be no question of your will and pleasure in her going or staying. I speak plainly to you, because, after all, you are like one of our own boys in our hearts, and I am convinced you are too just and generous not to see the force of my argument. You would not sacrifice Unah's interests to the fact that you have not a sister; and you would only be the less likely to be guilty of such selfishness — I must call it so," said Mrs. Macdonald — "because I have been proud and happy to have you for an adopted son. Now, be sincere with yourself I beg, Donald, and look beyond the present in order to comprehend your true relation to Unah. You like her very much, and her companionship is a great boon to you just now, but when you have brought a wife to Drumchatt, will it be anything save a trifle to you what Unah may do? unless, indeed, she were so left to herself as to propose to take some very rash and foolish step."

"As if you and I who know Unah, could ever suppose her doing anything of the kind," cried Donald, losing all patience and politeness. Then, as one of the salmon of his own river, that has with half-conscious infatuation swallowed the bait offered to him, then dived and swam and dragged the line in fruitless resistance for a space, suddenly collapses, flaps his fins in mingled exhaustion and despair, and allows himself to be landed without further opposition — in Donald's case he even assisted at his own landing — the young man added vehemently: "No wife shall ever come to Drumchatt that will put out Unah, none unless Unah herself, if she consent — you might have guessed that, Mrs. Macdonald," he went on as reproachfully as if his mind had been made up from the beginning, as if he had never resented the hook cleverly slipped down his gullet, never either fought or played with the line. Very possibly he forgot from that moment that he had not been wholly a free agent, either in his selection of Unah for a partner in life, or in the time for the declaration of his intentions. It is to be hoped that the salmon too, before he gasps out his breath on the bank, under the triumphant eyes of his captor, becomes equally oblivious to the worse sting of his pain, that it was by his own deed, in the face of his suspicions, that he snatched at and gulped down the bait which has proved his bane.

"Donald, you take away my breath," cried Mrs. Macdonald in her turn; and,

indeed, as she was an excitable woman, her heart beat fast at the quick realization of her hopes. "This is changing the question with a vengeance. But are you sure you know your own feelings? Do you know what you are about? The most momentous decision of your life, only to be approached with the greatest thought, and — you will forgive the word from me, my dear boy — humility; your own happiness and Unah's, the well-being of two immortal creatures, depend, under Providence, on your being right in what you judge your present wishes," said Mrs. Macdonald, as earnestly as if she had never indulged in a speculation regarding his choice. She was actually for the moment as forgetful as Donald or the salmon could prove of her share of bringing about the crisis. It was as if the angler also had suddenly become a Mahometan and a fatalist, and conceived that his past instrumentality went for nothing. "It was written. Allah willed it!" Nay, it was as if the successful fisher showed himself so impartial as to end by adjuring the hapless salmon, if he had no mind to be boiled and eaten presently, to return to the flood from which he was already severed beyond remedy.

"I should think I know my own wishes," asserted Donald, with a confidence that was beyond suspicion. "I only wish I were as certain of Unah's inclinations." But though he had the grace to give Unah the option of a choice in the matter, there was very little doubt in his look or accent — rather a restless longing to go on and finish what he had begun, and insure his escape from the jeopardy which had lately threatened him. "As for Unah's happiness — so far as it rests with me, I promise with all my heart to care for it before my own."

"I know it; I believe you. There is no one I would sooner confide my daughter to; and you have not to be taught that an only daughter is a precious possession," said Mrs. Macdonald fervently, with ready tears softening the fire of her dark eyes, and smiles glistening through the tears. "And on your side, dear Donald, if Unah does you the honor to accept you for her husband, and leaves us all for you — to go over and bear you company and share your burdens at Drumchatt — you will not think me a very foolish woman, or much too partial a mother, if I admit that I am satisfied you have done well for yourself, and that my little Unah will make you the best and dearest of wives. But we are forgetting that there are more persons to

be consulted in the affair than you and I; some who, though they love you as well, may not be so easily won over to approve of your suit. Women and mothers are soft-hearted, Donald Macdonald; fathers are of sterner stuff, and little girls who have never been from home may open their eyes wide in terror at the first proposal to quit it finally."

"I will speak to the minister this very morning, whenever he comes in," cried Donald valiantly. "I will do what I can to bring round Unah; she is not cruel, and I need her more than you need her. Drumchatt is only next door, a mere step across the hills; it is not like going away from home at all, far less abandoning it. To start off for England and stay there for months as you have been suggesting would be a thousand times harder." He tried to turn the tables.

Mrs. Macdonald laughed at his warmth, but was not convinced. "Unah, as your wife and the mistress of Drumchatt, will be far less our own little daughter, to praise and to blame and to order about, than though the gates of the Highlands, and the Tay, and the Tweed were all passed. It is idle to shut our eyes to the truth, though you may be a good son to us in the room of the sons who are far away — I have called you an adopted son already, and I have said also that the fathers and mothers must give way in one sense to the children. It is the elders' right and privilege, which you may understand for yourself one day."

Donald kept his word in the feverish impatience that had already taken possession of him, and which, perhaps, belonged as much to his constitutional weakness as to the self-will tending to despotism that his rearing had bred in him. He spoke to the minister that very afternoon in the retirement of the study, where Donald had once been accustomed to say his lessons, and where Unah had often helped him along the rough road to knowledge. He could see some of their lesson-books still in the corner of the bookcase, and the blackboard on which they had done their sums had never been removed.

Farquhar Macdonald had his breath taken away more entirely than his wife had undergone the process. But when the shock of any man's seeking to carry off Unah, and the idea of Donald of Drumchatt's being that man and becoming Unah's future husband, grew a little familiar to him, it did not seem either unnatural or undesirable.

He had a fatherly liking for the young

kinsman in whose training the minister had taken so prominent a part. He clung to the hope that Donald, who had outgrown so many forebodings, might be spared to run the ordinary length of a man's race. In spite of what were held the minister's levelling tendencies, he had his share of a Highlander and a Fearnavoil man's respect for the head of a branch of the clan, and for the laird of Drumchatt. The minister also would take pride and pleasure, though in a simpler, less worldly sense than the words implied where his wife was concerned, in seeing Unah preside worthily in the old family mansion where her great-grand-aunt — the link that connected Drumchatt with Craighbhhu — had reigned with distinction and credit in her day. Then Drumchatt was within an easy morning or evening's walk from Fearnavoil; and — granting the truth of what Mrs. Macdonald had said of the severance which marriage, like death, causes between the members of a household who had once every interest in common — the kindly nearness of neighborhood went a considerable way in the feelings with which the minister was disposed to regard his daughter's destination.

As to any undue advantages accruing from the marriage to Unah, at which the minister, in his position as former trustee to the problematical bridegroom, might well have scrupled, the very unworldliness of the man saved him from the doubt. He thought wistfully of his daughter in her youth and winsomeness, he compelled himself to regard the possibility of her sinking into the mere nurse of a fretful, ailing man, with the companion picture of Unah left a forlorn widow long before she had reached her prime, and it seemed to him, without prejudice, that the gain was mostly on Donald's part, the risk on Unah's; yet, as he was a Christian man and minister, with faith that God could cure all evil, physical no less than spiritual, he should not on that account, for the sake of his daughter's higher as well as her lower life, forbid the union.

But the minister did not respond entirely to Donald of Drumchatt's pressing proposal, a good deal to the annoyance of Donald, who had craved his audience without any expectation of a rebuff. Mr. Macdonald, though he expressed his startled surprise with forbearance, and heard out the speaker patiently and kindly, made certain conditions of his consent to the suit, which Donald, knowing all the time that the minister in his mildness was exceedingly difficult to move from a position

he had taken up, received as vexatious and savoring of fatherly red-tapism.

Donald of Drumchatt was welcome to pretend to Unah's hand; he might even speak to her, young as she was, on the subject, and do his best to secure her precious "Yes" as the seal to her father and mother's consent. The minister went farther, and spoke approving words, pleasant for a young man to hear, and doubly valuable coming from lips the honesty of which had never been questioned, on Donald's unsullied character, in addition to his capacity for maintaining a wife.

But not the less did Unah's father maintain that there was to be no word of the immediate marriage for which Donald craved. Both he and Unah were young enough to wait a year — twelve months could not be called a long engagement; let the lad think of Jacob's probation, and be ashamed of his intemperate haste. If Unah and he did not require to be better acquainted, they would not be the worse of having a winter and a summer in which to regard each other in a new light. Further, though Donald had no near relations to consult and was of age, and though both he and the minister were conscious that all his late guardians who were concerned for the young man's welfare would look upon an early marriage as the most fortunate event that could befall Donald, Mr. Macdonald remained resolute that the laird should communicate his intentions to what kindred, apart from the family at the manse, were left to him. He ought also to pay the remnant of his former trustees the proper compliment of announcing to them in due form his marriage, some time before the event took place. If they objected he must hear what they had to say against his choice. In short, Donald was to go about so serious a step, his most important worldly act, with fitting deliberation no less than with decency and order.

Donald, headstrong as he was, had to submit; but at least he might speak to Unah — speak to her within the same morning that he had broached the topic to her mother and father, before he mounted his pony and rode back, ere the sun set and the dew fell, another man — with changed, or at least with rapidly ripened and openly proclaimed views, to Drumchatt.

He was so well acquainted with the ways of the house that he had no trouble in finding Unah, the moment she had come in, laid aside her hat and gone up to the old nursery, where, among much antiquated and dilapidated furniture, she still kept

many of her heterogeneous belongings. There were her pressed specimens of dried plants, and the living geraniums which had displayed their beauty in the glass porch during the summer and were to be coaxed to exist as leafless skeletons through the winter; the mother-dog with its puppies in their basket in the corner; and a somewhat messy array of paints and varnishes, earthenware, wood, and leather, with which Unah dabbled in enterprising girlish attempts at what, it is to be feared, would have shocked an austere, truth-loving artist, in such innocent mockeries of art as existed in those days in potochomania, imitation Japan work, and leather work which feigned to be carved wood.

"Don't come here, Donald," cried Unah, when she saw who was her visitor. "My mother has not given me a fire yet. Oh, don't attempt to shake hands with me, for I am sticky all over, from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot;" and in proof of this alarming announcement Unah made a wry face and held out two well-shaped little hands, red with cold and smeared with gum. "Go away back to the drawing-room," she enjoined on the intruder in her utter unconsciousness of his mission. "What are you doing following me here, on a cold day like this? Be a good boy, Don, and wait patiently till I wash my hands and do my hair. Oh dear! it needs to be done so often in windy weather, for my mother does not like to see it untidy;" and Unah craned her neck to glance disconsolately at the ruffled auburn locks in loose coils on her shoulders. "How well off you boys are to have short hair! Why are you standing still, there, when I have told you I am coming? What do you want so very much?" Unah demanded with a little aggrieved air of oppression and a regretful glance at the trashy implements of her beloved occupation.

Donald paused for a moment before he answered her, impelled by an instinct to look at her with new, enlightened, or was it bewitched eyes? At least it was with an additional sense — that of his spoken-out and determined purpose — that he regarded his old playmate. She stood there in her ignorant girlishness, clad in no daintier or more gorgeous attire than one of her inexpensive, unobtrusive frocks — they were frocks, not gowns, still. In this case the frock was composed of a thin, light, sandy-colored woollen stuff well warranted to wear, and not requiring any great proof to testify that it was in material and dye one of the most modest of fabrics. It was for the last quality as well as for

the economy of the purchase that Mrs. Macdonald had selected it for Unah. It was a style of costume which could in no circumstances have been striking, and which must have been singularly unbecoming to any pale complexion less fair and clear than Unah's. Moreover the frock was considerably rumped, and showed more than one darn, the work of an amateur darning, in rents which could only have been made by gooseberry bushes or bramble thickets. There were even rubbed and frayed traces slightly stained with green, that looked suspiciously like the damage incurred by sliding down a hillside, nay, climbing a tree in the pass. Donald's gaze took in the daughter of the manse with all her rustic accompaniments, as it had never taken her in before; and his heart leaped to the triumphant conclusion that, so far as he was concerned, Laura Hopkins in her freshest muslin and Lady Jean in her tartan silk could not come within miles of Unah Macdonald.

"Never mind that nonsense, Unah," said the young laird in his lordly way, advancing to the girl in defiance of her prohibition, and taking her hand without regard either to the gum with which it was daubed, or to her surprised resistance. "I have come to speak to you of something of consequence — of great consequence to us both — so I do not care for the cold or for anything else except what I am saying and what you will say to me in return. Did you ever hear that your mother was thinking of sending you off with the Hopkinses to spend the winter in England?"

"No!" cried Unah, opening wide her grey eyes in wonder and dismay. "How could I go by myself? What should I do away from you all? — away from Fearn-avoil? My mother would not make me do anything so terrible. My father would not hear of it."

"But your mother has thought of it, for she told me herself," said Donald, taking rather an unfair advantage of his friend and ally, "and I dare say she would have brought round your father to think it was best for you, but I have put a stop to it."

"Oh, thank you, thank you very much, dear Donald," exclaimed Unah gratefully; "only I don't know how it could have happened, or why they should have thought of sending me off now with the Hopkinses, after I had escaped going to school. I did not even hear that Mrs. Hopkins had asked me particularly to pay them a visit," with a little lingering incredulity bred of

her loyal trust in her father and mother's affection for her.

Donald's conscience had smitten him faintly at the expression of her gratitude, and he now hastened to say, with a little rising agitation, —

"Don't thank me in the very least, Unah, I was considering my own interest first of all," he admitted, with more entire truth than he was quite sensible of. "What should I do up by myself at Drumchatt all the winter, and you away in England? Unah, I am going to ask you instead to come to Drumchatt for good, and never to leave me."

"Never to leave you!" repeated Unah in a stunned, bewildered way, not at once arriving at a full comprehension of his meaning, though even in her slowness her cheeks grew suddenly red and her grey eyes began to shift their gaze with a startled restlessness, and to shun meeting his brown eyes. "That would be impossible. What would my father and mother say?"

"Nothing against my happiness, darling. They both know what I wish, and they agree to let you come if you will. They are even good enough to say that they are glad to give you to me. Unah, you won't be less kind than they are?"

She could not mistake him now, girlish, almost childish, as she was. All the dawning womanhood in her sprang up in answer to his appeal and interpreted its character. As her mother had guessed, the first feeling of the shy girl who shrank naturally from all that was new and untried, was one of almost unmingled affront and distress.

"Oh, don't speak so, Don," she implored him, turning away her abashed, frightened face, twisting her hands out of his grasp. "What has put such a strange idea into your head? Oh, let us be as we have always been. I am sure we were happy enough," she finished piteously.

"No, no, not a hundredth part so happy as we shall be," protested Donald sturdily, accustomed to the nervous timidity of his companion, and not a bit discomfited by the coyness, in which, however, there was not a grain of coquetry. "At least I know that I shall be as happy as the day is long, if you will be my wife, Unah. If you refuse me I shall be the most miserable fellow on God's earth — only not for long — such grief would soon do for me; you would not be long in getting rid of me."

"Oh, Donald, Donald, how can you say such wicked, nasty things!" exclaimed Unah, falling on a very girlish word to

convey her vehement condemnation of his threat, and ready to cry with alarm and with her own misery at the present moment.

"Well, Unah," alleged Donald, half doggedly, half with an air of candor, even of humility, "you know very well that I am not strong like other fellows."

"You are much stronger than you used to be," Unah interrupted him, with wistful, eager affection, and glancing over her shoulder at him in rueful deprecation. It was so bad for Donald to give way to apprehensions about his health. It was so bad of her to arouse such apprehensions in Donald; she had been so used from her very babyhood to sparing, sheltering, and humoring Donald — the reverse position which the two sexes are accustomed to hold towards each other.

"Perhaps," assented Donald, with recovered cheerfulness. "But it would not take very much — now would it, Unah? — to make an end of me and my re-established health, while such a disappointment would be the greatest blow I could receive. However, if you don't care for me, Unah, if you don't think you could ever care for me, of course I should not like you to let any considerations on my account prevent you from doing what you felt inclined." He did not speak sulkily or even with any soreness, for indeed so far as his knowledge went, and forewarned as he had been by Mrs. Macdonald, he did not have any reason to distrust the favorable result of his proposal. He only meant to be magnanimous. He had not the smallest suspicion that he was taking an unfair advantage of his old playmate and companion.

"But I do care for you, Don," Unah denied, weeping outright; "you know that I have cared for you all my life, very much — only not in this way — not to think of marrying you. Oh, I don't wish to marry any body, but to live with my father and mother all my life."

"What! be an old maid, Unah, 'a lone woman,' a single lady with a lass and a lantern; you who are so bonnie and so — so charming! I don't know the best word to sum up what you are in my eyes, you see I have not been accustomed to pay you compliments." He began to laugh at her resistance, it struck even him as being based on such very youthful and untenable grounds.

"I dare say not!" exclaimed Unah in disgust, "and I don't think, Donald, you or any body else had any right to begin troubling me with questions about marriage," she stammered at the very word,

and as to its forerunner love, she would have died sooner than breathe it, "not for a great while yet, not till I am much older and wiser, and able to face such a subject."

"Why, Unah, how old do you think you are?" he demanded lightly; "how old is Miss Laura Hopkins, who has already rejected half a score of suitors—as her mamma for her, if not she herself, will confide to you? How old is Lady Jean, for whose sake poor Hunter got the sack for presumption, and had to take himself out of the country a whole year ago? How old is Flora in the kitchen, of whom you told me the last time I was here that she and Eachin Roy are to be married at the term? And I was not going to ask you to take me and make a kirk or a mill of me on the spot. Yet I must confess I might have been so bold; but your father will not hear of your having anything to say to me—I mean before him as our minister—for a year, whole twelve months, all this winter and next spring and summer."

A year was a long time, like a lifetime to Unah; a ray of light broke through her dismay, she looked up with an air of relief, and in the relief there suddenly came to her a bashful sense of pride in the promotion of having received her first offer. Some one thought a great deal of her—Unah, whom even her father and mother, while they loved her dearly, held as little better than a child, and whom Jenny Reach was always, not so much scolding as scorning and making game of in an indulgent way; some one wished to make her the mistress of his house and the sharer of his counsels. It was odd and comical as well as dreadfully overwhelming; but when she came to consider it, it was not without its delicate flattery, its sop to her vanity, notwithstanding that the somebody was only her cousin Donald who knew no better, because he was very little older and wiser than herself. And she had a whole year to think of it, so that there was no need to distress and vex herself—and him—by forcing herself to give him an answer all in a moment.

Donald was wise enough, in spite of the scanty amount of wisdom which was all that Unah was inclined to accord to him, to content himself with breaking the ice. He got Unah to grant that she would think of what he had said, since she had not to take any decisive step for twelve months—then he let her go.

There was a considerable relapse into Unah's agony of affront and trouble when she had to face at luncheon not only Don-

ald, but her father and mother, with regard to whom he had said that they knew the wonder that had befallen her. Poor Unah crept into the dining-room looking very silly and sheepish as she was quite aware, and knowing herself horribly uncomfortable, having her ordinary fresh, cool cheeks dyed with the painful burning blushes and her eyes lowered in the sense of guilt of a conscious culprit.

But it seemed as if everybody had conspired to spare the girl and even to cause her to feel small in an opposite direction, by taking no notice of the great event of the morning, and looking and speaking as if nothing had occurred. Mrs. Macdonald entered into the merits and demerits of frizzles (a native term for Highland hens), and the minister talked of the varieties of Glenlivat, Campbelton, and Islay as he took his tonic of whisky and water.

After Donald left, to be sure, Unah's mother did allow herself to greet some trifling service—the bringing of a footstool or of a workbasket, which her daughter rendered her, with a whispered tender reproach, half gay, half pensive, as if she were already realizing, which indeed she was, that the attainment of her greatest ambition for her daughter would not be without its drawbacks to herself. "So, Unah, I am to do this for myself in time to come? My little girl is going to leave me."

"Oh, mother, I don't wish to leave you; let me stay with you and my father always," cried Unah, breaking down on the instant, and imploring urgently to be kept still in tutelage, and saved from herself and from Donald and the whole race of men.

But Mrs. Macdonald only shook her head with the faintly smiling negative of superior wisdom. "So you all say, little woman, but you don't mean it, and it would not be well if you did. We poor fathers and mothers must make up our minds to be separated from our children with the best grace we can muster; nay, with something better than grace, submission to the divine laws."

Unah might have contradicted her mother further, only she had not been brought up to contradict, and when Mrs. Macdonald spoke of submission to the divine laws it sounded conclusive.

Rather to Unah's surprise her father did not allude to Donald's proposal, where she was concerned, for days. But his very silence, his sympathetic shyness and reluctance to speak on the subject which was so near to them both, tended more

than any speech could have done to subdue and hold in check all trembling half-formed questions in her young inexperienced heart.

"God bless you, child, and Donald for your sake," was Mr. Macdonald's first allusion to the marriage which was in prospect. He made it one night, holding the girl back an instant for the purpose as she was bidding him good-night. He had not doubted Unah's consent to Donald's wishes, even though he had not underestimated his daughter's worth in the compact; and how could Unah, who did not know her own mind, make him doubt? She shook like a leaf and averted her face, now red as a rose, now pale as a lily, at his words; she quickly withdrew herself from his light grasp, but she received his blessing for herself and Donald in silence, which was of itself consent. And the longer she remained silent, the longer she suffered the imputation to rest upon her, the more certainly the conditions of her fate were being fulfilled.

From Fraser's Magazine.

HOLIDAYS IN EASTERN FRANCE.

IV.

THE JURA.

HARDLY has the traveller quitted Besançon in the direction of Lons-le-Saunier than he finds himself amid wholly different scenery; all is now on a vaster, grander scale—desolate sweeps of rocky plain, shelving mountain-side, bits of scant herbage alternating with vineyards, their gold-green foliage lending wondrous lustre to the otherwise arid landscape, the rocks rising higher and higher as we go—such are the features that announce the Jura. We have left the gentler beauties of the Doubs behind us, and are now in the most romantic and picturesque part of Franche-Comté.

Salins, perhaps the only cosmopolitan town that the Jura can be said to possess, since hither English and other tourists flock in the summer season, is superbly situated—a veritable fairy princess guarded by monster dragons. Four tremendous mountain-peaks protect it on every side, towering above the little town with imposing aspect. And it is no less strongly defended by art, each of these mountain-tops being crested with fortifications. Salins rears indeed a formidable front to the enemy, and no wonder the

Prussians could not take it. Strategically, of course, its position is most important, as a glance at the map will show. It is in itself a wonderful little place from its *assiette*, as the French say; and wherever you go you find wild natural beauty, whilst the brisk mountain air is delightful to breathe, and the transparent atmosphere lends an extra glow to every feature of the scene.

At Salins, too, we find ourselves in a land of luxuries, *i.e.*, clean floors, chambermaids, bells, sofas, washing-basins, and other items in hygiene and civilization. The Hôtel des Messageries is very pleasant, and here, as in the more primitive regions before described, you are received rather as a guest to be made much of than a foreigner to be imposed upon. This charming *bonhomie* found among all classes is apt to take the form of gossip overmuch, which is sometimes wearisome. The Franc-Comtois, I must believe, are the greatest talkers in the world, and any chance listener to be caught by the button is not easily let go. Yet a considerable amount of volubility is pardoned when people are so amiable and obliging.

Mendicity is forbidden in the Jura as in the department of the Doubs, and there is little real pinching poverty to be found among the rural population, who have a laboriousness, economy, and even sordidness unknown among our own. For the most part, the wine-grower and fabricator of so-called Gruyère cheese is well-to-do and independent, and here indeed the soil is the property of the people.

The Salins season ends on the 15th of September, when the magnificent hydro-pathic establishment closes, and only a few stray visitors remain. The waters are said to be much more efficacious than those of Kreuznach in Prussia, which they resemble; and the quantity of iron contained in the soil is shown by its deep crimson hue. If the tonic qualities of the mountain springs are invaluable, it must be admitted that they are done ample justice to, for never surely were so many public fountains to be found in a town of the same size. A charming monograph might be devoted to the public fountains of Franche-Comté, and those of Salins are especially meritorious as works of art. How many there are I cannot say, but at least half a dozen are interesting as monuments, notably the life-size bronze figure of a vintager by the gifted Salinois sculptor, Max Claudel, ornamenting one; the fine torso surmounting another, and of which the history is mysterious; the

group of swans adorning a third, and so on, at every turn the stranger coming upon some street decorations of this kind whilst the perpetual sound of running water is delightful to the ear. I shall never recall the Jura without the cool, pleasant, dripping noise of falling water, as much a part of it as its brisk air and dazzling blue sky. There is a great deal to see at Salins; the *salines*, or salt-works of ancient date, the old church of St. Anatoile with its humorous wood-carvings, the exquisite Bruges tapestries in the museum, the ancient gateways of the city, the quaint Renaissance statue of St. Maurice in the church of that name; lastly, the forts and the superb panorama to be obtained from any one of them. This little straggling town of not more than six thousand and odd inhabitants possesses a public library of ten thousand volumes, a natural history, museum, a theatre, and other resources. It is eminently Catholic, but I was glad to find that the thin edge of the Protestant wedge is being driven in, a Protestant service being now held there once a month, and this will doubtless soon develop into some regular organization.

Perhaps the most beautiful excursion to be made from Salins is to the little town of Nans, and the source of the river Lison, a two hours' drive amid scenery of alternating loveliness and grandeur, vines seen everywhere as we climb upwards, our road curling about the mountain-sides as a ribbon twisted round a sugarloaf; then having wound in and over jagged peaks covered with light foliage and abrupt slopes clad with vines, we come to sombre pine-clad peaks, passing from one forest to another, the air blowing upon us with sudden keenness. No sooner do we emerge from these gloomy precincts than we see the pretty little village of Nans, smiling and glowing in a warm, sunlit valley, and most enticing is the sight after the sombreness and chilliness of the mountain-tops.

I will mention, for the benefit of those who care for good things, that we found a choice dinner awaiting us in the homely little *auberge* at which we alighted. Hare, salmon-trout, prawns, small birds and all kinds of local confectionery were here supplied at the modest price of two francs and a half, the cook of the establishment being the landlady herself, and the entire staff seeming to consist of two old women. One of these was drafted off to guide me to the source, and off we set on our wonderful walk, at once leaving the warm, open valley for the mountain-side; on and on we went, the mountains closing upon us

and shutting out more and more of the glowing blue heavens till we came to a stand. From the rocky fastnesses here forbidding farther progress the river Lison has its source above; they show a silvery grey surface against the emerald of the valleys and the sapphire of the sky, but below the huge cleft from which we are come to see the river issue forth, they are black as night.

A few steps onward, and we come in sight of the source. No words can convey its imposingness or the sense of contrast forced upon the mind; the pitchy, close cavern from which flashes the river of silvery whiteness, tumbling in a dozen cascades down glistening black rocks and across pebbly beds and along gold-green pastures. We explored the inner part of this strange rock-bed: the little river Lison springing and leaping from its dark cavernous home with wild exultation into the light, pursuing its way under all kinds of difficulties, growing broader and broader as it goes, till, a wide, sunlit river, it flows onward towards the sea, reminded me of a lovely thought emerging from the thinker's brain, which, after obstacles and hindrances innumerable, at last, refreshing and delighting all as it goes, reaches the open light of universal truth!

Behind the source, and reached by a winding path cut in the rock, is a lofty chasm, from the summit of which another mountain stream falls with beautiful effect; and no less impressive and curious are the so-called Grottes des Sarrazins, a little farther off — huge caverns shutting in a little lake, and through which the river rushes with a sound of thunder.

On the steep mountain-path leading to the chasm just mentioned we find hellebore growing in abundance, also the winter cherry, its vermilion-hued capsules glowing through the green. The brilliant red berry of the white-beam tree also lends color to the wayside hedge, as well as the deep rose-colored fruit of the berberry. Flowers grow in abundance, and in the town the cultivation of them seems a passion. Some gardens contain sunflowers and little else, others are full of zinnias, flowering mallow trees, and balsams. There is no gardening aimed at in our sense of the word, but simply abundance of color; the flowers are planted anyhow and grow anyhow, the result being ornamental in the extreme.

There is a pottery or *faïencerie* of two hundred years' standing at Nans, and some of the wares are very pretty and artistic. The chief characteristic of the Nans ware

or *cailloutage* is its creamy, highly glazed surface, on which are painted by hand flowers, birds, and arabesques in brilliant colors, and in more or less elaborate styles. Attempts are also made to imitate the well-known old Strasburg ware, of which great quantities are found in these parts, chiefly at sales in old houses. The Strasburg ware is known by its red flowers, chiefly roses, and tulips on a creamy ground, also elaborate arabesques in deep purple. If we take up a specimen we find the ornamentation done at random, and, in fact, the artist was compelled to this method of working in order to conceal the imperfections of the porcelain. The Nans ware — very like the *faïencerie* of Salins — commends itself both for form and design, and the working potters employed there will be found full of information which they are very ready to impart. One of them with whom I fell into conversation had just returned from the Paris Exhibition, and expressed himself with enthusiasm concerning the English ceramic galleries, of which indeed we may be proud.

It is impossible to exaggerate the beauty of Salins and its stately *entourage* of rock and vine-clad peak, especially seen on a September day, when the sky is of warmest blue, and the air so transparent, fresh, and exhilarating that merely to breathe is a pleasure. Nor are the people less striking than their mountain home. Dark hair, rich complexion, regular features, an animated expression, are the portion of most, especially of the women, whilst all wear a look of cheerfulness and health. No rags, no poverty, no squalor are seen here; and the abundance of natural resources brings the good things of life within reach of all. At this unpretending hotel the cookery would not discredit the Hôtel Bristol itself, everything being of the best. I was served with a little bird, which I ate with great innocence and no small relish, supposing it to be a snipe; but on my asking what it was, I found, to my horror, that the wretches had served up a thrush!

I am sorry to say that a tremendous slaughter of migratory birds goes on at this time of the year, not only thrushes, but larks, linnets, and other sweet songsters supplying the general dinner-table. The thrushes feed largely on grapes, which lends them a delicate flavor when cooked, and for which nefarious practice on their part they are said to be destroyed. I was assured that a thrush will eat two bunches of grapes a day, and they are mercilessly killed by hundreds of thousands, and sold

for three halfpence each, or sometimes a franc a dozen. Thrushes, moreover, are considered game, and occasionally the gendarmes succeed in catching a poacher. So mixed are one's feelings in dealing with this question, that it is impossible to know whether to sympathize with the unfortunate wine-grower whom the thrush robs of his two bunches of grapes per day, the poacher who is caught and heavily fined for catching it, or with the bird itself. No one who has Browning's charming lines by heart on the thrush in an English garden in spring, will, however, quietly sit down to such a repast; and I constantly lectured the people on their slaughter of singing-birds for the dinner-table, I fear to no purpose.

Leaving the gourmand — whose proclivities, by the way, are sadly encouraged throughout every stage of his journey in Franche-Comté — let us advise the curious to study the beautiful interior of the church of St. Anatoile dominating the town, also the equestrian statue of St. Maurice in the church of that name. The effect of this bit of supreme realism is almost ludicrous. The good old saint looks like some worthy countryman trotting off to market, and not like a martyr of the Church.

My next stage was Arbois, a little town travellers should see on account of its charming situation in the winding valley or *cluse* of the Cuisance. Nothing can be prettier, or give a greater idea of prosperity, than the rich vineyards sloping on all sides, the grapes now purpling in spite of much bad weather; orchards with their ripening fruit; fields of maize bursting the pod, and of buckwheat now in full flower, its delicate pink and white blossom so poetically called by Michelet "*la neige d'été*." No severity, no grandeur here; all is verdure, dimples, smiles; abundance of foliage and pasture on every side, abundance also of clear, limpid water taking every form — springs, cascades, rivulets; the little river Cuisance winding in and out amid vineyards and pastures over its rocky bed. You must follow this charming babbling river along the narrow valley to its twin sources, in tangled glen and rock, the road winding between woods, vineyards, and fantastic crags. The *cluse*, a narrow valley of the Cuisance, is paradisiacal, a bit of Eden made up of smooth pastures, rippling water, hanging woods and golden glens, this bright afternoon sparkling amid dew and sunshine. At one of these river sources you see the tufa in course of formation in the river bed; at the other the reverse process takes place, the tufa here

being dissolved. Both sites are poetic and lovely in the extreme.

I was sorry to hear from friends of the devastation committed here by the *oidium*, or vine-blight; and that the dreaded phylloxera, which has already ruined thousands, causing a loss of half the amount of the German war indemnity, is not many leagues off. Measures are taken against the phylloxera as against an invading army, but at present no remedy has been discovered, and meantime rich and happy wine-growers are being reduced to beggary. It was heart-breaking to gaze on the sickly appearance of the vines already attacked by the *oidium*, and to listen to the harassing accounts of the misery caused by an enemy more redoubtable still.

Arbois, though so charming to look at, is far from a little Eden. It is eminently a Catholic place, and atheism and immorality abound; there are devotees among the women, scoffers among the men, whilst a looseness in domestic morality among all classes characterizes the population. We need no information on the subject of dissipation generally—the number of *cafés* and *cabarets* speaks volumes. There is, of course, in this townling of not six thousand souls, a theatre, which is greatly resorted to. One old church has been turned into a theatre at Arbois, another into the Halles, and a third into the Hôtel de Ville. Protestantism is a young and tender plant as yet in Arbois, the church and school, or so-called *culte*, dating from ten years back only. The congregation consists of about fifty persons, all belonging to the poorer classes, and the position of a pastor amid such a flock must indeed be a sad one. He is constantly importuned for help, which out of his slender income he can ill afford to bestow, and he is surrounded by spies, detractors, and adversaries on every side.

That clericalism dominates here we need not be told. The booksellers' shops are filled with tracts concerning the miracles of Lourdes, rosaries, etc.; the streets swarm with nuns, Jesuits, and Frères Ignorantins. If you ask an intelligent lad of twelve whether he can read and write, he shakes his head and says no. The town itself, which might be so attractive if a little attention were paid to hygiene and sanitary matters, looks neglected and dirty. The people are talkative and amiable, and are richly endowed by nature, especially in the mathematical faculty. It is said that every peasant in these parts is a born mathematician; and among the distinguished names of Arbois are those of

several eminent military engineers and lawyers. Here, as in other towns of Franche-Comté, traces of the Spanish occupation remain in the street architecture, the arcades lending character and picturesque-ness.

Arbois, after Salins, is like an April glimpse of sunshine following a black thundercloud, so contrasted is the grace of the one with the severity of the other. Tourists never come here, and in these wayside inns the master acts as waiter and porter, the mistress as cook. They give you plenty of good food, for which they hardly like to receive anything; talk to you as if you were an old friend during your stay, and on your departure are ready to embrace you out of pure cordiality.

Something must be said here about the famous Arbois wine, of which Henry IV. of France wrote to his friend the Duke of Mayenne upon their reconciliation: "I have some Arbois wine in my cellar, of which I send you two bottles, for I am sure you will not dislike it." These wines, both red and yellow, find their way to connoisseurs in Paris, but are chiefly grown for home consumption. There are several kinds, and the stranger in these regions must taste both the red and the white, called *jaune*, of various ages and qualities, to judge of their merits. I tasted some of the latter thirty years old, and certainly it tasted much as ambrosia might be supposed to taste on Mount Olympus. The grapes are dried in straw before making this yellow wine, and the process is a very delicate and elaborate one.

How wonderful it seems to find friends and welcomes in these unfrequented regions! Up till the moment of my departure from Arbois—a little town few English travellers have ever heard of—I had been engaged in earnest friendly talk with a Protestant pastor, and also with a schoolmaster and Scripture-reader from the heart of the Jura; and no sooner did I arrive at Lons-le-Saunier than I found myself as much at home in two charming family circles as if I had known them all my life. Amid the first of these I was compelled to accept hospitality, and took my place at the hospitable family board, opposite two little curly heads, boy and girl; whilst an hour or two after my arrival, I was sitting in the old-fashioned artistically furnished drawing-room of a Franco-Comtois Catholic family, father, mother, son, and young married daughter, all welcoming me as an old friend. This was not in Lons-le-Saunier itself, but in a neighboring village, to which we drove at

once, for I knew that I had been expected several days before. Fruit, liqueurs, preserves, cakes, I know not what other good things, were brought out to me, and after an hour or two delightfully spent in music and conversation, I left, promising to spend a long day with my kind friends before continuing my journey. It is impossible to give any idea of Franc-Comtois hospitality; you are expected to taste of everything, and your pockets are crammed with the good things you cannot eat.

I had fortunately no experience of hotels here, but a glance I got at the first in the place was far from inspiring confidence. A detachment of troops was passing through the town, and large numbers of officers were lodged in the hotel, turning it into a scene of indescribable confusion. The food is said to be first-rate, but the rooms looked dirty and uninviting, and the noise was enough to drive any one out of their wits. How refreshing to find myself in this quiet *presbytère* on the outskirts of the town, with no noise except the occasional pattering of little feet and happy sound of children's voices; in almost absolute quiet, indeed, from morning to night! My window looks upon a charming hill clothed with vineyards, and immediately underneath is the large straggling garden of the *presbytère*. The little church adjoins the house, and the school is also under the same roof, whilst the schoolmaster takes his place as a guest at the family table of the pastor. All is harmony, quiet enjoyment, and peaceful domestic life.

Ah, what a different thing is the existence of a Catholic priest to that of a Protestant pastor! On the one side we find selfishness, enforced isolation from the purifying influences of the domestic affections, an existence, indeed, out of harmony with the purest instincts of man, detrimental by the force of circumstances not only to the individual himself, but to society at large; on the other, home, sobriety, a high standard of morality, with a perpetual exercise of self-denial and all other Christian virtues. No one who knows French life intimately can but be struck by the comparison between the two; and painful it is to think how the one is the rule, the other the exception, in this famed happy land of France.

Lons-le-Saunier, capital and *chef-lieu* of the department of the Jura, is charmingly situated amid undulating vine-clad hills, westward stretching the wide plain of La Bresse, eastward and southward the Jura range, dimpled heights changing to lofty

mountain ranges in the distance. The town, known to the Romans as Ledo Sali-narius, and fortified under Roman rule, also a fortified town in the Middle Ages, is dominated by four hills conspicuously rising above the rest, and each offers a superb view from the top. My first walk was to the height of Mont Ciel, Mons Coelius of the Romans, south of the town, and a delightful walk it is, leading us upward amid vineyards to the summit, a broad open space planted with fine trees, and sufficiently large to afford camping-ground for the soldiers. From this vantage ground we have a wonderful prospect — hill and valley, with villages dotted here and there, picturesque mediæval castles crowning many a peak, and far away the vast plain stretching from the Jura to Burgundy, and the majestic mountain ranges bounding on either side the east horizon. This walk is so easy that our little companion of four years old could make it without fatigue; and there are many others equally delightful and not more fatiguing. We rested for a while on the hilltop eating grapes, then slowly descended, stopping on our way to enter the chapel of the Jesuits' school, both commanding a splendid site with wooded incline. There were of course women in the confessionals, and painted images of saints and miracle-workers, before which people were kneeling like the pagans of old. Image-worship, idolatry, indeed, in the crudest form, is carried on to a tremendous extent here: witness the number of images exposed for sale in the shop windows.

The chief excursion to be made from Lons-le-Saunier is that to the wonderful rock-shut valley and old Abbey of Baume — Baume-les-Messieurs as it is called, to distinguish it from the town of Baume-les-Dames, near Besançon. This is reached by a delightful drive of an hour and a half, or on foot by a good pedestrian, and is on no account to be omitted. We of course take the former course, having two little fellow-travellers, aged respectively four and two and a half years, who, perched on our knees, are as much delighted as ourselves with the beauty of everything. We soon reach the top of the valley, a deep, narrow, rock-inclosed valley or gorge, and leaving our carriage prepare to descend on foot. At first sight the zigzag path down the perpendicular sides of these steep, lofty rocks appears perilous, not to say impracticable, but it is neither the one nor the other. This mountain staircase may be descended in all security by sure-footed people not given to giddiness; our driver,

leaving his quiet horse for a time, shoulders one child, my companion shoulders another, I follow with the basket, and in twenty minutes we were safely landed at the base of the cliffs we had just quitted, not yet quite knowing how we had got there. These rocky walls, shutting in the valley, or *combe* as it is called, so closely that seldom any ray of sunshine can penetrate, are very lofty, and encircle it from end to end with most majestic effect; it is, indeed, a winding little islet of green, threaded by a silvery stream, and rendered naturally impregnable by fortress-like rocks. We rest on the turf for a little, whilst the children munch their cakes and admire the noise of the mill opposite to us, and the dazzling waters of the source, forming little cascades from the dark mountain-side into the valley. The grottoes and stalactite caverns of this valley are curious alike within and without, and in their inmost recesses is a little lake, the depth of which has never yet been sounded. Both lake and stalactite caves, however, can only be seen at certain seasons of the year, and then with some difficulty. A tiny river issues from the cleft, and very lovely is the deep narrow valley of emerald green through which it murmurs so musically. The mountain gorge opens gradually as we proceed; showing velvety pastures where little herdsmen and herds-women are keeping their cows; goats, black and white, dot the steep rocks as securely as flies do on a ceiling, and abundance of trees grow by the roadside. The valley winds for half a mile to the straggling village of Baume, and then the stupendous natural circumvallation of cliff and rock comes to an end. Nothing finer in the way of scenery is to be found throughout the Jura than this, and it is quite peculiar, being unlike any other mountain formation I have ever seen; whilst the narrow winding valley of soft gold-green is in beautiful contrast with the rugged grandeur, not to say savageness, of its surroundings. The once important Abbey of Baume is now turned into a farmhouse, but enough remains to bespeak the former magnificence of this most aristocratic monastery, to which no one could be admitted without furnishing proof of four degrees of nobility on both sides, paternal and maternal. The buildings were on a very extensive scale, and joined the church, which possesses an altar-piece of the fifteenth century, a veritable *chef-d'œuvre*, both in design and execution. Such things are to be seen, not described; I only mention the fact as showing the

treasures contained in these remote regions. There are also some curious tombs, but considerably disfigured. The abbey shared the fate of most of the ecclesiastical buildings in the iconoclastic period of the French Revolution; and when we consider the pitch of popular frenzy then, we are rather tempted to wonder that anything was left, rather than that so many treasures were destroyed. Our way home lay through the picturesque valley of the Seille, past many places celebrated for their wines and their antiquities — Voiteur, with its ancient Celtic *oppidum* and ruins; Château Châlon, renowned for its wine, resembling Tokay; the Château du Pin, massive donjon, perched on a hill and still habitable, where Henry IV. sojourned; and other picturesque and interesting sites, reaching home before dusk. In fine weather the inhabitants of Lons-le-Saunier frequently make picnic parties to Baume, breakfasting in the recesses; but alas! fine weather is as rare this year in Franche-Comté as in England, and autumn sets in early. Already the mornings and evenings are really cold, and a fire would be a luxury. We do, however, get a fine day now and then, with a few hours of warm sunshine in the middle of the day, and I had one of these for a visit to my Franc-Comtois friends living at Courbouzou, whom I have before mentioned.

The little village of Courbouzou is captivatingly situated at the foot of the first Jura range, about a mile from Lons-le-Saunier. As I have before said, wherever I have spoken of a mountain throughout this entire journey, it must be understood to belong to the Jura chain, which begins here and only ends at Belfort, and all along consists of the same limestone formation, only here and there a vein of granite being found.

My friend's house is delightful, standing in the midst of orchards, gardens, and vines; the fine rugged peak called Mont d'Orient, first mountain of all the Jura range — of which he is the owner — rising above. On a glorious day we all set off for the mountain-top, and a beautiful climb it was, amid vineyards, pastures, and groves of walnut-trees. The grapes here are, alas! attacked in many places by the blight *oidium*. This year the season has been so wet and cold moreover that the grapes, which must be gathered after the first white frost, have no chance of ripening. As a natural result the year's wine will be sour, and sold at a considerable loss to the grower. After steadily climbing for an hour, we reached the mountain-

top and sat down to enjoy the view, having in sight on one side the immense plains stretching from the Jura to the hills of the Côte d'Or; on the other, in very clear weather, the Jura range and the summit of Mont Blanc. Never shall I forget this charming walk with my host, his son and daughter, all three ready to give me any information I was in need of concerning their beloved Franche Comté. As we returned home by another way, through lovely little woods, dells, and glades, we encountered more than one sportsman in blue blouse, who got into the covert of the wood as fast as he could. "A poacher in quest of thrushes," my host said, shrugging his shoulders; "but there are so many, we cannot take them all up." Poaching is carried on so largely that very little game is to be had; the severe penalties inflicted by the law seeming to have no deterrent effect.

My host told me much of interest concerning the peasants and their ways. The land here belongs to the people, but the rural population is not wealthy, as in Seine et Marne and other regions. The bad wine-seasons often ruin the farmer, and much improvidence prevails. In many places the proprietor of a vineyard hires small patches of land to cultivate, but that avidity in making purchases found elsewhere does not exist here. Land is cheap, but labor very dear, and the peasant therefore mistrusts such investments of capital if he possesses any. And the liability to failure in the vine crops necessarily checks enterprise in this direction.

On our return we found an ample *gôûter*, as these afternoon collations are called — substitutes, in fact, for our four o'clock tea. We drank each other's health after the old fashion with the celebrated wine of the district called *le vin de paille*, from the process the grape goes through of being dried in straw before fermentation. This *vin de paille* has an exquisite flavor, and is very rare and costly even in these parts, being chiefly grown by amateurs for themselves. It is as clear as crystal and yellow as gold. Sorry indeed was I to quit those kind friends with whom I should gladly have spent many a day. They had so much to tell and to show me — antique furniture, a collection of old French *faïence*, sketches in oils, the work of my host himself, books on the history of Franche-Comté, collections, geological and archæological, bearing on the history of the country; last, but not least, my hostess, admirable type of the well-bred Catholic châtelaine of for-

mer days, was an accomplished musician, ready to delight her visitors with selections from Chopin and Schubert and other favorite composers. I shall carry away no more agreeable recollection of eastern France than this pleasant country home and its occupants in the Jura, father, mother, young son, and daughter all vying with each other in making my visit pleasant and profitable. It is touching to be so welcomed, so taken leave of in the midst of a remote foreign place, all the more so when there was no Protestantism and republicanism, only natural liking and a community of tastes to bring us together! French Protestants welcomed us English folks, presumably Protestant too, as their kindred; but let it not be supposed that even in the heart of a Catholic region like this we are always regarded with abhorrence. Culture, high tastes, and tolerance naturally go hand in hand.

In order to get a good idea of the scenery here the plain must be visited as well as the mountains, and very beautiful it is as seen from such eminences as those occupied by the Châteaux de l'Etoile and Arlay, both excursions to be accomplished in a long afternoon, even with a halt for *gôûter* at the former place, its owners being friends of my host and hostess. Their modern château occupies the site of the old, and commands wide views on every side, in the far distance the valley of the Saône and the mountains of the Côte d'Or, with the varied, richly wooded plain at our feet. The Bresse, as this is called, is not healthy for the most part, and the population suffer from marsh fever, but it is well cultivated and very productive. Vines grow sparsely in the plain, the chief crops consisting of corn, maize, beet root, hemp, etc. A curious feature of farming in the Bresse is the number of artificial ponds which are seen in different directions. These ponds are allowed to remain for four years, and are then filled up, producing very rich crops. The land is parcelled out into small farms, the property of peasant proprietors, as in the vineyard regions of the Jura. After having admired one prospect after another, hill and valley, wood and pine forest, far-off mountain ranges, and wide purple plain, we were, of course, not permitted to go away without tasting the famous wine for which the Etoile is celebrated, and other good things. Useless is it to protest upon these occasions; not only once, but twice and even thrice you are compelled, in spite of remonstrance, to partake, and glasses are touched after the old fashion. We then

quitted our kind host and hostess of this airy perch, and continued our journey, still in the plain, to Arlay, a village dominated by majestic ruins of an old feudal castle standing in the midst of fine trees worthy of an English park. Arlay was built in the ninth century by Gérard de Roussillon, and now belongs to the Prince d'Aremberg, whose handsome modern château lies at its feet. The Prince of Aremberg is one of the largest landowners in France, and, we were told, had not visited this splendid possession for ten years.

Many other no less interesting excursions are to be made from Lons-le-Saunier, but I am a belated traveller, overtaken by autumn rains and chills, and must hasten on my way. September and October are often glorious months in the Jura, but it is safest to come sooner, and then innumerable picnics can be made, and fine weather relied upon from day to day. The town itself is cheerful, but offers little of interest to the tourist beyond the *salines* or salt-works — which, however, are on a much smaller scale than at Salins — and one or two other objects of interest. The arcades in the streets are a curious feature, and, like those at Arbois and some other old towns in Franche-Comté, are relics of the Spanish occupation. There is also an unmistakable Spanish element to be found in the population: witness the black eyes and hair, and dark rich complexion of a type common enough, yet quite distinct from that of the true French stock. The people, as a rule, are well-made, stalwart, and good-looking, polite to strangers, and very voluble in conversation.

If the antiquities of Lons-le-Saunier are insignificant, no one can fail, however, to be struck with the handsome public buildings, chiefly modern, which are on a scale quite magnificent for a town of only eleven thousand inhabitants. The hospital, the *caserne* or barracks, the Lycée, the École Normale, the bank, all these are large enough and magnificent enough, one would suppose, for any but the largest provincial towns; the streets are spacious, and the so-called *Grande Place* in the centre of the town is adorned by a fine statue of General Lecourbe, where formerly stood a statue of Pichegru; this latter was presented by Charles the Tenth to the municipality in 1826, and broken by the townspeople in 1830. The gardens of the hospital are adorned by a bust of the great anatomist Bichat, whose birthplace, like that of Homer, is contested. Bourg-

en-Bresse disputes the honor with Lons-le-Saunier, and Bourg possesses the splendid monument to Bichat's memory by David d'Angers. The museum is worth visiting, less for the sake of its archæological collection than its sculpture gallery, chiefly consisting of works by a native artist, Perrault.

One of the prettiest streets in the neighborhood of this most *spazierlich* town, as the Germans say, *i.e.* a town to be enjoyed by pedestrians, is the old little village of Montaign, which is reached after half an hour's climb among the vineyards. As we mount we get a magnificent panorama: to our right, the plain of La Bresse, to-day blue and dim as a summer sea; to our left, the Jura range, dark purple shadows here and there flecking the green mountain-sides; the pretty little town of Lons-le-Saunier lying at our feet. On this bright September day everything is glowing and beautiful; the air is brisk and invigorating, and the sun still hot enough to ripen the grapes which we see on every side.

Montaign, however, is not visited for the sake of these lovely prospects so much as its celebrity. This little hamlet and former fortress, perched on a mountain-top, is perhaps hardly changed in outward appearance since a soldier-poet was born there a hundred years ago, destined to revolutionize France with a song. The immortal, inimitable "*Marseillaise*," which electrified every French man, woman, and child then, and stirs the calmest with profound emotion now, is indeed the Revolution incorporated in poetry; and the words and music of the young soldier, Rouget de Lisle, have played a more important part in history than any other song in any age or nation.

It is not to be expected that in a country so priest-ridden as this a statue to Rouget de Lisle should be erected in his native town, but surely an inscription might be placed on the house where he first saw the light. There is nothing to distinguish it from any other except a solid iron gateway, through which we looked into a little courtyard and a modest yet well-to-do *bourgeois* dwelling of the olden time.

The entire village street has an antiquated look, and the red roof tops, with corner pieces for letting off the snow, which falls abundantly here, are picturesque, if not suggestive of comfort. On our way back to the town we found all the beauty and fashion of Lons-le-Saunier collected on the promenade of La Chevalerie to hear the military band, which, as

usual in French towns, plays on Sunday afternoons. This promenade is famous in history, for here it was on May 31, 1815, that Marshal Ney, having decided upon going over to the army of the emperor Napoleon, summoned his troops, and issued the famous proclamation beginning with the words, "*La cause des Bourbons est à jamais perdue.*" There is no lack of pleasant walks inside the town as well as in the environs; whilst perhaps none other of its size possesses so many *cafés* and *cabarets*. In fact, Lons-le-Saunier is a place where amusement is the order of the day, and of course possesses its theatre, museum, and public library, the first perhaps being much more popular than the two latter. Whilst the men amuse themselves in the *cafés*, the women go to the confessional; and no matter at what hour you enter a church, you are sure to find ladies thus occupied. The Jesuits have established a large training-school, or *maison de noviciate* so called, here; and conventual institutions abound, as at Arbois. Just beyond the pleasant garden of the *presbytère* is the large building of the Carmelites, cloistered nuns, belonging to the upper ranks of society, who have shut themselves up to mortify the flesh and practise all kinds of puerilities for the glory of the Church. All the handsome municipal institutions here, hospitals, orphanages, asylums for the aged, etc., are in the hands of the nuns and priests, and woe betide the unfortunate Protestant who is driven to seek such shelter! He will be tortured either into abjuration of his faith, idiocy, or his grave. The same battle occurs here over Protestant interments as in other parts of Franche-Comté. In some cases it is even necessary for the *préfet* to send gendarmes and have the law carried out by force, the village maires being generally uneducated men—mere tools of the curés.

And after the idyllic pictures I have drawn of rural life in Seine et Marne and other parts of France, I am reluctantly obliged to draw a very different picture of society here. The army and the celibate clergy, the soldier and the priest—such are the demoralizing elements that undermine domestic morality and family life in garrison and priest-ridden towns like this. How can it be otherwise, seeing that while the heads of families openly profess unbelief, and deride the priests, they permit their wives and daughters to go to the confessional, and confide their children to the spiritual teachers they profess to abhor? This point was clearly brought out by Père

Hyacinthe in one of his recent discourses, and the words struck home.

I left Lons-le-Saunier early one bright September morning, the children being lifted, still drowsy, out of their little beds to bid their English friend good-bye. Several diligences start simultaneously from the *bureau des messageries* for different places in the heart of the Jura, so that tourists cannot do better than make this a starting-place. No matter which direction they take, they will find themselves landed in the midst of mountain scenery and romantic little towns and valleys wholly unknown to the majority of the travelling world. This is the charm of travelling in the Jura, for the tourist is breaking virgin soil wherever he goes, and if he has to rough it in long stages, at least receives ample reward. My route lay by way of Champagnole and Morez to St. Claude, the little bishopric in the mountains, and from St. Claude to Nantua, thus zigzagging by diligence and carriage right through the heart of the country.

On quitting Lons-le-Saunier for Champagnole, our way led through rich tracts of vineyard, but no sooner are we fairly among the mountains than the vines disappear altogether, and cultivated land and pastures take their place. We also soon perceive the peculiar characteristics of the Jura range, which so essentially distinguish them from the Alps. These mountains do not take abrupt shapes of cones and sugarloaves, but stretch out in vast sweeps with broad summits, features readily seized and lending to the landscape its most salient points. Not only are we entering the region of lofty mountains and deep valleys, but of numerous industrial centres, and also the land of mediæval and legendary warfare, whence arose the popular saying,—

Comtois, rends-toi,
Nenni, ma foi.

Our journey of four hours takes us through a succession of grandiose and charming prospects and lonely little villages, at which we pick up letters and drop numbers of *Le Petit Journal*, probably all the literature they get. Gorge, crag, lake and ravine, valley, river, and cascade, pine forests crowning sombre ridges, broad hillsides alive with the tinkling of cattle-bells, pastoral scenes separating frowning peaks—all these we have to rejoice the eye, and much more. The beautiful lake of Challin we only see in the distance, though enticing nearer inspection, and all this valley of the Ain might indeed detain

the tourist several days. The river Ain has its source near Champagnole, and flows through a broad beautiful valley southward, but the only way to get an idea of the place is to climb a mountain; maps avail little.

On alighting at the Hôtel Dumont the sight of an elegant landlady in spotless white morning gown was reassuring, and when I was conducted to a bedroom with bells, clean floors, and proper washing apparatus, and other comforts, my heart quite leapt. There is nothing to see at Champagnole but the saw-mills, the "click-click" of which you hear in every town. Saw-making by machinery is the principal industry here, and is worth inspecting. But if the town itself is uninteresting, it offers a variety of delicious walks and drives, and must be a very healthy summer resort, being five hundred yards above the level of the plain. I went a little way on the road to Les Planches, and nothing could be more solemnly beautiful than the black pines pricking against the deep blue sky, and the golden light playing on the ferns and pine stems below, before us vistas of deep gorge and purple mountain chain, on either side the solemn serried lines of the forest. Good pedestrians should follow this road to Les Planches, as splendid a walk as any in the Jura. No less delightful, though in a different key, is the winding walk by the river. The Ain here rushes past with a torrent like thunder, and rolls and tosses over a stony bed, on either side having green slopes and shady ways.

Those travellers, like myself, who are contented with a bit of modest mountaineering, will delight in the three hours' climb of Mount Rivot, a broad pyramidal mountain, eight hundred yards in height, dominating the town and valley. A very beautiful walk is this for fairly good walkers; and though the sun is burning hot the air is sharp and penetrating. I made it in company of several young people, and on our way we found plenty of ripe wild mulberries with which to refresh ourselves, and abundance of the blue fringed gentian to delight our eyes. So steep are these mountain-sides that it is like scaling a wall, but after an hour and a half we are rewarded by finding ourselves on the top, a broad plateau, covering several acres, richly cultivated, with farm-buildings in the centre. Here we enjoy one of those magnificent panoramas so plentiful in the Jura, and which must be seen to be realized. On one side we have the verdant valley of the Ain, the river flowing gently through green fields and softly dimpled hills; on

another, Andelot, with its handsome bridge, and the lofty rocks bristling round Salins; on the third, the road leading to Pontarlier, amid pine forests and limestone crags; and above this straight before us a sight more majestic still, namely, the vast parallel ranges of the Jura, deepest purple, crested in the far-away distance with a silvery peak, whose name takes our very breath away. We are gazing on Mont Blanc!—a sight as grandiose and inspiring as the distant glimpse of the Pyramids from Cairo. We would fain have lingered long before this glorious picture, but the air was too cold to admit of a halt after our heating walk in the blazing sun. The great drawback to travel in the Jura, indeed, is this terrible fickleness of climate. Even thus early in the autumn you are obliged to make several toilettes a day, putting on winter clothes when you get up, and towards midday exchanging them for the lightest summer attire till sunset, when again you need the warmest clothing. Yet in spite of the bitterness and long duration of these winters, little or no provision seems to be made against the cold. There are no carpets, curtains, generally no fire-places in the bedrooms—all is cold, cool, and bare, as in Egypt; and many of the sleeping-rooms are approached from without. The people seem to enjoy a wonderful vigor of health and robustness of constitution, or they could not resist such hardships as these; and what a Jura winter is makes one shudder to think of. Winter sets in very early here, and there is no spring, properly speaking: five months of fine warm weather have to be set against seven of frost and snow. Snow lies often twelve feet deep on the roads, and journeys are performed by sledges, as in Russia.

I took the diligence from Champagnole to Morez, and it is the only ill-advised thing I did on this journey. The fact is, and intending travellers should note it, that there are only three modes of travelling in these parts: firstly, by hiring a private carriage and telegraphing for relays; secondly, by accomplishing short stages on foot, by far the most agreeable for hardy pedestrians; and, thirdly, to give up the most interesting spots altogether. The diligence must not be taken into account as a means of locomotion at all, for as there is no competition, and French people are much too amiable and indifferent to make complaints, the truth must be told that the so-called *messageries du Jura* are about as badly managed as can possibly be. Unfortunate travellers are not only so cramped that they arrive at their desti-

nation more dead than alive, but even in the *coupé* they see nothing of the country. Thus the glorious bit of country we passed through from Champagnole to Morez was lost on us, simply because the diligence is not so much a public conveyance as an instrument of torture. The so-called *coupé* was so small, narrow, and low that the three unfortunate occupants, a stout gentleman, a nun, and myself, were so closely wedged in as not to be able to stir a limb, whilst the narrow slice of landscape before us was hidden by the broad backs of the driver and two other passengers, all three of whom smoked incessantly. There were several equally unfortunate travellers packed in the body of the carriage, and others outside on the top of the luggage. Cold, heat, cramp, and dejection are the portion of those who trust themselves to the *messageries du Jura*. My sufferings from the heat were alleviated by the nun, who managed to extract some fruit from her basket, and handed me a pear and a peach. I had said so many hard things about nuns upon different occasions that I hesitated; but the fleshly temptation was too strong, and I greedily accepted the drop of water held out in the desert. To my great relief I afterwards found that my companion was not occupied in cooking up theology for the detriment of others, but in the far more innocent task of making soups and sauces. In fact, she was cook to the establishment to which she belonged, and a very excellent, homely soul she seemed. She turned from her pears and peaches to her prayer-book and rosary with equal delectation. It was harrowing to think that during these five hours we were passing through some of the most romantic scenery of the Jura, yet all we could do was to get a glance at the lovely lakes, pine-topped heights, deep gorges, gigantic cliffs towering to the sky, adorable little cascades springing from silvery mountain-sides, gold-green table-lands lying between hoary peaks. Everything delightful was there, could we but see! Meantime we had been climbing ever since we quitted Champagnole, and at one point, marked by a stone, were a thousand yards above the sea-level. The little villages perched on the mountain-tops that we were passing through are all seats of industry, clock-manufactories, *fromageries*, or cheese-farms on a large scale, and so on.

The population depends not upon agriculture but upon industries for support, and many of the wares fabricated in these isolated Jura villages find their way all

over the world. From St. Laurent, where we stopped to change horses, the traveller who is indifferent to cramps, bruises, and contortions, may exchange diligences, and instead of taking the shorter and straighter road to St. Claude, follow the more picturesque route by way of the wonderful little lake of Grandvaux, shut in by mountains and peopled with fish of all kinds, water-hens and other wild birds. We are now in the wildest and most grandiose region of the Jura, as whichever road we take, indeed, is sure to lead us through grand scenery. But much as I had heard of the savage beauty of Grandvaux, further subjection to the torture we were enduring was not to be thought of, so I went straight on to Morez, the road, after the tremendous ascent I have just described, curving quickly downwards, all at once showing us the long straggling little town framed in by lofty mountains on every side.

Next morning was Sunday, and I went in search of the Protestant schoolhouse, where I knew a kind welcome awaited me. I was delighted to find a new handsome building standing conspicuously in a pleasant garden, over the doors engraved in large letters: "*Culte et Ecole Evangélique*." The sound of children's voices told me that some kind of lesson or prayer was going on, so I waited in the garden till the door opened and a dozen neatly-dressed boys and girls poured out. Then I went in, and found the wife of the schoolmaster, and Scripture-reader, a sweet young woman, who in her husband's absence had been holding a Bible-class. She showed me over the place, and an exquisitely clean, quiet little room she had prepared for me; but as I had arrived rather late on the night before, I had taken a room at the hotel which was neither noisy nor uncomfortable. We spent the afternoon together, and as we walked along the beautiful mountain road that superb September Sunday, many interesting things she told me of her husband's labors in their isolated mountain home. Protestantism is indeed here a tender plant exposed to the cold blasts of adverse winds; but if it takes healthy root, well will it be for the social, moral, and intellectual advancement of the people. We must never lose sight of the fact, that putting theology out of the question, Protestantism means morality, hygiene, instruction, above all a high standard of truth and closely-knit family life; and on these grounds, if on no other, all really concerned in the future and well-being of France must wish it God-speed. This is not the place for a comparison be-

tween Protestantism and Catholicism, even as social influences; but one thing I must insist upon, namely, that it is only necessary to live among French Protestants, and compare what we find there with what we find among their Catholic neighbors, to feel how uncompromisingly the first are the promoters of progress and the latter its adversaries.

The position of Morez is heavenly beautiful, but the town itself hideous; nature having put the finishing touch to her choice handiwork, man has here come in to mar and spoil the whole. The mountains clothed with brightest green rise grandly towards the sky; but all along the narrow gorge of the river Bienne in which Morez lies, stand closely compacted masses of many-storeyed manufactories and congeries of dark, unattractive houses. There is hardly a garden, *châlet*, or villa to redeem this prevailing, crushing ugliness; yet for all that, if you can once get over the profound sadness induced by this strange contrast, nothing can be more delightful and exhilarating than the mountain environment of this little seat of industry. Morez, indeed, is a black pebble set in richest gold. The place abounds in *cafés*, and on this Sunday afternoon, when all the manufactories are closed, the *cafés* were full to overflowing, and on the lovely suburban roads winding about the mountains, we met few working-men with their families enjoying a walk. The *cabaret* absorbs them all. The working-hours here are terribly long; from five o'clock in the morning till seven at night the bulk of the population are at their posts, men, women, and young people — children, I was going to say, but fortunately public opinion is stepping in to prevent the abuse of juvenile labor so prevalent, and good laws on the subject will, it is hoped, ere long be enacted. The wages are low, three or four francs a day being the maximum; and as the cost of living is high here, it is only by the conjoint labors of all the members of a household that it can be kept together. Squalor and unthrift abound, and there are no *cités ouvrières* to make the workman's home what it should be. He is badly housed as well as being badly paid, and no wonder that the *café* and the *cabaret* are seized upon as the only recreations for what leisure he gets. It is quite worth while — for those travellers who ever stay a whole week anywhere — to stay a week here in order to see the curious industries which feed the entire population of the town and the neighboring villages, and are known all

LIVING AGE. VOL. XXV. 1259

over the commercial world. The chief objects of manufacture are spectacle-glasses, spits, clocks, nails, electro-plate, drawn-wire, shop-plates in iron and enamel, files, and dish-covers; but of these the first three are by far the most important. Several hundred thousand spectacle-glasses and clocks, and sixty thousand spits, are fabricated here yearly, and all these branches of industry afford curious matters for inquiry. Thus, the trade of spectacle-making, or *lunetterie*, resolves itself into a scientific study of noses. It will easily be seen that the manufacturer of spectacles on a grand scale must take into account the physiognomies of the different nations which import his wares. The long-nosed people will require one shaped pair of spectacles, the aquiline-nosed another, the *nez retroussé* a third; and accordingly we find that spectacles nicely adjusted to such peculiarities are fabricated, one kind supplying the American, a second the Spanish, a third the English market, and so on. So wonderful is the process that a pair of spectacles can be made for three halfpence! The clocks made by machinery at Morez are chiefly of the cheap kind, but wear well, and are to be found in almost every cottage in France. The prices vary from ten to twenty francs, and are thus within reach of the poorest. A more expensive kind are found in churches, *mairies*, schools, railway stations, manufactories, and not only in France, but in remote quarters of the world. Spain largely imports the elegant inexpensive clocks fabricated in the heart of the Jura, and they eventually find their way to China. Each separate part has its separate workshop, and the whole is a marvellous exhibition of dexterity, quickness, and apt division of labor. A large manufactory of electrotype plate, modelled on that of England, notably the Elkington ware, has been founded here within recent years, and is very flourishing, exporting on a vast scale to remote countries. There is also a manufactory of electric clocks of recent date.

All day long, therefore, the solemn silence of these mountains is broken by the noise of mill-wheels and rushing waters; and if it is the manufactories that feed the people, it is the rivers that feed the manufactories. The Jura, indeed, may be said to depend on its running streams and rivers for its wealth, each and all a Pactolus in its way, flowing over sands of gold. Nowhere has water-power been turned to better account than at Morez: here turning a wheel, there flowing into the

channels prepared for it, on every side dispensing riches and civilization.

Delightful and refreshing it is to get beyond reach of these never-resting mill-wheels, and listen to the mountain torrent and the rushing stream in their home, where they are at liberty and untamed. Innumerable delicious haunts are to be found in the neighborhood of Morez; also exhilarating panoramas of the Jura and Switzerland from the mountain-tops. There is nothing to be called agriculture, for in our gradual ascent we have alternately left behind us the vine, corn, maize, walnut and other fruit trees, reaching the zone of the gentian, the box-tree, the larch, and the pine. These apparently arid limestone slopes and summits, however, have velvety patches here and there, and such scattered pastures are a source of wealth that appears almost incredible. The famous Jura cheese, *Gruyère* so called, is made in the isolated châteaux, perched on the crest of a ravine or nestled in the heart of a valley, which for the seven winter months are abandoned, and throughout the other five swarm like beehives with industrious workers. As soon as the snow melts, the peasants return to their mountain homes; but in winter all is silent, solitary, and enveloped in an impenetrable veil of snow. The very high roads are imperceptible then, and the village sacristans ring the church bells at nightfall in order to guide the belated traveller to his home.

My friend the schoolmaster's wife found me agreeable travelling-companions for the three hours' drive to St. Claude, which we made in a private carriage in order to see the country. Very nice people they were — Catholics, belonging to the *petite bourgeoisie* — and much useful information they gave me about things and people in their native province. The weather is perfect, with a warm south wind, a bright blue sky, and feathery clouds subduing the dazzling heavens. We get a good notion of the Jura in its sterner and more arid aspect during this zigzag drive, first mounting, then descending. Far away, the brown bare mountain ridges rise against the soft heavens, whilst just below we see steep wooded crags dipping into a gorge where the little river Bienne curls on its impetuous way. There are no less than three parallel roads, at different levels, from Morez to St. Claude, and curious it was from our airy height — we had chosen the highest — to survey the others; the one cut along the mountain flank midway, the other winding, deep down close to the river-side.

These splendid roads are kept in order by the communes, which are often rich in this department, possessing large tracts of forest. I never anywhere saw roads so magnificently kept, and of course this adds greatly to the comfort of travellers.

After climbing for an hour we suddenly begin to descend, our road sweeping round the mountain-sides with tremendous curves, for about two hours or more, when all on a sudden we seem to swoop down upon St. Claude, the little bishopric in the heart of the mountains. The effect was magical. We appeared to have been plunged from the top of the world to the bottom. In fact, you go up and down such tremendous heights in the Jura, that it must be much like travelling in a balloon.

I was prepared to be fascinated with St. Claude, to find it wholly unique, romantic, and bewitching; to make its acquaintance with enthusiasm, to bid it adieu with regret. Charles Nodier has described it so glowingly; alike its site, history, and natural features are so poetic and curious, such a flavor of antiquity clings to it, that perhaps no other town throughout the Jura is approached in an equal mood of expectation. Nor can any preconceived notion of the attractiveness of St. Claude, however high, be disappointed; that is to say, if visited in fine summer weather. It is really a marvellous place, and takes the strongest hold on the imagination. This ancient little city, so superbly encased by some of the loftiest peaks of the Jura, is as proud as it is unique, depending on its own resources, and not putting on a single smile to attract the stranger. Were a magician to sweep away humming wheels, hammering millstones, and gloomy warehouses, putting smiling pleasure-gardens and coquettish villas in their place, St. Claude might become as fashionable a resort as the most favorite Swiss or Italian haunts. But it does not lay itself out to please the stranger. The town is built in the only way building was possible, up and down, on the edge of the cliffs here, in the depths of a hollow here, zigzag, anyhow. Lofty mountains hem it round, and the rivers run in their deep beds alongside the irregular streets, a superb suspension bridge spanning the valley of the Tacon, a depth of fifty yards. Farther on, a handsome viaduct spans the valley of La Bienne, and on either side of bridge and viaduct stretch clusters of houses, some sloping one way, some another, always with picturesque effect. To find your way in these labyrinthine streets, alleys, and terraces is no easy matter, whilst at every

turn you come upon the sound of wheels betokening some manufactory of the well-known, widely imported *articles de St. Claude*, consisting chiefly of pipes, turnery, carved and inlaid toys and fancy articles in wood, bone, ivory, stag's horn, etc. Hanging gardens are seen wherever a bit of soil is to be had, whilst the town also possesses a fine avenue of old trees turned into a public promenade. St. Claude is really wonderful, and the more you see of it the more you are fascinated by it. Though far from possessing the variety of artistic fountains of Salins, several here are very pretty and ornamental, notably one surrounded with the most captivating little loves in bronze, riding dolphins. The sight and sound of rippling water everywhere is delicious. Rivers and fountains, fountains and rivers, are everywhere, whilst the summer-like heat of midday makes both all the more refreshing. St. Claude has everything: the frowning mountain crests of Salins, the pine-clad fastnesses of Champagnole, the romantic mountain walls of Morez; sublimity, grace, picturesqueness, and grandeur, all are here, and all at this season of the year embellished by the crimson and amber tints of autumn. What lovely things did I see during a walk of an hour and a half to the so-called Pont du Diable! Taking one winding mountain road of many, and following the winding deep green river, though my path lay high above it, I came to a scene as wild, beautiful, and solitary as the mind can picture; above were bare grey cliffs, lower down fairy-like little lawns of brightest green, thundering below the river, making a dozen cascades over its stony bed, and all about me the glorious autumn foliage, under a cloudless sky. All the way I had heard the sound of mill-wheels mingled with the roar of the impetuous river, and I passed I know not how many manufactories, most of which lie so deep down in the heart of the gorges that they do not spoil the scenery. The ugly blot is hidden, or at least inconspicuous. As I turn back, I have on one side a vast velvety expanse sloping from mountain to river, terrace upon terrace of golden green, where a dozen little girls are keeping their kine; on the other, steep limestone precipices, a tangle of brushwood with only here and there a bit of scant pasturage. The air is transparent and reviving — a south wind caresses me as I go. Nothing can be more heavenly beautiful. The blue gentian grows everywhere, and as I pursue my way the peasant folk I meet with pause to say good-day and stare. They

evidently find in me an outlandish look, and are quite unaccustomed to the sight of strangers.

I had pleasant acquaintances provided for me here by my friend the schoolmaster's wife from Morez, and an agreeable glimpse I thus obtained of French middle-class life, Catholic life moreover, but free alike from bigotry and intolerance. Very light-hearted, lively, and well informed were those companions of my walk at St. Claude, among them a *greffier du juge du paix*, his young wife, sister, and another relative, who delighted in showing me everything. We set off one lovely afternoon for what turned out to be a four hours' walk, but not a moment too long, seeing the splendor of weather and scenery, and the amiability of my companions. We took a road that leads from the back of the cathedral by the valley of the Tacon, a little river that has its rise in the mountains near, and falls into the Flumen close by. It is necessary to take this walk to the falls of the Flumen in order to realize fully the wonderful site of St. Claude and the amazing variety of the surrounding scenery. Every turn we take of the upward curling road gives us a new and more beautiful picture; the valley grows deeper and deeper, the mountains on either side higher and higher, little chalets peeping amidst the grey and the green, here perched on an apparently unapproachable mountain-top, there in the midst of some rocky dell. As we get near the falls we are reaching one of the most romantic points of view in all the Jura, and one of the most striking I have ever seen, so imposingly do the mountains close around us as we enter the gorge, so lovely the scene shut in by the impenetrable natural wall; for within this framework of rock, peak, and precipice are little farms, gardens and orchards, gems of dazzling green, to-day bathed in ripest sunshine, pine forests frowning close above these islets of luxuriance and cultivation, dells, glades, and lawny open spaces between a rampart of fantastically formed crags and solitary peaks, a scene reminding one of Kabylia, but unlike anything but itself.

As we climb, we are overtaken by two carts of timber, the drivers of which, peasant folks from the mountains, are old acquaintances of my companions. It is suggested that the ladies should mount. We gladly do so, to the great satisfaction of the peasants, who on no account would themselves add to their horses' burdens. It would be an affront to offer these good people anything in return for this piece of

kindness; they were delighted to chat behind with monsieur, whilst their horses, sure-footed as mules, made their way beside the deep precipice. They had shrewd, benevolent faces, and were admirable types of the Jura mountaineer. Having passed through a tunnel cut in the rock, we soon reached the head of the valley, the end of the world as it seems, so high, massive, and deep is the formidable mountain wall hemming it in, from whose sides the little river Tacon takes a tremendous leap into the green valley below; making, not one leap, but a dozen, the several cascades uniting in a stream that meanders towards St. Claude. High above the falls, appearing to hang on a perpendicular chain of rock, is a cluster of saw-mills. It is not more the variety of form in this scene here than the variety of color and tone that makes it so wonderful. Everywhere the eye rests on some different outline, color, and combination.

Would that space permitted of a detailed account here of all else that I saw in this ancient little bishopric in the mountains! St. Claude, indeed, deserves a chapter to itself. There is its history to begin with, which dates from the earliest Christian epoch in France; then its industries, each so curious in details; lastly, the marvellous natural features of its position. A wholly unique little city is this, compared by Lamartine to Zarclé, in the forest of Lebanon, and described by other Franc-Comtois writers in equally glowing terms. The famous Abbey of St. Claude was visited by Louis XI. in order to fulfil a vow, the purport of which is still mysterious to historians. This was under the régime of the eighty-sixth abbot; but after a period of almost unequalled glory and magnificence, fire, pillage, and other misfortunes fell upon it from time to time till the suppression of the abbey in 1798.

I went into the cathedral with two charming young married ladies, whose acquaintance I had made during my stay, and leaving them devoutly on their knees, inspected the beautiful and quaint wood-carvings of the stalls, Renaissance *chef-d'œuvre* by one Pierre de Vitry, so-called from his native town in Champagne, friend of Holbein, whom it is said he enticed here in order to paint the altarpiece hanging near. These two works of art, each a gem in its way, are deserving of a detailed account, and are all that remain of artistic interest of the once puissant Abbey of St. Claude. Having completed a leisurely inspection, I modestly took a chair behind my companions for fear of disturbing their

devotions. I found, however, that these were over long ago, and that though in a devout position, they were discussing fashion and gossip as a matter of course.

My friends entrusted me to the care of an intelligent workman, in order to see the manufactories of the so-called *articles de St. Claude* — the pipes, carved and turned in wood, tops, spectacle-cases, snuff-boxes, napkin-rings, and other toys and trifles; also carved objects in bone, ivory, stag's horn, all of which are largely sold in Paris and England. The wood used in the manufacture of pipes comes from the south of France and the Pyrenees, and is called *bruyère*; in reality it is the root of a kind of heather. Box-wood, which is very plentiful in the Jura, is used in turnery for toys, also the manufacture of measures, large numbers of which are sold in England. The pipe-trade is not in a flourishing condition, and so low is the pay of skilled labor that the best workmen are beginning to leave for Paris. We visited a young artist — for so I must call him — who, like most of these wood-carvers, works by the piece at home, and he gave us a gloomy picture of labor at St. Claude. He was carving pipes with marvellous taste and dexterity at the rate of five francs a day; and in order to earn these five francs, he was obliged to carve two dozen pipes, two francs and a half being paid per dozen. The work men and women employed in the factories are there from five in the morning till eight at night, with two hours' interval for meals, and three francs per day is the average pay, whilst the cost of living is high. No wonder that the skilled unmarried men go to Paris, and that the trade at St. Claude declines from year to year.

I reluctantly took leave of my kind acquaintances, and went to Nantua by the diligence, this time faring better. The five hours' drive thither by way of the valley of La Bienne is lovely, and beautiful indeed was the twilight approach to Nantua; crimson glories of sunset flaming in the west, and reflected in the limpid waters of the lake, whilst a pearly moon rose slowly above the purple mountains set round about.

Nantua is charming — would I had space to describe it! — especially as seen from its interesting little church. It lies on the verge of a mountain gorge, black with pines, affording a contrast to the lightness, transparency, and smilingness of its lovely little lake opening beyond.

A wonderful bit of railway — veritable Alpine ascent by means of the steam-

engine — connects Nantua with Bourg-en-Bresse; and having stayed there long enough to see the beautiful mausoleums of the church of Brou, I sped by night mail express to Paris, able to indulge in the satisfactory feeling that I had exactly followed out the programme with which I had set out, and a more pleasurable assurance still, namely, that every stage of my journey was marked by delightful acquaintances and friendships, binding me closer still to *la belle France* and her glorious republic!

M. B.-E.

SIR GIBBIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

AUTHOR OF "MALCOLM," "THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE,"
ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LORRIE MEADOW.

It was high time, according to agricultural economics, that Donal Grant should be promoted a step in the ranks of labor. A youth like him was fit for horses and their work, and looked idle in a field with cattle. But Donal was not ambitious, at least in that direction. He was more and more in love with books, and learning, and the music of thought and word; and he knew well that no one doing a man's work upon a farm could have much time left for study — certainly not a quarter of what the herd-boy could command. Therefore, with his parents' approval, he continued to fill the humbler office, and receive the scantier wages belonging to it.

The day following their adventure on Glashgar, in the afternoon, Nicie being in the grounds with her little mistress, proposed that they should look whether they could see her brother down in the meadow of which her mother had spoken. Ginevra willingly agreed, and they took their way through the shrubbery to a certain tall hedge which divided the grounds from a little grove of larches on the slope of a steep bank descending to the Lorrie, on the other side of which lay the meadow. It was a hawthorn hedge, very old, and near the ground very thin, so that they easily found a place to creep through. But they were no better on the other side, for the larches hid the meadow. They went down through them, therefore, to the bank of the little river — the largest tributary of the Daur from the roots of Glashgar.

"There he is!" cried Nicie.

"I see him!" responded Ginny, "— with his cows all about the meadow."

Donal sat a little way from the river, reading.

"He's aye at 's buik!" said Nicie.

"I wonder what book it is," said Ginny.

"That wad be ill to say," answered Nicie.

"Donal reads a hantle o' buiks — mair, his mither says, nor she doobts he can weel get the guid o'."

"Do you think it's Latin, Nicie?"

"Ow! I daursay. But no; it canna be Laitin — for, leuk! he's lauchin', an' he cudna dee that gien 'twar Laitin. I'm thinkin' it 'll be a story: there's a heap o' them prentit noo, they tell me. Or 'deed maybe it may be a saug. He thinks a heap o' sangs. I h'ard my mither ance say she was some feared Donal micht hae ta'en to makin' sangs himsel'; no' at there was ony ill i' that, she said, gien there wasna ony ill i' the sangs themsel's; but it was jist some trimin' like, she said, an' they luikit for better frae Donal, wi' a' his buik lear, an' his Euclid — or what ca' they't? — nor makin' sangs."

"What's Euclid, Nicie?"

"Ye may weel speir, missie! but I hae ill tellin' ye. It's a keerious name till a buik, an' min's me o' naething but whan the lid o' yer e'e yeuks (*itches*); an' as to what lies atween the twa brods o' 't, I ken no more nor the man i' the meen."

"I should like to ask Donal what book he has got," said Ginny.

"I'll cry till 'im, an' ye can speir," said Nicie. "— Donal! — Donal!"

Donal looked up, and seeing his sister, came running to the bank of the stream.

"Canna ye come ower, Donal?" said Nicie. "Here's Miss Galbraith wants to speir ye a queston."

Donal was across in a moment, for here the water was nowhere over a foot or two in depth.

"Oh, Donal! you've wet your feet!" cried Ginevra.

Donal laughed.

"What ill 'ill that dee me, mem?"

"None, I hope," said Ginny; "but it might, you know."

"I micht hae been droont," said Donal.

"Nicie," said Ginny, with dignity, "your brother is laughing at me."

"Na, na, mem," said Donal apologetically. "I was only so glaid to see you an' Nicie 'at I forgot my mainners."

"Then," returned Ginny, quite satisfied, "would you mind telling me what book you were reading?"

"It's a buik o' ballants," answered Don-

al. "I'll read ane o' them till ye, gien ye like, mem."

"I should like very much," responded Ginny. "I've read all my own books till I'm tired of them, and I don't like papa's books. — And, do you know, Donal!" — Here the child-woman's voice grew solemn sad — "— I'm very sorry, and I'm frightened to say it; and if you weren't Nicie's brother, I couldn't say it to you; — but I am very tired of the Bible too."

"That's a peety, mem," replied Donal. "I wad hae ye no tell onybody that; for them 'at likes 't no a hair better themsel's, 'ill tak ye for waur nor a haithen for sayin' 't. Jist gang ye up to my mither, an' tell *her* a' about it. She's aye fair to a' body, an' never thinks ill o' onybody 'at says the troth — whan it's no for contrairiness. She says 'at a heap o' ill comes o' fowk no speykin' oot what they ken, or what they're thinkin', but aye guissin at what they dinna ken, an' what ither fowk's thinkin'."

"Ay!" said Nicie, "it wad be a gey cheenged warl' gien fowk gaed to my mither, an' did as she wad hae them. She says fowk sud never tell but the ill they ken o' themsel's, an' the guid they ken o' ither fowk; an' thut's jist the contrar', ye ken, missie, to what fowk maistly dis dee."

A pause naturally followed, which Ginny broke.

"I don't think you told me the *name* of the book you were reading, Donal," she said.

"Gien ye wad sit doon a meenute, mem," returned Donal, "— here's a bonnie gowany spot — I wad read a bit till ye, an' see gien ye likit it, afore I tellt ye the name o' it."

She dropped at once on the little gowany bed, gathered her frock about her ancles, and said,

"Sit down, Nicie. It's so kind of Donal to read something to us! I wonder what it's going to be."

She uttered everything in a deliberate, old-fashioned way, with precise articulation, and a certain manner that an English mother would have called priggish, but which was only the outcome of Scotch stiffness, her father's rebukes, and her own sense of propriety.

Donal read the ballad of *Kemp Owen*.

"I think — I think — I don't think I understand it," said Ginevra. "It is very dreadful, and — and — I don't know what to think. Tell me about it, Donal. — Do *you* know what it means, Nicie?"

"No ae glimp, missie," answered Nicie.

Donal proceeded at once to an exposition. He told them that the serpent was

a lady, enchanted by a wicked witch, who, after she had changed her, twisted her three times round the tree, so that she could not undo herself, and laid the spell upon her that she should never have the shape of a woman, until a knight kissed her as often as she was twisted round the tree. Then, when the knight did come, at every kiss a coil of her body unwound itself, until, at the last kiss, she stood before him the beautiful lady she really was.

"What a good, kind, brave knight!" said Ginevra.

"But it's no true, ye ken, missie," said Nicie, anxious that she should not be misled. "It's naething but Donal's nonsense."

"Nonsense here, nonsense there!" said Donal, "I see a heap o' sense intil 't. But nonsense or no, Nicie, it's nane o' *my* nonsense: I wuss it war. It's hun'ers o' years auld, that ballant, I s' warran'."

"It's *beautiful*," said Ginevra, with decision and dignity. "I hope he married the lady, and they lived happy ever after."

"I dinna ken, mem. The man 'at made the ballant, I daursay, thought him weel peyed gien the bonny leddy said *thank ye* till him."

"Oh, but, Donal, that wouldn't be enough! — Would it, Nicie?"

"Weel, ye see, missie," answered Nicie, "he but gae her three kisses — that wasna sae muckle to waur (*lay out*) upon a body."

"But a serpent! — a serpent's mouth, Nicie!"

Here, unhappily, Donal had to rush through the burn without leave-taking, for Hornie was attempting a trespass; and the two girls, thinking it was time to go home, rose, and climbed to the house at their leisure.

The rest of the day Ginevra talked of little else than the serpent lady and the brave knight, saying now and then what a nice boy that Donal of Nicie's was. Nor was more than the gentlest hint necessary to make Nicie remark, the next morning, that perhaps, if they went down again to the Lorrie, Donal might come, and bring the book. But when they reached the bank and looked across, they saw him occupied with Gibbie. They had their heads close together over a slate, upon which now the one, now the other, seemed to be drawing. This went on and on, and they never looked up. Ginny would have gone home, and come again in the afternoon, but Nicie instantly called Donal. He sprang to his feet and came to them, followed by Gibbie. Donal crossed the burn, but Gibbie remained on the other side, and

when presently Donal took his "buik o' ballants" from his pocket, and the little company seated themselves, stood with his back to them, and his eyes on the *nowt*. That morning they were not interrupted.

Donal read to them for a whole hour, concerning which reading and Ginevra's reception of it, Nicie declared she could not see what for they made sic a wark about a when auld ballants ane efter anither. — "They're no half sae bonnie as the paraphrases, Donal," she said.

After this, Ginevra went frequently with Nicie to see her mother, and learned much of the best from her. Often also they went down to the Lorrrie, and had an interview with Donal, which was longer or shorter as Gibbie was there or not to release him.

Ginny's life was now far happier than it had ever been. New channels of thought and feeling were opened, new questions were started, new interests awaked; so that, instead of losing by Miss Machar's continued inability to teach her, she was learning far more than she could give her, learning it too with the pleasure which invariably accompanies true learning.

Little more than child as she was, Donal felt from the first the charm of her society; and she by no means received without giving, for his mental development was greatly expedited thereby. Few weeks passed before he was her humble squire, devoted to her with all the chivalry of a youth for a girl whom he supposes as much his superior in kind as she is in worldly position; his sole advantage, in his own judgment, and that which alone procured him the privilege of her society, being, that he was older, and therefore knew a little more. So potent and genial was her influence on his imagination, that, without once thinking of her as their object, he now first found himself capable of making verses — such as they were; and one day, with his book before him — it was Burns, and he had been reading the Gowan poem to Ginevra and his sister — he ventured to repeat, as if he read them from the book, the following: they halted a little, no doubt, in rhythm, neither were perfectly rimed, but for a beginning, they had promise. Gibbie, who had thrown himself down on the other bank, and lay listening, at once detected the change in the tone of his utterance, and before he ceased had concluded that he was not reading them, and that they were his own.

Rin, burnie! clatter;
To the sea win:

Gien I was a watter,
Sae wad I rin.

Blaw, win', caller, clean!
Here an' hyne awa':
Gien I was a win',
Wadna I blaw!

Shine, auld sun,
Shine strang an' fine:
Gien I was the sun's son,
Herty I wad shine.

Hardly had he ended, when Gibbie's pipes began from the opposite side of the water, and, true to time and cadence and feeling, followed with just the one air to suit the song — from which Donal, to his no small comfort, understood that one at least of his audience had *received* his lilt. If the poorest nature in the world responds with the tune to the mightiest master's song, he knows, if not another echo should come back, that he has uttered a true cry. But Ginevra had not received it, and being therefore of her own mind, and not of the song's, was critical. It is of the true things we do not, perhaps cannot receive, that human nature is most critical.

"That one is nonsense, Donal," she said. "Isn't it now? How could a man be a burn, or a wind, or the sun? But poets *are* silly. Papa says so."

In his mind Donal did not know which way to look; physically, he regarded the ground. Happily at that very moment Horrie caused a diversion, and Gibbie understood what Donal was feeling too well to make even a pretence of going after her. I must, to his praise, record the fact that, instead of wreaking his mortification upon the cow, Donal spared her several blows out of gratitude for the deliverance her misbehavior had wrought him. He was in no haste to return to his audience. To have his first poem *thus* rejected was killing. She was but a child who had so unkindly criticised it, but she was the child he wanted to please; and for a few moments life itself seemed scarcely worth having. He called himself a fool, and resolved never to read another poem to a girl so long as he lived. By the time he had again walked through the burn, however, he was calm and comparatively wise, and knew what to say.

"Div ye hear yon burn efter ye gang to yer bed, mem?" he asked Ginevra, as he climbed the bank, pointing a little lower down the stream to the mountain brook, which there joined it.

"Always," she answered. "It runs right under my window."

"What kin o' a' din dis't mak'?" he asked again.

"It is different at different times," she answered. "It sings and chatters in summer, and growls and cries and grumbles in winter, or after rain up in Glashgar.

"Div ye think the burn's ony happier i' the summer, mem?"

"No, Donal; the burn has no life in it, and therefore can't be happier one time than another."

"Weel, mem, I wad jist like to speir what waur it is to fancy yersel' a burn, than to fancy the burn a body, ae time singin' an' chatterin', an' the neist growlin' an' grum'lin'."

"Well, but, Donal, *can* a man be a burn?"

"Weel, mem, *no* — at least no i' this warl', an' 'at his ain wull. But whan ye're lyin' hearkenin' to the burn, did ye never imagine yersel' rinnin' doon wi' 't — doon to the sea?"

"No, Donal; I always fancy myself going up the mountain where it comes from, and running about wild there in the wind, when all the time I know I'm safe and warm in bed."

"Weel, maybe that's better yet — I wadna say," answered Donal; "but jist the nicht for a cheenge like, ye turn an' gang doon wi' 't — i' yer thoughts, I mean. Lie an' hearken he'rtly till 't the nicht, whan ye're i' yer bed; hearken an' hearken till the soon' rins awa' wi' ye like, an' ye forget a' aboot yersel', an' think yersel' awa' wi' the burn, rinnin', rinnin', throu' this an' throu' that, throu' stanes an' birks an' bracken, throu' heather, an' wood lan' an' corn, an' wuds and gairdens, aye singin', an' aye cheengin' yer tune accordin', till it wins to the muckle roarin' sea, en' 's a' tint. An' the first nicht 'at the win' 's up an' awa, dee the same, mem, wi' the win'. Get up upo' the back o' 't, like, as gien it was yer muckle horse, an' jist ride him to the deith; an' efter that, gien ye dinna maybe jist wuss 'at ye was a burn or a blawin' win' — aither wad be a sair loss to the universe — ye wunna, I'm thinkin', be sae ready to fin' fau't wi' the chield 'at made yon bit songy."

"Are you vexed with me, Donal? — I'm so sorry!" said Ginevra, taking the earnestness of his tone for displeasure.

"Na, na, mem. Ye're ower guid an' ower bonny," answered Donal, "to be a vex to onybody; but it *wad* be a vex to hear sic a cratur as you speykin' like ane o' the fules o' the wardle, 'at believe i' naething but what comes in 'at the holes i' their heid."

Ginevra was silent. She could not quite understand Donal, but she felt she must be wrong somehow; and of this she was the more convinced when she saw the beautiful eyes of Gibbie fixed in admiration, and brimful of love, upon Donal.

The way Donal kept his vow never to read another poem of his own to a girl, was to proceed that very night to make another for the express purpose, as he lay awake in the darkness.

The last one he ever read to her in that meadow was this:

What gars ye sing, said the herd laddie,
What gars ye sing sae lood?
To tice them oot o' the yerd, laddie,
The worms, for my daily food.

An' aye he sang, an' better he sang,
An' the worms creepit in an' oot;
An' ane he tuik, an' twa he loot gang,
But still he carolled stoot.

It's no for the worms, sir, said the herd,
They comena for yer sang.
Think ye sae, sir? answered the bird,
Maybe ye're no i' the wrang.
But aye &c.

Sing ye yoong sorrow to beguile,
Or to gie auld fear the flegs?
Na, quo' the mavis; it's but to wile
My wee things oot o' her eggs.
An' aye &c.

The mistress is plenty for that same gear,
Though ye sangna ear' nor late,
It's to draw the deid frae the mou' sae drear,
An' open the kirkyard gate.
An' aye &c.

Na, na; it's a better sang nor yer ain,
Though ye hae o' notes a feck,
At wad mak auld Barebanes there sae fain
As to lift the muckle sneck!
But aye &c.

Better ye sing nor a burn i' the mune,
Nor a wave ower san' that flows,
Nor a win' wi' the gliintin' stars abune,
An' aneth the roses in rows;
An' aye &c.

But I'll speir ye nae mair, sir, said the herd,
I fear what ye micht say neist.
Ye wad but won'er the mair, said the bird,
To see the thoughts i' my breist.

And aye he sang, an' better he sang,
An' the worms creepit in an' oot;
An' ane he tuik, an' twa he loot gang,
But still he carolled stoot.

I doubt whether Ginevra understood this song better than the first, but she was now more careful of criticising; and when by degrees it dawned upon her that he

was the maker of these and other verses he read, she grew half afraid of Donal, and began to regard him with big eyes: he became, from a herd-boy, an unintelligible person, therefore a wonder. For, brought thus face to face with the maker of verses, she could not help trying to think how he did the thing; and as she felt no possibility of making verses herself, it remained a mystery and an astonishment, causing a great respect for Donal to mingle with the kindness she felt towards Nicie's brother.

CHAPTER X.

THEIR REWARD.

By degrees Gibbie had come to be well known about the Mains and Glashrauch. Angus's only recognition of him was a scowl in return for his smile; but, as I have said, he gave him no farther annoyance, and the tales about the beast-loon were dying out from Daurside. Jean Mavor was a special friend to him, for she knew now well enough who had been her brownie, and made him welcome as often as he showed himself with Donal. Fergus was sometimes at home; sometimes away; but he was now quite a fine gentleman, a student of theology, and only condescendingly cognizant of the existence of Donal Grant. All he said to him when he came home a master of arts, was, that he had expected better of him: he ought to be something more than herd by this time. Donal smiled and said nothing. He had just finished a little song that pleased him, and could afford to be patronized. I am afraid, however, he was not contented with that, but in his mind's eye measured Fergus from top to toe.

In the autumn, Mr. Galbraith returned to Glashruach, but did not remain long. His schemes were promising well, and his self-importance was screwed yet a little higher in consequence. But he was kinder than usual to Ginevra. Before he went he said to her that, as Mr. Machar had sunk into a condition requiring his daughter's constant attention, he would find her an English governess as soon as he reached London; meantime she must keep up her studies by herself as well as she could. Probably he forgot all about it, for the governess was not heard of at Glashruach, and things fell into their old way. There was no spiritual traffic between the father and daughter, consequently Ginevra never said anything about Donal or Gibbie, or her friendship for Nicie. He had himself to blame altogether; he had made it im-

possible for her to talk to him. But it was well he remained in ignorance, and so did not put a stop to the best education she could at this time of her life have been having — such as neither he nor any friend of his could have given her.

It was interrupted, however, by the arrival of the winter — a wild time in that region, fierce storm alternating with the calm of death. After howling nights, in which it seemed as if all the *poltergeister* of the universe must be out on a disembodied lark, the mountains stood there in the morning solemn still, each with his white turban of snow unrumpled on his head, in the profoundest silence of blue air, as if he had never in his life passed a more thoughtful, peaceful time than the very last night of all. To such feet as Ginevra's the cottage on Glashgar was for months almost as inaccessible as if it had been in Sirius. More than once the Daur was frozen thick; for weeks every beast was an absolute prisoner to the byre, and for months was fed with straw and turnips and potatoes and oilcake. Then was the time for stories; and often in the long dark, while yet it was hours too early for bed, would Ginevra go with Nicie, who was not much of a *raconteuse*, to the kitchen, to get one of the other servants to tell her an old tale. For even in his own daughter and his own kitchen, the great laird could not extinguish the accursed superstition. Not a glimpse did Ginevra get all this time of Donal or of Gibbie.

At last, like one of its own flowers in its own bosom, the spring began again to wake in God's thought of his world; and the snow, like all other deaths, had to melt and run, leaving room for hope; then the summer woke smiling, as if she knew she had been asleep; and the two youths and the two maidens met yet again on Lorrie bank, with the brown water falling over the stones, the gold nuggets of the broom hanging over the water, and the young larch-wood scenting the air all up the brae side between them and the house, which the tall hedge hid from their view. The four were a year older, a year nearer trouble, and a year nearer getting out of it. Ginevra was more of a woman, Donal more of a poet, Nicie as nice and much the same, and Gibbie, if possible, more a foundling of the universe than ever. He was growing steadily, and showed such freedom and ease, and his motions were all so rapid and direct, that it was plain at a glance the beauty of his countenance was in no manner or measure associated with weakness. The mountain was a

grand nursery for him, and the result, both physical and spiritual, corresponded. Janet, who, better than any one else, knew what was in the mind of the boy, revered him as much as he revered her; the first impression he made upon her had never worn off—had only changed its color a little. More even than a knowledge of the truth, is a readiness to receive it; and Janet saw from the first that Gibbie's ignorance at its worst was but room vacant for the truth: when it came it found bolt nor bar on door or window, but had immediate entrance. The secret of this power of reception was, that to see a truth and to do it was one and the same thing with Gibbie. To know and not do would have seemed to him an impossibility, as it is in vital idea a monstrosity.

This unity of vision and action was the main cause also of a certain daring simplicity in the exercise of the imagination, which so far from misleading him reacted only in obedience—which is the truth of the will—the truth, therefore, of the whole being. He did not do the less well for his sheep, that he fancied they knew when Jesus Christ was on the mountain, and always at such times both fed better and were more frolicsome. He thought Oscar knew it also, and interpreted a certain look of the dog by the supposition that he had caught a sign of the bodily presence of his maker. The direction in which his imagination ran forward, was always that in which his reason pointed; and so long as Gibbie's fancies were bud-blooms upon his obedience, his imagination could not be otherwise than in harmony with his reason. Imagination is a poor root, but a worthy blossom, and in a nature like Gibbie's its flowers cannot fail to be lovely. For no outcome of a man's nature is so like himself as his imagination, except it be his fancies, indeed. Perhaps his imaginations show what he is meant to be, his fancies what he is making of himself.

In the summer, Mr. Galbraith, all unannounced, reappeared at Glashruach, but so changed that, startled at the sight of him, Ginevra stopped midway in her advance to greet him. The long thin man was now haggard and worn; he looked sourer too, and more suspicious—either that experience had made him so, or that he was less equal to the veiling of his feelings in dignified indifference. He was annoyed that his daughter should recognize an alteration in him, and turning away, leaned his head on the hand whose arm was already supported by the mantelpiece, and took no further notice of her presence; but per-

haps conscience also had something to do with this behavior. Ginevra knew from experience that the sight of tears would enrage him, and with all her might repressed those she felt beginning to rise. She went up to him timidly, and took the hand that hung by his side. He did not repel her—that is, he did not push her away, or even withdraw his hand, but he left it hanging lifeless, and returned with it no pressure upon hers—which was much worse.

"Is anything the matter, papa?" she asked with trembling voice.

"I am not aware that I have been in the habit of communicating with you on the subject of my affairs," he answered; "nor am I likely to begin to do so, where my return after so long an absence seems to give so little satisfaction."

"Oh, papa! I was frightened to see you looking so ill."

"Such a remark upon my personal appearance is but a poor recognition of my labors for your benefit, I venture to think, Jenny," he said.

He was at the moment contemplating, as a necessity, the sale of every foot of the property her mother had brought him. Nothing less would serve to keep up his credit, and gain time to disguise more than one failing scheme. Everything had of late been going so badly, that he had lost a good deal of his confidence and self-satisfaction; but he had gained no humility instead. It had not dawned upon him yet that he was not unfortunate, but unworthy. The gain of such a conviction is to a man enough to outweigh infinitely any loss that even his unworthiness can have caused him; for it involves some perception of the worthiness of the truth, and makes way for the utter consolation which the birth of that truth in himself will bring. As yet Mr. Galbraith was but overwhelmed with care for a self which, so far as he had had to do with the making of it, was of small value indeed, although in the possibility which is the birthright of every creature, it was, not less than that of the wretchedest of dog-licked Lazaruses, of a value by himself unsuspected and inappreciable. That he should behave so cruelly to his one child, was not unnatural to that self with which he was so much occupied: failure had weakened that command of behavior which so frequently gains the credit belonging only to justice and kindness, and a temper which never was good, but always feeling the chain, was ready at once to show its ugly teeth. He was a proud man, whose pride was always catching cold from

his heart. He might have lived a hundred years in the same house with a child that was not his own, without feeling for her a single movement of affection.

The servants found more change in him than Ginevra did; his relations with them, if not better conceived than his paternal ones, had been less evidently defective. Now he found fault with every one, so that even Joseph dared hardly open his mouth, and said he must give warning. The day after his arrival, having spent the morning with Angus, walking over certain fields, much desired, he knew, of a neighboring proprietor, inwardly calculating the utmost he could venture to ask for them with a chance of selling, he scolded Ginevra severely on his return because she had not had lunch, but had waited for him; whereas a little reflection might have shown him she dared not take it without him. Naturally, therefore, she could not now eat, because of a certain sensation in her throat. The instant he saw she was not eating, he ordered her out of the room: he would have no such airs in his family! By the end of the week — he arrived on the Tuesday — such a sense of estrangement possessed Ginevra, that she would turn on the stair and run up again, if she heard her father's voice below. Her aversion to meeting him, he became aware of, and felt relieved in regard to the wrong he was doing his wife, by reflecting upon her daughter's behavior towards him; for he had a strong constitutional sense of what was fair, and a conscience disobeyed becomes a cancer.

In this evil mood he received from some one — all his life Donal believed it was Fergus — a hint concerning the relations between his daughter and his tenant's herdboys. To describe his feelings at the bare fact that such a hint was possible, would be more labor than the result would repay. — What! his own flesh and blood, the heiress of Glashruach, derive pleasure from the boorish talk of such a companion! It could not be true, when the mere thought without the belief of it, filled him with such indignation! He was overwhelmed with a righteous disgust. He did himself the justice of making himself certain before he took measures; but he never thought of doing them the justice of acquainting himself first with the nature of the intercourse they held. But it mattered little; for he would have found nothing in that to give him satisfaction, even if the thing itself had not been outrageous. He watched and waited, and more than once pretended to go from home: at last

one morning, from the larch-wood, he saw the unnatural girl seated with her maid on the bank of the river, the cowherd reading to them, and on the other side the dumb idiot lying listening. He was almost beside himself — with what, I can hardly define. In a loud voice of bare command he called to her to come to him. With a glance of terror at Nicie she rose, and they went up through the larches together.

I will not spend my labor upon a reproduction of the verbal torrent of wrath, wounded dignity, disgust, and contempt, with which the father assailed his shrinking, delicate, honest-minded woman-child. For Nicie, he dismissed her on the spot. Not another night would he endure her in the house, after her abominable breach of confidence! She had to depart without even a good-bye from Ginevra, and went home weeping, in great dread of what her mother would say.

"Lassie," said Janet, when she heard her story, "gien onybody be to blame it's mysel'; for ye loot me ken ye gaed whiles wi' yer bonnie missie to hae a news wi' Donal, an' I saw an' see noucht 'at's wrang intil 't. But the fowk o' this warl' has ither w'ys o' jeedgin o' things, an' I maun bethink mysel' what lesson o' the serpent's wisdom I hae to learn frae 't. Ye're walcome hame, my bonnie lass. Ye ken I aye keep the wee closet ready for ony o' ye 'at micht come ohn expectit."

Nicie, however, had not long to occupy the closet, for those of her breed were in demand in the country.

CHAPTER XI.

PROLOGUE.

EVER since he became a dweller in the air of Glashgar, Gibbie, mindful of his first visit thereto, and of his grand experience on that occasion, had been in the habit, as often as he saw reason to expect a thunder-storm, and his duties would permit, of ascending the mountain, and there, on the crest of the granite peak, awaiting the arrival of the tumult. Everything antagonistic in the boy, everything that could naturally find relief, or pleasure, or simple outcome, in resistance or contention, debarred as it was by the exuberance of his loving kindness from obtaining satisfaction or alleviation in strife with his fellows, found it wherever he could encounter the forces of Nature, in personal wrestle with them where possible, and always in wildest sympathy with any uproar of the elements. The absence of personality in them allowed the co-existence of sym-

pathy and antagonism in respect of them. Except those truths awaking delight at once calm and profound, of which so few know the power, and the direct influence of human relation, Gibbie's emotional joy was more stirred by storm than by anything else; and with all forms of it he was so familiar that, young as he was, he had unconsciously begun to generalize on its phases.

Towards the evening of a wondrously fine day in the beginning of August—a perfect day of summer in her matronly beauty, it began to rain. All the next day the slopes and stairs of Glashgar were alternately glowing in sunshine, and swept with heavy showers, driven slanting in strong gusts of wind from the northwest. How often he was wet through and dried again that day, Gibbie could not have told. He wore so little that either took but a few moments, and he was always ready for a change. The wind and the rain together were cold, but that only served to let the sunshine deeper into him when it returned.

In the afternoon there was less sun, more rain, and more wind; and at last the sun seemed to give it up; the wind grew to a hurricane, and the rain strove with it which should inhabit the space. The whole upper region was like a huge mortar, in which the wind was the pestle, and, with innumerable gyres, vainly ground at the rain. Gibbie drove his sheep to the refuge of a pen on the lower slope of a valley that ran at right angles to the wind, where they were sheltered by a rock behind, forming one side of the enclosure, and dykes of loose stones, forming the others, at a height there was no tradition of any flood having reached. He then went home, and having told Robert what he had done, and had his supper, set out in the early failing light, to ascend the mountain. A great thunder-storm was at hand, and was calling him. It was almost dark before he reached the top, but he knew the surface of Glashgar nearly as well as the floor of the cottage. Just as he had fought his way to the crest of the peak in the face of one of the fiercest of the blasts abroad that night, a sudden rush of fire made the heavens like the smoke-filled vault of an oven, and at once the thunder followed, in a succession of single sharp explosions without any roll between. The mountain shook with the windy shocks, but the first of the thunder-storm was the worst, and it soon passed. The wind and the rain continued, and the darkness was filled with the rush of the water

everywhere wildly tearing down the sides of the mountain. Thus heaven and earth held communication in torrents all the night. Down the steeps of the limpid air they ran to the hard sides of the hills, where at once, as if they were no longer at home, and did not like the change, they began to work mischief. To the ears and heart of Gibbie their noises were a mass of broken music. Every spring and autumn the floods came, and he knew them, and they were welcome to him in their seasons.

It required some care to find his way down through the darkness and the waters to the cottage, but as he was neither in fear nor in haste, he was in little danger, and his hands and feet could pick out the path where his eyes were useless. When at length he reached his bed, it was not for a long time to sleep, but to lie awake and listen to the raging of the wind all about and above and below the cottage, and the rushing of the streams down past it on every side. To his imagination it was as if he lay in the very bed of the channel by which the waters of heaven were shooting to the valleys of the earth; and when he fell asleep at last, his dream was of the rush of the river of the water of life from under the throne of God; and he saw men drink thereof, and every one as he drank straightway knew that he was one with the Father, and one with every child of his throughout the infinite universe.

He woke, and what remained of his dream was love in his heart, and in his ears the sound of many waters. It was morning. He rose, and dressing hastily, opened the door. What a picture of gray storm rose outspread before him! The wind fiercely invaded the cottage, thick charged with water-drops, and stepping out he shut the door in haste, lest it should blow upon the old people in bed and wake them. He could not see far on any side, for the rain that fell, and the mist and steam that rose, upon which the wind seemed to have no power; but wherever he did see, there water was running down. Up the mountain he went—he could hardly have told why. Once, for a moment, as he ascended, the veil of the vapor either rose, or was torn asunder, and he saw the great wet gleam of the world below. By the time he reached the top, it was as light, as it was all the day; but it was with a dull yellow glare, as if the sun were obscured by the smoke and vaporous fumes of a burning world which the rain had been sent to quench. It was a wild, hopeless scene—as if God had turned his face away from

the world, and all nature was therefore drowned in tears — no Rachel weeping for her children, but the whole creation crying for the Father, and refusing to be comforted. Gibbie stood gazing and thinking. Did God like to look at the storm he made? If Jesus did, would he have left it all and gone to sleep, when the wind and waves were howling, and flinging the boat about like a toy between them? He must have been tired, surely! With what? Then first Gibbie saw that perhaps it tired Jesus to heal people; that every time what cured man or woman was life that went out of him, and that he missed it, perhaps — not from his heart, but from his body; and if it were so, then it was no wonder if he slept in the midst of a right splendid storm. And upon that Gibbie remembered what St. Matthew says just before he tells about the storm — that “he cast out the spirits with his word, and healed all that were sick, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses.”

That moment it seemed as if he must be himself in some wave-tossed boat, and not upon a mountain of stone, for Glashgar gave a great heave under him, then rocked and shook from side to side a little, and settled down so still and steady, that motion and the mountain seemed again two ideas that never could be present together in any mind. The next instant came an explosion, followed by a frightful roaring and hurling, as of mingled water and stones; and on the side of the mountain beneath him he saw what, through the mist, looked like a cloud of smoke or dust rising to a height. He darted towards it. As he drew nearer, the cloud seemed to condense, and presently he saw plainly enough that it was a great column of water shooting up and out from the face of the mountain. It sank and rose again, with the alternation of a huge pulse: the mountain was cracked, and through the crack, with every throb of its heart, the life blood of the great hull of the world seemed beating out. Already it had scattered masses of gravel on all sides, and down the hill a river was shooting in sheer cataract, raving and tearing, and carrying stones and rocks with it like foam. Still and still it pulsed and rushed and ran, born, like another Xanthus, a river full-grown, from the heart of the mountain.

Suddenly Gibbie, in the midst of his astonishment and awful delight, noted the path of the new stream, and from his knowledge of the face of the mountain,

perceived that its course was direct for the cottage. Down the hill he shot after it, as if it were a wild beast that his fault had freed from its cage. He was not terrified. One believing like him in the perfect Love and perfect Will of a Father of men, as the fact of facts, fears nothing. Fear is faithlessness. But there is so little that is worthy the name of faith, that such a confidence will appear to most not merely incredible but heartless. The Lord himself seems not to have been very hopeful about us, for he said, When the son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth? A perfect faith would lift us absolutely above fear. It is in the cracks, crannies, and gulfy faults of our belief, the gaps that are not faith, that the snow of apprehension settles, and the ice of unkindness forms.

The torrent had already worn for itself a channel: what earth there was, it had swept clean away to the rock, and the loose stones it had thrown up aside, or hurled with it in its headlong course. But as Gibbie bounded along, following it with a speed almost equal to its own, he was checked in the midst of his hearty haste by the sight, a few yards away, of another like terror — another torrent issuing from the side of the hill, and rushing to swell the valley stream. Another and another he saw, with growing wonder, as he ran; before he reached home he passed some six or eight, and had begun to think whether a second deluge of the whole world might not be at hand, commencing this time with Scotland. Two of them joined the one he was following, and he had to cross them as he could; the others he saw near and farther off — one foaming deliverance after another, issuing from the entrails of the mountain, like imprisoned demons, that, broken from their bonds, ran to ravage the world with the accumulated hate of dreariest centuries. Now and then a huge boulder, loosened from its bed by the trail of this or that watery serpent, would go rolling, leaping, bounding down the hill before him, and just in time he escaped one that came springing after him as if it were a living thing that wanted to devour him. Nor was Glashgar the only torrent-bearing mountain of Gormgarret that day, though the rain prevented Gibbie from seeing anything of what the rest of them were doing. The fountains of the great deep were broken up, and seemed rushing together to drown the world. And still the wind was raging, and the rain tumbling to the earth, rather in sheets than in streams.

Gibbie at length forsook the bank of the new torrent to take the nearest way home, and soon reached the point whence first, returning in that direction, he always looked to see the cottage. For a moment he was utterly bewildered: no cottage was to be seen. From the top of the rock against which it was built, shot the whole mass of the water he had been pursuing, now dark with stones and gravel, now gray with foam, or glassy in the lurid light.

"O Jesus Christ!" he cried, and darted to the place. When he came near, to his amazement there stood the little house unharmed, the very centre of the cataract! For a few yards on the top of the rock, the torrent had a nearly horizontal channel, along which it rushed with unabated speed to the edge, and thence shot clean over the cottage, dropping only a dribble of rain on the roof from the underside of its half-arch. The garden ground was gone, swept clean from the bare rock, which made a fine smooth shoot for the water a long distance in front. He darted through the drizzle and spray, reached the door, and lifted the latch. The same moment he heard Janet's voice in joyful greeting.

"Noo, noo! come awa', laddie," she said. "Wha wad hae thought we wad hae to lea' the rock to win oot o' the water? We're but waitin' you to gang. — Come, Robert, we'll awa' doon the hill."

She stood in the middle of the room in her best gown, as if she had been going to church, her Bible, a good-sized octavo, under her arm, with a white handkerchief folded round it, and her umbrella in her hand.

"He that believeth shall not make haste," she said, "but he maunna tempt the Lord, aither. Drink that milk, Gibbie, an' pit a bannock i' yer pooch, an' come awa'."

Robert rose from the edge of the bed, staff in hand, ready too. He also was in his Sunday clothes. Oscar, who could make no change of attire, but was always ready, and had been standing looking up in his face for the last ten minutes, wagged his tail when he saw him rise, and got out of his way. On the table were the remains of their breakfast of oat-cake and milk — the fire Janet had left on the hearth was a spongy mass of peat, as wet as the winter before it was dug from the bog, so they had had no porridge. The water kept coming in splashes down the *lum*, the hillocks of the floor were slimy, and in the hollows little lakes were gathering: the lowest film of the torrent-water ran down the rock behind, and making its way be-

tween rock and roof, threatened soon to render the place uninhabitable.

"What's the eese o' lo'denin' yersel' wi' the umbrella?" said Robert. "We'll get it a' drookit" (*drenched*).

"Ow, I'll jist tak it," replied Janet, with a laugh in acknowledgment of her husband's fun; "it'll haud the rain ohn blin't me."

"That's gien ye be able to haud it up. I doobt the win' 'll be ower sair upo' 't. I'm thinkin', though, it'll be mair to haud yer beuk dry!"

Janet smiled and made no denial.

"Noo, Gibbie," she said, "ye gang an' lowse Crummie. But ye'll hae to lead her. She winna be to caw in sic a win' 's this, an' no plain ro'd afore her."

"Whaur div ye think o' gauin?" asked Robert, who, satisfied as usual with whatever might be in his wife's mind, had not till this moment thought of asking her where she meant to take refuge.

"Ow, we'll jist mak for the Mains, gien ye be agreeable, Robert," she answered. "It's there we belang till, an' in wather like this naebody wad refeese bield till a beggar, no to say Mistress Jean till her ain fowk."

With that she led the way to the door and opened it.

"His vi'ce was like the soon' o' mony watters," she said to herself softly, as the liquid thunder of the torrent came in the louder.

Gibbie shot round the corner to the byre, whence through all the roar, every now and then they had heard the cavernous mooing of Crummie, piteous and low. He found a stream a foot deep running between her fore and hind legs, and did not wonder that she wanted to be on the move. Speedily he loosed her, and fastening the chain-tether to her halter, led her out. She was terrified at sight of the falling water, and they had some trouble in getting her through behind it, but presently after, she was making the descent as carefully and successfully as any of them.

It was a heavy undertaking for the two old folk to walk all the way to the Mains, and in such a state of the elements; but where there is no choice, we do well to make no difficulty. Janet was half troubled that her mountain and her foundation on the rock, should have failed her; but consoled herself that they were but shadows of heavenly things and figures of the true; and that a mountain or a rock was in itself no more to be trusted than a horse or a prince or the legs of a man. Robert plodded on in contented silence, and Gib-

bie was in great glee, singing, after his fashion, all the way, though now and then half choked by the fierceness of the wind round some corner of rock, filled with rain-drops that stung like hailstones.

By-and-by Janet stopped and began looking about her. This naturally seemed to her husband rather odd in the circumstances.

"What are ye efter, Janet?" he said, shouting through the wind from a few yards off, by no means sorry to stand for a moment, although any recovering of his breath seemed almost hopeless in such a tempest.

"I want to lay my umbrell in safty," answered Janet "— gien I cud but perceive a shuitable spot. Ye was richt, Robert; it's mair w'alth nor I can get the guid o'."

"Hoots! flingt frae ye, than, lass," he returned. "Is this a day to be thinkin' o' warl's gear?"

"What for no, Robert?" she rejoined. "Ae day's as guid's anither for thinkin' about onything the richt gait."

"What!" retorted Robert, "— whan we hae ta'en oor lives in oor han', an' can no more than houp we may cairry them throu' safe!"

"What's that 'at ye ca' oor lives, Robert? The Maister never made muckle o' the savin' o' sic like 's them. It seems to me they're naething but a kin' o' warl's gear themsel's."

"An' yet," argued Robert, "ye'll tak thought aboot an auld umbrell? Whaur's yer consistency, lass?"

"Gien I war tribled about my life," said Janet, "I cud ill spare thought for an auld umbrell. But they baith trible me sae little, 'at I may jist as weel luik efter them baith. It's auld an' casten an' bow-ribbit, it's true, but it wad ill become me to drap it wi'oot a thought, whan him 'at could mak haill loaves, said 'Gether up the fragments 'at naething be lost.' — Na," she continued, still looking about her, "I maun jist dee my duty by the auld umbrell; syne come o' 't 'at likes, I carena."

So saying, she walked to the lee side of a rock, and laid the umbrella close under it, then a few large stones upon it to keep it down.

I may add, that the same umbrella, recovered, and with two new ribs, served Janet to the day of her death.

From The Contemporary Review.

THE PHŒNICIANS IN GREECE.

HERODOTUS begins his history by relating how Phœnician traders brought "Egyptian and Assyrian wares" to Argos and other parts of Greece, in those remote days when the Greeks were still waiting to receive the elements of their culture from the more civilized East. His account was derived from Persian and Phœnician sources, but, it would seem, was accepted by his contemporaries with the same unquestioning confidence as by himself. The belief of Herodotus was shared by the scholars of Europe after the revival of learning, and there were none among them who doubted that the civilization of ancient Greece had been brought from Asia or Egypt, or from both. Hebrew was regarded as the primæval language, and the Hebrew records as the fountain-head of all history; just as the Greek vocabulary, therefore, was traced back to the Hebrew lexicon, the legends of primitive Greece were believed to be the echoes of Old Testament history. *Ex Oriente lux* was the motto of the inquirer, and the key to all that was dark or doubtful in the mythology and history of Hellas was to be found in the monuments of the Oriental world.

But the age of Creuzer and Bryant was succeeded by an age of scepticism and critical investigation. A reaction set in against the attempt to force Greek thought and culture into an Asiatic mould. The Greek scholar was repelled by the tasteless insipidity and barbaric exuberance of the East; he contrasted the works of Phidias and Praxiteles, of Sophocles and Plato, with the monstrous creations of India or Egypt, and the conviction grew strong within him that the Greek could never have learnt his first lessons of civilization in such a school as this. Between the East and the West a sharp line of division was drawn, and to look for the origin of Greek culture beyond the boundaries of Greece itself came to be regarded almost as sacrilege. Greek mythology, so far from being an echo or caricature of Biblical history and Oriental mysticism, was pronounced to be self-evolved and independent, and K. O. Müller could deny without contradiction the Asiatic origin even of the myth of Aphrodite and Adonis, where the name of the Semitic sun-god seems of itself to indicate its source. The Phœnician traders of Herodotus, like the royal maiden they carried away from Argos, were banished to the nebulous region of rationalistic fable.

Along with this reaction against the Orientalizing school, which could see in Greece nothing but a deformed copy of Eastern wisdom, went another reaction against the conception of Greek mythology on which the labors of the Orientalizing school had been based. Key after key had been applied to Greek mythology, and all in vain; the lock had refused to turn. The light which had been supposed to come from the East had turned out to be but a will-o'-the-wisp; neither the Hebrew Scriptures nor the Egyptian hieroglyphics had solved the problem presented by the Greek myths. And the Greek scholar, in despair, had come to the conclusion that the problem was insoluble; all that he could do was to accept the facts as they were set before him, to classify and repeat the wondrous tales of the Greek poets, but to leave their origin unexplained. This is practically the position of Grote; he is content to show that all the parts of a myth hang closely together, and that any attempt to extract history or philosophy from it must be arbitrary and futile. To deprive a myth of its kernel and soul, and call the dry husk that is left a historical fact, is to mistake the conditions of the problem and the nature of mythology.

It was at this point that the science of comparative mythology stepped in. Grote had shown that we cannot look for history in mythology, but he had given up the discovery of the origin of this mythology as a hopeless task. The same comparative method, however, which has forced nature to disclose her secrets has also penetrated to the sources of mythology itself. The Greek myths, like the myths of the other nations of the world, are the forgotten and misinterpreted records of the beliefs of primitive man, and of his earliest attempts to explain the phenomena of nature. Restore the original meaning of the language wherein the myth is clothed, and the origin of the myth is found. Myths, in fact, are the words of a dead language to which a wrong sense has been given by a false method of decipherment. A myth, rightly explained, will tell us the beliefs, the feelings, and the knowledge of those among whom it first grew up; for the evidences and monuments of history we must look elsewhere.

But there is an old proverb that "there is no smoke without fire." The war of Troy or the beleaguerment of Thebes may be but a repetition of the time-worn story of the battle waged by the bright powers of day round the battlements of heaven;

but there must have been some reason why this story should have been specially localized in the Troad and at Thebes. Most of the Greek myths have a background in space and time; and for this background there must be some historical cause. The cause, however, if it is to be discovered at all, must be discovered by means of those evidences which will alone satisfy the critical historian. The localization of a myth is merely an indication or sign-post pointing out the direction in which he is to look for his facts. If Greek warriors had never fought in the plains of Troy, we may be pretty sure that the poems of Homer would not have brought Akhilles and Agamemnon under the walls of Ilium. If Phœnician traders had exercised no influence on primeval Greece, Greek legend would have contained no references to them.

But even the myth itself, when rightly questioned, may be made to yield some of the facts upon which the conclusions of the historian are based. We now know fairly well what ideas, usages, and proper names have an Aryan stamp upon them, and what, on the other hand, belong rather to the Semitic world. Now there is a certain portion of Greek mythology which bears but little relationship to the mythology of the kindred Aryan tribes, while it connects itself very closely with the beliefs and practices of the Semitic race. Human sacrifice is very possibly one of these, and it is noticeable that two at least of the legends which speak of human sacrifice—those of Athamas and Busiris—are associated, the one with the Phœnicians of Thebes, the other with the Phœnicians of the Egyptian Delta. The whole cycle of myths grouped about the name of Herakles points as clearly to a Semitic source as does the myth of Aphrodite and Adonis; and the extravagant lamentations that accompanied the worship of the Akhæan Demeter (Herod. v. 61) come as certainly from the East as the olive, the pomegranate, and the myrtle, the sacred symbols of Athena, of Hera, and of Aphrodite.*

Comparative mythology has thus given us a juster appreciation of the historical inferences we may draw from the legends of prehistoric Greece, and has led us back to a recognition of the important part played by the Phœnicians in the heroic age. Greek culture, it is true, was not the mere copy of that of Semitic Asia, as

* See E. Curtius: *Die griechische Götterlehre vom geschichtlichen Standpunkt*, in *Preussische Jahrbücher*, xxxvi. pp. 1-17. 1875.

scholars once believed, but the germs of it had come in large measure from an Oriental seed-plot. The conclusions derived from a scientific study of the myths have been confirmed and widened by the recent researches and discoveries of archæology. The spade, it has been said, is the modern instrument for reconstructing the history of the past, and in no department of history has the spade been more active of late than in that of Greece. From all sides light has come upon that remote epoch around which the mists of a fabulous antiquity had already been folded in the days of Herodotus; from the islands and shores of the Ægean, from the tombs of Asia Minor and Palestine, nay, even from the temples and palaces of Egypt and Assyria, have the materials been exhumed for sketching in something like clear outline the origin and growth of Greek civilization. From nowhere, however, have more important revelations been derived than from the excavations at Mykenæ and Spata, near Athens, and it is with the evidence furnished by these that I now propose mainly to deal. A personal inspection of the sites and the objects found upon them has convinced me of the groundlessness of the doubts which have been thrown out against their antiquity as well as of the intercourse and connection to which they testify with the great empires of Babylonia and Assyria. Mr. Poole has lately pointed out what materials are furnished by the Egyptian monuments for determining the age and character of the antiquities of Mykenæ. I would now draw attention to the far clearer and more tangible materials afforded by Assyrian art and history.

Two facts must first be kept well in view. One of these is the Semitic origin of the Greek alphabet. The Phœnician alphabet, originally derived from the alphabet of the Egyptian hieroglyphics and imported into their mother country by the Phœnician settlers of the Delta, was brought to Greece, not probably by the Phœnicians of Tyre and Sidon, but by the Aramæans of the Gulf of Antioch, whose nouns ended with the same "emphatic aleph" that we seem to find in the Greek names of the letters, *alpha*, *beta*, *gamma* (*gamla*). Before the introduction of the simpler Phœnician alphabet, the inhabitants of Asia Minor and the neighboring islands appear to have used a syllabary of some seventy characters, which continued to be employed in conservative Cyprus down to a very late date; but, so far as we know at present the Greeks of the main-

LIVING AGE. VOL. XXV. 1260

land were unacquainted with writing before the Aramæo-Phœnicians had taught them their phonetic symbols. The oldest Greek inscriptions are probably those of Thera, now Santorin, where the Phœnicians had been settled from time immemorial; and as the forms of the characters found in them do not differ very materially from the forms used on the famous Moabite stone, we may infer that the alphabet of Kadmus was brought to the West at a date not very remote from that of Mesha and Ahab, perhaps about 800 B.C. We may notice that Thera was an island and a Phœnician colony, and it certainly seems more probable that the alphabet was carried to the mainland from the islands of the Ægean than that it was disseminated from the inland Phœnician settlement at Thebes, as the old legends affirmed. In any case, the introduction of the alphabet implies a considerable amount of civilizing force on the part of those from whom it was borrowed; the teachers from whom an illiterate people learns the art of writing are generally teachers from whom it has previously learnt the other elements of social culture. A barbarous tribe will use its muscles in the service of art before it will use its brains; the smith and engraver precede the scribe. If, therefore, the Greeks were unacquainted with writing before the ninth century B.C., objects older than that period may be expected to exhibit clear traces of Phœnician influence, though no traces of writing.

The other fact to which I allude is the existence of pottery of the same material and pattern on all the prehistoric sites of the Greek world, however widely separated they may be. We find it, for instance, at Mykenæ and Tiryns, at Tanagra and Athens, in Rhodes, in Cyprus, and in Thera, while I picked up specimens of it in the neighborhood of the treasury of Minyas and on the site of the Acropolis at Orchomenus. The clay of which it is composed is of a drab color, derived, perhaps in all instances, from the volcanic soil of Thera and Melos, and it is ornamented with geometrical and other patterns in black and maroon red. After a time the patterns become more complicated and artistic; flowers, animal forms, and eventually human figures, take the place of simple lines, and the pottery gradually passes into that known as Corinthian or Phœniko-Greek. It needs but little experience to distinguish at a glance this early pottery from the red ware of the later Hellenic period.

Phœnicia, Keft as it was called by the

Egyptians, had been brought into relation with the monarchy of the Nile at a remote date, and among the Semitic settlers in the Delta or "Isle of Caphtor" must have been natives of Sidon and the neighboring towns. After the expulsion of the Hyksos, the Pharaohs of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties carried their arms as far as Mesopotamia and placed Egyptian garrisons in Palestine. A tomb-painting of Thothmes III. represents the Kefa or Phœnicians, clad in richly embroidered kilts and buskins, and bringing their tribute of gold and silver vases and earthenware cups, some in the shape of animals like the vases found at Mykenæ and elsewhere. Phœnicia, it would seem, was already celebrated for its goldsmiths' and potters' work, and the ivory the Kefa are sometimes made to carry shows that their commerce must have extended far to the east. As early as the sixteenth century B.C., therefore, we may conclude that the Phœnicians were a great commercial people, trading between Assyria and Egypt and possessed of a considerable amount of artistic skill.

It is not likely that a people of this sort, who, as we know from other sources, carried on a large trade in slaves and purple, would have been still unacquainted with the seas and coasts of Greece where both slaves and the murex or purple-fish were most easily to be obtained. Though the Phœnician alphabet was unknown in Greece till the ninth century B.C., we have every reason to expect to find traces of Phœnician commerce and Phœnician influence there at least five centuries before. And such seems to be the case. The excavations carried on in Thera by MM. Fouqué and Gorceix,* in Rhodes by Mr. Newton and Dr. Saltzmann, and in various other places such as Megara, Athens, and Melos, have been followed by the explorations of Dr. Schliemann at Hissarlik, Tiryns, and Mykenæ, of General di Cesnola in Cyprus, and of the Archæological Society of Athens at Tanagra and Spata.

The accumulations of prehistoric objects on these sites all tell the same tale, the influence of the East, and more especially of the Phœnicians, upon the growing civilization of early Greece. Thus in Thera, where a sort of Greek Pompeii has been preserved under the lava which once overwhelmed it, we find the rude stone hovels of its primitive inhabitants, with roofs of wild olive, filled with the bones of dogs

and sheep, and containing stores of barley, spelt, and chickpea, copper and stone weapons, and abundance of pottery. The latter is for the most part extremely coarse, but here and there have been discovered vases of artistic workmanship, which remind us of those carried by the Kefa, and may have been imported from abroad. We know from the tombs found on the island that the Phœnicians afterwards settled in Thera among a population in the same condition of civilization as that which had been overtaken by the great volcanic eruption. It was from these Phœnician settlers that the embroidered dresses known as Theræan were brought to Greece; they were adorned with animals and other figures, similar to those seen upon Corinthian or Phœniko-Greek ware*

Now M. Fr. Lenormant has pointed out that much of the pottery used by the aboriginal inhabitants of Thera is almost identical in form and make with that found by Dr. Schliemann at Hissarlik, in the Troad, and he concludes that it must belong to the same period and the same area of civilization. There is as yet little, if any, trace of Oriental influence; a few of the clay vases from Thera, and some of the gold workmanship at Hissarlik, can alone be referred, with more or less hesitation, to Phœnician artists. We have not yet reached the age when Phœnician trade in the West ceased to be the sporadic effort of private individuals, and when trading colonies were established in different parts of the Greek world; Europe is still unaffected by Eastern culture, and the beginnings of Greek art are still free from foreign interference. It is only in certain designs on the terra-cotta discs, believed by Dr. Schliemann to be spindle whorls, that we may possibly detect rude copies of Babylonian and Phœnician intaglios.

Among all the objects discovered at Hissarlik, none have been more discussed than the vases and clay images in which Dr. Schliemann saw a representation of an owl-headed Athena. What Dr. Schliemann took for an owl's head, however, is really a rude attempt to imitate the human face, and two breasts are frequently moulded in the clay below it. In many examples the human countenance is unmistakable, and in most of the others the representation is less rude than in the case of the small marble statues of Apollo (?) found in the Greek islands, or even of the early Hellenic vases where the men see n

* See Fouqué's *Mission Scientifique à l'île de Santorin* (*Archives des Missions* 2e série, iv. 1867); Gorceix in the *Bulletin de l'École Française d'Athènes*, i.

* Hesychius, s. v. Ἠφαίων, Ἐθροειδής; Pollux, Onom. vii. 48, 77. See II. ii. 289.

furnished with the beaks of birds. But we now know that these curious vases are not peculiar to the Troad. Specimens of them have also been met with in Cyprus, and in these we can trace the development of the owl-like head into the more perfect portraiture of the human face.* In conservative Cyprus there was not that break with the past which occurred in other portions of the Greek world.

Cyprus, in fact, lay midway between Greece and Phœnicia, and was shared to the last between an Aryan and a Semitic population. The Phœnician element in the island was strong, if not preponderant; Paphos was a chief seat of the worship of the Phœnician Astarte, and the Phœnician Kitium, the Chittim of the Hebrews, took first rank among the Cyprian towns. The antiquities brought to light by General di Cesnola are of all ages and all styles — prehistoric and classical, Phœnician and Hellenic, Assyrian and Egyptian — and the various styles are combined together in the catholic spirit that characterized Phœnician art.

But we must pause here for a moment to define more accurately what we mean by Phœnician art. Strictly speaking, Phœnicia had no art of its own; its designs were borrowed from Egypt and Assyria, and its artists went to school on the banks of the Nile and the Euphrates. The Phœnician combined and improved upon his models; the impulse, the origination came from abroad; the modification and elaboration were his own. He entered into other men's labors, and made the most of his heritage. The sphinx of Egypt became Asiatic, and in its new form was transplanted to Nineveh on the one side and to Greece on the other. The rosettes and other patterns of the Babylonian cylinders were introduced into the handiwork of Phœnicia, and so passed on to the West, while the hero of the ancient Chaldean epic became first the Tyrian Melkarth, and then the Herakles of Hellas. It is possible, no doubt, that with all this borrowing there was still something that was original in Phœnician work; such at any rate seems to be the case with some of the forms given to the vases; but at present we have no means of determining how far this originality may have extended. In Assyria, indeed, Phœnician art exercised a great influence in the eighth and seventh centuries B.C.; but it had itself previously drawn its first inspiration from the empire

of the Tigris, and did but give back the perfect blossom to those from whom it had received the seed. The workmanship of the ivories and bronze bowls found at Nineveh by Mr. Layard is thoroughly Phœnician; but it cannot be separated from that of the purely Assyrian pavements and bas-reliefs with which the palaces were adorned. The Phœnician art, in fact, traces of which we find from Assyria to Italy, though based on both Egyptian and Assyrian models, owed far more to Assyria than it did to Egypt. In art, as in mythology and religion, Phœnicia was but a carrier and intermediary between East and West; and just as the Greek legends of Aphrodite and Adonis, of Herakles and his twelve labors, and of the other borrowed heroes of Oriental story came in the first instance from Assyria, so too did that art and culture which Kadmus the Phœnician handed on to the Greek race.

But Assyria itself had been equally an adapter and intermediary. The Semites of Assyria and Babylonia had borrowed their culture and civilization from the older Accadian race, with its agglutinative language, which had preceded them in the possession of Chaldea. So slavishly observant were the Assyrians of their Chaldean models that in a land where limestone was plentiful they continued to build their palaces and temples of brick, and to ornament them with those columns and pictorial representations which had been first devised on the alluvial plans of Babylonia. To understand Assyrian art, and track it back to its source, we must go to the engraved gems and ruined temples of primeval Babylonia. It is true that Egypt may have had some influence on Assyrian art at the time when the eighteenth dynasty had pushed its conquests to the banks of the Tigris: but that influence does not seem to have been either deep or permanent. Now the art of Assyria is in great measure the art of Phœnicia, and that again the art of prehistoric Greece. Modern research has discovered the prototype of Herakles in the hero of a Chaldean epic composed, it may be, four thousand years ago; it has also discovered the beginnings of Greek columnar architecture and the germs of Greek art in the works of the builders and engravers of early Chaldea.

When first I saw, five years ago, the famous sculpture which has guarded the Gate of Lions at Mykenæ for so many centuries, I was at once struck by its Assyrian character. The lions in form and attitude belong to Assyria, and the pillar against which they rest may be seen

* See, for example, Di Cesnola's *Cyprus*, pp. 401, 402.

in the bas-reliefs brought from Nineveh. Here, at all events, there was clear proof of Assyrian influence; the only question was whether that influence had been carried through the hands of the Phœnicians or had travelled along the highroad which ran across Asia Minor, the second channel whereby the culture of Assyria could have been brought to Greece. The existence of a similar sculpture over a rock-tomb at Kumbet in Phrygia might seem to favor the latter view.

The discoveries of Dr. Schliemann have gone far to settle the question. The pottery excavated at Mykenæ is of the Phœnician type, and the clay of which it is composed has probably come from Thera. The terra-cotta figures of animals and more especially of a goddess with long robe, crowned head, and crescent-like arms, which Dr. Schliemann would identify with *βοώπις Ἥρη*, are spread over the whole area traversed by the Phœnicians. The image of the goddess in one form or another has been found in Thera and Melos, in Naxos and Paros, in Ios, in Sikinos, and in Anaphos, and M. Lenormant has traced it back to Babylonia and to the Babylonian representation of the goddess Artemis-Nana.* At Tanagra the image has been found under two forms, both, however, made of the same clay and in the same style as the figures from Mykenæ. In one the goddess is upright, as at Mykenæ, with the *polos* on her head, and the arms either outspread or folded over the breast; in the other she is sitting with the arms crossed. Now among the gold ornaments exhumed at Mykenæ are some square pendants of gold which represent the goddess in this sitting posture.†

The animal forms most commonly met with are those of the lion, the stag, the bull, the cuttle-fish, and the murex. The last two point unmistakably to a seafaring race, and more especially to those Phœnician sailors whose pursuit of the purple-trade first brought them into Greek seas. So far as I know, neither the polypus nor the murex, nor the butterfly which often accompanies them, have been found in Assyria or Egypt, and we may therefore see in them original designs of Phœnician art. Mr. Newton has pointed out that the cuttle-fish (like the dolphin) also occurs among the prehistoric remains from Ialysos in Rhodes, where, too, pottery of the same shape and material as that of Mykenæ has been found, as well as beads of a curious

vitreous substance, and rings in which the back of the chaton is rounded so as to fit the finger. It is clear that the art of Ialysos belongs to the same age and school as the art of Mykenæ; and as a scarab of Amenophis III. has been found in one of the Ialysian tombs, it is possible that the art may be as old as the fifteenth century B.C.

Now Ialysos is not the only Rhodian town which has yielded prehistoric antiquities. Camirus also has been explored by Messrs. Biliotti and Saltzmann; and while objects of the same kind and character as those of Ialysos have been discovered there, other objects have been found by their side which belong to another and more advanced stage of art. These are vases of clay and metal, bronze bowls, and the like, which not only display high finish and skill, but are ornamented with the designs characteristic of Phœnician workmanship at Nineveh and elsewhere. Thus we have zones of trees and animals, attempts at the representation of scenery, and a profusion of ornament, while the influence of Egypt is traceable in the sphinxes and scarabs, which also occur plentifully. Here, therefore, at Camirus, there is plain evidence of a sudden introduction of finished Phœnician art among a people whose art was still rude and backward, although springing from the same germs as the art of Phœnicia itself. Two distinct periods in the history of the Ægean thus seem to lie unfolded before us; one in which Eastern influence was more or less indirect, content to communicate the seeds of civilization and culture, and to import such objects as a barbarous race would prize; and another in which the East was, as it were, transported into the West, and the development of Greek art was interrupted by the introduction of foreign workmen and foreign beliefs. This second period was the period of Phœnician colonization as distinct from that of mere trading voyages — the period, in fact, when Thebes was made a Phœnician fortress, and the Phœnician alphabet diffused throughout the Greek world. It is only in relics of the later part of this period that we can look for inscriptions and traces of writing, at least in Greece proper; in the islands and on the coast of Asia Minor, the Cypriote syllabary seems to have been in use, to be superseded afterwards by the simpler alphabet of Kadmus. For reasons presently to be stated, I would distinguish the first period by the name of Phrygian.

Throughout the whole of it, however, the

* *Gazette Archéologique*, ii. 1, 3.

† See Schliemann's *Mycenæ and Tiryns*, pl. 273.

Phœnician trading-ships must have formed the chief medium of intercourse between Asia and Europe. Proof of this has been furnished by the rock tombs of Spata, which have been lighted on opportunely to illustrate and explain the discoveries at Mykenæ. Spata is about nine miles from Athens, on the north-west spur of Hymettos, and the two tombs hitherto opened are cut in the soft sandstone rock of a small conical hill. Both are approached by long, tunnel-like entrances, and one of them contains three chambers, leading one into the other, and each fashioned after the model of a house. No one who has seen the objects unearthed at Spata can doubt for a moment their close connection with the Mykenæan antiquities. The very moulds found at Mykenæ fit the ornaments from Spata, and might easily have been used in the manufacture of them. It is more especially with the contents of the sixth tomb discovered by Mr. Stamatáki in the *enceinte* at Mykenæ after Dr. Schliemann's departure, that the Spata remains agree so remarkably. But there is a strong resemblance between them and the Mykenæan antiquities generally, in both material, patterns, and character. The cuttlefish and the murex appear in both; the same curious spiral designs, and ornaments in the shape of shells or rudely-formed oxheads; the same geometrical patterns; the same class of carved work. An ivory in which a lion, of the Assyrian type, is depicted as devouring a stag, is but a reproduction of a similar design met with among the objects from Mykenæ, and it is interesting to observe that the same device, in the same style of art, may be also seen on a Phœnician gem from Sardinia.* Of still higher interest are other ivories, which, like the antiquities of Camirus, belong rather to the second than to the first period of Phœnician influence. One of these represents a column, which, like that above the Gate of Lions, carries us back to the architecture of Babylonia, while others exhibit the Egyptian sphinx, as modified by the Phœnician artists. Thus the handle of a comb is divided into two compartments—the lower occupied by three of these sphinxes, the upper by two others, which have their eyes fixed on an Assyrian rosette in the middle.† Similar sphinxes are engraved on a silver cup lately discovered at Palestrina, bearing the Phœnician inscription, in Phœnician let-

ters, "Eshmun-ya'ar, son of Ashta'."* Another ivory has been carved into the form of a human side face, surmounted by a tiara of four plaits. On the one hand the arrangement of the hair of the face, the whisker and beard forming a fringe round it, and the two lips being closely shorn, reminds us of what we find at Palestrina; on the other hand, the head-dress is that of the figures on the sculptured rocks of Asia Minor, and of the Hittite princes of Carchemish. In spite of this Phœnician coloring, however, the treasures of Spata belong to the earlier part of the Phœnician period, if not to that which I have called Phrygian: there is as yet no sign of writing, no trace of the use of iron. But we seem to be approaching the close of the bronze age in Greece—to have reached the time when the lions were sculptured over the chief gateway of Mykenæ, and the so-called treasuries were erected in honor of the dead.

Can any date be assigned, even approximately, to those two periods of Phœnician influence in Greece? Can we localize the era, so to speak, of the antiquities discovered at Mykenæ, or fix the epoch at which its kings ceased to build its long-enduring monuments, and its glory was taken from it? I think an answer to these questions may be found in a series of engraved gold rings and prisms found upon its site—the prisms having probably once served to ornament the neck. In these we can trace a gradual development of art, which in time becomes less Oriental and more Greek, and acquires a certain facility in the representation of the human form.

Let us first fix our attention on an engraved gold chaton found, not in the tombs, but outside the *enceinte* among the ruins, as it would seem, of a house.† On this we have a rude representation of a figure seated under a palm-tree, with another figure behind and three more in front, the foremost being of small size, the remaining two considerably taller and in flounced dresses. Above are the symbols of the sun and crescent moon, and at the side a row of lions' heads. Now no one who has seen this chaton, and also had any acquaintance with the engraved gems of the archaic period of Babylonian art, can avoid being struck by the fact that the intaglio is a copy of one of the latter. The characteristic workmanship of the Babylonian gems is imitated by punches made in the gold which give the design a very curious

* Given by La Marmora in the *Memorie della Reale Accademia delle Scienze di Torino* (1854), vol. xiv. pl. 2, fig. 63.

† See the *'Αθηναίων*, 1877, pl. 1.

* Given in the *Monumenti d. Istituto Romano*, 1876.

† Schliemann: *Mycenæ and Tiryns*, p. 530.

effect. The attitude of the figures is that common on the Chaldean cylinders; the owner stands in front of the deity, of diminutive size, and in the act of adoration, while the priests are placed behind him. The latter wear the founced dresses peculiar to the early Babylonian priests; and what has been supposed to represent female breasts, is really a copy of the way in which the breast of a man is frequently portrayed on the cylinders.* The palm-tree, with its single fruit hanging on the left side, is characteristically Babylonian; so also are the symbols that encircle the engraving, the sun and moon and lions' heads. The chaton of another gold ring, found on the same spot, is covered with similar animal heads. This, again, is a copy of early Babylonian art, in which such designs were not unfrequent, though, as they were afterwards imitated by both Assyrian and Cyprian engravers, too much stress must not be laid on the agreement.† The artistic position and age of the other ring, however, admits of little doubt. The archaic period of Babylonian art may be said to close with the rise of Assyria in the fourteenth century B.C.; and though archaic Babylonian intaglios continued to be imported into the West down to the time of the Romans, it is not likely that they were imitated by Western artists after the latter had become acquainted with better and more attractive models. I think, therefore, that the two rings may be assigned to the period of archaic Babylonian power in western Asia, a period that begins with the victories of Naram-Sin in Palestine in the seventeenth century B.C. or earlier, and ends with the conquest of Babylon by the Assyrians and the establishment of Assyrian supremacy. This is also the period to which I am inclined to refer the introduction among the Phœnicians and Greeks of the column and of certain geometrical patterns, which had their first home in Babylonia.‡ The lentoid gems with their

rude intaglios, found in the islands, on the site of Heræum, in the tombs of Mykenæ and elsewhere, belong to the same age, and point back to the loamy plain of Babylonia where stone was rare and precious, and whence, consequently, the art of gem-cutting was spread through the ancient world. We can thus understand the existence of artistic designs and other evidences of civilizing influence among a people who were not yet acquainted with the use of iron. The early Chaldean empire, in spite of the culture to which it had attained, was still in the bronze age; iron was almost unknown, and its tools and weapons were fashioned of stone, bone, and bronze. Had the Greeks and the Phœnicians before them received their first lessons in culture from Egypt or from Asia Minor, where the Khalybes and other allied tribes had worked in iron from time immemorial, they would probably have received this metal at the same time. But neither at Hissarlik nor at Mykenæ is there any trace of an iron age.

The second period of Western art and civilization is represented by some of the objects found at Mykenæ in the tombs themselves. The intaglios have ceased to be Babylonian, and have become markedly Assyrian. First of all we have a hunting-scene, a favorite subject with Assyrian artists, but quite unknown to genuine Hellenic art. The disposition of the figures is that usual in Assyrian sculpture, and, like the Assyrian king, the huntsman is represented as riding in a chariot. A comparison of this hunting-scene with the bas-reliefs on the tombstones which stood over the graves shows that they belong to the same age, while the spiral ornamentation of the stones is essentially Assyrian. Equally Assyrian, though better engraved, is a lion on one of the gold prisms, which might have been cut by an Assyrian workman, so true is it to its Oriental model, and after this I would place the representation of a struggle between a man (perhaps Herakles) and a lion, in which, though the lion and attitude of the combatants are Assyrian, the man is no longer the Assyrian hero Gisdhubar, but a figure of more Western type. In another intaglio, representing a fight between armed warriors, the art has ceased to be Assyrian, and is struggling to become native. We seem to be approaching the period when Greece gave over walking in Eastern leading-strings, and began to step forward firmly without help. As I believe, however, that the tombs within the *enceinte* are of older date than the treasures outside

* See, for instance, the example given in Rawlinson's *Ancient Monarchies* (1st edit.), i., p. 118, where the founced priest has what looks like a woman's breast. Dancing boys and men in the East still wear these founces, which are variously colored (see Loftus: *Chaldea and Susiana*, p. 22; George Smith: *Assyrian Discoveries*, p. 130).

† See, for example, Layard: *Nineveh and Babylon*, pp. 604, 606; Di Cesnola: *Cyprus*, pl. 31, No. 7; pl. 32, No. 19. A copy of the Mykenæan engravings is given in Schliemann's *Mycenæ and Tiryns*, pl. 531.

‡ More especially the examples in Rawlinson's *Ancient Monarchies*, iii., p. 403, and i. 413. For Mykenæan examples see Schliemann's *Mycenæ and Tiryns*, pp. 149, 152, etc. Some of the more peculiar patterns from Mykenæ resemble the forms assumed by the "Hamathite" hieroglyphics in the unpublished inscription copied by Mr. George Smith from the back of a mutilated statue at Jerablûs (Carchemish).

the Acropolis, or the Gate of Lions which belongs to the same age, it is plain that we have not yet reached the time when Assyro-Phœnician influence began to decline in Greece. The lions above the gate would alone be proof to the contrary.

But, in fact, Phœnician influence continued to be felt up to the end of the seventh century B.C. Passing by the so-called Corinthian vases, or the antiquities exhumed by General di Cesnola in Cyprus, where the Phœnician element was strong, we have numerous evidences of the fact from all parts of Greece. Two objects of bronze discovered at Olympia may be specially signalized. One of these is an oblong plate, narrower at one end than at the other, ornamented with *repoussé* work, and divided into four compartments. In the first compartment are figures of the nondescript birds so often seen on the "Corinthian" pottery; in the next come two Assyrian gryphons standing, as usual, face to face; while the third represents the contest of Herakles with the kentaur, thoroughly Oriental in design. The kentaur has a human forefront, covered, however, with hair; his tail is abnormally long, and a three-branched tree rises behind him. The fourth and largest compartment contains the figure of the Asiatic goddess with the four wings at the back, and a lion, held by the hind leg, in either hand. The face of the goddess is in profile. The whole design is Assyro-Phœnician, and is exactly reproduced on some square gold plates, intended probably to adorn the breast, presented to the Louvre by the Duc de Luynes. The other object to which I referred is a bronze dish, ornamented on the inside with *repoussé* work which at first sight looks Egyptian, but is really that Phœnician modification of Egyptian art so common in the eighth and seventh centuries B.C. An inscription in the Aramaic characters of the so-called Sidonian branch of the Phœnician alphabet is cut on the outside, and reads: "Belonging to Neger, son of Miga."* As the word used for "son" is the Aramaic *bar* and not the Phœnician *ben*, we may conclude that the owner of the dish had come from northern Syria. It is interesting to find a silver cup embossed with precisely the same kind of design, and also bearing an inscription in Phœnician letters, among the treasures discovered in a tomb at Palestrina, the ancient Præneste, more than a year ago. This inscription is even briefer than the other: "Eshmun-ya'ar

* L N G R . B R . M I G A ' .

son of 'Ashtâ,"* where, though *ben* is employed, the father's name has an Aramaic form. Helbig would refer these Italian specimens of Phœnician skill to the Carthaginian epoch, partly on the ground that an African species of ape seems sometimes represented on them; † in this case they might be as late as the fifth century before the Christian era.

During the earlier part of the second period of Phœnician influence, Phœnicia and the Phœnician colonies were not the only channel by which the elements of Assyrian culture found their way into the West. The monuments and religious beliefs of Asia Minor enable us to trace their progress from the banks of the Euphrates and the ranges of the Taurus, through Cappadocia and Phrygia, to the coasts and islands of the Ægean. The near affinity of Greek and Phrygian is recognized even by Plato; ‡ the legends of Midas and Gordius formed part of Greek mythology, and the royal house of Mykenæ was made to come with all its wealth from the golden sands of the Paktolus; while on the other hand the cult of Mâ, of Attys, or of the Ephesian Artemis points back to an Assyrian origin. The sculptures found by Perrot § and Texier constitute a link between the prehistoric art of Greece and that of Asia Minor; the spiral ornaments that mark the antiquities of Mykenæ are repeated on the royal tombs of Asia Minor; and the ruins of Sardis, where once ruled a dynasty derived by Greek writers from Ninus or Nineveh, "the son of Bel," the grandson of the Assyrian Herakles, || may yet pour a flood of light on the earlier history of Greece. But it was rather in the first period, which I have termed Phrygian, than in the second, that the influence of Asia Minor was strongest. The figure of the goddess riding on a leopard, with mural crown and peaked shoes, on the rock-tablets of Pterium, ¶ is borrowed rather from the cylinders of early Babylonia than from the sculptures of Assyria; and the Hissarlik collection connects itself more with the primitive antiquities of Santorin than with the later art of Mykenæ and Cyprus. We have already seen, however, the close relationship that exists between some of the objects excavated at Mykenæ and what we may call the pre-

* ASHMNYA'R . BNA' SHTA.

† *Annali d. Istituto Romano*, 1876.

‡ Kratylus, 410 A.

§ *Exploration Archéologique de la Galatie et de la Bithynie*.

|| See Herodotus, i. 7.

¶ Texier: *Description de l'Asie Mineure*, i. 1, pl. 78.

Phœnician art of Ialysos, — that is to say, the objects in which the influence of the East is indirect, and not direct. The discovery of metallurgy is associated with Dodona, where the oracle long continued to be heard in the ring of a copper chaldron, and where M. Karapanos has found bronze plates with the geometrical and circular patterns which distinguish the earliest art of Greece; now Dodona is the seat of primeval Greek civilization, the land of the Selloi or Helloi, of the Graioi themselves, and of Pelasgian Zeus, while it is to the north that the legends of Orpheus, of Musæus, and of other early civilizers looked back. But even at Dodona we may detect traces of Asiatic influence in the part played there by the doves, as well as in the story of Deucalion's deluge, and it may, perhaps, be not too rash to conjecture that even before the days of Phœnician enterprise and barter, an echo of Babylonian civilization had reached Greece through the medium of Asia Minor, whence it was carried, partly across the bridge formed by the islands of the Archipelago, partly through the mainland of Thrace and Epirus. The Hittites, with their capital at Carchemish, seem to have been the centre from which this borrowed civilization was spread northward and westward. Here was the home of the art which characterizes Asia Minor, and we have only to compare the bas-relief of Pterium with the rock sculptures found by Mr. Davis associated with "Hamathite" hieroglyphics at Ibreeer, in Lycaonia,* to see how intimate is the connection between the two. These hieroglyphics were the still undeciphered writing of the Hittite tribes, and if, as seems possible, the Cypriote syllabary were derived from them, they would be a testimony to the western spread of Hittite influence at a very early epoch. The Cypriote characters adopted into the alphabets of Lycia and Karia, as well as the occurrence of the same characters on a hone and some of the terra-cotta discs found by Dr. Schliemann at Hisarlik, go to show that this influence would have extended, at any rate, to the coasts of the sea.

The traces of Egyptian influence, on the contrary, are few and faint. No doubt the Phœnician alphabet was ultimately of Egyptian origin, no doubt, too, that certain elements of Phœnician art were borrowed from Egypt, but before these were handed on to the West, they had first been pro-

* Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archæology, iv. 2, 1876.

foundly modified by the Phœnician settlers in the Delta and in Canaan. The influence exercised immediately by Egypt upon Greece belongs to the historic period; the legends which saw an Egyptian emigrant in Kekrops or an Egyptian colony in the inhabitants of Argos were fables of a late date. Whatever intercourse existed between Egypt and Greece in the prehistoric period was carried on, not by the Egyptians, but by the Phœnicians of the Delta; it was they who brought the scarabs of a Thothmes or an Amenophis to the islands of the Ægean, like their descendants afterwards in Italy, and the proper names found on the Egyptian monuments of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties, which certain Egyptologists have identified with those of Greece and Asia Minor, belong rather, I believe, to Libyan and Semitic tribes.* Like the sphinxes at Spata, the indications of intercourse with Egypt met with at Mykenæ prove nothing more than the wide extent of Phœnician commerce and the existence of Phœnician colonies at the mouths of the Nile. Ostrich-eggs covered with stucco dolphins have been found not only at Mykenæ, but also in the grotto of Polledrara near Vulci in Italy; the Egyptian porcelain excavated at Mykenæ is painted to represent the fringed dress of an Assyrian or a Phœnician, not of an Egyptian; and though a gold mask belonging to Prince Kha-em-Uas, and resembling the famous masks of Mykenæ, has been brought to the Louvre from an Apis chamber, a similar mask of small size was discovered last year in a tomb on the site of Aradus. Such intercourse, however, as existed between Greece and the Delta must have been very restricted; otherwise we should surely have some specimens of writing, some traces of the Phœnician alphabet. It would not have been left to the Aramæans of Syria to introduce the "Kadmeian letters" into Greece, and Mykenæ, rather than Thebes, would have been made the centre from which they were disseminated. Indeed, we may perhaps infer that even the coast of Asia Minor, near as it was to the Phœnician settlements at Kamirus and elsewhere, could have held but little intercourse with the Phœnicians of Egypt from the fact that the Cypriote syllabary was so long in use upon it, and that the alphabets afterwards employed were derived only in-

* I have given the reasons of my scepticism in the *Academy*, of May 30, 1874. Brugsch Bey, the leading authority on the geography of the Egyptian monuments, would now identify these names with those of tribes in Kolkhis, and its neighborhood.

directly from the Phœnician through the medium of the Greek.

One point more now alone needs to be noticed. The long-continued influence upon early Greek culture which we ascribe to the Phœnicians cannot but have left its mark upon the Greek vocabulary also. Some at least of the names given by the Phœnicians to the objects of luxury they brought with them must have been adopted by the natives of Hellas. We know that this is the case with the letters of the alphabet; is it also the case with other words? If not, analogy would almost compel us to treat the evidences that have been enumerated of Phœnician influence as illusory, and to fall back upon the position of K. O. Müller and his school. By way of answer I would refer to the list of Greek words, the Semitic origin of which admits of no doubt, lately given by Dr. August Müller in Bezenberger's *Beiträge zur Kunde der indogermanischen Sprachen*.^{*} Amongst these we find articles of luxury like "linen" (*byssus*), "shirt" (*χιτών*), "sackcloth" (*σακκος*), "myrrh" and "frankincense," "galbanum" and "cassia," "cinnamon" and "soap" (*νίτρον*), "lyres" (*λύβλας*) and "wine-jars" (*κάδος*), "balsam" and "cosmetics" (*φύκος*), as well, possibly, as "fine linen" (*ὀθόνη*) and "gold," along with such evidences of trade and literature as the "pledge" or *ὑραβών*, the *mina*, "the writing-tablet" (*δέλτος*), and the "shekel." If these were the only instances of Semitic tincture, they would be enough to prove the early presence of the Semitic Phœnicians in Greece. But we must remember that they are but samples of a class, and that many words borrowed during the heroic age may have dropped out of use or been conformed to the native part of the vocabulary long before the beginning of written literature, while it would be in the lesser known dialects of the islands that the Semitic element was strongest. We know that the dialect of Cyprus was full of importations from the East.

In what precedes I have made no reference to the Homeric poems, and the omission may be thought strange. But Homeric illustrations of the presence of the Phœnicians in Greece will occur to every one, while both the Iliad and the Odyssey in their existing form are too modern to be quoted without extreme caution. A close investigation of their language shows that it is the slow growth of generations; Æolic formulæ from the lays first recited

^{*} i., pp. 273-301 (1877).

in the towns of the Troad are embodied in Ionic poems where old Ionic, new Ionic, and even Attic jostle against one another, and traditional words and phrases are furnished with mistaken meanings or new forms coined by false analogy. It is difficult to separate the old from the new, to say with certainty that this allusion belongs to the heroic past, this to the Homer of Theopompus and Euphorion, the contemporary of the Lydian Gyges. The art of Homer is not the art of Mykenæ and of the early age of Phœnician influence; iron is already taking the place of bronze, and the shield of Akhilles or the palace of Alkinous bear witness to a developed art which has freed itself from its foreign bonds. Six times are Phœnicia and the Phœnicians mentioned in the Odyssey, once in the Iliad; * elsewhere it is Sidon and the Sidonians that represent them, never Tyre.† Such passages, therefore, cannot belong to the epoch of Tyrian supremacy, which goes back, at all events, to the age of David, but rather to the brief period when the Assyrian king Shalmaneser laid siege to Tyre, and his successor Sargon made Sidon powerful at its expense. This, too, was the period when Sargon set up his record in Cyprus, "the isle of Yavnan" or the Ionians, when Assyria first came into immediate contact with the Greeks, and when Phœnician artists worked at the court of Nineveh and carried their wares to Italy and Sardinia. But it was not the age to which the relics of Mykenæ, in spite of paradoxical doubts, reach back, nor that in which the sacred bull of Astarte carried the Phœnician maiden Europa to her new home in the west.

A. H. SAYCE.

^{*} *Phœnicia*, Od. iv. 83; xiv. 291. *Phœnicians*, Od. xiii. 272; xv. 415. *A Phœnician*, Od. xiv. 288. *A Phœnician woman*, Od. xiv. 288; Il. xiv. 321.
[†] *Sidon*, *Sidonia*, Il. vi. 291; Od. xiii. 285; xv. 425. *Sidonians*, Il. vi. 290; Od. iv. 84, 618; xv. 118.

From The Spectator.

A WORLDLET WITHIN THE WORLD.

WE wonder that Admiral de Horsey's report on the condition of Pitcairn Island has not attracted more public attention. The story of the island is curious enough, and its present condition more curious even than its story. As our readers probably know, it is an island of about seven miles in circumference, and about a square mile and a quarter in extent, not much more than half the size of Sark. It is only two

miles and a quarter long, and not half that in average breadth, so that a minuter spot, which is habitable at all, scarcely exists on the globe, and none certainly which is so far removed from its nearest inhabited neighbors. Otaheite is several hundred miles away, and but that it is the only place where ships sailing from the South American coast to Otaheite can get fresh water, a ship would hardly touch there from any motive of self-interest once in a hundred years. It was first occupied by nine of the mutineers of the "Bounty," who, in 1790, fled from Otaheite, in the not groundless fear of being there apprehended and punished by the British government for their mutiny, taking with them six Otaheitan men and twelve Otaheitan women. Thus the original settlement was one the chief characteristic of which was the violent and lawless character of the chief leaders. But before 1800, eight out of the nine mutineers, all the Otaheitan men, and several of the women had been killed out by violence or disease, and the island was populated only by the children of the original settlers, with a few of the Otaheitan women, and a single English sailor, originally called Alexander Smith, who had taken the name of John Adams, and who ruled over the little settlement. Solitude had produced a very deep effect on his character, and he had established a simple code of laws for the rising generation, which had been so well obeyed that the reports of the settlement, as early as 1814, were like reports of the Happy Valley. In 1831 their numbers had increased to eighty-seven — a population nearly as large as the island can support — and hence they were transported, at their own request, from Pitcairn Island to Otaheite. But disgusted by the dissolute habits of the people of that island, most of them returned to Pitcairn Island within the year. In 1856 they again found themselves too numerous for their dwelling-place, and at their own request were taken to Norfolk Island. But in 1859 two families, numbering seventeen in all, returned to their old home, and in 1864 another instalment returned also. On Admiral de Horsey's visit in the "Shah," in September last, he found sixteen men, nineteen women, twenty-five boys, and thirty girls, — say, a number equivalent to some sixteen families in all. Only twelve deaths had occurred in nineteen years, no contagious diseases had visited the island, either as regarded men or cattle. The governor (elected by universal suffrage of both sexes over seven-teen, and open to re-election) is James Rus-

sell M'Koy, the steersman of the whale-boat, the only boat they have, and built by himself; but as, in building it, he had to use iron bolts in the absence of copper, the boat will soon go to pieces. This chief magistrate himself drew up the existing code of laws, using for that purpose John Adams's code, and the amendments on it, with such changes as seemed good to him. But Admiral de Horsey states that they are laws of "puerile simplicity," contemplating as possible only three crimes, theft, profane swearing, and illicit intercourse between the sexes, offences of which no case has ever been known to occur since the laws were drawn up. Captain Beechey, writing in 1825, said of the Pitcairn Islanders before either of their removals, "These excellent persons appear to live together in perfect harmony and contentment, to be virtuous, religious, cheerful, and hospitable, to be patterns of conjugal and parental affection, and to have very few vices." Admiral de Horsey says: "I have ventured to quote these words, as they hold true to this day, the children having followed in the footsteps of their parents." Indeed, unless the brevity of Admiral de Horsey's report to some extent conceals his meaning, he would seem to think not that these islanders have "very few vices," but that they have none at all. Of their religious attributes, he says, "no one can speak without deep respect. A people whose greatest privilege and pleasure is to commune in prayer with their God, and to join in hymns of praise, and who are, moreover, cheerful, diligent, and probably freer from vice than any other community, need no priest amongst them." Nevertheless they have a pastor, Mr. Simon Young, — apparently one of themselves, and of course not in orders, — who always uses the liturgy of the Church of England, and is helped very efficiently by his daughter, Miss Rosalind Amelia Young. These two teach the children reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and Scripture history. The girls learn sewing and hat-making, and all the children are taught part-singing, and practise it very effectively. Schooling is conducted in the church-house, at one end of which is a free library. The island has no springs, but rain usually falls once a month, so that it is only occasionally that the people suffer from drought. Once a month also, or thereabouts, they have a chance of communicating with a passing ship. The only language spoken is English. Drunkenness is unknown, and alcohol is used only in cases of disease. Twice recently they

have assisted the crews of wrecked English vessels most liberally, one islander's life having been lost in the dangerous exploit; and so far from taking advantage of these wrecks for their own purposes, they seem to have received no equivalent or compensation in either case for the aid rendered.

In short, if the account of Admiral de Horsey is to be trusted, here is a little population of simple, contented, friendly, gentle, religious people, poor and happy, strict in their Sunday services, but eager to do any good work on the Sunday, without thinking it Sabbath-breaking; not loving the world, or the things of the world, but returning by preference to their seclusion, whenever the narrowness of their limits has driven them forth to try their lot in a more miscellaneous community. Indeed, the adults of Pitcairn Island must be regarded as a twice-sifted population. Once the greater number of them returned from Otaheite, repelled by the dissoluteness of that island. And again, apparently about half of their whole number returned from Norfolk Island, for a similar reason. Hence, of the elders at least, those preferring the excitements and temptations of a larger world to the peaceful and homely life of this little nook, have twice been skimmed off the society, and only those whose preference for the moral seclusion of the place is very distinct, have been left behind. It is pretty certain that this process of selection must go on afresh, as every fresh generation grows up. The island will not apparently sustain a population of more than a hundred; so that as the numbers grow, those who prefer a more exciting world will inevitably leave, and only the greatest lovers of moral tranquillity will remain behind. Thus a process of moral selection may by degrees furnish us with a population of unusually refined moral simplicity, — where the preponderance of unruly propensities is almost unknown; where the love of excitement has well-nigh vanished; where there is no love of money, because money has no uses (Admiral de Horsey says that there is no coin on the island, except by way of a curiosity); and where there is nothing forbidding or austere, even in the religious character of the people; where, too, the affections never swell into passions, and sentiment is too much restricted in its sphere to admit of its rising into sentimentality and falsehood.

It is curious to speculate to what type of character a community thus carefully weeded from generation to generation of all its

more restless and unstable elements, might eventually give rise. Would it be to a community of saints from whom we might hope to derive the leaven with which our impurer societies might be leavened, or would it be to a community of gentle and innocent children, who would be too much awestruck and repelled by the ordinary forms of human wickedness to render us any efficient moral aid whatever? Of course it is to be assumed that the harmony of these islanders' natures would be strengthened by the continual exclusion of all restless and feverish elements, and that the type of character which would result would not be a weak one, but in its way a very *stable* one, — one in which the moral taste at least would be very clear and strong, — in which indeed there would be no fiery battle against temptation, but rather a fixed and serene preference for the life in which temptation is kept at a distance, and a calm, just, disinterested, and gentle habit of character encouraged. It must be conceded, then, that the repeated elimination of all passionate, disturbing, and exciting elements in such a community, and the accumulation of pure and kindly and light-hearted tastes amongst the islanders, would, in all probability, produce in the end a marked and a very unique moral type, not manifesting the kind of weakness we generally associate with mere innocence, but the kind of strength which we associate with the highest stability. At the same time, it is, we think, clear that such a type of character would hardly be one likely to render effective help in an old community, full of the old self-willed and vicious elements. The deep distaste for evil is, in one sense, not enough, — and is, in another sense, too much, — for effective struggle against evil. It is not enough, for it keeps those who feel it out of the atmosphere where they might best be useful. It is too much, for it robs them of active sympathy with the victims of violent desires and of ruinous passions. Then, again, there is a certain fearfulness and feeling of inadequacy to the struggles of life, bred by this constantly protected state of moral feeling. The most pathetic touch in Admiral de Horsey's report is his statement that "a notion appears to prevail among the Pitcairn islanders that her Majesty's government are displeased with them for having returned from Norfolk Island . . . although their return was, I believe, at their own expense, and they have since been no burden to the crown." The admiral did what he could to remove this feeling, but a

gentle fear of this kind is obviously characteristic of a small society, purged of all self-willed desires and agitating passions, and liable, therefore, to scrupulous fancies of their own of a kind which would hardly have a meaning at all for men who knew what active life really was. The fear reminds one almost of the fears which very good and gentle Calvinists, who have been bred up to think their own nature in need of absolute and complete renewal, entertain, though in their case it is fear not of the governments of this world, but of the government of the invisible and eternal kingdom. They are always afraid that some yielding to their own inmost bias, will be reckoned to them as an offence, by a power which requires that they should generally renounce that bias. That the Pitcairn islanders should ascribe such a feeling to the British government, to whom they seem very loyal, is, we suspect, an indication of that too great tendency to believe itself in the wrong, which is apt to mark a type of character of this too negative, too tame, too little original kind. After all, originality, even moral originality, needs a certain self-confidence to support it. If you make the regulative rule which restrains self-will too large a proportion of life, and ingrain it too much into the very essence of the moral tastes, the result is likely to be this deep fearfulness lest almost any preference which cannot be demonstrated to be right, should be wrong, simply because it is preference. Ethics are everything in a society of strong emotions and strong bents, but you may dwell on the law, till the imperious impulses which need the law are thinned away almost to nothing. We should be inclined to suspect, from Admiral de Horsey's brief and interesting account of this little remote world within a world, that the moral selection which tends to make these islanders so good, kindly, and lovable, had almost grown up to the point of impairing the vitality which needs the restraint of law, and had certainly grown beyond the point where the rein and the curb add to, even while they guide, the force of the nature for which the rein and the curb were devised.

From The Saturday Review.
POOR CREATURES.

THERE are probably few people who are so ignorant as to imagine that the greater proportion of patients who spend their

mornings in the waiting-rooms of London physicians are the victims of disease. By far the larger number of them are perfectly innocent of any organic ailment, and could urge no stronger claim upon medical attention than general debility. Their great mission in life seems to be to pay guineas to celebrated physicians, and to spend their time in reading *Punch* and the advertisement sheets of newspapers in the ante-rooms of doctors' and dentists' houses. When, after an hour or two's waiting, they are ushered into the sanctum of the oracle, they receive a soothing lecture upon the desirableness of avoiding over-exertion and keeping the mind amused; they are advised to take moderate exercise, much fresh air, and plenty of wholesome food; an agreeable tour is suggested; and, altogether, the patients are recommended to make their lives as pleasant as possible without overtaxing their energies. "Let your life be enjoyable, let your life be long," is the pith of the charming doctor's advice. Can it be a matter of wonder that he is at the top of his profession? Combined with his excellent suggestions is a consoling assurance that there are no symptoms at present of any organic disease, and that none are to be anticipated unless the patient is imprudent, in which case the doctor will not answer for the consequences. All this is of course very true; indeed so true as to sound ludicrous to any but a professional patient (for there are professional patients as well as professional doctors); but such a person, as he pays his couple of guineas, reflects with satisfaction that he is sound, but interesting, while the doctor simply regards him as a poor creature. If it were not for such as these, doctors would be poor men, and the medical profession is naturally civil to them; but philosophical physicians of advanced ideas will probably reflect, while they pocket their guineas, that, on the principle of natural selection, it would be "for the greatest happiness of the greatest number" that all poor creatures should be destroyed, however much such an arrangement might reduce medical incomes. With languid circulations, weak digestions, and decrepid nervous systems, they are useless in themselves and undesirable as progenitors. Among the lower orders they are known as "weaklings," and, although they may not often be destroyed, we fear that they are sometimes "let to die." Such natures, requiring much nourishment and an easy life, are apt to droop and die among poor surroundings. If they attain to manhood, they too often become crim-

inals. Naturally disinclined to work, they are prone to steal in order to support life ; and, not being sufficiently educated to be able to occupy themselves by reading when unemployed, their minds prey upon themselves — the most pernicious of all mental food.

Among the rich poor creatures are more common. Being nourished with the greatest care, but a small proportion of them obey nature (according to its scientific interpretation) by dying off ; and as they are not obliged to work, their weakness is the less conspicuous. As simple spenders of money, they are about as useful as their more robust neighbors, and, as hoarders, they are equally valuable. Still the wealthy poor creature is anything but a featureless character. Having much time upon his hands, during which he is too delicate to take active exercise, he often amuses himself with books and newspapers, and thus easily acquires the reputation of being well read. People are apt to forget that there is a wide distinction between being much read and well read, and it is scarcely necessary to say to which of these descriptions of readers most poor creatures belong. Their studies are usually of a very desultory character, and in many cases their mental and their bodily food are equally ill digested. Some of them live in a world of magazines, and get into a habit of fancying themselves on a mental par with the smart writers whose articles they are in the habit of reading. They deliver their second-hand ideas as original to a world which has not had leisure to read up all the monthlies and quarterlies, and they are voted clever by women, and prigs by men. Perhaps they dabble in science, and, picking up a few technical terms, try to dazzle men who are wiser than themselves. Their doctors order them abroad, and when they have loitered in a few foreign picture-galleries, they consider themselves connoisseurs of old masters. If they accidentally open a book of poems on a long wet day, they at once begin to abuse an age in which poetry is neglected, as if they had always given much of their time to its study. They fall in and out of love with wonderful ease, and lecture the temporary objects of their affection as if they were their tutors. Their love-affairs are of a sickly nature. When they marry, if they act as tutors towards their wives, the latter act as nurses towards their husbands, and, between them, their lives combine the disagreeable features of both the schoolroom and the nursery. Unless the wife also is a poor creature, she soon takes the upper

hand, laughing at her husband's theories, and reducing him to the level of a tame domestic animal. By alternately telling him that he is the cleverest of men and a fool, she coaxes and scolds him into decent behavior, as a nurse does a baby, and in time he yields passively to the process. Although weak and easily led, poor creatures occasionally take an obstinate fit ; and, when in this humor, they lead their wives a terrible life. Their minds are too weak to look at any question from more than one point of view, and when puzzled they are peevish and irrational. They delight in a grievance, and like to consider themselves ill-used men. Unless singularly dense, they discover before they are forty that, somehow or other, their lives are not a success, and they of course attribute their failures to any cause but the right one. This makes grievances, real or fancied, specially welcome to them, as they serve as scapegoats for the want of success which in reality is the result of their own uselessness and unpopularity. They imagine themselves to be political or religious martyrs, and fancy they have lived before their time. Their minds are much occupied with doctoring, and they are always wondering what is or is not good for their souls and bodies. To this end they skim over theological and medical books, acquiring just sufficient knowledge from either to be injurious. They ever keep before their minds the fact that they have got digestions, and fancy that they are suffering from every disease that they read about. As regards their souls, although they pay much attention to them, they are rather spiritual hypochondriacs than religious people. To their own political and religious parties they are an absolute nuisance, as they bring every cause which they espouse into contempt and derision. The poor creature of the male sex almost always shows a desire to do one or other of three things — namely, to become a clergyman, to become an artist, or to write a book. The gratification of these instincts by weak brethren is the cause of much suffering to the human race. Few people can have escaped "sitting under" at least one poor creature, or having their eyes offended by the artistic efforts of a representative of the same order, and books written by poor creatures are much too painful a subject for a reviewer to jest upon.

The debility from which poor creatures suffer not unfrequently attacks particular organs. Deafness is common among them, and imperfect vision is one of their

leading characteristics. Although their mental balance may be maintained, as far as absolute sanity is concerned, their brains are often influenced by their general feebleness. Either their memories are weak, or their powers of comparison are not to be depended upon; their firmness is at zero, or they are utterly incapable in arithmetic. On the other hand, one particular faculty is often feverish and excitable, while it is at the same time excessively feeble. Thus the sense of music may be restless in the extreme, the poor creature constantly sitting down at the piano and spelling out parts of tunes from ear, to the intense annoyance of his friends; and yet he may be unable to read a note of music and show no desire to study harmony. What people of this feeble disposition dislike above all things is routine; and their dislike of routine they mistake for originality. They are much given to violent friendships, for, being too weak to stand alone, they seize upon others for support with the desperation of drowning men. They occasionally do flickering acts of generosity; but they have not the energy necessary for true and trustworthy kindness. They are nervous, fidgety, and fretful, and are rendered miserable by comparative trifles. Such things as wheelmarks on the gravel in front of their hall doors, or the appearance of a white thread upon a carpet, make them absolutely unhappy. Their imagination is vivid as to smells of gas, paraffin, and tobacco, and they preach a crusade against muddy boots. One of their most highly developed faculties is a sensitiveness to slights and imagined insults. If they do not receive numberless invitations, they fret; yet, if they go into society, they are bored and fatigued, and long for the quiet of home. In religion and politics they are hero-worshippers, and they entrust their interests in this world and the next to their doctors, their lawyers, and their clergymen. When young they fall in love with women much older than themselves, from whom they seek motherly caresses. Their idea of romance is to adore a goddess for whom they fetch and carry and execute little commissions at shops. In their vices they are sottish and unattractive, and they surrender themselves helplessly to any habit to which they become in the least addicted. They are especially odious when tipsy. But it is difficult to gauge either their virtues or their vices, as they yield themselves unreservedly to whatever impulse takes most hold upon them for the time being.

We have not drawn the poor creature in very attractive colors, but we are far from maintaining that he is invariably disagreeable. When endowed with a fair amount of common sense, he often, as a looker-on, sees much of the game of life, and has opportunities of forming a calmer judgment upon its events than more energetic people. When too weak to be a good conversationalist, he sometimes makes an excellent listener, and he helps to form the audience for that drama of life in which many would wish to be actors and but few spectators. A discontented poor creature is a contemptible wretch; but one who recognizes his position, and endeavors to make the best of life under difficulties, is deserving of great respect, and is often an excellent fellow. Poor creatures may not always be either attractive or interesting; but their critics should remember that many of them suffer from a constant sense of fatigue, which is almost more wearying than actual pain.

From The Spectator.

THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS ALICE.

WE do wish the English people, and more especially their premier, would learn that grief, even deep grief, is compatible with ordinary self-respect; that it is not for them, when they mourn, to cut their faces like the priests of Baal, or cast ashes on their heads like Hebrew widows, but to weep secretly and in silence, as men obeying an emotion they would fain repress. We heartily sympathize with the universal sorrow felt at the death of the grand duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt, and rejoice that its expression was so completely national. It was right and natural, though the words read grandiose, that on the same day flags should be lowered half-mast in harbors all round the world, in Port Jackson, and Halifax, and Rio, as in Hamburg, because a daughter of England was dead. That was done as by instinct, and the marvel of the doing is but a result of the new victories over time and space. The queen is not only the symbol of our unity, but a sovereign in whose sorrows an entire nation, wherever scattered, may justifiably and honorably be sad. We shall none of us, not even the youngest, ever live under such a reign again, and for much of its order, its prosperity, and its splendor we are indebted to the virtues of the occupant of the crown. No acknowledgment of that fact by demonstrations of joy in the

queen's gladness, or of hope for her progeny, or of sympathy in her household suffering, can be unbecoming in the British people, which has been so favored under her reign, and which, in accepting the sovereign as the near relative of all, rises from time to time out of its otherwise somewhat narrow and selfish individualism. Sympathy for the queen was most natural and right, as was deep regret for the lady called away so prematurely, and in circumstances of such pathetic pain. The princess Alice was the one of all the royal house who, as daughter, as sister, as mother, and as head of a court, had most attraction for English sympathies, and had done most to justify them. Her devotion to her father on his death-bed had been watched by all England. She watched devotedly by the bedside of the Prince of Wales. Her devotion to her children cost her her life. Her devotion to Liberal principles brought on her at one time a storm of clerical obloquy, both in Germany and England, and created an impression that a princess who really, we are told, held her father's and mother's creed, an undogmatic, but deeply pious, form of Christianity, was the head of the unbelievers for whom, in protecting Strauss, she insisted on toleration. Her whole history made her a worthy object of a nation's regret, and if the whole nation had expressed it in a fitting way, we should have felt proud of such a proof of its unity and tenderness of feeling. But grief, like joy, should have its decencies of expression, and many of the papers violated these decencies by an exaggeration which made all sensible readers feel as if the grief of the nation could not be sincere, because the sorrow of those who represented it was so obviously artificial. It is disgusting, not moving, to watch journals exuding sentimental unctuousness. There was so much of the palace in these effusions, that sympathy seemed absorbed in a reverence for rank as abject as that of the bulletin-makers, who telegraphed that the princess "deceased" at seven o'clock. So high a person could not "die." One thought of Maria Theresa rushing into her opera box, with "My boy Fritz has a son!" and wondered whether the sense of real rank, the reverence for place in the world, so great that the world feels a blank when it is vacated by a death, had not altogether disappeared. It is because death is universal, that all men sympathize when death strikes the national household, and every expression of grief lacking simplicity does but betray a failure of the sympathy as of a great family, which is alone a

consolation. The costermonger who, as one reporter declares, heard of the princess's death with the exclamation, "Well, *I am* sorry!" and stopped calling his wares for three streets, lest "his row" should disturb the solemnity which he felt instinctively ought to reign, displayed more genuine feeling than all the manufacturers of mourning "leaders" or mourning sermons.

The premier was, however, the worst. Lord Beaconsfield has a certain genius for ceremonial when the ceremonial ought to be artificial, but when feeling ought to be real, and only expressed with an accompanying ceremoniousness, he almost invariably breaks down. A master of stately words, he stole an *éloge* on the Duke of Wellington from M. Thiers; and though a master of form, he made his first announcement of his regret for the princess Alice sickeningly turgid. A deputation from California had been appointed to wait upon him with a testimonial to his personal honor, and of course could not be received; so the prime minister wrote: "Dear Sir, — A terrible calamity has fallen upon the country. An English princess — one of the most noble-minded and most gifted of women — endeared to the people of this country by her rich intelligence and her life of perfect domestic bliss and duty, has fallen a victim to the terrible disease which had already ravaged her hearth, and which she met by her devotion to her children." "A terrible calamity has fallen upon the country." What more could Lord Beaconsfield have said if the queen had died, or if the country had sustained a severe defeat in battle? The princess's death is a "terrible calamity" indeed to the queen, but to the country is only a melancholy occasion for regret that a charming and useful life has been prematurely cut short, and that a sovereign whom it loves has suffered a heavy addition to an unquenched sorrow. The "hearth" of the grand duchess had not been "ravaged" by disease, for of all her children one had fallen and four survived; and though death may be "met," in colloquial English, by disease, disease cannot, in any English, be "met" from children. Such language goes so far beyond the feeling it depicts, that it checks emotion, by rousing in its subjects a fear lest, in giving way, they also should be suspected of artificiality. On Monday, Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord Hartington were both of them at once sympathetic and dignified in their reference to the event; but Lord Beaconsfield had another day to wait, and the

additional time increased his natural tendency to artificiality. He had an incident to recount of almost unique pathos, an incident the baldest statement of which might draw tears from every mother in Great Britain, and make every man feel how feeble even poetry is to express the deepest tragedy: "My lords, there is something wonderfully piteous in the immediate cause of the princess's death. The physicians who permitted her to watch over her suffering family, enjoined her under no circumstances whatever to be tempted into an embrace. Her admirable self-restraint guarded her through the crisis of this terrible complaint in safety. She remembered and observed the injunctions of her physicians. But it became her lot to break to her son, quite a youth, the death of his youngest sister, to whom he was devotedly attached. The boy was so overcome with misery, that the agitated mother clasped him in her arms, and thus she received the kiss of death." Lord Beaconsfield's artificiality was proof even against that story. Will it be believed that his comment on it was in these words? — "My lords, I hardly know an incident more pathetic. It is one by which poets might be inspired, and in which the professors of the fine arts, from the highest to the lowest branches, whether in painting, sculpture, or gems, might find a fitting subject of commemoration." Could any genius not essentially vulgar have thought, first, how a kiss of death given by son to mother on such an occasion would look in a picture, in marble, or on a cameo? Did anybody, even an artist, when really moved, ever think of cutting the emotion, the spectacle of which had overcome him, in lines of microscopic beauty on a sard? Could any artist do it, if he had the genius of all sculptors combined? How much less could an overcomer suggest to the engraver, as it were, in a whisper behind his hand, that here was a subject for his art! We do not say it in any cen-

sure of Lord Beaconsfield, except for his failure in artistic expression, for his nature has long since been known, and is unchangeable; but we regret that words so artificial, so clearly prepared and pumped-up, should be put before Englishmen as fitting expressions for those griefs which, though not, perhaps, deep, are sincere, and tender, and universal. The people should at least be simple when they are moved, but how is simplicity to survive when the most pathetic of incidents is considered to be best described through its relation to the most artificial of all pictorial arts? It is as if a preacher, recounting the story of the "still, small voice," suggested that it might have formed a subject for one of Raphael's cartoons.

We rather regret also, though we do not blame, the allusion made by the premier and Lord Granville, whose response, though a little stiff, was simple and unaffected, to the anniversary of the prince consort's death. It was not intended for the public, but to the public, and to all descendants of the prince consort, it will suggest a needless and a trying superstition,—that there is a day recurring at intervals of a decade which is critical or deadly for the house of Coburg. When December 14th is also a Saturday, something will happen to them. That is not a strengthening belief, even if held only as one of those beliefs which are not beliefs,—beliefs upon which no one acts; and as it is not true, the day having previously recurred for generations unmarked, the reference would have been better spared. That, however, is a trifle. What is not a trifle is, that the most representative expression of a sincere and a national sentiment of sorrow for the dead and pity for the living should have been marred by such unreal and factitious artificiality. It is as though a nation's *Dies Irae* had been chanted by a singer dressed as a skeleton to increase the effect.

PROF. PERSIFOR FRAZER reports, we learn from the *Polytechnic Review*, the interesting observation that early in last June he tried a telephone with a diaphragm mounted so as to vibrate freely except in the circular line, where it was bound fast. With several other telephones in circuit, but muffled so that they could not take up the direct vibrations of the

voice, he found that the over-tones produced in the diaphragm of one telephone, by a musical note sung into the mouthpiece, were reproduced in the others. This shows the extreme minuteness of the motion necessary to produce sound by fluctuations in the transmitting power of the line wire.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XXV. }

No. 1806.—January 25, 1879.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXL. }

CONTENTS.

I. PRINCE BISMARCK. By Emile de Laveleye,	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i>	195
II. A DOUBTING HEART. By Miss Keary, author of "Castle Daly," "Oldbury," etc. Part XI,	<i>Advance Sheets,</i>	208
III. CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE. Journalists,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	222
IV. SIR GIBBIE. By George MacDonald, author of "Malcolm," "The Marquis of Lossie," etc. Part X.,	<i>Advance Sheets,</i>	238
V. THE VICISSITUDES OF TITLES,	<i>Gentleman's Magazine,</i>	249
VI. CHARACTER-DRAWING,	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	253
P O E T R Y.		
GOD'S CALL TO REST,	194	COMPANIONS, 194
CONSOLATION,	194	
MISCELLANY,		256

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.

GOD'S CALL TO REST.

"And they heard the voice of the Lord in the cool of the day."

At morn each day God's angel wakes,
Kindles his lamp in heaven;
And its rays he flings
On both serfs and kings:
So his call to labor is given.

His lamp goes out; he lieth down,
And bids men follow him now,
From the warehoused street,
From the fishers' fleet,
From the plain and the mountain brow.

And though the voice be soft and low,
As soundless as the dew,
'Tis the Friend above,
'Tis his call of love
Who through rest maketh all things new.

Then heed it well, and quiet be;
Follow this lead of heaven,
And in kindly shade
That thy God hath made,
Take the rest to weariness given.
Sunday Magazine. B. W. G.

CONSOLATION.

WHEN the pale wreath is laid upon the tomb,
Love's last fond homage offered to the dead,
And the bereft, with tears and drooping
head,
Bid mute farewell on sadly turning home,
Sister and brother, widowed love and friend,
Review, as in a solemn vision then,
Their dear one's life, its bliss and bitter
pain,
Its restless hopes now ever at an end.
The common thought lifts them above despair,
One brief thanksgiving is on every tongue:
That faithful heart shall never more be
wrung
With cold unkindness or with aching care;
That generous mind no stern rebuffs shall vex;
That busy brain no problems dire perplex.
M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.
Sunday Magazine.

"My soul cleaveth to the dust; quicken thou me, according to thy word."

My soul fast cleaveth to the dust;
My heart within is dead and cold;
I'm blown about by every gust;
No certain anchorage I hold.
I fain would lift mine eyes on high,
But, all unpurged, they cannot see;
I feel like one about to die,—
Have mercy, Jesu, quicken me!

My life is like the untilled land,
On which no flower or fruitage grows;
'Tis like a waste of arid sand,
A wintry landscape clothed with snows.
All empty are the vanished years;
Shall like the past the future be?
'Gainst this I plead with prayers and tears,
Have mercy, Jesu, quicken me!

My life is like to plants that creep,
Like plants that droop and touch the ground;
No seed I sow, no harvest reap,
All barren as the months go round.
Uproot me then, and plant again;
I would be fruitful unto thee;
Prune, cleanse me, Lord, I'll scorn the pain:
Have mercy, Jesu, quicken me!
Sunday Magazine. CANON BELL, D.D.

It was not in the blooming May,
It was not in the dimply spring,
But deep in the leaden gray
Of the new year's bitterest day,
That a sweet little bird that had lost her way,
A tiny feathery thing,
Lightly perched on my heart's bare spray,
(Poor little bird, she had lost her way!)
And folded her downy wing,
And chirruped and sung on my heart's bare
spray,
Folding her soft wee wing.

Sitting alone and apart
Her notes rang clear and keen,
And lo! with a strange sweet start,
An exquisite shuddering smart,
Each unborn bud in my frozen heart,
Pent in its deeps unseen,
Flashed to the light, a quivering dart,
(Each yearning bud in my frozen heart,)
And thrilled into poignant green;
And now she nests in my leafy heart,
Embowered in the shadowy green.
Good Words. F. LANGBRIDGE.

COMPANIONS.

SMILE farewell to Sorrow:
Give to Joy good-morrow:
And charge him to continue
A quiet reign within you.

Smile farewell to Gladness:
Take the hand of Sadness,
And wistfully beseech her
To be your tender teacher.

So shall both befriend you,
And to the grave attend you;
There Sorrow from you sever:
Joy go with you ever.

THE AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF KILLARNEY."
Spectator.

From The Fortnightly Review.
PRINCE BISMARCK.

It is too soon to declare a definite opinion upon Prince Bismarck, on the man and on his work. If we yielded to the impression of the moment, one would be inclined to believe that the future will not belong to such enterprises as he has taken in hand. In the struggle with Catholicism he has not succeeded; he wavers, he has sought to come to terms, and he has only drawn back because the conditions imposed by Rome were too hard. In the interior of the empire that he has founded, he cannot endure liberty. There, too, he draws back, and has recourse to the most violent compression. He dissolves all associations, he suppresses every newspaper that concerns itself with the interests of the workmen, he breaks up even a glee-club. Books that were published under the old *régime* are now confiscated, including even the works of one whom he admires, and whom he would fain have made his friend, Ferdinand Lassalle. This compression *à outrance* is a detestable policy, and offers no warrant for durability. It is out of all harmony with the spirit of the time. After many tackings in this direction and that, it will come to an end, and the ideas which it was intended to annihilate, will revive in greater force than ever. At the same time, the work to which Prince Bismarck has uniformly subordinated all else — the unity of Germany — that will survive. That is the product of the tendency to great ethnographic agglomerations which displays itself in the present epoch, and which was first proclaimed under Napoleon III. This force was at work long before Prince Bismarck, it will continue to work long after him. His success is due to the fact that he perceived this law, and that, instead of resisting it, as has been done by statesmen behind their time — M. Thiers, for instance, and Lord Beaconsfield — he made himself its instrument and its captain. Napoleon III., Bismarck, Cavour, agreed to reconstruct the map of Europe on the principle of nationalities. Only Bismarck and Cavour had the secret of effective action, whilst with Napoleon III. the action always halted after the conception.

In Germany a book has just been published which excites the keenest attention — “*Graf Bismarck und seine Leute während des Kriegs mit Frankreich.*” The book is interesting for more reasons than one. It is a curious composition, like Martin Luther’s “Table-Talk,” or the “*Mémoires de Sainte-Hélène.*” Nobody but Herr Moritz Busch, Bismarck’s secretary, could have told all, like Las Cases writing at the dictation of Napoleon. Herr Busch is a clever journalist with a ready pen, well acquainted with foreign languages, and an observant and experienced traveller. At the beginning of the campaign of 1870 he was attached to the chancellor’s staff. He executed for him the summaries from the foreign newspapers, he drew up under his inspiration, or from his dictation, telegrams and articles for the German press. He lived in the closest intimacy with Bismarck, taking his meals at the same table, residing under the same roof, and never leaving his side. He was not the only official filling the same post. We find along with him two other private secretaries, Herr Lothar Bucher, and Abeken. Herr Bucher had been the private friend of Marx and Lassalle, an influential and extremely capable Socialist. Herr Busch carefully noted down every evening the words that had fallen from Prince Bismarck during dinner or at tea. He reproduces them in his book *verbatim*, or sometimes in a summary. Of course we may be sure that he only publishes what he has been authorized to divulge to the public.

What deserves attention is this. The principal agents of Prince Bismarck during the memorable months of the French campaign are three publicists, two of them journalists, who do nothing all day long except summarize or compose newspaper articles. Opinion, as all the world knows, is in our days the great and supreme power, which in the long run directs events. Bismarck understands this, he has organized this new force on system, and he has insisted on getting it into his own hand. This is why he publishes the “*Correspondence de Berlin,*” written in French, and intended for the special use of foreign newspapers. It is a deep combination, ingeniously executed. This sheet of yel-

low paper contains all that the chancellor has an interest in seeing reproduced in foreign countries — his speeches, any facts favorable to his policy or his views, everything that can produce a good impression. As a curious detail one may notice that this "*Correspondence*" is printed upon one side of the paper only, so that extracts from it can easily be cut out, and thus newspapers that are printed in French procure all that is placed under the heading of Germany, free of cost. This news, prepared at Berlin, passes into circulation, and appears even in the papers most hostile to German policy. It is because opinion is the queen of the world, that Prince Bismarck, when he started for the campaign, took journalists for aides-de-camp, and it is for the same reason probably that he now permits the publication of Herr Busch's book.

However hostile one may be to Prince Bismarck's policy, it is impossible not to be interested in spite of oneself in what concerns him. This is natural; the history of Europe for fifteen years has his personality for its pivot. It is he who is behind the events that we have seen unrolling themselves under our eyes. As Herr Busch says, even insignificant details strike us when they refer to him. Besides, the chancellor is not dead. He is still the great factor in the development of the drama that is proceeding in our sight. If, therefore, we can penetrate his views and his ideas, we shall see more clearly before us. This is what people seek with avidity in the table-talk reported by Herr Busch. He publishes, moreover, summaries of certain episodes that are now finished, according to the direct communication of the chancellor, and these are of capital importance.

The chancellor's mode of life is peculiar. He gets up late, towards ten o'clock, because he does not succeed in going to sleep till towards morning. At breakfast he takes tea and two eggs, and after that nothing until dinner, when he eats and drinks freely. Bismarck himself complains of such a regimen, but the habit is formed. In one of the conversations he tells how the nights pass. "My brain," he says, "is incessantly at work. All the combina-

tions of politics come back to me as in a nightmare, and I see everything on its dark side. I fall asleep as soon as my head is on its pillow, but I soon awake and remain awake till dawn. Now and then a dream gives me rest for a while. I see Varzin — all the trees that I know so well, and the blue sky, and I fancy that I am enjoying it all." Little wonder that sleep should flee from the chancellor's couch! What varied occupations all day long, what anxieties, what terrible responsibilities weigh upon him every minute of every hour! Herr Busch thus describes the employment of his days: —

The chancellor's almost superhuman capability of working, whether creatively, receptively, or critically; of solving the most difficult problems, of instantly hitting upon the right thing to do and seeing the way to do it, was, perhaps, never so remarkably shown as during this time. And it was the more wonderful as but few hours' sleep were allowed for restoring his exhausted powers. As at home so in the field, unless an expected battle called him before daybreak to the king's side, the minister rose most frequently at a late hour, usually about ten. He had, however, sat up the whole night, and had only fallen asleep when the morning light was shining through the windows. Frequently he resumed his full mental activity before he was fairly out of bed, perusing and annotating despatches, reading the journals, giving instructions to councillors and other fellow-workers, proposing questions and problems of the greatest variety, and even writing or dictating. Later, there were visitors to be received, or audiences to be given, or there was the king to be advised. Then came study of despatches and reports, correction of papers which had been ordered, jotting down of ideas with the large well-known pencil, composition of letters. There was information to be given by telegram, or communications to be made to the press, and in the midst of it all, perhaps, unavoidable receptions, which often must have been anything but welcome. Not till two or perhaps three o'clock, if a considerable halt on the march was made, did the chancellor allow himself any relaxation, such as a ride in the surrounding country. After that, work again till dinner, between five and six. An hour and a half after dinner at the latest he was again at his writing-table, and at midnight he was often to be seen reading or committing his thoughts to paper.

It comes out from Herr Busch's book that Prince Bismarck has one supreme aim, the greatness of Germany, and that to this aim he subordinates all the rest as simple means to his end. Even in his university days he dreamed of the unity of Germany.

I remember when in Göttingen, upwards of thirty years ago, laying a wager with an American concerning the probable union of Germany within twenty years. The stakes were, the winner to give the loser twenty-five bottles of champagne, the loser to pay a visit to the winner on the other side of the ocean. He betted Germany would not be united, I that it would be. When 1853 arrived, I recollected the affair, and intended to fulfil my part of the bargain. On making inquiries, however, I found that he was dead. I may add that the American's name was hardly suggestive of longevity—Coffin. The curious thing, however, is, that even so long ago as 1833, as the above narrative shows, I must have had a firm faith that that which, with God's help, has happened, would happen, although at that time I was thoroughly opposed to the political societies that were laboring for that end.

As for the means towards the end, this is how he sets forth his policy, at a dinner at Versailles, at which Thiers and M. Jules Favre were present; it was during the negotiations for the surrender of Paris:—

We must adapt ourselves to facts, to the situation of affairs, to possibilities; we must serve our country according to circumstances, not according to our own opinions, which are often merely prejudices. On his entrance into political life, he had quite other views and aims than now. He has changed much since those early years. After reconsidering a point, he has often not hesitated to sacrifice his own wishes partially or entirely to requirements of the hour, in the public interest. We must not inflict personal inclinations and wishes upon the Fatherland. "*La patrie veut être servie, et pas dominée.*"

Thus, after the first rout of the French on the frontier, the resolution was taken to keep Alsace. Herr Busch gives a summary of the reasons alleged by Bismarck. "After 1815," he said, "we could not obtain from the Allies good frontiers. In three centuries Germany has been attacked twelve times by France. We

should show generosity in vain. We have no gratitude to expect from the conquered. Sooner or later they will insist upon revenge. The only means of security is to give ourselves good frontiers." On another occasion, at dinner, he tells how all his ancestors have fought against France ever since the sixteenth century:—

My father and three of his brothers fought in 1814. Then my grandfather was at Rossbach, my great-grandfather fought against Louis XIV., and his father also in the petty Rhenish wars of 1672 or 1673. Then several of our family fought in the Thirty Years' War on the imperial side, a few with the Swedes. Lastly, one served with the German mercenaries employed by the Huguenots.

We see how patriotism and family tradition act at the same time upon the chancellor. He feels himself the true representative of Germany. On looking at what is passing, we might be tempted to believe that Prince Bismarck deceived himself. Germany without Alsace would probably have been more secure than with all the forts of Metz and Strasburg.

Herr Busch records certain facts which may explain one of the great political enigmas of the time. In May, 1875, Germany was preparing to exact the disarmament of France. I happened to be in Paris at that moment. Paying a visit to the Princess Orloff, who was persuaded of the imminence of war, I met Madame F., wife of a German minister at Brussels. This lady said she had seen the English minister at the court of Brussels on the eve of her departure from that city, and that having asked him when he was going for his summer holiday, he answered, "It will not do for us to leave our post; we shall be lucky if we are not driven away by French or German troops." One of my college friends, belonging to the ministry of war, confirmed the fact of the gravity of the situation. "We are aware," said he, "what are the terms that Prussia is bent on imposing upon us: to reduce our army to two hundred thousand men, and to abandon all work on the fortifications. We are in no condition to resist, we shall withdraw our troops behind the Loire. It is for Europe to consider whether she wishes Germany definitely to

occupy France." As we know, Europe did intervene. England actively used her influence at Berlin. The emperor of Russia did still more, for he rushed in all haste to Berlin in person, along with his chancellor, and after interviews which filled all Europe with excitement, Prince Gortschakoff launched his famous telegram — "Peace is now assured." These were the facts. What was the explanation? Two years ago Prince Bismarck declaimed with the greatest indignation against the calumnies of the newspapers on this subject. Quite recently, in a conversation with the *Times* correspondent, he declared that it was Prince Gortschakoff who sought to get credit for preserving the peace of Europe. Is this explanation admissible? Did England and Russia in 1875 dream a dream of imaginary danger? Was the famous despatch of Prince Gortschakoff a mere falsehood? Surely this is very difficult to believe. On the other hand, can we suppose that Prince Bismarck, who thinks so much of the judgment of history, would have the effrontery to deny an actual circumstance, the proofs of which are capable of being brought into the light of day? All would be explained by admitting the existence and the strength of a military party by the side of, and as it were over the head of, Prince Bismarck himself. Herr Busch reports to us at every instant the bitter complaints of the chancellor, of the ignorance in which he was left by the generals. "I always learn too late," he says, "what I ought to know before all others; the foreigner knows more than I do; and yet it is I who will have to treat about peace. How can I fix my plans, if I am ignorant of the facts which are to serve as their base?" He even complains of being put into bad quarters by the military people.

In general the worst possible provision was made for the Foreign Office. The most uncomfortable lodgings were constantly assigned to the head of the department, and uncomfortable lodgings, as luck would have it, were always to be found. "Yes," says the chancellor, laughing, "it is really too bad, the way they behave to me. And what ingratitude on the part of these military gentlemen towards one who always served them so well in the Chamber at home! They shall see, however, how different I can be. I have come out to the field in the spirit of a loyal soldier; I shall return home in the spirit of a member of the Opposition."

On another occasion the chancellor gives an account how he passed the night after the victory of Sadowa.

"The word was given that the gentlemen should find their own quarters. This was, however, more easily said than done. The houses were closed, and one would have needed pioneers to break open the doors. But these would not arrive before five o'clock in the morning." "Your Excellency knew how to help yourself at Gravelotte," remarked Delbrück. "Well, I went into Horsitz," continued the minister, "past several houses, and at last I found an open door. Having advanced a couple of steps over the threshold, I fell into a sort of wolf's pit. Fortunately it was not deep, and, as I soon became convinced, there was horsedung therein. At first I thought, How now if I never come out again? I was soon, however, aware, by reason of the smell, that something else was there. How oddly things sometimes happen! If that pit had been twenty feet deep and full, the next morning they would have had to look long for their minister-president. I got out again, and found shelter under the arcade of the market-place. I made a bed of a couple of carriage-cushions, took a third for a pillow, and stretched myself in hope of getting sleep. When I had laid myself down I felt my hand touch something wet, and on investigation it turned out to be the filth of the cattle-market."

The chancellor had been given to complaining of his quarters from old days. So far back as 1862, one of his letters records his grumblings about the quarters of the German embassy at Paris.

The house is nicely situated, but is dark, damp, and cold. The sunny side is taken up with stairs and *nonvaleurs*, everything is towards the north, and smells of drainage and dry-rot. Not a single piece of furniture is uncovered, no nook where one would like to sit down; three-fourths of the house are locked up, and covered up, like the "best parlor;" and, without topsy-turvying all, the arrangement not available for everyday use. The maids live three, the children two, stories high; the first floor contains only the bedroom with a huge bed, and besides this, one old-fashioned drawing-room (style 1811) after the other, many staircases and anterooms. The actual dwelling-rooms are on the ground-floor, looking to the north, next to the garden, in which I warm myself whenever the sun shines — at the utmost three times a week for a few hours. . . . Besides this, in the whole first floor, only one bedroom, and nothing else, and the whole home-life two stories high; narrow, dark, steep stairs, which I cannot pass on account of my breadth of shoulder — and without crinoline. The main staircase goes only as far as the first floor, but to make up for it, three ladder-like ones at both ends of the house up to the top. In this way Hatzfeld and Pourtales have existed all the time, but have also died there in the prime of life; and if I remain in this house I shall also die sooner than I want to. I would not care to live in it as a free gift, if only for the smell.

And in the same interesting volume * we have the same complaints against people who do not measure the niceties of diplomatic requirements. Writing after Sadowa, he says:—

Matters are going well with us; if we are not immoderate in our demands, and do not imagine that we have conquered the world, we shall acquire a peace, which will be worth the trouble. But we are just as quickly intoxicated as discouraged, and I have the ungrateful task of pouring water in the foaming wine, and to make them see that we are not living alone in Europe, but with three neighbors still.

And again:—

To-morrow we expect to be in Berlin. Great contention about the speech from the throne. The good people have not enough to do, and see nothing but their own nose, and exercise their swimming powers on the stormy waves of phrase. Our enemies we can manage, but our friends! They almost all of them wear blinkers, and see only one spot of the world.

Instead of reporting in detail the different stories of the chancellor on the subject of the Benedetti episode in 1866, Herr Busch thinks it his duty to give a mere summary of them. It is not unlikely, therefore, that we have before us a version that has been revised by Prince Bismarck himself. This version is confirmed by the revelations that have recently been published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* from the papers of M. Drouyn de Lhuys. We only see there, it would appear, that after Sadowa M. Benedetti would concede no more to Prussia than a slight rectification of the frontier. At Paris Herr von Goltz obtained nothing from M. Drouyn de Lhuys. "If you take what you require," said he, "you will have to give us compensation on our bank of the Rhine." Herr von Goltz went to see the emperor in person, and obtained at once far more from him than Bismarck had hoped. Napoleon III. reckoned on indemnifying himself with Belgium and Luxemburg. This is what comes out in the story of Herr Busch. According to him, M. Benedetti at first demanded the cession of the left bank of the Rhine as far as Mainz. The last word of Prince Bismarck was, "Never! War sooner."

"Turn the attention of his Imperial Majesty to the point that such a war may, under certain circumstances, become a war attended with shocks of revolution, and that in face of revolutionary dangers the German dynasties

* An English translation has recently been published by Sir Fitzhardinge Maxse. (Chapman & Hall. 1878).

would prove to be more firmly established than the dynasty of the emperor Napoleon."

Upon this conference of the 12th of August followed a concessory letter of the emperor, and the curtain of the first act fell with the withdrawal of the demand for German territory. Only four days later, however, began the second act of the drama, the question of Belgium. In a letter of the 16th of August, which was brought to Count Benedetti, by a M. Chauvy, from Paris, and which contained "*le résumé le plus succinct et le plus précis possible*" of his instructions, it runs—

"1. The negotiation is to be of a friendly character.

"2. It must in essentials be confidential (here follow the names of the persons who are to take part in it).

"3. Regard always being had to the probabilities of success, let your demands run through in order the three following phases:—In the first place, having brought into juxtaposition the question of the boundaries of 1814 and the annexation of Belgium, you must ask the cession of Landau, Saarlouis, and Saarbrück, as well as withdrawal from the duchy of Luxemburg, all by open treaty. Further, you should endeavor to procure an offensive and defensive alliance, which must be secret, as authorization and support of our future incorporation of Belgium. Secondly, should the attainment of all the above ends appear to you impossible, you may abandon Saarlouis and Saarbrück, even Landau, that old eyry (*vieille bicoque*), which might excite German feeling against us, and limit the open agreements to the duchy of Luxemburg, the secret ones to the union of Belgium with France. Thirdly, if the proposal for the absolute union of Belgium with France encounters too great difficulties, suggest an article whereby it shall be agreed, in order to avoid objections on the part of England, that Antwerp shall become a free town. But in no case are you to assent to the union of Antwerp with Holland or of Maestricht with Prussia. If Herr von Bismarck asks what advantage a treaty of this kind is to bring him, the answer would be simply as follows: He secures an important ally, he confirms all his recent gains, he only consents to the taking of what does not belong to him, and he makes no single serious sacrifice in return for the advantages he obtains. Thus, then, a public treaty, which assigns us Luxemburg at least; a secret treaty, stipulating for an alliance offensive and defensive; acquiescence in the incorporation of Belgium at such a time as may seem fitting to ourselves; and promise of assistance, even with arms, from Prussia—there you have the general terms of the contemplated compact."

To this Benedetti replies, on the 23rd of August, 1866, that he fully understands the imperial proposals, and has found it necessary to limit the negotiations to Luxemburg and Belgium. He adds that instead of two treaties one has been proposed, to be in part public, in part private. The proposals thus revised gave

satisfaction at Paris, but some time was taken for their detailed consideration. The main points insisted on continued to be — the immediate acquisition of Luxemburg, and the ultimate annexation of Belgium to be secured by an alliance offensive and defensive. The result of the further deliberations at Paris appears in the following remarks contained in a fresh letter to Benedetti : —

“This combination is all-reconciling; it puts an end to the painful tension of feeling in France, through the attainment of an immediate satisfaction, and the direction of attention to Belgium. It also preserves as much secrecy as is necessary in respect of the alliance, as well as of the projected annexations. If you think that even the cession of Luxemburg should be concealed till the very moment when we lay hands on Belgium, I desire you to justify such an estimate of the position of affairs by observations in detail. An indefinite postponement of the cession of territory might lead to an ominous acceleration of the Belgian question.”

At the close of the letter Benedetti is empowered, if he thinks it necessary, to proceed for some time to Carlsbad. Count Benedetti answered this letter on the 29th of August. Here, for the first time, he gives expression to a doubt whether Prussia's sincerity in the matter is to be reckoned upon. He observes that he is met by a certain fear on the part of Count Bismarck lest the emperor Napoleon should be making use of such negotiations, in order to excite suspicion in England with respect to the policy of Prussia. He says, “What amount of confidence can we on our side repose in people who are capable of such calculations?” He calls attention to the presence of General Mantouffel in St. Petersburg, and fears “that Prussia may be seeking assurances in other quarters. Prussia needs, as Herr von Bismarck asserts he has told the king, alliance with *one* great power; if there exists a disinclination for an alliance with France, it can only be because provision has already been made, or is about to be made, elsewhere.” Benedetti thinks the moment has arrived for repairing to Carlsbad for a fortnight, where he will hold himself ready to return to Berlin on receipt of a telegram from Herr von Bismarck. During his absence, however, the president of the council also left Berlin, not to return before December. The secret negotiations were thus suspended for several months. Later on they were resumed at different times, but always at Benedetti's suggestion. The conduct of France, at the time of the controversy concerning the Belgian railways, renders it far from incredible that she had not, even at that date, abandoned all hope of obtaining the adhesion of north Germany to her pet project.

Herr Busch records the judgment of the chancellor on the course that Napoleon III. ought to have taken in 1866. “He wanted courage and energy to exe-

cute his plans. At the beginning of hostilities against Austria, he ought to have seized what he wished to obtain by the Benedetti treaty, and to have kept it as a pledge against future events. We could not have stopped him, and it is not very likely that England would have done so. In any case, he could have awaited her with a firm foot. If we proved victorious he ought to have led us on to push our advantages even to excess. But he has never been anything but a dreamer.” It is clear, then, that at that time Bismarck would have sacrificed Belgium to secure the aid of France. The idea, no doubt, came from the Tuileries, but he never repelled it.

At another dinner, the chancellor spoke also of the Luxemburg affair of 1867. He says that he advised the king to yield, and he defends his policy against those who were at that time for war — that is to say, evidently, again the military party. The troops of Bavaria, Baden, even Wurtemberg, were not ready, and we were not sure of their support. “While I was at the Tuileries,” he added, “at the time of the Exposition, I said to myself, — Who knows whether if we had had war at that moment the French would have been at Berlin, or our armies at Paris.” Count Moltke had none of these doubts. On the return of the king of Prussia from this same visit to Paris, Moltke stayed at Brussels. After a dinner at the court, they talked over their coffee of the recent Luxemburg incident. “As a man,” said he, “I cannot but rejoice that we have escaped war. But as a soldier and a Prussian, I regret it. We were ready, and the French were not. In three weeks I should have led our armies up to the walls of Paris.” The generals present all exclaimed at this; they thought that he was intoxicated with his great success of the previous year in Bohemia, and that he had lost his balance. “Bring a map,” answered Moltke, “and I will show you our campaign.” He then pointed out almost the exact stages of 1870, except that one of the German armies, debouching from Luxemburg, which was then in the power of Germany, turned Metz. When we think that the French troops had not then their chassepots, we are inclined to think Count Moltke was right. At this time it seems that Bismarck did not know the full power of the arm at his disposal, or else he would have acted at that moment. He foresaw that Napoleon would be forced by dynastic interest to make himself master of Belgium, and to go to war with Prussia.

"The quarrel picked with Belgium about the railways," added the chancellor one evening, "proves that Napoleon had not given up his idea. I should like to reunite Luxemburg to Belgium, whose neutrality was guaranteed by England. We should thus have fortified the German element in that country against the *Fransquillons*, and we should have got a good frontier, but I found no support."

As it happens, in one of Prince Bismarck's published letters, he is found to express so far back as 1859 and the Italian campaign, the same confidence which Moltke expressed in 1867. We need hardly apologize for introducing the whole of the letter, to which this is the tail. Count Bismarck was then at St. Petersburg:—

PETERHOF, 28th June, '59.

From the date at the head of this letter you see I am up again. I drove here this morning to take leave of the empress-dowager, who sails to-morrow. I find that she has really something motherly in her amiable and natural manner, and I can speak out to her as if I had known her from childhood. She talked with me to-day for a long time about all sorts of things. She lay, dressed in black, on a couch, in a balcony with a view on the fresh foliage, knitting with long needles at a white and red woollen shawl, and I could have listened for hours to her deep voice and honest laughing and scolding, so home-like was it to me. I had come in evening dress, and only for a couple of hours; but as she finally said she did not wish to take leave of me yet awhile, but that I probably had an immense deal to do, I declared: "Not the least;" and she: "Then stay here until I start to-morrow." I took the invitation with pleasure as a command, as it is charming here and so stony in Petersburg. Imagine the heights of Oliva and Zoppot all connected by park and garden, and with a dozen mansions and terraces; fountains and ponds between, with shady walks and lawns right down to the sea; blue sky and warm sun with white clouds; out over the green sea of treetops, the real blue sea, with sails and gulls. I have not enjoyed anything so much for a long time. In a few hours the emperor and Gortschakoff come, when a little business will probably intrude on the idyl; but, thank God, it looks a little more peaceful in the world in spite of our mobilization, and I need be less anxious touching certain resolutions. I am sorry for the Austrian soldiers. How must they be led that they get beaten every time? and again on the 24th! It is a lesson for the ministry, which they, in their obstinacy, will not take to heart. *France, less than Austria, should I fear, for the moment, if we had to take up war.*

But let us return to the events of 1870. Herr Busch gives many interesting details

as to the battles at Metz and at Sedan, and of the interviews between Napoleon and Count Bismarck. But all this is well known. The only point to be noticed is that the chancellor expected to find himself attacked by Victor Emmanuel, who would have liked to march to the succor of France, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his minister. I am told in Italy, where I am writing these pages, of a saying of Signor Sella. He is, it appears, one of the two Italian politicians who predicted the success of Germany. The king was indignant at his resistance to a policy of action. "I would have you know," cried the king, "that we do not conduct the affairs of a great state like those of a cloth-factory." Signor Sella, who happened to be largely interested in cloth-manufacture at Biela, answered, "Your Majesty will allow me to say, that a state ought no more than a factory to take in hand a piece of business, in which it is sure to make a loss."

It was during the siege of Paris, while Bismarck *und seine Leute* were established in the house of Madame Jeffé, that Herr Busch was able most easily to gather up the chancellor's table-talk. On the 29th October, at dinner, the chancellor tells how Napoleon has asked of him that Marshals Bazaine, Lebœuf, and Canrobert should be allowed to join him at Wilhelmshöhe. "I see no harm in it," said he; "I will recommend the thing to the king. There will be four of them—just enough for a game of whist. So many extraordinary things happen in these days, that it may come to pass that Napoleon will assemble the Legislative Chamber and the Senate at Cassel, to deliberate on peace. Then I will call together the Reichstag at Versailles. The various parties will all come, except the Fortschrittspartei. These are like the Russians, who want to eat cherries in winter and oysters in summer. When a Russian goes into a shop he asks for *kak nje bud*, that is to say, what they have not got."

At this time Napoleon believed himself sure of returning to France with the support of the army, and Count Bismarck thought so too. It was still with him that he thought of negotiating the treaty of peace.

The prolongation of the siege of Paris stirs his liveliest impatience. He presses without cessation for the bombardment. "Oh, if I were sovereign," he cries, "I should know how to be heard, but I am not sovereign. I am never consulted, or I would go hang myself rather than con-

sent to all this sentimental business." We feel that he is afraid of the intervention of Europe, but he did his best to protect himself on the side of the East by assuring himself of the support of Russia — through the revision of the treaties of 1856.

At the moment when Russia announced that she desired to recover her freedom of action in the Black Sea, busy negotiations took place between the chancellor and Mr. Odo Russell, who had been despatched to Versailles as English envoy. Count Bismarck liked Mr. Odo Russell. "At first," he said, "I distrusted him. I have always found that Englishmen who speak French particularly well are people to beware of, and Odo Russell speaks and writes it perfectly. Still, he is frank and natural; I am well satisfied with him. He speaks German too as well as French." The English envoy pressed him to defend the Treaty of 1856. "But I have no interest in it," answered he. Mr. Russell proceeded to ask him to engage to remain neutral in case of a conflict between England and Russia. "I answered him," said the chancellor —

Such an engagement belonged to the department of hypothetical politics, to which I was no friend. Everything depended upon circumstances. For the present we saw no reason for taking part in the affair. That ought to suffice him. For the rest, I was not of the opinion that gratitude had no place in politics. The present emperor had shown himself friendly and well-disposed towards us; Austria on the other hand had hitherto been rather unsociable and sometimes very ambiguous; and as for England — well, he knew what we owed to her. The friendliness of the emperor was the result of old relations, such as family ties; but it owed its force to the perception that our respective interests did not clash. How it might be in the future no one could say, and so it was better to be silent on the point.

The chancellor added, "They accuse the Russians of being ambitious, but this time they could have asked for far more than the freedom of the Black Sea." He defends himself from the desire that is imputed to him of seizing one or other of the French colonies. "They are good for nothing, except to be a source of disquiet. As for us in Germany, colonies would be very much like the silk robes and zibelines of Polish nobles who had not a shirt to their backs."

On the 1st of December, at dessert, we see that the idea of an enormous war indemnity has already taken form in his mind. They spoke of French gold pieces.

He took one up on the end of his finger as if to weigh it.

A hundred million double-Napoleons, that would be about the cost of the war up to the present time — later it would cost more — four thousand million francs. Four thousand thalers in gold would weigh a hundredweight, thirty hundredweight could be drawn in a wagon by a good pair of horses. I remember I once had to take home from Berlin fourteen thousand thalers in gold; it was pretty heavy! We should want at that rate about eight hundred wagons.

This would seem to show that the Bonapartists are in the right when they declare that if France had made peace earlier she would have paid two milliards instead of five. But who would have consented to the mutilation of the territory before the last resources had been exhausted? Such a peace would never have been ratified by the country, and this accusation against the republican government has no foundation.

In one of his conversations Prince Bismarck speaks of his religious sentiments. He does not believe in morality independent of religious beliefs.

How people could live together in any orderly way, each one doing his own work and letting others do theirs, without faith in a revealed religion, in a God who intends goodness, in a supreme judge and a future life, is above my comprehension.

If I ceased to be a Christian, I should not remain at my post another hour. If I could not repose trust in God, I should not heed earthly masters. I should have something to live upon, and should be fine gentleman enough!

Why should I strain every nerve and labor incessantly in this world, expose myself to perplexities and annoyances, if I did not feel the burden of a duty imposed by a divine being? If I did not believe in a providence which had destined this German nation for something good and great, I should instantly retire from the diplomatic profession, or rather should never have entered it at all! Orders and titles are no incentives to me.

The public stand that I have made for ten long years against all possible absurdities has been due solely to the firmness of my faith. Take this faith away from me, and you take away my fatherland. If I had not been rigorously orthodox, if my religion had not had a supernatural basis, the German Federation would never have had its present chancellor.

The chancellor winds up this tirade of true emotion in the following words: "How willingly would I go away! I love the life of the fields, of the woods, of nature. Take away from me my belief in God, and

to-morrow morning I pack my portmanteau, set off for Varzin, and grow my corn." This point is worth remarking. We find here again an aspect of resemblance between the chancellor and the father of Frederick II., so strikingly depicted by Carlyle. A true son of nature, violent, harsh, even ferocious, down to his very sallies and pleasantries, but pious and guided by the sentiment of duty according to his lights.

The readers of Prince Bismarck's letters in the volume to which we have already referred, will remember the reply which he once made to the remonstrances of a devout friend against a certain want of godliness in walk and conversation. The reply is long, but it is too curious to be omitted from any study of this singular personality.

Though my time is very limited, I cannot refuse to answer a question which is put to me in Christ's name, and out of an honest heart. I am heartily sorry if I give offence to believing Christians, but I am certain that in my position this cannot be avoided. I will not stop to remark that there are undoubtedly a great number of Christians in the parties opposed to me by political necessity, who are far ahead of me on the way to salvation, with whom, notwithstanding, I have to live in strife, by virtue of matters which are, on both sides, purely of this earth; I will confine myself to your own remark: "Not a single thing committed or omitted remains unknown to the outside world." Where is the man who, in such a position, would not give offence, justly or unjustly? I grant you here more than is the case, for your assertion of remaining unknown is not correct. Would to God, that besides that which is known to the world, I had no other sins upon my soul, and for which I only hope for forgiveness, trusting in the blood of Christ. As a statesman, I am not, according to my feeling, sufficiently indifferent; cowardly rather; and that because it is not easy, in the questions which come before me, always to gain that inward clearness of vision on whose soil confidence in God springs up. He who calls me an unconscientious politician does me wrong; let him first put his own conscience to the proof on this battle-field. With regard to the Virchow affair, I am past the time of life when one takes advice from flesh and blood in such matters. When I stake my life for a matter, I do so in that faith which I have in long and severe struggling, but in honest and humble prayer to God strengthened; a faith which no word of man, even that of a friend in Christ and a servant of his Church, can overthrow. As regards church-going, it is incorrect that I never go into God's house. I have been for almost seven months either absent or ill; who, then, has observed it? I willingly confess it might have occurred often-

er; but it is not so much from want of time, as consideration for my health that it is omitted, especially in winter; and to those who feel themselves called upon to be my judge in this matter I will willingly give minuter information about it; you yourself will believe me without medical details. . . . You see, from the circumstantiality with which I give you information, that I take your letter as a well-meant one, and that I do not seek, in any way, to raise myself above the judgment of those who own the same belief as myself. But from your friendship, and your own Christian knowledge, I expect that you will recommend to my censors the practice of caution and charity on future occasions; we all have need of them. If among the total number of sinners who come short of the glory of God, I hope that his mercy may not take away from me the staff of humble belief, with which I try to find my way in all the dangers and doubts of my position; this confidence shall neither make me deaf to reproving words of friends, nor angry against uncharitable and arrogant censure.

He talks on one occasion of his student days and his duels. "I must have fought more than twenty times," he said, "without being wounded once. I knew well enough how to speak and write Latin, but now I should have some trouble to do either, and I have entirely forgotten Greek. I cannot understand why they keep up that old language. It is because scholars do not wish to lessen the merit of what they have spent so much time in learning. They pretend that it is for the sake of its grammatical forms; but Russian is as rich in forms as Greek, and at least that would serve a practical end."

Another day at tea he says that the Berlin newspapers complain that they always have worse information than the English newspapers, and he asks Herr Busch how that is. "It is," answers Herr Busch, "because the English have more money: so they are everywhere the first. They are recommended to persons in the highest station, and military people don't know how to keep secrets!" "Then," answered the chancellor, "it is the fault of circumstances, and not mine. Write an article to explain that to them."

On the 30th of November Mr. Odo Russell dines at the chancellor's table. The conversation turns on the facilities that ministers might have for making money on the Stock Exchange, by availing themselves of news which they have before other people. Events often cheat calculation.

"I was entrusted," he said, "with the office of conferring with Napoleon about the Nurem-

berg affair. It must have been in the spring of 1857. I had to ask him what attitude he would assume in relation to the matter. Now, I knew that he would declare himself in a favorable sense, and that meant war with Switzerland. On passing through Frankfort I called upon Rothschild, with whom I was acquainted, and requested him to sell certain stock for me, as I felt sure a fall would soon set in. 'I would not advise it,' said Rothschild. 'The stock has good prospects, as you will shortly find.' 'May be,' I said, 'but if you knew what I know you would think differently.' He replied, 'that might be so, but still he could not advise the sale.' I, however, knew better, sold my stocks, and continued my journey. At Paris Napoleon was very pleasant and amiable. Certainly he could not accede to the king's wish to be allowed to march through Alsace and Lorraine, as that would cause too much excitement in France; but, for the rest, he fully approved of the undertaking. It could only give him satisfaction, if the democrats were cleared out of their den. So far, then, I had been successful. But I had not calculated upon the change of policy which had meanwhile occurred at Berlin—probably through taking Austria into account—and the affair was given up. No war resulted. The stock continued to rise, and I was left to lament that I no longer held any share of it."

The judgments of the chancellor on French statesmen are far from indulgent. After his first interview with Thiers, he talks about him to his secretaries. "He is a charming man, extremely intelligent, full of wit, but he is worth absolutely nothing as a negotiator, not even to bargain for the sale of a pair of horses. He lets you surprise him; he betrays all that he has felt; nothing is easier than to get from him whatever you wish. I have made him tell me a quantity of things, as for instance that in Paris they have only food for three or four weeks."

One evening at dinner, at which Mr. Odo Russell was present, he insists on the difficulties that beset the position of an English minister at Berlin. "He needs to have great power of attention, and much tact." Then he comes to the French ministers, Ollivier and Grammont. "If I had been unlucky enough to have done what they have done, I would have enlisted in a regiment, or I would have turned *franc-tireur*, at the risk of being shot. It is inconceivable how Napoleon should have taken such a man as Grammont for his minister." "Napoleon," said he another day, "whatever one may think of the *coup d'état*, is really very kindly, full of sensibility, or even sentimentality; it is only his intelligence and his information that are

below the mark. Though he was brought up in Germany, he is very ignorant of geography, and he nourishes all sorts of fantastic dreams. In July, in the beginning of the war, he remained three days without coming to any definite resolution, and to-day even he does not know what he wishes. With us he could not pass the examination of *Referendarius*. He was always expecting a revolution at Berlin. I said to him, 'Sir, in Prussia it is only kings who make revolutions.' He said of me, 'Bismarck is not a serious personage.' I did not remind him of the saying at our interview at Donchery."

Here is an outbreak against diplomats: "As for their correspondence, it is all paper and ink, and nothing more. What is terrible is when they think it their duty to write at length. They send you ordinarily cuttings from old newspapers. One has a better idea of the situation from the press, though for that matter governments know how to use this also. There, at any rate, things are clearly set forth; only one must know the tendencies and the influences in each country. The chief things, after all, are private letters, and confidential, and above all personal, communications. All that is never said in despatches."

Prince Bismarck has always remained a true type of a country gentleman; he loves his woods and his fields, he is thrifty, like every good Prussian, he knows how to count, he complains of being straitened.

"I was better off before I was chancellor. The ennoblement has ruined me. I have been pinched ever since. Formerly I used to look upon myself as simply a country gentleman, but now, belonging in a way to the peerage, I find that claims upon me are increasing, and my estates bring me in nothing. As ambassador at Frankfort I had always something over, and at St. Petersburg, too, where there was no need to keep up any style, and I really kept up none." He spoke often of the pine-meal and pasteboard manufactory of Varzin, about which he seemed to be very sanguine. The proprietor pays him interest for money which he has sunk in mills and other plant. How much would that be? somebody asked. "From forty to fifty thousand thalers. He pays me for the water-power, which had not been utilized before, two thousand thalers annually; he purchases the pine-logs, which I could hardly myself turn to account; and after the expiration of thirty years he will have to return me all the mills, in as good a condition as when he received them. There is only one there now, but there will soon be another at the point where the water falls with more force, and later on a third." What is the precise nature of the manufacture? Paste-

board, for bookbinding, packing, bandboxes, and the like, chiefly for Berlin; also pine-meal, which is sent to England, where, after being dissolved and mixed with other materials, it is converted into paper; and he described everything as if he were in the trade himself.

People often attribute to Prince Bismarck schemes of inordinate conquest, like those of Napoleon I. In the conversations reported by Herr Busch he seems wiser. They said to him one evening that after Koniggratz he could have obtained greater advantages, perhaps Austrian Silesia, or even Bohemia. The chancellor answered:—

Possibly. But, money—what more had they to give? Bohemia, now, would have been something, and there existed people, who had that in their minds. But we should only have got into difficulties over it, and Austrian Silesia was not of much value to us. Just there regard for the imperial house and attachment to Austria are very strong. In these matters the proper question is, what will be useful, not, how much can be got.

The dramatic part of Herr Busch's book is that which concerns the negotiations for the armistice and the peace with Jules Favre and Thiers. Vanquished by hunger, Paris asked to capitulate. But the chancellor insisted on attaching this capitulation to a provisional treaty. Then comes the debate as to the conditions, and we all know how hard they were. What could the negotiators do? The chancellor held them in a grasp of iron; all resistance was impossible. On Monday, the 23d of January, M. Jules Favre comes to Versailles to treat. The chancellor conducts him to the king in the evening, and then returns to take tea. He seems delivered from all his troubles. He whistles a hunting-song—a song telling how the stag is down. "Do you know the tune?" he says to his cousin Bismarck Bohlen. "Surely," answers the other: "has the chase been good?" "Yes," replies the chancellor; "it is all over." This hunting-air at such a moment makes one shudder. It is like a touch in Shakespeare.

A few days after, he recounts certain details of his interview with Jules Favre. "I said to him, 'You have been betrayed by fortune.' He understood the phrase, but replied simply, 'To whom do you say that?' In less than three days I also shall be counted among the betrayers; I cannot answer for my life!" I submitted an idea to him: "Then provoke an insurrection, while you have an army to put it down." He looked at me with affright, as if he

would have said, 'But you are a drinker of blood.'" M. Thiers is treated still more harshly. On the 22d of February Prince Bismarck recounts to his secretaries some points in their conversation. Here is one that is very characteristic. "At one condition that I laid before him, he was overcome by indignation, and cried out, '*Mais c'est une indignité!*'"

"I was not at all put out by it, but resumed in German. He listened for some time, and evidently did not know what to make of it. Then he began in a querulous tone: '*Mais, Monsieur le Comte, vous savez bien, que je ne sais point allemand.*' I replied, now in French: 'When you spoke just now of *indignité*, I found that my knowledge of French was defective, and preferred therefore to speak German, in which language I know what I say and hear.' He immediately understood what I meant, and wrote down as a point to be conceded what I had demanded, and what he previously had styled an indignity. And yesterday," he continued, "he spoke of Europe as certain to interfere, if we did not moderate our demands. I replied: 'If you talk of Europe, I shall speak of Napoleon.' He took no heed of that; there was nothing to fear in that quarter. I bade him remember the *plébiscite* and the peasants, and the officers and soldiers. The Guard could only recover its position under Napoleon, and in certain easily conceivable eventualities, the soldiers, now prisoners in Germany, might be won over by hundreds of thousands, and it would only be necessary to send them armed over the frontier, and France would be imperial again. . . . If they granted us good conditions, they might even have an Orleans if they liked, although we were well aware that in that case the war would begin again in two or three years. If not, we should mingle in their internal affairs—which we had avoided doing hitherto—and they would have Napoleon again. That must have had its effect, for to-day, when he was on the point of bringing up the subject of Europe again, he suddenly stopped and said, 'Excuse me.' For the rest, I like him extremely; he has a good head, excellent tact, and can state a point remarkably well. I am often very sorry for him, too, for his position is a deplorable one. But nothing can avail him."

Prince Bismarck might have understood that when a man is reduced to deliver up his country in its last throes to a conqueror, he may well feel some emotion. In any case the work of Thiers survives him. He paid the ransom for the deliverance of France, and by preserving it from anarchy he restored it to its true position in Europe, and enabled it to win a sympathy which was never given to it under the empire. We may doubt whether Thiers would have found any solace in the kind

of reflection with which in 1859 Bismarck wound up some very gloomy meditations upon the prospect of his country being dragged into war in the wake of Austria, and for Austrian purposes. "As God wills!" he writes; "after all, everything here is only a question of time, nations and individuals, folly and wisdom, war and peace; they come and go like the waves, but the sea remains. There is nothing on this earth but hypocrisy and jugglery; and whether fever or grapeshot tear off this fleshly mask, fall it must sooner or later; and then, granted that they are equal in height, a likeness will, after all, turn up between a Prussian and an Austrian, which will make it difficult to distinguish them. The stupid, and the clever too, look pretty much alike when their bones are well picked. With such views, a man certainly gets rid of his specific patriotism; but it would indeed be a subject for despair if our salvation depended on them."

We may now perhaps best conclude with one or two extracts, taken almost at random from Herr Busch's pages, but all serving to illustrate this or the other trait of a strongly marked character.

Somebody observed that the soldiers had somewhere terribly cudgelled a *curé* who had been discovered a traitor. The minister praised again the energy of the Bavarians, and added, "One should either treat these people as considerately as possible, or make them harmless; one or the other." And after a little reflection he added, "Be polite by all means up to the last round of the gallows-ladder, but still the man is hanged. We can be rude only towards friends, when we are certain that they don't take it amiss. How rude is one, for example, towards one's wife, in comparison with other ladies!"

There is some confusion between truth and expediency in the first of the two following extracts, and in both there is a curious regard for public opinion, though in the latter it is treated with forced contempt.

I had the pleasure to telegraph news of a fresh victory of the German arms, that is to say, Garibaldi had yesterday got a severe thrashing near Dijon, and the troops of Prince Frederic Charles had on the same day defeated a French force exceeding their own in number, by Beaune la Roland. When I submitted the second telegram to the chancellor, he observed, "Many hundred prisoners says nothing. Many hundred means at least a thousand, and if we give the loss on our side as a thousand men, but only say of the enemy that he has experienced a greater loss, that is a piece of clumsiness which others may permit themselves, but not we. I beg of you in the future to make your telegrams a little more politic."

On one occasion he observed to Reggenbach, "I have just looked through the cuttings from the journals. How they fly out against the treaties! They won't say a good word for them—the *National Zeitung*, the *Kölnische Zeitung*. The *Weser Zeitung* is as usual the most reasonable. How truly must we put up with criticism! But we are responsible if anything comes to pass, while the critics are irresponsible. It is all the same to me whether they blame me, provided the matter is only successful in the Imperial Diet. History may say, The wretched chancellor might have managed things better; but I was responsible."

There is an odious flavor about the following:—

The minister continued: "I think that if the Parisians have once obtained a supply of provisions, and are then put on half rations and obliged to feel hunger again, that will prove effectual. It is the same as with the whipping-post. When a man there is beaten for some time without a pause, it loses its effect. But when the process is interrupted and then recommenced, that is anything but agreeable. I know that from my experience of the criminal court. There beating was still practised."

Nobody will be surprised at the value set on parliamentary eloquence by such a man as Prince Bismarck—*impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer*.

"The gift of eloquence has spoiled much in parliamentary life. So much time is needed, since all who think they can do something must have their say, even when they have nothing new to bring forward. There is too much talking in the air, and too little to the purpose. Everything is already arranged in the party meetings, and so they speak in the house solely for the public, to whom they want to show what they can do, and still more for the newspapers, which are expected to praise." "The day will yet come when eloquence will be regarded as a quality injurious to the State, and punished when it is guilty of a long speech." "We have one assembly," he continued, "which practises no eloquence, and which has nevertheless done more for German interests than any other—that is the Federal Council (*Bundesrath*). I remember, indeed, that at first some attempts were made in this direction. But I cut that short—at last I addressed them somewhat in these words: 'Gentlemen, we have nothing to do here with eloquence, with speeches which are intended to convince, because everybody brings his conviction with him in his pocket—that is to say his instructions. It is mere waste of time. I think we had better confine ourselves to the representation of facts.' And so it was. Nobody attempted a long speech after that. For this reason business was despatched much more quickly, and the Council has really accomplished much."

An incident of the entry into Paris is worth recording:—

The chief related at dinner that he had gone into Paris with the troops, and had been recognized by the people. Nevertheless, no demonstration against him followed. There was one man, however, who scowled at him in a very noticeable way. The minister at once rode up and begged a light of him, and the request was readily acceded to.

Prince Bismarck's contempt for France is sometimes brought in by head and ears, as witness an illustration from the classics:—

The conversation turning upon mythology, he said that "he never could take to Apollo." He had "flayed a man (Marsyas) out of pure conceit and envy, and shot dead the daughters of Niobe from similar motives. He is," he continued, "the genuine type of a Frenchman; he is one of those who can't bear that any one should play the flute better than themselves." His being on the side of the Trojans, too, did not recommend him. His man would have been honest Vulcan, or, better still, Neptune—perhaps on account of the *Quos ego!* which however, he left unsaid.

The following jottings may fill up a hearty and rather coarse picture:—

We had before us cognac, claret, and sparkling hock. Somebody mentioned beer, and thought we ought to have this too. The minister replied: "We don't want that. The extensive use of beer is a thing to be regretted. It makes people stupid, lazy, and feeble. Our democratic pot-house politics are traceable to its influences. A bottle of good brandy were preferable."

On the road to Busancy the chancellor said: "The whole day I had had nothing but ration bread and bacon. Now we got a few eggs—five or six. The men wanted to have them boiled; I, however, like them raw. Accordingly I appropriated a couple, smashed them with my pommel, and refreshed myself. At daybreak I enjoyed the first warm food I had tasted for thirty-six hours; it was only pea-soup, offered me by General Göben, but it seemed most delicious."

Later there was a roast fowl, "whose toughness was, however, too much for the best tooth." It had been offered to the minister by a sutler after he had purchased an undressed one from a soldier. Bismarck had taken the former, paid for it, and had given the man in addition the one purchased from the soldier. "If we meet again in the war," he said, "you can return me the fowl roasted. If not, I hope you will restore it in Berlin."

On the road we caught up some fagged Bavarians, common soldiers, who were dragging themselves slowly along under a scorching sun. "Ho, countryman!" called out the chancellor to one of them. "Would you like

a drink of cognac?" Of course he would, and so would another, to judge from his longing eyes, and a third too, and so they drank, and a few more too, each a draught out of the minister's travelling-flask, and then out of mine. A cigar apiece appropriately closed the proceedings.

One old story will bear re-telling:—

I asked the minister about the celebrated cigar-story. "At the sittings of the military commission, when Rochow represented Prussia at the Diet, only Austria smoked. Rochow, being a passionate smoker, would certainly have liked to do likewise, but did not venture. When I came, I too longed for a cigar; and as I saw no reason why I should not have one, I begged a light from the president, and my request seemed to strike him and the other gentlemen with astonishment. It was manifestly an event for them. Now only Austria and Prussia smoked. The other gentlemen thought the matter so important, that they sent home a report upon the point. The matter required much consideration, and for half a year only the two great powers smoked. Then Schrenkh, the Bavarian ambassador, began to support the dignity of his position by smoking. Nostitz of Saxony would have liked to join us, but seemed not to have received permission from his minister. On the next occasion, seeing the Hanoverian Bothwer indulging himself, he seems to have come to an understanding with Rodberg; for he presently took a cigar from his case, and smoked away. There were only left Württemberg and Darmstadt. But now the honor and importance of their States imperatively demanded a similar right; and so at the following sitting the Württemberg delegate took out a cigar—I see it before me now, it was a long, thin, yellowish thing—and smoked half of it as a sacrifice to the Fatherland."

Herr Busch's book confirms the general impression that has been made upon European opinion by the figure of Prince Bismarck. His force is evident: he is very superior to the ministers, the diplomatists, and the sovereigns of his epoch; he dominates them from the heights of his ascendancy. His superiority seems to consist in this, that he has perceived clearly what are the forces now active in Europe, and now effective in working the various transformations of Europe—the principle of nationalities, democratic aspirations, the press—and he has found out the secret of using them all in turn, and making them his instruments. His conception is definite and precise. He knows clearly what it is that he wants, while the others have only fugitive and flitting gleams. He has a will, while around him people have only velleities. His execution is rapid, violent, assured, merciless.

His passion is evidently the greatness of his country. He attaches no great value either to honors, or wealth, or pleasures. But he is hard, and pays little heed to the lives of men. War has no horror to him. The German of the primitive time survives in him; or, rather, he appears among us like the god Thor of the Scandinavian Olympus, bearing in his hand his iron hammer, and unchaining the tempests.

EMILE DE LAVELEYE.

A DOUBTING HEART.

BY MISS KEARY,
AUTHOR OF "CASTLE DALY," "OLDBURY," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

(continued.)

"WHAT was the foolish lad so pleased about? What nonsense was he getting into his head now?"

The clock struck again before either spoke, and then it was Dr. Urquhart who started, for he thought it was about five minutes since he shook hands with Emmie, and had not the least conception that his mother had been looking at him disapprovingly for exactly half an hour. He even lighted and brought her bedroom candle, and stooped to give her the never-omitted good-night kiss, before he perceived the disquiet in her face, and became aware that there was something wrong.

"Mother!" he exclaimed. For a minute they stood looking at each other; and Mrs. Urquhart, though she would not withdraw her eyes from his, felt as if the Land of Beulah was crumbling round her. "Are you really very angry with me for interrupting your talk with Miss West just now?" he asked. "Have not I a right to my share of talk with her as well as you?"

"It was very ill-judged, Graham," Mrs. Urquhart began, quite relieved that the opportunity of speaking her mind had come so soon. "It does not signify what an old woman like myself says to a girl; but when you strike in you make it serious. If you did but know how you looked when you came stalking down upon us from the inner room!"

"I looked very ridiculous, I dare say; one generally does when one is very much in earnest; but, mother, you are generally so quick at guessing. Don't you understand why I could not bear to hear you

put such a notion into her head? She is such a child; she has no thought yet but for her own people and her own home. I am letting her go without a word, trusting to her coming back as simple-hearted as she went, and I hear you calmly suggesting a possibility I have not allowed myself to think of — that I could not bear!"

"Graham! — and you say yourself that 'she is a mere child.'"

"The dearest — the loveliest — the most perfect in the world. My wife and your daughter in the years to come — please God, mother — if only we have her safe back again."

Dr. Urquhart was not really a vain man, only a little over-hopeful, as early successful people are apt to be, and it did not occur to him that a simple little childish heart like this, might be the one good thing in the world — the one prize, that, for all his other triumphs, was beyond his winning. He did not think of that, and having spoken those two fateful words so sacred to him, he drew up his head, winking a little moisture perhaps from his eyes, but proud and smiling.

Mrs. Urquhart sank down into her chair quite overwhelmed. She had fancied she wished her son to fall in love and marry. She had even been planning magnanimously for Katharine Moore, at some quite distant date — a sensible, reliable, not too beautiful young woman. Mrs. Urquhart was of Mr. Caxton's opinion as to the middling style of beauty desirable in one's son's wife — she could, she thought, have put up with that. But a child with a pink and white face like Emmie West; an impulsive kittenish young thing, who came to her room, not two days ago, to borrow a thimble, confessing that her own had been missing for a fortnight — to give up the mending of her son's linen, and the first place in his affection, to such charge as that, and not at a vaguely distant day either! Old as she was, Mrs. Urquhart had too vivid a recollection of scenes following on her Edinburgh journey to be in doubt, when signs of the real true feeling were before her eyes. Yes, yes. Love, with all his youthful unrest, and all his jealous pangs and cloudy distractions, had come to-night into the Land of Beulah — but was it the Land of Beulah any longer, or only a hilly part of the journey where Apollyon had to be met and conquered once more? Mrs. Urquhart pressed her hands hard down on the arms of her chair, and turned her head away. She was naturally a warm-tempered, jealous-hearted woman, and had had hard struggles with

herself in past times. But she was used to victory. In five minutes it was all over. Apollyon had put his dart back again into the sheath, and spread his broad wings for flight, worsted for the last time, and sweet breaths from the heavenly hills were blowing tranquillity and peace about her old heart again. Was not her own love waiting for her there, beyond the river? and could she be so base as to grudge this good son a free choice of his?

"Dear little Emmie West!" she said softly. "How I wish I had given her a second kiss to-night—a mother's kiss! Well, we will both be in the way to see her to-morrow morning, before she leaves the house, and whenever the time comes, as of course it will come, as soon as we have her here again, and you bring her to me for my blessing, there will be a warm welcome ready for her. She's too good a daughter not to make a good wife for you, my son, and though she did not of course intend it, she showed plainly enough to-night which way her inclination was going."

"You think so really, mother? You make me very happy."

And when Mrs. Urquhart, afraid of a relapse if she were obliged to listen to any further raptures this evening, stretched out her hand for her bed-candle, she received the most affectionate embrace from her son she had had since the night of her widowhood—when he put his boyish arms round her and offered her the devotion of his young life to make up for her desolation. Of course she had known all along that the hour of her dethronement would come, she would have been quite miserable if it had never come, and now that it was here a little soon, she felt that the one thing to be done was to strip herself of every valued possession still her own, and cast all at the feet of her supplanter. What had she good enough to offer to Emmie West—to the person who had won her son's heart from her?

As she felt too much excited when she got into her own room to prepare for rest at once, she seated herself before her dressing-table and began an elaborate inspection of old treasures, to discover something that might be sacrificed to her rival to-morrow. Should it be the wonderful cairngorm brooch that Graham had bought for her after their first separation with the savings of his school allowance? or the solid gold pencil-case that represented his first fee? or that dearer treasure yet, the old-fashioned locket in which her husband had put the first baby lock of hair? No, that must be a later gift. It

LIVING AGE. VOL. XXV. 1262

was dedicated to-night, but reserved for the bridal morning. The cairngorm brooch should be offered first. And then Mrs. Urquhart put on her strongest spectacles and wrote a neat little note to be slipped with the brooch into Emmie's hand next morning; wondering, as she laboriously picked her phrases to make them cordial enough, that a disciplined heart should have such clinging roots round earthly possessions still, and yield the first place so grudgingly.

If her ears had been quick enough, or if she could have seen through the ceiling of her room on to the balcony of the story above, her sense of loneliness would have been lessened, for she would have discovered that another heart in that house to-night was going through the self-same struggle. A novice learning her first lesson out of the great book of sacrifice in which women graduate for heaven, instead of a veteran spelling out the finis to which she had arrived.

Mildie was the fellow-sufferer. The evening had been a very trying one for her. All the boys—including Harry—had been out of spirits, and consequently capacious with her tea-making, and after tea came an order from Mr. West for a general turn-out of the common stock of schoolbooks, that the most available specimens might be set aside for Aubrey to take to school with him. Harry presided over the business, but of course Mildie could not keep herself from hovering near her treasures, and smarting under a keen sense of injustice as she heard one after another of her favorites disposed of without any reference to her claims on them. Mildie's Euclid was it? bought with her own money? Well, it was the only decent one among the lot. She must give it up, and be content with Casa's old one. What could it matter to her if the second half of the third book was torn out? She would never get anything like so far with no one to help her. The Latin dictionary that had lost all its D's and its L's, might stay on the schoolroom shelf. The Gentle Lamb was going to leave off Latin and sink to the commercial school after Easter, and as for Mildie, she was only learning for her own amusement. It could not signify if she had to guess all the words beginning with D or L for the rest of her life. A girl's Latin translations were sure to be rum enough, Casa opined, whatever sort of dictionary she used.

To wind up the insults and injuries of the evening, Mildie was requested, quite good-naturedly, for no one had noticed her

sufferings, to write Aubrey's name and address legibly in the first page of each of these books — her books that she had valued and used so much more diligently, and to so much better purpose than anybody else in the house — and then to take them and put them away in his room to be packed in his new school-box to-morrow. She did it, mentally comparing herself to a Carthaginian mother dropping her children through the hands of Moloch; but on leaving Casa's attic, she felt she could not go down-stairs again to look at the ravished bookshelves and be badgered by the boys for her red eyes. What remotest corner of the house should she rush to, to have a good cry and ease her angry heart? Members of large families in crowded houses find the luxury of grief as difficult of attainment sometimes as other luxuries generally supposed to be more costly. Mildie could think of only one spot where she could secure five minutes' solitude and freedom to look as she liked and sob as loudly as she pleased without provoking criticism.

This spot was rather a summer's than a winter's retreat — a certain level bit of the leads at the back of the house, to which there was access by a little door in one of the attic rooms. The night was cold and there was snow on the roof, but what did that matter? Mildie threw a shawl over her head, pushed the little door hard, and emerged among a forest of chimney-pots. She soon made her way among them to the spot she had in her mind, and then stood still. The novelty of the scene in its winter aspect drew her thoughts from herself at first, and checked the tears she had come to shed. Far below were the gas-lights stretching up and down the narrow back street, and a file of men and women drudging past them through the black slush to which the morning's snow had been trampled; but around her still lay patches of dazzling white mixed with red gables and yawning black chimneys, and over all stretched a sky of thin cloud, silvered in one spot with frosty moonlight. Dictionaries and Euclids did not look so all-important here in this wide white-and-black world as they had looked in the schoolroom below, but Mildie was not disposed to let go her hold on her grievance so easily. Hers was not a romantic sorrow, like that of a young girl wounded in her first secret love, but perhaps she felt quite as forlorn and sore-hearted as any lovesick maiden, and she had come up here to have it out with herself.

It was hard, yes, it was hard — and no

one saw the hardship. She was the only person in the family who cared for study, and she was robbed of her opportunities and turned into a drudge without any one so much as acknowledging that it was a sacrifice. Her life was taken up and folded away in the dark that other people might do as they pleased with theirs. Alma marry a rich man, and Emmie travel abroad with Aunt Rivers, and Casa enjoy privileges he would make nothing of — and all the time Mildie had thoughts and ambitions in that rough head of hers such as would never come to any of them. She knew it well enough, though she knew also that she should be laughed utterly to scorn by every one if she were even to hint at anything of the kind. Oh, it did seem hard! and now the tears came in a plentiful rain, and Mildie crossed her arms on the wet parapet, quite heedless of damage to the shawl in which she had folded them, and laid her face down and sobbed out her moan. Stormy, heart-shaking sobs at first, dying down into gentler heaving of her breast against the grimy wet parapet she had chosen to weep upon.

"Hush! hush!"

The sound seemed to come out of the air and dropped into Mildie's ears, half soothingly, half remonstratingly, in rough, but loving tones.

"Hush, then, hush!"

She raised her head and looked over the parapet. The words were being spoken down there. A woman was leaning against the railings of an area below, resting for a moment while she tried to readjust her burden, a wailing child, so as to give it a warmer fold of a ragged shawl in which her half-naked bosom and it were wrapped together.

"Hush, dear, hush!"

It was a softer whisper now, soft, almost satisfied, for the child's cries were stilled, and Mildie, from her station above, saw the mother pull herself upright and set out on her way again, staggering and swaying under her load from weakness and weariness, but plodding on and on down the dim street, through ice and mire, till darkness and distance swallowed her up.

How long had she been carrying that baby, and how far? — Mildie vaguely wondered. How her arms must ache, and yet how closely they clasped their burden round!

There was something more in Mildie after all than the pert, pedantic schoolgirl she appeared to outsiders. She could understand other things besides languages

and mathematics, and get glimpses, sometimes in irregular ways, into matters that her studies did not touch at all. She could not have explained to Casabianca why that woman's "Hush!" and the sight of her burdened figure plodding on down the comfortless street, took all the anger and pain out of her heart, and suddenly elevated household drudgery far above learning, into a kind of glorious martyrdom indeed, which had no shade of bitterness in it: yet such was the effect it had on her. She no longer felt injured or solitary — there were other burden-bearers, more than enough. Was one a woman for anything else? Mildie saw it all in a flash of lightning; and something else too loomed up vague and grand in her thoughts to be pondered over till it grew clear in after years. The woman-born, who called himself the chief bearer of burdens, was it not in virtue of nearness to him that the call to bear burdens for others, unthanked and unnoticed, came so often to women? Was there anything really greater? Was it not being called to sit in the highest room, nearest to the Giver of the feast?

Mrs. Urquhart would have been content with her fellow-struggler's progress in her first lesson, if she could have read the thoughts that busied Mildie's brain as she crept back through the low door into the house again, and set herself to wash the grimy marks from her shawl at the sink in the housemaid's closet. It was cold there, but Emmie and her mother were still talking in the bedroom, and Mildie resolved not to disturb them by bringing her own uncomfortable self into their presence before it was necessary.

When she crept into the room at last, all was quiet, and Emmie was kneeling by her bedside, lingering a little longer than usual, this last night, over her evening prayers. For the last week or so, since a certain conversation with Alma, Emmie had added a clause to her petitions for relations and friends which had Alma's name in it, a prayer hardly worded but breathed low — that when the time came Alma might be led to make somebody happy — or rather kept from giving him such pain as Emmie knew of. To-night she paused over the words, for she remembered suddenly that it was too late to frame such a petition now. It was all over, and Alma had put it out of her power to give joy or pain to that person more. There was, as he had phrased it himself, "nothing more to be said." The recollection brought Emmie's prayers to a hasty conclusion. She jumped up and hurried

to bed, for she was conscious that a great throb had come to her heart with that certainty, a throb of triumph, not of pain, and it frightened her to find such a feeling had come for such a cause.

CHAPTER XVI.

SNOWDROPS.

To enjoy a walk through Kensington Gardens as Christabel Moore enjoyed hers one soft February afternoon a week after Emmie left England, one must have lived for a year at least in a close quarter of London; one must have had a good deal of anxious hard work to do there, and perhaps, added to this, one must be young, and an artist, and a dreamer with an untroubled heart, like Christabel.

One thing is certain that the touch of the sun-warmed wind on her cheek, and the fresh, growing smell from the borders, and the tremulous quiver of life in the slender branch-tips against the sky, transported Christabel into a world of rapture where not many people could have followed her. Katharine could not, she would have enjoyed a leisurely walk beneath the budding trees, and noted all the tokens of reviving vegetation more minutely perhaps than Christabel, but she would have seen a good many other things too that would somewhat have spoiled the spring poetry for her. The pinched, pale faces of the group of children, hunting among that heap of dead leaves for a possible last year's chestnut, — the staggering gait of the man who has just left the seat by the pond and wandered away among the trees, — the hunchbacked figure crutching itself slowly down the broad walk.

The human side of the picture would have been too prominent with Katharine, to permit her to revel in the natural beauty, but Christabel was endowed with the fairy gift of seeing everywhere just what she chose to see, one aspect of things at a time, and that so intently as to shut out all else, even herself, from her thoughts.

To-day, she was not merely in Kensington Gardens, she was walking through a bridal chamber, and seeing the newly-awakened earth deck herself in the fairest of her many robes to receive her bridegroom's greeting kiss — that vesture of faintest, tenderest green, which in England nature puts on for a day or two at the opening of the year and lays aside in tears, never to be resumed again, when her bridegroom Summer disappoints her and delays his coming. No touch of the evanescent glory was lost on Christabel;

her eyes greedily drank in all the delicate coloring, the pale sunshine, the pearly-grey shadows, the misty haze of green in which the black branches of the distant trees seemed to be bathed, the touches of autumn russet lingering here and there, the lovely tints of the clouds reflected in the water. As she looked, her pulse quickened with a vague expectation and hope of coming joy, as if she herself had become a portion of the new activity she felt stirring in all things around her.

It never occurred to her that passers-by might stare to see her stand motionless so long peering down at the common wonder of an open-eyed daisy in the grass. And as she followed with rapture in her eyes the heavy flight of a rook over the roof of Kensington Palace, bearing a twig for the repair of its nest in the venerable rookery behind Holland House, she did not hear the remark, "How strange!" which two ladies who had left their carriage at the gate, and were taking a turn down the broad walk, exchanged as they passed her, their long trains almost touching her dusty feet. They even glanced back, when they had walked some distance, to ascertain if she was still standing gazing up at the clouds, so strangely had the intense joy in her small, pale face struck them, and so unaccountable did it appear to them, that a grown-up person should take such an absorbed interest in the flight of a bird. A shabby person too, whose brown dress — though it was brightened with scarlet ribbons — was made of the commonest materials, and of a style that had not come out of any fashion-book. What reason could she have to be happy because the rooks were building their nests again and spring was coming? Spring could not mean a gay London season for her!

Christabel's soul had followed the rook to its wind-rocked ancestral castle, and wished it success in its building by the time these observers had done puzzling themselves about her, and then she turned off the walk among the trees, ready for the next pleasure the spring afternoon had to give her. She had a full hour for enjoyment, for a lesson she had come into that part of London to give had been interrupted at its commencement, and as Katharine would not expect her home till the usual time, she could spend the interval in walking about as she pleased. The feel of the grass under her feet carried her thoughts back to other springs, and visions rose of green valleys starred with primroses running up between the velvety or wooded sides of Lancashire hills, but she

did not regret them, they were as much hers here as there, for they were a part of the spring in which she was rejoicing.

The sunshine and the west wind were telling her of the growth of flowers somewhere, and that was enough — nay, did not the air even seem to bring her a faint, faint suggestion of the delicate odor of spring flowers? This became so real, that it woke her from her reverie at last, and forced her to notice where she had wandered. She was standing close to the gardener's cottage, near Queen's Gate, and the flowers she had been dreaming about were at her feet — not mountain primroses indeed, but something that for the moment did quite as well for Christabel — a border fenced in, but open to sight, of early snow-drops, with here and there a crocus bud breaking like a flake of fire among their snow.

The discovery so delighted her that she turned round involuntarily to look for Katharine to share her joy, and her eyes fell on a little child lying asleep close to the railings, through which he had pushed the fingers of one hand. He had crept away from a group of larger children at play by the pond, tempted by the flowers, and fallen asleep weary with his efforts to reach them.

Christabel stooped down to look at the little white face, and one of those quick impulses that broke in upon her dreamy moods seized her. Poor little human bud that had so much less promise in its opening than the brother flower-buds it had stretched after in vain, what could she do to bring a little touch of spring-tide pleasure near it?

She had some biscuit in her bag which she had forgotten to eat at luncheon time, and the notion of slipping them into the thin hand that lay stretched out sleepily on the grass, and then stealing out of sight, leaving the little one to open its eyes on the gift without any clue from whence it came, just pleased her fancy. The sleepy fingers clutched the food with the instinct of hunger, and Christabel, stooping down, drew the corner of the child's ragged frock over his hand to hide what it held from any covetous passer-by. Then she stood watching till the eyelids that had half opened at her touch closed comfortably, and the even breathing of baby sleep came again.

She was just thinking of moving away, when a voice close behind her said, —

"Good afternoon, Miss Moore; is it one of our old friends you have got there, or a 'babe in the wood' that you are cov-

ering with leaves? May another robin come and help?"

She turned at the sound of the voice, and her hand was taken and eagerly clasped in another, and she was conscious of a look of extreme pleasure in two handsome grey eyes which met and held hers a second or two before she could think of any word to say in answer.

It was not exactly surprise at the meeting that kept her silent — she had always thought she should meet "Fortunatus" (as she called him in her thoughts) again sometime — it was rather the wonder that comes when an event falls out so exactly as it has been imagined that it seems a result, or an echo of the thought. If she had spoken out the first words that came to her, she would have said, "So you are really here to-day. I felt as if you ought to come on such a day as this, and you are here."

Luckily, words always lagged very far behind thoughts with her, and her companion was in no hurry for her to speak; he was quite satisfied with what her eyes and the delicate rose-flush that spread over her face said as they stood together in the spring sunshine. Even when the greetings were ended, and they were walking side by side, the conversation flowed slowly at first, and they did not for a few minutes look at each other again. Each seemed to be afraid of disturbing the impression of that involuntary meeting gaze which had made questions and answers, greetings and assurances of pleasure in each other's company, so ridiculously poor and unnecessary.

Lord Anstice spoke first.

"Well, I shall always know where to find you for the future. I shall look out for the most miserable, starved, ragged child in London, and stick close to him; and by-and-by you'll appear to give him a surprise."

"I did not know I was such a difficult person to find," said Christabel shyly.

"You are, however; I have called three times in Saville Street since I got back to London, and each time you were out; and on the last occasion I had the door almost slammed in my face by an old dragon who muttered something about lodgers' visitors. After that I invaded your old watchmaker's shop, and tried to pump him about your times and seasons of going out and being at home; but not a word could I drag out of him, though I hung about his place over an hour, and would have bought a chronometer if he would have let me."

"How odd of David! but you quite mis-

took the way to his heart if you showed even a distant intention of carrying off one of his three chronometers. A reasonable silver hunting-watch he might have sold you with pleasure, if he thought you capable of taking care of it, and that you could rightly afford to pay for it; but one of his chronometers that he has been working at half his lifetime, it would take a long and intimate acquaintance for David to trust you with that, and," — glancing up timidly, but yet with a mischievous gleam in her eyes — "I doubt whether you are exactly the sort of person ever to merit such a mark of confidence from him."

"Why not? Why should not he trust me?"

"The story of Fortunatus's purse would tell terribly against you with David. He is a Scotchman, and a political economist as well, and I have often wondered what he would say to our indiscriminate giving that night. Do you know I have even been a little bit afraid myself that it was wrong — to you — I hope —"

Christabel hesitated; and then, looking up into Fortunatus's face, while the color rushed over her own, she said earnestly, —

"I have often thought about it, and hoped that my recklessness that night did not really inconvenience you — that it has been made up to you some way. Will you tell me if the engagement — the work that has kept you away from London all this time, has proved as profitable as I hope it has, and more than made amends for your generosity?"

Her eyes fell from his face as she spoke, and wandered over his person as if half afraid of detecting some sign of privation; and he turned a little away, coloring almost as vividly as she had done.

"Work! oh it did not make any difference to me! But, Miss Christabel," in a pleased tone, "it was immensely jolly of you to trouble your head as much as all that about me. Nobody else does. You have really been afraid I should miss that money?"

"You must forgive me if I have made a mistake; you see I have not at present any very grand notions of an artist's earnings. My own are not so magnificent as to warrant recklessness, and though I am beginning to have a few friends in my own profession, I don't get much encouragement from their experience. We none of us can boast of rapid success; and did you not tell me you were only a beginner?"

"Only a beginner, as you say; but — these friends of yours" (in a tone of discontent) "you said *we*."

"Why should not I have friends? I am not the only girl in London working at art."

"Oh yes, I see, lady friends. Well, I don't fall in with men friends so easily. I have always been a surly-tempered, lonely sort of fellow—since I can remember myself, best pleased with my own company. When I was little my mother shut me up, and made a misanthrope of me by way of keeping me out of temptation, and when I came to be my own master, though I broke loose at first, and saw something of the world, the instinct to get back into my shell and follow out my crotchets alone soon came back. I don't like half the world to know what I'm doing. My notion of happiness is to get out of the crowd and feel free, with plenty of space to do what I like, and be what I like, without any one troubling his or her head about me. I fancy that must be your taste too."

"I am not over six feet high," said Christabel, peeping up at her companion's towering head, and not being able to keep a gleam of the admiration she felt from stealing under her thick eyelashes. "There is no need for me to pine for solitudes. I can creep about low down in a crowd without anybody seeing me."

"I saw you, though. The two millions of people in London could not hide you from me. I found you out. I shall always feel grateful to a crowd for that."

There was a moment's silence, and then Christabel said, with that fine smile of hers, just touched with sarcasm, "Does nothing short of an accident in a crowd force a friend upon you? I should not have given you credit for such resolute reserve, from what I have seen of you."

"What! Because I have talked of myself to you, and, as you think, told you so much about my private concerns? You'll understand the ins and outs of my oddities better some day, and meanwhile I can tell you that it takes a great deal more than an accident in a crowd to make me speak out. It takes *you*—nothing in the world less than that would do it—and besides I had seen you before the accident, and made up my mind in a minute to see you again if I could."

"You would have found it very hard," said Christabel. "I am a will-o'-the-wisp even to myself, and I don't think I am always to be seen at the place where my body is, if you can understand such a thing. I can walk about and talk very fairly well, to most people, without being *there* at all. I have been doing it all this afternoon, till first the flowers and then

you brought the two halves of me together."

"Did I not know that as well as you can tell it me? I was watching you for half an hour before I spoke to you, waiting for you to come back. I shall never mind waiting till you are ready to talk; it interests me; and I say, now we have met a second time, we are not going to lose sight of each other for two months again. Are we?"

"I don't know," said Christabel hesitatingly; "we are very busy people, Katharine and I, and we have not much time to give to our friends. I am afraid—I mean I think—it must be on rare days, Christmas eves, spring days in the middle of winter like this, that we look for meetings. That is how I think it will be."

"I don't think so. That would not satisfy me. It might suit you well enough, who have lots of friends, all those people you called *we*, but you forget how lonely I am. You will see me a great deal oftener than that now I have come back to London."

"Are you really quite as lonely as you say?" asked Christabel, smiling. "You talk of my friends, but there is your cousin, whom all my little Saville Street world are enthusiastic in praising, whom even the magnificent Miss Alma Rivers is said to regard with favor. We have no such hero among our acquaintance, to give us consequence and stand by us in our troubles."

"Wynyard! so people praise him to *you*, do they? Spare me the repetition. He has been thrust upon me all my life by one person or another, and there are reasons why I have always more or less of an uncomfortable feeling when I am with him. I don't mean but that he is a thoroughly good fellow, and I've no doubt I should, as you suggest, take my troubles to him; but for pleasure give me a companion that no one has recommended to me. Why not you and your sister? Why should not you help me through some of my lonely evenings? Why should not you give lessons to me, as well as to your old watchmaker?"

"You would soon find old David a very contentious fellow-pupil, and would tire of sitting among his clocks, listening to his bad French and queer philosophy."

"I did not mean that. I meant why should I not come to Saville Street on the evenings when you are at home, and have a lesson—say in drawing? There must be lots of things that you could teach me, for I have never found any one from whom I could learn anything worth learning yet."

"You ought to be able to draw a great deal better than I do to call yourself an artist at all — but —"

"You will let me come?"

"I will ask Katharine. It is not our own house, you know; we pay a very small rent for our attic rooms, and we don't feel that we have a right to bring many visitors, much less a regular pupil to the house — and besides — we think a great deal of ourselves, it is true, but hardly so much as to induce us to undertake you for a scholar."

"It must be managed somehow; we will never be so long again — two months without seeing each other."

Christabel's smiling eyes fell under the look that went with these words, and they sauntered on under the trees in another pleasant, spell-bound silence, that lasted for many minutes without either finding it awkward. It seemed a waste of time to talk, while the sunshine fell so softly round them, and the certainty of content in each other's presence had stolen into their hearts, making them tremblingly afraid of perilling their new joy by words that were sure to be less true than the thoughts which seemed to pass unexpressed between them. It might have been an hour, and it might have been five, for any account of time they took, when Christabel found herself close to the gate by which she was accustomed to leave the gardens on her way to Saville Street, and noticed how long their shadows lay on the gravel walk.

"I must make haste home," she exclaimed, "Katharine will be there before me, and I don't like that to happen; for since her accident she has taken to being nervous for me, though never for herself."

"But home is a long way off, and I am going to call on your sister; our walk does not end here."

"I am afraid it must. I shall ride home in that red omnibus you see standing there, and I don't think Katharine would like me to bring a visitor, not even a new pupil, home to-night. She is not quite strong yet, and she will have had an anxious day. She was to see a friend this afternoon who has undertaken to give her information and advice about the next steps she is to take in following out her medical studies. She fears she has come to an end of the little she can do in England, and the decision she will have heard to-day is all-important to us, and will need a great deal of talking over, and perhaps the forming of new plans."

"Not anything that will take you away from London, I hope. Do you know once or twice while I was in Scotland such a horror came over me with the thought that I might never find you again, that I could hardly keep myself from rushing off by the next train to make sure that those wonderful attics and yourself were in the land of reality where I could get at you! You won't vanish away suddenly now that I have found you again?"

"What makes you think of such a thing? I shall go wherever Katharine has to go, of course; but our changes can't be sudden; we could not give up our pupils and our work at once, too much depends on them, as I should think you would know."

"It would be too hard on me, if when, for the first time in my life, I have found friends to my mind they should be whisked away before I have got any good out of them. Shall you be passing through the gardens at the same hour next week? Since Saville Street seems to be an almost impregnable fortress, I must look out for you here. I shall be sure to meet you here, at all events."

"Yes, at all events," said Christabel, disengaging her hand from the farewell clasp which threatened to be too long. She did not feel quite satisfied with herself when she was in the omnibus on her way back to Katharine, and was able to think quietly over what she had said and looked and felt. She wished, since she could not deny to herself that this unexpected meeting was a great event to her, that she had accepted Fortunatus's offer of companionship home, and given Katharine an opportunity of seeing and understanding once for all the terms of close acquaintanceship into which they two had unaccountably stumbled. She regretted for the hundredth time that small concealment on Christmas eve, which had made her, so she thought, shy of speaking her artist friend's name to Katharine, and induced her to hide away, as she had never before hidden thought or feeling from Katharine, the recollections that had been often in her mind, the oftener, perhaps, because she had never spoken them. How could she begin now, and how would Katharine bear the revelation of an interest absorbing her, in whose beginnings she had had no part? Was it really true that such a thing had happened as that she had a separate interest from Katharine? Christabel tried for a time to argue the unwelcome conviction away, but ended by only wishing vehemently that she could feel as free from any personal con-

cern in the discussion of future plans that was to take place this evening, as she had felt when she set forth on her day's work. There was no use she found in telling herself that she was free; she must keep her strength for struggling to put the selfish, unshared interest aside, and try to hide from Katharine's tender eyes the anxiety she was herself aware of, the sick eagerness which she feared would make her hang breathless on Katharine's words, and feel as if each wise reason she might bring forward in favor of leaving London was a sentence of banishment, a death-warrant to a hope which was already the sum of interest in life to her. What a terrible bondage to have fallen into since morning, and yet the next minute Christabel was smiling to herself. Since morning — one little day — and it was possible to live a week, a month, a year, a lifetime of days, every one of which might be rich with the same delight that this one had held.

CHAPTER XVII.

LETTERS.

KATHARINE was the first to reach home. While she waited for Christabel, she moved their tea-table from the neighborhood of the fire to the window recess, spread the tea before the open window, and placed a little bunch of violets among the cups and saucers to celebrate, on this first mild evening of the year, a change from their winter to their summer quarters, as important to them as going out of town is to other people. She had finished her arrangements some little time before Christabel appeared, yet she did not, as she had been in the habit of doing lately, greet her entrance with an exclamation of relief. She looked up eagerly indeed from a letter she had just finished reading, but there was some other thought than welcome of Christabel in her face, something so important that it had put ordinary thoughts aside for a while.

"Letters," said Christabel, hurrying up to her, and finding her heart sink with a vague foreboding as she looked into Katharine's deep eyes and tried to make out what the unusual expression in them meant. An augury of change, surely, but what of that? Christabel had always hitherto been ready for the next step, not having had any great stake in things as they were till now.

"Letters for us?"

"Yes, indeed; and one that will have a most important bearing on our discussion

to-night. I have hardly taken it in yet. At first sight it seems almost too good to be real, and that there must be objections underneath when we come to think it over. But let us have tea first. I had meant this to be our festival of settling into spring habits; and I intended to give our sunset chimney-pots an affectionate greeting for another summer's contemplation of them; and here comes a reversal of everything. But eat first. What have we to be afraid of, dearest? So long as we keep together, and our plans are progressing, what can it matter whether chimney-pots or snow-mountains reflect the sunsets we watch side by side?"

"Snow-mountains!" repeated Christabel slowly. "Then I suppose the result of your inquiries to-day convinces you of the uselessness of remaining longer in London, and that you must seek what you want further away; but I thought it was to be Paris."

"So it was this morning, but I had come to the conclusion just now that for *that* I must wait another whole year. I have consulted my friends, and even had a talk with Dr. Urquhart, who was wonderfully kind, and entered into the matter thoroughly; we won't say for whose sake, but certainly it was not through any special sympathy with my aims. It is perfectly true, as I feared. The one door which let one lady student through is closed forever against women in England. My year's private study has given me courage to persevere, and certainty of my own powers of endurance, but it has not advanced me a single step towards my end, and every month longer in London will be wasted time. Yet I had come to the sad conclusion that another summer at least must be wasted, for that our funds were not in a condition to allow us to risk such a step as removal to Paris, where we might be long before you got any work, and where, though we might easily find another Air Throne, we should not have such a landlady as Mrs. West, or such friends as the Urquharts. I came home out of heart, thinking that everything was against me. I am not so strong as I used to be since my illness, I think; and just as I was looking at our chimney-pots, and wondering how long the months of another summer of hope deferred would seem, I heard the postman's knock down below, and the next minute up came Mildred West with the letters we are going to read together after tea. You look pale, darling; you have walked too far. Let me see you eat and drink before we say anything more. Oh, when shall I have

worked my way up so far that I can put an end to drudgery for you, and make such a home for you as you ought to have?"

"Make me into an idle young lady again? What heresy!" cried Christabel, rousing herself with a great effort to speak lightly.

After tea she brought a stool and placed it so that she could rest her head against Katharine's knee, and hide her face, lest, in the course of the discussion, it should say something she did not want it to say.

"Now for the letters," she began; "there seems to be a budget."

"The thick one is from Emmie West, and when we have settled our own business, we will invite the party from the back sitting-room down-stairs to hear you read it aloud. Mildie is always hanging about looking out for an invitation to come up here, and as our time will be short, perhaps we had better give them all the pleasure we can."

"Oh, Katharine, let me have the other letter at once! Don't play with my anxiety with any more hints about going. Tell me the news at once."

"Directly. It is my own anxiety I am playing with, lest there should turn out to be a flaw in the good news when we come to look at it closely. Do you remember a blind lady with whom we travelled up to London eighteen months ago, to whom I talked a great deal during the journey?"

"Yes — yes; you found a bag her companion had lost, and she seemed to take a liking to you."

"And was interested in my intention of studying medicine. She gave me some introductions, and we exchanged names and addresses when we parted at the station. I wrote once to the address she gave me three months after we settled ourselves here, and now more than a year after comes her answer. Here it is; she writes from Zurich, where she is living now in a little house of her own, and you will see she has ascertained that I can take a medical degree there as well as in Paris, and she offers me a home in her house if I like to come and act as her secretary while I am studying. The lady who has lived with her hitherto is going to be married; and if I accept the offer she wants me to come at once. Read what she says."

There was a little pause, and then Christabel, as she folded the sheet and put it back in Katharine's hand, said in a low voice,—

"There is nothing said about me; she seems to have forgotten all about me."

"Dearest, but you don't suppose that even such an immediate prospect as this opens of gaining my great wish could make me forget you for an instant? Don't you see what is said in the postscript about cheap lodgings in the town, if I prefer to have my evenings to myself? And then there is the promise of a small salary. This is what we have to consider, whether the money we have in hand now will cover our journey to Zurich, and your expenses there for the first three months. After that time you will have got employment, teaching or drawing, and my first quarter's salary will be due; and I shall perhaps be adding something more to our funds by night-work. Bring out the money-box, and let us count our savings. If we can't make them do, the whole scheme, tempting as it looks, must be given up. But I am sanguine. People live on such small sums abroad; and I for one should feel a dragon's appetite for work, and a giant's strength, if I saw the way to my end so plainly before me."

Christabel shook her head as she rose to comply with Katharine's request. "I will bring the box, dear, but I know the hollowness of its condition better than you do, for I have managed it since you were ill,— perhaps not so cleverly as you would have done. However, let us face the worst."

Bringing the box and pouring its contents on Katharine's knee, she said, "Count out your money, Kitty, before it is too dark to know sovereigns from shillings. There is something more due to me for this term's lessons, but I cannot get hold of that till Easter, and I should perhaps forfeit the greater part of my school-fees, if I left suddenly without proper notice."

Some talk and calculation followed, and then Katharine slowly replaced the money, piece by piece, in the box, and locked it.

"Well," said Christabel, putting her hand over Katharine's. It was almost too dark to see, but Christabel felt a large tear fall on the back of her hand from Katharine's eyes. It took a great deal to make Katharine weep. Christabel had to look back to quite childish days for the last time — an occasion when there had been a little quarrel between the sisters — when this had happened.

"I am very foolish," Katharine said faintly, "but I was thinking of what you said one day about the consequences of my accident stretching out so much further than we foresaw at first. If I had not been ill — if even I had not yielded to your entreaties, and bought a warm dress

and cloak for my first going-out, I need not have sent the refusal to Zurich that now must go. How little I thought that night, when I held back the man from striking his wife again, that I was knocking over my own best chance of gaining what I had most at heart! Do you remember what you said about the Nornir's thread? We did not know then that there was another great knot in her weaving still to come."

"No," said Christabel. Then she paused, for her thoughts flew off to yet another very differently colored thread in the web of consequences, and her heart began to beat so quickly that she could not speak. She knew now, that the decision which had cost Katharine that bitter tear had been felt as an escape by her — an escape from a pain so great that it actually seemed worse to bear than the sight of Katharine's sorrow. What could she do to atone for such selfishness? Katharine must not be sacrificed for her just now, when conscience told her that the entire exclusive love which had hitherto made the utmost sacrifice for each other seem only natural, was beginning on her side to have a flaw in it.

Katharine rose to return the treasure-box to its usual place, and so end the conversation, but Christabel put out her hand, and drew her back into her chair. "Wait a minute, dear, I have something to say to you. Katharine, you must not give up Zurich. This offered help is the turning-point of your life, — the one chance of success that you can hardly hope to have again if you turn away from it now."

"I acknowledge that," answered Katharine mournfully; "but —"

"Listen to me. You must go alone to Zurich and live with Miss Campbell as she proposes till you receive your first quarter's salary, and till I have fulfilled my engagements with my present pupils. Then it might be prudent for me to join you. Yes, we must separate for a little while."

"What are you talking of? We have never been parted in our lives. To leave you alone! I could not bear it."

"Mothers and daughters have to part, and husbands and wives sometimes," said Christabel, laying her cheek caressingly against Katharine's knee; "they live through the time."

"You could bear it, then?" asked Katharine, almost in a tone of reproach.

"For your good; to help forward your career that we have planned so often; that we went out together into the world to achieve."

"You frighten me," exclaimed Katharine. "If I could leave you to work alone here — you — my little sister whom I promised my mother on her deathbed to watch over, I should fear that I had really grown hard and selfish, that I had let ambition for a career eat the womanliness out of me."

"I thought we held that women could take care of themselves, and did not want any watching over," said Christabel falteringly.

Some warning words of old Mrs. Urquhart's recurred to Katharine's memory as Christabel spoke, and sent a sudden pang through her. A sense of the terribleness of life, unless the threads of its circumstance were indeed held in a Heavenly Father's hand, came over her, and she hid her face in her hands, shuddering.

She must be changed since her accident, she said to herself, if such a shudder could come on hearing a boast from Christabel that used to sound so natural. Was it her nerves merely that had been shattered, or was her self-confidence leaving her, or were the foundations on which she had stood in fancied security hitherto, breaking away to make room for something else? Perhaps just now Christabel's sense and judgment might be the most trustworthy; and Christabel was all the while talking on soothingly, mingling her arguments with caresses and gentle raillery at the inconsistency of Katharine's reluctance.

"I shall be the worst of the two, when the time of parting comes," she said. "You will have to scold me into courage, then; but while it is still three or four days distant I am as brave as you will be at the last. I can see clearly what is the reasonable thing to do. You talk of leaving me alone; but it is not the same as it would have been last year. I have friends. I shall not be lonely."

"There are Mrs. West and Mrs. Urquhart who would be kind," said Katharine, in a calmer tone; "but they are too much occupied with business and cares of their own to bestow thought on you, and now Emmie is away there will be no one to help you through your lonely evenings."

"But I have made a few friends of my very own," said Christabel. "My two neighbors at the drawing-school walk home with me sometimes and press me to visit them, and (hurrying out the words) I met another friend to-day in Kensington Gardens, that Mr. Anstice, who helped you on the day of the accident, and came to see us when you were ill. He is back in London, and talks of calling here. Oh, I

shall have more visitors while you are away than Mary Anne will consent to open the door to. You have no notion how gay I mean to be. I shall perhaps turn out a leader of society in Bohemia when I am left to myself."

"You talk bravely, dearest; but I am afraid you have no notion of the difference between depending on chance acquaintances for society and such companionship as we have had together day by day."

"It will be three months' starving, I know," said Christabel; "but think of the joy of meeting again. I want you really to understand that it will not be so bad for me as you suppose. Spring is coming on, and you know how light-hearted I always feel in the spring. Every fresh flower will tell me that the time for our meeting is nearer, and you will send me thick letters, like this one from Emmie West which is waiting on the table to be looked at. Yours will never wait. They will give me a share in all you are enjoying, your snow-mountains, and such flowers as I suppose I have no idea of. How I shall revel in your descriptions of them!"

"It is time we turned to Emmie's letter. I promised to call her brothers and sister to hear it read. They will be waiting down-stairs for our summons."

"Let them wait ten minutes longer till you have written your answer to Zurich. Katharine, dear, we shall both sleep better to-night if we know that the decision has been made, and the matter settled irrevocably. Our hearts will be fit to break, perhaps, but the thing must be, and I know that to have had a long time of indecision first, will make the blow harder to bear when it comes. There, I am going to bring your desk and a candle into the window recess, and when you have written your letter to Miss Campbell, I will run down-stairs and beg Harry West to post it before he comes up here with the other three, to hear Emmie's news. Then it will be settled, and I shall kiss Dr. Katharine Moore when I go to bed to-night, feeling more certainty that she will exist for other people as well as for myself some day, than I have been able to feel for the last six months or more."

Christabel retained her gay manner till the letter was written and posted; but it was Katharine who read Emmie's long epistle to the brothers and sisters who came up to hear it half an hour afterwards. By that time Christabel's eyes were in no state for reading, though she listened to every tone of Katharine's voice, storing them in her memory to feed on when the

room should be empty of such sounds. The meaning of the words made very little impression on *her*. It was well that the three younger Wests ranged before Katharine on the skeleton's box, and Harry with his elbows on the window-sill, had minds sufficiently at leisure to appreciate the confidences that Emmie had penned with an express view to this Air Throne audience.

"Did you ever think much about caterpillars?" Katharine read. "Did you ever wonder how they feel when they first get out of their chrysalises, and find that they have wings? I believe I can tell you, for I fancy it must be just as I felt on the first morning when I awoke at La Roquette and looked out of the window. It was the color of the sunshine that surprised me most — that and the stillness. I opened my window, and put out my head and said, Am I Emmie West and am I alive, or have I died in the night, and is this a new sort of existence I have come into, where everything is as different from all I have known before as this golden sunshine differs from daylight in Saville Street? It really was a puzzle just for a minute, and then of course I woke quite up, and knew that I was *here*. *Here* is Madame de Florimel's little château, so the village people call it — a farmhouse on the side of a hill surrounded by hills. Here madame comes in the summer, when her grand old château down in the valley among the vines and olives and flower-fields is quite too hot for an English person to live in. Madame de Florimel is English — 'one of you others,' as we are told twenty times a day by the natives of the place; but though she is proud of this herself, and likes to let the little château every winter to an English family for the sake of society, you would not guess her to be English to look at her and hear her speak. She has lived forty-two years at La Roquette, and she was only eighteen when she left England; so you can believe that in spite of all the talk made here about her English ways, we do not recognize her for a country-woman so unmistakably as her neighbors seem to expect. I begin with Madame de Florimel the first thing after my awakening in the morning at La Roquette, because she really was the very next thing that happened to me after my bath of sunshine. I was only half-way through my dressing when there came a knock at my bedroom door, and I opened it upon — what do you think — a large clothes-basket full of flowers — pale blue double violets, great yellow and white roses, anemones,

narcissus, awfully lovely irises, white and blue. I could only scream with joy and bury my face in the flowers. I did not at first notice a girl who had taken the basket from her head, as I opened the door, and who went on telling me in French that she had come up from the great château with this little greeting from Madame de Florimel who wished thus to convert her sentiments to the English ladies who had arrived at her *maisonnette* last night. It was well that my toilette was pretty well advanced, for the girl (her name is Madelon Claire) walked straight into my bedroom as soon as I lifted my face from the flowers, and when she had put down her burden on my dressing-table, she did not seem to see any reason why she should not stay to see the end. Fancy dressing in a room with all those distracting flowers under your looking-glass and a French peasant-girl, in a white cap and gold earrings in her ears, looking on! She was not as shy as I was. She took up and examined my ribbons and cuffs, and went into such ecstasies over that large, ugly cairngorm brooch of old Mrs. Urquhart's, that I think I should have let her carry it away with her if gratitude to Mrs. Urquhart had not restrained me from parting with the present she seemed to think I should value very highly. Before I was ready to put the brooch into my collar, Madelon had told me nearly all her history. She is not Madame de Florimel's servant, as I supposed at first. She lives in a farmhouse in a valley behind our hill, and she had gone to the château quite early that morning to take a *bouquet d'orange* and some *pommes d'amour* to Madame de Florimel; and madame, knowing that she must pass her *maisonnette* on the way home, permitted her to have the honor of bearing this little offering of flowers to the English ladies. Observe no one but 'madame' calls the new château a *maisonnette*. Madelon explained carefully to me that she was repeating madame's word, and seemed anxious to impress me with madame's combined magnificence and humility. It was early when Madelon and I left my bedroom, too early for Ward to have begun to think of taking Aunt Rivers her earliest cup of tea, and as I knew I could not be wanted for an hour or so I accepted Madelon's invitation to walk home with her and be introduced to her mother, 'who,' Madelon said, 'would be ravished with the honor of receiving a first visit from the English young lady. Madame would not grudge her this great pleasure, as she was an invalid whom

every one indulged.' I laughed at the notion of being of so much consequence that it mattered to whom I paid a first visit, and tried to explain what sort of a person Emmie West really was; but Madelon only laughed till her face was all dimples, and as French phrases in which to disparage myself did not come to hand readily, I gave it up and followed her down a flight of stone steps into the garden. Madelon left me there, to beg a cup of coffee and a piece of bread for me from *la fermière*, who lives in the lower rooms of the little château, and I stood and looked about me. There were three or four olive-trees in front of me, and their leaves, with the sun shining on them, looked just as if they were all made of frosted silver; beyond came a vineyard, red-brown earth with rows of tree-stumps, like dwarfish hill-men struggling to get their arms and heads out of the ground; then a strip of green corn, and then the hill dips down into a deep ravine. All this is madame's property, where we are at home; but I am afraid I shall never make you see what lies further away. Hills behind hills, slopes of olives, dark-green pines, bare mountains, pink and lilac and grey, with here and there dazzling white snow caps towering up into the sky. Before I had half done looking, Madelon called me to take my coffee, and I saw that *la fermière* was waiting at the door of her house to give it me herself, and that a whole troop of night-capped children were peeping out from behind her ample skirts to get sight of me as I drank it.

"Will you go round by the road or through the *bosquet*?' Madelon asked, and of course I chose the *bosquet*, though I did not tell her that I had never been in anything that calls itself a wood in my life before.

"A little winding path led us through the wood, which I now perceive is only a belt of firs sheltering madame's best vineyard, and then we came out half-way down the hillside, and I could see what a valley is like. Oh, so sunny, and green, and still, such golden lights on the grass, such clear blue shadows from the olive-trees, such thousands of anemones and violets at one's feet, such blue overhead, and down below at the bottom a winding pathway, and a little river where some women were kneeling washing clothes in the running water. We could hear their voices chattering, and the gurgle of the stream among the big stones where they were pounding their linen.

"Near the foot of the hill we passed under some olive-trees, in one of which stood a young man with a great pruning-hook lopping a branch. He called out to tell Madelon that he had been fishing in the river that morning, and that he had already been to her house to take a little offering of eels to her mother for the *déjeuner*.

"Does everybody take offerings to everybody?' I asked; and Madelon blushed, and looked shyly up into the tree where the young man stood balancing himself on a bough; and then she seized my hand and made me run quite to the end of the slope before she answered.

"But no — it is not the custom of the country to make offerings — except — to madame, or on *fête* days, or at the New Year, or when one returns after an absence, but — in short, what would you have, when a young man lives in the next valley, and meets you at all the *fêtes* and coming home from mass on Sunday? — he — naturally wishes to please your mother.'

"By-and-by, Madelon stopped and pointed out a square white house far up on an opposite hill, where she said the young man's parents Monsieur and Madame Babou live, and own all the vineyards and olive grounds that stretch down into another little valley.

"She said it was a better property than her father's, because the Babou fields lie on the sunny side of the hill; and that it was better cultivated too, for Monsieur and Madame Babou were so happy as to have a good son to work for them, whereas she was only a girl, and her parents are alone but for her. 'Still, I have courage,' she added. 'And now you see our house, mademoiselle; we climb here — to the right — and you will always know your way by that clump of orange-trees, the only ones that grow at this end of the valley.'

"I wish you could have seen her, Katharine, when she said, 'Still, I have courage' — you would have liked the brave look in her brown eyes so much. She is no taller than I am, and she has slender shoulders, and a thin brown face with a nice dimple in each cheek when she laughs; yet I find that she works hard in the fields digging among the vines and olives, and walks miles up to mountain pastures to cut food for her *pauvres bêtes*, as she calls the two mules, and the goat with its kid that belong to the farm and are tethered close to the house. There was a wood fire with a great pot hanging above it, in the room Madelon brought me into, and in a corner of the wide open hearth sat the old mother,

spinning with a distaff and spindle. She laughed till she nearly fell into the fire when she found I had never seen any one spin before, and that I thought it a wonderful thing, and while I watched her, Madelon brought out wine and raisins and figs of her own drying, and by-and-by slipped away to fetch her father and her uncle who were at work somewhere among the vines, to come in and look at me, and click their glasses with mine when my health was drunk, before I went away. I have never been made so much of in my life before, and I feel quite elated and gratified, so you need not be surprised if the orange-tree-house people fill up a good deal of space in my letters.

"There are other beautiful valleys round our château besides this one, but I think I shall continue to love it best. It was the first glimpse I had into Paradise, and Madelon my first friend is its Eve. As for the Adam — well — Madelon would go part of the way home with me, and while we were walking by the river, I spied some beautiful fronds of maiden-hair fern growing on the opposite bank, just where the stream is broadest. While I was exclaiming with vexation that I could not get at them, and Madelon was risking a fall into the water by reaching after them with a crooked stick, '*A votre service*,' said a voice behind us, and the young man with the pruning-hook stepped at one stride from the top of the bank into the middle of the stream. After being instructed by Madelon that it was 'those green leaves, but, yes — nothing else than those small green leaves the English young lady wanted,' he gathered them, and presented them to me most politely. I wanted to divide the ferns with Madelon, when Antoine (that is the knight of the pruning-hook's name), had disappeared among the olive-trees on his own hill, but she did not see it. What did she want with little green leaves of which there were plenty all up the river, and as for M. Antoine — for I could not help saying a little word about his kindness — what would you have? When one meets so often by accident, on week-days among the vines, and coming away from mass on Sundays, one cannot feel exactly as to a stranger. Yet one thinks of one's parents who have perhaps their thoughts, and their pride, and the Babou lands were, alas! so much richer than other people's, and since M. Babou had been elected *maire* of the commune, there had been a little misunderstanding, or little jealousy. The two houses on the opposite hills were not on such neighborly

terms as had been the case when the children in them were still children. 'It was sad,' Madelon said, just letting the dimples in her cheeks disappear for a moment, 'but it was so; and one must make up one's mind.'

"Even in Paradise, you see! One need not get among 'countys' and dukes, for opposite houses to have feuds, and Romeo and Juliet stories to spring up.

"I have left very little space in my letter for Madame la Comtesse, which would shock Madelon very much if she knew; yet I assure you, Aunt Rivers and I are getting into a way of discussing her sayings and doings almost as incessantly as do the La Roquette people. What can I tell you about her? She is not the least in the world like Mrs. Kirkman, for one thing, and the court everybody pays her does not exasperate me in the least. I think even you, Katharine, would take the infection of worship if you were here. Luckily for me, Aunt Rivers is terribly afraid of driving down the steep hill, so it falls on me to return all Madame de Florimel's visits, and be the medium of communication between the two châteaux. Madame is very kind to me, and makes as much of me as if I were Lady Rivers's daughter, instead of her niece. So far away from London, you see, she does not take in the immense difference that exists between a West and a Rivers, or perhaps it would not be as much to her as to other people if she did understand it. I can't help enjoying myself, though sometimes I tell myself I must be very selfish to feel so happy just because the sun shines and everybody smiles, while things in Saville Street remain the same as ever. The spring creeps on, not by fits and starts as it does in England, but bringing brighter sunshine and fresh flowers every day. Now it is violets and anemones, by-and-by it will be tulips and gladiolus among the corn, and Madelon has shown me a marshy place by the river where there will be flags and daffodils by-and-by, but I find these are not so common here as I expected from a remark some one made to me before I came. Still the spring creeps on, and I cannot help being very happy.

"Your loving friend,

"EMMIE WEST."

"P.S. — There is a likeness of Mr. Antistice in one of the morning-rooms at the great château. I recognized it the moment I got into the room, but I have not said anything yet to Madame de Florimel about our knowing him a little in England. I don't think I ever shall."

"Emmie gives us very little useful information in her letters," observed Mildie discontentedly, when the reading ceased. "She promised to find out for me what kind of frog it is that is eaten in the south of France, and the nature of the communal government, but you see, though she actually mentions a *maire* of the commune, she does not add a single fact that can be called interesting."

"What a sell it is that Emmie should have gone to such a jolly place, instead of Casabianca or me," remarked the Gentle Lamb reflectively. "Why, I should have been up in the tree with that man she talks of in half a minute, and I would have followed him into the river, and made him show me where the eels hide, or perhaps turn out a water-rat, and she could do nothing, poor idiot, but stand still and stare. There's no sense in girls travelling, they can do nothing when they get to a place but pick flowers."

"And be happy, even when they leave a sister behind them in Saville Street," said Christabel, coming forward with a brave smile on her face, and leaning over Katharine's chair. "Yes, I am very much obliged to Emmie for telling me that piece of good news to-night. You may take the letter down-stairs, now, Mildie, and read it to your mother, for dinner must be over by this time and your father settled to his evening nap; but mind you bring it back to me again. I shall keep it to encourage me," she whispered to Katharine, "till I get just such another happy one of my own. Your flowers and sunshine when I read of them will be so much mine, that you will never need to pity Saville Street, as far as I am concerned."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

I.

JOURNALISTS.

THERE can be no question that in the last twenty years or so there have been changes in the world of literature that almost amount to revolution. Literature has taken its place among the professions; and if its most magnificent pecuniary prizes are not what they once were, at all events the numbers of those who get a living by it have multiplied almost indefinitely. It needs little capital. A bundle of quills or a box of *magnum bonums*, a bottle of ink, with a quire or two of writ-

ing-paper, suffice for the stock in trade of the aspirant. We were very nearly adding that it needs no brains, although the man who professes to instruct or amuse his fellow-creatures should be none the worse for some education and knowledge. But as matter of experience, it is shown every day that a wonderfully small amount of brains will go a very long way, and that the more delicate susceptibilities of the mental fibres may be quite a secondary consideration. Versatility and a happy picturesqueness of expression; self-assurance and a serviceable memory; superficial sharpness of vision, with the instincts of the jackdaw for transmogrifying the ideas that have been borrowed and twisted for an immediate purpose, — may be counted upon to supply any shortcomings in the intellectual power. Cultivation and knowledge should be useful, as we said, but it is more than likely they may prove snares to their possessor. For they may tempt him into frittering away invaluable time by weighing his opinions and verifying his facts. Elaboration of style is of course gone out of date — a man has either the knack of expression or he has it not; and rapidity of execution, at all events, is to be placed before everything else. The habit of reflection is to be scrupulously avoided, if you mean to make an easy income by your pen. What the public looks for nowadays, even in the quarters that might be expected to be most fastidious, is dash rather than deliberation; sensation rather than solidity; sparkle more than depth; and picturesqueness far more than precision. The world has taken to travelling by rail and transacting even trivial business by telegraph, so the men who have the suggesting of its ideas and convictions can least of all afford to lag behind.

The chances of literature as a profession may invite anybody to make a venture and try his luck; failure does not involve one in hopeless insolvency, and the field is wide enough in all conscience. Merit does not invariably meet its reward at the bar; yet a rising advocate, in favor with the solicitors, should have either oratorical or intellectual gifts — at all events, he must have had the benefit of a legal training. It is the fashion to sneer at the fashionable physician; but the doctor who has attained any kind of notoriety must have given proof of a certain capacity for curing: and the divine who cuts a figure in the pulpit or church congress must have been trained at the feet of theological Gamaliels. The aspirant to literary fame or lucre, instead of passing into the precincts

by a regular door, where he has to show his certificates to authorized guardians, has only to mingle in an anonymous mob, while there is not even the semblance of a boundary fence to scramble over. He will find himself in the best company, or in the worst: here he goes jostling along side by side with an eloquent statesman of European reputation; there he is rubbing shoulders with a broken-down penny-a-liner, who can barely earn the wage that keeps body and soul together. The career has been always pre-eminently a lottery, and its vicissitudes in the course of the last century or two were brilliantly sketched by Macaulay in the famous essay on Johnson. There was a time when a successful poem or play passed the honored author into the best society, and assured him, according to his likings rather than his aptitudes, either high office in the public service or some lucrative sinecure. Ministers dispensed their patronage generously, if indiscreetly; while munificent peers who held aloof from politics, placed their purses at the disposal of literary friends, who amply requited these favors by accepting them. But the golden age that made Dryden a pluralist among placemen, and Addison a secretary of state, was only too ephemeral, although it lasted through several reigns. And when the patronage of the great had become almost a forgotten fashion, the unfortunates who were bitten with the *cacothetis scribendi* had bitterly hard times of it. "The patronage of the public did not yet furnish the means of comfortable subsistence. The prices paid by booksellers to authors were so low, that a man of considerable talents and unremitting industry could do little more than provide for the day which was passing over him." When books destined to immortality like "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "The Deserted Village" sold, and were supposed to sell well, for sixty and one hundred guineas, it is a marvel how such numbers of very common-paced hacks found any encouragement to persevere in the calling. It might have seemed that a dull-minded and laborious drudge, with sturdy limbs and vigorous sinews, would, as a matter of common sense, have acted on the advice given to Johnson, and gone and provided himself with a porter's knot. A more dismal existence it is scarcely possible to conceive, than that of lodging in a garret or burrowing in a cellar, and dining with Duke Humphrey when one dined at all. Fancy the kind of inspiration that could have come while sitting on a rickety chair at a halting table, with a system lowered

by starvation, and under the clouds of a mortal anxiety! When the wretched victim of misdirected ambition took his prowls abroad for air or employment, he had to skulk in the shadows of the dingiest lanes, in clothes skewered together by pins to cover the deficiencies of linen. Naturally he fell back freely upon stimulants when he could afford them; he might mark with a white stone the days when he had the chance of forgetting his sorrows in a debauch; and while stomach and liver were going fast to decay, dyspepsia was gaining upon him with its kindred ailments. With premature old age treading hard on his heels, he had neither hope nor future. At best, and so long as he retained anything of his working power, he starved from hand to mouth on a precarious daily pittance. He was the nameless scribbler who did adaptations or libels to order, or translated for the bookseller at a trifle per sheet. When his health finally broke down, he had neither hold nor claim upon a public. After lying about under stalls and in dry archways, and haunting the tavern-doors in the hope of eleemosynary spirits, he died in the hospital of inanition and disease, to be huddled away into a trench by the parish.

For in those days there was neither a popular press nor a reading public. Excepting the periodical rumors of treasonable intrigues, of criminal arrests and convictions for conspiracy, politics, whether at home or abroad, had little interest for anybody beyond the circles who frequented the coffee-houses of the metropolis. The journalism of the time was represented by some meagre "broad-sheets" where the original matter in almost illegible type was compressed into the compass of a straggling column or so. Reporting was penal by law and an infringement of the privileges of Parliament; and the reproductions of the speeches of leading politicians did more or less credit to the imagination of inventors. As for the fiction that everybody can turn their hands to nowadays, when Fielding wrote his "Tom Jones" and Richardson his "Clarissa Harlowe," it may have been said to have been merely at the beginning of its acclimation among us. The poets, who have since become so plentiful, were then comparatively scarce, and there was no toleration among the critics for the self-deluded enthusiasts who might have betaken themselves to parodying Dryden or Pope. A *débutant* might make himself famous by a play when all the fashionables of the metropolis were habitual play-goers; but play-houses were almost as few and far between as printing-

presses, and the managers preferred pinning their faith on stock pieces to risking speculations in rising talent.

Then when patronage was reviving, and in a fashion more favorable to self-respect and independence, it still came from above, and less from the people than from an oligarchy. The taste for literature had been slowly developing with the gradual growth of refinement. Gentlemen of means who had been educated at the universities, felt it due to their position to have something of a library; and the historians and eminent divines who adopted the habit of publishing by subscription, frequently made a reasonable profit by their books. Works of standard authority passed into successive editions, and publishing houses were encouraged to extend their transactions. The Scottish historians especially — the Humes, the Smolletts, and the Robertsons — already made themselves a name, and made money into the bargain. But it was reserved for a more distinguished countryman of theirs to show what magnificent fortunes were to be realized by the pen; although, if the author of "Waverley" had flourished in our time, he would hardly have found the means of building an Abbotsford, or of ruining himself by backing the bills of his printers. He had the field of contemporary fiction almost entirely to himself, as he reigned in it without a rival, by right of genius and discovery. There were no enterprising proprietors of circulating libraries to act as intermediaries between him and his public, keeping their original sets of volumes in incessant circulation, till the pages began to wear with industrious thumbing. If an admirer were waiting expectantly for "Waverley" and "Ivanhoe," when all the reading world was impatient to read, he must pay author and publisher the selling price, sending in his orders in advance, since the edition would be promptly exhausted. The increase of the national wealth had been keeping pace with the spread of education; nor could anything be a more astonishing proof of it than the almost fabulous prosperity of Sir Walter. And if his fortunes were blighted by his own indiscretion, he was the making of many a writer who followed him. He had created the demand for modern fiction. Modest self-depreciation seems to have been more common then than now; and a novelist who showed any capabilities was pretty sure of selling his books for something handsome. Writers like the romantic Mr. G. P. R. James, or like Mr. Harrison Ainsworth in his sombre prime, enjoyed an immense superiority over

their successors. For when the pick of the standard novels might be contained on a couple of shelves, it was infinitely more easy to be fresh and original; and we fancy that the indefatigable writers we have alluded to had no difficulty in commanding £1,000 or £2,000 for their productions. But there was nothing approaching to the profits of the "Waverley" sales till Thackeray and Dickens, in the freshness of their originality, took to issuing their works in periodical form. And the success of the green and yellow covers — of "Vanity Fair" and of "Martin Chuzzlewit" — indicated a most extraordinary advance in the influence of popular patronage. We read in Forster's "Life of Dickens" of a sale of seventy thousand copies of his "Oliver Twist." Thousands and tens of thousands of people were spending their shillings every month, half committing themselves to a costly course of subscriptions, whose fathers had bought nothing from the cradle to the grave but a Bible, a drawing-room annual, or a cookery-book.

Literature has become cheapened and popularized, and everybody has become something of a reader. Yet with all the reading, and in spite of the spread of almost reckless extravagance, it is remarkable that literature has benefited less directly than most pursuits by the general flush of prosperity. If you are building or furnishing, to do yourself or your mansion any credit, you must give architects and tradesmen *carte blanche* in the superb style of a Monte Christo or a Sardanapalus. You have your suites of furniture, wonderfully sculptured in woods of the most curious colors and grain; you have your hangings and carpets from the French looms and the Orient; your bronzes and porcelain from Japan and China; your cellars are stocked with what has been paid for as rare vintages; you must grudge nothing for your modern masters and line engravings, and the masters and the printsellers profit accordingly. You have your suites of stabling and your equipages of course, and your perfectly-fitted billiard and smoking rooms. There is but a single department in which you are permitted to retrench, and that is the library. Even in houses where moderate book-buying has been a family tradition, it will be found that additions to the collection began to come to a standstill some twenty or thirty years back. People read far more than before, but they have changed the habit of their reading and slackened in their inclination to serious study. The great consulting collections, from that of the British

LIVING AGE. VOL. XXV. 1263

Museum down to those of the clubs, answer the purposes of specialists and book-worms, who are being more and more attracted to London; while the circulating libraries cater for the rest. Ask for the library in an imposing mansion newly built or recently restored, and it is very possible that you may be told there is none; or if you are introduced to ranges of bookcases, when you cast your eyes over the contents, you will find that they are more or less antiquated. Yet in all likelihood there is no lack of volumes in the house that may be snatched up to occupy any leisure moments. The tables are heaped with brilliant bindings, and the list of what you turn over is varied enough. There are books of travel and circumnavigation that are advertised by the symbolical illustrations on the boards, — by crescent moons and southern crosses; by Indians in war-paint, Patagonians in feather-crowns, and manacled-slave caravans threading the dark continent. You have the latest reports on contemporary politics and society from everywhere between Kashgar and Cape Horn. You have bold and ingenious speculations in theology, designed to shake the faith of the candid inquirer in all that was held most sacred by his fathers; and there are the inevitable piles of novels that may be dull or clever, with a sprinkling of songs, sonnets, and idyls, and misty philosophical epics in halting measures. Not one in a hundred of these books will survive, nor are many of them intended to outlive the season. With the exception of a presentation copy or two sent from the authors to patrons or intimates, no specimen of one edition in a hundred will ever attain the honors of calf. Then, as is shown by the party-colored labels on the covers, they are not purchased, but hired for the nonce; and after serving their turn as much for show as use, they will be swept aside to make way for others, like the flowers that are fading in the vases on the tables. For ten or twenty guineas by the year, a man may compound for the cream of the book-market; and the volumes from the libraries in the leading cities gradually find their way into the country towns and villages, till, now that paper-lined trunks have been superseded by portmanteaus, they pass in process of time into the hands of the housemaids. The system cannot be favorable to quality of work, but it is admirably fitted to give a fillip to production. Any restless trifler with fluent pen may as well record the most hackneyed touring experiences. Whether sold or simply given away, the

book must be dull indeed if it does not find a publisher; while as for the fiction with which fancy has so little to do, the boxes from the libraries must be padded somehow. There is not one of the thousand-times-told tales of sin and sorrow, of love-making and heart-breaking, that may not make sure of its kindly puff; while the seriously impressed and the curiously sceptical insist upon a graver literature of their own, which we believe to be as sure of a circulation as anything, except, possibly, the religious novelette or the allegory.

Novel-writing nowadays may be all very well, either for a George Eliot or a Mrs. Oliphant, or for the active-minded female who has literary longings with social ambitions, and who would sooner be writing romances than reading them. But those who devote themselves earnestly to the literary profession, whether for the sake of a livelihood or with the idea of influencing opinions, will naturally turn towards the journals or periodicals. In either case, and in the latter perhaps rather than the former, they may hope for exceedingly liberal remuneration; for the leading organs have abundance of good work that must be regularly done by those who are competent to undertake it. There is scrambling in these quarters as everywhere else, and the best or most showy men must come to the front; but at all events there is abundance of consolation-stakes for the many who are beaten and fall back into the ruck. There is the broadest possible range of occupation and appointments, from the editors and chief contributors of the commanding oracles of opinion, down to the versatile utility-gentleman in the provinces who undertakes any department indifferently; or the industrious penny-a-liner in the city who hunts up stray scraps of sensation. It is not so long ago that the metropolitan newspapers, if they did not practically enjoy a monopoly of the available intellect, might boast at least that they were immeasurably before the rest in point of brains, tact, and information. Even now, *pace* Mr. Gladstone, they do very much more than hold their own in the teeth of competition that grows more dangerous every day. They have capital and valuable connections, with the *prestige* of a long ascendancy; and they have the advantage of being written after all in the heart of the national life, in the very centre of English mental activity. But their provincial rivals are running them harder and harder, and to a certain point the chances in favor of the former must still go on increasing. A local newspaper gives the local

news, and caters in the fulness of its local knowledge for the likings of its various sets of subscribers. People feel a far nearer interest in the gossip of next door than in a revolution in Japan, a massacre in the Balkans, or even a division that may shake a firm ministry. Formerly the most enterprising of the provincial journals used seldom to appear more than once or twice in the week; and the cosmopolitan news of the last few days were negligently served in the shape of a *réchauffé*. Scissors and paste had been busy over the contents, which were mainly a rough compilation from the parcels of the metropolitan mail-coaches. The pages, like those of the *Barset Chronicle* of to-day, were eked out with columns of loosely-printed advertisements. With rare exceptions the editorial comments, though substantially borrowed or "conveyed," bore the unmistakably provincial stamp. There were eccentricities in grammar and solecisms in taste; there were feeble commonplaces in high-flown periods; and they were as easily to be distinguished from those they had obviously taken for their models as the respectable cattle-grazier who comes to town for the "show" from the clubman whose clothes have been cut in St. James's. We venture to insinuate that there are still shades of distinction in the style, which are obvious enough to the practised critic. But then the bulk of their readers are by no means critically fastidious, and the matter of many of the leaders in those papers is as closely reasoned and logical as anybody need desire. Possibly they are more free from the suspicion of being swayed by currents of influence from political local headquarters, or from being bribed from those special sources of information which are the modern substitutes for pecuniary corruption. Mr. Gladstone's promiscuous literary experiences ought to enable him to speak with exceptional authority; and, as we have remarked, Mr. Gladstone gives his country supporters certificates for honesty and sound judgment which he denies to anything in the metropolitan press.

But then Mr. Gladstone denounces those of the London journals which have the misfortune to differ from him with a perverse unanimity, notwithstanding their disagreement on contemporary politics, as reflecting the ideas of society and the clubs. Mr. Gladstone himself professes to hold club opinion or "club gossip" in supreme contempt; and we must admit that it is disinterested in that eminent statesman and author to disparage the

advantages of culture and knowledge. Yet it appears to us that their contact with highly educated opinion is the grand and inalienable privilege of the journalists of the capital. In the flourishing centres of commerce and industry, there is as little lack of nervous common sense as there is of strongly pronounced convictions; but general politics come in merely as a distraction with active business men in the intervals and preoccupations of an anxious life. Their views on imperial questions must be necessarily theoretical and speculative; and they are pretty sure, besides, to be powerfully biassed by the exigencies of the pursuits in which they make their money. Cotton or cutlery, coal or iron, is king of the city, as the case may be, and market considerations are apt to be paramount. But in the clubs, the educated classes, the men with heavy hereditary stakes in the permanent prosperity of the country, the men with the widest worldly experiences and the shrewdest habits of political insight, are most broadly represented. No man of knowledge or intelligence can mean by "the clubs," the knots of feather-brained lads about town; the half-fledged warriors who look upon promotion and good hunting-quarters as the *summum bonum* of existence; the elderly prozers who draw round the tables in the smoking-room toward the small hours, or lie in wait for unwary victims behind the broad-sheets in the morning-room. The golden youths care as little for politics as for sermons; and the bores misconstrue and misquote the leading articles at second hand in place of indirectly inspiring them. But the clubmen who constitute club "opinion" embrace the *élite* of English intellect, and are drawn from every position and profession. From almost every conceivable point of view, they mingle in free and dispassionate discussion. The one condition that they have in common, is the education more or less liberal which may be said, in many instances, to have only begun in earnest when they left the university to enter the world. They are members of either House of Parliament; they have made a position or a reputation at the bar or on the bench; they are soldiers who have studied their profession scientifically or who have seen active service in high command; they are diplomats as much at home in foreign society as in the precincts of Belgravia or St. James's; they are civilians who have administered colonies or provinces; they are responsible officials in government departments; ex-ministers, authors, philosophers,

savants, artists. Most of the thinkers who give the tone to conversation or thought have made more or less of a name of some kind. All men, of course, are one-sided and fallible, and very liable to be misled by their prejudices. But who shall say that such a self-correcting society as that of the London clubs is not likely most fairly to reflect the soundest judgment of the nation? Subjects are sure to be thoroughly sifted among them. It is impossible to shut your ears to the arguments that run counter to your own preconceived ideas. Theories and speculative fancies, specious in themselves, are brought to the test of technical knowledge; useful conceptions are germinated in the contact of quick intelligences. It is not that the metropolitan newspapers benefit directly by any information that is to be picked up as to government measures or intentions, though there must always be straws in the air that show how the wind is setting. For men in the highest places are for the most part conspicuous by their absence from the haunts that are familiar to them at other times. Whips may be seen shooting up back staircases at the political clubs on their way to some *sanctum sanctorum* that never opens to the uninitiated; and when the premier or some one of his distinguished colleagues makes an affectation of lunching in public in the course of some great debate, it is matter of the simplest good-breeding to ignore him in his official capacity. But there is a light and sparkle in the atmosphere of Pall Mall and St. James's Street which is inevitably invigorating to the political scribe; and "the able editor" knows the value of an *entrée* to those circles for himself or the contributors who are working in his confidence. Moreover, in the modern practice of journalism, you never know who may be handling the pen. The staff of a leading paper is so far a close corporation, that, in the interests of method and consistency, it is composed of habitual *employés*. But you can never be sure who may be enrolled in it, although literary vanity conscious of an occult influence is apt on occasion to be guilty of indiscretions, and those who are half behind the scenes may occasionally make shrewd guesses. The anonymous has its advantage so far, that those who have had their share in initiating important measures, and who may play an official part in directing them again, can forward their views and eke out their incomes by taking pay and service with the fourth estate. The past or possible chancellor of the exchequer, who demurely chimes

in with the discussion in the breakfast-room on that vigorous morning article on the currency question, may have been sitting up yawning into the small hours, that he might insure the exactness of those most familiar figures by a personal correction of the proofs. It may be an open secret that the masterly Indian papers that are a conspicuous feature in that evening journal, are by an eminent member of the Indian Council; while the incisive articles on law reform and jurisprudence are by a jurist whose high authority is international. Contributors like these are not to be secured in the provinces for any imaginable honorarium. They do not have their homes there; nor would they care, besides, to come even as amateurs to the journalistic profession, unless their articles were sure to come under certain eyes, and unless they were writing for London opinion in the first place.

Take military matters again. Unfortunately, in these days of wars and rumors of wars and armed peace, next to a financial panic, or some commercial disaster that makes hundreds miserable and hundreds of thousands anxious, there are no subjects of such universal interest as those that are connected with the science of war. Few things pay nowadays like a deadly military invention. The successful patentee may have sorrows enough in gaining the ear of the War Office authorities, in seeing that he has fair play in his experiments in guarding against the detraction of rivals, and in defending his foreign patents from infringement. But if he gains his point, and is recognized as a "benefactor," he is a made man at once, with a great name into the bargain. So that ingenious brains are everywhere at work, devising projectiles, or war-ships, or improved iron plating. Now the question is as to some new method of rifling cannon; now the latest arm of precision is said to have been superseded; and again we hear of a shoal of deadly torpedoes, warranted, by means of fins and electricity, to send a fleet to "smithereens" with fatal exactitude. All these things must be critically discussed, and they can only be even plausibly criticised by an expert. So with the letters on actual campaigning, or on active preparations for campaigns to come. *Faute de mieux*, you may trust those matters to sharp civilians, who supply the lack of experience with cramming, and are blessed with a glib self-confidence. There are gentlemen we know who prefer to evolve their stategical criticisms from their own profound self-consciousness:

and in particular there is an editor of a philosophical weekly who would have undertaken the settlement of the war in the East off-hand, had either the Turks or the Russians invited him to act dictator by telegraph. *Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat*: both combatants turned a deaf ear to his remarks and would none of his counsels; so the Turks were tremendously beaten in the end, while the Russians came to a check before the lines of Plevna. But few theorists can profess to be so universally gifted; as a rule, the London editor has his military articles done by able professionals, and of very capable volunteers there is no lack. We shall take an opportunity of speaking afterwards of the war correspondent, but the names of the great military journalists of the day are to be found without exception in the army list. Journalism is still anonymous, and so far as politics and general topics are concerned, the veil, as we have said already, is seldom or slightly lifted. With war subjects it is different. The close connection of officers, who with good reason are *au mieux* at the Horse Guards, with certain newspapers and periodicals is notorious. Two men in three of those who are intelligently interested, know that they are not reading the haphazard lucubrations of some scribe of all work, but the well-considered opinions of Colonel or Major So-and-so, who has made the matter of which he writes the study of a lifetime. Indeed the evidence to that effect would be conclusive were it merely presumptive or circumstantial. For we have repeatedly seen the results of operations predicted with extraordinary accuracy after a course of most careful reasoning, while, when campaigning under incompetent leaders has degenerated into a comedy of errors, the justice of the shrewd strictures it has been subjected to has repeatedly been demonstrated by the event. Necessarily the services of these invaluable *collaborateurs* are only to be secured in the capital. The habit of insight and discussion gives a facility of expression to those who naturally have the gift of it, and many a man whose time seems amply occupied by the duties of his profession and the distractions of society, can snatch the leisure to dash off a column or two, which are pregnant with the fulness of his accurate information.

In that respect the contemporary press has thoroughly merited its growing influence, and the brilliant half-amateurs who do it invaluable service are numerous enough. What is more rare is the writer

of the higher type who makes journalism his trade, and concentrates his energies upon it. Probably he has talents that might have raised him to eminence in other lines of life where the prizes may be far more lucrative, and where he might have figured before the public in a halo of glory. In so far as mere money is concerned, the most prolific of writers dare only draw limited draughts upon his brain; if he abuses his readiness of production, he will pay the penalty sooner or later. The crack journalist ought to be "good all around." He may have to write at the shortest notice on any one of the widest possible range of subjects. He must have any amount of information at his finger-ends, for hunting a fact through books of reference not only wastes valuable time, but throws you out of the easy swing of composition. He need not have strongly pronounced convictions — in fact he had better go about his work with a thoroughly judicial temperament — but he should be a master of the close and lucid reasoning that leads smoothly up to a seemingly sound conclusion. He ought to have "the sort of pettifogging intimacy with dates, names, and trifling matters of facts" that Sir Arthur Wardour so strongly objected to in "The Antiquary." He should have a sense of humor, grim or playful, that will come at call, even if he has taken up the pen with an effort or is laboring against the grain. It is all the better, of course, if he has those brilliant gifts of epigram and stinging satire that belonged to the late Mr. Albany Fonblanque; with a knack of memory for appropriate anecdotes, and the art of adapting them to point his arguments. Happily illustration is of course eminently useful, though he should be able to resist the journalistic temptation of dragging stock metaphors in by the head and shoulders, and then riding them to death. We should be glad to know, for example, how often the loathsome diagnosis of the complicated diseases of the sick man of the East has been laboriously worked out during the last few years in all its sickening staleness of detail; and the emperor Nicholas, who is said to have been the first to suggest it, will have to answer for that crime to history as for many others. Of course the model leader-writer should have an iron *physique*, or at least a constitution that will always respond to his calls on it, although the spirit may be fretting the body to decay. He has to turn the night into day, to sup and breakfast at abnormal hours, and prolong the dull strain on his

brain-power when nature has long been craving for repose. The willing horse is too often spurred to a break-down, and then the difficulty is to replace him. For it is one or two of its best men that make the backbone of a journal. They are but vaguely appreciated by the public while they are alive, although the average subscribers may begin to be dimly conscious of a loss — say, within a month or a couple of months of their departure. At this moment there is one paper of wide circulation that may be said to have been made by a single man, and there are others whose reputation is being really supported by writers who are showing symptoms of decay.

For that "all-round" writing, which is almost invariably the system where the members of a staff must be comparatively limited, leads to lamentably slipshod work when intrusted to inferior hands. A gentleman of superficial information and faint originality has instructions at a moment's notice to knock off an article on a given topic. It may be the demise of a foreign statesman or a conflagration in the city, a debate on an education bill or the latest ritualistic inquiry. His mind may be a blank on the antecedents of the immortal deceased; he may never have been brought into relations with the fire-brigade, or he may have the vaguest possible notion of the bearings of any points in dispute. He might have everything to learn from many hundreds or thousands of people, who will peruse his lucubrations next morning with more or less respectful attention. He has no time to cram for the effort, like the lawyer who gets up a case; for he knows that the steam-presses are waiting on his pen, and the "devils" are clamoring at his door for "copy." Clever he must be in a sense, but the chief qualification for his task is assurance, while there is a great deal in custom. He has written so habitually under identical circumstances that he rises altogether superior to nervousness. He indulges profusely in stock platitudes; he uses his dim glimmerings of the points at issue to avoid trenching upon dangerous ground, and he has acquired a creditable and serviceable knack of turning a difficulty in place of grappling it. Sometimes, to be sure, when groping in ignorance and outer darkness, he loses his footing altogether and flounders piteously. But he generally recovers himself with superb *aplomb*, bringing his remarks to a close with a flourish of trumpets. "Remarks," indeed, is scarcely the phrase to apply to them. For the writer who improvises is

truly eloquent. When consciously at a loss for ideas he rushes into magniloquent rhapsody; he falls back upon philosophy, religion, and moralizings; he takes refuge in graphic diffuseness of style and those roundly sonorous epithets with which he has enriched his vocabulary. Should he be a master of his peculiar method, his articles skim well enough; and the gentlemen in the morning trains who go to him for the opinions they are to ventilate and develop in the course of the day, may probably congratulate themselves on having value for their money. The test of such articles is comparison with those that are written by men who are obviously in earnest, although they may permit their convictions to get the better of their judgment. In these last the earnestness of the writer compels him to be terse, clear, and straightforward. He is careful to make his meaning as plain as possible, and for that purpose he chooses the simplest words, and sticks to unvarnished phraseology. He has so often imagined himself in his antagonist's position, as to have acquainted himself with the points that lie open to his attack; and making his careful approaches step by step, he throws up intrenchments for his own protection as he goes along. Your views may be diametrically opposed to his; but you feel, as Johnson said of Thurlow, that he has fairly put his mind to yours, and you cannot fail to respect him accordingly.

So far as soundness of argument and consistency of attitude go, the telegraph has been anything but a boon to the press. When news came filtering in slowly in course of correspondence, an editor had the opportunity of deliberately making up his mind on relatively ample materials. His correspondents had been leisurely collecting this information which they transmitted upon some sort of authority. Now, amid the flashing of electricity along the wires, brains are working everywhere at high pressure. In the race for priority of news everything is sacrificed to speed. Anybody in official or semi-official positions can fly the *canard* that may suit his purpose. The agent of one journal, eager for sensational news, sees the opportunity for stealing a march on his rivals. There is no time to verify the statement that must be momentous if true, and he rushes off to "wire" it immediately. The more astounding a piece of intelligence, the less is he inclined to hedge on it. If he adds no saving clause as to the necessity of receiving it with caution, he will gain the more credit should it prove to be a truth.

And even when he telegraphs information he has verified, the necessity for condensation in haste may greatly modify its meaning. The more recent the date of the despatch, the more certain is it to create excitement. So, as the night draws on in Paris and Berlin, the click of the electric machine in the offices in London where the hour of issue is approaching, is heard faster and more frequent. The editor, who is congratulating himself on making up his leaders, is interrupted by a startling bit of news. One of his articles has to be shelved to make way for a column of commentary on it. At a moment's notice, and with a jaded brain, he has to strike the key-note of the policy he must advocate in future. It would be infinitely better simply to print the telegram, and to defer remark upon it for four-and-twenty hours; but that, of course, is out of the question. The public will believe in the possibility of "deliberating" with the rapidity of electricity or inspiration. So to maintain its consistency, the paper may stand committed to supporting a line of procedure that it has perceived on reflection to be mischievous; unless, indeed, it elects for the magnanimous alternative of shuffling back from its advance at a certain sacrifice of credit. For an honest admission of having blundered from precipitation would be opposed to the fundamental principles of the craft, as shaking the faith of the *abonnés* in the dogma of journalistic infallibility.

Next to the telegraph in the way of innovations comes the correspondent — our "own," our "war," or our "special" — and the telegraph has already crippled the correspondent, though it can never altogether supersede the letter. It is, no doubt, a nuisance to have to anticipate by days what would otherwise be the telling points of your correspondence. But the world is growing bigger every day, and entering into more strictly international relations; and the journal must have its emissaries at all the leading centres, if its public is to be "posted" in cosmopolitan affairs. Nothing can be more delicate than the choice of a correspondent for cities like Paris and Berlin, because nothing can be more delicate than the position he is to fill. He has really to discharge the duties of an unrecognized diplomatist; but he is a diplomatist without the diplomatist's station or independence. No one is bound to make him the channel of communications, official or officious. But, on the other hand, it may be the interest of many people to show him extreme and

even obsequious attention, if they can only get value in exchange for their civilities. He must make his way by fear or flattery, or by a judicious blending of both. If he is simply dull and stupidly honest, he will dance attendance in vain in the ante-chambers of ministers and ambassadors; while more subtle natures give him the go-by, and men of the world are admitted to familiar conversations. If he sinks into a mere parasite, he loses consideration even with his patron, since his letters, sooner or later, lose their authority, being filled with self-evident contradictions. The model correspondent must gradually make himself a power and a position. Always supposing that he has the force of character and the ability, in his case more perhaps than in any other, everything may be said to come to him who waits. He has easy manners, and shows a due deference to dignitaries. At the same time, he has an evident reserve of self-respect; and neither menace nor blandishments can make him swerve from his fixed principles of candor. He conciliates potentates as far as he can, but he never shrinks from civilly contradicting or criticising them. So that they come to regard him as an institution which they would very willingly dispense with; yet they would rather have him as an impartial friend than turn him into a distrustful enemy. And if they wish to "square" the organ he represents, they prefer that he should have a direct explanation of their motives, rather than leave his diabolical ingenuity free scope in misrepresenting and satirizing them. Nothing indeed is a more remarkable sign of the times than the positions that certain correspondents have made for themselves. It is little to say that their card gives them privilege of *entrée* wherever it pleases them to present it, whether at ministry or *chancellerie*. They pass as matter of prescriptive right within the innermost circle at grand receptions. Princes and presidents drop into their ears the disclosures that are intended for universal circulation. Special envoys charged with the destinies of Europe graciously tender them their snuff-boxes, or would tender boxes if snuff-taking were still in fashion. They may be positively *chamarré* with decorations if they please; although possibly, even if they are not British subjects, they may consider it more in conformity with their *rôle* to decline to be vulgarized by such commonplace distinctions.

That is no unenviable position for a man of social ambition and indefatigable energy. He may place himself on familiar

terms with the people whom all the world is courting — he can do a good or an evil turn to men who are ostensibly far more highly placed — he exercises the secret power that is more gratifying to certain natures for the concealment, and yet his influence is a reality that is likely to be exaggerated by those whose appreciation he most dearly values. As for the lighter relaxations of society, of course he may pick and choose among invitations. His card is sent him *ex officio* to all state ceremonies and official receptions; his modest brougham manages somehow to give the go-by to long files of carriages — the police seem to have had a hint that the occupant's minutes are precious; while he can avoid the crowd on grand staircases by a judicious use of his "private entries." He is asked to *diners intimes*, where he exchanges epigrammatic utterances with the gentlemen who are making history, and whose biographies are pigeon-holed in the office of his journal. For he cultivates the art of being pleasantly epigrammatic, and aims at being sententiously reticent rather than conversational. But these little dinners have naturally their drawbacks. For our friend is remarkable for the tenacity of his memory, and should memory chance to fail, he is apt to fall back on imagination. His *convives* can never be sure that anything they happen to let slip may not be produced in evidence against them: when they are not making themselves agreeable with the desire that their confidences, in one shape or another, may receive the widest publicity. It is the business of the intelligent guest to understand how much of the talk he may take for gospel — when he may safely venture to be indiscreet, and when he is in honor bound over to secrecy. Should he make a blunder in this latter respect, he is sure to suffer for it, in being sentenced for a term or for perpetuity to seclusion from his exceptional sources of information.

The life may be enjoyable to an energetic individual, but it is far indeed from being an easy one. The day is one incessant round of duties, and the mind must be always more or less on the stretch. The correspondent may have aides-de-camp attached to his person who spare him considerable trouble, yet he must perpetually be on the *qui vive* himself. Now he is dashing off upon a round of morning visits; now he is haunting the precincts of a house of assembly, or bending over from a box in the gallery, mentally reporting the leading orators, or taking careful note of their action. A murder of singular

atrocities, an *émeute* or a State prosecution, may break in on that routine by way of interlude; or if a war be on foot, he has to get the latest intelligence that is transmitted from the generals to the government or the War Office. And on the first representation of a play on some grand gala-night at the opera, he has to transform himself into the man about town, and concentrate his critical attention on the performance, while, so far as appearances go, he is reposing listlessly in his *fauteuil*. Then last, though not least, comes the letter of the evening, when he has to group the ideas he has been collecting through the day, and flash them by the telegraph to the headquarters of his journal. The next morning all is to begin again *da capo*; and assuredly towards the dearest season of the year the correspondent has earned his retreat to "the waters."

Clearly it is an immense gain to have a correspondent who can *se faire valoir*; who increases his usefulness by asserting his independence. Such men are rare, and their besetting sin, perhaps, is mistaking their vocation; sitting down in the chair of the leader-writer and transmitting political disquisitions in place of simple intelligence. But that not unnatural foible becomes simply intolerable in the case of the worthy gentlemen who, having to turn out their tale of bricks with a scanty supply of straw, feel bound to make much ado about nothing. There are correspondents who, having learned to know themselves, and having formed a just estimate of their own sphere and powers, discharge their duties modestly and satisfactorily. They use their discretion in collecting the opinions of the papers in the capitals where they reside, and they report the gossip of the frequenters of their favorite *cafés*. But there are others who write in the belief that they are nothing if they are not original, eloquent, and exclusively informed. In fact, if they were not hand and glove with princes, potentates, and prime ministers, they would speedily be superseded by the paper which accredits them. These are the men who smoke cigars with chancellors in extreme undress; who hobnob with sultans and seraskiers over chibouques; and who mention incidentally how they were button-holed by some anonymous statesman, eager to sound their experience on some burning topic of the times. In reality they would be very worthy fellows if they had somewhat more self-respect; and they might be very agreeable companions if they had the manners and the feelings of gentlemen.

For often they have seen a good deal of life, so far as hotels and *cafés* and railway carriages can show it them; but if they really had self-respect to begin with, they must have got rid of it in the course of their professional duties. They are found out sooner or later by their countrymen, and inevitably, although naturally more slowly, by foreigners. They are the terror and horror of the *attachés* of their own embassy, who are compelled, however, to show them some civility and consideration, so great is the press in these latter days. Seeing that he is pretty sure to be savagely criticised from time to time, no minister dares to make enemies gratuitously; and accordingly, an overdressed and underbred individual, with a knack of fluent if ungrammatical penmanship, is admitted occasionally to the receptions of the legation, though he would be blackballed at any fifth-rate club in town. Foreign officials have less reason for being habitually polite to him, and are inclined to cold-shoulder him, and hold him at arm's length. But he makes the best of such opportunities as he has, and is indefatigable in dancing attendance on back stairs, and — so to speak — listening at keyholes. Now and again he is permitted to make a hit. A statesman has a purpose to serve by candor or by affecting candor, and informs himself of the quarter in which he may count on the requisite servility. He desires to have a piece of doubtful policy puffed or expounded, or to throw dust into the eyes of some distrustful neighbor. So he summons our friend, welcomes him with *empressement*, overpowers him with courtesy, or carries him by familiarity, and binds him body and soul for the time being. For a bit of exclusive news, avowedly from so exceptional a source, is a guarantee of the correspondent's intimacies, which should give him a fresh lease of his mission. Necessarily it is in the terms of the tacit bargain that he faithfully reproduces what he has been told, or that he indulges only in laudatory observations. Besides, he is actuated by lively gratitude in the shape of a hope of similar favors to come. Perhaps the great mischief of the system is, that a paper which has repeatedly proved itself unreliable, is occasionally exceptionally and exclusively well-informed; and thus its opportunities of misleading English opinion, possibly on some momentous matter of international policy, are indefinitely increased.

The "special" correspondent's is a post that there is seldom any difficulty in filling,

and he is often admirably adapted for it. There are sure to be willing volunteers for a journey that is undertaken free of charge, and when handsome *honoraria* are to be earned besides, by attending some grand ceremonial, or assisting at an event of historical interest. Naturally, next to its own practised professionals, the paper prefers to select its special envoys from men of good position and connections. Among these it may generally pick and choose; for after being franked to a destination they fancy, they may count on having admission to the best places, with everything placed freely at their disposition. But the "special" ought to have "made his proofs," and should have certain physical recommendations. He should be something of the type of man recruited by the Foreign Office for queen's messengers. He should be an accomplished traveller, with a smattering of tongues, combining the *dulciter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*. He must be always in haste, but seldom in a bustle; he must have the art of conciliating or cowing station-masters and steamboat agents, and be lavish of his tips to understrappers generally. He has the air and manners of a man of the world, and manages to make friends right and left with travelling companions who may give him a lift or a helping hand. Wherever he lights he lands upon his feet, and is ready either to carry off his luggage or to dispense with it. Though he may love soft living as much as most people, he must be able to rough it, and keep up his spirits. *Il va sans dire* that in special correspondence as in war, a man ceases to be good for responsible charges when he begins to suffer seriously from the infirmities of the flesh. It is all over with him when he must make a travelling medicine-chest an inseparable companion; when he betakes himself to merinoes and flannels, and is particular about manifold changes of raiment; when he is careful about draughts, and dry sheets or blankets, and sits down to his off-hand repasts with any *arrière-pensée* of indigestion. For his brain should be always bright, and his literary inspiration matter of instinct. After being kept on the scramble all day, when his fellow-victim in the gaping crowd has been gradually succumbing to exhaustion, he must pull himself together to pen his despatches. Sometimes he has to write in an overcrowded *salle-à-manger*, amid the shouting guests and the panting waiters, knowing that his apparently inappropriate occupation makes him the object of general

attention. Or he may prefer to retire to the privacy of his garret, where, balancing his person on a broken-down chair, he arranges his writing-materials on a rickety dressing-table; and for one who has not tried, it is impossible to surmise how hard it is to be eloquent and witty under such circumstances. Perhaps it is preferable, on the whole, to have to pencil off a despatch while crushed aside by the *queue* in some busy telegraph office. In that case, at all events, he has the stimulant of excitement; for he dare not confine himself to the bald narration of facts, which would come comparatively easily. He knows there are a dozen or a score or so of imaginative competitors trying hard to cap him in point of sensation. The race is to the swift, and the battle to the strong, and possibly he sees two or three of these, who are scribbling away within reach of his elbow. He must be picturesque and dramatic above everything — his readers expect it of him; and it is marvellous how creditably he acquits himself of his task. To be sure, there may be a redundancy of hackneyed epithets; but as a rule, the model "special," like the war correspondent, does his work most brilliantly under high pressure — his genius rises with the difficulties that strive to baffle him. But the crack man is he who is seemingly insensible to reaction, and who keeps his faculties at command on the shortest notice, even if the strain upon him be prolonged for days. In this connection, as the Americans say, we may remark that telegraphing begins to be ludicrously abused in the modern rivalry for excessive despatch. It is all very well transmitting facts or plausible fancies by electricity; and a mere question of money for those who undertake to purvey them. But setting considerations of expense aside altogether, surely there is something essentially absurd and inconsistent in wiring the impressions made by the dying splendors of a southern sun, or the blending of moonshine and lime-lights in a *place* overflowing with the populace. However interesting the impressions on the accomplished writer — however graphic his powers of portraying them — we fancy we should be quite content to wait for them till they reached us in ordinary course of post. Indeed, knowing that the spirited proprietors of journals are in the habit of looking, in the first place, to the main chance, one is inclined to presume that they keep artists at home who have the charge of filling in their correspondents' outlines. If it be so, we see no reason to

object. Their subscribers have more elaborate reading; while for themselves they are proportionately benefited in pocket.

But of all who bear the correspondent's badge, the "pens of the war" are *facile principes*. There the best men must be had upon any terms. In their cases the hardships of the ordinary special, many times multiplied, are freely spiced and leavened by danger. Writing under simple difficulties is bad enough; writing in an intensity of discomfort, possibly within the compass of shell and shot, is infinitely worse. If a correspondent is to be an eye-witness of the actual war, the diabolical range of modern projectiles makes it impossible to combine safety with duty. We know well that many so-called war-letters are spurious. There are timid and unscrupulous camp-followers in every important campaign who have neither the means of being passed to the front nor the nerve to go there if they did possess them. They elaborate epistles from rumors and their inner consciousness which are remarkable for anything rather than truthfulness. The war correspondents who have deservedly made themselves a name are of very different metal. More often than not they are "soldiers bred," and officers of considerable distinction to boot — men whom professional training and enthusiasm have made indifferent to the chances of a casualty. While there are civilians who are fully as cool under fire, who have studied the theory of military operations as closely, and who have seen a deal of varied service in their day, possibly profiting by their experiences all the more that they have merely played the part of the eye-witness. To an adventurous spirit or a fervid military student the calling has its intrinsic charms no doubt; but it is terribly trying in many ways — by no means least so in its social aspects. However influentially you may be recommended at headquarters, you can hardly be a welcome guest there. The generals and their staffs, in spite of any pledges to the contrary, can scarcely fail to regard you as in some measure a spy upon them. They would rather be guaranteed by your absence against the chance of an indiscretion which might upset some important combination or give a useful hint to the enemy. So long as everything goes well, it may be satisfactory to have a brilliant and impartial panegyrist in camp, who will give their deeds of glory prompt circulation, and assure them, before they may be prematurely knocked on the head, some pleasing instalments of the immortality that awaits

them. But blunders will be made in the best-directed corps, although it by no means follows that they need obtain publicity; while, if the armies should meet with a succession of reverses, it is not in human nature that the sufferers should appreciate the foreign companion who is to chronicle them. Then the correspondent has his own ideas of strategy, and he is there to criticise as well as to report. When he speaks his mind, even if his criticisms be favorable, he puts himself more or less in an attitude of patronage; and nothing can be more personally disagreeable than condemning the generals who hold your comfort in their hands. The Germans carried all before them in their French invasion, and the genius of their strategists and the courage of their troops were if anything exaggerated rather than otherwise. Yet we imagine that some of the correspondents who had their headquarters at Versailles during the tedium and the anxieties of the siege of Paris, although they enjoyed exceptional privileges, and were treated with formal civility, must have been as heartily weary of their sojourn before the place as any of the inhabitants of the beleaguered city. There are civil ways of "sending a man to Coventry," without actually cutting all communication with him; while, of course, the more unlucky correspondents with the beaten and humiliated French knew exactly what they might expect from that emotional and impressionable people. When every baffled general was a traitor, the foreign correspondent was necessarily a spy; but they were born into a "wale," as Mrs. Gamp would have put it, and had "to take the consequences of 'sich a situation.'"

There is little that need be said of the normal physical anxieties and sufferings; of having to accompany the dragging line of march, keenly on the look-out for each scrap of information; of having to do the agreeable to men in authority, often wasting invaluable time over the dinner-table, while exerting one's self in an honest way to secure their confidence and win their good graces; of striving to make yourself almost ubiquitous, when operations are being conducted simultaneously over scores of square miles of country; of trying, by verifying and combining vague reports, to get some faint idea of the key of the situation; of coming to a resolution on the shortest notice that may throw you out altogether on the day of a decisive battle; of such material and essential details as working your unfortunate horses over

cross-roads blocked by men and made almost impassable by artillery. Even if the correspondent had the rare good fortune to turn up at the central vantage-point at the critical moment, he had to do his best by activity of mind and body to grasp the salient points of the situation. He had to learn what he could of the results. When nightfall brought brief repose to all but the chiefs and the wounded, he had to seize pen and paper and dash off his despatch; and possibly he had to finish by becoming his own messenger, personally conveying the precious packet for greater security to the nearest available post-office or telegraph station. Occasionally — and it shows how severe was his task — he preferred to hurry to London, travelling against time, and write his report more at leisure in the office of his journal, hurrying back again to his post to be in readiness to recommence his duties.

Considering the circumstances under which the work is done — or indeed setting circumstances aside altogether — much of the war correspondence is simply admirable. Dr. Russell may fairly claim to have originated the art. His letters from the Crimea excited for the first time a general and intelligent interest in military operations and military administration. For long he had it all his own way; but latterly, although he has done much excellent service both in Asia and Europe, the number of his successful rivals has been rapidly multiplying. If none of them can be said to have surpassed him, not a few of them have run him hard. To be sure, those competitors of his are younger men, and youth must tell under trying conditions. But young or middle-aged, there are certain constitutions which seem to be positively stimulated by the hardships and dangers which would be depressing or paralyzing to most people. Take one of the "philosophical historians" out of his snug study — a man who may be in the prime of his powers, and even in the habit of taking regular riding-exercise in the parks — send him on the march with the advancing columns, through a hostile territory, in the depth of winter, and see what manner of lucubrations he will produce. The "special" is roughly scared from his heavy slumbers at an unholy hour; it is lucky for him if he has not to hunt up his servant, or seek and saddle his horse for himself. He snatches a crust should his commissariat happen to be so well provided, washes it down with a mouthful of spirits-and-water, and then has to run his chance for the rest of the day. There he

sits in his damp saddle in the raw darkness of a winter morning, vainly endeavoring, even when the day should have broken, to pierce the fog that is confounding all the features of the landscape. The staff may have given him the slip; the field-officers profess to be as ignorant as himself, or they are too busy or else too sulky to attend to him; the roads are choked with the crawling columns, where they are not blocked with wagons and guns; and to aggravate his perplexity, from sundry points of the compass comes the roar of the cannon or the rattle of the rifle-firing. Each flying moment is precious, and he has to settle his strategy for himself. He has to push to points on a jaded animal, through these struggling masses of disciplined confusion, at the risk of blundering and having to retrace his steps. Should he be happy enough to make a hit, probably at considerable personal risk, he assists at a grand battle extending over many leagues of front. And the whole of the time his faculties must be on the stretch, interpreting all that is vaguely visible to him, and guessing on circumstantial evidence at what he can only imagine. His reputation is staked on the general accuracy of his report, and he is bound, besides, to be scientifically critical. He is expected to pronounce off-hand on matters that to the end of time will be disputed by military historians. He has collected in his head the materials for his letter, and photographed a variety of incidents on his brain. The actual tug of war comes to him in his turn, when the wearied combatants are withdrawing to their billets or stretching themselves out in their bivouacs on the battle-field. If he is lucky enough to get his share of a fire, he is writing his letter on his knee in the steam of his drying garments. In nine cases out of ten, in such circumstances, we doubt if mere hammering and straining would do much more than produce the barest and briefest of reports. As it is, in nine cases out of ten we have a singularly lucid and picturesque narration, which, if it errs at all, errs on the side of floridness, and seems to reflect the exaltation of the writer's mood through a highly colored medium of strong sensation. Such letters penned under such conditions, can, we should say, be attributed to nothing short of a species of real literary genius. Ideas arrange themselves, and recollections shake into place in an absence of all conscious effort, clothing themselves instinctively in felicitous expressions. So that in its way the despatch seems as much due to inspiration

as the diviner epic of the sacred war-bard.

"*Cedant arma togæ*" is a motto that is nowadays read in reverse by most newspaper editors who know their public. When wars with war correspondence come to the front, literary criticism goes to the wall, or rather it is hustled aside altogether. Naturally that must be more or less the case when men's minds are profoundly agitated with the fluctuations of a great national struggle. On the morrow of an engagement like that of the Alma or Inkerman, the city mobs that rush on the newsboys and beset the bookstalls take thought for nothing but the latest despatches and the comments on them by those who are supposed to know. Even while the feverish strain is suspended though prolonged through the wearisome operations of sieges in the winter, there is comparatively little care for reading. Necessarily, too, the shadow of the storm has fallen on the book-market, blighting alike conception and production. The most thrilling fiction can devise nothing so intensely dramatic as those grim realities of horror, and there is no such excitement to be found in the most adventurous volumes of travel. But we really cannot see why nothing need be done to satisfy more delicate intellectual tastes, because Tartars and Turks have flown at each other's throats along the bounds that divide Asia from Europe. Those interminable letters from the Black Mountain and the Balkans; the stories of Jews immersed in the waters of the Danube, and of Servians impaled on the banks of the Save, — would surely bear winnowing and sifting, even where they might not be omitted with much advantage. The truth is, that a conscientious correspondent who has his pay to earn, toils on at spinning phrases and weaving them into monotonous webs, even when he has been left high and dry by the ebb of events in some miserable intriguing little capital that is a mere breeding-place of *canards*. The editor, in the exercise of a wise discretion, would assuredly deserve well of his readers if he were to throw half these letters into his waste-basket and warn the writer to hold his hand. But, in the first place, the letters are paid for and may as well be printed; in the next place, he may have an excessive regard for the feelings of a valued contributor; while, finally, the public have become habituated to a regular war diet, and if they failed to find the morning showers of quails, which they prefer to the more insipid manna, they would probably go in search of them

to the columns of his competitors. Moreover, the most collected of editors is living under the pressure of the wheel of his destiny, that makes its revolution once in the twenty-four hours. Sufficient for each of his days is the evil thereof, and far more than sufficient his superabundant supplies. Print, in the first place, all that is absolutely urgent; shove in subsequently everything that will hardly bear shelving; and if anything will keep till to-morrow or the day after, carry it over to the "suspense account" on the side-tables. There are men who *will* have the "money market" and "the mails," the commercial and industrial news and all that concerns the main chance, the Parliamentary and law reports, with the grand banquet at Birmingham, and the open-air gathering of the *demos* at Greenwich. One of the immortals of history drops at the eleventh hour, falling recumbent over at least a couple of columns. There is a terrific conflagration, or a tremendous railway smash, with the long train of medical reports and coroners' inquests that for weeks to come will drag a dwindling tail behind them, shooting across the editorial horizon like a comet. Meantime, while the reporters and penny-liners are so busy, the articles on books are laid aside and belated, though very possibly they may have been dictated by thought, knowledge, and culture. And that becomes so much a matter of every-day habit, that the editor learns to look on his reviews as so many useful stop-gaps that may serve to pad an issue on occasion; and the capable reviewer loses heart in the thankless task and throws it over to inferior hands; and the public, who are critical in a vague way themselves, come to regard those spasmodical critical efforts with a contempt that is probably not undeserved; and the author receives the notice he has been longing for when it is altogether too late to be of the slightest service.

The system, we say, is short-sighted and unfair, — it is unfair to authors and publishers; but it is most of all unfair to the public, whom editors are bound to consider. Surely it is not to be denied by educated men that the contemporary productions of thought and culture have claims to attention that are almost as strong as the fluctuations in consols, cotton, or coffee; that shining lights in theology and science should hold their own with the reporters of pigeon-shooting and pedestrianism, and the touts from the training headquarters. And we question whether the notices of even average writers of fiction

may not be made at least as imposing and instructive as the stories of the gentlemen who floor their wives with quart-pots, or of the frail and ill-assorted couples who do their family washing in the divorce courts. Long-winded literary articles are going out of date; and a good thing too. They never fell properly within the province of the "dailies," which ought to be prompt in their judgments before everything. But concise and pointed notices of the various publications of the day should surely be as much of a recognized department as the notes on the trade in hides or tallow. Nothing should be omitted that merits attention, although, in many instances, half-a-dozen lines might suffice; and the critic, by anticipating more mature judgments, might really, if he had the capacity, make himself an authority, in place of coming trailing along behind them like a benumbed fly crawling on the drag-wheel. To save himself from the snare of always putting off till the morrow everything that need not absolutely be published to-day, the editor should bind himself by some hard and fast rule, such as the printing of his book-articles weekly or fortnightly. But while the remissness of the daily editors is intelligible, it is more difficult to understand the arrangements of the professed critical weeklies. We can conceive them keeping teams of spare horses in their stable against such slack seasons as we have been languishing through in the last few months. But we should have fancied that it would have been their pleasure, as well as their profit, to keep pace, so far as possible, with current production. In a week or in a fortnight at the outside, an expert who is at home in his special department ought to have prepared himself for grappling with the weightiest work. If he desires to expose inaccuracies or shortcomings, we should concede him any amount of time for his researches in the encyclopædias and libraries; but, on the other hand, the novels that are essentially ephemeral, and the travels that are advertised as "books of the season," should be served fresh and quickly, like newly-caught fish, since they lose by the keeping like mullets or whiting. As a matter of fact, it is more than "a toss up" whether they are noticed on the morrow or six months thence. When a book has already been canvassed at every dinner-table, and tossed about from hand to hand in the club libraries and smoking-rooms, some of the weeklies come out with their leisurely notices. By that time its destiny is inevitably decided, and the praise or blame of

the judge is become practically indifferent to the writer, so far, at least, as the financial results of that particular work are concerned. The journal of eminently philosophical pretensions makes itself as singular in that respect as in many others. Now and again you come upon a review in it which gives you the effect of evoking departed spirits from the vasty deep, to which the bodies have been consigned. You rub your eyes while you slowly assure yourself that the title actually applies to some long-forgotten acquaintance. And you are only persuaded of the reality of the tardy resurrection when you see that the date of publication has been withheld for very shame.

As for the *critiques*, we may venture to say that, on the whole, they show as much charity as ability. If the writers have been soured by failure in literature, at all events as a rule they mask their malice. Now and then, indeed, we have a slashing article; but it is generally when the author has laid himself open. Palpable hits are justified by apposite quotations; for broad abuse and unsupported invective are happily nearly out of fashion, and a single caustic review is compensated by some half-a-dozen others of indiscriminate panegyric. There are few books which may not be advertised with one or more hyper-laudatory extracts. Even when fear or favor has nothing to say to that, the run of critics incline to be good-natured. It is easier to praise with generalities than to blame judiciously; the gift of being cleverly malignant is rarer than is commonly supposed, while it necessarily compels somewhat careful reading. At the same time, a modest and inexperienced author of average talent must often find himself sorely puzzled should he seek to profit by the criticisms lavished upon him. His professional advisers perplex him with the most contradictory estimates and counsels — the beauties of one are the blemishes of another; and the "pensive public" is still more embarrassed when the fervent recommendations they read in one journal are followed by the scathing denunciations of another. The fact being, that the criticism which must be the most delicate, difficult, and responsible of all departments of journalism, is too often discharged in a most reckless, slovenly, and perfunctory manner. The hack-of-all-work who has broken down somewhere else is thought quite sufficiently good for it. It is irritating to see the labors of half a lifetime dismissed cavalierly in a single flippant page by an impostor who unconsciously makes parade

of his shallowness and hopeless incompetency. Yet, irritating as it is, one may cherish the conviction that sterling merit must vindicate itself in the end. But the injustice is felt far more severely when some fairly meritorious aspirant is condemned by a standard to which he made no pretensions of attaining, on the authority of a man who has merely skimmed him, and who possibly chanced to be out of temper at the time.

SIR GIBBIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

AUTHOR OF "MALCOLM," "THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE,"
ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MAINS.

THEY reached at length the valley road. The water that ran in the bottom was the Lorrie. Three days ago, it was a lively little stream, winding and changing within its grassy banks, here resting silent in a deep pool, there running and singing over its pebbles. Now it had filled and far overflowed its banks, and was a swift river. It had not yet, so far up the valley, encroached on the road; but the torrents from the mountain had already in places much injured it, and with considerable difficulty they crossed some of the new-made gullies. When they approached the bridge, however, by which they must cross the Lorrie to reach the Mains, their worst trouble lay before them. For the enemy, with whose reinforcements they had all the time been descending, showed himself ever in greater strength the farther they advanced; and here the road was flooded for a long way on both sides of the bridge. There was therefore a good deal of wading to be done; but the road was an embankment, there was little current, and in safety at last they ascended the rising ground on which the farm-buildings stood. When they reached the yard, they sent Gibbie to find shelter for Crummie, and themselves went up to the house.

"The Lord preserve 's!" cried Jean Mavor, with uplifted hands, when she saw them enter the kitchen.

"He'll dee that, mem," returned Janet, with a smile.

"But what *can* he dee? Gien ye be droont oot o' the hill, what's to come o' hiz i' the how? I wad ken that!" said Jean.

"The watter's no up to yer door yet," remarked Janet.

"God forbid!" retorted Jean, as if the very mention of such a state of things was too dreadful to be polite. "—But, eh, ye're weet!"

"Weet 's no the word," said Robert, trying to laugh, but failing from sheer exhaustion, and the beginnings of an asthmatic attack.

The farmer, hearing their voices, came into the kitchen—a middle-sized and middle-aged, rather coarse-looking man, with keen eyes, who took snuff amazingly. His manner was free, with a touch of satire. He was proud of driving a hard bargain, but was thoroughly hospitable. He had little respect for person or thing, but showed an occasional touch of tenderness.

"Hoot, Rob!" he said roughly as he entered, "I thought ye had mair sense! What brought ye here at sic a time?"

But as he spoke he held out his snuff-box to the old man.

"Fell needcessity, sir," answered Robert, taking a good pinch.

"Necessity!" retorted the farmer. "Was ye oot o' meal?"

"Oot o' dry meal, I doobt, by this time, sir," replied Robert.

"Hoots! I wuss we war a' in like necessity—weel up upo' the hill i'stead o' doon here upo' the haugh (*river-meadow*). It's jist clean ridic'ulous. Ye sud hae kenned better at your age, Rob. Ye sud hae thought twice, man."

"Deed, sir," answered Robert, quietly finishing his pinch of snuff, "there was sma' need, an' less time to think, an' Glashgar bursten, an' the watter comin' ower the tap o' the bit hoosie as gien 'twar a muckle owershot wheel, an' no a place for fowk to bide in. Ye dinna think Janet an' me wad be twa sic auld fules as pit on oor Sunday claes to sweem in, gien we thought to see things as we left them when we gaed back! Ye see, sir, though the hoose be fun't upo' a rock, it's maist biggit o' fells, an' the foundation's a' I luik even to see o' 't again. Whan the force o' the watter grows less, it'll come down upo' the riggin' wi' the hail weight o' 't."

"Ay!" said Janet, in a low voice, "the live stanes maun come to the live rock to bigg the hoose 'at 'll stan."

"What think ye, Maister Fergus, you at's gauin' to be a minister?" said Robert, referring to his wife's words, as the young man looked in at the door of the kitchen.

"Lat him be," interposed his father, blowing his nose with unnecessary vio-

lence; "setna him preachin' afore 's time. Fess the whusky, Fergus, an' gie auld Robert a dram. Haith! gien the watter be rinnin' ower the tap o' yer hoose, man, it was time to flit. Fess twa or three glaisses, Fergus; we hae a' need o' something 'at's no watter. It's perfectly ridiculous!"

Having taken a little of the whisky, the old people went to change their clothes for some Jean had provided, and in the mean time she made up her fire, and prepared some breakfast for them.

"An' whaur's yer dummie?" she asked, as they re-entered the kitchen.

"He had puir Crummie to luck efter," answered Janet; "but he micht hae been in or this time."

"He'll be wi' Donal i' the byre, nae doobt," said Jean: "he's aye some shy o' comin' in wantin' an' inveet." She went to the door, and called with a loud voice across the yard, through the wind and the clashing torrents, "Donal, sen' Dummie in till 's brakfast."

"He's awa' till 's sheep," cried Donal in reply.

"Preserve 's! — the cratur 'll be lost!" said Jean.

"Less likly nor ony man about the place," bawled Donal, half angry with his mistress for calling his friend *dummie*. "Gibbie kens better what he's about nor ony twa 'at thinks him a fule 'cause he canna let oot sic stuff an' nonsense as they canna haud in."

Jean went back to the kitchen, only half reassured concerning her brownie, and far from contented with his absence. But she was glad to find that neither Janet nor Robert appeared alarmed at the news.

"I wuss the cratur had had some brakfast," she said.

"He has a piece in 's pooch," answered Janet. "He's no oonprovidit wi' what can be made mair o'."

"I dinna richtly un'erstan' ye there," said Jean.

"Ye canna hae failt to remark, mem," answered Janet, "'at whan the Maister set himsel' to feed the hungerin' thoosan's, he teuk intil 's han' what there was, an' voucht upo' that to mak mair o' 't. I hae wussed sometimes 'at the laddie wi' the five barley loaves an' the twa sma' fishes, hadna been there that day. I wad fain ken hoo the Maister wad hae managed wantin' onything to begin upo'. As it was, he aye hang what he did upo' something his Father had dune afore him."

"Hoots!" returned Jean, who looked upon Janet as a lover of conundrums,

"ye're aye warstlin' wi' runk-nots an' teuch moo'fu's."

"Ow na, no aye," answered Janet; "— only whiles, whan the speerit o' speirin' gets the upper han' o' me for a sizon."

"I doobt that same speerit 'ill lead ye far frae the still watters some day, Janet," said Jean, stirring the porridge vehemently.

"Ow, I think not," answered Janet very calmly. "Whan the Maister says — *what's that to thee?* — I tak care he hasna to say 't twice, but jist get up an' follow him."

This was beyond Jean, but she held her peace, for, though she feared for Janet's orthodoxy, and had a strong opinion of the superiority of her own common sense — in which, as in the case of all who pride themselves in the same, there was a good deal more of the *common* than of the *sense* — she had the deepest conviction of Janet's goodness, and regarded her as a sort of heaven-favored idiot, whose utterances were somewhat privileged. Janet, for her part, looked upon Jean as "an honest wuman, wha'll get a heap o' licht some day."

When they had eaten their breakfast, Robert took his pipe to the barn, saying there was not much danger of fire that day; Janet washed up the dishes, and sat down to her Book; and Jean went out and in, attending to many things.

Meantime the rain fell, the wind blew, and the water rose. Little could be done beyond feeding the animals, threshing a little corn in the barn, and twisting straw ropes for the thatch of the ricks of the coming harvest — if indeed there was a harvest on the road, for, as the day went on, it seemed almost to grow doubtful whether any ropes would be wanted; while already not a few of last year's ricks, from farther up the country, were floating past the Mains, down the Daur to the sea. The sight was a dreadful one — had an air of the day of judgment about it to farmers' eyes. From the Mains, to right and left beyond the rising ground on which the farm-buildings stood, everywhere as far as the bases of the hills, instead of fields was water, yellow-brown, here in still expanse or slow progress, there sweeping along in fierce current. The quieter parts of it were dotted with trees, divided by hedges, shaded with ears of corn; upon the swifter parts floated objects of all kinds.

Mr. Duff went wandering restlessly from one spot to another, finding nothing to do. In the gloaming, which fell the sooner that a rain-blanket miles thick wrapt the earth up from the sun, he came across from the

barn, and entering the kitchen, dropped, weary with hopelessness, on a chair.

"I can weel un'erstan'," he said, "what for the Lord sud set doon Bony an' set up Louy, but what for he sud gar corn grow, an' syne sen' a spate to sweem awa' wi' 't, that's mair nor mortal man can see the sense o'. — Haud yer tongue, Janet. I'm no sayin' there's onything wrang; I'm sayin' naething but the sair trowth, 'at I canna see the what-for o't. I canna see the guid o't till onybody. A'thing's on the ro'd to the German Ocean. The lan' 's jist miltin' awa' intill the sea!"

Janet sat silent, knitting hard at a stocking she had got hold of, that Jean had begun for her brother. She knew argument concerning the uses of adversity was vain with a man who knew of no life but that which consisted in eating and drinking, sleeping and rising, working and getting on in the world: as to such things existing only that they may subserve a real life, he was almost as ignorant, notwithstanding he was an elder of the church, as any heathen.

From being nearly in the centre of its own land, the farm-steading of the Mains was at a considerable distance from any other; but there were two or three cottages upon the land, and as the evening drew on, another aged pair, who lived in one only a few hundred yards from the house, made their appearance, and were soon followed by the wife of the foreman with her children, who lived farther off. Quickly the night closed in, and Gibbie was not come. Robert was growing very uneasy; Janet kept comforting and reassuring him.

"There's ae thing," said the old man; "Oscar's wi' 'im."

"Ay," responded Janet, unwilling in the hearing of others to say a word that might seem to savor of rebuke to her husband, yet pained that he should go to the dog for comfort — "Ay; he's a weel-made animal, Oscar! There's been a fowth o' sheep-care pitten intil 'im. Ye see him 'at made 'im, bein' a shepherd himsel', kens what's wantit o' the dog." — None but her husband understood what lay behind the words.

"Oscar's no wi' 'im," said Donal. "The dog cam to me i' the byre, lang efter Gibbie was awa', greitin' like, an' luikin' for 'im."

Robert gave a great sigh, but said nothing.

Janet did not sleep a wink that night: she had so many to pray for. Not Gibbie only, but every one of her family was in perils of waters, all being employed along

the valley of the Daur. It was not, she said, confessing to her husband her sleeplessness, that she was afraid. She was only "keepin' them company, an' haudin' the yett open," she said. The latter phrase was her picture-periphrase for *praying*. She never said she *prayed*; she *held the gate open*. The wonder is but small that Donal should have turned out a poet.

The dawn appeared — but the farm had vanished. Not even heads of growing corn were anywhere more to be seen. The loss would be severe, and John Duff's heart sank within him. The sheep which had been in the mown clover-field that sloped to the burn, were now all in the corn-yard, and the water was there with them. If the rise did not soon cease, every rick would be afloat. There was little current, however, and not half the danger there would have been had the houses stood a few hundred yards in any direction from where they were.

"Tak yer brakfast, John," said his sister.

"Lat them tak 'at hungers," he answered.

"Tak, or ye'll no hae the wut to save," said Jean.

Thereupon he fell to, and ate, if not with appetite, then with a will that was wondrous.

The flood still grew, and still the rain poured, and Gibbie did not come. Indeed no one any longer expected him, whatever might have become of him: except by boat the Mains was inaccessible now, they thought. Soon after breakfast, notwithstanding, a strange woman came to the door. Jean, who opened it to her knock, stood and stared speechless. It was a gray-haired woman, with a more disreputable look than her weather-flouted condition would account for.

"Gran' wither for the deuks!" she said.

"Whaur come ye frae?" returned Jean, who did not relish the freedom of her address.

"Frae ower by," she answered.

"An' hoo wan ye here?"

"Upo' my twa legs."

Jean looked this way and that over the watery waste, and again stared at the woman in growing bewilderment. — They came afterwards to the conclusion that she had arrived, probably half-drunk, the night before, and passed it in one of the out-houses.

"Yer legs maun be langer nor they luik than, wuman," said Jean, glancing at the lower part of the stranger's person.

The woman only laughed — a laugh without any laughter in it.

"What's yer wull, noo 'at ye *are* here?" continued Jean, with severity. "Ye camna to the Mains to tell them there what kin' o' wather it wis!"

"I cam whaur I cud win," answered the woman; "an' for my wull, that's naething to naeboddy noo — it's no as it was ance — though, gien I cud get it, there micht be mair nor me the better for't. An' sae as ye wad gang the len'th o' a glaiss o' whusky —"

"Ye s' get nae whusky here," interrupted Jean with determination.

The woman gave a sigh, and half turned away as if she would depart. But however she might have come, it was plainly impossible she should depart and live.

"Wuman," said Jean, "I ken an' I care naething aboot ye; an' mair, I dinna like ye, nor the luik o' ye; an' gien 't war a fine simmer nicht 'at a body cud lie thereoot, or gang the farther, I wad steek the door i' yer face; but that I daurna dee the day again' my neebour's soo; sae ye can come in an' sit doon, an', my min' spoken, ye s' get what'll haud the life i' ye, an' a puckle strae i' the barn. Only ye maun jist had a quaiet sough, for the gudeman disna like tramps."

"Tramps here, tramps there!" exclaimed the woman, starting into high displeasure, "I wad hae ye ken I'm an honest wuman, an' no tramp!"

"Ye sudna luik sae like ane than," said Jean coolly. "But come yer wa's in, an' I s' say naething sae lang as ye behave."

The woman followed her, took the seat pointed out to her by the fire, and sullenly ate, without a word of thanks, the cakes and milk handed her, but seemed to grow better-tempered as she ate, though her black eyes glowed at the food with something of disgust and more of contempt: she would rather have had a gill of whisky than all the milk on the Mains. On the other side of the fire sat Janet, knitting away busily, with a look of ease and leisure. She said nothing, but now and then cast a kindly glance out of her gray eyes at the woman: there was an air of the lost sheep about the stranger, which, in whomsoever she might see it, always drew her affection. "She maun be ane o' them the Maister cam' to ca'," she said to herself. But she was careful to suggest no approach, for she knew the sheep that has left the flock has grown wild, and is more suspicious and easily startled than one in the midst of its brethren.

With the first of the light, some of the men on the farm had set out to look for Gibbie, well knowing it would be a hard

matter to touch Glashgar. About nine they returned, having found it impossible. One of them, caught in a current and swept into a hole, had barely escaped with his life. But they were unanimous that the dummie was better off in any cave on Glashgar than he would be in the best bedroom at the Mains, if things went on as they threatened.

Robert had kept going to the barn, and back again to the kitchen, all the morning, consumed with anxiety about the son of his old age; but the barn began to be flooded, and he had to limit his prayer-walk to the space between the door of the house and the chair where Janet sat — knitting busily, and praying with countenance untroubled, amidst the rush of the seaward torrents, the mad howling and screeching of the wind, and the lowing of the imprisoned cattle.

"O Lord," she said in her great trusting heart, "gien my bonny man be droonin' i' the watter, or deein' o' cauld on the hillside, haud 's han'. Binna far frae him, O Lord; dinna lat him be fleyt."

To Janet, what we call life and death were comparatively small matters, but she was very tender over suffering and fear. She did not pray half so much for Gibbie's life as for the presence with him of him who is at the death-bed of every sparrow. She went on waiting, and refused to be troubled. True, she was not his bodily mother, but she loved him far better than the mother who, in such a dread for her child, would have been mad with terror. The difference was, that Janet loved up as well as down, loved down so widely, so intensely, *because* the Lord of life, who gives his own to us, was more to her than any child can be to any mother, and she knew he could not forsake her Gibbie, and that his presence was more and better than life. She was unnatural, was she? — inhuman? — Yes, if there be no such heart and source of humanity as she believed in; if there be, then such calmness and courage and content as hers are the mere human and natural condition to be hungered after by every aspiring soul. Not until such condition is mine shall I be able to regard life as a godlike gift, except in the hope that it is drawing nigh. Let him who understands, understand better; let him not say the good is less than perfect, or excuse his supineness and spiritual sloth by saying to himself that a man can go too far in his search after the divine, can sell too much of what he has, to buy the field of the treasure. Either there is no Christ of God, or my all is his.

Robert seemed at length to have ceased his caged wandering. For a quarter of an hour he had been sitting with his face buried in his hands. Janet rose, went softly to him, and said in a whisper:

"Is Gibbie waur aff, Robert, i' this water upo' Glashgar, nor the dissiples i' the boat upo' yon loch o' Galilee, an' the Maister no come to them? Robert, my ain man! dinna gar the Maister say to you, *O ye o' little faith? Wharfor did ye doobt?* Tak hert, man; the Maister wadna hae his men be cooards."

"Ye're richt, Janet; ye're aye richt," answered Robert, and rose.

She followed him into the passage.

"Whaur are ye gauin, Robert?" she said.

"I wuss I cud tell ye," he answered. "I'm jist hungerin' to be my lane. I wuss I had never left Glashgar. There's aye room there. Or gien I cud win oot amo' the rigs! There's nane o' *them* left, but there's the rucks — they're no soomin' yet! I want to gang to the Lord, but I mauna weat Willie Mackay's claes."

"It's a sair peety," said Janet, "at the men fowk disna learn to weyve stockin's, or dee something or ither wi' their han's. Mony's the time my stockin' 's been maist as guid's a cloaset to me, though I cudna jist gang intil't. But what matters 't! A prayer i' the hert's sure to fin' the ro'd oot. The hert's the last place 'at can haud ane in. A prayin' hert has nae reef (*roof*) till't."

She turned and left him. Comforted by her words, he followed her back into the kitchen, and sat down beside her.

"Gibbie 'll be here mayhap whan least ye luik for him," said Janet.

Neither of them caught the wild eager gleam that lighted the face of the strange woman at those last words of Janet. She looked up at her with the sharpest of glances, but the same instant compelled her countenance to resume its former expression of fierce indifference, and under that became watchful of everything said and done.

Still the rain fell, and the wind blew; the torrents came tearing down from the hills, and shot madly into the rivers; the rivers ran into the valleys, and deepened the lakes that filled them. On every side of the Mains, from the foot of Glashgar to Gormdhu, all was one yellow and red sea, with roaring currents and vortices numberless. It burrowed holes; it opened long-deserted channels and watercourses; here it deposited inches of rich mould, there yards of sand and gravel; here it was car-

rying away fertile ground, leaving behind only bare rock or shingle where the corn had been waving; there it was scooping out the bed of a new lake. Many a thick soft lawn, of loveliest grass, dotted with fragrant shrubs and rare trees, vanished, and nothing was there when the waters subsided but a stony waste, or a gravelly precipice. Woods and copses were undermined, and trees and soil together swept into the vast: sometimes the very place was hardly there to say it knew its children no more. Houses were torn to pieces, and their contents, as from broken boxes, sent wandering on the brown waste, through the gray air, to the discolored sea, whose saltness for a long way out had vanished with its hue. Haymows were buried to the very top in sand; others went sailing bodily down the mighty stream — some of them followed or surrounded, like big ducks, by a great brood of ricks, for their ducklings. Huge trees went past as if shot down an Alpine slide, cottages, and bridges of stone, giving way before them. Wooden mills, thatched roofs, great mill-wheels, went dipping and swaying and hobbling down. From the upper windows of the Mains, looking towards the chief current, they saw a drift of everything belonging to farms and dwelling-houses that would float. Chairs and tables, chests, carts, saddles, chests-of-drawers, tubs of linen, beds and blankets, work-benches, harrows, girnels, planes, cheeses, churns, spinning-wheels, cradles, iron pots, wheelbarrows — all these and many other things hurried past as they gazed. Everybody was looking, and for a time all had been silent.

"Lord save us!" cried Mr. Duff, with a great start, and ran for his telescope.

A four-post bed came rocking down the river, now shooting straight for a short distance, now slowly wheeling, now shivering, struck by some swifter thing, now whirling giddily round in some vortex. The soaked curtains were flacking and flying in the great wind — and — yes, the telescope revealed it! — there *was* a figure in it! — dead or alive the farmer could not tell, but it lay still! — A cry burst from them all; but on swept the strange boat, bound for the world beyond the flood, and none could stay its course.

The water was now in stable and cow-houses and barn. A few minutes more and it would be creeping into the kitchen. The Daur and its tributary the Lorrie were about to merge their last difference on the floor of Jean's parlor. Worst of all, a rapid current had set in across the farther end

of the stable, which no one had as yet observed.

Jean bustled about her work as usual, nor, although it was so much augmented, would accept help from any of her guests until it came to preparing dinner, when she allowed Janet and the foreman's wife to lend her a hand. "The tramp-wife" she would not permit to touch plate or spoon, knife or potato. The woman rose in anger at her exclusion, and leaving the house waded to the barn. There she went up the ladder to the loft where she had slept, and threw herself on her straw-bed.

As there was no doing any work, Donal was out with two of the men, wading here and there where the water was not too deep, enjoying the wonder of the strange looks and curious conjunctions of things. None of them felt much of dismay at the havoc around them: beyond their chests with their Sunday clothes and at most two clean shirts, neither of the men had anything to lose worth mentioning; and for Donal, he would gladly have given even his books for such a *ploy*.

"There's ae thing, mither," he said, entering the kitchen, covered with mud, a rabbit in one hand and a large salmon in the other, "we're no like to sterve, wi' sawmon i' the hedges, an' mappies i' the trees!"

His master questioned him with no little incredulity. It was easy to believe in salmon anywhere, but rabbits in trees!

"I caught it i' the brainches o' a lairick (*larch*)," Donal answered, "easy eneuch, for it cudna rin far, an' was mair fleyt at the watter nor at me; but for the sawmon, haith I was ower an' ower wi' hit i' the watter, efter I gruppit it, er' I cud ca' 't my ain."

Before the flood had subsided, not a few rabbits were caught in trees, mostly spruce-firs and larches. For salmon, they were taken everywhere — among grass, corn, and potatoes, in bushes, and hedges, and cottages. One was caught on a lawn with an umbrella; one was reported to have been found in a press-bed; another, coiled round in a pot hanging from the crook — ready to be boiled, only that he was alive and undressed.

Donal was still being cross-questioned by his master when the strange woman re-entered. Lying upon her straw, she had seen, through the fanlight over the stable-door, the swiftness of the current there passing, and understood the danger.

"I doobt," she said, addressing no one in particular, "the ga'le o' the stable winna stan' abune anither half-hour."

"It maun fa' than," said the farmer, taking a pinch of snuff in hopeless serenity, and turning away.

"Hoots!" said the woman, "dinna speyk that gait, sir. It's no wice-like. Tak a dram, an' tak hert, an' dinna fling the calf efter the coo. Whaur's yer boatle, sir?"

John paid no heed to her suggestion, but Jean took it up.

"The boatle's whaur ye s' no lay han' upo' 't," she said.

"Weel, gien ye hae nae mercy upo' yer whusky, ye sud hae some upo' yer horse-beasts, ony gait," said the woman indignantly.

"What mean ye by that?" returned Jean, with hard voice, and eye of blame.

"Ye might at the least gie the puir things a chance," the woman rejoined.

"Hoo wad ye dee that?" said Jean. "Gien ye lowsed them they wad but tak to the watter wi' fear, an' droon the seen-er."

"Na, na, Jean," interposed the farmer, "they wad tak care o' themsel's to the last, an' aye haud to the dryest, jist as ye wad yersel."

"Allooin'," said the stranger, replying to Jean, yet speaking rather as if to herself, while she thought about something else, "I wad raither droon soomin' nor tied by the heid. — But what's the guid o' doctrine whaur there's onything to be done? — Ye hae whaur to put them. — What kin' 's the fleers (*floors*) up the stair, sir?" she asked abruptly, turning full on her host, with a flash in her deep-set black eyes.

"Ow, guid dale fleers — what ither?" answered the farmer. "— It's the wa's, wuman, no the fleers we hae to be concernt about i' this wather."

"Gien the j'ists be strang, an' weel set intil the wa's, what for sudna ye tak the horse up the stair intil yer bedrooms? It'll be a' to the guid o' the wa's, for the weicht o' the beasts 'll be upo' them to haud them doon, an' the haill hoose again' the watter. An' gien I was you, I wad pit the best o' the kye an' the nowt intil the parlor an' the kitchen here. I'm thinkin' we'll lowse them a' else; for the byre wa's 'ill gang afore the hoose."

Mr. Duff broke into a strange laughter.

"Wad ye no tak up the carpets first, wuman?" he said.

"I wad," she answered; "that gangs chn speirt — *gien there was time*; but I tell ye there's nane; an' ye'll buy twa or three carpets for the price o' ae horse."

"Haith! the wuman's i' the richt," he cried, suddenly waking up to the sense of the proposal, and shot from the house.

All the women, Jean making no exception to any help now, rushed to carry the beds and blankets to the garret.

Just as Mr. Duff entered the stable from the nearer end, the opposite gable fell out with a great splash, letting in the wide level vision of turbidly raging waters, fading into the obscurity of the wind-driven rain. While he stared aghast, a great tree struck the wall like a battering-ram, so that the stable shook. The horses, which had been for some time moving uneasily, were now quite scared. There was not a moment to be lost. Duff shouted for his men; one or two came running; and in less than a minute more those in the house heard the iron-shod feet splashing and stamping through the water, as one after another, the horses were brought across the yard to the door of the house. Mr. Duff led by the halter his favorite Snowball, who was a good deal excited, plunging and rearing so that it was all he could do to hold him. He had ordered the men to take the others first, thinking he would follow more quietly. But the moment Snowball heard the first thundering of hoofs on the stair, he went out of his senses with terror, broke from his master, and went plunging back to the stable. Duff darted after him, but was only in time to see him rush from the further end into the swift current, where he was at once out of his depth, and was instantly caught and hurried, rolling over and over, from his master's sight. He ran back into the house, and up to the highest window. From that he caught sight of him a long way down, swimming. Once or twice he saw him turned heels over head — only to get his neck up again presently, and swim as well as before. But alas! it was in the direction of the Daur, which would soon, his master did not doubt, sweep his carcass into the North Sea. With troubled heart he strained his sight after him as long as he could distinguish his lessening head, but it got amongst some wreck, and unable to tell any more whether he saw it or not, he returned to his men with his eyes full of tears.

CHAPTER XIII.

GLASHRUACH.

As soon as Gibbie had found a stall for Crummie, and thrown a great dinner before her, he turned and sped back the way he had come: there was no time to lose if he

would have the bridge to cross the Lorrie by; and his was indeed the last foot that ever touched it. Guiding himself by well-known points yet salient, for he knew the country perhaps better than any man born and bred in it, he made straight for Glashgar, itself hid in the rain. Now wading, now swimming, now walking along the top of a wall, now caught and baffled in a hedge, Gibbie held stoutly on. Again and again he got into a current, and was swept from his direction, but he soon made his lee way good, and at length, clear of the level water, and with only the torrents to mind, seated himself on a stone under a rock a little way up the mountain. There he drew from his pocket the putty-like mass to which the water had reduced the cakes with which it was filled, and ate it gladly, eyeing from his shelter the slanting lines of the rain, and the rushing sea from which he had just emerged. So lost was the land beneath the water, that he had to think to be certain under which of the roofs, looking like so many foundered Noah's arks, he had left his father and mother. Ah! yonder were cattle! — a score of heads, listlessly drifting down, all the swim out of them, their long horns, like bits of dry branches, knocking together! There was a pig, and there another! And, alas! yonder floated half a dozen helpless sponges of sheep!

At sight of these last he started to his feet, and set off up the hill. It was not so hard a struggle as to cross the water, but he had still to get to the other side of several torrents far more dangerous than any current he had been in. Again and again he had to ascend a long distance before he found a possible place to cross at; but he reached the fold at last.

It was a little valley opening on that where lay the tarn. Swollen to a lake, the waters of it were now at the very gate of the pen. For a moment he regretted he had not brought Oscar, but the next he saw that not much could with any help have been done for the sheep, beyond what they could, if at liberty, do for themselves. Left where they were they would probably be drowned; if not they would be starved; but if he let them go, they would keep out of the water, and find for themselves what food and shelter were to be had. He opened the gate, drove them out, and a little way up the hill, and left them.

By this time it was about two o'clock, and Gibbie was very hungry. He had had enough of the water for one day, however, and was not inclined to return to the Mains.

Where could he get something to eat? If the cottage were still standing—and it might be—he would find plenty there. He turned towards it. Great was his pleasure when, after another long struggle, he perceived that not only was the cottage there, but the torrent gone: either the flow from the mountain had ceased, or the course of the water had been diverted. When he reached the Glashburn, which lay between him and the cottage, he saw that the torrent had found its way into it, probably along with others of the same brood, for it was frightfully swollen, and went shooting down to Glashruach like one long cataract. He had to go a great way up before he could cross it.

When at length he reached home, he discovered that the overshooting stream must have turned aside very soon after they left, for the place was not much worse than then. He swept out the water that lay on the floor, took the driest peats he could find, succeeded with the tinder-box and sulphur match at the first attempt, lighted a large fire, and made himself some water-brose—which is not only the most easily cooked of dishes, but is as good as any for a youth of capacity for strong food.

His hunger appeased, he sat resting in Robert's chair, gradually drying; and falling asleep, slept for an hour or so. When he woke, he took his New Testament from the *crap o' the wa'*, and began to read.

Of late he had made a few attempts upon one and another of the epistles, but, not understanding what he read, had not found profit, and was on the point of turning finally from them for the present, when his eye falling on some of the words of St. John, his attention was at once caught, and he had soon satisfied himself, to his wonder and gladness, that his first epistle was no sealed book any more than his gospel. To the third chapter of that epistle he now turned, and read until he came to these words: "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us, and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren."

"What learned him that?" said Gibbie to himself: Janet had taught him to search the teaching of the apostles for what the Master had taught them. He thought and thought, and at last remembered "This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you."

"And here am I," said Gibbie to himself, "sittin' here in idelseat, wi' my fire, an' my brose, an' my Bible, and a' the warl' aneath Glashgar lyin' in a speat (*flood*)! I canna lay doon my life to save their

sowls; I maun save for them what I can—it may be but a hen or a calf. I maun dee the warks o' him 'at sent me—he's aye savin' at men."

The Bible was back in its place, and Gibbie out of the door the same moment. He had not an idea what he was going to do. All he yet understood was, that he must go down the hill, to be where things might have to be done—and that before the darkness fell. He must go where there were people. As he went his heart was full of joy, as if he had already achieved some deliverance. Down the hill he went singing and dancing. If mere battle with storm was a delight to the boy, what would not a mortal tussle with the elements for the love of men be? The thought itself was a heavenly felicity, and made him "happy as a lover."

His first definitely directive thought was, that his nearest neighbors were likely enough to be in trouble—"the fowk at the muckle hoose." He would go thither straight.

Glashruach, as I have already said, stood on one of the roots of Glashgar, where the mountain settles down into the valley of the Daur. Immediately outside its principal gate ran the Glashburn; on the other side of the house, within the grounds, ran a smaller hill-stream, already mentioned as passing close under Ginevra's window. Both these fell into the Lorrie. Between them the mountain sloped gently up for some little distance, clothed with forest. On the side of the smaller burn, however, the side opposite the house, the ground rose abruptly. There also grew firs, but the soil was shallow, with rock immediately below, and they had not come to much. Straight from the mountain, between the two streams, Gibbie approached the house, through larches and pines raving and roaring in the wind. As he drew nearer, and saw how high the house stood above the valley and its waters, he began to think he had been foolish in coming there to find work; but when he reached a certain point whence the approach from the gate was visible, he started, stopped, and stared. He rubbed his eyes. No; he was not asleep and dreaming by the cottage fire; the wind was about him, and the firs were howling and hissing; there was the cloudy mountain, with the Glashburn, fifty times its usual size, darting like brown lightning from it; but where was the iron gate, with its two stone pillars, crested with wolf's-heads? where was the bridge? where was the wall, and the gravelled road to the house? Had he mistaken his bear-

ings? was he looking in a wrong direction? Below him was a wide, swift, fiercely rushing river, where water was none before! No; he made no mistake: there was the rest of the road, the end of it next the house! That was a great piece of it that fell frothing into the river and vanished! Bridge and gate and wall were gone utterly. The burn had swallowed them, and now, foaming with madness, was roaring along, a great way within the grounds, and rapidly drawing nearer to the house, tearing to pieces and devouring all that defended it. There! what a mouthful of the shrubbery it gobbled up! Slowly, graciously, the tall trees bowed their heads and sank into the torrent, but the moment they touched it, shot away like arrows. Would the foundations of the house withstand it? Were they as strong as the walls of Babylon, yet if the water undermined them, down they must! Did the laird know that the enemy was within his gates? Not with all he had that day seen and gone through, had Gibbie until now gathered any notion of the force of rushing water.

Rousing himself from his bewildered amazement, he darted down the hill. If the other burn was behaving in like fashion, then indeed the fate of the house was sealed. But no; huge and wild as that was also, it was not able to tear down its banks of rock. From that side the house did not seem in danger.

Mr. Galbraith had gone again, leaving Ginevra to the care of Mistress MacFarlane, with a strict order to both, and full authority to the latter to enforce it, that she should not set foot across the threshold on any pretext, or on the smallest expedition, without the housekeeper's attendance. He must take Joseph with him, he said, as he was going to the Duke's, but she could send for Angus upon any emergency.

The laird had of late been so little at home, that the establishment had been much reduced; Mistress MacFarlane did most of the cooking herself; had quarrelled with the housemaid and not yet got another; and, Nicie dismissed, and the kitchen maid gone to visit her mother, was left alone in the house with her mistress, if such we can call her who was really her prisoner. At this moment, however, she was not alone, for on the other side of the fire sat Angus, not thither attracted by any friendship for the housekeeper, but by the glass of whisky of which he sipped as he talked. Many a flood had Angus seen, and some that had done frightful damage,

but never one that had caused him anxiety; and although this was worse than any of the rest, he had not yet a notion how bad it really was. For, as there was nothing to be done out of doors, and he was not fond of being idle, he had been busy all the morning in the woodhouse, sawing and splitting for the winter store, and working the better that he knew what honorarium awaited his appearance in the kitchen. In the woodhouse he only heard the wind and the rain and the roar, he saw nothing of the flood; when he entered the kitchen, it was by the back door, and he sat there without the smallest suspicion of what was going on in front.

Ginevra had had no companion since Nicie left her, and her days had been very dreary, but this day had been the dreariest in her life. Mistress MacFarlane made herself so disagreeable that she kept away from her as much as she could, spending most of her time in her own room, with her needlework and some books of poetry she had found in the library. But the poetry had turned out very dull — not at all like what Donal read — and throwing one of them aside for the tenth time that day, she wandered listlessly to the window, and stood there gazing out on the wild confusion — the burn roaring below, the trees opposite ready to be torn to pieces by the wind, and the valley beneath covered with stormy water. The tumult was so loud, that she did not hear a gentle knock at her door: as she turned away, weary of everything, she saw it softly open, and there to her astonishment stood Gibbie — come, she imagined, to seek shelter, because their cottage had been blown down. — Calculating the position of her room from what he knew of its windows, he had, with the experienced judgment of a mountaineer, gone to it almost direct.

"You mustn't come here, Gibbie," she said, advancing. "Go down to the kitchen, to Mistress MacFarlane. She will see to what you want."

Gibbie made eager signs to her to go with him. She concluded that he wanted her to accompany him to the kitchen and speak for him; but knowing that would only enrage her keeper with them both, she shook her head, and went back to the window. She thought, as she approached it, there seemed a lull in the storm, but the moment she looked out, she gave a cry of astonishment, and stood staring. Gibbie had followed her as softly as swiftly, and looking out also, saw good cause indeed for her astonishment: the channel of the raging burn was all but dry! Instantly he un-

derstood what it meant. In his impotence to persuade, he caught the girl in his arms, and rushed with her from the room. She had faith enough in him by this time not to struggle or scream. He shot down the stair with her, and out of the front door. Her weight was nothing to his excited strength. The moment they issued, and she saw the Glashburn raving along through the lawn, with little more than the breadth of the drive between it and the house, she saw the necessity of escape, though she did not perceive half the dire necessity for haste. Every few moments, a great gush would dash out twelve or fifteen yards over the gravel and sink again, carrying many feet of the bank with it, and widening by so much the raging channel.

"Put me down, Gibbie," she said; "I will run as fast as you like."

He obeyed at once.

"Oh!" she cried, "Mistress MacFarlane! — I wonder if she knows. Run and knock at the kitchen window."

Gibbie darted off, gave three loud hurried taps on the window, came flying back, took Ginevra's hand in his, drew her on till she was at her full speed, turned sharp to the left round the corner of the house, and shot down to the empty channel of the burn. As they crossed it, even to the inexperienced eyes of the girl it was plain what had caused the phenomenon. A short distance up the stream, the whole facing of its lofty right bank had slipped down into its channel. Not a tree, not a shrub, not a bed of moss was to be seen; all was bare wet rock. A confused heap of mould, with branches and roots sticking out of it in all directions, lay at its foot, closing the view upward. The other side of the heap was beaten by the raging burn. They could hear, though they could not see it. Any moment the barrier might give way, and the water resume its course. They made haste, therefore, to climb the opposite bank. In places it was very steep, and the soil slipped so that often it seemed on its way with them to the bottom, while the wind threatened to uproot the trees to which they clung, and carry them off through the air. It was with a fierce scramble they gained the top. Then the sight was a grand one. The arrested water swirled and beat and foamed against the landslip, then rushed to the left, through the wood, over bushes and stones, a raging river, the wind tearing off the tops of its waves, to the Glashburn, into which it plunged, swelling yet higher its huge volume. Rapidly it cut for itself a new channel. Every moment a tree fell and shot

with it like a rocket. Looking up its course, they saw it come down the hillside a white streak, and burst into boiling brown and roar at their feet. The wind nearly swept them from their place; but they clung to the great stones, and saw the airy torrent, as if emulating that below it, fill itself with branches and leaves and lumps of foam. Then first Ginevra became fully aware of the danger in which the house was, and from which Gibbie had rescued her. Augmented in volume and rapidity by the junction of its neighbor, the Glashburn was now within a yard — so it seemed from that height at least — of the door. But they must not linger. The nearest accessible shelter was the cottage, and Gibbie knew it would need all Ginevra's strength to reach it. Again he took her by the hand.

"But where's Mistress MacFarlane?" she said. "Oh, Gibbie! we mustn't leave her."

He replied by pointing down to the bed of the stream: there were she and Angus crossing. Ginevra was satisfied when she saw the gamekeeper with her, and they set out, as fast as they could go, ascending the mountain, Gibbie eager to have her in warmth and safety before it was dark.

Both burns were now between them and the cottage, which greatly added to their difficulties. The smaller burn came from the tarn, and round that they must go, else Ginevra would never get to the other side of it; and then there was the Glashburn to cross. It was an undertaking hard for any girl, especially such for one unaccustomed to exertion; and what made it far worse was that she had only house-shoes, which were continually coming off as she climbed. But the excitement of battling with the storm, the joy of adventure, and the pleasure of feeling her own strength, sustained her well for a long time; and in such wind and rain, the absence of bonnet and cloak was an advantage, so long as exertion kept her warm. Gibbie did his best to tie her shoes on with strips of her pocket handkerchief; but when at last they were of no more use, he pulled off his corduroy jacket, tore out the sleeves, and with strips from the back tied them about her feet and ankles. Her hair also was a trouble: it would keep blowing in her eyes, and in Gibbie's too, and that sometimes with quite a sharp lash. But she never lost her courage, and Gibbie, though he could not hearten her with words, was so ready with smile and laugh, was so cheerful — even merry, so fearless, so free from doubt and anxiety,

while doing everything he could think of to lessen her toil and pain, that she hardly felt in his silence any lack; while often, to rest her body, and withdraw her mind from her sufferings, he made her stop and look back on the strange scene behind them. It was getting dark when they reached the only spot where he judged it possible to cross the Glashburn. He carried her over, and then it was all down hill to the cottage. Once inside it, Ginevra threw herself into Robert's chair, and laughed, and cried, and laughed again. Gibbie blew up the peats, made a good fire, and put on water to boil; then opened Janet's drawers, and having signified to his companion to take what she could find, went to the cow-house, threw himself on a heap of wet straw, worn out, and had enough to do to keep himself from falling asleep. A little rested, he rose and re-entered the cottage, when a merry laugh from both of them went ringing out into the storm: the little lady was dressed in Janet's work-day garments, and making porridge. She looked very funny. Gibbie found plenty of milk in the dairy under the rock, and they ate their supper together in gladness. Then Gibbie prepared the bed in the little closet for his guest, and she slept as if she had not slept for a week.

Gibbie woke with the first of the dawn. The rain still fell—descending in spoonfuls rather than drops; the wind kept shaping itself into long hopeless howls, rising to shrill yells that went drifting away over the land; and then the howling rose again. Nature seemed in despair. There must be more for Gibbie to do! He must go again to the foot of the mountain, and see if there was anybody to help. They might even be in trouble at the Mains, who could tell!

Ginevra woke, rose, made herself as tidy as she could, and left her closet. Gibbie was not in the cottage. She blew up the fire, and, finding the pot ready beside it, with clean water, set it on to boil. Gibbie did not come. The water boiled. She took it off, but being hungry, put it on again. Several times she took it off and put it on again. Gibbie never came. She made herself some porridge at last. Everything necessary was upon the table, and as she poured it into the wooden dish for the purpose, she took notice of a slate beside it, with something written upon it. The words were, "I will cum back as soon as I cann."

She was alone, then! It was dreadful; but she was too hungry to think about it. She ate her porridge, and then began to

cry. It was very unkind of Gibbie to leave her, she said to herself. But then he was a sort of angel, and doubtless had to go and help somebody else. There was a little pile of books on the table, which he must have left for her. She began examining them, and soon found something to interest her, so that an hour or two passed quickly. But Gibbie did not return, and the day went wearily. She cried now and then, made great efforts to be patient, succeeded pretty well for a while, and cried again. She read and grew tired a dozen times; ate cakes and milk, cried afresh, and ate again. Still Gibbie did not come. Before the day was over, she had had a good lesson in praying. For here she was, one who had never yet acted on her own responsibility, alone on a bare mountain-side, in the heart of a storm which seemed as if it would never cease, and not a creature knew where she was but the dumb boy, and he had left her! If he should never come back, what would become of her? She could not find her way down the mountain; and if she could, where was she to go, with all Daurside under water? She would soon have eaten up all the food in the cottage, and the storm might go on forever, who could tell? Or who could tell whether, when it was over, and she got down to the valley below, she should not find it a lifeless desert, everybody drowned, and herself the only person left alive in the world?

Then the noises were terrible. She seemed to inhabit noise. Through the general roar of wind and water and rain, every now and then came a sharper sound, like a report or crack, followed by a strange, low thunder, as it seemed. They were the noises of stones carried down by the streams, grinding against each other, and dashed stone against stone; and of rocks falling and rolling, and bounding against their fast rooted neighbors. When it began to grow dark, her misery seemed more than she could bear; but then, happily, she grew sleepy, and slept the darkness away.

With the new light came new promise and fresh hope. What should we poor humans do without our God's nights and mornings? Our ills are all easier to help than we know—except the one ill of a central self, which God himself finds it hard to help.—It no longer rained so fiercely; the wind had fallen; and the streams did not run so furious a race down the sides of the mountain. She ran to the burn, got some water to wash herself—she could not spare the clear water, of

which there was some still left in Janet's pails — and put on her own clothes, which were now quite dry. Then she got herself some breakfast, and after that tried to say her prayers, but found it very difficult, for, do what she might to model her slipper thoughts, she could not help, as often as she turned herself towards him, seeing God like her father, the laird.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
THE VICISSITUDES OF TITLES.

THE vicissitudes of titles are twofold. In the first place, the same titles have been borne by different families : in the second, a family coronet may descend to persons very different indeed from the first possessor, and they again may transmit it to persons who seem to have nothing in common with their ancestors.

There were Dukes of Norfolk before the Howards, the best-known to Englishmen being probably that Thomas Mowbray whom Shakespeare has rescued from oblivion. And before the Mowbrays, Norfolk had given an earl's title to a son of Edward I. On the whole it may be said that few titles in the peerage call up more forcibly the images of feudalism, of monarchy, of soldiership, of the old faith. And yet a decided majority of the Howard dukes have been men of peace, while some have been Protestants, and one was almost considered a Radical by the Tories of his day. The friend and political coadjutor of Fox, he did not scruple to give the toast of "The People, our Sovereign," at a public banquet. But Lord Holland, in his "Memoirs of the Whig Party," appears to be sceptical as to the depth of the duke's liberalism, which is perhaps not surprising when one remembers that an earl marshal has everything to lose and nothing to gain by "reforms" of existing institutions. Other dukes of Norfolk have also wandered considerably from the ideal which would have commended itself to the bold "jockey" who first wore the strawberry leaves.

The Somerset title has had stranger vicissitudes than the Norfolk one. The Beauforts, descended from a natural son of John of Gaunt, played no mean part in our history as Dukes of Somerset. A natural son of the last duke of that line took the name of Somerset, married an heiress, and became the founder of a new house, now represented by his descendant the present Duke of Beaufort. Henry VIII.

created his own natural son (Henry Fitzroy) Duke of Richmond and Somerset. In the next century, James I. bestowed an "earldom of Somerset" on the infamous Carr. But it is the family of Seymour who have unquestionably done most to render the name of Somerset famous in English history. A family likeness is perhaps more visible in these Dukes of Somerset than in the successive heads of any other house. Edward the First, who pulled down churches to build himself a palace, was the true ancestor of Edward Adolphus the Twelfth, who recently distinguished himself by a smart pamphlet against the Christian religion.

Third on Garter's Roll comes the Duke of Richmond, whose title recalls to the mind some of the wisest and best of Englishmen, notably that earl who was crowned on Bosworth field and reigned, so well as Henry VII. Of the Dukes of Richmond, descendants of Charles II. and Louise de Quérouaille, little need be said, except that the name has not always been associated with the staunch Toryism and valor of the present duke. It was a Duke of Richmond who moved one of the earliest addresses to George III. advising the king to recognize the independence of the American colonies. Chatham went down to the House of Lords for the last time to speak against the motion : the incidents of that most mournful of historic scenes are known to all who care about their country's history.

St. Alban's, now made into a cathedral city, has given a title to persons so widely dissimilar from every point of view as the author of the "*Novum Organon*" and the son of Charles II. by Mrs. Eleanor Gwyn. Of course the bastard became a duke, while the great philosopher was only "Viscount St. Alban."

Passing the dukedom of Leeds, of which the founder alone is remembered, one finds the Bedford title next inscribed on the Roll of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal. The Russells have certainly left their mark on English history, but the most famous Duke of Bedford was a Plantagenet. John, brother of Henry V., and regent of France during the minority of Henry VI., has furnished one of the most splendid portraits in the Shakespeare gallery. One is pained to remember that his Grace of Bedford was at times sadly in want of cash, and even reduced to selling the few books which formed the contents of the ducal library.

The dukedom of Devonshire, created at the same time as the present dukedom of Bedford, is one of those which illustrate

the utter absence of meaning now attaching to territorial titles. There is a Duke of Devonshire and an Earl of Devon, as there is a Duke of Buckingham and an Earl of Buckinghamshire. Titles of this sort could not obviously have co-existed while earls and dukes had authority over the counties from which they were called. It may be observed that the dukes of Devonshire, though they can show some four centuries of descent, are of a quite modern nobility compared with the Courtneys, whose chief bears the humbler title of Earl of Devon. The earl indeed represents an imperial line.

The Duke of Marlborough has precedence next after the Duke of Devonshire. It does not clearly appear for what reason Lord Churchill chose the title of Earl of Marlborough when offered a couple of steps in the peerage by William III. Charles I. had previously ennobled an eminent lawyer by the style of Baron Ley, of Ley, Co. Devon, and (in the year following, 1626) Earl of Marlborough. But the Churchills appear to have been in no wise connected with this family, whose title had become extinct before the Revolution.

Among other dukedoms, that of Portland is worth noting. The founder of the English branch of the Bentincks was made Earl of Portland by the Dutch master he served so well; and the earl's son was made a duke by George I. It is sad (or pleasing, as the reader chooses) to think that their descendants and successors forgot their Whiggism, and that one of them became a Tory prime minister of the most pronounced type. The present duke, as everybody knows, is a pillar of the Ottoman cause, and has relieved the wants of the Turks with a munificence altogether princely.

Possibly it is a tendency of ducal families to become Tory, however Whig may have been their beginnings. Certainly one cannot forget that his Grace of Manchester, albeit an honored member of the Conservative party, does actually descend from one of "the five * members" whom Charles I. so intensely longed to hang.

"Duke of Newcastle," again, has been the style and title of three very different politicians in three successive centuries. He of the Cavendish line, better known as the "Marquis," was governor of Charles

* We commonly speak of "the five members," forgetful that those champions (and well-nigh martyrs) of English liberty were six in number. There were, in truth, five members of the House of Commons and one peer, Lord Kimbolton, whom the king wished to arrest. Lord Kimbolton was ancestor of the Dukes of Manchester.

II. when that hopeful scion of royalty was called Prince of Wales; and there is a most pathetic letter extant from the little Royal Highness to his governor, begging that he may be excused taking more physic. Whether the marquis complied with the petition deponent knoweth not. Mr. Carlyle has described Montrose as the "hero-cavalier" of his day, but the famous Marquis of Newcastle was an equally noble embodiment of the best qualities to be found in the Royalist party. Abrupt indeed is the descent, in the moral scale, from the Cavalier to the Whig Newcastle, from the chivalrous servant of the Stuarts to that curious politician who may be said to have been not a jobber but jobbery itself. The late Duke of Newcastle was, of course, of the same family as George II.'s remarkable minister, but a man of an altogether different stamp — one of those thoughtful, honorable statesmen, whose one fault is over-caution — a peculiar product of our Parliamentary life. The careers of the two dukes had, however, one circumstance in common. The one and the other managed to be politically associated with the most extraordinary character of the day. The name of the one Newcastle is not more closely bound up with that of Chatham than that of the other is bound up with the name of Mr. Gladstone.

The Northumberland title is suggestive of Harry Hotspur, and Otterbourne and Shrewsbury fights. But the Percies were more than once dispossessed of their earldom, which was held for a short time during the period of the Roses by a Neville, brother of the "kingmaker," Warwick. In the next century, John Dudley, who already enjoyed the old title of the Nevilles, being Earl of Warwick, further obtained of Edward VI.'s government a grant of the Percy estates (once more forfeited to the crown) and the title of Duke of Northumberland. Lord Guildford Dudley, husband of the Lady Jane, was his fourth son. The Percies soon recovered their old title and lands, but the male line, in which alone the former descended, became extinct in Charles II.'s time, when the king took an early opportunity of making one of his natural children Duke of Northumberland. The youth selected for the honor was one of his Majesty's three sons by Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, the other two being made Dukes of Southampton and Grafton respectively. He of Grafton alone counts a descendant at the present day.

The actual Duke of Northumberland is a Smithson, but represents the house of Percy in the female line.

The Smithsons are a family of respectable antiquity, and could probably trace back their descent to the sixteenth century. One of them was made a baronet at the time of the Restoration for services rendered to the royal cause.

The little borough of Wellington does not appear to have given a title to anybody before Sir Arthur Wellesley's time. The title next it in the peerage is one of the most famous in history; it is said, too, to be one which has always brought misfortune to its possessors. Certain it is that no one line of Dukes of Buckingham has extended beyond three or four generations. Of the Staffords, two were executed as traitors; of the Villierses, the first was assassinated, the second — his son — died poor and little considered.

The Sheffields, Dukes of Normandy and Buckinghamshire, were also a short-lived race.

Of the Grenvilles, Dukes of Buckingham and Chandos, it is sufficient to say that, from whatever cause, the ascendancy of the family in English politics seems to have come to an end about the time that its head attained to the first rank in the peerage.

The premier marquissate of England was founded by that courtier who managed to please four successive sovereigns, all of different religions. "I'm of the willow, not the oak," was his explanation to a friend who scarcely understood how Lord Winchester had kept his head, to say nothing of his place, in these unsafe times. He is said to have been ninety-seven years old at the time of his death. Of the oak rather than the willow was made the gallant cavalier, his descendant, whose defence of Basing House is the most honorable fact in the family history.

Among other marquissates, that of Lansdowne is of considerable interest to the student of heraldic antiquities. Lord Shelburne, the prime minister, who was so strangely eclipsed by his young colleague Pitt, appears to have set a higher value upon titles than might have been expected of one of his robust understanding. He asked to be made a duke; George III. declined to comply with his request, alleging that he meant to reserve the title henceforth for members of his own family. Lord Shelburne was therefore fain to content himself with a marquissate (of Lansdowne). Lansdowne had already given a title to one of the mediocre poets, whose lives Johnson wasted some valuable time in writing.

The third Marquis of Lansdowne seems

to have had the rare merit of exactly understanding his own abilities, and of knowing what he wanted. He saw that the premiership was beyond his powers, and he steadily declined it. Yet no Whig cabinet was considered complete without Lord Lansdowne, so long as Lord Lansdowne chose to take office. He was indeed one of those men whose power is none the less a fact because their names do not appear in the newspapers so often as those of others. He managed, too, to play the difficult part of Mæcenas with eminent success, and amongst other good work brought Macaulay into Parliament.

Of a plainer sense than his father, Lord Lansdowne declined a dukedom.

For the name of Salisbury, Shakespeare's Henry V. predicts an immortality that shall make it as a household word. The name indeed recurs again and again in the historic plays. William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, appears in King John. Another earl (John de Montacute) appears in Richard II. He, by the way, was beheaded, without trial, at Oxford, shortly after the accession of Henry IV. Other Salisburys followed, most of them hard-hitting warriors. But as famous a line as any was to be founded by a man of peace. One Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, by the way, wandered so far from the political and religious tenets of his famous ancestor, Elizabeth's and James's minister, as to turn Catholic; while the present marquis would scarcely have agreed on the most serious subject with the founder of his house's greatness. Robert Cecil, first earl, was chancellor of the University of Cambridge; Robert, third marquis, is chancellor of the University of Oxford.

The name of Lord Salisbury not unnaturally links itself at the present time with that of his relative, Lord Derby, whose motto is "*Sans changer*" — rather a curious one for a house which may almost be said to have been founded by an act of treachery, and the heads of which have professed a variety of political opinions. James, seventh earl, who was taken prisoner at Worcester and beheaded by the Cromwellians, would assuredly have marvelled much at the opinions professed by Edward Henry, fifteenth earl. For the rest, the most famous holder of the title of Earl of Derby was Henry Plantagenet (son of John, Duke of Lancaster), afterwards Henry IV. Henry was only created Duke of Hereford in 1397.

Huntingdon gives a title to the third English earl, whose title dates from 1529. But the greatest men of the house of

Hastings have not been earls of Huntingdon, though more than one, including the Marquis of Hastings, viceroy of India from 1813 to 1823, have been connections of the family. Warren Hastings sprang from an entirely different line, though all the Hastings are supposed to be anxious to trace their descent back to a pirate, that Hastings who gave such sore trouble to our order-loving Alfred. Unquestionably the coronet of Huntingdon was never so honorably illustrated as by the excellent Countess Selina, a woman whose vagaries it is easy to laugh at, but whose virtues are not so easy of imitation. It is understood, by the way, that Earl of Huntingdon was the title selected by Cromwell when he was negotiating with Charles I. for a peerage and a garter. One can only regret that the treachery of Charles made the conclusion of the arrangement impossible. As a regularly-constituted minister of the crown, Cromwell could have rendered immense services to his country. Nearly all that he had done for England, while usurping the supreme authority, was undone at his death. He left us, indeed, little beyond the remembrance of his great deeds and a doubtful example to public men. And Cromwell is to a certain extent responsible for Napoleon, even as the judicial murder of 1649 became a precedent for that of 1793.

Another title which has passed through many vicissitudes is the earldom of Essex. It was conferred in April 1540, on Thomas Lord Cromwell. Three months later, the Earl of Essex was arrested on a charge of high treason, a bill of attainder speedily passed through a compliant Parliament, and on July 28 Cromwell had lost both his coronet and his head. Walter Devereux Viscount Hereford next obtained the title, on a grant by Elizabeth in 1572. His son it was who terminated a brilliant career on the scaffold and broke the heart of the sovereign, who was after all but a woman. His son again commanded the Parliamentary army in the civil war. The domestic history of this nobleman is of the most curious. He was last earl of the Devereux line. Upon the Restoration, Charles II. revived the title in favor of Arthur Lord Capel, whose father had been beheaded by the Roundheads in 1649. He is ancestor of the present earl.

The earldom of Shaftesbury has never been in any other than the Ashley family, but it would be difficult to say what ideas are connoted by the title. Statesmanship of an altogether American "smartness," if one thinks of the first earl,

For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;

sceptical epicureanism and æstheticism if one thinks of the third; but if of the seventh, a vision of Exeter Hall straightway looms in the distance; also, it must in fairness be added, of a practical benevolence which has nothing in common with the philosophies of the academy or the garden.

In 1759 the Earl Brooke, owner of Warwick Castle, obtained the title of Earl of Warwick, which has remained with his descendants till this day. Before it was given to the Grevilles the title had been borne by the chiefs of the house of Rich; in the sixteenth century it belonged to the Dudleys, in the fifteenth to the Nevilles, while in the fourteenth it had been conferred on a Beauchamp. Henry Beauchamp, who succeeded to the earldom in 1439, was in 1444 created Duke of Warwick. In the following year Henry VI. bestowed on him the astonishing title of King of the Isle of Wight, and crowned him with his own hands. The dignity seems to have proved too much for the king-duke, who died the same year.

The earldom of Orford has had a singular fate. No distinguished man who has ever borne it is remembered in history by that name. We speak of Sir Robert Walpole, and of Horace Walpole, but both father and son ended as earls of Orford. Again, the victor of La Hogue is far better known as Admiral Russell than by the title to which he was raised by William III.* It may be added that the present earl, though a Walpole, descends from neither the prime minister nor the master of Strawberry Hill.

Lord Granville, who narrowly missed the premiership in 1859, and is pretty sure to hold it before many more years are passed, would be the second prime minister of the title. Lord Carteret, who became Earl Granville in 1744, was never indeed at the head of the treasury, but was virtually chief of the cabinet formed on the retirement of Walpole. Though far from being the ablest or the most patriotic of English statesmen, there are perhaps few on that bead-roll of fame who could more justly be styled "men of genius" than he. We too seldom understand such men until they are dead, and it is not surprising that our fathers should have termed Lord Granville's "the drunken administration." Of course to a certain extent the epithet was literally just, yet no one would have thought

* The Russell earldom of Orford became extinct at the death of the first earl in 1727.

of the minister's fondness for claret had he been dull and incapable instead of brilliant and incapable. The present Lord Granville's title dates from 1833, when it was conferred on his father, of whom the late M. Thiers was wont to say that he realized the *beau idéal* of a diplomatist.

The earldom of Leicester has been held by a De Montford, and in more modern times by Dudleys, by Sydneys, and by Cokes; that of Ellesmere by Egertons and by Leveson Gowers; that of Stratford by Wentworths and by Byngs; that of Feversham by a Duras and by Duncombes. There has been but one Earl of Beaconsfield; but Lord Beaconsfield was the title selected by Burke when about to be raised to the peerage. Before the patent could be made out Burke's only son died, and the father had no longer a motive for accepting what to him could only be an empty honor.

Among extant viscounties that of Halifax undoubtedly recalls the most august memories. George Saville, Viscount and afterwards Marquis of Halifax, was succeeded in the title by his son, who died without male issue in 1700, when his honors became extinct. Charles Montague was created Lord Halifax the same year, and Earl of Halifax in 1714. Sir Charles Wood's claim to take the title of Viscount Halifax might be justified by his long representation of the borough in Parliament. For a similar reason it was lately rumored that Mr. Gathorne Hardy was nearly becoming Lord Oxford instead of Lord Cranbrook. About the same time a stranger rumor was afloat, to wit that a descendant of the De Veres was about to claim the famous earldom inseparably associated with their name.

The vicissitudes of the various baronial titles would occupy too long a time in the telling. Nearly all the old titles on the list are baronies in fee, and follow a different rule of descent from ordinary peerages. The first fifteen barons thus derive their titles through female ancestors. The Barony of De Ros, first on the list, has passed through more than one family; and indeed it would be difficult to find half a dozen peers whose direct ancestors in the male line had been heard of in the year 1264, when the premier barony was created.

To dwell on the curious fate of certain episcopal titles might be more interesting, as to the profane mind it would doubtless prove amusing. But one forbears: only trusting that so meek and unassuming a prelate as Dr. Thomson feels happy in the chair of Wolsey, and that Dr. Tait has

never been disturbed with doubts as to the genuineness of his spiritual descent from such confirmed Papists as St. Augustine and St. Thomas à Becket.

E. C. GRENVILLE MURRAY.

From The Saturday Review.
CHARACTER-DRAWING.

THE power of drawing a character is a distinct faculty, and a rare one. Most people acquire an impression of those with whom they come in close contact in a way which refuses to convey itself to others in language. They have an instinct which gives serviceable hints, but they are speechless if they attempt to convey these hints to other minds. Everybody indeed can give a ready answer as to the more prominent characteristics of a mere acquaintance. Society has its formulas which can be adapted and applied. A conventional phrase describes us perhaps fairly enough to the cool and easily satisfied curiosity of a chance inquirer. It is when the hearer wants to have, and the observer would fain give, a true, fair, comprehensive estimate and picture of a character that the difficulty of the task reveals itself. The more we know of a man, the harder it is to paint him so as to convey to others our own impressions. If we are not practised in character-drawing as an art, the task when first proposed startles by the unexpected hindrances we encounter to any setting-out and arrangement of our ideas, however intimate the experience on which they are founded. We flounder, we put the wrong thing foremost, we feel that we are misrepresenting ourselves and our subject. How hard we find it to disentangle in our own minds the qualities that happen to charm or to offend us individually from those which make the abstract noble or ignoble character; to disengage our thoughts from the merely personal relation in which we stand to our subject dependent on a thousand trifling accidents—that is, if we attempt to do without the current coin of the world's phrases, which, however useful, sound hackneyed and lowering when we have to bring under review original qualities and combinations. Nor, after all, is much gained by fluency. If people are too glib and ready in their definition, there is, ten to one, some personal bias at bottom. For in all attempts at close delineation men are apt to let out as much about themselves as about the character they aim at setting before us.

And the listener finds himself analyzing the motives of the painter when he is supposed to be contemplating his picture; sometimes the more exciting task of the two, where especial insight is assumed.

Where the pen is the delineator, the impediments in the way of true portraiture lie often in mere indifference to truth. The more ordinary class of biographers set to work harmonizing and putting in picturesque order main points and features gathered from others who possess the knowledge without knowing how to use it. All literary work, as such, has an eye to effect, for which the writer is willing to give up minute accuracy. The conclusions of personal experience should be free from this aim at pictorial composition. They should give us something real and distinct, however unreconcilable, to look at. But to be real, to be able to say exactly what we mean, is no such easy work; it implies a mind well disciplined and cognizant of temptations and dangers wherever self is concerned. In fact, there is no intellectual gift that needs moral integrity for its successful development more than character-drawing. To describe a person with any telling, exact truth, the designer must have been in some relation with him; the closer the relation the more important his opportunities. To make a character out of the delineations of other people is guesswork; in clever, able hands it is often the best approach to truth we can have; but still this is felt by the reader to be uncertain, questionable, and lifeless, compared to the hand-to-hand, eye-to-eye, ear-to-ear encounter of personal contact. Yet it is this very personal contact which creates the need of moral clear-sightedness. And it very often happens that keenness of insight into the mind, motives, and actions of other people diverts the student from a parallel home scrutiny. He never suspects his own bias; he supposes himself to see things by the light of day, while they are in fact unconsciously colored by his personal wishes or prejudices. The more interesting, striking, distinguished a character is, the more important it is to self-love to come off well in any close relation with it; and, if there is failure, to make it appear that the breakdown is traceable to some flaw in the object of study rather than in the student. There is scarcely any man so fair and impartial as to give no more weight to a slight or wrong done to himself than to one offered to a stranger or acquaintance. Of course it may be said that we know the circumstances of our own case more intimately

than we can those of any other. This is an obvious explanation, but it is one of those plausibilities of which every honest conscience knows the fallacy.

This point of the relation of the character studied to the student is so important that, until we know something about it, we can pay little attention to the estimate drawn by even a keen intellect of the more delicate and subtle qualities of a character. Words and acts, no doubt, go for much if they are very emphatic words and acts; but such do not make up the sum of human intercourse, and generally a man's sayings and doings are open to various constructions, according to our established view of him. Hence it is necessary to take with caution all reports and delineations of leaders of opinion, whether political or religious, given by subordinates. We must first know the relation of the writer to his subject, so that we may judge whether he describes in a sore or grateful spirit. We must know how these matters stood before we can estimate the value of the testimony of all but the singularly fair and candid. Take, as a familiar example, the manner of a distinguished person. If it is negligent towards ourselves, we convict the man of rudeness, arrogance, want of discernment, general defect of courtesy; if to another, at the worst we suspend our judgment; it does not make much impression; we are lenient, perhaps amused; perhaps we set it down to originality, which is the excuse for so much of human nature's ungracious, slovenly work.

There have been periods when manners were trained in ultra-courtesy, in which drawing of characters was a fashionable pastime, and fine ladies and gentlemen invested each other with a sequence of heroic qualities. No honest man could have recognized himself in such portraits, but the flattery was agreeable all the same. And all character-drawing, unless there is a design the other way, is apt to set up its subject on too high a pedestal. The very act of distinguishing makes its object distinguished. Some people — and observant people, too, by whom it is pleasant to be thought well of — have a knack of putting their friends into very becoming attitudes and placing them well before the world; but these people are not wits. The company of wits is very delightful, but it involves the drawback that our weaknesses are apt to be the points in us that strike them most and survive all the rest of us in their memory. The passion for epigram is fatal to many a respectable reputation. Especially is this posthumous retribution

visited upon men who have laid themselves out by a servile homage to win the distinction of intercourse with great names — only that such people would probably rather be remembered in any form than forgotten. Spence's "Anecdotes" is a book that has done good service and helped to give us some notion of how the wits of his time conversed — *i.e.* the subjects and anecdotes that were current among them. It was a fine thing to set down the very words of Pope; but how does Pope requite — not ill-naturedly, but after the manner of his kind — the homage of his chronicler? "As I knew Joseph Spence," he writes, "he was a good-natured, harmless little soul, but more like a silver penny than a guinea. It was a neat, fiddle-faddle bit of sterling that had read good books and kept good company, but was too trifling for use and only fit to please a child." We have no doubt this is an excellent presentment of the man. A few words could not do their work better; but it is not worth while being rescued from oblivion by such a portrait. And the worst of it is that we seem to know all about the subject of one of these comprehensive sketches. As in Marmontel's summary of St. Simon: "St. Simon knew nothing in the nation but the nobility, nothing in the nobility but the peerage, and nothing in the peerage but himself." Of course the biter is sometimes bit — bit, we mean, by the sentence of posterity on his portrait. Horace Walpole's summary of Johnson is not without discernment of his qualities, but altogether misses his greatness. In the same way he hits the folly but not the genius of Boswell. "Have you got," he asks Mr. Mann, "Boswell's most absurd enormous book? The best thing in it is a *bon mot* of Lord Pembroke's. The more one learns of Johnson the more preposterous assemblage he appears of strong sense, of the lowest bigotry and prejudice, of pride, brutality, fretfulness, and vanity — and Boswell is the ape of most of his faults without a grain of his sense. It is the story of the mountebank and his zany."

It is of course the speciality of wit to hit off a man at a stroke — that part of him which is open to the world — looking at him with the world's eyes, though with more than the world's keenness. But the exercise of this power tends to narrowness; to the habit of catching the general estimate, or that of a party. Certainly the deeper men see into one another the less likely are they to practise themselves in this short method. But the professed stu-

dent of his kind has also his temptations. Instead of going with the world, he is ambitious of taking an original view, and follows his personal leanings and interests, often with as little regard as the other to the justness of his preferences and aversions. Thus Northcote the sculptor passed with men in general as a mean-spirited, malevolent person, for whom nobody cared. Hazlitt differs from the world, not by denying these faults, but by putting a gloss upon them. In fact, while he did not want Northcote's money, Northcote had that to give him which his ability could turn to as good purpose. Northcote's abundant store of anecdote and vivacity of narration was a mine of literary treasures. As Hazlitt utilized this mine, we do not quarrel with him for making what return was in his power; but this consideration detracts from the worth of his apology when we read: "Practical benevolence is not his *forte*, he leaves the profession of that to others. His habits, his theory are against it as idle and vulgar. His hand is closed; but what of that? His eye is ever open and reflects the universe." Expect nothing but talk from him, he tells us, and you get the best. "A total absence of all respect of persons, and of any self-confidence, endless topics of discourse, refined thought, made more striking by ease and simplicity of manner. The husk, the shell of humanity is left at the door, and the spirit, mellowed by time, resides within." However, what can all men do but speak as they find? Only, as we have said, the painter puts himself on trial in judging by his own standards of excellence.

This form of portrait-painting involves, in fact, a responsibility which, however skilled the hand, should induce caution. The man of fine insight is timid in touching another's individuality. Both the demands of true art and a deep sense of man as a complex being put him in a modest, diffident frame. It is a great task to have to draw the likeness of a man whose memory deserves to be perpetuated. Yet, while realizing this and declining the effort, it is still possible to convey a very vivid idea of a character by the simple method — simple, but how difficult to most men! — of putting into form your own impressions, if only the impressions of sense, and conveying them with exactness to others. "How can I profess to paint," asks Dr. Newman of those who had applied to him for his impressions of Keble, "a man who will not sit for his picture!" thus, apparently by accident, letting us into one leading characteristic of the man. He

gives it up; but in doing so goes on to furnish us with the means of drawing one for ourselves. "I have too often heard him lecture, preach, converse, not to have gained a habit of associating his matter and his diction with his living, breathing delivery. I have in my ears still the modulations and cadences of his voice, his pauses and emphatic points; I recollect what music there was in the simple earnestness and sweet gravity with which he spoke; the way he held his paper, his gesture, his look, are all before me. I cannot judge even of his style impartially; phrases and collocations of words which others would call imperfections in his composition are to me harmonized by the remembrance of how he uttered them." Here it is not only that the picture lives; it is in true portraiture as in real life — we never see the man without seeing *into* him, some way at least.

It must be the fate of most people, if their name lives, if they are remembered at all, to be characterized in a highly condensed form which with some may be less satisfactory than to be wholly forgotten. Each man feels himself to be so complicated a being, so full of intricacies, so made up of contraries, so hard for himself to understand and reconcile, that the idea of his character being easy reading which can be dismissed in three words hurts his

self-love more than mere oblivion. It is probably a sort of luck that decides what part of a man will live longest — probably not that on which he most values himself. Even where fame, present and future, is secured, a man would prefer to live as a being of many parts rather than of one distinguished excellence, whether moral or intellectual. Wordsworth staked all on being a poet, but he probably would have felt that his credit rested on a surer basis, and that his character had a stronger hold on his neighbor's regard, when to his gifts as a poet was added his authority on smoky chimneys, sanctioned by the mason's cautious testimony, "M'appen he has as much sense as most on us." One thing is certain, that every man's character undergoes a kind of transformation when he dies — for the moment often a very material one. We do not mean in the complimentary eulogy which belongs to the occasion, but that the character itself assumes a fresh aspect. It is not only that talent employed in this direction exercises itself in a special state of feeling, but that death, like print, gives a certain fixity. While we live our character is always undergoing some slight modification or exaggeration; when we die, there it is, for better for worse; there is no more food for calculation, anticipation, or prophecy.

GREEK AND ROMAN SHOES. — Shoes may be generally classed as coverings for the feet, commonly made of leather. If furnished with a top for encasing the lower part of the leg, it is called a boot. The oldest form is that of sandal, a flat sole to be worn under the foot, and secured to it by thongs in various ways. The ancient Egyptians made sandals of leather, and others, for the priests, of palm-leaves and papyrus. Specimens from their tombs are preserved in the British Museum, formed of strips of palm-leaves nicely fitted together, and furnished with bands of the stem of the papyrus. The Hebrews used similar protections for the feet, sometimes formed of linen and of wood, while those for soldiers were of brass or iron. Among the ancient Greeks and Romans the use of shoes was not general. Spartan youths were trained to go barefoot, and the heroes of Homer are usually described as without shoes when armed for battle. Greek women, however, wore shoes, and their use finally became universal. There was great diversity in their fashion, and the several sorts

were named from the person who introduced them, or from the place whence they came; as "the shoes of Alcibiades," "Persian," "Cretan," "Athenian shoes," etc. The Spartans wore red shoes, and the same were put on by the chief magistrates of Rome on ceremonial occasions. The *calceus* was like modern shoes in form, covering the whole foot, and tied with latches or strings. Those of senators and patricians were high, like buskins, ornamented with an ivory crescent, and called *calceitunati*. Some were made with tops, and of all lengths, even to covering the whole leg; these were called *calceamenta* and *cothurni*. The tops were often of the skins of wild animals, lacing up in front, and ornamented at the upper extremity with the paws and heads arranged in a flap that turned over. The skin was dyed purple, or some other bright color, and the shoes were variously ornamented with imitations of jewels, and sometimes with canvas. It was common to make them open at the toe, so that this part of the foot was left exposed.

• Boot and Shoemaker.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XXV. }

No. 1807.—February 1, 1879.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXL.

CONTENTS.

I. THE HISTORICAL ASPECT OF THE UNITED STATES. By Dean Stanley,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	259
II. SIR GIBBIE. By George MacDonald, author of "Malcolm," "The Marquis of Lossie," etc. Part XI.,	<i>Advance Sheets,</i>	268
III. THE LOGIC OF TOLERATION. By W. H. Mallock,	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i>	281
IV. A DOUBTING HEART. By Miss Keary, author of "Castle Daly," "Oldbury," etc. Part XII.,	<i>Advance Sheets,</i>	295
V. GEORGE HENRY LEWES. By Anthony Trollope,	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i>	307
VI. INSECTIVOROUS PLANTS,	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i>	313
VII. DREAMS,	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	314
VIII. HEATHER,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine.</i>	317

POETRY.

NIGHT ON THE TWEED,	258	S.S. "LUSITANIA." By Matthew Arnold,	258
IN SNOW,	258	OLD AND NEW,	258
SONNET. From Heine,	258		
MISCELLANY,			320

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.

NIGHT ON THE TWEED.

LIGHT lingers — but the world is cold —
The mists along the river slowly creep,
The dull trees, heavy with their weight of
sleep,
Their leaves around them closely fold.

Fast falls the night, — the thickening shadows
grow,
And like a lifeless mass the great earth lies ;
No sound is here, except the night-bird's
cries,
Nor motion, but the river's sluggish flow.

There the black city holds its silent place,
The flitting lights have vanished one by one ;
The crowded thousands, with their day's
work done,
Are slumbering somewhere in its dark em-
brace.

The light is gone, and darkness covers all, —
The river-mists, the trees, the distant hills,
The sobbing of the tiny mountain rills, —
Darkness has fallen o'er them as a pall.

The hours creep on, — lo ! quivering light-
beams pass
From reed to reed along the river-shore ;
The birds are whisp'ring that the night is
o'er,
The silent river gleams like tinted glass.

The west is glimmering, — greys and reds and
blues,
Growing to splendor like a thing divine ;
And in the east, over the mountain line,
Comes morning, floating on a thousand hues.
Spectator. HENRY W. THOMSON.

IN SNOW.

O ENGLISH mother in the ruddy glow
Hugging your baby closer when outside
You see the silent, soft, and cruel snow
Falling again, and think what ills betide
Unshelter'd creatures, — your sad thoughts
may go
Where War and Winter now two spectral
wolves,
Hunt in the freezing vapor that involves
Those Asian peaks of ice and gulfs below.
Does this young soldier heed the snow that
fills
His mouth and open eyes ? or mind, in truth,
To-night, *his* mother's parting syllables ?
His coat is red — but what of that ? Keep
ruth
For others ; this is but an Afghan youth
Shot by the stranger on his native hills.

Fraser's Magazine.

[“Most of the Afghan dead were fine well-built young
fellows.” — Special Correspondent of the *Stand-
ard*, December 10, 1878.]

S.S. “LUSITANIA.”

I READ in Dante how that horned light,
Which hid Ulysses, waved itself and said :
“Following the sun, we set our vessel's head
To the great main ; pass'd Seville on the right

“And Ceuta on the left ; then southward sped.
At last in air, far off, dim rose a height.
We cheer'd ; but from it rush'd a blast of
might,
And struck — and o'er us the sea-waters
spread.”

I dropp'd the book, and of my child I thought
In his long black ship speeding night and day
O'er those same seas ; dark Teneriffe rose,
fraught

With omen ; “Oh ! were that mount pass'd,”
I say.
Then the door opens and this card is brought :
“Reach'd Cape Verde Islands, ‘Lusitania.’”
Nineteenth Century. MATTHEW ARNOLD.

SONNET.

[TRANSLATED FROM HEINE.]

IN foolish error I from thee did stray,
Thinking the wide world I would wander o'er
In quest of love, — love that should have the
power
To fill my heart with all-embracing sway.
In every street I sought love day by day ;
Beseeching hands I held at every door,
Asking for but one sign of love, — no more ;
But all with scoffing hatred turned away.
And still I wandered o'er the weary ground,
In search of love, — but love I never found.
Hopeless and sad, at last I homeward turned,
And thou didst meet me, — and thine eye's
soft glance
My longing heart with rapture did entrance,
For there I saw the love for which I yearned.
Spectator.

OLD AND NEW.

WHERE are they hidden, all the vanished
years ?
Ah, who can say ?
Where is the laughter flown to, and the tears ?
Perished ? Ah, nay !
Beauty and strength are born of sun and
showers ;
Shall *these* not surely spring again in flowers ?
Yet let them sleep, nor seek herein to wed
Effect to cause ;
For nature's subtlest influences spread
By viewless laws.
This only seek, that each New Year may bring
Out of new gifts a fairer, softer spring !
Spectator. F. W. B.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE HISTORICAL ASPECT OF THE UNITED STATES.*

BY DEAN STANLEY.

ON this occasion I have thought that instead of enlarging on the commonplace topics of education or literature, which would be equally advantageous at any time or in any place, to say a few words suggested by a recent journey to the United States, which will not be unsuitable to the general interests of an institution like this. It is not my purpose to give to you what are called "Impressions of America." Even if the circumstances of my journey did not render such an undertaking impossible, I should have felt that, before an audience at Birmingham, the ground had already been pre-occupied by a distinguished pastor well known to all of you, whose activity and zeal must be admired even by those who most widely differ from him, and whose controversial vigor of style few can imitate or emulate. I propose to confine myself to that side of American life which perhaps was of more interest to me than to most travellers: its purely historical aspect — that aspect presented by the original Eastern States to which my journey was confined. It is a part of history of which, for whatever reason, Englishmen are strangely ignorant — at least I speak for myself — until their imagination has been touched by the actual sight of that vast continent with its inspiring suggestions and recollections.

I. There are two remarks which an Englishman constantly hears from the lips of Americans, uttered with a kind of plaintive apology, "We are a young people," and "We have no antiquities." The truth of the first of these remarks every one must admit; the truth of the second I venture to question. There is a saying of Lord Bacon, part of which has been made familiar from its having become the title of an interesting work by an eloquent and multifarious writer of our own time, "*Antiquitas sæculi juvenus mundi*," "The age of the world is also its youth." But there is the reverse of this saying, which is

* An address given before the Birmingham and Midland Institute at Birmingham, Dec. 16, 1878.

equally true, "The youth of a nation is also its antiquity." It was a fundamental maxim of the historical philosophy of a great teacher once well known in the neighborhood of Birmingham, and I trust not yet forgotten, Arnold of Rugby, that every nation has its ancient and modern history, irrespectively of the chronological place which such a nation may hold in the general succession of events. This is strikingly illustrated in the case of America. Its youth brings it within the category of a period of history which may truly be called ancient, because it still breathes something of the freshness of its first beginnings, because it still exhibits society, not in the shape of absolute achievement, but of gradual formation. No doubt the scientific and material appliances of the nineteenth century, in some respects carried to a further extent in the New World than in the Old, give an appearance of novelty, and, in a certain sense, of perfection, which is altogether alien to the first origin of a people; but when we penetrate below this, we shall find that there are abundant traces of this youthful, childlike, and therefore primitive aspect. The youth of America corresponds to the antiquity of Europe. It is this peculiarity of American history in its past, its present, and its future, which constitutes its peculiar interest, often its best apology, always its powerful incentive. It is a characteristic which, in a large measure, it shares with Russia, but which in America is brought to a nearer focus from the shortness of the career it has hitherto run.

The history of the United States may be said to class itself into four principal epochs, which emerge from the level to which the larger part of its annals are confined.

I. The first epoch is what we may call the Era of the Founders. It is rarely that we are able so nearly to place ourselves within the reach of the first inhabitants and the first chieftains of a powerful people. What most resembles this epoch is perhaps the accounts, historical or legendary, of the foundation of the Grecian states, whether in the mother country or its dependencies. But the Greek founders are, for the most part, more or less in-

volved in a cloud of fable, whilst those of the American commonwealth stand out in all the distinctness of living and actual personalities.

It was an extraordinary sensation which I experienced, when, two days after landing in America, I found myself assisting at the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the town of Salem in Massachusetts. Around me were guests and speakers who derived their lineage and names from those who had first set foot on what was then a desolate wilderness. On one side was a distinguished judge, the representative of Endicott, the first governor, and on the other side, the venerable and accomplished descendant of Winthrop, if not the first actual, the first undisputed, governor of the colony. The office itself was well represented by the honored citizen who in direct succession filled it at that moment. On the right hand and the left were the Saltonstalls, the Bowditches, the Wilders, and the Higginsons, names obscure here, but household words there. Their progenitors were not shadowy phantoms—like the heroes of Ossian's poems—with the stars shining through them, but stout and stalwart yeomen, or merchants, or clergy, like ourselves; each home in the place claimed some connection with one or the other of these ancestral patriarchs; their portraits, their letters, the trees they had planted, the fruit they had reared, the churches they had built, were still amongst us. It was as if one were sitting at table far back in the opening of English or European history, with the grandsons or great grandsons of Hengist and Horsa, or Clovis and Pepin. It gave that sense of near proximity to the beginnings of the State which is so marvelously reproduced in Sir Walter Scott's novel of "Ivanhoe;" where, with perhaps a too close foreshortening of his picture, he makes us feel that Cedric and Athelstan, Front De Bœuf and the Templars, still breathed the spirit of the Saxon monarchy and of the Norman Conquest.

Look for a moment at some of the separate groups into which the founders of the American States arrange themselves. In the brilliant pages of the venerable historian of the United States, George Ban-

croft, you see them one by one, from Florida to Quebec, emerging, as if from the ocean, under the guidance of those ancient heroes. Take first that which is still in common parlance called the Mother State, or the Old Dominion of Virginia. What can be more stirring or more primeval than the account of those brilliant adventurers, who in the dazzling glory of the Elizabethan age were fired with the hope of perpetuating the name of the Virgin Queen on a new continent? Look at the first projector of the scheme, statesman, poet, historian, discoverer, Sir Walter Raleigh! He lies in a nameless grave at Westminster, but his true monument is the colony of Virginia. Look at the strange figure—well known in America, dimly, I fear, recognized in England—of him who, though bearing the homely name of John Smith, was the life and soul of that early settlement, and whose career, both before and afterwards, was chequered with a series of marvellous risks, which might well have belonged to a Grecian Argonaut or a mediæval crusader. With a scientific and nautical ardor, which has descended to his lineage in this country—including the late renowned hydrographer, Admiral Smyth—was combined an impetuous passion for adventure which had previously led him through the wars of Hungary, and plunged him into the dungeons of the Turkish corsairs; and which, in America, won the affection of the Indian tribes against whom he alone was able to guard the infant colony. Thrice was his life saved by the interest which his presence inspired in three princesses whom he encountered in these various hazards; Calameta the lady of Hungary; Trabegizonda the lady of the Turkish harem; and Pocahontas, the young daughter of the Indian chief Powhattan, who threw herself between him and her father's anger. It is by a singular fate that whilst Pocahontas, the earliest, or almost the earliest Christian convert of the native tribes of North America, lies buried within the parish church of Gravesend, where she closed her life, the remains of John Smith, after his long and stormy career, should repose in the solemn gloom of the Church of St. Sepulchre, in the city of London. "Here," such was his epi-

taph, "he lies conquered who conquered all."

Turn to another group. Can any one stand on the hill above the Bay of Plymouth in New England, and see without a yearning, as towards the cradle of a sacred State, the "Mayflower" winding her difficult way from promontory to promontory, from island to island, till at last the little crew descend upon the one solitary rock on that level shore — the rock of which the remains are still visited by hundreds of pilgrims from every part of North America? Is it not truly a record of the heroic age when we read the narrative of the wasting away, in that cold December season, of one-half of the little colony, the others hiding their dead under nameless graves, lest the neighboring Indians should perceive the diminishing strength of their peaceful invaders, and then the stern determination with which they allowed the vessel, after five months, to return on its homeward voyage without one single colonist of the remnant that was left abandoning the cause for which they came, and retracing their steps to comfort and plenty? What a dramatic circle is that which contains the stern General Bradford; the Yorkshire soldier of fortune, doubtful Puritan, and doubtful Catholic, Miles Standish; the first child born on the Atlantic, Oceanus Hopkins; the first child born in New England, Peregrine White.

Or again, look at that singular eccentric enthusiast, Roger Williams, who found the bonds which the new colony endeavored to lay upon him not less odious than those which caused those colonists themselves to leave their native country, wandering over wooded hill and valley, or threading his way in solitary canoe, till he reached a point where he could at peace unfurl the banner of religious toleration, and to which in grateful acknowledgment of the grace of God which had smiled on him thus far, he gave the name still immortalized in the state that sprang from his exertions, "Providence."

Or again, look to the banks of the Delaware, where William Penn founded what he well called the "holy experiment" of a State which should appeal not to war but to peace for protection, and which

should "improve," to use his own words, "an innocent course of life on a virgin Elysian shore." There rose the City of Brotherly Love, whose streets still bear the names of the ash, the chestnut, the walnut, and the spruce of the forest in which it was planted. There reigned that dynasty of princes who acknowledged their allegiance to the English crown by the simple homage of a beaver's skin, and whose principle, derived from the patriarch of the Quakers, George Fox, was "Let your light shine amongst the Indians, the blacks, and the whites."

Or in Georgia, look at the fine old Churchman, Oglethorpe, the unwavering friend of Wesley, the model soldier of Samuel Johnson, the synonym in the mouth of Pope for "strong benevolence of soul."

He and those I have named may surely be reckoned amongst those to whom Lord Bacon gives the first place amongst the benefactors of mankind — the founders of states and empires. They are examples of the hoary sacred antiquity which may still be found in America.

2. I pass to the next epoch; it is that in which the French and English nations contended for the possession of the American continent, as they had once in the Middle Ages contended for the possession of the ancient kingdom of France. This also, although chronologically it appears in the midst of the prosaic eighteenth century, is fraught with all the romance which belongs to the mediæval struggles of European races. It is that long contest so graphically described in the elaborate narrative of Francis Parkman, and it is intertwined with some of the most impressive scenes of American nature. Look at that line of waters, Lake George and Lake Champlain, which formed at that time the central thoroughfare, — the only thoroughfare — through what was then a trackless wilderness of mountain and forest. See the English armies, drawn alike from the mother country and the still obedient colonists, fighting in one common cause, coming down in their vast flotilla through those vast overhanging woods. See at the point between the lakes the fortress, of which the ruins still remain, almost the only ruins to be seen perhaps throughout the length

and breadth of the United States — the fortress of Ticonderoga, or as the French called it, Carillon or Chimes, from the melodious murmur of the waters which dashed along from one inland sea to the other. Listen to the legendary lore which hangs over the mysterious death of Duncan Campbell of Inverawe, whose gravestone is still to be seen in the neighborhood amongst the descendants of his famous clan: or gaze on the historic splendor which surrounds the name of Lord Howe, commemorated by the grateful Americans, alike in a monument on the spot where he fell by the shores of Lake George, and within the walls of Westminster Abbey. Or again, look more northward still to the wonderful enterprise in which the most captivating of English soldiers, the little sickly red-haired hero, General Wolfe, by a miracle of audacity climbed the Heights of Abraham, and won the imperial fortress of Quebec in the singular victory in which almost at the same hour expired himself and his chivalrous adversary the French Montcalm. The Englishmen and the Americans of to-day, as they look from the terrace of the citadel of Quebec over the mighty waters of the St. Lawrence, may alike feel their patriotism kindled by the recollection of that time; and not the less because, as I have said, it is wrapt in a halo of romance which belongs rather to the thirteenth century than to that in which it actually occurred. Those scenes of battles between the high-born courtiers of France on the one hand, the Jacobite Highlanders of Scotland, and the sturdy colonists of Virginia and Massachusetts intermingled with the war-whoops and the tomahawk, the feathers and the colors of those Indian tribes who were the terror and the attraction alternately of both the contending parties, carry us back to times which assure us that the American novelist, Fenimore Cooper, rightly chose them as a theme of his most heart-stirring and picturesque tales, and which make even an Englishman or a Scotchman feel that in traversing them he is, as it were, on the Loch Katrine or the Loch Lomond of his own kindred isles. And when in the hills of the American Berkshire we see the huge boulder which with its simple inscription marks "the grave of the Stockbridge Indians, the friends of our fathers," we feel that we stand on the boundary of those days when the civilized man and the savages were not yet parted asunder, when there was still a sense of mutual gratitude between the two races such as carries us back to the times when Goth and Roman,

Celt and Saxon, met in their varied vicissitudes of war and peace.

3. We pass to the third epoch, that of the War of Independence. We now approach a region which, compared with the two that have preceded it, may well be called modern. Yet here also there is a savor of antiquity and of primitive inspiration in the circle of renowned characters who for the first, perhaps we may say the only time, in American history, appear equal to the greatness of their country's destinies. When in the public place at Richmond we see the statue of George Washington surrounded by the group of the famous Virginians of his time, the eloquence of Patrick Henry, the judicious sagacity of Marshall, the eccentric energy of Jefferson, — when to these we add the stern vigor of John Adams, and Samuel, his namesake, from Boston, and last, not least, the homely and penetrating genius of Benjamin Franklin from Philadelphia, and the brilliant philosophic friend and equal of Talleyrand, the gifted and unfortunate Alexander Hamilton, we feel that we are in the presence of one of those constellations which mark only those great creative epochs in the history of nations, such as may indeed appear in their later history, but usually belong to those moments when the nation itself is struggling into existence. In all the events of that struggle there is a dramatic movement which belongs to those critical times when mankind is going through one of its decisive trials. Old Martin Routh of Oxford, who had lived through the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, when asked in his extreme old age what event of his time had produced in England the deepest impression answered, "The separation of the American States;" and when in his hundredth year he wandered in his dying moments to the recollections of former days, his last words murmured something of "the war with America." Many are the scenes which impress on the mind the momentous aspect of that time. Let me select two. One shall be that in which the first British blood was shed on the 19th of April, 1775. It is in the green meadows close to the village of Concord. A gentle river divides the swelling hills on either side; a rustic bridge crosses the stream. On one side is a simple pillar which marks the graves where the first English soldiers that were slain still lie buried; on the other side is a monument, erected in later times, representing one of the simple American peasants with one hand on the plough and the other on the

musket, and underneath are written the memorable words of one of the greatest living writers, himself a native of Concord, and the grandson of the pastor of the village who was present at the time of the conflict:—

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The other scene is Mount Vernon, the unadorned yet spacious wooden mansion where Washington spent his latest years, with his devoted wife, with his retinue of slaves, with the gracious hospitality of almost regal majesty, looking out from the oaks which now overhang his grave, over the broad waters of the Potomac, on whose banks was to rise the noble but still unfinished capital which bears his canonized name. No Englishman need grudge the hours that he gives to the biography which Washington Irving has devoted to our great countryman (for such he still was), the father of the American commonwealth.

4. There is yet one fourth group of events which makes us feel that even now, in the time in which we live, America belongs to those old days of European nations when society was not yet welded together, when the wars of York and Lancaster, or the wars of Cromwell and Charles the First, were still possible. I refer to the only civil war of recent times—perhaps the greatest civil war of all times—the war between the Northern and the Southern States ten years ago. But this is too close to our days for us to safely touch upon; the smouldering ashes of that fierce volcano are too near the surface. I do but glance at it and move onwards.

II. What I have said of the history, so to speak, of America at once illustrates and is illustrated by some of the chief characteristics of the present condition of the United States and also of our expectations of its future.

1. Look, for example, at the extraordinary munificence shown in the multiplication of institutions emanating in a large degree from the piety and liberality of individual founders and benefactors. The very phrase which I use recalls the mediæval beneficence out of which sprang some of the chief educational institutions of our own country. I do not say that this munificence has died out of the nineteenth century, at home or in the older countries. In one branch, that of public libraries for

general use—which is the chief glory of the modern institutions of the United States, as its almost total absence is the chief reproach to the metropolis of London—in these public libraries I understand that at least in Birmingham, a near approach has been made to the generosity, whether of corporations or of individuals, in the United States. Still the freedom, almost the recklessness, with which these benefactions are lavished beyond the Atlantic, bears upon its face the characteristic of an older age, reappearing amidst our modern civilization like the granite boulder of some earlier formation. For the likenesses in our English history to John Harvard, to the “ten worthy fathers” of Yale, to Johns Hopkins, and Astor, and George Peabody, and Peter Cooper, we must look to our Wykehams, our Waynfletes, our Wolseys, at Oxford, and those whose names are immortalized in Gray's splendid ode on the benefactors of Cambridge.

2. Again, the distinct character, the independent government, the separate legislation of the various states which compose the republic of North America, represent a condition of political society to which modern Europe offers no parallel, except perhaps in the small federation of Switzerland, and for which on so large a scale we must for an example go back to the not yet developed states of Europe, just emerging from the old Roman empire into the new Christian empire of Charlemagne, each indeed marked by the separate nationalities which were already beginning to show themselves, but even in the sixth or the ninth century speaking, as in the vast continent of North America at the present day, at least amongst the educated classes, one language, and subject at least in name to one central government. You will not suppose that in thus referring to the independence and diversity of the different states of America I am presuming to enter on that most delicate question of American politics, the exact point where the rights of the separate states terminate and the rights of the central government begin. I treat of it only in its general features as an unquestionable phenomenon, which indicates that the American commonwealth is yet in the beginning of political society, and that the end may be something far different from that which we now behold.

3. Again, in the relations of the laboring classes to the educated or upper classes of America, without entrenching on the thorny questions of capital and labor, of socialism

and of political economy, which are now beginning to agitate the New World as they agitate the Old, there is a peculiarity which exists in no European country at the present time, and which is a problem kindred to the first arrangements of the states of the ancient classical world. It is the peculiarity by which mechanical and manual labor is performed, for the most part, not by natives but by foreigners. What the Pelasgians were in Attica, what the Helots were in Sparta, what the Israelites were in Egypt, what the Canaanites were in Palestine, what the Greeks generally called by the varying names *Paræci* or *Periæci*, that is to say, the aboriginal or foreign element which the ruling class appropriated to itself for these inferior purposes—that, in some measure, the Irish, the negroes, and the Chinese are to the Anglo-Saxon race of the United States. It has often been observed how widely this diversity of the Grecian commonwealths from those of modern Europe influences any judgment which we may draw from them and their condition to ours; it is not less true that a like precaution is rendered necessary by the appearance of this similar phenomenon in the United States of America.

I might multiply indefinitely the instances of this divergence in the relative stages of social and political and ecclesiastical existence in America and Europe. Whether we condemn or approve the institutions of the United States or of our own country, the main practical condition under which we must start on any comparison is, that to a very large extent the two spheres of the Old World and the New World are as almost incommensurable as the period of Theseus or Lycurgus with the age of Alexander, or the period of Egbert or Charles Martel with the period of Henry VIII. or Charles V.

But besides the light which this view of American history throws on the past and the present, there is also the further question of the light which it throws upon the future. It does not follow that because a nation has flourished for many centuries it is near its end. Far from us be any such desponding fatalism. Yet still it cannot be denied that the longer the retrospect is, there is produced a sense of satiety or of completeness which, to a certain degree, contracts the vision of the future. It is the reverse of this feeling that is produced by what I have called the near and, as it were, closely present antiquity of the American States. We insensibly look

forward to the possibility of a vaster development than we do in the older nations. And this expectation is no new thing. Amidst all the evil forebodings, and all the failures of American existence, it has always been present. Whether from the remarkable circumstance of its first beginnings, certain it is, that even from very early times a sense of a vast and mysterious destiny unfolding in a distant future, had taken possession of the minds both of Americans and of Englishmen. Shakespeare (or it may be Ben Jonson) had but just seen the first dawn of the earliest settlement in Virginia, and yet he was able to place in the mouth of Cranmer the prediction that, in the foundation of the town and river which bore the name of King James,

His honor and the greatness of his name
Shall make new nations.

“Let it not be grievous to you,” was the consolation offered from England to the Pilgrim Fathers, “that you have been instruments to break the ice for others. The honor shall be yours to the world’s end, for the memory of the adventurers to this plantation shall never die.” Bishop Berkeley—who by a strange fate was diverted from his projects for Bermuda to settle on the pleasant shores of Rhode Island, and there within the humble mansion which is still existing, and in the jaws of an overhanging rock which may still be visited, composed one of the finest of his philosophical treatises—was inspired, as he looked on the scenes around him, with a sudden enthusiasm, and uttered those famous words which have only within the last year been inscribed on the portals of the university on the shores of the Pacific—

Westward the course of empire holds its way.

Burke, in his magnificent speech on the American colonies, whilst describing them as “a fierce people who are still as it were but in the gristle and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood,” could not look at their growth without marvel, and when he spoke of them was constrained to say, “Let us auspicate all our proceedings of America with the old Church cry, *Sursum corda*.” We may freely grant that these predictions, impressive as they are, do not of necessity carry with them their own fulfilment. There have been predictions even of a more sacred character with regard to the fortunes of a far more sacred people, which have hitherto failed of their full accomplishment, because the nation

of which they were spoken knew not the time of her visitation, and heard the divine call with closed ears and hardened hearts. But the peculiarities of American history on which I have dwelt give at least fresh substance to these lofty dreams. When we see how young, how new, how primitive is the form of American history and American society, it reveals to us the possibility, nay, the probability, that there is still a long course to be run, that the foundation of these states is, as Penn said of Pennsylvania, a noble experiment which it depends upon themselves under God to accomplish or to ruin. The very defects and shortcomings of the present are, if not a pledge, an incentive, to what may yet be in store. Of these defects I do not speak. They are sufficiently set forth in the teeming columns of the American journals. Many of them belong to what I have ventured to call the mediæval, the infantine state of American life; some of them have already faded away from their own Eastern States before the touch of superior civilization—some before the criticism of foreigners—some of them are flagrant still. But whether recently extinct or yet unsubdued, they are elements of a social condition, not towards which the civilized world is advancing, but from which it has escaped or, with whatever speed, is escaping, century by century.

In thus comparing the growing history of the present with the possible history of the future, may I be allowed to use a figure which I employed in one of my farewell speeches to my kind American hosts? In that memorable hour—memorable in the life of every one as the moment when he first sees the Pyramids of Egypt or the Alps of Switzerland—when I first stood before the cataracts of Niagara, it seemed to me that the scene which I witnessed was not an unapt likeness of the fortunes of America. It was midnight; the moon was full; and I saw from the vast bridge which spans the river the ceaseless contortion, confusion, whirl, and chaos, bursting forth in clouds of foam from that immense central chasm which divides the American from the British dominion; and as I looked on that ever-changing movement, and listened to that everlasting roar, it seemed an emblem of the devouring, fermenting, perplexed, bewildering activity, the ceaseless, restless, beating whirlpool of existence in the United States. But into the moonlight sky there rose a cloud of spray twice as high as the falls themselves, silent, majestic, immovable.

That silver column, glittering in the moonlight, seemed an image of the future of American history—of the upward, heaven-aspiring destiny which should emerge from the distractions of the present.

Let me explain in a few words wherein that pillar of light has an historical substance, which may lead us to hope that it will not vanish away with the morning light, but may continue to guide the coming times of the United States. And for this purpose I select three points from the history of the past which conduce to a confidence, which, if not without "trembling," still "rejoices" always—points on which I venture to insist, because they bear practically on an educational institution like this.

1. First, there is the marked peculiarity of the American people, apparent almost from the first, the singular buoyancy and elasticity both of the national and individual character. It may be the product of their brilliant, exhilarating, invigorating climate; it may be the accompaniment of the vast horizon opened out by their boundless territory; it may be partly the youth of the nation, on which I have so much enlarged in this address; but its existence is unquestionable. If at times there is something almost of levity in the readiness with which misfortunes are thrown off and life begun over again; if at times the more sober part of the nation is depressed by the sense of the difficulties which they have to encounter, yet on the whole this spring of vitality, if turned to good account, must be of incalculable value in this working world, where imagination still plays so large a part, and where so much is given to assurance of victory, even more than to victory itself. If, perchance, the United States have too much of it, we, it may be, have too little; and this confidence of Americans in their own political, ecclesiastical, and social system, is a warning to us to rise above those doleful lamentations with which in these days we often hear the citizens, and churchmen, and Christians of England despair of our country, our Church, and our religion.

2. Secondly, there are the elements of that character which they possess in common with the English race, with which their past history shows them to be in so many respects identical. In spite of some dark and sinister features in both countries, there is on the whole the same keen appreciation of the delights of pure domestic life. In spite of the lawlessness which is perhaps the inevitable outburst of the

effervescence of communities not yet fully organized, there is on the whole in the mass of the people something of the same self-control, and common sense, and love of freedom, and obedience to law, on which we pride ourselves, and which we are glad to recognize in our descendants. And these points of contact between the mother country and the daughter states not only are themselves encouraging, but they derive additional force from the guarantee which they give that the union between the two, though severed by the revolution of the last century, is in the essential elements of character and social sympathy yet unbroken.

We no doubt may have much to learn from America; but if this closeness of sympathy and homogeneousness of race is still maintained, they will always have something to learn from us, and will, we trust, be not unwilling to receive it. It is a solemn responsibility which this recollection of American history impresses upon us, that as we were their fathers, so in large measure we are responsible for them — our children; responsible because they sprang from us, but yet more responsible because our good or evil actions still produce a direct impression on their susceptible minds. Commercial dishonesty, blind political partisanship, demagogic stratagems, frivolous luxury in English society, are strong incentives to any like vices which appear in the kindred stock; and, on the other hand, every attempt on our parts to maintain refinement of manners, truthful dealing, a policy that does not tend to popular fashion or faction, simplicity and self-control in social life, act and have acted with immense force in promoting the like virtues beyond the Atlantic. "It is the spirit of the British Constitution," says Burke, "which, infused through the mighty mass of the English settlements, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, every part even down to the minutest." Our kinsmen beyond the sea may be flattered for the moment by being told that they are a nation stronger and greater than we. But they have too much sense and knowledge of our joint history not to be proud of their English parentage and their ancient home.

3. Thirdly, with them as with us, in spite of the overwhelming forces of uneducated or half-educated ignorance and fanaticism, there is the chance that the voice of the reasonable few may more and more make itself heard. It is in literature (and for this reason I call the attention of

this institute to the fact) that this voice is chiefly to be heard and felt. The literature of America is still young; but that small but select band who are its leaders have exercised, and doubtless still will exercise, a controlling effect by their increasing identification with the better elements of the nation.

It was Washington Irving who first knit together those bonds of family and domestic sympathy between England and America of which I have just spoken. After the violent disruption which tore us asunder, he had the grace and the courage to diffuse his own kindly and genial feeling from his sunny cottage on the banks of the Hudson, through the lurid atmosphere which had been produced by the successive wars of 1775 and 1812. Westminster Abbey, Stratford-on-Avon, and Abbotsford were transfigured in the eyes of Americans by his charming "Sketch-Book," and from that time has set in the pilgrimage of Americans to our English shrines which has never ceased, and which cannot but render any future dislocation of the two countries more difficult.

Bryant, Longfellow, and Whittier have done perhaps even a greater service by touching with the sweetness and the light of their poetry scenes before but little known in the natural objects and the historic splendor of their own country.

Bryant, to use the words of a distinguished American ecclesiastic, first entered the heart of America through the Gate Beautiful. When we see the Green River, and the rocky slopes of the hills of Berkshire, we feel that he did for them something of what Wordsworth effected for the lakes and mountains of Westmoreland. Longfellow and Whittier achieved their fame, not only by those poems which appeal to the general instincts of mankind, and are entwined with the sacred recollections of Europe, but they also attached themselves directly to the legends of the early inhabitants of the northern continent, and to the stirring scenes of the great conflicts both of America with England, and of the Northern and Southern States.

The romances of Hawthorne which connect themselves with Italian life, may to us for the moment have the most interest, but those which shall possess the most enduring value are the strange scenes of New England in the streets of Boston and of Salem. Such pathetic and elevated sentiments, so intermingled with national character, must have a share in raising the

nation above the "rustic murmur" of parochial or municipal life into "the great wave that echoes round the world."

And yet further, it is not only in this more subtle and indirect manner that the writings and the voices of the few may guide the opinions and passions of the many. It is by those direct lessons of wisdom and moderation which now and then the few have the courage to utter, and the many have the good sense to welcome.

In these latter days it has been sometimes urged that the uneducated classes are always right, and the educated classes always wrong. But in every neighborhood, and not least in this great centre of populous life, we meet from time to time with instances which reveal to us as with a lightning flash the need of higher inspirations. The most widely spread and deeply rooted of popular illusions in our time (that of "the claimant") received, if I mistake not, its first mortal wound when an eloquent voice from Birmingham, beloved also in America, had the boldness to denounce it as a groundless and miserable imposture. And in the close of the eighteenth century it is never to be forgotten that the last of the Pilgrim Fathers, as we may call him, who was forced to migrate for conscience sake from England to America, took refuge in the solitudes of Pennsylvania, driven hence, not by king or bishop, but by the illiterate mob of Birmingham—the illustrious martyr of freedom and science, Joseph Priestley. We now all acknowledge that the mob was wrong, and that the few who would have tolerated Priestley were right. This ultimate deference to mature knowledge and generous sentiment is as needful to cultivate in the institutes of our great English towns, as in the United States of America.

It was only this year that the venerable sage who stands at the head of American literature ventured in a lecture on the "Fortunes of the Republic" to point out one by one the salient faults of his countrymen, to express his certainty that their civilization is yet incomplete, that it has not yet ended or given signs of ending in a hero. It is this modesty, this sense of incompleteness that entitles him to close with the expression of calm trust in their future. "Our helm," he says, "is given up to a better hand than our own. Our little wherry is taken in tow by the ship of the Great Admiral, which knows its way, and has the force to draw men, and states, and planets to their goal. Such and so potent is this high method by which the

Divine Providence veils the chiefest benefits under the mask of calamities, that we shall not by any perverse ingenuity prevent the blessing."

In like manner it was one of the most striking features in that banquet at Salem of which I spoke at the beginning of this address, to hear the impassioned recitation of a vigorous ode by a gifted sculptor and poet, a native of that American village, but well known in this country and in Europe, who spoke to his countrymen words of terrible remonstrance, which were received, not with reprobation or aversion, but with significant and universal applause. He evidently had in his mind that abstraction of the higher order of characters from public affairs, which, though happily not yet seen amongst ourselves, is said to prevail at least in the northern states of America. He blamed

The careless trust that happy luck
Will save us, come what may.
The apathy with which we see
Our country's dearest interest struck,
Dreaming that things will right themselves,
That brings dismay.

He rebuked those who

Apart in selfish silence stand,
Hating the danger and the wrong,
And yet too busy to uplift their hand
And do the duties that belong
To those who would be free.

He called on the

noble men and true,
High, low, young, old, wherever you may be,
Awake! arise! cast off this lethargy!
Your ancient faith renew,
And set your hands to do the task
That freemen have to do.

Words like these, so uttered and so received, cannot but beget a confidence that the country for which they were written, and in which they were spoken, has within it the instruments of regeneration, and the germs of future greatness. And as they give a forcible, perhaps too forcible, representation of the dangers and the hopes which lie wrapt up in the history of America, so also—conscious of that affinity of which I have before spoken, which unites the two countries together—I have ventured to quote them here in the conviction that, by analogy, they are applicable also to England. Not only they in their youth and freshness, but we in our green old age, need to be reminded that we also, in spite of our long ancestral traditions, and "the ancient inbred integrity" of the English nation, have kindred dangers threatening

us on the right hand and on the left. Our safety, like theirs, lies in listening to the voice of those few noble souls and high intelligences who rise above the passions of party and the sordid interests of the moment, who have the wisdom not merely to denounce but to discriminate, and the desire not merely to preserve or to destroy, but to improve and bring to perfection the inheritance committed to our trust.

One word in conclusion. When speaking of the common sentiment which animates a nation in the presence of deeper and higher characters, I am sure that I should not be doing justice to your feelings, nor, I may add, to the feelings of the great republic which we have been considering, if I did not allude to the mingled grief and respect which will ever pervade all true English hearts, whether British or American, when they hear of the stroke of sorrow with which the royal family of this country has been visited on a day already signalized as the most mournful in the annals of their house. She who has gone from us became first known to the public through her noble conduct by her father's death-bed, and she has now fallen a sacrifice, as every wife and mother assuredly will feel, to the devoted care with which she nursed her husband and her children. But she also belonged to that higher order of intelligence and goodness of which we have been speaking. She cared for all that could elevate her fellow-creatures; and if her exalted rank gave her larger means of making her beneficent influence felt, it will not be grudged her in any home or any institution. Her life will not have been spent in vain if it has shown what an Englishwoman can do in the noble discharge of the duties of her station. Her death will not have been in vain if it has caused many hearts to beat in closer sympathy with the solitude of a desolate home, and with the sorrows of the family which the Anglo-Saxon race throughout the world claims as its own peculiar property. In that banquet at Salem, to which I have already referred, there was one moment, and one only, when the whole assembly rose to their feet in respectful reverence. It was when, after proposing "Our old homes," there was sung the English national hymn, "God save the Queen." That same sentiment will inspire thousands of American hearts to respond in a deeper and more solemn sense to the prayer in which we all join — "God save and bless the queen."

SIR GIBBIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

AUTHOR OF "MALCOLM," "THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WHELP.

GIBBIE sped down the hill through a worse rain than ever. The morning was close, and the vapors that filled it were like smoke burned to the hue of the flames whence it issued. Many a man that morning believed another great deluge begun, and all measures relating to things of this world lost labor. Going down his own side of the Glashburn, the nearest path to the valley, the gamekeeper's cottage was the first dwelling on his way. It stood a little distance from the bank of the burn, opposite the bridge and gate, while such things were.

It had been with great difficulty, for even Angus did not know the mountain so well as Gibbie, that the gamekeeper reached it with the housekeeper the night before. It was within two gunshots of the house of Glashruach, yet to get to it they had to walk miles up and down Glashgar. A mountain in storm is as hard to cross as a sea. Arrived, they did not therefore feel safe. The tendency of the Glashburn was indeed away from the cottage, as the grounds of Glashruach sadly witnessed; but a torrent is double-edged, and who could tell? The yielding of one stone in its channel might send it to them. All night Angus watched, peering out ever again into the darkness, but seeing nothing save three lights that burned above the water — one of them, he thought, at the Mains. The other two went out in the darkness, but that only in the dawn. When the morning came, there was the Glashburn meeting the Lorrie in his garden. But the cottage was well built, and fit to stand a good siege, while any moment the waters might have reached their height. By breakfast-time, however, they were round it from behind. There is nothing like a flood for revealing the variations of surface, the dips and swells of a country. In a few minutes they were isolated, with the current of the Glashburn on one side, and that of the Lorrie in front. When he saw the water come in at front and back doors at once, Angus ordered his family up the stair: the cottage had a large attic, with dormer windows, where they slept. He himself remained below for some time longer, in that end of the house where he kept his guns and fish

ing-tackle; there he sat on a table, preparing nets for the fish that would be left in the pools; and not until he found himself afloat did he take his work to the attic.

There the room was hot, and they had the window open. Mistress MacPholp stood at it, looking out on the awful prospect, with her youngest child, a sickly boy, in her arms. He had in his a little terrier-pup, greatly valued of the gamekeeper. In a sudden outbreak of peevish wilfulness, he threw the creature out of the window. It fell on the sloping roof, and before it could recover itself, being too young to have the full command of four legs, rolled off.

"Eh! the doggie's i' the watter!" cried Mistress MacPholp in dismay.

Angus threw down everything with an ugly oath, for he had given strict orders not one of the children should handle the whelp, jumped up, and got out on the roof. From there he might have managed to reach it, so high now was the water, had the little thing remained where it fell, but already it had swum a yard or two from the house. Angus, who was a fair swimmer and an angry man, threw off his coat, and plunged after it, greatly to the delight of the little one, caught the pup with his teeth by the back of the neck, and turned to make for the house. Just then a shrub, swept from the hill, caught him in the face, and so bewildered him, that, before he got rid of it, he had blundered into the edge of the current, which seized and bore him rapidly away. He dropped the pup, and struck out for home with all his strength. But he soon found the most he could do was to keep his head above water, and gave himself up for lost. His wife screamed in agony. Gibbie heard her as he came down the hill, and ran at full speed towards the cottage.

About a hundred yards from the house, the current bore Angus straight into a large elder-tree. He got into the middle of it, and there remained trembling, the weak branches breaking with every motion he made, while the stream worked at the roots, and the wind laid hold of him with fierce leverage. In terror, seeming still to sink as he sat, he watched the trees dart by like battering-rams in the swiftest of the current: the least of them diverging would tear the elder-tree with it. Brave enough in dealing with poachers, Angus was not the man to gaze with composure in the face of a sure slow death, against which no assault could be made. Many a man is courageous because he has not conscience enough to make a coward of him, but Angus had not quite reached that

condition, and from the branches of the elder-tree showed a pale, terror-stricken visage. Amidst the many objects on the face of the water, Gibbie, however, did not distinguish it, and plunging in swam round to the front of the cottage to learn what was the matter. There the wife's gesticulations directed his eyes to her drowning husband.

But what was he to do? He could swim to the tree well enough, and, he thought, back again, but how was that to be made of service to Angus? He could not save him by main force — there was not enough of that between them. If he had a line, and there must be plenty of lines in the cottage, he could carry him the end of it to haul upon — that would do. If he could send it to him that would be better still, for then he could help at the other end, and would be in the right position, up stream, to help farther, if necessary, for down the current alone was the path of communication open. He caught hold of the eaves, and scrambled on to the roof. But in the folly and faithlessness of her despair, the woman would not let him enter. With a curse caught from her husband, she struck him from the window, crying,

"Ye s' no come in here, an' my man droonin' yon'er! Gang till 'im, ye cooard!"

Never had poor Gibbie so much missed the use of speech. On the slope of the roof he could do little to force an entrance, therefore threw himself off it to seek another, and betook himself to the windows below. Through that of Angus's room, he caught sight of a floating anker cask. It was the very thing! — and there on the walls hung a quantity of nets and cordage! But how to get in? It was a sash-window, and of course swollen with the wet, therefore not to be opened; and there was not a square in it large enough to let him through. He swam to the other side, and crept softly on to the roof, and over the ridge. But a broken slate betrayed him. The woman saw him, rushed to the fireplace, caught up the poker, and darted back to defend the window.

"Ye s' no come in here, I tell ye," she screeched, "an' my man stickin' i' yon boortree buss!"

Gibbie advanced. She made a blow at him with the poker. He caught it, wrenched it from her grasp, and threw himself from the roof. The next moment they heard the poker at work, smashing the window.

"He'll be in an' murder's a'!" cried the mother, and ran to the stair, while the

children screamed and danced with terror.

But the water was far too deep for her. She returned to the attic, barricaded the door, and went again to the window to watch her drowning husband.

Gibbie was inside in a moment, and seizing the cask, proceeded to attach to it a strong line. He broke a bit from a fishing-rod, secured the line round the middle of it with a notch, put the stick through the bunghole in the bilge, and corked up the hole with a net-float. Happily he had a knife in his pocket. He then joined strong lines together until he thought he had length enough, secured the last end to a bar of the grate, and knocked out both sashes of the window with an axe. A passage thus cleared, he floated out first a chair, then a crepie, and one thing after another, to learn from what point to start the barrel. Seeing and recognizing them from above, Mistress MacPholp raised a terrible outcry. In the very presence of her drowning husband, such a wanton dissipation of her property roused her to fiercest wrath, for she imagined Gibbie was emptying her house with leisurely revenge. Satisfied at length, he floated out his barrel, and followed with the line in his hand, to aid its course if necessary. It struck the tree. With a yell of joy Angus laid hold of it, and hauling the line taut, and feeling it secure, committed himself at once to the water, holding by the barrel, and swimming with his legs, while Gibbie, away to the side with a hold of the rope, was swimming his hardest to draw him out of the current. But a weary man was Angus, when at length he reached the house. It was all he could do to get himself in at the window, and crawl up the stair. At the top of it he fell benumbed on the floor.

By the time that, repentant and grateful, Mistress MacPholp bethought herself of Gibbie, not a trace of him was to be seen; and Angus, contemplating his present experience in connection with that of Robert Grant's cottage, came to the conclusion that he must be an emissary of Satan who on two such occasions had so unexpectedly rescued him. Perhaps the idea was not quite so illogical as it must seem; for how should such a man imagine any other sort of messenger taking an interest in his life? He was confirmed in the notion when he found that a yard of the line remained attached to the grate, but the rest of it with the anker was gone — fit bark for the angel he imagined Gibbie, to ride the stormy waters withal. While they looked

for him in the water and on the land, Gibbie was again in the room below, carrying out a fresh thought. With the help of the table, he emptied the cask, into which a good deal of water had got. Then he took out the stick, corked the bunghole tight, laced the cask up in a piece of net, attached the line to the net, and wound it about the cask by rolling the latter round and round, took the cask between his hands, and pushed from the window straight into the current of the Glashburn. In a moment it had swept him to the Lorie. By the greater rapidity of the former he got easily across the heavier current of the latter, and was presently in water comparatively still, swimming quietly towards the Mains, and enjoying his trip none the less that he had to keep a sharp look-out: if he should have to dive, to avoid any drifting object, he might lose his barrel. Quickly now, had he been so minded, he could have returned to the city — changing vessel for vessel, as one after another went to pieces. Many a house-roof offered itself for the voyage; now and then a great water-wheel, horizontal and helpless, devoured of its element. Once he saw a cradle come gyrating along, and, urging all his might, intercepted it, but hardly knew whether he was more sorry or relieved to find it empty. When he was about half-way to the Mains, a whole fleet of ricks bore down upon him. He boarded one, and scrambled to the top of it, keeping fast hold of the end of his line, which unrolled from the barrel as he ascended. From its peak he surveyed the wild scene. All was running water. Not a human being was visible, and but a few house-roofs, of which for a moment it was hard to say whether or not they were of those that were afloat. Here and there were the tops of trees, showing like low bushes. Nothing was uplifted except the mountains. He drew near the Mains. All the ricks in the yard were bobbing about, as if amusing themselves with a slow contradance; but they were as yet kept in by the barn, and a huge old hedge of hawthorn. What was that cry from far away? Surely it was that of a horse in danger! It brought a lusty equine response from the farm. Where could horses be, with such a depth of water about the place? Then began a great lowing of cattle. But again came the cry of the horse from afar, and Gibbie, this time recognizing the voice as Snowball's, forgot the rest. He stood up on the very top of the rick, and sent his keen glance round on all sides. The cry came again and again, so that he was soon satis-

fied in what direction he must look. The rain had abated a little, but the air was so thick with vapor that he could not tell whether it was really an object he seemed to see white against the brown water, far away to the left, or a fancy of his excited hope: it *might* be Snowball on the turnpike road, which thereabout ran along the top of a high embankment. He tumbled from the rick, rolled the line about the barrel, and pushed vigorously for what might be the horse.

It took him a weary hour — in so many currents was he caught, one after the other, all straining to carry him far below the object he wanted to reach: an object it plainly was before he had got half-way across, and by-and-by as plainly it was Snowball — testified to ears and eyes together. When at length he scrambled on the embankment beside him, the poor, shivering, perishing creature gave a low neigh of delight: he did not know Gibbie, but he was a human being. He was quite cowed and submissive, and Gibbie at once set about his rescue. He had reasoned as he came along that, if there were beasts at the Mains, there must be room for Snowball, and thither he would endeavor to take him. He tied the end of the line to the remnant of the halter on his head, the other end being still fast to the barrel, and took to the water again. Encouraged by the power upon his head, the pressure, namely, of the halter, the horse followed, and they made for the Mains. It was a long journey, and Gibbie had not breath enough to sing to Snowball, but he made what noises he could, and they got slowly along. He found the difficulties far greater now that he had to look out for the horse as well as for himself. None but one much used to the water could have succeeded in the attempt, or could indeed have stood out against its weakening influence and the strain of the continued exertion together so long. At length his barrel got waterlogged, and he sent it adrift.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BRANDER.

MISTRESS CROALE was not, after all, the last who arrived at the Mains. But that the next arrival was accounted for, scarcely rendered it less marvellous than hers. — Just after the loss of Snowball, came floating into the farmyard over the top of the gate, with such astonishment of all who beheld that each seemed to place more confidence in his neighbor's

eyes than in his own, a woman on a raft, with her four little children seated around her, holding the skirt of her gown above her head and out between her hands for a sail. She had made the raft herself, by tying some bars of a paling together, and crossing them with what other bits of wood she could find — a *brander* she called it, which is Scotch for a gridiron, and thence for a grating. Nobody knew her. She had come down the Lorrie. The farmer was so struck with admiration of her invention, daring, and success, that he vowed he would keep the brander as long as it would stick together; and as it could not be taken into the house, he secured it with a rope to one of the windows.

When they had the horses safe on the first floor, they brought the cattle into the lower rooms; but it became evident that if they were to have a chance, they also must be got up to the same level. Thereupon followed a greater tumult than before — such a banging of heads and hind quarters, of horns and shoulders, against walls and partitions, such a rushing and thundering, that the house seemed in more danger from within than from without; for the cattle were worse to manage than the horses, and one moment stubborn as a milestone, would the next moment start into a frantic rush. One poor wretch broke both her horns clean off against the wall, at a sharp turn of the passage; and after two or three more accidents, partly caused by over haste in the human mortals, Donal begged that the business should be left to him and his mother. His master consented, and it was wonderful what Janet contrived to effect by gentleness, coaxing, and suggestion. When Hornie's turn came, Donal began to tie ropes to her hind hoofs. Mr. Duff objected.

"Ye dinna ken her sae weel as I dee, sir," answered Donal. "She wad caw her horns intil a man-o'-war 'at angert her. An' up yon'er ye cudna get a whack at her, for hurtin' ane 'at didna deserve 't. I s' dee her no mischief, I s' warran'. Ye jist lea' her to me, sir."

His master yielded. Donal tied a piece of rope round each hind pastern — if cows have pasterns — and made a loop at the end. The moment she was at the top of the stair, he and his mother dropped each a loop over a horn.

"Noo, she'll naither stick nor fling (*gore nor kick*)," said Donal; she could but bellow, and paw with her fore-feet.

The strangers were mostly in Fergus's bedroom; the horses were all in their owner's; and the cattle were in the remaining

rooms. Bursts of talk amongst the women were followed by fits of silence: who could tell how long the flood might last! — or indeed whether the house might not be undermined before morning, or be struck by one of those big things of which so many floated by, and give away with one terrible crash! Mr. Duff, while preserving a tolerably calm exterior, was nearly at his wits' end. He would stand for half an hour together, with his hands in his pockets, looking motionless out of a window, murmuring now and then to himself, "This is clean ridic'lous!" But when anything had to be done he was active enough. Mistress Croale sat in a corner, very quiet, and looking not a little cowed. There was altogether more water than she liked. Now and then she lifted her lurid black eyes to Janet, who stood at one of the windows, knitting away at her master's stocking, and casting many a calm glance at the brown waters and the strange drift that covered them; but if Janet turned her head and made a remark to her, she never gave back other than curt if not rude reply. In the afternoon Jean brought the whisky bottle. At sight of it, Mistress Croale's eyes shot flame. Jean poured out a glassful, took a sip, and offered it to Janet. Janet declining it, Jean, invaded possibly by some pity of her miserable aspect, offered it to Mistress Croale. She took it, with affected coolness, tossed it off at a gulp, and presented the glass — not to the hand from which she had taken it, but to Jean's other hand, in which was the bottle. Jean cast a piercing look into her greedy eyes, and taking the glass from her, filled it, and presented it to the woman who had built and navigated the brander. Mistress Croale muttered something that sounded like a curse upon *scrimp* measure, and drew herself farther back into the corner, where she had seated herself on Fergus's portmanteau.

"I doobt we hae an Ahchan i' the camp — a Jonah intil the ship!" said Jean to Janet, as she turned, bottle and glass in her hands, to carry them from the room.

"Na, na; naither sae guid nor sae ill," replied Janet. "Fowk 'at's been ill-guidit, no kennin' whaur their help lies, whiles taks to the boatle. But this is but a day o' punishment, no a day o' judgment yet, an' I'm thinkin' the warst's near han' ower. — Gien only Gibbie war here!"

Jean left the room, shaking her head, and Janet stood alone at the window as before. A hand was laid on her arm. She looked up. The black eyes were close to hers, and the glow that was in

them gave the lie to the tone of indifference with which Mistress Croale spoke.

"Ye hae mair nor ance made mention o' ane conneckit wi' ye, by the name o' Gibbie," she said.

"Ay," answered Janet, sending for the serpent to aid the dove; "an' what may be yur wull wi' him?"

"Ow naething," returned Mistress Croale. "I kenned ane o' the name lang syne 'at was lost sicht o'."

"There's Gibbies here an' Gibbies there," remarked Janet, probing her.

"Weel I wat!" she answered peevishly, for she had had whisky enough only to make her cross, and turned away, muttering however in an undertone, but not too low for Janet to hear, "but there's nae mony wee Sir Gibbies, or the warl' wadna be sae dooms like hell."

Janet was arrested in her turn: could the fierce, repellent, whisky-craving woman be the mother of her gracious Gibbie? Could she be, and look so lost? But the loss of him had lost her perhaps. Anyhow God was his father, whoever was the mother of him.

"Hoo cam ye to tyne yer bairn, 'uman?" she asked.

But Mistress Croale was careful also, and had her reasons.

"He ran frae the bluidy han'," she said enigmatically.

Janet recalled how Gibbie came to her, scored by the hand of cruelty. Were there always innocents in the world, who in their own persons, by the will of God, unknown to themselves, carried on the work of Christ, filling up that which was left behind of the sufferings of their Master — women, children, infants, idiots — creatures of sufferance, with souls open to the world to receive wrong, that it might pass and cease? little furnaces they, of the consuming fire, to swallow up and destroy by uncomplaining endurance — the divine destruction!

"Hoo cam he by the bonnie nickname?" she asked at length.

"Nickname!" retorted Mistress Croale fiercely; "I think I hear ye! His ain name an' teetle by law an' richt, as sure's ever there was a King Jeames 'at first pat his han' to the makin' o' baronets! — as it's aften I hae h'ard Sir George, the father o'm, tell the same."

She ceased abruptly, annoyed with herself, as it seemed, for having said so much.

"Ye wadna be my lady yersel', wad ye, mem?" suggested Janet in her gentlest voice.

Mistress Croale made her no answer. Perhaps she thought of the days when she alone of women did the simplest of woman's offices for Sir George. Anyhow, it was one thing to rush of herself to the verge of her secret, and quite another to be fooled over it.

"Is't lang sin' ye lost him?" asked Janet after a bootless pause.

"Ay," she answered, gruffly and discourteously, in a tone intended to quench interrogation.

But Janet persisted.

"Wad ye ken 'im again gien ye saw 'im?"

"Ken 'im? I wad ken 'im gien he had grown a gran'father. Ken 'im, quo' she! Wha ever kenned 'im as I did, bairn 'at he was, an' wadna ken 'im gien he war deid an' an angel made o' 'im!— But weel I wat, it's little differ that wad mak!"

She rose in her excitement, and going to the other window, stood gazing vacantly out upon the rushing sea. To Janet it was plain she knew more about Gibbie than she was inclined to tell, and it gave her a momentary sting of apprehension.

"What was about him ye wad ken sae weel?" she asked in a tone of indifference, as if speaking only through the meshes of her work.

"I'll ken them 'at speirs afore I tell," she replied sullenly. — But the next instant she screamed aloud, "Lord God Almighty! yon's *him!* yon's *himsel!*" and, stretching out her arms, dashed a hand through a pane, letting in an eddying swirl of wind and water, while the blood streamed unheeded from her wrist.

The same moment Jean entered the room. She heard both the cry and the sound of the breaking glass.

"Care what set the beggar wife!" she exclaimed. "Gang frae the window, ye randy."

Mistress Croale took no heed. She stood now staring from the window, still as a statue except for the panting motion of her sides. At the other window stood Janet, gazing also, with blessed face. For there, like a triton on a sea-horse, came Gibbie through the water on Snowball, swimming wearily.

He caught sight of Janet at the window, and straightway his countenance was radiant with smiles. Mistress Croale gave a shuddering sigh, drew back from her window, and betook herself again to her dark corner. Jean went to Janet's window, and there beheld the triumphal approach of her brownie, saving from the waters the lost and lamented Snowball. She shouted to her brother,

LIVING AGE. VOL. XXV. 1266

"John! John! here's yer Snawba'; here's yer Snawba'."

John ran to her call, and, beside himself with joy when he saw his favorite come swimming along, threw the window wide, and began to bawl the most unnecessary directions and encouragement, as if the exploit had been brought thus far towards a happy issue solely through him, while from all the windows Gibbie was welcomed with shouts and cheers and congratulations.

"Lord preserve 's!" cried Mr. Duff, recognizing the rider at last, "it's Rob Grant's innocent! Wha wad hae thought it?"

"The Lord's babes an' sucklin's are gey cawpable whiles," remarked Janet to herself. — She believed Gibbie had more faculty than any of her own, Donal included, nor did she share the prevalent prejudice of the city that heart and brains are mutually antagonistic; for in her own case she had found that her brains were never worth much to her until her heart took up the education of them. But the intellect is, so much oftener than by love, seen and felt to be sharpened by necessity and greed, that it is not surprising such a prejudice should exist.

"Tak 'im roon' to the door." — "Whaur got ye 'im?" — "Ye wad best get 'im in at the window upo' the stair. — He'll be maist hungert." — "Ye'll be some weel, I'm thinkin'!" — "Come awa up the stair, an' tell 's a' about it." — A score of such conflicting shouts assailed Gibbie as he approached, and he replied to them all with the light of his countenance.

When they arrived at the door, they found a difficulty waiting them: the water was now so high that Snowball's head rose above the lintel; and, though all animals can swim, they do not all know how to dive. A tumult of suggestions immediately broke out. But Donal had already thrown himself from a window with a rope, and swum to Gibbie's assistance; the two understood each other, and heeding nothing the rest were saying, held their own communications. In a minute the rope was fastened round Snowball's body, and the end of it drawn between his forelegs and through the ring of his head-stall, when Donal swam with it to his mother who stood on the stair, with the request that, as soon as she saw Snowball's head under the water, she would pull with all her might, and draw him in at the door. Donal then swam back, and threw his arms round Snowball's neck from below, while the same moment Gibbie cast his whole

weight on it from above: the horse was over head and ears in an instant, and through the door in another. With snorting nostrils and blazing eyes his head rose in the passage, and in terror he struck out for the stair. As he scrambled heavily up from the water, his master and Robert seized him, and with much petting and patting and gentling, though there was little enough difficulty in managing him now, conducted him into the bedroom to the rest of the horses. There he was welcomed by his companions, and immediately began devouring the hay upon his master's bedstead. Gibbie came close behind him, was seized by Janet at the top of the stair, embraced like one come alive from the grave, and led, all dripping as he was, into the room where the women were. The farmer followed soon after with the whisky, the universal medicine in those parts, of which he offered a glass to Gibbie, but the innocent turned from it with a curious look of mingled disgust and gratefulness: his father's life had not been all a failure; he had done what parents so rarely effect — handed the genuine results of his experience to his son. The sight and smell of whisky was to Gibbie a loathing flavored with horror.

The farmer looked back from the door as he was leaving the room: Gibbie was performing a wild circular dance of which Janet was the centre, throwing his limbs about like the toy the children call a Jumping Jack, which ended suddenly in a motionless ecstasy upon one leg. Having regarded for a moment the rescuer of Snowball with astonishment, John Duff turned away with the reflection, how easy it was and natural for those who had nothing, and therefore could lose nothing, to make merry in others' adversity. It did not once occur to him that it was the joy of having saved that caused Gibbie's merriment thus to overflow.

"The cratur's a born idiot!" he said afterwards to Jean; "an' it's jist a mervel what he's cawpable o'! — But, 'deed, there's little to cheese atween Janet an' him! They're baith tarred wi' the same stick." He paused a moment, then added, "They'll dee weel eneuch i' the ither warl', I doobtna, whaur naebody has to haud aff o' themsel's."

That day, however, Gibbie had proved that a man *may* well afford both to have nothing, and to take no care of himself, seeing he had, since he rose in the morning, rescued a friend, a foe, and a beast of the earth. Verily, he might stand on one leg!

But when he told Janet that he had been home, and had found the cottage uninjured and out of danger, she grew very sober in the midst of her gladness. She could say nothing there amongst strangers, but the dread arose in her bosom that, if indeed she had not like Peter denied her Master before men, she had like Peter yielded homage to the might of the elements in his ruling presence; and she justly saw the same faithlessness in the two failures.

"Eh!" she said to herself, "gien only I had been prayin' i'stead o' rinnin' awa', I wad hae been there whan he turnt the watter aside! I wad hae seen the mirricle! O my Maister! what think ye o' me noo?"

For all the excitement Mistress Croale had shown at first view of Gibbie, she sat still in her dusky corner, made no movement towards him, or did anything to attract his attention, only kept her eyes fixed upon him; and Janet in her mingled joy and pain forgot her altogether. When at length it recurred to her that she was in the room, she cast a somewhat anxious glance towards the place she had occupied all day. It was empty; and Janet was perplexed to think how she had gone unseen. She had crept out after Mr. Duff, and probably Janet saw her, but as one of those who seeing see not, and immediately forget.

Just as the farmer left the room, a great noise arose among the cattle in that adjoining; he set down the bottle on a chair that happened to be in the passage, and ran to protect the partitions. Exultation would be a poor word wherewith to represent the madness of the delight that shot its fires into Mistress Croale's eyes when she saw the bottle actually abandoned within her reach. It was to her as the very key of the universe. She darted upon it, put it to her lips, and *drank*. Yet she took heed, thought while she drank, and did not go beyond what she could carry. Little time such an appropriation required. Noiselessly she set the bottle down, darted into a closet containing a solitary calf, and there stood looking from the open window in right innocent fashion, curiously contemplating the raft attached to it, upon which she had seen the highland woman arrive with her children.

At supper-time she was missing altogether. Nobody could with certainty say when he had last seen her. The house was searched from top to bottom, and the conclusion arrived at was, that she must have fallen from some window and been drowned — only, surely she would at least have uttered one cry! Examining certain

of the windows to know whether she might not have left some sign of such an exit, the farmer discovered that the brander was gone.

"Losh!" cried the orra man, with a face bewildered to shapelessness, like that of an old moon rising in a fog, "yon'll be her I saw an hoor ago, hyne doon the water!"

"Ye muckle gowk!" said his master, "hoo cud she win sae far ohn gane to the boddom?"

"Upo' the bran'er, sir," answered the orra man. "I tuik her for a muckle dog upon a door. The wife maun be a witch!"

John Duff stared at the man with his mouth open, and for half a minute all were dumb. The thing was incredible, yet hardly to be controverted. The woman was gone, the raft was gone, and something strange that might be the two together had been observed about the time, as near as they could judge, when she ceased to be observed in the house. Had the farmer noted the change in the level of the whisky in his bottle, he might have been surer of it — except indeed the doubt had then arisen whether they might not rather find her at the foot of the stair when the water subsided.

Mr. Duff said the luck changed with the return of Snowball; his sister said, with the departure of the beggar-wife. Before dark the rain had ceased, and it became evident that the water had not risen for the last half-hour. In two hours more it had sunk a quarter of an inch.

Gibbie threw himself on the floor beside his mother's chair, she covered him with her gray cloak, and he fell fast asleep. At dawn, he woke with a start. He had dreamed that Ginevra was in trouble. He made Janet understand that he would return to guide them home as soon as the way was practicable, and set out at once.

The water fell rapidly. Almost as soon as it was morning, the people at the Mains could begin doing a little towards restoration. But from that day forth, for about a year, instead of the waters of the Daur and the Lorrie, the house was filled with the gradually subsiding flood of Jean's lamentations over her house-gear — one thing after another, and twenty things together. There was scarcely an article she did not, over and over, proclaim utterly ruined, in a tone apparently indicating ground of serious complaint against some one who did not appear, though most of the things, to other eyes than hers, remained seemingly about as useful as before. In vain her brother sought to comfort her

with the assurance that there were worse losses at Culloden; she answered, that if he had not himself been specially favored in the recovery of Snowball, he would have made a much worse complaint about him alone than she did about all her losses; whereupon, being an honest man, and not certain that she spoke other than the truth, he held his peace. But he never made the smallest acknowledgment to Gibbie for the saving of the said Snowball: what could an idiot understand about gratitude? and what use was money to a boy who did not set his life at a pin's fee? But he always spoke kindly to him thereafter, which was more to Gibbie than anything he could have given him; and when a man is content, his friends may hold their peace.

The next day Jean had her dinner strangely provided. As her brother wrote to a friend in Glasgow, she "found at the back of the house, and all lying in a heap, a handsome dish of trout, a pike, a hare, a partridge, and a turkey, with a dish of potatoes, and a dish of turnips, all brought down by the burn, and deposited there for the good of the house, except the turkey, which, alas! was one of her own favorite flock."*

In the afternoon Gibbie reappeared at the Mains, and Robert and Janet set out at once to go home with him. It was a long journey for them — he had to take them so many rounds. They rested at several houses, and saw much misery on their way. It was night before they arrived at the cottage. They found it warm and clean and tidy: Ginevra had, like a true lady, swept the house that gave her shelter: that ladies often do; and perhaps it is yet more their work in the world than they fully understand. For Ginevra, it was heavenly bliss to her to hear their approaching footsteps; and before she left them she had thoroughly learned that the poorest place where the atmosphere is love, is more homely, and by consequence more heavenly, than the most beautiful even, where law and order are the elements supreme.

"Eh, gien I had only had faith an' bidden!" said Janet to herself as she entered;

* See Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's account of the Morayshire Floods in 1829 (1st Ed., p. 181.) — an enchanting book, especially to one whose earliest memories are interwoven with water-floods. For details in such kind here given, I am much indebted to it. Again and again, as I have been writing, has it rendered me miserable — my tale showing so flat and poor beside Sir Thomas's narrative. Known to me from childhood, it wakes in me far more wonder and pleasure now, than it did even in the days when the marvel of things came more to the surface.

and to the day of her death she never ceased to bemoan her too hasty desertion of "the 'wee hoosie upo' the muckle rock."

As to the strange woman's evident knowledge concerning Gibbie, she could do nothing but wait—fearing rather than hoping; but she had got so far above time and chance, that nothing really troubled her, and she could wait quietly. At the same time it did not seem likely they would hear anything more of the woman herself: no one believed she could have gone very far without being whelmed, or *whumled* as they said, in the fierce waters.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. SCLATER.

IT may be remembered that, upon Gibbie's disappearance from the city, great interest was felt in his fate, and such questions started about the boy himself as moved the Rev. Clement Sclater to gather all the information at which he could arrive concerning his family and history. That done, he proceeded to attempt interesting in his unknown fortunes those relatives of his mother whose existence and residences he had discovered. In this, however, he had met with no success. At the house where she was born, there was now no one but a second cousin, to whom her brother, dying unmarried, had left the small estate of Withrops, along with the family contempt for her husband, and for her because of him, inasmuch as, by marrying him, she had brought disgrace upon herself, and upon all her people. So said the cousin to Mr. Sclater, but seemed himself nowise humbled by the disgrace he recognized, indeed almost claimed. As to the orphan, he said, to speak honestly, (as he did at least that once), the more entirely he disappeared, the better he would consider it—not that personally he was the least concerned in the matter; only if, according to the Scripture, there were two more generations yet upon which had to be visited the sins of Sir George and Lady Galbraith, the greater the obscurity in which they remained, the less would be the scandal. The brother, who had taken to business, was the senior partner in a large ship-building firm at Greenock. This man, William Fuller Withrop by name—Wilful Withrop the neighbors had nicknamed him—was a bachelor, and reputed rich. Mr. Sclater did not hear of him what roused very brilliant hopes. He was one who would demand more rea-

son than reasonable for the most reasonable of actions that involved parting with money: yet he had been known to do a liberal thing for a public object. Waste was so wicked that any other moral risk was preferable. Of the three, he would waste mind and body rather than estate. Man was made neither to rejoice nor to mourn, but to possess. To leave no stone unturned, however, Mr. Sclater wrote to Mr. Withrop. The answer he received was, that as the sister concerning whose child he had applied to him, had never been anything but a trouble to the family; as he had no associations with her memory save those of misery and disgrace; as, before he left home, her name had long ceased to be mentioned among them; and as her own father had deliberately and absolutely disowned her because of her obstinate disobedience and wilfulness, it could hardly be expected of him, and indeed would ill become him, to show any lively interest in her offspring. Still, although he could not honestly pretend to the smallest concern about him, he had, from pure curiosity, made inquiry of correspondents with regard to the boy; from which the resulting knowledge was, that he was little better than an idiot, whose character, education, and manners, had been picked up in the streets. Nothing, he was satisfied, could be done for such a child, which would not make him more miserable, as well as more wicked, than he was already. Therefore, etc., etc., etc.

Thus failing, Mr. Sclater said to himself he had done all that could be required of him—and he had indeed taken trouble. Nor could anything be asserted, he said further to himself, as his duty in respect of this child, that was not equally his duty in respect of every little wanderer in the streets of his parish. That a child's ancestors had been favored above others, and had so misused their advantages that their last representative was left in abject poverty, could hardly be a reason why that child, born, in more than probability, with the same evil propensities which had ruined them, should be made an elect object of favor. Who was he, Clement Sclater, to intrude upon the divine prerogative, and presume to act on the doctrine of election! Was a child with a *Sir* to his name, anything more in the eyes of God than a child without a name at all? Would any title—even that of Earl or Duke, be recognized in the kingdom of heaven? His relatives ought to do something: they failing, of whom could further requisition be made? There were vessels to honor and vessels

to dishonor: to which class this one belonged, let God in his time reveal. A duty could not be passed on. It could not become the duty of the minister of a parish, just because those who ought and could, would not, to spend time and money, to the neglect of his calling, in hunting up a boy whom he would not know what to do with if he had him, a boy whose home had been with the dregs of society.

In justice to Mr. Sclater, it must be mentioned that he did not know Gibbie, even by sight. There remains room, however, for the question, whether, if Mr. Sclater had not been the man to change his course as he did afterwards, he would not have acted differently from the first.

One morning, as he sat at breakfast with his wife, late Mrs. Bonniman, and cast, as is, I fear, the rude habit of not a few husbands, not a few stolen glances, as he ate, over the morning paper, his eye fell upon a paragraph announcing the sudden death of the well-known William Fuller Withrop, of the eminent ship-building firm of Withrop and Playtell, of Greenock. Until he came to the end of the paragraph, his cup of coffee hung suspended in mid air. Then down it went untasted, he jumped from his seat, and hurried from the room. For the said paragraph ended with the remark, that the not unfrequent incapacity of the ablest of business men for looking the inevitable in the face with coolness sufficient to the making of a will, was not only a curious fact, but in the individual case a pity, where two hundred thousand pounds was concerned. Had the writer been a little more philosophical still, he might have seen that the faculty for making money by no means involves judgment in the destination of it, and that the money may do its part for good and evil without, just as well as with a will at the back of it.

But though this was the occasion, it remains to ask what was the cause of the minister's precipitancy. Why should Clement Sclater thereupon spring from his chair in such a state of excitement that he set his cup of coffee down upon its side instead of its bottom, to the detriment of the tablecloth, and of something besides, more unquestionably the personal property of his wife? Why was it that, heedless of her questions, backed although they were both by just anger and lawful curiosity, he ran straight from the room and the house, nor stayed until, at one and the same moment, his foot was on the top step of his lawyer's door, and his hand upon its bell? No doubt it was somebody's business, and

perhaps it might be Mr. Sclater's to find the heirs of men who died intestate; but what made it so indubitably, so emphatically, so individually, so pressingly Mr. Sclater's, that he forgot breakfast, tablecloth, wife, and sermon, all together, that he might see to this boy's rights? Surely if they were rights, they could be in no such imminent danger as this haste seemed to signify. Was it only that he might be the first in the race to right him?—and if so, then again, why? Was it a certainty indisputable, that any boy, whether such an idle tramp as the minister supposed this one to be or not, would be redeemed by the heirship of the hugest of fortunes? Had it, some time before this, become at length easier for a rich boy to enter into the kingdom of heaven? Or was it that, with all his honesty, all his religion, all his churchism, all his protestantism, and his habitual appeal to the word of God, the minister was yet a most reverential worshipper of Mammon—not the old god mentioned in the New Testament, of course, but a thoroughly respectable modern Mammon, decently dressed, perusing a subscription list? No doubt justice ought to be done, and the young man over at Roughrigs was sure to be putting in a false claim, but where were the lawyers, whose business it was? There was no need of a clergyman to remind them of their duty where the picking of such a carcase was concerned. Had Mr. Sclater ever conceived the smallest admiration or love for the boy, I would not have made these reflections; but, in his ignorance of him and indifference concerning him, he believed there would at least be trouble in proving him of approximately sound mind and decent intellect. What then, I repeat and leave it, did all this excitement on the part of one of the iron pillars of the church indicate?

From his lawyer he would have gone at once to Mistress Croale—indeed I think he would have gone to her first, to warn her against imparting what information concerning Gibbie she might possess to any other than himself, but he had not an idea where she might even be heard of. He had cleansed his own parish, as he thought, by pulling up the tare, contrary to commandment, and throwing it into his neighbor's, where it had taken root, and grown a worse tare than before; until at length, she who had been so careful over the manners and morals of her drunkards, was a drunkard herself and a wanderer, with the reputation of being a far worse woman than she really was. For some

years now she had made her living, one poor enough, by hawking small household necessities; and not unfrequently where she appeared, the housewives bought of her because her eyes, and her nose, and an undefined sense of evil in her presence, made them shrink from the danger of offending her. But the real cause of the bad impression she made was, that she was sorely troubled with what is, by huge discourtesy, called a bad conscience — being in reality a conscience doing its duty so well that it makes the whole house uncomfortable.

On her next return to the Daurfoot, as the part of the city was called where now she was most at home, she heard the astounding and welcome news that Gibbie had fallen heir to a large property, and that the reward of one hundred pounds — a modest sum indeed, but where was the good of wasting money thought Mr. Sclater — had been proclaimed by tuck of drum, to any one giving such information as should lead to the discovery of Sir Gilbert Galbraith, commonly known as *wee Sir Gibbie*. A description of him was added, and the stray was so *kenspeckle*, that Mrs. Croale saw the necessity of haste to any hope of advantage. She had nothing to guide her beyond the fact of Sir George's habit, in his cups, of referring to the property on Daurside, and the assurance that with the said habit Gibbie must have been as familiar as herself. With this initiative, as she must begin somewhere, and could prosecute her business anywhere, she filled her basket and set out at once for Daurside. There, after a good deal of wandering hither and thither, and a search whose fruitlessness she probably owed to too great caution, she made the desired discovery unexpectedly and marvellously, and left behind her in the valley the reputation of having been on more familiar terms with the flood and the causes of it, than was possible to any but one who kept company worse than human.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MUCKLE HOOSE.

THE next morning, Janet felt herself in duty bound to make inquiry concerning those interested in Miss Galbraith. She made therefore the best of her way with Gibbie to the *Muckle Hoose*, but, as the latter expected, found it a ruin in a wilderness. Acres of trees and shrubbery had disappeared, and a hollow waste of sand and gravel was in their place. What was left of the house stood on the edge of a

red gravelly precipice of fifty feet in height, at whose foot lay the stones of the kitchen-wing, in which had been the room whence Gibbie carried Ginevra. The newer part of the house was gone from its very roots; the ancient portion, all innovation wiped from it, stood grim, desolated, marred, and defiant as of old. Not a sign of life was about the place; the very birds had fled. Angus had been there that same morning, and had locked or nailed up every possible entrance: the place looked like a ruin of centuries. With difficulty they got down into the gulf, with more difficulty crossed the burn, clambered up the rocky bank on the opposite side, and knocked at the door of the gamekeeper's cottage. But they saw only a little girl, who told them her father had gone to find the laird, that her mother was ill in bed, and Mistress MacFarlane on her way to her own people.

It came out afterwards that when Angus and the housekeeper heard Gibbie's taps at the window, and, looking out, saw nobody there, but the burn within a few yards of the house, they took the warning for a supernatural interference to the preservation of their lives, and fled at once. Passing the foot of the stair, Mistress MacFarlane shrieked to Ginevra to come, but ran on without waiting a reply. They told afterwards that she left the house with them, and that, suddenly missing her, they went back to look for her, but could find her nowhere, and were just able to make their second escape with their lives, hearing the house fall into the burn behind them. Mistress MacFarlane had been severe as the law itself against lying among the maids, but now, when it came to her own defence where she knew herself wrong, she lied just like one of the wicked.

"My dear missie," said Janet when they got home, "ye maun write to yer father, or he'll be oot o' 's wuts about ye."

Ginevra wrote therefore to the duke's, and to the laird's usual address in London as well; but he was on his way from the one place to the other when Angus overtook him, and received neither letter.

Now came to the girl a few such days of delight, of freedom, of life, as she had never even dreamed of. She roamed Glashgar with Gibbie, the gentlest, kindest, most interesting of companions. Wherever his sheep went, she went too, and to many places besides — some of them such strange, wild, terrible places, as would have terrified her without him. How he startled her once by darting off a rock like a seagull, straight, head-foremost, into the Death-pot! She screamed with

horror, but he had done it only to amuse her; for, after what seemed to her a fearful time, he came smiling up out of the terrible darkness. What a brave, beautiful boy he was! He never hurt anything, and nothing ever seemed to hurt him. And what a number of things he knew! He showed her things on the mountain, things in the sky, things in the pools and streams wherever they went. He did better than tell her about them; he made her see them, and then the things themselves told her. She was not always certain she saw just what he wanted her to see, but she always saw something that made her glad with knowledge. He had a New Testament Janet had given him, which he carried in his pocket, and when she joined him, for he was always out with his sheep hours before she was up, she would generally find him seated on a stone, or lying in the heather, with the little book in his hand, looking solemn and sweet. But the moment he saw her, he would spring merrily up to welcome her. It were indeed an argument against religion as strong as sad, if one of the children the kingdom specially claims, could not be possessed by the life of the Son of God without losing his simplicity and joyousness. Those of my readers will be the least inclined to doubt the boy, who, by obedience, have come to know its reward. For obedience alone holds wide the door for the entrance of the spirit of wisdom. There was as little to wonder at in Gibbie as there was much to love and admire, for from the moment when, yet a mere child, he heard there was such a one claiming his obedience, he began to turn to him the hearing ear, the willing heart, the ready hand. The main thing which rendered this devotion more easy and natural to him than to others was, that, more than in most, the love of man had in him prepared the way of the Lord. He who so loved the sons of men was ready to love the Son of Man the moment he heard of him; love makes obedience a joy; and of him who obeys all heaven is the patrimony—he is fellow-heir with Christ.

On the fourth day, the rain, which had been coming and going, finally cleared off, the sun was again glorious, and the farmers began to hope a little for the drying and ripening of some portion of their crops. Then first Ginevra asked Gibbie to take her down to Glashruach; she wanted to see the ruin they had described to her. When she came near, and notions changed into visible facts, she neither wept nor wailed. She felt very miserable, it is

true, but it was at finding that the evident impossibility of returning thither for a long time woke in her pleasure and not pain. So utterly altered was the look of everything, that had she come upon it unexpectedly, she would not have recognized either place or house. They went up to a door. She seemed never to have seen it; but when they entered, she knew it as one from the hall into a passage, which, with what it led to, being gone, the inner had become an outer door. A quantity of sand was heaped up in the hall, and the wainscot was wet and swelled and bulging. They went into the dining-room. It was a miserable sight—the very picture of the soul of a drunkard. The thick carpet was sodden—spongy like a bed of moss after heavy rains; the leather chairs looked diseased; the color was all gone from the table; the paper hung loose from the walls; and everything lay where the water, after floating it about, had let it drop as it ebbed.

She ascended the old stone stair which led to her father's rooms above, went into his study, in which not a chair was out of its place, and walked towards the window to look across to where once had been her own chamber. But as she approached it, there, behind the curtain, she saw her father, motionless, looking out. She turned pale, and stood. Even at such a time, had she known he was in the house, she would not have dared set her foot in that room. Gibbie, who had followed and entered behind her, perceived her hesitation, saw and recognized the back of the laird, knew that she was afraid of her father, and stood also, waiting he knew not what.

"Eh!" he said to himself, "her's is no like mine! Nae mony has had fathers sae guid's mine."

Becoming aware of a presence, the laird half turned, and seeing Gibbie, imagined he had entered in a prowling way, supposing the place deserted. With stately offence he asked him what he wanted there, and waved his dismissal. Then first he saw another, standing white-faced, with eyes fixed upon him. He turned pale also, and stood staring at her. The memory of that moment ever after disgraced him in his own eyes: for one instant of unreasoning weakness, he imagined he saw a ghost—believed what he said he knew to be impossible. It was but one moment, but it might have been more, had not Ginevra walked slowly up to him, saying in a trembling voice, as if she expected the blame of all that had happened, "I couldn't help it, papa." He took her in his arms, and,

for the first time since the discovery of her atrocious familiarity with Donal, kissed her. She clung to him, trembling now with pleasure as well as apprehension. But, alas! there was no impiety in the faithlessness that pronounced such a joy too good to endure, and the end came yet sooner than she feared. For, when the father rose erect from her embrace, and was again the laird, there, to his amazement, still stood the odd-looking, outlandish intruder, smiling with the most impertinent interest! Gibbie had forgotten himself altogether, beholding what he took for a thorough reconciliation.

"Go away, boy. You have nothing to do here," said the laird, anger almost overwhelming his precious dignity.

"Oh papa!" cried Ginevra, clasping her hands, "that's Gibbie! He saved my life. I should have been drowned but for him."

The laird was both proud and stupid, therefore more than ordinarily slow to understand what he was unprepared to hear.

"I am much obliged to him," he said haughtily; "but there is no occasion for him to wait."

At this point his sluggish mind began to recall something: — why, this was the very boy he saw in the meadow with her that morning! — He turned fiercely upon him where he lingered, either hoping for a word of adieu from Ginevra, or unwilling to go while she was uncomfortable.

"Leave the house instantly," he said, "or I will knock you down."

"O papa!" moaned Ginevra wildly — it was the braver of her that she was trembling from head to foot — "don't speak so to Gibbie. He is a good boy. It was he that Angus whipped so cruelly — long ago: I have never been able to forget it."

Her father was confounded at her presumption: how dared she expostulate with him! She had grown a bold, bad girl! Good heavens! Evil communications!

"If he does not get out of this directly," he cried, "I will have him whipped again. — Angus."

He shouted the name, and its echo came back in a wild tone, altogether strange to Ginevra. She seemed struggling in the meshes of an evil dream. Involuntarily she uttered a cry of terror and distress. Gibbie was at her side instantly, putting out his hand to comfort her. She was just laying hers on his arm, scarcely knowing what she did, when her father seized him, and dashed him to the other side of the room. He went staggering backwards, vainly trying to recover himself, and fell, his head striking against the wall. The

same instant Angus entered, saw nothing of Gibbie where he lay, and approached his master. But when he caught sight of Ginevra, he gave a gasp of terror that ended in a broken yell, and stared as if he had come suddenly on the verge of the bottomless pit, while all round his head his hair stood out as if he had been electrified. Before he came to himself, Gibbie had recovered and risen. He saw now that he could be of no service to Ginevra, and that his presence only made things worse for her. But he saw also that she was unhappy about him, and that must not be. He broke into such a merry laugh — and it had need to be merry, for it had to do the work of many words of reassurance — that she could scarcely refrain from a half hysterical response as he walked from the room. The moment he was out of the house, he began to sing; and for many minutes, as he walked up the gulf hollowed by the Glashburn, Ginevra could hear the strange, other-world voice, and knew it was meant to hold communion with her and comfort her.

"What do you know of that fellow, Angus?" asked his master.

"He's the verra deevil himsel', sir," muttered Angus, whom Gibbie's laughter had in a measure brought to his senses.

"You will see that he is sent off the property at once — and for good, Angus," said the laird. "His insolence is insufferable. The scoundrel!"

On the pretext of following Gibbie, Angus was only too glad to leave the room. Then Mr. Galbraith turned upon his daughter.

"So, Jenny!" he said, with his loose lips pulled out straight, "that is the sort of a companion you choose when left to yourself! — a low, beggarly, insolent scamp! — scarcely the equal of the brutes he has the charge of!"

"They're sheep, papa!" pleaded Ginevra, in a wail that rose almost to a scream.

"I do believe the girl is an idiot!" said her father, and turned from her contemptuously.

"I think I am, papa," she sobbed. "Don't mind me. Let me go away, and I will never trouble you any more." — She would go to the mountain, she thought, and be a sheperdess with Gibbie.

Her father took her roughly by the arm, pushed her into a closet, locked the door, went and had his luncheon, and in the afternoon, having borrowed Snowball, took her just as she was, drove to meet the mail coach, and in the middle of the night was

set down with her at the principal hotel in the city, whence, the next morning, he set out early to find a school where he might leave her and his responsibility with her.

When Gibbie knew himself beyond the hearing of Ginevra, his song died away, and he went home sad. The gentle girl had stepped at once from the day into the dark, and he was troubled for her. But he remembered that she had another father besides the laird, and comforted himself.

When he reached home, he found his mother in serious talk with a stranger. The tears were in her eyes, and had been running down her cheeks, but she was calm and dignified as usual.

"Here he comes!" she said as he entered. "The will o' the Lord be dene — noo an' for evermair! I'm at his biddin' — An' sae's Gibbie."

It was Mr. Sclater. The witch had sailed her brander well.

From The Nineteenth Century.
THE LOGIC OF TOLERATION.

BY W. H. MALLOCK.

DURING the past two years I have been trying in some six papers — published most of them in this review — to popularize a true and sober judgment of our modern positive thought, and the power of our modern positive thinkers. At present, as we all know, the school is possessed of the greatest weight. It has become the most active force now at work in the world. It claims the entire direction of the human mind, and of all human progress. If its claims be not fully made good yet, it boasts that before long they will be. And its strength is shown us by the fears of its enemies, even more clearly than by the hopes of its friends. Strength, however, is often nothing more than the reputation of strength; and it has been my aim to make clear, in the present case, how largely it consists of this. I am of course not speaking of the scientific school, in so far as it keeps within its own province. I am speaking of it only in so far as it quits this, and assumes to instruct the world upon wider matters — upon faith, and morals, and philosophy, or anything, in short, connected with the higher life of man. It has taught us many facts, it is true, that bear upon all these, and that some day or other will enlarge our views concerning them. It is impossible to deny this; and no one desires to deny it. All I have tried to

make evident is, that those who have discovered the facts have been utterly incompetent to discern their true general bearing; and that though such men may be excellent servants to thought, they are very incapable masters of it. At present practically they *are* to a great extent its masters; and I desire to show how hollow a basis their supremacy rests; how unable they will be to maintain it against any rational attack; and that their security depends chiefly on an intellectual panic. Their position is this. They have made astonishing conquests in the physical world, and they come to us laden with spoils, and formidable with the prestige of conquerors. By a kind of *coup d'état* they have taken possession of the spiritual world as well; and have ignorantly been working in it an incalculable ruin, by the aid of a false prestige. To destroy such prestige must be the first step in the right direction. And since, to do this, nothing is really needed beyond a moderate amount of calm and sober reasoning, and a moderately comprehensive view of philosophy and human life, I do not consider myself presumptuous in my attempt to take a part in the work.

I have therefore taken the chief philosophical doctrines of the school in question, and compared them with the views set forth by its teachers as to the character and the conduct of life. I have done this in some detail, and with what accuracy I might. I have tried to be precise in my use of words, to banish all vague phrases, and to try our "exact thinkers" by the rules of exact thought. I have taken their denials of God, of immortality, and in short of any supernatural order, and examined on what these denials are based; and I have applied the same tests to all human life as well. The result has been to show that faith and morals are of one and the same substance; and that the arguments that destroy the validity of the former, destroy the value of the latter. Our scientific philosophers have either established a great deal more than they imagine, or a great deal less. Their present position is at any rate untenable. It is both illogical and ludicrous.

In attempting to make this evident, a certain element of personality has entered into my writings; but this element has been as small as possible, and what there is of it has been there of necessity. The spread of modern unbelief, and the rational character it is supposed to have, are due largely to the personal character of its chief exponents — their character as excellent

men, and as clear and profound thinkers. That they are excellent and estimable men no one would deny; nor in any case would there be any call to do so.* But there is a distinct call to reduce to their true dimensions the other qualities with which they are so largely credited. I have therefore not hesitated in my attempt to make it evident that the men who are presenting themselves to the world now, as types and organs of clear and exact thinking, and as masters of all the vital knowledge that is yet attainable, are men really whose province of knowledge is an extremely small and limited one, who outside that province are enlightened but by the merest smattering of an education, and whose thinking on general matters is that rather of a bewildered woman than a keen and collected man. They themselves have often made charges of just the same nature against their opponents; so that they must admit that to make them is perfectly legitimate, and, if they can be substantiated, eminently useful. I am quite willing to agree that they have themselves often made them both with justice and utility. I have been trying to show only that they can be retorted back on the makers with greater justice, and with a far deeper meaning. I will take one example of the kind of charge I allude to. Let a man, says Dr. Tyndall, once get a "real scientific grasp" of the ways of nature, and "he will see and feel what drivellers even men of strenuous intellect may become, through exclusively dwelling and dealing with theological chimeras." To this I answer, let a man once get even a moderate grasp of the nature of human knowledge, the motives of human action, and the analysis of human emotion, and he will see what drivellers even men of strenuous intellect may become, when they confront the problems of life, through exclusively dwelling and dealing with the phenomenal conditions of it.

My attempt, in my previous essays, to make this position good, has been necessarily, from their form and the circumstances of their publication, a very incomplete one, and there is one omission which I wish to supply here in this my concluding paper. Hitherto I have criticised the

* In making such observations as these, it is the English scientific school that I must be understood to allude to. Of the same school on the Continent I cannot speak with the same knowledge or confidence. But it is not too much to say, as a general statement, that the scientific materialism of the present century owes much of the rapidity and ease of its victories to the fact that none of its most eminent exponents have done anything openly, either by word or by example, to disturb or revolutionize the moral ideas and the moral ideals that are at present dominant.

scientific school as though they were express deniers of the supernatural. Most of them, however, I know, disavow such a position as this, and apparently lay much stress on their doing so. They do not deny, they say; they only refuse to affirm. They are not atheists, they are Agnostics. I myself consider that absolute doubt on such matters as these is practically equivalent to absolute denial; and have, in passing, several times said so. But such a mere expression of opinion is, of course, only provisional; of itself it goes for nothing. And since the state of mind in question is the object, in the present day, of so much eloquent intellectual admiration, so much solemn intellectual ambition, and apparently, when attained to, is the source of such secure spiritual satisfaction, I propose to devote a few pages to a more detailed examination of it. Having done this, I shall pass on to a kindred question, or rather to the same question under a different aspect. Suspense of the religious judgment will be the subject in both cases; but what I shall deal first with will be its theoretical aspect, which is called Agnosticism; what I shall deal with secondly will be its practical aspect, which is called toleration. Both essentially are one and the same thing. Agnosticism is theoretical toleration; toleration is practical Agnosticism.

The treatment of the first question has proved far easier than I had dared to hope it would. I had hardly begun to prepare the present paper when there appeared one from the pen of Dr. Tyndall, in the November number of this review, with the title of "Virchow and Evolution." Dr. Tyndall there takes occasion to give a fresh summary of his philosophic views in general; and he has presented me, in so doing, with an example unexpectedly perfect of the special position I am about to criticise. Nor is this all he has done. He has presented me at the same time with examples also of nearly all those confusions in thought, and defects in education, with which, as I said before, I have been charging the school he ornaments. I shall hope, therefore, that whilst I am supplementing my former criticisms, I may be able at the same time to illustrate and to justify them.

Dr. Tyndall's new paper — one might almost call it a manifesto — is a very comprehensive one. My purpose will be best served by an abstract of the more general part of it, which purports to be a brief epitome of both the position and the teaching of modern scientific philosophy, so far

at least as Dr. Tyndall understands these ; and that he supposes his understanding of them to be typical, and to have some general significance, is shown by the fact that he dwells at considerable length on his own autobiography, and the details of that scientific education to which the breadth and clearness of his present insight are due. We shall evidently be dealing, therefore, with one who speaks with authority — with one who speaks not so much in his own name as in the name of modern science ; and we will consider briefly what he has to tell us from the beginning.

Dr. Tyndall's first care is to distinguish the crude materialism of the past from the advanced materialism of the present ; to explain where the difference lies between the two ; and to show us that the theistic arguments that were once so cogent against the first are really beside the mark when they are still applied to the second. Materialism in our day, he says, has been transmuted by an enlarged conception of matter. The matter of the traditional materialist was of itself a dead quiescent thing. The ultimate particles to which analysis was supposed to reduce it were void of every attribute except shape and size. And "hence," says Dr. Tyndall, "the obvious inference when matter was observed to move. It was the vehicle of an energy not its own . . . the purely passive recipient of the shock of the Divine." But now all this is changed. Ultimate particles are for us quite other things than what they once were. They are things no longer of shape and size only. There is also in them a kind of inherent magnetism that is as much a part of their essence as size and shape are. In fact, it would be as accurate to say they are magnetisms with size and shape as to say they are sizes and shapes with magnetism. It is part, therefore, of their inalienable nature to be forever attracting and forever repelling one another ; forever to be grouping together into varying combinations ; to be never at rest. Once let us grasp this notion, argues Dr. Tyndall, and the whole question will change its face for us. The *matter* we have to deal with, even when it seems inertest, is no longer dead, but sleeping. Since it lives, it is no longer inconceivable that it may be the parent of life ; and therefore Dr. Tyndall says that he defines it "as that mysterious something by which all [that we can have any knowledge of] has been accomplished."

This enlarged conception of matter may possibly be a quite legitimate one. We

will, at any rate, take for granted that it is so, and go on to see what use, in the name of modern science, Dr. Tyndall makes of it. The scientific position, as he rightly says, is very largely changed by it. The doctrine of evolution has already made superfluous the conception of an outside designer ; and the conception of motion as itself inherent in matter now makes equally superfluous the conception of an outside mover. And thus for the first time, beyond the reach of question, the entire sensible universe is brought within the scope of the physicist. The old dualism of animate and inanimate nature might at first seem to be remaining. But under a closer scrutiny (from one point of view, at least) it completely vanishes. Everything that is, is motion. Life is nothing but motion of an infinitely complex kind. It is matter in its finest ferment. "We believe," says Dr. Tyndall, "that every thought and every feeling has its definite mechanical correlative — that is, is accompanied by a certain breaking up and re-marshalling of the atoms of the brain." To trace out in detail all the processes is of course, he admits, infinitely beyond our powers, "but the quality," he says, "of the problem and of our powers, are, we believe, so related, that a mere expansion of the latter would enable them to cope with the former." Nowhere is there any break in nature ; and "supposing," says Dr. Tyndall, "a planet carved from the sun, set spinning round an axis, and sent revolving round the sun at a distance equal to that of our earth," science points to the conclusion that, as the mass cooled, it would flower out in places into such another race as ours — "creatures of as large discourse," and, like ourselves, "looking before and after." The result is obvious. Every existing thing we can ever know or hope to know — the entire mental as well as the entire sensible world — the thoughts, the hopes, the knowledge, and the affections of man, as well as the animalculæ in a drop of water, are all equally, on at least one side of them, *picturable* — that is, capable, as Dr. Tyndall says, of "distinct mental presentation." All are connected with certain special figures and with certain mechanical forces ; all have a certain bulk and a certain place in space, and can conceivably be gauged and detected by some scientific instrument. Faith, for instance, is a thing that from one side of it conceivably could be photographed ; or sanctity is a thing that could be detected by a spectroscope. And thus Dr. Tyndall argues that the only valid

test of truth is, "capacity for distinct mental presentation." The non-picturable equals the non-existent. As for all our thoughts and feelings, let them seem never so immaterial, each has had its counterpart in some "purely physical process;" and of all such "we can," he says, "form a coherent picture — the thrilling of the nerves, the discharging of the muscles, and all the subsequent motions of the organism. We are here dealing with material problems which are mentally presentable."

Our scheme of the universe would be thus complete and coherent if it were not for one thing — the unique phenomenon of consciousness. Here, says Dr. Tyndall, our former test fails us. Here, but here only, we are obliged to abandon it. Every fact of consciousness we know has a physical side to it in the movements of the body; "but we can," he says, "form no picture of how [it] emerges, either as a necessary link or as an accidental by-product, of this series of actions."

The mechanical philosopher, as such [he goes on] will never place a state of consciousness and a group of molecules in the relation of mover and moved. Observation proves them to interact; but, in passing from one to the other, we meet a blank, which the logic of deduction is unable to fill. This, the reader will remember, is the conclusion at which I arrived more than twenty years ago. I lay bare unsparingly the central difficulty of the materialist, and tell him that the facts of observation which he considers so simple, are "almost as difficult to be seized as the idea of a soul." I go farther, and say in effect, "If you abandon the interpretation of grosser minds, who image the soul as a Psyche which could be thrown out of the window — an entity which is usually occupied we know not how among the molecules of the brain, but which on due occasion, such as the intrusion of a bullet or the blow of a club, can fly away into other regions of space — if, abandoning this heathen notion, you approach the subject in the only way in which approach is possible — if you consent to make your soul a poetic rendering of a phenomenon, which — as I have taken more pains than any one else to show you — refuses the yoke of ordinary physical laws, then I, for one, would not object to this exercise of ideality." I say it strongly, but with good temper, that the theologian who hacks and scourges me for putting the question in this light, is guilty of black ingratitude.

Thus far, then, according to Dr. Tyndall, the position that science has won for us is this. If it were not for this one fact of human consciousness,* it might be fairly

* I say *human* consciousness, because there is high scientific authority for the opinion that animals may, for aught we know to the contrary, be nothing more

said that we should have solved the problem of existence. Matter as a rule (the following metaphor will, I think, be useful) is, as it were, silent. In so far as it remains silent, we can explain all its conduct. But, under a certain special combination, is suddenly becomes vocal. The brain is, as it were, a musical instrument, out of which a tune emerges. Why does the tune emerge, or how does the tune emerge? Here is the difficulty; and here are two questions, to both of which, says Dr. Tyndall, science can give no answer. Let us separate these two questions, and then treat them separately. What are they, then, and what is their exact bearing?

The first is, *why* does the tune emerge? Why should matter ever have a voice at all? As confronted by this question, the position of science may be expressed thus. It may be compared to an engineer, with no knowledge of acoustics, who exhibits a steam-engine to us, and sets it working. He can explain to us every source and every secret of its movements; but he cannot explain to us why, as it moves, it hums.

And next, *how* does the tune emerge? Let us here drop the metaphor of the steam-engine, as, if that were pressed too far, it might seem that the answer to this second question was begged by it. Let us again compare the brain to an instrument, out of which some tune sounds to us; and then the second question will amount to this: Is the brain a piano, or a musical box? Or again, we may express both questions in terms of the same metaphor; and the first question will be, why, when struck, are the piano-strings resonant? And the second will be, how is the mechanism moved that strikes them — by a musician, or by a revolving barrel?

Here, then, are the two questions, and we may say with sufficient accuracy, the only two, that according to Dr. Tyndall, science has left unsolved; and in this view he is certainly right, to a very great degree, and for the present we may take for granted that he is wholly right. One point, however, seems altogether to escape him; and that is what I shall now proceed to.

It is true, as we have seen, that he separates the two questions we are dealing with, but, at the same time, he confuses them. He failed to see that not only are they two questions, but that they belong

than automata, with no consciousness whatever implied in their lives and actions. But, whatever we may think on this point, the matter is made simpler, and no point is lost, by putting them — in this connection — out of the question.

to two different worlds, and that certainty or doubt about either of them means two very different things.

As to the first question, why is it that the brain is the organ of consciousness? — here is a point on which, so far as our practical views go, we can rest content in ignorance. And if any theologian “hacks and scourges” Dr. Tyndall for his views thus far, he must, beyond all doubt, be a very foolish theologian indeed. The whole bearing of this matter Dr. Tyndall seems to strangely magnify, and he fancies himself assaulted by opponents who in reality have no existence. Let a man be never so theological, and never so pledged to a faith in myths and mysteries, he would not have the least interest in denying that the brain, though we know not how, is, for us, the only organ of thought, of mind, or of spirit. Let him have never so firm a faith in an immortal life, yet he knows that this immortal has certainly put on mortality, through an inexplicable contact with matter; and his faith is not in the least shaken by learning that this point of contact is the brain. He may admit with the utmost readiness that the brain is the only instrument through which the *spiritual* life is made at the same time *human* life; and that the moral state of a saint might conceivably be detected by a spectroscope. At first sight, doubtless, this may appear somewhat startling; but there is nothing really in it that is either strange or formidable. Dr. Tyndall says that the view indicated can, “he thinks,” be maintained “against all attack.” But why he should apprehend an attack at all, and why he should only “*think*” that it would be unsuccessful, it is somewhat hard to conceive. To say that a spectroscope as applied to the brain might conceivably detect such a thing as sanctity, is little more than to say that our eyes so applied to a face can actually detect such a thing as anger. There is nothing in that doctrine to alarm the most mystical of believers. In the completeness with which it is now brought before us, it is doubtless new, and will doubtless tend presently to clarify human thought. But no one need fear to accept it as a truth; and probably before long we shall all accept it as a truism. It is not denying the existence of a soul, to say that it cannot stir in matter, without leaving some impress on matter, any more than it is denying the existence of a pianist to say that he cannot play to us without striking the notes of his piano. Dr. Tyndall then need hardly have used so much emphasis and

iteration in affirming that “every thought and every feeling has its definite mechanical correlative, and is accompanied by a certain breaking up and re-marshalling the atoms of the brain.” And he is no more likely to be “hacked and scourged” for doing so than he would be for affirming that every note we hear in a piece of music has its definite physical correlative in the mechanics of the piano — that it is accompanied by a depression and a rising again of some particular key. In his views thus far the whole world may agree with him; and when he says this, and when he informs us that in these views there is still involved a mystery, it may rather be said that he agrees with the world, than that the world agrees with him. The passage to mind from matter is, Dr. Tyndall says, unthinkable. The common sense of mankind has always said the same. We have here something, not which we are doubtful how to explain, but which we cannot explain at all. We have not to choose or halt between alternative conjectures; for there are absolutely no conjectures to halt between. We are now, as to this point, in the same state in which we always have been. We are in theoretical ignorance, but in no practical perplexity.

But now let us pass on to the second question, and it will appear that the whole case is different. We will first see how this question is put and treated by Dr. Tyndall; and we will then examine what his treatment comes to. Is it true, he asks, that, as many physicists hold it is, “the physical processes are complete in themselves, and would go on just as they do, if consciousness were not at all implicated,” as an engine would go on working, even though it did not hum, or as a musical box would go on playing even though there were no ear to listen to it? Or, “do states of consciousness enter as links into the chain of antecedence and sequence, which gives rise to bodily actions?” And here comes Dr. Tyndall’s answer. “Speaking for myself,” he says, “I have no power of imagining such states interposed between the molecules of the brain, and influencing the transference of motion among the molecules. The thing *eludes all mental presentation*. But,” he adds, “the production of consciousness by molecular motion is to me quite as unrepresentable to the mental vision, as the production of molecular motion by consciousness. If I reject one result I reject both. *I, however,*” and here Dr. Tyndall rises to his highest pitch of sublimity, with all the adjuncts of capitals and italics, — “*I, how-*

ever, reject neither, and thus stand in the presence of two Incomprehensibles, instead of one Incomprehensible."

Now what does all this mean? There is one meaning of which the words are capable, which would make them perfectly clear and coherent; but that meaning, as we shall see presently, cannot possibly be Dr. Tyndall's. They would be perfectly clear and coherent if he meant this — that the brain was a natural instrument, in the hands of a supernatural player; but that why the instrument should be able to be played upon, and how the player should be able to play on it, were both matters on which he could throw no light. But elsewhere he tells us expressly that he does not mean this. This, he expressly says, "is the interpretation of *grosser* minds," which science will not for a moment permit us to retain. The brain contains no "entity," "usually occupied, we know not how, among its molecules," but separable from them. This, he tells us, is a "heathen" notion, and until we abandon it, "no approach to the subject is possible." What does he mean then, when he tells us he rejects "neither result," when he tells us that he believes that molecular motion produces consciousness, and also that consciousness in its turn again produces molecular motion? when he tells us distinctly of these two, that "observation proves them to *interact*"? If such language as this means anything, it must have reference to two distinct forces, one material and the other immaterial. Indeed, does he not himself say so? Does he not tell us that one of the beliefs he does not reject is the belief in "states of consciousness *interposed between* the molecules of the brain, and influencing the transference of motion among the molecules"? It is clear, then, that these states are not molecules — in other words, they are not material. But if not material, what are they, acting on matter, and yet distinct from matter? What can they belong to, but that "heathen" thing the soul — that entity, "which could be thrown out of the window," which Dr. Tyndall says elsewhere, science forbids us to believe in? Surely, for an exact thinker, this is thought in a strange confusion. He has spiritualized materialism by an enlarged definition of matter; he has defined it as "that mysterious something" by which all that is accomplished, and yet here we find him, in the face of this, declaring his belief in some second mystery as well. And for what reason? This is the strangest thing of all. He believes in the second Incomprehensible, *because*

he believes in the first Incomprehensible. "If I reject one," he says, "I must reject both. I, however, reject neither." But why? Because one undoubted fact is a mystery, is every mystery an undoubted fact? Such is Dr. Tyndall's logic in this remarkable utterance; and if this logic be valid, we can at once prove to him the truth of the Christian Trinity, and a variety of other "heathen" doctrines also. But it is evident that, if applied in this way, such an argument would fail to move him. No one could be so quick as he to detect the futility of it. What shall we say of him then, when he applies it in his own way? We can say simply this — that his mind, for the time being, is in a state of such confusion that he is incapable really of clearly meaning anything. What his position logically must be, what in other moments he avows it to be, is plain enough. It is essentially that of a man confronted by one Incomprehensible only, not confronted by two. But, looked at in certain ways, or rather looked *from* in certain ways, this position seems to stagger him. The problem of existence reels and grows dim before him; and he fancies he detects the presence of his two Incomprehensibles, when he has really only seen one Incomprehensible double. If this be not his case, it must be one that, intellectually, is even weaker than this. It must be that, not of a man with a single coherent theory, which his intellect in its less vigorous moments sometimes relaxes its hold upon; but it must be that of a man with two hostile theories, which he vainly imagines to be one, and which he inculcates alternately, each with an equal emphasis.

This bewilderment I impute to Dr. Tyndall is so important and so characteristic of the whole school he belongs to, that I must pause a moment longer to illustrate its reality, no matter to what cause we attribute it — to his vacillation between two theories, or his intermittent grasp of one.

Although he has proclaimed so loudly that the emergence of consciousness from matter must forever remain a mystery, he yet shows indications of a hope that it may still be solved. He thus quotes with approval, and with an implication that he leans himself to the view expressed in them, the following words of Ueberweg, whom he calls "one of the subtlest heads that Germany has produced."

What happens in the brain [says Ueberweg] would, in my opinion, not be possible, if the process which here appears in its greatest concentration did not obtain generally, only in a vastly diminished degree. Take a pair of

mice and a cask of flour. By copious nourishment the animals increase and multiply, and in the same proportion sensations and feelings augment. The quantity of these latter possessed by the first pair is not simply diffused among their descendants, for in that case the last would feel more feebly than the first. The sensations and the feelings must necessarily be referred back to the flour, where they exist, weak and pale it is true, and not concentrated, as in the brain.

"We may not," Dr. Tyndall adds by way of a gloss to this, "be able to taste or smell alcohol in a tub of fermented cherries, but by distillation we obtain from them concentrated *Kirschwasser*. Hence Ueberweg's comparison of the brain to a still, which concentrates the sensation and feeling pre-existing, but diluted, in the food."

Let us now compare this with the following. "It is no explanation," says Dr. Tyndall, "to say that objective and subjective are two sides of one and the same phenomenon. Why should phenomena have two sides? *There are plenty of molecular motions which do not exhibit this two sidedness. Does water think or feel when it runs into frost ferns upon a window-pane?* If not, why should the molecular motions of the brain be yoked to this mysterious companion consciousness?"

Here we have two views, diametrically opposed to each other, the one suggested with approval, and the other implied as his own, by the same writer, and in the same short essay. The first view is that consciousness is the general property of all matter, just as motion is. The second view is that consciousness is not the general property of matter, but the inexplicable property of the brain only.

Here again we have a similar inconsistency. Upon one page Dr. Tyndall says that when we have "exhausted physics, and reached its very rim, a mighty mystery still looms beyond us. We have made no step towards its solution. And thus it *will ever loom.*" And on the opposite page he says this: "If asked whether science has solved, or is likely *in our day* to solve, the problem of the universe, I *must shake my head in doubt.*"

Further, I will remind the reader of Dr. Tyndall's arguments, some time since, against any outside designer or creator of the material universe. He argued that such did not exist, because his supposed action was not definitely presentable. He challenged the theist (the theist addressed at the time was Dr. Martineau) to give him some account of his God's workings; and

"when he does this," said Dr. Tyndall, "I shall 'demand of him an immediate exercise' of the power 'of definite mental presentation.' If he fails here, his case is at once disproved; for nothing exists that is not thus presentable." Let us compare this with his dealing with the fact of consciousness. Consciousness, he admits, is not thus presentable; and yet consciousness, he admits, exists.

Instances might be multiplied of the same vacillation and confusion of thought — the same inability to be constant to one train of reasoning. But those just given suffice. What weight can we attach to a man's philosophy, who after telling us that consciousness may possibly be an inherent property of matter, of which "the receipt of reason is a limbeck only," adds, in the same breath almost, that matter generally is certainly not conscious, and that consciousness comes to the brain we know not whence nor wherefore? What shall we say of a man who in one sentence tells us that it is impossible that science can ever solve the problem of life, and in the next sentence that it is doubtful if this impossibility will be accomplished within the next fifty years? — who argues that God is a mystery, and therefore God is a fiction; who admits that consciousness is a fact, and yet proclaims that it is a mystery; and who says that the fact of matter producing consciousness being a mystery proves the mystery of consciousness acting on matter to be a fact?

But it would be in the highest degree untrue to suppose that Dr. Tyndall and his school have not, through all this, a distinct logical meaning, if they could only see it clearly, and only resolve to stand by it. They have such a meaning — a very plain and significant one; and whenever they forget its significance, they do not mince matters in proclaiming it. They have the makings, in fact, among their doctrines (it may plausibly * be contended) of a coherent theory of the universe. But this theory is one which they shrink from looking fully in the face; and they try to persuade themselves that it is something

* I say, it may be contended *plausibly*, because even this much is by no means *certain*. It is by no means certain, for instance, that motion may legitimately be included among the inherent properties of matter. This question, however, is far too large to be even touched on here. I can only remind the reader that our modern physicists may find that their facile manufacture of enlarged definitions of matter involves a number of difficulties and questions of whose very existence they are apparently unaware, and which their whole training has left them incapable of appreciating. For the present, however, I provisionally take their whole position for granted.

other than it is. The theory in question is one of a univocal automatism, and involves an absolute denial of will. If our physicists accept this, they are entirely logical, and their conclusion stands firmly on their premisses, whether these latter be equally firm or no. Dr. Tyndall is right in saying that "an iron strength seems to belong to the logic which claims for the brain an automatic action uninfluenced by consciousness." The production of consciousness as a by-product may, as he says, be incomprehensible; still he admits that it is a fact; and by postulating the second incomprehensible, he simplifies and explains nothing; on the contrary, from his own point of view he confuses everything. As far as the needs of science go, this second incomprehensible is an entirely gratuitous hypothesis, and, as far as the logic of science goes, an entirely inadmissible one.

Why then does Dr. Tyndall introduce it? Why, having so often told us that all that is matter, does he then flourish in our face a something that is not material? Why, having "*rejected*" an "outside builder" of the world, does he thus come back to us with an outside orderer of the brain? He would probably tell us that he does not do so, or that he does not mean to do so. And we may well believe him. The fault is, he does not know what he means. I will try to show him.

First, he means something with which, as I have said, we may all agree. He means that matter moving under certain laws (which may possibly be part and parcel of its own essence) combines of itself after many changes into the human brain, every motion of which has some connection with consciousness, and corresponds to some state of it. And this fact is a mystery; though it may be questioned if it be more mysterious why matter would think of itself than why it should move of itself. At any rate, thus far we are all agreed; and whatever mystery we may be dealing with, it is one, as I have said, that leaves us in ignorance, but not in doubt. The doubt comes in in the next step. We have then not to wonder at one fact, but to choose between two hypotheses. In either case the mystery is the same. The two hypotheses are these: Does consciousness emerge from the brain, or does it in any degree impregnate it from elsewhere? Is the brain a twig from which a leaf emerges, or is it a twig on which a bird alights?

This is the real question which Dr. Tyndall is in doubt about, and indeed the

only question. Are there two orders of things, or is there only one? And when he tells us that he is no dogmatist, that the question of the universe is too much for him, and that he stands dumb before it in a reverent and appreciative wonder, he only means that he will answer this question neither in one way nor another. He will neither maintain that there is one order of things only, and abide by that; nor maintain that there are two orders of things, and abide by that. Now the question to ask him, and the whole Agnostic school, is this: Why are they in this state of suspense? "There is an iron strength in the logic," as Dr. Tyndall himself says, that rejects altogether the second order. The hypothesis of its existence explains no fact of observation. The scheme of nature, if it cannot be wholly explained without it, can, at any rate, be explained better without it than with it. From the standpoint of the thinker who holds that all that is matter, it seems a thing too superfluous, too unmeaning, to be even worth denial. And yet our modern Agnostics will not deny it: and the name Agnostic, that they are so proud of, means simply that they will not. Now why is this? Why this emphatic protestation on the part of our positive thinkers that there may exist a something, utterly unneeded by their system, and destructive of its completeness?

The answer is plain. Though their system does not need it, the moral value of life does. As to that value, they have certain foregone conclusions, which they cannot resolve to abandon, but which their system can make no room for. Two alternatives are offered them — to admit that life has not the meaning they thought it had, or that their system has not the completeness they thought it had; and of these two alternatives they will accept neither. Let us consider the position. Here is the kind of question Dr. Tyndall and his school are faced with. Is all human sorrow, they are asked, as involuntary and as meaningless as is sea-sickness? Have all the thoughts and all the feelings of humanity been but as the changing whirr of a wheel, which, if a little better adjusted, might continue spinning in silence? Are love and faith but distillations of what exists diluted in mutton-chops and beer? and was the voice of one crying in the wilderness nothing but a molecular metamorphosis of the locusts and wild honey? Or have we after all been right in our old convictions, and are our wills and our souls still left to us — these, and perhaps our God

also? Such questions are plain enough, and important enough. They are, in fact, the only questions that are of real importance to man. And what do our exact thinkers answer — our thinkers whose reasoning is to disperse the old darkness and usher in a new era of light? Their answer is — and they not only give it but boast of it — that they must shake their heads in doubt. It is true they tell us that it is but *as men of science* that they shake their heads. But Dr. Tyndall tells us what this admission means. “If the materialist is confounded,” he says, “and science rendered dumb, *who else is prepared with an answer?* Let us lower our heads and acknowledge our ignorance, priest and philosopher, one and all.” The facts, that is, of the materialist are the only facts we can be certain of; and if questioned as to anything beyond these, the face of enlightened humanity is to be as that of an idiot country lad who is asked the way and who could give no answer even if he understood the question. Let us illustrate the case by some example that is mentally presentable. Some ruined girl, we will say, oppressed with a sense of degradation, comes to Dr. Tyndall and lays her case before him. “I have heard you are a very wise man,” she says to him, “and that you have proved that the priest is all wrong, who prepared me a year ago for my confirmation. Now tell me, I beseech you tell me, is mine really the desperate state I have been taught to think it is? May my body be likened to the temple of the Holy Ghost defiled? or do I owe it no more reverence than I owe the Alhambra Theatre? Am I guilty, and must I seek repentance? or am I not guilty, and may I go on just as I please?” “My dear girl,” Dr. Tyndall replies to her, “I must shake my head in doubt. Come, let us lower our heads, and acknowledge our ignorance as to whether you are a wretched girl or no. Materialism is confounded, and science rendered dumb, by questions such as yours; they can, therefore, never be answered, and must always remain open. I may add, however, that if you ask me personally whether I consider you to be degraded, I lean to the affirmative. But I can give you no reason in support of this judgment, so you may attach to it what value you will.”

Such is the position of Agnostics, when brought face to face with the world. They are undecided only about one question, and this is the one question which cannot be left undecided. Men cannot remain Agnostics as to beliefs that their actions must

depend upon any more than a man who is compelled to go on walking can refrain from choosing one road or other, when there are two open to him. Nor does it matter that our believing may in neither case amount to a complete certitude. It is sufficient that the balance of probability be on one side or the other. Two ounces will outweigh one ounce, quite as surely as a ton will. But what our philosophers profess to teach us (in so far as they profess to be Agnostics, and disclaim being dogmatists) is, that there is no balance either way. The message they shout to us is, that they have no message at all; and that because they are without one, the whole world is in the same condition. If the materialist is confounded, who else is prepared with an answer?

But why are the materialists confounded? Why does it turn out that, after all their talk, they can tell us nothing of any practical import? It is because the one message they could give with authority, they do not dare to endorse when they foresee the results of it. They could tell us, and they could tell us with an “iron strength of logic,” that man is simply an automaton, and that his consciousness is nothing but the whirring of that automaton’s wheels. But they see that the new consciousness on man’s part that he was nothing more than this would indicate a new change in his mechanism, that would make the movements and the sound of it thenceforth very different. And they therefore seek a refuge in saying that he may be more than this. But what do they mean by *may be*? Do they mean that it is probable that man may have a will and a soul independent of matter — that the old “gross” and “heathen” notion is most likely the true one? If they mean this — if they seriously and soberly mean it, and are prepared to advocate this belief as a sufficient basis of action, then their language strangely belies their meaning. They are not Agnostics; they are prepared to give us an answer. But if they do not mean this, they must mean the precise opposite to this. They will see, as exact and as scientific thinkers, that, if it be not practically certain that there is a supernatural order, it is practically certain that there is not one. To say merely that it may exist, is but to put an ounce in one scale when there is a ton in another. For let us but look clearly at the needs of our conscious nature, and the full explanation arrived at of all the mechanical conditions of it, and we shall see that a belief in the supernatural, if it be not a necessity, is a superfluity — a gratuitous hypoth-

esis that encumbers everything, and that explains nothing. Which of these is it? Sooner or later our philosophers will have to decide. It is impossible for them to remain long in their present state of Agnosticism — that is, with their minds in a state of unstable equilibrium.

Thus far I have been trying to show of Agnosticism, both how impossible it is to maintain it as a permanent attitude, and also, even were this possible, how undeserving it would be of being dealt with as a thing of the least power in the world. It even takes away the value of that physical knowledge which its apostles profess to have, and reduces it to the trade secrets of a manufacturer, or the plaything of a specialist. I am well aware of the incompleteness of my present treatment of the subject; and I trust it will be only a provisional substitute for a closer and more orderly criticism. But I print it here, as I have said already, as a supplement to my other papers, to justify my having ignored the physical school as Agnostics, having treated their teaching as a distinct dogmatism of denial, and having charged them with not understanding fully either their own premisses or their own conclusions.

And now having said thus much of this theoretical toleration, which we call Agnosticism, I shall pass on to the other side of the subject — to the practical Agnosticism which we call toleration. And as what I have said was a supplement to one line of argument used in my former papers, so what I am going to say now will be a supplement to another line of argument. In those papers I have not only pointed out that, to account at all for the value at present claimed for life, some supernatural element or other must be claimed for it also, but that the belief in this supernatural, if it is to do any practical work in the world, must take some definite shape; and I urged that it is at least an open question whether this shape may not be found in Catholicism. That Church has many forgotten elements of strength, which I did my best to indicate. It has also a number of apparent weaknesses, which I did my best to show were apparent only. But there are two of these latter that I left untouched. One was the doubtful nature of the Church's external history. The other was the Church's attitude to the world outside herself. The former of these questions demands volumes instead of essays. But the latter is one that may be profitably dealt with here. One of the great virtues of the present day is said to be its tolerance. Men boast of it as a new

and permanent conquest of our modern enlightenment and progress; and this sentiment is so general that even a number of Catholics share it. Still, whatever individual Catholics may think, it is supposed, and rightly, that it is not the sentiment of Catholicism; and this is one of the chief reasons why Catholicism is in such bad odor with the essentially modern world. It is charged, and it is justly charged, with a fundamental intolerance. Now this charge, though justly made, is very wrongly interpreted. I shall therefore inquire briefly what it really means. And in doing this we may forget, at least at starting, that Catholicism is the religion we are dealing with. What has to be said will apply equally to any religion whatsoever which claims any special truth for its doctrines, and any saving value for a belief in them.

First, then, let me make it quite clear what I here mean by intolerance; and I will not shrink from giving the word its fullest and most unpopular meaning. I mean by it, at least as I am now using it, potential persecution; and by persecution I mean the use of coercive measures to restrain a man, if not from holding certain religious opinions, at all events from communicating these opinions to others. Now such coercive measures can be applied only, when the religion that is ready to persecute is allied to the State, and when in taking these measures the State will either act for, or protect it. And therefore, when we say that a religion is intolerant, we mean that it would, if it could, apply the secular arm for the suppression of any intellectual forces that might be dangerous to itself.

And now let us ask what is implied in a man's holding any dogmatic creed at all? He does not hold such a creed simply as a truth. He of course thinks that it is true; but he thinks of it as truth of a special kind. He may, for instance, hold it true that "Childe Harold" has four cantos, or that there is no atmosphere in the moon. But though he holds each of these beliefs as firmly as he holds (let us say) that Christ died for him, their relation to himself is something very different. He might think men wrong for denying them, but he would gain nothing by restraining such a denial, beyond the possible gratification of his own personal temper. But it is quite otherwise with the truths of his religion. These, he holds, are not truths only, but truths on the recognition of which our whole well-being depends. They are, as it were, not mere facts of astronomy, but facts of astronomy bearing on the practical

art of navigation. A creed he considers as the soul's nautical almanac, and his own creed he considers to be the only correct edition. And he may look on his creed in this light for two reasons. He may consider that there is something salutary in the mere assent to its articles; and he may consider this assent as of value also in its results upon practical conduct. We shall have to treat these two reasons separately by-and-by; but it is enough for the present, that for one or other, or for both of them, a creed is regarded by its adherents in the way I have just described.

This being the case, let us suppose for a moment that an entire nation is unanimous in its assent to a single creed, and that on this creed the whole value of their lives depends for them. Considering it to be certainly true, they consider it necessarily to be the one legitimate conclusion of their moral and intellectual faculties; and any denial of it can therefore arise only from either moral obliquity or from intellectual imbecility. Suppose then that in such a nation, a man arises who does deny this creed, and who cannot be convinced that he is wrong in doing so. If he be not an immoral man, nor an advocate of immorality, the nation will regard him but in one light — that of a man suffering from a kind of mental ophthalmia: *as such*, he will be nothing but an object of pity, and if his case be evidently incurable, he will simply be left alone. But, if it should appear that his disease not only afflicted him, but was in a high degree contagious, it is evident that the only possible course will be to prevent any further intercourse between him and his fellows. He must be placed in a kind of perpetual quarantine. A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* has very recently made some excellent remarks on cases of this kind. "It is easy," he says, "to say that opinion cannot be coerced. But this, in the first place, is true only of the small minority of mankind who are in the habit of thinking for themselves; and secondly, if it were true, it would only show that in some cases persecution is too late to be effectual. Not cure but prevention is the main object. A disease may be incurable as to the individual it has once fastened on, and yet the infection may be cut off by sanitary police."

Now here are intolerance and persecution exemplified in their simplest form; and if we consider them in this form, their true character will readily become apparent. No matter what the creed be of the nation we are considering, be it Catholicism, Mohamedanism, or dogmatic athe-

ism, let the nation be but convinced of the truth and the importance of it, and they will persecute for heresy, as surely as they will prosecute for theft. An officer is liable to punishment who wrecks the ship he is entrusted with. A quack would be equally liable to punishment, who forces on the ship of the soul a falsified nautical almanac. In the eye of a nation which believes that a man's spiritual welfare is at any rate of equal importance with his material welfare, and that the conditions of both are equally certain, persecution is not a thing apart. It stands on the same basis as the ordinary State regulations, and is to be classed either with the enforcement of ordinary sanitary restrictions, or with the awarding of ordinary criminal punishments. With the first of these it is certainly right to class it. The question is, is it ever right to class it with the second as well? The heretic in the first case is treated as an involuntary leper. He is not punished for that; he is secluded only. If he tries to break from his seclusion, and spread his leprosy, are we to treat the attempt as a voluntary criminal act, or merely as a symptom of the disease? The answer to this question is practically of no importance, as the measures taken in either case will be the same; but to glance at it in passing may help to give clearness to our view of the matter. There is another classification, however, of the aspects under which persecution may be looked at, which is something more to the purpose. We may look at it as curative, we may look at it as preventive, we may look at it as retributive. We may look at it as any or as all of these three. Its object, that is, may be to cure a disease, to remove a source of infection, or to punish a criminal. Now that persecution can be a curative, we may regard as an untenable proposition; that it ought to be retributive we may regard as a doubtful proposition; but that, whenever possible, it must be used as a preventive, we may regard as a necessary proposition. It is, therefore, as a preventive only that it is really necessary to consider it.

Plato says that the nature of justice may be examined better in the State than in the individual; and we have just been examining intolerance and persecution in the same way. We have seen, as regards intolerance, that it is neither the vice nor the virtue of any one creed in particular, but that it is the common necessity of all creeds that are sufficiently definite to be capable of contradiction, and sufficiently important to be worth it. Thus if the Church of Rome is the only intolerant

religion we have to deal with, this does but mean that she is the only religion convinced of its own authority. We have seen further, as regards persecution, that, when there is a practical probability of its fulfilling its proper end, there is also a moral necessity for it. The one great point to remember is that this end is prevention, and that persecution, if it does not attain this end, will defeat it. The whole question resolves itself into one of practical judgment. If a whole nation be orthodox, and there be but one heretic, the success of persecution will be certain. The same may be said if the heretics be but two, or three, or four. But let the numbers increase, and the answer gradually ceases to be certain one way, and by-and-by it becomes certain the other.

Intolerance and persecution, therefore, though they are nearly related, and though the latter, in certain cases, may be the necessary result of the former, stand upon two quite different footings. The one is a thing of necessity; the other of expediency. The one is a necessary judgment, and a necessary solicitude; the other is an expression of these in action that is only sometimes possible. But this last, let us remember also, is, when possible, not possible only, but obligatory. I may give as an instance of my meaning, though this is only one that could be given out of many, the case of the Church of Rome in England. Suppose that Church in another fifty years were to gain a complete ascendancy in this country, and the deliberate conviction and the most valued hopes of the great mass of our countrymen were to be embodied in her, in the interest alike of intellect, of morals, and humanity, she would put a forcible check on all the arguments that could be used against her.

Doubtless this sounds sinister and illiberal enough; but it will cease to seem so if we examine it more closely. Such language as that I have just used is misunderstood generally for two reasons. It is forgotten, in the first place, how large the conditions are that must be fulfilled to justify persecution; it is forgotten, in the second place, what essentially persecution is. It is forgotten that to persecute with success, and therefore with justice, the religion that persecutes must embody the entire force, moral and intellectual, of the nation. Its ascendancy must represent the fact that a national decision has been come to; and that the national thought, whose freedom was for a long time anarchy, has at last arrived at more perfect freedom, which is order. It is forgotten,

further, that persecution is not essentially a cruel or barbarous thing. It has been peculiar hitherto to barbarous ages; and it was conducted, naturally, in a barbarous manner. But this is only an accident of it; it is not the essence. How distorted the conception of it is in the popular mind, may be seen in the fact that a common synonym for it is *the stake*. But if persecution is really discredited by the barbarities that formerly attended on it, the administration of civil justice must be discredited in the like way. Torture was not peculiar to ecclesiastical trials, nor was the stake peculiar to ecclesiastical executions. It is not so long ago that men were hanged in England for stealing sheep. This was barbarous enough; but we do not therefore think that sheep-stealing should not be prevented. Nor because it was a barbarous thing to burn a heretic, is it necessarily a barbarous thing to prevent the spread of heresy. If ever persecution were again revived in the world, we may be sure that its aspect would be as much changed and softened as has been that of secular justice.

The only general objection, then, that can be urged from without, against intolerance, is that on religious matters there is no certainty attainable; and intolerance is only decried in the present day because it is a protest against this opinion. Macaulay said that the Puritans disliked bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the men. In the same way, modern thought sets its face against intolerance, not because intolerance denies certainty to others, but because it claims certainty for itself.

There are, however, other objections from within, that it will be also well to deal with; objections that will be more cogent with those who have some basis for intolerance, than with those who disclaim any. The simplest of these is the respect that is due to the conscience. Let there be but one man a heretic in a nation, and let all the rest be orthodox, it may still be felt by the orthodox that if the man be in good conscience, he should be allowed to practise his religion, and, so far as in him lies, to promulgate it. Mr. St. George Mivart, among modern English Catholics, has lately urged a liberal view like this. But if the persecuted minority in question be really in good conscience, the answer to this position is not difficult. When it is a duty for the majority to persecute, it is a privilege for the minority to be persecuted; and if they are not enough in earnest to accept the pain as a privilege

they very certainly deserve it as a punishment.

Further, the dogmatist, in times like ours, may be perplexed possibly by the following question: How can he reasonably advocate intolerance, when it is only through the tolerance of others that this advocacy is rendered possible? The answer to this is that he lives in unfortunate times, and tolerance is at present, on all sides, a provisional and unfortunate necessity. When the fever of opinion has got to a certain pass, it must be allowed to run its course. Any check would be fatal. In days like ours, if we regard the world as a whole, there is no body of believers that could possibly persecute with advantage; that is, that could apply persecution to its one legitimate purpose. Persecution is, as it were, a pair of bellows, the one use of which is to blow out the fire of heresy. But at present it would blow it up, instead of blowing it out. When, therefore, it is said, as it so often is said, that the Catholics of to-day would persecute with the same vigor as ever, if they only had the chance, these words, if they mean anything true at all, can only mean this — not that Cardinal Manning, for instance, would imprison or burn Dr. Tyndall to-morrow, if the law would only allow him, if he could do so without obloquy; but that, were the whole condition of things changed, and were Dr. Tyndall's views regarded by the vast majority as nothing but the embodiment of an ignorance that was just plausible enough to be mischievous — that then, in a state of things like this, the majority would take what steps it could to prevent this mischief from spreading.

The great point to remember is, that intolerance is but one facet of all certain beliefs that have any practical import; and thus it can only be condemned on one or both of the two following grounds — that religious beliefs are either essentially uncertain, or that they are essentially unimportant. Intolerance, then, is but the necessary temper of dogmatism when confronted with other opinions. Or we may say that it is the name of every dogmatism, as translated into any other language than its own. But the question of persecution is not one of principle at all. It is a question of expediency only, and of practical politics. The general thesis that it is right or that it is wrong to persecute, has no more meaning by itself than that it is right or that it is wrong to administer castor oil. It is a matter that depends entirely on the circumstance of the mo-

ment. That supposed error can, under certain circumstances, be checked or extinguished by persecution, must be admitted on all hands; and also that, if it be worth extinguishing, it ought to be extinguished. And we by no means admit that medicine is not an excellent thing on occasions, because there are conditions of sickness when it would do more harm than good.

A Catholic, then, can maintain quite consistently, that toleration is theoretically an evil, even though the prospects of his own creed may for the present largely depend upon it. For toleration can have no existence except where there are many opinions to be tolerated; and when there are many opinions in the world about one important subject, the larger part of the world is necessarily in disastrous error. Toleration, therefore, may fairly be called an evil (and the same applies to persecution equally well), inasmuch as it is but the name for a way of bearing evil; just as patience under a calamity, or a painful struggle against it, are really names for that calamity as falling on a patient or a resolute man.

But though on due occasion the Catholic Church would be doubtless as ready in the future as it has been in the past to express its spirit of intolerance in the practice of persecution, it is to be observed that a very important change has grown into that spirit, which would be sure to influence the character of the practice. Catholicism, it is observed commonly, is essentially opposed to progress: it stands apart from, and unsoftened by the progress of mankind outside it. Nothing, however, can be more untrue than this. The moral sense of the Church is a thing forever capable, not indeed of change, but of development; and the Church's way of regarding heresy and atheism is a noticeable instance of this. In former times she invariably regarded these as crimes; now she is growing to regard them as, at least in most cases, misfortunes. Her intolerance is, therefore, gradually losing its old vindictive character. And this change seems to have come about from the recognition of two facts; of which, whilst they both make misbelievers seem less deserving of consideration, the second makes misbelief seem even more so.

The first of these facts is the general intellectual confusion in which the world is at present, and the evident desire for light in many who proclaim most loudly that for the human eye when open, the only possible spectacle must be always

but darkness visible. In other words, the existence of invincible ignorance is becoming more and more clearly recognized.

The second fact is, though less obvious, perhaps even more important. It is, that erroneous opinions must not be judged by their immediate fruits. They may take a long time before they become practically operative, and thus, though their present exponents may themselves be excellent men, the results of the system they advocate may be by-and-by practically execrable. The history of Protestantism, though it is not an *example* of this, is an excellent *illustration*. The original reformers did not deny the validity of dogmatic teaching themselves; on the contrary, they strenuously supported it; and for a long while their position, thus far, seemed a secure one. But as time has gone on, the real meaning of their position has become slowly apparent. It is seen that their principles have an application far wider than they ever dreamt they could have; and this application is now being made daily with a more and more pitiless logic. Protestantism is dividing itself into sects more and more numerous, and these naturally regard each other with an increasing tolerance. They have nothing to hold them together; they have no common standards to appeal to; and thus, each for a time having claimed exclusive truth for itself, the conviction is now dawning that it can rationally be claimed for none. But it has taken three centuries to make this quite evident — to deduce the theological conclusions of Dean Stanley from the theological premisses of Luther. In the same way the present advocates of atheism or Agnosticism may themselves be moral men, just as Luther was a dogmatic man; but their morality, in the course of years, will meet with the same fate as Luther's theology. This view of the matter will at once justify the largest charity towards atheists, combined with the most absolute condemnation of atheism. It will enable us, without the least confusion of either thought or feeling, to love the former, whilst we hate the latter.

This absolute dependence of morality upon religion, or rather the interdependence of the two, is of course denied by many. But I am speaking now from the standpoint of those who admit it; and these include many who are opposed, theoretically, alike to dogmatism and intolerance. Sir James Stephen himself, than whom no one on religious points could be less dogmatic, has said that, to see the moral value of a belief in God, we must wait to see a

generation grow up on whom this belief has not had the slightest influence; and then, he says, "the light thrown on the subject may prove possibly to be a very lurid one."

All this I have just said as to intolerance and persecution is, I am well aware, not new. My arguments, as it were, lie upon every man's table; but, to judge from the language heard and the ideas held so commonly, they lie in general in a state of litter and confusion, which renders them worse than useless for any practical purpose. In a former paper I described my aim in writing as that of an intellectual chimney-sweeper. I may compare it, in the present one, to that of an intellectual housemaid. I have been trying to arrange the litter, which every man has at his elbow — to sort and dust his thoughts for him, and show him what they really come to.

There are one or two things further, that still remain to be said. The matter in question may be rendered clearer, if we look a little more narrowly into our own daily practice, and see how much of intolerance, and of persecution also, of necessity enters into them. Let us consider the law of our own country first. That law is largely based upon certain definite views as to morality, and is to a certain extent enforced by reason of them. There is a certain censorship of the press and of the theatre; and there are certain offences which, simply from their supposed immorality, are treated and punished as crimes of the gravest kind. Now all these are offences which, from the principles of modern Agnosticism, may not only be logically defended, but cannot be logically blamed. When the law, therefore, punishes them, it acts strictly as a religious persecutor. It is the expression of the intolerance of a moral dogmatism. The man who gives a sentence of penal servitude for a revolting moral offence, and the licenser who prohibits a play because of its violation of decency, are respectively in the exact logical position of an ecclesiastical persecutor. If, then, there is any degree of immorality which the law will be justified in prohibiting, any speculative opinions which will lead to such immorality must surely fall equally within the law's cognizance. The most tolerant of men would probably not wish to tolerate the opening in Piccadilly of a public temple to Priapus, nor even the delivery of lectures in which men were urged to his practical worship, let the speculative ground of this teaching seem never so sound and rational. Or let us take the theory of medicine.

A quack is at perfect liberty to theorize about such matters as much as he pleases, and to publish his theories. But if the publication of such theories could be proved to infallibly result in the sale of poisonous drugs, the law would very soon step in, and the publication would be prohibited. We may come nearer home than this. What is the education of any child but a system grounded on intolerance and carried out through persecution? If a Protestant mother keeps a Jesuit out of her house, that, in its own degree, is a religious persecution. If a father burns a licentious book, lest his boy shall read and be corrupted by it, in burning that book he, so far as is practicable, burns the author of it. Lawsuits often arise, in these days, between parents of different religions as to which shall have the religious care of the children. What is it that, on either side, each parent claims? It is the right to a religious persecution on the child's behalf.

Finally, if persecution should still seem such a barbarous thing to contemplate, and such a sinister thing to anticipate, let us again remember what is its only possible end and its only legitimate condition. Regarded in its usual and more extended sense, it can fulfil its own end only when it represents the conviction of the vast majority; and if ever it be again had recourse to in the future, let us consider what that conviction it represents will be. It will be the deliberate and the solemn conviction of every one worth considering in the world; it will be a conviction led up to or sustained by every branch of human study, every exercise of the human intellect, and the need of every human emotion that humanity agrees to reverence. In other words, a religion, to persecute in the future, will need to represent and embody the entire intellect, morals, and force — in other words, the whole higher humanity — of the nation that arms it for this purpose. Until some religion does that, persecution is a thing we need none of us fear; when it does that, it is a thing that we shall all of us welcome.

Meanwhile, as far as the Catholic Church goes, she watches the evils round her, and at once deplores and makes the best of them. She knows that it must needs be that offences come; but she knows, too, that these offences may work together for good; nor does she refuse to profit by many that do not follow after her. Whatever is good outside herself, she is theoretically capable of taking into herself and assimilating; whilst the intellectual

spectacle of the present, and the intellectual experience of the past, are combining to alike intensify her condemnation of error and to melt her anger towards the victims of it.

It may be well, perhaps, to conclude this paper — the last of my present series — by stating that my criticisms of Catholicism are not the criticisms of a Catholic, but of a complete outsider — of a literal *sceptic* — who is desirous, in considering the religious condition of our time, to estimate fairly and fully the character and the prospects of the one existing religion that seems still capable either of appealing to or of appeasing it.

A DOUBTING HEART.

BY MISS KEARY,

AUTHOR OF "CASTLE DALY," "OLDBURY," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN THE CHATEAU GARDENS.

"YES, yes, my child, but there are two sides to this question, as to every other, and I have lived so long here, and assisted, as was my duty, in arranging so many marriages, that I have come to feel even a little shocked at an English girl's manner of thinking on these subjects. There is a great deal to be said in favor of trusting to the experience and cooler judgment of parents and elders, who understand, as you young people do not, the large part which suitability of *entourage* — I cannot get the English word; I am positively forgetting my English — plays in enabling two people to live comfortably together. If a girl were to tell me she had fallen in love — not that any French girl would dream of so terrible an indiscretion — I should recommend her mother to look after her well, and marry her to the most experienced middle-aged man of their acquaintance who was willing to take the responsibility of her guidance. That would be my idea."

"Poor Madelon," said Emmie West, peeping shyly up from under her large shady hat into the face of Madame de Florimel, at whose side she was pacing the broad terrace of the chateau garden, flanked on each side by orange-trees. "Poor Madelon, then I am afraid I have done more harm than good by confiding my fancies to you. Please don't think that she herself has ever given me any exact ground for them. But when you opened out your plan to me about the

épicier from Grasse, who has asked you to find him a wife in the village, and said you were thinking of Madelon, I could not help telling you what I had observed since I came here."

"So, so, it is in thy head, is it, little one, that this pretty romance of the olive-trees has grown up. Thou hast thy little ideas on these subjects, then, it seems."

"Yes, I have," said Emmie, taking courage to look back playfully into the keen, kind eyes that were scrutinizing her face. "Yes, madame, I have, but please don't advise my mother to marry me to the first prudent old man who would take the trouble of ruling me. I should not like it at all, and poor mamma would be very much puzzled to know how to set about such an enterprise."

"Precisely, that is the English way, and though, as everybody here is well aware, I am English, and even strongly English in all my habits and prejudices, this one custom of the country, the carelessness of mothers, passes my understanding. If you, my child, had belonged to me, see how it would have been between us. From the first hour of your life I should have watched your heart. There would have been no opportunity for an idea to enter that had not been shaped by my experience first. Then when the hour arrived for settling your destiny in marriage, there could have been no possibility of a conflict between our wills; you would have had no other thought but to approve my choice. Why has not your mother, who loves you, you say, so dearly, why has not she acted in a similar manner?"

"Poor mamma," cried Emmie; "if you only knew how many more important things she has to think about than my heart! Besides, don't you know, in England we think it right to leave all that. It may never come; and if it does — yes, dear madame, I will say it out, though you are lifting your eyebrows at me — I do think it must be best to choose a little for oneself, and even to love a little of one's own accord, if one is to marry."

Very delicately marked were the eyebrows that surprise, half feigned, half real, lifted up into a white brow, on which a few lines of age and care were written, lightly as with a fine pencil. And the rest of the face corresponded with the delicacy of these lines; a small, aquiline nose; firm, thin lips, that looked more accustomed to open for commands than entreaties; a skin, whose clear fineness had resisted forty-two years of exposure to southern sunshine and sixty of life; deep-set, grey

eyes, with a hint of kindly northern humor sweetening their habitual keenness; a figure as slim and alert as Emmie's own, which somehow managed, quite as remarkably as did the face, to express the combined results of early training and long habit, of English originality and French taste. This combination was particularly visible just now, as Madame de Florimel paused in their walk to look full at Emmie with lifted eyebrows and smiling eyes; her face daintily framed in a becoming French hood, and the skirt of her black silk dress drawn in a careless bunch through her pocket-holes, to set her thickly-soled feet free for the brisk exercise in which she delighted.

"*Ah, voilà!*" she cried merrily, perceiving that her look of pretended surprise was calling fresh and fresh floods of crimson into Emmie's fair face. "We must look a little further into this by-and-by — that little letter of caution to thy mother will have to be written I think — but there precisely at this moment comes Joseph Marie, who can never manage so much as to take the cows out for a walk between the vines without calling me from talk with my friends. He is beckoning me to come down to the pond to speak with him, I will return soon and finish our discussion."

Emmie followed madame to the end of the terrace, and watched her as she nimbly descended a flight of marble steps that led from the upper garden, where a semblance of effort was maintained to drill the luxuriant vegetation in diamond and heart-shaped beds, to a wilderness below where nature and the advancing spring had taken the matter entirely into their own hands. How lovely the wilderness looked that sunny morning! — the borders of prickly-leaved artichokes, between which madame was now picking her way, the strip of green corn flaring with red anemones, the round pond at the bottom of the inclosure where Dr. Urquhart's green frogs were croaking, not in full chorus, indeed, but loud enough to secure that Emmie should never be ignorant of their existence again, the bed of violets that girdled the pond with a belt of vivid color, and sent out arrowy perfumes to where Emmie stood. Scent, warmth, color, strange, dissonant music, vivid, intense life in air and earth and sky, all seemed to expand Emmie's being into new perceptions of delight, as she stood imbibing them rather than thinking of them, while in her heart there was a curious reaching forth towards something yet to come; something which seemed only an echo of that call of the spring to which nature was responding so ardently.

When madame had disappeared behind the door of the cow-shed Emmie turned round and walked back towards the château. Shabby and out of repair as the white stone building really was, it looked a dazzling Aladdin's palace of marble in the strong midday sunshine, the very weather-stains and the green lizards that were basking here and there on the hot walls turning themselves into gems for its embellishment that day. Here too, even in the seldom-used apartments of the west wing were signs of activity: windows wide open; gay strips of carpet hanging over the railing of a balcony at the far end of the house into which two of madame's white-capped handmaidens had dragged some ancient gilded chairs and tapestry sofas, and were proceeding to evoke clouds of dust from them with their brooms. Presently Madelon came through the window on to the balcony to inspect the work and leaned over to nod and smile at Emmie as she passed below. Madelon being madame's principal favorite among the village maidens was generally invited to the château whenever anything unusual was in prospect, and as madame had sent her a summons yesterday on the receipt of a letter from England, she had appeared in the early morning, and had since been hovering from attic to cellar — supplementing the exertions of the servants, and welcomed warmly among them as the sure harbinger of some pleasant interruption to the slow routine of daily life there.

Yes, and even beyond the precincts of the château was this breeze of change noted and rejoiced in. By the great iron gates that opened on to the village road, little groups of children kept gathering and scattering while sometimes an older face looked in between the bars. Now it is old Madame Mule with a great bunch of canes from the river on her head, who stops and nods encouragement and congratulation, to the maidens who are dusting that magnificent château furniture for the astonishment of the guest who is coming from England to-morrow. Now it is M. le Curé himself in his cassock and curled hat, and the village blacksmith with his grimy face and forge apron, who stop to chat and look up at the balcony. Emmie cannot quite catch their words, but she guesses the cheerful nature of the conversation by the winks and nods and snaps of the fingers that accompany the talk.

"Our dear madame," so the talk runs, "is expecting her English relation to make her a little visit again this spring.

What a joy for our good madame, who is so English, and who will naturally rejoice to shew her relation some of the fine things he cannot see elsewhere, and of which he will no doubt speak a great deal when he gets back to his own miserable country! And precisely by good fortune, never for several years have the vines and the olive-groves, and the flower-fields of madame been looking so well as just now. Nor her *bêtes* so flourishing, nor have her wine and oil cellars, and her poultry-yard been so well furnished. Ah, ah — there will be some one who will open his eyes wide by-and-by — at the display made before him of so much prosperity and good management — due it must be confessed principally to the good sense and resolution of that brave Joseph Marie, in carrying out his own plans, and resisting madame's English innovations. Yet, since madame is good to every one, one would not grudge, one would indeed rejoice heartily with her in the triumph she is expecting."

Having come to this happy conclusion they moved on and another little group formed of young girls from the river with piled baskets of white linen on their heads, who were still more enthusiastic in their exclamations of delight at the sight of the old furniture and the prospect of a guest at the château. The whole place was bubbling over with festivity, and somehow the joy did not seem exaggerated to Emmie, considering who it was that was coming to-morrow, with news from home (her Saville Street letters had spoken of a visit he had made there lately for the purpose of carrying the last intelligence to her); and with what sort of a look, joyful or sorrowful, on the speaking face that seemed to answer to her thoughts and interpret them as no other had ever done.

Emmie turned at the end of the terrace and walked back to meet Madame de Florimel, now approaching from the lower garden, and as she buried her face in a bunch of daffodils, she wondered whether a really sensible person, whether Katharine Moore herself in like circumstances, could help feeling as foolishly happy as she felt just then. Madame, who seldom troubled herself to gather flowers, having long since had a surfeit of them, appeared, however, at the top of the marble steps with three or four primroses and a cowslip between her fingers, poor little withered blooms, the only shabby ones in the gardens, which she had gathered behind the cow-shed in a shady spot where the roots had been planted long ago. Her eyes

were fixed upon them when Emmie joined her, and the expression of her face had a very unusual touch of melancholy.

"See," she said, "how unhappy my English primroses look in the grand company they find themselves among. Wynyard Anstice brought them from the woods at Leigh, the last time he came here with his uncle. But I made a mistake in asking for them; I might have known well enough that living things transplanted from one country to another never come to much good, or are happy."

"Madame — but you, madame," cried Emmie, surprised by her quick sympathy into answering to the thought instead of the words of her companion.

Madame was not at all accustomed to being understood better than she intended, and being talkative by nature had fallen into a habit of indulging in spoken reveries, which, with Madelon or the good curé by her side, had brought no other inconvenience than that of confirming her companions in their chronic contempt for madame's English ideas. She turned rather sharply to look at Emmie now, but could find nothing to alarm or offend her in the sweet wistfulness with which the girl's reverential eyes were trying to read her face. Had she not lately been saying that had Providence blessed her with a daughter like this, there should only be one heart and one soul between them, and indeed —

A swift thought darted through madame's inventive brain, so delicious to her that it nearly drove away the sad reflections that had occupied her during her progress up the garden; then, seeing as by a flash of lightning how the two trains of thought, the sad and the joyful, might be made to fit into each other, she grasped after the fleeting melancholy, and said musingly, as she laid the stalks of her English flowers together in a bouquet, —

"Ah, my child, the sight of these flowers has brought my thoughts back to the subject we were discussing when I was called away: the question of how the great event in a girl's life should be conducted. You think it strange in me, so entirely English as I am in all my principles, to have adopted French notions on the subject of forming marriages; but I followed your plan when I was young, my child. I chose for myself, and having given up all other ties for the man whose society I believed enough for my happiness, I have lived a very solitary life in this place for forty years. Yes, it is nearly forty years since I began to spend my time chiefly alone

here, — with affectionate neighbors and occupations, — but alone, as you see."

"M. le Comte died, then, so soon after your marriage," said Emmie.

"He died at Monaco two years ago, my child, of a sudden seizure at the gaming-table, where he had long been accustomed to spend his nights and days. We had different ideas, different habits, a different faith. I occupied myself with his interests to the last, and I have done my best to save something out of the ruin he made for my son — to create an existence for him which he will perhaps appreciate when I am gone."

"Ah, you have your son."

"For two or three years of his childhood I had him, but he was educated apart from me, and in growing up he has removed himself further and further from my influence. He is an ardent Catholic, and his spiritual advisers do not advocate his spending much of his time with an English mother. I have only twice seen his wife and child. I am a lonely old woman, as you see, and when I am not occupied with my *ménage* and my farming, I fall to speculating on the difference it would have made in my own life, and in some other lives, if I had taken my father's and mother's advice, and accepted the husband they had planned for me."

Emmie's sympathetic eyes asked for more; and madame, laughing, as she lightly struck her cheek with the bouquet she had arranged to her mind by this time, went on.

"Ah, what a lover of love-stories we have here. You will not be content, I see, till you have drawn the whole history out of me; and you are wondering already how a girl of eighteen — your own age, I think — came already to have two lovers."

"No," said Emmie quickly, "for the girl of eighteen was you."

"So an English girl can make a pretty speech, or has she learned it already from Madelon? However, the second suitor in my estimation was no great conquest, and I don't think it ever came into my head to consider him a lover at all. He was my cousin, a certain Wynyard Anstice, whom I had known all my life, in my baby days, as a big, teasing, over-affectionate school-boy, and afterwards as a grave young man, who came to our house at regular intervals, and was always more and more intent on matters that did not interest me, and more and more tiresomely determined to thrust himself and them on my notice.

"Was he at all like the relation, the Mr. Wynyard Anstice, who is coming here

to-morrow; but no, there cannot be any likeness."

"Why not?" asked madame, raising her eyebrows again. "Relations are alike sometimes. However, you are right in your guess; the present Wynyard Anstice does not get his good looks or his pleasant ways from our side of the house, though he is an Anstice at the bottom, and can even remind me of his uncle when he turns obstinate. My cousin Wynyard was an eldest son, and his father was a rich man, while mine, though the head of the family, was absolutely poor for our station. Titled poverty has been my lot through life, and I have learned to accustom myself to its straits and its unsubstantial dignities, till I doubt whether I could accommodate myself to anything else. Even then I had imbibed a certain contempt for my uncle, because he had early in life married the daughter of a wealthy trading family, and allowed his name to be associated with theirs in the business from which their riches were drawn; and when the eldest son showed a real talent for affairs, and threw himself with energy into the pursuits of his mother's family, all his chance of success with me was over forever. I was a foolish, wilful girl, as I said before, and I had my way. Sometimes, in my lonely hours, I amuse myself by figuring the life I might have had if my mother had had hers. It would not have been all roses, any more than is this, but there would have been perhaps greater compensations. I should have lived among old friends, and during a great part of my middle life in my own childhood's home; for my only brother died soon after my father, and the Leigh estates, such as they were, came to my cousin, who lived in the old house till he died."

"And never married?"

"But not for love of me. Misfortunes follow some people, and my cousin was destined to suffer from a much deeper heart-wound than any I gave him. The winter after my brother's death he came to La Roquette to pay me a long visit. There were matters of business to discuss between us, and I think he found a certain satisfaction in seeing how things were here, and in bringing his once despised acuteness to my aid, using it to protect me from some of the worst consequences of the position in which I had placed myself. That year the *maisonnette* on the hill was fitted up, and I invited a dear English friend with her daughter to spend the first winter in it. The daughter was a charming girl, thoroughly English, but of a type

I had not seen before, full of little enthusiasms and notions which she would quite forget herself in defending. I was French enough then to be doubtful of my friend's wisdom in having allowed her daughter to run beyond her so far; but my grave elderly cousin was thoroughly bewitched, over head and ears in love, after the second morning of arguing and dawdling together up and down this terrace. I confess I used my influence with the mother and the young girl to give matters the turn he wished, feeling that I owed my cousin something. It was one of the few mistakes in that way I have ever made in my life. They were engaged in this garden. Ah! me, I can see them coming up the marble steps together, he all radiant, and eager to tell me of his success, and she blushing and smiling at the thought of the pleasure the news would give to her mother and me. But it did not answer. On closer acquaintance she grew alarmed at his imperious temper, that clashed perpetually with her ideas, and soon after they returned to England she jilted him to marry the younger of his two half-brothers, young men who had grown up since I left England, and to whom my elder cousin had acted the part of a father."

"This girl and the young brother were Mr. Wynyard Anstice's father and mother, then?"

"You have guessed it. That is his special link on to me, and indeed he is the only one of my English relations in the younger generation that I trouble myself to keep up an acquaintance with. I can't help clinging to him, and the attraction seems mutual; for here, after rather a long interval, and without any pressing of mine, he comes proposing to spend a few weeks with me. It will bring a crowd of old recollections to have him here again, with those looks and ways that have so much of his mother in them. An unlucky resemblance, for it has cost him a fortune already. His parents both died in India a few years after their marriage, and left him a legacy to his uncle's care, with, I believe, a great many professions of repentance for their past conduct towards him. The old man behaved very well, and accepted the charge of the child, reluctantly at first, but growing fond of him by degrees, and treating him in all respects like a son. I was glad when I saw what a fine handsome boy the little Wynyard was, not so like his mother as to awaken painful recollections, but with a great deal of her brightness, and sweetness of nature.

"For some years it seemed as if my

cousin had at last succeeded in binding one living creature to himself; and I hearing of it, and seeing it, for the two paid several visits here together, rejoiced that the doom of utter solitude had not come upon us both, that a little bit of natural cheerfulness and family love had visited my old home once more. It did very well while Wynyard was a boy, for he has a fine temper, and so long as there was only the question of yielding his wishes in every-day matters, his bright good-humor made all easy; but when the time came for him to think for himself, and he developed the same tendency to take up enthusiasms his mother had had, then — well, I understood the conflict that followed better it may be than any one else. It was affection intensified by recollections of past pain, quite as much as a tyrannical temper, that made my poor cousin resent so bitterly the differences of opinion that grew up between himself and his darling when the boy approached manhood. If Wynyard could have agreed with him on every point, and fallen in with all his prejudices, he would have felt himself avenged, so to speak, of the old desertion; but when the one person he had allowed himself to love in his later years chose to think and act for himself in a manner directly opposed to his judgment, all his former affection turned to gall, and he seemed to lose even his sense of justice."

"Did he die unforgiving?" asked Emmie anxiously.

"It was a seizure at the last. Wynyard was sent for, and the other nephew, who is now Lord Anstice, and they were both with him for the last week of his life. He recovered consciousness a few hours before the end, and seemed pleased, so Wynyard told me, to see him so near, speaking to him as of old, as if there had never been any quarrel. But if he remembered the injustice he had committed, and wished to undo it, it was too late then. Wynyard, at all events, was not one to allow last moments to be disturbed with thoughts of worldly possessions. It had always been supposed that the large fortune my cousin inherited from his father would go to Wynyard, and that the other nephew would have the Anstice estates, which had greatly increased in value under my cousin's management. When the will came to be read, however, it was found that Wynyard's name was left out, and that the whole of the property went to the other nephew, an idle young man, who had never been a favorite with his uncle till just at the last, when he took him up

to punish Wynyard for his independence. Wynyard makes very light of the disappointment, professing to think it only fair that he should be left to abide by the principles he had chosen, and prove that he understood what he was about when he said they were sufficient for him. All that is beyond me — belonging indeed to regions of thought into which I do not profess to have entered — and I suppose I ought to be glad to see my father's title in the way of being properly supported at last; but I don't think I am. I like the old simplicity and the dignity that owed nothing to wealth; and I can't escape feeling as if the injustice done to Wynyard may be traced back to influence I exercised here, in walks up and down this terrace long ago. If I had not planned a little too eagerly just that once in my life, matters might have adjusted themselves more smoothly. The two young people who married afterwards would have met and liked each other all the same, doubtless; but there would have been no previous promise to make their love a treachery to the elder brother; or they would never have met, and my cousin would have divided his possessions justly among his heirs, uninfluenced by old loves and grudges. But forgive me, my child, I have been talking to myself instead of to you for the last ten minutes. It is a bad habit I have fallen into through living so much alone. Excuse me."

Emmie's face did not suggest the need of any apology, but Madame de Florimel was no longer looking at it, her eyes had for some time been fixed on a distant part of the garden, as if she had been calling up recollections of vanished figures to people it with.

"I live so much alone," she continued, "that when I am walking up and down here, I fall into a way of following out my own thoughts. It is among the old days that I live instead of in the present, fancying how this and that would have been, if one or the other person had acted differently, or if circumstances had occurred otherwise than they did. Ah, well; but now you see, my child, our argument is ended. I have told you a chapter out of my own history, all *à propos* of Madelon's prospects, to convince you that you had better leave her parents and myself to settle her marriage. If my friend, the Grasse *épiciier*, whom I have long known, and with whose affairs I am well acquainted, should approve himself to us elders, you young ones will do well to acquiesce in our decision. It is a tangled

web, my child, this life that we are all in, and it needs experienced hands to lay thread and thread together. Ah, here comes Madelon to tell us that the *charette* is waiting to take you back to the *maisonnette*. You have made this morning of waiting pass pleasantly, my child, and you must not forget to express my gratitude to your good aunt for sparing you to me. It is an amiable person, this Lady Rivers, though somehow or other I—but what am I about, maundering to myself again? I must have entered my dotage to day. Let us go and see if Madelon has remembered to put the flowers I gathered for your aunt under the *charette* seat.”

CHAPTER XIX.

RED ANEMONES.

THE bright sunshiny mornings did not always bring Emmie West such long leisure as she had enjoyed in the château garden when Madame de Florimel had confided to her a chapter of her early history. Even to the pretty *maisonnette* on the side of the hill, there would come every now and then dark days—and there was sure to be one hour in each day—when Emmie was tempted to wish herself back in dingy Saville Street, finding that uninterrupted sunshine out of doors did not quite make up for gloom inside the house. Entire days of discomfort occurred whenever a badly-cooked dinner, or a suspicion that Madame la Comtesse had singled out Emmie for attentions due to some one else, aggravated Lady Rivers into a state of temper that refused rest to herself or any one under her control. The hour of trial that came with each day was caused by Lady Rivers's impatience to get her letters, and was spent in weary watching for the approach of the *facteur* down the steep road that connected La Roquette with the little mountain town which was its nearest point of contact with a world concerning itself with letters.

The eagerness of the present inhabitants of the little château to have their share of news at a particular hour of the day, was an ever-recurring surprise and scandal to the cheery old *facteur*. He was accustomed to place the weekly newspaper, or the rare letter he brought to the scattered farmhouses he visited in his rounds, on the topmost doorstep, or on the wooden ledge where the marmites dried themselves under the kitchen window, and to leave them there to greet the eyes of their owners when they returned in the evening from their day's work among their olives

and vines. He did not know how to shrug his shoulders high enough in contempt of people who wasted good daylight in watching on their doorstep for his arrival, as Emmie West watched every day. Though he was too true a Frenchman not to have a smile and a polite word of excuse ready when the eyes that watched and reproached him for his delays were as pretty as Emmie's, he could not reconcile himself to having his right to take his *déjeuner* leisurely by the roadside so questioned.

To people who passed the entire day in doing nothing, what would it matter at what hour they had their letters? Madame la Comtesse was more reasonable, and far from requiring her budget at a particular time of the day, allowed him to spare himself the long descent into her valley, and to leave her letters at the *maisonnette* to be carried down the hill by one of the farm people at their leisure. Why should any one be more particular than madame, and, above all, what could one want with so many letters every day? Two, four, half a dozen.

The *facteur* could not restrain a glance of curiosity darting from his dark southern eyes, as he counted these numbers, day after day, into Emmie's hand. A little joke about a "*bien aimé*" hovered on his lips, which never, however, got itself said, for Emmie, though accessible enough at other times, always looked grave when she was taking in the letters.

Who could say what aggravations to temper for Aunt Rivers might not be folded up in one or another of them?

She generally remained for a moment on the steps outside, shading her eyes with her hand, and looking after the *facteur* till he had passed the hedge of roses, now full of pink blooms, at the bottom of the garden, just to refresh herself with as much sunshine as possible, before turning back to the house to confront Lady Rivers with a handful of fateful letters.

Madame's valley, with all its scattered dwellings, lies spread out like a panorama at her feet. The groups of houses she spies from her high station, here by a red roof in a bosquet of grey olives, there by a thin column of smoke rising through the thick, high canes that border the river, these all contain friends, and have associations for Emmie now. She knows who owns that group of fig-trees, whose branches hold up buds like delicate green cups, high in the air—whose is the orchard of quince and almond, at the opening of the valley—and to whom belongs the vineyard on the other side of the winding

road, where the dwarf vines have clothed themselves promisingly with downy leaves, and clusters with a good smell. Ah, the winter is over and done indeed, "the fig-tree puts forth her leaves, the vines have a good smell," and Emmie's heart, today, adds softly to the ancient spring-tide love-song — "and he has come."

Down there in the great white house all bathed in sunshine, he opened his eyes this morning on all this beauty, and perhaps to-day —

But what is Emmie doing, keeping Lady Rivers waiting so long for her six letters? The glow fades from her face as she turns to enter the hushed, shaded house where as much as possible of the freshness and brightness is shut out to suit the invalid's fancies; bent, Emmie sometimes thinks, on depriving herself of the advantages they have come so far to seek, and on bringing as much of the excitement of her London life about her as she can lay hold on under the circumstances. Emmie puts it down to the worry of expecting and reading these daily letters, that her aunt's cheek has not lost its hectic flush, and that her nightly sleeplessness and morning cough have scarcely at all abated. She even took it on herself to suggest to Alma that the letters from Eccleston Square had better for the future be written more carefully; but the caution did not avail. Lady Rivers fretted so much more at not receiving full descriptions of all the Kirkman parties, that the old practice of giving full details had to be resumed; and Emmie again spent the greater part of the fresh sunny mornings in reading aloud accounts of London gaieties which Alma dutifully despatched day by day for her mother's consolation during her exile from all such delights. These narrations to Emmie's ears sounded pleasant enough, and seemed to set forth a very prosperous state of things. She never got quite to understand what were the jarring notes, or why certain names and sentences should bring a quick gasp in her aunt's breathing, and that frightened, baffled look in her eyes, so painful to see.

"Laurence! Are you quite sure the name is Laurence? You read so carelessly, Emmie, my dear. It could not possibly be young Laurence with whom Constance went to the opera while Sir John was laid up with a sore throat. Look again. Ah, yes, as you say, Alma was there too, but then Alma must have given up her engagement for the Kirkmans' great dinner on Horace's birthday — given it up, too, at the last moment. How could

Constance be so wilful? What are they all thinking of? There would be two places vacant at the Kirkmans' dinner-table! Sir Francis would not dine there without Alma; he would not sacrifice himself so far as that. I know him. It's a selfish world, Emmie, my dear, and we poor mothers who are ready to do anything, *anything* for our children's good, must see the plans we have toiled ourselves to death to carry out defeated by other people's folly and selfishness. There, you had better go away and open your own letter. You have been peeping under the envelope all the time I have been talking. Nobody ever does seem to see my anxieties, or care for what I suffer." Then a great tear would gather in the faded, fevered eyes, and falling, blot out young Laurence's obnoxious name on Alma's sheet.

It certainly did appear hard to Lady Rivers to find that old enemy of hers, whom she believed she had so thoroughly routed and crushed long ago, starting up in her path again with power to put obstacles in the way of her present projects, even if still sorer heartburnings and terrors in the future need not be foreboded from his reappearance on the scene. More frequently, however, it was the omission of a name in Alma's letters that troubled her.

"Is that all, Emmie?" she would ask. "Are you sure? Let us look through the crossing again. Another long letter without a word of Horace Kirkman in it! Of course when a girl like Alma is engaged, one does not expect her to dwell much upon her feelings and — that sort of thing, but I should like to know at least how often he calls, she might tell me *so much*, I think, and whether she is pleased with the presents he brings her. Let me recollect — yes — it is a long time, more than a week since Alma mentioned Horace in her letter, and then she spoke almost, I thought, as if she had been annoyed with him for sending her such an expensive valentine. You would not think it a serious fault in a lover — the not knowing how to make you handsome enough presents, would you, Emmie? You would be grateful for such an elegant valentine as Alma found fault with, now would you not?"

"I don't know," answered Emmie, reluctant to contradict, yet unable to rest under the imputation of admiring Mr. Horace Kirkman's style of courtship. "If I liked a person *very* much, I suppose I should not mind his giving me useless things that cost a great deal of money, however silly I might think it."

"Ah, well," said Lady Rivers coldly, "you are not likely to be tried in that way, my dear. Your lover, if ever you have one, will probably not have money to spend on useless presents, so it is quite as well that you should not acquire a taste for them. You may read me any part of your mother's letter that is interesting enough to take my thoughts from my own troubles. I know she is grateful to me for all my goodness to you and to Aubrey, and it soothes me to hear what she says about how badly you would both have been situated but for me."

Then Emmie glanced breathlessly down the pages of her letter for one of those meek sentences about "my obligations to dear Aunt Rivers for giving you such a happy winter," with which Mrs. West did not fail to sprinkle her epistles, or for some harmless home incident that could be read out without revealing the family straits too plainly. For Emmie was inconsistent enough to resent that little taunt about the probable poverty of her future lover, and even to feel it keenly, though she did hate the Kirkmans so much, and though her dear countess had imbued her with a greater contempt than ever for vulgar wealth. She was seldom, however, allowed to read far without interruption.

"Dr. Urquhart has given Mildie tickets for some lectures on physics, and Mrs. Urquhart has promised to take her to the first lecture in the doctor's brougham," she began.

"Physic! what a disagreeable subject for a lecture," Lady Rivers struck in. "If Mildie had to take as much as I, she would not care to hear it lectured about. However, I am glad the Urquharts pay so much attention to Mildie, it looks well," and Emmie, finding that her cheeks were tingling under her aunt's meaning smile, dashed headlong into another subject.

"Mamma took her watch the other day to — to — Oh, that is not interesting."

"Go on, my dear, it interests me. Your mother wears the old watch still that she had when she married; mine was worn out ages ago, but I observe I never get such good things as other people. Your mother's watch wanted mending then, at last?"

"It was not that, exactly," hesitated Emmie. "She took her watch to an old watchmaker, a friend of the Moores, and she says he was very kind and liberal to her about it, — but here is something much better worth reading down here about the Moores. Christabel is not going to Zurich at Easter after all — Katharine finds she cannot get lodgings, so Christa-

bel is to remain in Saville Street all the summer. Mamma is very glad, and so is Mildie, though they don't appear to see much of Christabel now. She is out a great deal, and has made many new friends. Old David Macvie, the watchmaker, complained of this to mamma, and was quite in low spirits because she so seldom has time to visit him."

"An old watchmaker! Why should any one visit him? I don't think I care to hear any more, my dear. You may open a crack of the jealousies now. I think I could bear a little more light, and that I might look at the illustrated paper dear Mrs. Kirkman has sent me again this week without hurting my head. Perhaps I shall find an account of their dinner-party on Horace's birthday. It will amuse me very well to look at that, and you may send Ward with my afternoon tea and go out for a little while, if you like."

The permission was always joyfully received, but never, perhaps, quite so eagerly as on the afternoon of the last recorded conversation, just two days after Emmie's visit to the château garden. She lingered after her dismissal only long enough to summon Ward to her duties, and snatch her own shady hat from its peg in the hall. Then she ran down the steep steps into the flower-garden, and drew a deep breath to blow away any lingering flavor of Kirkman entertainments or depressing views of human nature that might hang about her, contradicting the sunny beauty of the outside world into which she had emerged, and the joyous hope in her heart that responded to it.

Hush, hush! She paused in tying her hat-strings, and ran swiftly down the steep garden path between rows of sweetly-smelling beans, till she reached the point where the hill dipped steeply towards the ravine, and then stood still to listen again. The cicadas and the green frogs were making a little less noise than usual. Above their harsh voices, and above the tinkle of the distant rivulet, Emmie distinguished three clear liquid notes coming from an almond-tree half way down the near side of the hill. Ah, and now three other notes, liquid and sweet, answer from beyond the river. Again the call, and the loving, sweet reply.

Emmie had never heard a nightingale's voice in her life, and had hitherto looked on nightingales as a half-mythical kind of bird known chiefly to poets, but she does not doubt their identity to-day, for Madelon had told her that nightingales would sing all day and all night in the valley when

spring had really come, and had not spring come completely since yesterday? She smiled to think how many quotations would have risen to Mildie's lips on such an occasion, while she herself could not recall one good enough. "Most musical, most melancholy." Oh no, no, not melancholy at all. English nightingales might be melancholy singing at night in solemn cathedral closes, but that one in the almond-tree on the hill, singing in the hot, hot sunshine, with a cloudless sky overhead and countless flowers below, was so happy, and had so much to say to his love in the orange-grove on the opposite slope, that he did not know how to hurry out his notes fast enough. Emmie would not disturb the sweet talk by walking through the coppice, so she turned up the hill and determined to take another and longer route to the orange-tree house where she had promised Madelon to call that afternoon.

The open road winding on the ridge of the hill has advantages which Emmie has learned to appreciate by this time. As she climbs, she stops to rest every now and then, and looking backward sees a wide view spread out at her feet, so that no doings in the distant village could escape her. If Joseph Marie, for example, had brought the *charette* round to the principal door of the château, Emmie would have seen it dwarfed to the size of a toy chariot, with mice for horses, and Joseph Marie no bigger than a frog for charioteer. But no, there is nothing unusual going on at the château. The diminished courtyard and gardens lie open in their usual sleepy afternoon stillness to the glaring sunshine, not a figure stirring, the jalousies all closed, and the straight avenues between the orange-trees and the magnolias quite empty. There is nothing to be seen in the village street either, but a few women with their water-jugs or their linen-baskets on their heads; but farther away Emmie descries a strange vehicle emerging from the lower entrance to Madelon's valley. Yes, a strange vehicle — not madame's *charette*, or any *charette* belonging to the village. Can it be that the threatened grocer from Grasse has already been paying a visit to the orange-tree house in this formal style?

Emmie's curiosity was sufficiently aroused to induce her to quicken her pace. By the time she reached the path leading down into Madelon's valley, she had lost sight of the village and gained a yet wider horizon. More and more valleys, more and more olive-crowned hills, further and further away patches of parti-colored fields,

showing like fairy gardens in the golden afternoon light, and furthest of all, between the opening heights on the far horizon another blue, deeper, more dazzling than the blue overhead, a moving, living radiance, the blue of the Mediterranean melting and losing itself in the trembling sky-line.

It was almost a rest to turn into the green darkness of the pine-wood after looking at so much light, and Emmie made her way quickly to the head of the valley where a tiny mountain rivulet burst from the rocky hillside and began its course through the ravine. A flock of sheep and goats, conducted by a young shepherdess, followed her down the steep, and for years afterwards, whenever Emmie thought of La Roquette, it was that particular scene and its accompanying sounds and sensations that came vividly back to her. The tinkling of the sheep-bells; the gurgle of the rivulet through ferns and mosses that choked its shallow bed; the little shepherdess's shrill voice calling her dog; deep evening stillness but for these sounds, and a sense of solitude greater even than had been felt on the lonely road with its wide views. Here there was only the dark vista of the pine-wood she had passed through, the sheltering hillsides all around her, the depths of shadowy verdure at her feet, and, above all, a glowing line of crimson light where the height from whence she had descended caught the rays of the setting sun.

Her heart echoed back the peace, the joyful calm with which the little valley, from its crowning crimson height to its cool emerald depths, overflowed. All within her was in harmony with the outside serenity then. Then, but never so complete again in all her future life, for, in looking back, she counted that evening as the last of her unconscious girlish days, the point after which she began to have a stake of her own; a private life or death stake in existence. "When I was a girl," always afterwards meant for Emmie West the years lying behind that evening's walk through the valley. She was, however, quite innocent of any grave reflections at the time, and had not the least idea when she turned her back on the pine-wood and took the narrow footpath by the river, that she was walking into her womanhood, and leaving something behind her there to which she would look back regretfully as long as she lived.

She was thinking of Madelon as she hastened on, wondering what o'clock it was, and whether she should be so fortunate as

to meet her at her washing-shed, and be spared the long delays which a formal call at the orange-tree house always involved.

The washing-shed consisted of a few stakes driven into the river-bank, and overlaid with trailing vines and gourds which some one (Madelon never particularized further) had put up and adorned for her special accommodation last summer. It had looked like a mere heap of stakes in the early spring, but now a few downy vine-leaves and gourd-shoots were opening themselves out to show the kind of trellis-work that would roof it by-and-by, and in this recess, according to her wishes, Emmie came upon Madelon.

For once in her life she was not at work, but standing with her hands in her apron, looking up at the budding branches over her head. Emmie called her, and her face relaxed into smiles and dimples, when she saw who was near.

"Ah, Mademoiselle Emmé, how I have wanted you!" and then came greeting kisses on each cheek, and an eager acceptance on Madelon's part of Emmie's proposal that they should finish the walk to the little château through the coppice together.

"I have so wished to see mademoiselle," Madelon repeated several times, glancing with quite unwonted shyness into Emmie's face as they walked along the river path together.

"But you saw me the day before yesterday, Madelon?"

"Ah, yes, mademoiselle, but it already seems long ago; things happen of which, perhaps, I ought not to speak; but mademoiselle is so kind, and she has besides a look in her eyes, that will draw the words from my lips I know, before we have been long together."

"Then you may as well begin to tell me at once, Madelon."

Instead of beginning, Madelon looked cautiously round; they were surely quite alone and safe from listeners in this secluded part of the valley, Emmie urged. No, not so utterly alone, it seemed; sounds of some one at work high up among the olives on the opposite slope of the hill might be heard if one listened, as Madelon had evidently been listening a minute or two ago. The ring of an axe, and a strong man's voice singing at intervals.

"It is Antoine," said Madelon, "at work always, late as it is, mademoiselle sees. There is no young man in the neighborhood who has more courage for work, or is a better son; but what avails it all, if people quarrel and misunderstand each

other? — Ah, mademoiselle, I speak because my heart is full. Let us climb by this path towards the little château, and when we are in the bosquet, I shall be able to tell mademoiselle a little of what I am feeling."

"Yes," Madelon began, when the shelter of the wood was gained and there was no voice any longer to be heard but the nightingale's singing very loud and clear from a fig-tree — "Yes, I am very unhappy to-day. Madame la Comtesse is so kind to me, you see, so kind! even concerning herself like a mother to plan a future for me, and yet, alas! I cannot be as grateful to her as I ought."

And then, as they slowly threaded the tangled path in the ever-deepening gloom, Emmie found herself listening to the first love-story at first hand, that had ever been told her.

The great stress of the trouble, so far as Madelon's words showed it at first, lay in the fact that madame's kindness should be in the way of being so unworthily appreciated by one who owed her so much gratitude; but Emmie, who could not feel greatly moved on this account, began to see something else behind all these words as the talk went on, and Madelon, twisting her apron-strings round and round her fingers as shyly as an English girl, fell into digressions and reminiscences that had less and less to do with madame's share of the grievance. That story of the fierce dog that used to guard the oil-mill on the way to the schoolhouse, which Madelon had never dared to pass all through her school-days without Antoine's holding her hand; the fête-day when they had walked in procession together; incidents of other memorable fête-days — down to that late one, when, under the chestnut-trees, in the village *place*, Antoine had even spoken of speaking soon to his father and mother, urging that though they were both so young, something should be settled, lest other plans should be thought of by the elders for either of them.

"And now," Madelon concluded, "to think that the danger which seemed distant then should have arrived, and that madame herself should have brought it about. Madame, whose preference has been my pride and Antoine's boast all our lives — ah," Madelon choked herself with a great sob as she tried to draw back into her first entrenchments — "ah, it is terrible to feel so little gratitude towards madame, when she has, as my mother points out, given me a crowning proof of her good opinion: going so far as even to choose a

husband for me. It is my inability to feel rightly towards madame that weighs upon my conscience, — it is that truly.”

“But does not your mother know about Antoine?” asked Emmie. “Cannot she help you?”

“Three months ago,” answered Madelon sorrowfully, “my mother was favorable, and also his mother, or you will easily believe, mademoiselle, that those little words under the chestnut-trees would not have been spoken; but there has since been that *maudite* quarrel between our fathers all about nothing, and my mother resents the hard words that have been spoken. She has her pride, and why should she not? She does not choose that our family should be treated with disrespect by neighbors a little while ago no richer or more thought of than ourselves, and — at such a moment — ah, mademoiselle, to think of M. Bouchillon coming to ask me of my parents in a *charette* handsomer even than the one in which madame drives to the English church, and also that he has brought a present of a Paris clock to my mother; and it was only last Sunday afternoon after vespers that he made my acquaintance. My poor Antoine! What chance is there for him against a man of such solid pretensions as that? He does not know what has happened yet, or he would not have been singing over his work on the hill as mademoiselle heard just now. But what can he think, what can he hope, when he hears?”

“He will be very unhappy?”

“*Il m'aime*,” said Madelon simply.

“And you, Madelon?” asked Emmie. She knew well enough already, but some demon of sympathetic curiosity impelled her to try to get a nearer view of this half unknown, half strangely familiar thing of which they were talking.

Madelon put her much tortured apron up to her eyes.

“Mademoiselle must pray for me,” she faltered, “that my heart may be brought to respond with suitable gratitude to the wishes of madame and of my parents.”

“But for yourself, Madelon; have you no doubts about your own wishes? M. Bouchillon and his solid pretensions don't tempt you at all?”

“But no, mademoiselle — when one loves, when one has loved from one's childhood — you understand, mademoiselle.”

“Yes,” said Emmie softly. “It is beautiful, I think, to love so. I will pray for you, Madelon, but I shall pray that your parents, and madame too, may come to

think as you do about this, and that you may be happy with the one who has loved you all your life. I would not give him up, I think, if I were you — no, I am sure I would not.”

“Ah, mademoiselle is English,” said Madelon, shaking her head — but her hand stole out from under her apron, and clasped Emmie's, and the two girls walked on together to the end of the wood, holding hands in a silent sympathy which each felt could not be made more perfect by further explanations, though before many minutes were over their thoughts had sundered, and each was following out her own dream in a very different track.

“If Alma had been true-hearted like this French girl,” Emmie was thinking, “how happy her life might have been! What a beautiful love she would have had!”

The gate at the end of the wood opened close to the brow of the hill, and as they approached, it looked like a gate of ebony standing out against the sky where the after-glow was burning still. For a moment Emmie's eyes were dazzled. The change from the wood to the open hill-top was like a coming out from night into daylight again, but as soon as she recovered her sight she perceived a figure, leaning over the garden railings among the rose-trees, and her heart gave a great foolish bound, just as if she had not been thinking of *that person* all the time she had been in the wood, and had not hoped through every minute of her long walk that *he* would be there when she came back. The perverse, self-teasing spirit that had sent her so far away on that particular afternoon had been exorcised by Madelon's talk — and she knew and now confessed to herself what a bitter, bitter disappointment it would have been if he had not waited till she came back.

Wynyard caught sight of her just as she reached the gate, and, leaping the rose hedge, met her as she came through. His face looked quite radiant with the glow of the sunset, and the pleasant consciousness that he was the bearer of welcome news, and half unconsciously he held out both hands and took Emmie's hands, flowers and all, into their grasp.

“Did I not tell you,” he cried, “that we should meet on a hillside when you would be more at home here than I? But how is it that you did not expect me? Had you forgotten that I was to come to-day with my pockets full of letters and parcels from Saville Street, or have you become indifferent to letters like the rest of the people here? But for these red anemones in

your hands, which betray your English love of gathering, I should say you looked naturalized already — as if you were a part of a place.”

If he meant to say, part of the glowing sunset, part of the rich, sweet beauty of the hilltop and of the golden evening, Emmie's looks would not have contradicted his thought; and though the enigmatical words conveyed nothing to her ear, she could not miss the look of half-surprised playful admiration that went with them. He had always hitherto seen her grave or embarrassed, a little ashamed of her dress, a little puzzled or troubled about one thing or another. This ardent, blushing, happy face, lifted up towards him, radiant with health and welcome, and reflecting harmonious surroundings only, was quite a new revelation.

“I hoped you would come. I knew you would have a great deal to tell me about Saville Street,” Emmie said. “And of course I want to hear.”

He turned with her, and they had reached the rose fence before Emmie recollected that she had not said good-bye to Madelon; that they had not spoken since those bold words of encouragement to constancy had passed between them in the wood, and she did not like to part without a farewell. Madelon would think it cold-hearted.

“One minute,” she said to Wynyard, “wait one minute, I will be back before you have time to unfasten that little gate among the beans through which we must go back into the garden, for I have too much respect for madame's roses to jump over them as you did just now.”

Madelon was still standing at the entrance of the wood, and there was a very meaning look on her face when she raised it for Emmie's good-night salutation.

“Ah, but mademoiselle is very happy,” she whispered a little grudgingly. “Everything settles itself so well for *her* future, as one can see. The relation of madame, who comes to her with a message from her mother, and one so handsome, so noble-looking — ah, mademoiselle, why did you not then tell me a little?”

“No, no, Madelon, you are mistaken — you must not think *that* indeed.”

“But, yes, mademoiselle, when a young man like that comes to one from one's mother, there cannot be a mistake; there is only one thing to think. But I will be silent till mademoiselle gives me permission to speak. I will merely comfort myself now and then by thinking of the happiness that is coming to madame, and to

the whole village, when we are allowed to share her satisfaction in such a beautiful arrangement.”

There was no use in arguing the point with Madelon, even if Emmie had had breath to argue such a matter. She turned away and walked to the little gate among the beans very slowly, though Wynyard was waiting for her there. She wanted to still the pulses that throbbed in her ears above the nightingale's song, and to bring her trembling lips into order before she asked for those Saville Street letters; but she did not say to herself that it was longing for news of home that agitated her. She had believed such excuses hitherto, but she knew now that she should never be able to delude herself again with her old devices. Something in Madelon's talk, or in her own thoughts since — or was it the nightingale's songs or the breath of the sweet evening? — had brought strange revelations and stirrings of heart. Something at all events had torn the veil away that had hidden the secret so long. She might have to hide it from every one's knowledge down in the darkest corner of her heart for all her life long. She determined so to hide it carefully, but the knowledge would always be there. She would never be able to deny again the understanding of her own feelings that had come to her at the entrance of the pine-wood that evening.

From The Fortnightly Review.
GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

ON Wednesday the 4th of December a few loving friends stood over the grave in the Highgate Cemetery which received the body of George Henry Lewes, who was the first editor of this review. The papers of the day generously and for the most part correctly recorded the leading incidents of his peculiarly valuable literary life. But as he was our editor when we first established this periodical, having undertaken the duty in compliance with my urgency, and as he was to me personally a most dear friend and a cherished companion, I purpose to say a few words in these pages as to his life and work.

He was born in April, 1817, in London, and was the grandson of Charles Lee Lewes, the well-known comedian. His father, I think, left no special mark in the world. His education was desultory, but wonderfully efficacious for the purposes of his life. Among many schools he was

longer at Dr. Burney's at Greenwich than at any other. A part of his early years he spent at the Channel Islands, having been at school at Jersey, and a part in Brittany. To the latter was probably due his idiomatic knowledge of French. On leaving school he made various essays in life, going first into a notary's office and then as a clerk into a Russian merchant's house; but with no serious intent on his own part to adhere to the work to which he was there expected to apply himself. From the nature of the books which he then bought when he could buy a book, and of the studies to which he really gave himself, it is manifest that philosophical research had fixed itself in his mind as the pursuit which would be dear to him. But philosophical research does not promise as a profession an early income, and George Lewes took to walking the hospitals with the purpose of joining the studies which he loved with the necessary work of earning his living. But here he was met by a physical weakness which he was unable to overcome. The horrors of the operating-room were too powerful for him, and he found himself able to study anatomy and physiology only as a part of his general education. In 1838 he went to Germany, still teaching himself, still apparently unfixed as to his future career, but with a vague conviction on his mind that if he would give himself to mental work, mental work would make to him some great return. He was one of those who have been gradually carried up into a career of literature by the tide of their own fitness. The progress of the tide has been certain; but there have been the painfully receding waves which have seemed at the time to deny rather than to promise advance. Nevertheless the water has run up and has filled its allotted space up to the brim.

As far as I can learn, his earliest work, — earliest written though by no means the first published, — was the tragedy in three acts called "The Noble Heart." This was written as early as 1841, when he was twenty-four years old, and was published in 1850 with a dedication to his friend Mr. Helps. The dedication is remarkable for its indignant protest against those pruderies in literature, which through his whole life were odious to his taste. It was not, however, acted till 1849, when the author himself took the part of Don Gomez in the theatres at Manchester and Liverpool. I do not know enough of theatrical matters to be aware whether the piece is now held to be useful for stage purposes;

but I am sure that it contains much fine poetry; as for instance, —

Gomez. Oh! ye great glories of our race look down
And bid me not forget from whence I sprang!
Ye, who have lived and loved as princes should,
Who never let your passions weaken pride,
But kept, unswerving, on your noble course;
Eagles who never mated but with those
Who could confront the sun!

From this it will be seen that Lewes played on the public stage; but I believe I am right in saying that he never did so except in his own play, and then not for a salary. He played afterwards in Charles Dickens's private troupe, and throughout life was devoted to the stage as a poet and a critic.

Previous to the publication of "The Noble Heart," but after the writing of it, he published a volume on the Spanish drama in 1846, and two novels, — "Ranthorpe" in 1847, and "Rose, Blanche, and Violet," in 1848. In 1848 he also published a "Life of Robespierre." In the short space of these few pages it is impossible to offer anything of criticism on all these various works. Within the last day or two I have re-read "Ranthorpe," and find it to be a tale, crude indeed with the hitherto unsatisfied ambition of a literary aspirant, but full of strong character. I have heard it spoken of as a failure, — one of the lost labors of the day. It was translated into German, and republished by Tauchnitz; two facts which prove that it was not regarded as a failure by judges at the time who may be supposed to have known their business.

It might be presumed from these earlier published volumes that Lewes began his literary career with an intention of devoting himself to light literature. Some too may have been led to think so from remembering the success of his comedy, "The Game of Speculation," which, though published under the name of "Slingsby Lawrence," was well known to have been written by him. It is probable that many English ladies and gentlemen were intimately acquainted with "The Game of Speculation," which first came out in 1851, and were conversant with the author's true name, who had never heard of the "Biographical History of Philosophy." It would be natural to suppose that the young poet, the young novelist, the young dram-

artist was following his chosen avocation. But it was not so. From a period previous to the dates above given he had devoted himself to those philosophical researches on the foundation of which his honor and renown will stand. There was present to him always that necessity of working hard; and beyond that, more powerful even than that, there was a vivacity in the man, an irrepressible ebullition of sarcasm mixed with drollery, of comic earnestness and purpose-laden fun, which we who knew him never missed in his conversation even when his health was at the lowest and his physical sufferings were almost unbearable. These together,—the early want of an income and his own love of tragedy, satire, and comedy,—induced those who saw only the palpably visible outside of the man to think that the philosophy of which they heard was, or at any rate in early years had been, only a second part with him. On this point I will quote here a passage from a short notice which appeared in the *Academy*, immediately after Lewes's death, written by Frederic Harrison:—

If, as some writers have reminded us, Mr. Lewes began life as a journalist, a critic, a novelist, a dramatist, a biographer, and an essayist, it is as well to remember that he closed his life as a mathematician, a physicist, a chemist, a biologist, a psychologist, and the author of a system of abstract general philosophy.

To speak the whole truth, however, of our friend, it has to be added to this that while he was working as journalist, critic, and novelist, he was becoming the mathematician, the physicist, and the chemist whom the world has since recognized.

From the year 1841, down even to 1878, he supplied matter on various topics of general interest, literary, philosophical, historical, and scientific, to a world of magazines and reviews. The *Edinburgh* knew him, the *Foreign Quarterly*, the *British Quarterly*, the *Westminster*, Knight's *Cyclopædia*, *Fraser*, *Blackwood*, the *Cornhill*, the *Pall Mall*, the *Saturday*, and our own *Fortnightly*. From the old-established *Buff and Blue* coming out at three months' serious interval, down to the light evening sheet, there was no form of literary expression in which he did not delight and instruct. How little do they know, who talk of the padding of our periodicals, how much of the best thought which the nation produces is given to make up the cheap morsel of ephemeral literature which the recurring day puts into their hands with undeviating regularity!

From 1851 to 1854 Lewes was editor of the *Leader*, and devoted himself very thoroughly, though not exclusively, to a paper which was thoroughly honest in its intention and deserved a better fate than was accorded to it. It was thus that he was earning his bread while he was doing his great work.

In 1845 and 1846 appeared in its first form—in Knight's *Cyclopædia*—the "Biographical History of Philosophy." In 1857, in 1867, and again in 1871, this now appreciated work was again brought out, and at each time with elaborate revision. I annex here, also from the pen of Frederic Harrison, a statement of the effect produced by this great book. Our readers will agree that I could have applied to no fitter writer to speak on a subject which I am not able to treat worthily myself.

Mr. Lewes opened his career in speculative thought by the four small volumes originally published by Knight, the "Biographical History of Philosophy." This astonishing little work was designed to be popular, to be readable, to be intelligible. It was all of these in a singular degree. It has proved to be the most popular account of philosophy of our time; it has been republished, enlarged, and almost rewritten, and each re-issue has found new readers. It did what hardly any previous book on philosophy ever did—it made philosophy readable, reasonable, lively, almost as exciting as a good novel. Learners who had been tortured over dismal homilies on the pantheism of Spinoza, and yet more dismal expositions of the pan-nihilism of Hegel, seized with eagerness upon a little book which gave an intense reality to Spinoza and his thoughts, which threw Hegel's contradictories into epigrams, and made the course of philosophic thought unfold itself naturally with all the life and coherence of a well-considered plot. It was designed, we have said, to make philosophy intelligible, and this it undoubtedly accomplished. Tiros, learners, the long-suffering "general reader," even students, began to see that these strange peripeties of human thought—the fantastic, as it seemed, and perverse "systems" of so many acute minds "from Thales to Comte"—all meant something, could be explained as most ingenious attempts to answer very formidable problems: nay, that these systems, however antagonistic, and, it appeared, however disparate, grew out of one another in a reasonable sequence of human thought. It began to be clear what Pyrrho meant, when he said that we can know nothing but appearance, and even how Berkeley came to deny that we have any knowledge of matter. These whims, as it used to be thought, of great minds, all came to have a certain truth in them: and, what was more, they all had a very close relation to each other, a relation in part of cause and effect.

There can be no possible doubt as to the success of this method. Men to whom philosophy had been a wearisome swaying backwards and forwards of meaningless phrases, found something which they could remember and understand. Professors and professed students, of whatever special school, frowned, shook their heads, and were inclined to think that their mysteries were being trifled with, and their trade undermined. But, in spite of official discouragement and learned doubts, the new book triumphed. Students who forbore to quote it got their real information from it; professors and examiners looked askance, but they found their subject invested with a new interest, and they found in their pupils a new understanding of the matter. For a generation this little, unrecognized, "entirely popular" book, saturated the minds of the younger readers. It has done as much as any book, perhaps more than any, to give the key to the prevalent thought of our time about the metaphysical problems. We have it on the authority of the *Times*, an authority not given to defy the dominant opinion of the day, that what cultivated Englishmen know of philosophy and of science is in great part due to the popular treatises of Mr. Lewes.

The question arises — Was he right? Was his method sound? Was his brilliant explanation of systems in accordance with sober judgment and ripe knowledge? As to this, of course, opinions must differ; and it cannot be denied that many stout and learned philosophers indignantly answer, No. It is the settled conviction of the present writer, who has studied these books again and again, now for thirty years, that, in the true sense of the term, the right answer is, Yes. If he did not know his books, ancient and modern, if he were merely making a light magazine paper of his philosophers, if his amusing tragi-comedy of the metaphysical imbroglio were a *jeu d'esprit*, or a clever paradox — then, undoubtedly, the book of Mr. Lewes was worthless, and worse than worthless. But it was not so. It has stood the test of time. Public opinion has accepted the substance of these brilliant analyses. They were based on real, though, of course, not specialist knowledge. The method of concatenation was sound. It was the invincible method of the positive philosophy. The book may have been an *aperçu*, and, perhaps, often *too* lively, *too* obvious: but it was the *aperçu* of a man of real genius, thoroughly master of a true method.

That such a book should have had such a triumph was a singular literary fact. The opinions frankly expressed as to theology, metaphysics, and many established orthodoxies; its conclusion, glowing in every page, that Metaphysic, as Danton said of the Revolution, was devouring its own children, and led to self-annihilation; its proclamation of Comte as the legitimate issue of all previous philosophy, and positive philosophy as its ultimate *irenicon* — all this, one might think, would

have condemned such a book from its birth. The orthodoxies frowned; the professors sneered; the owls of metaphysic hooted from the gloom of their various jungles; but the public read, the younger students adopted it, the world learned from it the positive method; it held its ground because it made clear what no one else had made clear — what philosophy meant, and why philosophers differed so violently. Profound specialism continued its mission of making chaos more void and dark than it was from eternity. But the little half-crown book had simply killed metaphysic. Its burial is a long and wearisome ceremony.

The popular treatises on science did something of the same kind for science that the "Biographical History" had done for philosophy. But there was not a tenth part of the same work to do. And Mr. Lewes was far more eminent in philosophy than in science. But there too his work will be memorable, in breaking up superstitions, in co-ordinating ideas, in suggesting new paths. Of his latest and mature work on philosophy we do not now propose to speak. It has been in part examined at length in this review, and we hope to continue the examination in detail. It was, in short, the special and mature exposition of the principles of which the "History of Philosophy" had shown the building up in the entire course of human thought. We cannot forget that the work is yet incomplete, nor can we forget that we hope to read it completed, when animated and re-arranged by one to whom he intrusted at his death the great work of his life.

In 1853 Lewes published Comte's "Philosophy of the Sciences," and in 1855 the first edition of his "Life of Goethe." It is by this biography, perhaps, that he is best known to general readers. As a critical biography of one of the great heroes of literature it is almost perfect. It is short, easily understood by common readers, singularly graphic, exhaustive, and altogether devoted to the subject. It is one of those books of which one is tempted to say that he who has it before him to read, is to be envied. In 1858 followed the "Seaside Studies;" in 1859 and 1860, the "Physiology of Common Life," and in 1862 the "Studies in Animal Life." These last appeared first in the *Cornhill Magazine*, — in 1860, — running through the six first numbers of that periodical, and they mark the period when I first knew the friend whom I have lost. They were not republished till a year had elapsed. In 1864 he brought out his "Aristotle," a chapter from the "History of Science." He says in his preface, "I have for many years prepared myself to attempt a sketch of the embryology of science, so to speak," — did ever a man lay out for him-

self a more aspiring or a more difficult task? — “an exposition of the great *momenta* on scientific development, and the present volume is the first portion of such an exposition, which I publish separately, because in itself it forms a monograph, and because I may never live to complete the larger scheme.” That larger scheme was afterwards made to give way to the more constructive work to which the latter years of his life were devoted, and which has been published, as yet only partially, under the name of “Problems of Life and Mind.”

In 1874 came out the first volume, or rather the first series, of the “Problems of Life and Mind,” — “The Foundations of a Creed” — as the author entitles it. A review of this first volume will be found in our periodical, July, 1874, by Frederic Harrison. The second and third volumes appeared in 1875 and 1877, and the author was engaged on the fourth when he died. He has left it unfinished, but he had long been laboring on it, and it is trusted that it is in a state so far advanced, that far the larger portion may be presented to the public in a form closely accordant with his intentions. For the nature and position of a work of such wonderful scope in philosophical research I must refer our readers to that review in our own pages to which I have alluded.

In 1875 also there was published a volume entitled, “Actors and Acting,” which was a reprint of articles written in previous years.

I will now come to the connection which George Lewes had with this review and the work he did for it. Early in the year 1865 a few men, better perhaps acquainted with literature than trade, conceived the idea — an idea by no means new — of initiating a literary “organ” which should not only be good in its literature, but strictly impartial and absolutely honest. This is not the place to point out what are perhaps sometimes imagined to be defects in other periodical reviews and magazines; but we were determined to avoid all such defects if such defects existed. We would get the best literature we could, and pay well for what we got, whether good or bad. We would be thoroughly eclectic, opening our columns to all opinions. We would in all cases require the signature of the author for open publication, and we would think more of reputation than of profit. The enterprise was to belong to a company, “limited,” which was duly formed, and was to be published by a publisher whose property in it was to be confined to the share

which he might hold. That upon the whole the enterprise succeeded is proved by the existence, position, and character of the review at the present moment. Financially, as a company, we failed altogether. We spent the few thousands we had collected among us, and then made over the then almost valueless copyright of the review to the firm of publishers which now owns it. Such failure might have been predicted of our money venture without much sagacity from the first. But yet much was done. While our funds were gradually disappearing, the periodical was obtaining acknowledgment and character. That dream of eclecticism had to pass away. No review can stand long which shall be colorless. It must be either with, or must be against some recognized set of opinions, either as to religion, politics, philosophy, or other subject of commanding interest. It must be admitted of the review as it now works, that it is very much with, and also very much against certain views on matters of commanding interest. Our present editor is a man of opinions too far settled to admit of eclectic principles in literature. But the determination to produce good steady work, of whatever color, has I think been recognized, and I think it may be granted that the review has done very much towards introducing the French system of adding the signature of the authors to magazine writing.

Our first difficulty when we began our work in 1865 was to find an editor fit for the task which was to be confided to him. Mr. Lewes's name was soon adopted by us, but there was much to be done in inducing him to undertake the work. To the proposal he lent all his heart, but he doubted his power to give us sufficient of his strength. To me it has often been a marvel that he should have lived and worked, and thoroughly enjoyed his life, — as he did with a relish beyond that of most healthy men, — when I have observed the frailness of his physical nature. It was for me to persuade him to undertake the office, if it might be so, and, anxious as I was, I could not but shrink from pressing him when he told me that he doubted his health. But at last, having taken a few days for final thought, he yielded, and on 15th of May, 1865, he brought out the first number of the review. As long as he remained with us, he was indefatigable, enthusiastic, and thoroughly successful as to the matter which he produced for the public. He remained our editor till the end of 1866, when he was forced to resign, wisely feeling that on

behalf of philosophy he was bound to husband what strength remained to him for higher work than that even of editing the *Fortnightly*. The review then went into the hands of the present editor — of whose merits it is not becoming that I should speak in his own paper.

But Lewes's connection with the review was not then brought to an end, — has been brought to an end indeed only by the hand of death, — as may be seen by a paper from him on the "Dread and Dislike of Science," which was published in the June number of 1878. Were I to speak of the lucidity of expression shown in the few pages which it fills, I should seem to imply some diminution in his capacity for lucid work as he drew near his end. Nothing could be more untrue of him. For ten days he was ill, painfully, dangerously ill; but up to that time he was free for his work with no slightest lessening of his brain power.

I have extracted a list of all that he wrote for the *Fortnightly*; but I do not know that a mere catalogue would serve our readers. There is a series of articles on "The Principles of Success in Literature" which I hope may be republished as a whole. There is criticism descending from Mr. Grote's Plato to the last new novel. There is biography, free inquiry into philosophical truths and untruths, and there is that pleasant chit-chat with which most editors love occasionally to indulge themselves and their readers.

I will allude specially to a criticism on the works of Charles Dickens which appeared in the July number of 1872, because I think there is to be found in it the best analysis we have yet had of the genius of that wonderful man, and it displays at its best not only the critical acumen of the writer, but that special lucidity of expression from the want of which critical acumen so often becomes comparatively valueless. It may be remembered by those who have read Forster's "Life of Dickens," — and who has not! — how angry that staunchest of biographers and most loving of friends was made, because the critic pointed out how Dickens by the strength of his imagination so subordinated his readers that they do not perceive, or at any rate do not suffer from, that want of reality which pervades his characters. With Lewes at the time I discussed very fully the passage in Forster's biography. He was greatly hurt by the charge made against him, because it seemed to indicate unfairness towards a fellow author who was dead. John Forster is dead also.

They were two loving, honest, friendly men, both of them peculiarly devoted to genius wherever they could find it. On behalf of Lewes I find myself bound to say that his was the simple expression of his critical intellect dealing with the work of a man he loved and admired, — work which he thought worthy of the thoughtful analysis which he applied to it.

Such is a short record of the work of him whom we have lost, and I think it will be admitted that we have to deplore the end of a career which has been most valuable to the world at large. I am sure that those who knew him personally as I did, will feel that a large portion of their life's pleasure has been taken away from them. To me personally Lewes was a great philosopher only because I was told so. When he would acquaint me with some newly-found physical phenomenon, as that a frog could act just as well without his brains as with them, — I would take it all as gospel, though a gospel in which I had no part myself. When he would dilate on the perspicuity or the inaccuracy of this or the other philosopher, — in my presence, though probably for the advantage and delight of some worthier listener, — I would be careless as to his subject, though I loved his zeal. But though the philosopher was lost upon me, the humorist was to me a joy forever. Sure no one man told a story as he did. To see him gradually rise from his chair and take his place standing between two or three of us! He must have known, though he never looked as though he knew it, that he was going to act a great part in mixed comedy and satire. Then by degrees he would pile up little incident on incident, the motion of his fingers assisting the peculiar fire of his eye, till in two minutes the point would have been made and the story told with all the finish of a jeweller's finest work. His personal appearance was admirably fitted for such scenes. His velvet coat and his neat slippers and the rest of his outward garniture looked — as a man's clothes always should look — as though they were there by chance, there of necessity but not much to be thought of; but they helped to make him a man peculiarly pleasant to the eye in conversation. No one could say that he was handsome. The long bushy hair, and the thin cheeks, and the heavy moustache, joined as they were, alas! almost always to a look of sickness, were not attributes of beauty. But there was a brilliance in his eye, which was not to be tamed by any sickness, by any suffering, which overcame all other feeling on look-

ing at him. I have a portrait of him, a finished photograph, which he gave me some years since, in which it would seem as though his face had blazed up suddenly, as it often would do, in strong indignation against the vapid vauntings of some literary pseudo-celebrity. But the smile would come again, and before the anger of his sarcasm had had half a minute's play, the natural drollery of the man, the full overflowing love of true humor, would overcome himself, and make us love the poor satirized sinner for the sake of the wit his sin had created.

Perhaps it may be felt that in saying these last words almost over the grave of one so well beloved, and one so glorious for high acquirements and high achievements, I might better have abstained from such memorials of his lighter hours. I must excuse myself by saying that I have wanted to paint George Lewes as I knew him. Nor will those who think of him solely as a student in philosophy, of one who has devoted his life to research at the cost of lighter joys, understand his full character any better than he who shall imagine that, because he began his literary life with a few novels and a few dramas, he found in those the occupation most congenial to his soul. There was never a man so pleasant as he with whom to sit and talk vague literary gossip over a cup of coffee and a cigar. That he was a great philosopher, a great biographer, a great critic there is no doubt; and as little that he has left behind him here in London no pleasanter companion with whom to while away an hour.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

From The Nineteenth Century.
INSECTIVOROUS PLANTS.

MR. DARWIN'S exhaustive work on "Insectivorous Plants" still left one point unsettled with regard to the extraordinary habits of these carnivorous members of the vegetable kingdom. The complete adaptation of structure to the function of capturing insects was made clear enough; there was no doubt that the prey was digested, and digested by a secretion having the properties of the gastric juice of an animal, but it still remained to be shown that the plants were actually benefitted by this flesh diet; indeed many observers went so far as to deny altogether that the capture and digestion of insects was of use

to the plant, and to look upon the whole process as a purely pathological one.

The evidence thus lacking has been supplied, during the course of the present year, by the researches of Mr. Francis Darwin,* who has proved by a series of careful and laborious experiments, that, in the case of *Drosera*, at any rate, the plant is directly and markedly advantaged by a regular supply of animal food.

Mr. F. Darwin's mode of procedure was as follows. He placed a number of plants in soup-plates, dividing the plants in each plate into two equal divisions by a wooden partition. The plates were placed in a hothouse, and covered with muslin to prevent the access of insects, the capture of which would of course have vitiated the experiment; in each plate, the plants on one side of the partition were kept without animal food, while those on the other side were fed at frequent intervals with pieces of roast meat of about one-fiftieth of a grain in weight. The experiment was begun on the 12th of June, 1877, on which, as on the following day, the operation of feeding was performed; this was discontinued until the 5th of July, but from that time was continued regularly. By the 15th of July the plants on the fed side were markedly greener than those on the starved side, and a microscopical examination showed that the former contained a far greater amount of chlorophyll, the grains of chlorophyll being loaded with starch. The fed plants were therefore assimilating more rapidly and were laying up more reserve material than the unfed.

On the 5th of August the number of fed was found to be distinctly greater than that of starved plants, in the proportion of 149 to 100, notwithstanding that the latter were, at the commencement of the experiment, in slight excess in every one of the plates, and were, to all appearance, in a more flourishing condition.

The plants flowered, and by the end of August nearly all the seed capsules were ripe. The flower-stems were then cut off, the seeds collected, and the plants themselves in three out of the six plates dried. The two sets were then compared with one another, in respect of their number, size, and weight, the number of capsules produced, the weight of the capsules, and the number and weight of their contained seeds. The results thus obtained are very striking: in one circumstance only — that

* "The Nutrition of *Drosera Rotundifolia*." *Journal of the Linnean Society*, Botany, vol. xvii., No. 98, 1878.

of the average height of the plants — was the advantage on the side of the unfed specimens, and even then the proportion was only as 100 to 99.9; in every other respect they were completely outstripped by those supplied with ready-made nitrogenous food. One very interesting point is, as Mr. Darwin remarks, that the difference is most marked in all those structures relating to reproduction: thus while the proportion between the average weights of the starved and fed plants is as 100 to 141.3, and that between the total number of stems as 100 to 169.9, the total calculated number of seeds yielded by all the plants was as 100 to 241.5, and the total calculated weight of the seeds as 100 to 379.7. Thus the very remarkable result is arrived at that, with equal numbers of unfed and fed plants, the latter were enabled to produce nearly two and a half times as many seeds, and nearly four times as great a weight of seeds, as the former, by being supplied with a quantity of animal food so small that each plant could not have had more than a few grains during the whole time the experiment lasted.

After the removal of their flower-stalks, the plants in three of the plates were allowed to rest during the winter in a hot-house, and were once more examined in the spring. It was then found that the rootstocks on the fed sides were visibly larger than those on the starved sides, and that this betokened the storing up of a greater quantity of food material was shown by the fact that while the number of starved to that of fed plants was as 100 to 108, the proportion between their average weights was as 100 to 213, and that between their total weights 100 to 251.6. Thus, although the fed plants had consumed so much more substance in the production of an increased quantity of larger seeds, they had yet been able to lay up so great a store of reserve material as to come up the next spring, each more than twice as heavy as similar plants kept without animal food, but otherwise under precisely similar conditions.

In a postscript to his paper, Mr. F. Darwin states that researches resembling his own in all essential respects have been carried out in Germany by MM. Reiss, Kellerman, and Von Raumer, the chief difference between their experiments and his being that they fed their plants with aphides instead of with roast meat. The results obtained are quite in agreement with those of Mr. Darwin, and thus furnish an independent proof of the fact, that,

so far from its being impossible for plants to assimilate previously elaborated protoplasm instead of building it up from simple inorganic compounds, they may and do take in nitrogenous food in that complex form, and profit by the change to such an extent as to produce more and larger seeds, and to lay up greater quantities of reserve material for the next season's growth.

From The Saturday Review.
DREAMS.

WE are disposed to think that the teller of dreams was not always the bore he is voted now. In ordinary homes, where talk was not perpetually freshened by new incident, the dreamer did not figure as the blank interruption that he must do when on the breakfast-table lies a heap of letters and papers. The inflection indeed has ceased to be a common one. The early post may be said to have knocked dreams themselves on the head. They are of course dreamt, if in a slovenly way; but what impression can they make on the dreamer when he has no chance of reporting them, and for his own credit had best forget them and so ward off a natural temptation? Why take the trouble of connecting scattered threads into a consecutive narrative, and pursuing the eccentric details into fast-receding vagueness, when there is no chance of sympathy from without? Dreams were listened to, we may be sure, when they made a strong impression on the dreamer. There is probably something of habit in dreaming; or at least in dreaming distinct presentable dreams. They arranged themselves in narrative order when they had to be narrated. Now we hustle them away in fragmentary disorder, because we know the mind of the world about them. Every dream, to retain any hold, has to be caught, as it were, by the tail, instantly faced by the waking memory, and then energetically pursued through all its vagaries — an effort that used to be worth while, but is worth while no longer.

There are situations still where the dream holds its own; it may be when domestic order is only disturbed, but it is more especially so when the whole course of habit and life is reversed. The reader may remember an account in *Blackwood* of the wreck of the "Strathmere" upon the Twelve Apostles Island, when nearly

fitly persons lived seven months on a barren rock, only three fine days relieving the vicissitudes of wind, snow, and rain. Dreams were the one brightening influence of that dreary season; they constituted the romance and the news of the time. The writer, Mr. Charles Wordsworth, speaks of them as *the* alleviation. On Sundays he did no work, no skinning of penguins or other revolting employments, but sallied from the wretched shanty where he and his mother were housed to collect the "news." "Having dreams was quite like a letter by post, for they took our minds off the island, and enabled us to forget our miserable circumstances, and any interesting ones I detailed to my mother. In the night, when we woke, we invariably asked each other our dreams, which were often about something to eat, often about being at home, and the ship that was to take us off the island — always pleasant. Dreaming was, in fact, by far the pleasanter part of our existence on that miserable island."

If we want a good dream now, we must go to such out-of-the-way places for it, or to the past. In fact, we are very willing to read a *bonâ-fide* dream that has been naturalized, as it were, and adapted to our mental habits by print, though we no longer tolerate it fresh from the brain that struck it off. Of course we are not speaking of the formal didactic compositions which our essayists imposed upon the world; dreams in which the characters are neatly labelled in couples, as "The name of the first was Discretion, the name of the other was Complacency," matched with the companion pair "Levity and Contention, enemies to conjugal felicity;" though the use of the form shows that the real thing was not then out of fashion. Looking then into these chronicled dreams, whether found in books or in written records, we see that they resolve themselves into various classes — such as dreams of imagination and fancy at play; dreams didactic and allegorical; dreams of fear, of warning, of conscience, of foreboding; dreams prophetic, dreams reviving the past with strange vividness; the morning dream, with its sharp conflict between prosaic fact and stimulated fancy; and, to cut short the list, the dream of peculiar fascination to the hearer, which suggests a preternatural influence haunting hidden treasure. Of the first class De Quincey is an example. He records as one of the earliest incidents of his life a dream he had at twenty-one months old, "a remarkable dream of terrific grandeur about a favorite nurse," which, as he justly remarks,

demonstrates his dreaming tendencies to be constitutional and not dependent upon laudanum. Dreams of fancy, too, are those transcendently beautiful faces seen in dreams common to the poets, as also those things "apparelled in the loveliness of dreams" which, to say the truth, do not come into the experience of more ordinary mortals. Of the allegorical didactic dream the sage Mrs. Elizabeth Carter gives a good example. Some of her friends had formed the scheme of getting her into the Princess of Wales's household — the same sort of reward to genius afterwards so fatally conferred on Miss Burney. She dreams before the plan comes to her knowledge. "And now my dream's out. For I was a-dreamed; not that I saw a huge rat, but really and truly did I dream the day before I received your letter, dear Miss Talbot, that for the greater convenience of curling my hair I had cut off my head. Now whether this dream was the consequence of pretty violent pain on the presage of the scheme you mention I leave you to guess; but surely it was marvellously applicable to the last; for what is going to court but setting one's cap handsomely at the expense of losing one's head?"

A dream cometh of multitude of business, says Holy Writ. Constantly we find such dreams connecting the dreamer, sensitive to his name and credit, with persons and domestic scenes quite removed from his absorbing occupations. Such were Laud's dreams. Sleep sometimes transports him from the anxious present into the serene past of a humble home. "In the night I dreamed that my mother, long since, dead, stood by my bed, and, drawing aside the clothes a little, looked pleasantly upon me." "At night I dreamed that my father, who died forty-six years ago, came to me, and to my thinking he was as well and cheerful as ever I saw him. After some speech, I asked him how long he would stay with me. He answered he would stay till he had me away with him." The cares of authorship, though less bustling than the ecclesiastical statesman's, are as full of absorbing business. Macaulay's head must have been very full of his work when he had the dream of a horror peculiar to his calling. "I have had a dream" (about his younger niece), he writes to Mr. Ellis, "so vivid that I must tell it. She came to me with a penitential face, and told me that she had a great sin to confess; that Pepys's "Diary" was all a forgery, and that she had forged it. I was in the greatest dismay. 'What!

I have been quoting in reviews, and in my history, a forgery of yours as a book of the highest authority. How shall I ever hold up my head again?' I woke with the fright, poor Alice's supplicating voice still in my ear."

On the other hand, the idle, according to all moralists, dream quite away from personal interests, and borrow even the material for them from more active intelligences. Thus Addison's citizen, having no business of his own, takes the cue of his dreams from the talk of his club. "Dreamt of the grand vizier" is one entry, after the coffee-house news that that functionary had been strangled. And later on in the week, Sir Timothy having paid his annuity, and all going well, we read, "Went to bed, dreamt that I drank small beer with the grand vizier." Condensed into a few words, we find the same character in the "Sluggard," familiar to our childhood:—

He told me his dreams, talked of eating and drinking,
But ne'er reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

A crop of warning dreams is apt to arise on the occurrence of a catastrophe, provoking the suspicion that they arrange themselves, out of somebody's vague remembrance, into distinctness after the event. We read in the memoir of the Rev. W. Bull—a noted Nonconformist, who "had a great aptitude for improving passing events"—that he improved in this spirit the burning down of the Haymarket Theatre, in which fifteen or sixteen persons lost their lives. Amongst these was a young woman who had gone to the play against her will to oblige some country cousins, telling her maid before she went that she should never return alive, for she had dreamed the night before that she should die. And her mother had the same dream, which proved true of both. Some dreams of ill omen, however, come to us on authority of a very different character. In fact, men of the world are as much attracted by the mysterious as any others, provided, perhaps, that the subject is gilded by high position and has persons of rank for believers and sympathizers. Thus Mr. Raikes apparently gives implicit credit to the following: "The Duc de Berri dreamed one night that he was standing at the window of his apartment in the Tuileries which overlooked the gardens, accompanied by two individuals, when his attention was suddenly attracted to the iron railing by what seemed to be passing in the

Rue de Rivoli. A dense mass of people was assembled in the street, and presently there appeared a grand funeral procession followed by a train of carriages. He turned round to one of the bystanders and inquired whose funeral was passing; the answer was made that it was that of M. Greffulhe. In a short time after this procession had filed off down the street, another and more splendid cavalcade made its appearance, as coming from the château; this far surpassed in magnificence its predecessor; it had every attribute of royalty; the carriages, the guards, the servants were such as could only be marshalled in honor of one of his own family. On putting the same question he was told that it was his own funeral. In a few nights after this vision the Duc de Berri went to a grand ball given by M. Greffulhe at his hotel in the Rue d'Artois; it was a very cold night, and M. Greffulhe, who was not in a very good state of health, attended his Royal Highness to the carriage bareheaded, and was struck by a sudden chill, which brought on a violent fever and terminated his life in a few days. Before a week had elapsed the knife of the assassin Louvel had consummated the remaining incident in the dream."

There are dreams of bright as well as dark omen, which come on as good and more recent authority. To return to the desert island. We must class among dreams the vision with which Mrs. Wordsworth was there favored, as reported by her son: "A curious thing happened to my mother on the 1st of November. She was sitting by the fire, when she said she saw a woman's face and head appear. It was a beautiful face—pale complexion and dark eyes—with a kerchief tied over the head and under the chin. It smiled kindly at her, and slowly faded away. I told some of them about it, and it was soon all over the island. But the curious thing is, that Captain Giffard's (captain of the ship that rescued them) young wife, a most gentle and kind lady, when she leaned over the ship's side, saying 'Good-bye' to my mother as she was leaving the whaler, had the face of the vision on the island, even to the kerchief tied under the chin."

To confess the truth, our thoughts have been turned into this channel by a dream we have lately met with in faded manuscript, whose interest lies a good deal in the teller and the scene in which it was told. Recalling the saying quoted by distinguished authority, that in the days of Whately and his noted compeers the common room of Oriel "stank of logic," it is

pleasant to find that those high-strung spir- its did sometimes unbend, and that the atmosphere was occasionally freshened by topics within the scope and interests of meaner intelligences. The story is headed "A Dream told by Mr. Whately in Oriel Common Room." If it has ever found its way into print, we can only say we never saw it there, though there is a family like- ness in all dreams that deal with hidden treasure. "A cobbler in Somersetshire dreamt that a person told him that if he would go to London Bridge he would meet with something to his advantage. He dreamt the same the next night, and again the night after. He then determined to go to London Bridge, and walked thither ac- cordingly. When arrived there, he walked about the whole of the first day without anything occurring; the next day was passed in a similar manner. He resumed his place the third day, and walked about till evening, when giving it up as hopeless, he determined to leave London and return home. At this moment a stranger came up and said to him, 'I have seen you for the last three days walking up and down this bridge; may I ask if you are waiting for any one?' The answer was, 'No.' 'Then what is your object in staying here?' The cobbler then frankly told his reason for being there and the dream that had visited him three successive nights. The stranger then advised him to go home again to his work, and no more pay any attention to dreams. 'I myself,' he said, 'had about six months ago a dream. I dreamed three nights together that, if I would go into Somersetshire, in an orchard, under an apple-tree, I should find a pot of gold; but I paid no attention to my dream, and have remained quietly at my business.' It immediately occurred to the cobbler that the stranger described his own orchard and his own apple-tree. He immediately re- turned home, dug under the apple-tree, and found a pot of gold. After this increase of fortune he was enabled to send his son to school, where the boy learnt Latin. When he came home for the holidays, he one day examined the pot which had con- tained the gold, on which was some writ- ing. He said, 'Father, I can show you that what I have learnt at school is of some use.' He then translated the Latin inscription on the pot thus, 'Look under, and you will find better.' They did look under, and a larger quantity of gold was found." As the story is a good one, it would be pleasant to fancy it could possi- bly be true.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
HEATHER.

Julius. Hi, good dog! Here! Come out of the sun, you four-legged idiot! Many years in my company, and still so little wisdom. Eh? What? "Only dogs and Englishmen walk in the sun." I have heard something to that effect before, but I forgive you. Sit here under my left arm. That is better. You are much to be pitied in that you cannot lean your back against the smooth trunk of a pine, and stretch out your legs before you. I too can lie on my stomach, if it please me, but you cannot, for all your aspiration, lean your back against a tree in comfort. Nor, though you cock your ear like a critic, do you care a jot for that faint sighing overhead, which even on this stillest of summer days is sweet to hear. Nor do those bright intel- ligent eyes perceive the beauty of heather. See how my right arm, half sunken, lies along this tuft, which is springy as the very finest smoking-room sofa, and beautiful — yes, by the immortality of humbug! more beautiful than the last creation of the last æsthetic upholsterer! But heather is healthy, irrepressible, and vulgar; it re- bounds, it asserts itself; it is vulgar, vivid, and healthy as those reapers out beyond the wood, where the sun smites the wide field golden. Heather is vulgar, and prob- ably its color is *voyant* to the well-ordered eye. In truth this England has become a strange place, Aurelian, while you and I have been knocking about the world. Here lie you in the shade of the old pine- wood, and wag your tail — an incurable Philistine. Here lie I happy in the heath- er, and wag my jaw — a Philistine — but perchance to be cured and become obli- vious of Ascalon. And the strange thing is that we were wont to value ourselves on our taste. In this very spot have we reposed side by side, as now, and been well pleased with ourselves. Were I as once I was, I should hug myself with joy of that broad cornland, all Danae to the sun, of the blue through the dark fir-tops: I should turn an idle eye to the hard whiteness of the road away on the right, where you delayed in the glare and ran the risk of madness, and then bless myself that I could feel the entire charm of a bed of heather spread in the shade for me. But now I am beset by doubts. What if heather be vulgar? It pushes, it re- bounds, it asserts itself; it is decked with purple bells. It is not a sunflower; it does not even wish to be a sunflower; it is not wasted by one passionate sweet de-

sire to become a sunflower ; it seems to be content with itself — content as a thriving grocer. Has Elfrida become a sunflower? She used to be great fun. She was once a little girl, but now a young lady. She would not agree with the heather. Under the dark pine-trees her dark-green gown would be but a bit of the shadow, and she unseen save for the sunshine of her hair. O wheat, out in the happy field, where the reaper is singing or ought to be! Oh — but rhapsody is out of date. Elfrida has changed, O my dog, since the days when she was Elf, and rode the old horse bare-back, and played cricket with the boys, princess and witch of the schoolroom, elf of this wood, and utter fairy! She is a beauty now, and her gowns are as the dead leaves of the forest for number and color, and her head is a little bowed on one side as the head of the lily, and her face is a comely mystery. These are brave words, Aurelian. Yet there is none like her. What does she think of me? Were I a lover, thus idle in the sweet shade, I would solve the question by some pretty test, as thus: She loves me — she loves me not; she loves — no; she — but I perceive that you do not like me to pluck hairs from your tail; and yet I have called you friend these many years. Let the question remain unanswered. Or let us be wise, and know she loves us not.

Sing, little bird in the tree,
But not because my love loves me,
For she does no such thing;
Therefore for your good pleasure only, sing.

Thank you. And now for luncheon. Now is the hour, when in eating-houses all the world over, there is clink of knives and small change, clatter of plates, and hum of talking and eating. Here there is no bustling waiter nor scent of roast joint, but only a crust of bread, an apple, and pure air. Were this my last crust you should share it. It is well, however, that you have no taste for apples. *He* would have tempted you with tea and a chop. Steady! Don't bolt your bread, and I will find a biscuit in my pocket. Be dignified, as becomes a traveller and one who has had losses. Have I lost something rare? I cannot say. But if I had not so longed to see the world, I might have gained something, when an Elf was tenant of this old wood. What? Enough? Why these extravagant demonstrations, this wagging of the tail, and, indeed, of the entire body? What do you see? Who is it? Elfrida! I did not think you would come out to-day.

Elfrida. Is it not beautiful?

Ful. Yes. —

The valleys stand so thick with corn that they do laugh and sing.

Elf. —

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean —
Tears from the depth of some divine despair,
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields.

Ful. It is scarce autumn yet. Let it be summer still; and let us laugh with the valleys. Consider that broad beauty in the sun.

Elf. Is it not exquisite, pathetic?

Ful. Is it?

Elf. Oh yes.

Ful. Not too bright, too garish?

Elf. Perhaps it is. I did not think that you would feel that.

Ful. Oh, not too bright for me. I like to sit in shadow and stare into the sun. But for you? I thought that you would resent the shining of the blue, the gleaming of the yellow corn, the cheerfulness of all things.

Elf. Are you laughing at me? I never know.

Ful. I laugh because you are here. It brings back other days. Oh, don't sigh. They were jolly, but none so jolly as this. Jolly! Let me say jocund.

Elf. I think it is all too bright. It hurts the eyes a little.

Ful. Are they weak, those eyes?

Elf. I think not.

Ful. I think not.

Elf. But I like soft colors best; don't you?

Ful. Tender grey skies, tender green grass, and tone.

Elf. Oh yes. That is good. That is like Lacave. It is only by studying the French painters that one can learn to love our grey-green English landscapes, to comprehend their infinite tenderness.

Ful. It is hard even for a French painter to comprehend the infinite.

Elf. Is it so hard? I wish you could see his pictures. I know so little, and I can't explain myself; but he is so clever, and it is all so true. I should like you to know him, Julius.

Ful. Let it be so. I don't hate a Frenchman. What does he paint?

Elf. Oh, wonderful still things, all rest and brooding calm; a level grey-green sea; long, level, level sands all grey with wan sea-water; and far-off creeping mist and low grey sky.

Ful. Always that?

Elf. Yes, I think so; but with infinite variety in the monotone.

Ful. He must have a merry heart to keep him warm, or an endless cold in the head. Is he jocund, this painter?

Elf. Oh, Julius! He is always very still.

Ful. And grey? But I will learn to like the right things. Am I too old to learn? Will you teach me?

Elf. I can't teach anything, as you know, Julius. You must ask M. Lacave.

Ful. —

The owl in the sunlight sat and said,
"I hate your vulgar blue and red;
Oh, better the grey of a wan twilight,
Or a black nocturne at the dead of night."

O M. Hibou,

A word with you —

Pray, how can you gain your potent sight?

But in sober prose, sweet coz, I will to school again, and learn to love grey weather — a taste much to be desired in this old land of ours. Only let this day be holiday. Let us be happy to-day — happy as sunburnt reapers in the field. I give the day to vulgar joy, for I am at home again, and the hour is fair. Joy is vulgar, is it not?

Elf. Oh no. Joy is good.

Ful. Good, and sweet, and sad, and so evil.

Elf. You are mocking me again, I think. But surely it is true that joy and sorrow are very near together, are one in some sort; are for us so blended and intermingled, that we can no more sever one from another than the tuberose from its scent.

Ful. I knew it. Evil is sad, and sad is sweet, and sweet is good. But no more gladness, which is scarce better than jollity. We must be sweetly, sadly, seriously joyous. It shall be so to-morrow. To-morrow I will begin to learn. To-morrow to school; to-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow. But to-day! To-day I am so deeply, unutterably glad of the goodly earth, where angels might gather in the corn. Think of me as one who will do better, as one who has kept bad company for years: do you wag your tail at me, sir? I said bad company, Aurelian; nay, pat him not, Elfrida, for he is a Philistine, and must be chastened. He is happy with a bone, sorry with a beating. To-morrow will I give him a bone and a beating at the same time, thus complicate his emotions, thus begin his education. Down, you fantastic pup! — Elfrida, this grove intoxicates me. It is not long since an Elf ran wild here, leaping in the heather, laughing to the air,

darting through the shadows like a truant sunbeam fresh from heaven.

Elf. Do you remember those old days?

Ful. That is better. There is the old color in your cheeks. Do you ever run now?

Elf. Sometimes, but not now. M. Lacave is painting me, and he likes me to be pale.

Ful. Would he were pale, very pale! You are too rare to fade, too —

Elf. Julius, what is the matter with the dog?

Ful. He has found a mare's nest. I know that air of preternatural sagacity. Lead on, Aurelian; we follow thee. Hush! Look here! Scarce ten yards from where we sat! Is not this a day of enchantment?

Elf. Hush! Poor child, how sound he sleeps.

Ful. A little tramp of Italy, and a jolly little fellow.

Elf. He has crept in here from off the hard road of life. Don't wake him, Julius.

Ful. Not I. Do you think I would mar such slumber? Look how evenly the breath stirs the torn shirt on his breast, and how easily he lies, his knees a little bent, as if he would curl himself like some soft-coated animal warm in the heather! Did an eagle let him fall?

Elf. How beautiful is the soft olive face lying on the outstretched arm! and look at the lashes — how long they are on the cheek! Poor child! The path before him must be rough for those little feet. Poor child, poor child!

Ful. Not so poor neither. Is sleep like that worth nothing? See how he smiles, and the humorous wrinkle between the eyebrows, and the warm blood in the cheek. It is a child's cheek, round and soft; but the jaw is firm enough. Such a one moves well and cheerily among the chances of life. No fear for him. He was born in a happy hour.

Elf. How beautiful he is, astray from a poet's Italy, fragrant of the wine-press, and eloquent of most delicate music!

Ful. Yet should he wake, that rustic bagpipe would be doubtless discordant. Sleep, little one, in good sweet northern heather; sleep, little Ampelus, out of the swinging vines. Sleep, vagrant poem, not Ampelus; for now I bethink me, Elfrida, this is the very god of love.

Elf. Poor little child of the south!

Ful. Bad grandchild of the southern sea, lovely and capricious, with malice in her smiles. Wake him not or tremble.

Elves of the wood a-many have confessed his power. See how the dog trembles. Away!

Elf. Can we do nothing for him, Julius?

Ful. Nothing. But stay. There is a book of antique lore that says to those who chance to find Eros asleep, that, be they many or few, one or two, each must sing the god a song, and cross his palm with silver. I therefore in this upturned little brown hand place this half-crown. Do you take this, its fellow, and do likewise.

Elf. I shall never pay you, Julius.

Ful. You never can. So half the charm is done. Now, sit you here upon this tiny knoll. I will lie here on the other side. So our theme lies between us. Do you begin the song.

Elf. (*sings*)—

Love lies asleep
 Deep in the pleasant heather;
 Wake him not lest ye weep
 Through the long winter weather;
 And sorrow bud again in spring,
 With apple-blossoming,
 And bloom in the garden close,
 With blooming of the rose,
 And ye, ere ye be old,
 Die with the brief pale gold,
 And when the leaves are shed,
 Ye too lie dead.

Ful. No fear of waking this vagrant
 Love. How fast he sleeps.

Elf. What utter weariness!

Ful. What splendid health! (*Sings*)—

Oh, merry the day in the whispering wood,
 Where the boy Love lies sleeping;
 And clad in artistic ladyhood
 An Elf her watch is keeping!

Oh, she was a queen of the elfin race,
 And flower of fairy land!
 The squirrel stood to look in her face,
 And the wild dove came to her hand;
 But her fairies have given a gift more fair
 Than any that elves or ladies wear,
 Unbought at any mart—
 A woman's heart.

Boys and maidens passing by,
 Be ye wise and let Love lie!
 There's never a word than this more wise
 In all the old philosophies.
 Hush your song this summer day,
 Lest he wake and bid you stay;
 Hush and haste away,
 Haste away,
 Away!

Elf. And we too must be going, for look
 how long the shadows of the reapers lie
 along the land. How sad so sweet a day
 must end!

Ful. And are not others coming better
 than this?

Elf. Who can say? Ah, yes! I will
 believe that they are coming.

Ful. That is wise, Elfrida. That is
 bravely said. Look how the sunlight
 comes like a conqueror, slanting through
 the dark firs! It touches the poor child's
 cheek, and you stoop to kiss the place.
 That is well done. Did you see how he
 smiled and moved in sleep? He will wake
 soon with the evening light about him, to
 find wealth in his little brown hand, and in
 his heart the dream of a young queen's
 kiss.

Elf. Come. It is time to go home.

Ful. And after our many journeys by
 land and sea, is there still a home for us?
 Arise, Aurelian! come, good pup, and
 follow our gracious lady home.

IN an article on foreign trade with western China, contained in a recent issue of the *China Overland Trade Report*, we find some interesting notes on the intention of the Russians to push their trade southwards from the Siberian frontier. For this purpose a great commercial station is to be founded in the south-east of the province of Semipalatinsk—probably at the town of the same name, which is well situated for such a purpose, and is even now one of the chief commercial centres of Siberia. It occupies a good site on the east bank of the Irtysh, one of the most important rivers of Siberia, and has a population of several thousands. There are also many Tartar merchants in the place engaged in trade with the Chinese frontier towns in the north, Bokhara, Tashkend, etc. The Semipalatinsk caravans carry southwards printed Russian goods,

copper, iron, and hardware, and return with tea, silk, dried fruits, etc. The warehouses of Semipalatinsk also contain carpets from Persia and Bokhara, costly silks and shawls embroidered with gold, ornaments and porcelain from China, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, together with curiosities and jewellery of various kinds. There is likewise a large trade in cattle, herds of four or five thousand being driven into the town by Kirghiz at one time; more than two million sheep are also sold there every year, most of them being forwarded on to Ekaterineburg, where they are killed and the fat used in the great candle-works of the town. It is thought possible that the Russians may intend to hold at Semipalatinsk the great *vermak* or fair, which now takes place at Irbit, on the frontier, and to induce Chinese and Thibetan traders to go there.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XXV. }

No. 1808. — February 8, 1879.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXL. }

CONTENTS.

I. THE MIGRATION OF CENTRES OF INDUSTRIAL ENERGY,	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i>	323
II. SIR GIBBIE. By George MacDonald, author of "Malcolm," "The Marquis of Lossie," etc. Part XII.,	<i>Advance Sheets,</i>	335
III. NOVEL-READING. By Anthony Trollope,	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i>	349
IV. THE BRIDE'S PASS. By Sarah Tytler. Author of "What She Came Through," "Lady Bell," etc. Part IV.,	<i>Advance Sheets,</i>	361
V. COUNT FERSEN,	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	367
VI. AMONG THE BURMESE. Conclusion,	<i>Fraser's Magazine,</i>	375
VII. A FARMHOUSE DIRGE. By Alfred Austin,	<i>Contemporary Review,</i>	381
VIII. TRAFALGAR. By F. T. Palgrave,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	383

POETRY.

FANCIES,	322	A FARMHOUSE DIRGE,	381
A DIALOGUE,	322	TRAFALGAR,	383
LEAD THEM HOME,	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.

FANCIES.

I.

LOVERS.

HE gather'd blue forget-me-nots,
To fling them laughing on her knee.
She cried, "Ah no; if thou canst go,
Ah, love, thou shalt forgotten be!"

HE gather'd golden buttercups,
That grow so very fresh and free.
"Ah, happy plays, in childish days,
When buttercups were gold to me!"

He gathered little meadow-sweet,
And hid it where she could not see.
She peep'd about and found it out,
And laugh'd aloud, and so did he.

He gather'd shining silver-weed;
He stole the heather from the bee:
Amid the grass the minutes pass,
And twilight lingers on the lee.

II.

TO A GIRL.

Thou art so very sweet and fair,
With such a heaven in thine eyes,
It almost seems an overcare
To ask thee to be good or wise:

As if a little bird were blam'd
Because its song unthinking flows;
As if a rose should be asham'd
Of being nothing but a rose.

Alas! why have we souls at all?
Why has each life a higher goal?
May not a thing as pure and small
As thou art — be excused a soul?

If there were only birds and flowers,
How beautiful the world would be!
Or could we spend our happy hours,
And live like them, how blest were we!

Alas! but life is but a breath,
And every breath with danger rife,
And every breath leads on to death,
And after death — the *real* life!
THE AUTHOR OF "CHILD-WORLD."
Good Words.

A DIALOGUE.

SHE. THE dandelions in the grass
Are blown to fairies' clocks,
On this green bank I pluckt (alas!)
The last of lady-smocks.

HE. Let them die,
What care I?
Roses come when field flowers pass.

SHE. But these sun-sated, sultry hours
Will make your roses fall,
Their large, wide-open, crimson flowers
Must die like daisies small.

HE. Sweet as yet!
I'll forget
(When they die) they lived at all!
MARY F. ROBINSON.

LEAD THEM HOME.

LORD, we can trust thee for our holy dead,
They, underneath the shadow of thy tomb,
Have entered into peace: with bended head,
We thank thee for their rest, and for our
lightened gloom.

But, Lord, our living — who, on stormy seas
Of sin and sorrow, still are tempest-tossed!
Our dead have reached their haven, but for
these —
Teach us to trust thee, Lord, for these, our
loved and lost!

For these we make our passion-prayer by
night;
For these we cry to thee through the long
day.
We see them not, O keep them in thy sight;
From them and us, be thou not very far
away.

And if not home to us, yet lead them home
To where thou standest at the heavenly
gate;
That so, from thee they shall not farther
roam;
And grant us patient hearts thy gathering-
time to wait.
Sunday Magazine. H. MACDOWALL.

WHAT can heal a broken heart?
Death alone I fear me,
Thou that dost true lovers part,
What can heal a broken heart?
Death alone that made the smart,
Death that will not hear me.
What can heal a broken heart?
Death alone I fear me.
A. M. F. ROBINSON.

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE MIGRATION OF CENTRES OF INDUSTRIAL ENERGY.

MANY must have been struck with surprise at the unusual language and unusual turn of thought of one of our greatest orators — perhaps I may say our greatest orator — when he was present some months since at the celebration of the opening of the new Town Hall at Manchester. It is not the habit of Mr. Bright to be despondent of the progress of modern society. We should be disposed to say of him, if of any man, that he has faith in the future. When he looks back upon the past, he surveys a record of cruelty and wrong that excites his strongest indignation. When he contemplates contemporary life, he sees much that he is eager to remove. But the future has been his compensation. In the anticipations of the centuries and ages to come he has found a refuge from the memories of the iniquities that have been. Let us have peace, let us have freedom, and all will be well. In the development of commerce and of industry, in the interchange between nation and nation of the products of diversified industries and the fruits of different climes, we shall have the best safeguard that peoples will dwell at peace with peoples, that the spread of civic happiness shall accompany the growth of civic liberty, and that a crowded but prosperous and contented population shall cover the land as the waters cover the sea. Get rid of feudalism and its attendant vices once and forever, and all these blessings shall be realized for those who are to come after us. I do not think I misrepresent Mr. Bright's habitual conceptions of the future in this language; and what I attribute to him has undoubtedly been felt with more or less clearness and force by many of this generation; and to them especially, as in a minor measure to all, it must have been a harsh and unpleasant surprise to find him prophesying decline when he might have been expected to have prophesied increase, to hear him in the midst of the joyous satisfaction of the municipality of our greatest manufacturing town at the completion of a city hall built to last for hundreds upon hundreds of years, interpreting some writing on the wall: "We

are judged. We are found wanting. Our greatness is doomed to pass away from us." It would almost seem as if a clearer and nearer prospect of the realization of a dream had proved its insufficiency. Brought face to face with his faith in the future he felt it could not be trusted. But you will remember that Mr. Bright had a special cause for his forebodings. The quarrels between capitalists and workmen — I do not know if we might not say, the demands of workmen upon capitalists — inspired his anxiety. He was fearful that in these struggles over the division of the profits of our industry, the industry itself might disappear. We should destroy the supremacy of our trade before we had arrived at a partition of its gains between employers and employed. In what I have to say to you to-night, I shall dwell very little, if at all, upon this ground of anxiety. To discuss it might provoke passions that would be out of place here, and I will confess that for my own part I am not affected by this particular fear of the future. In the first place this spring of danger does not arise from any permanent unalterable fact. Workmen and capitalists may become reconciled to one another, and it may be presumed that they would become reconciled in the presence of overwhelming danger. And if it be true, as unfortunately it is, that workmen and capitalists have their quarrels here, I know not the civilized country where similar disputes do not prevail. You know that the struggle in the United States went last summer to the length of open war. In the busiest villages of Belgium the intervention of an armed force has been periodically necessary to keep the peace between coal-workers and coal-owners. In Germany the programme of the labor-war is developed to a degree quite unknown in our own island. A French satirist has described the demands of the French workman in terms that could not be admitted among ourselves as a caricature. The danger of economic disorganization does not threaten us alone, nor does it threaten us so forcibly as many other nations; and I cannot harbor fears that our manufacturing supremacy will on this account pass from us. Yet it may pass. Yet we feel that from

other causes, if not from this, our industrial greatness may be endangered. It is possible that Mr. Bright's own apprehensions could not be traced by any process of scientific reasoning to the cause he assigned for them. He expressed rather the forebodings of a seer into whose mind the vision of abasement is borne by some unknown but irresistible force in the hour when all men are triumphant about him. It was the moralist, not the economist or the employer, who spoke. Let us use his vague suggestion as the motive for inquiring into the causes, if we can discover them, why the great centres of labor and of production move from point to point over the surface of the earth. The investigation may not be easy, but, if we can pursue it to the end, it can scarcely fail to be profitable.

Let us consider what we undertake. The poet laureate has in one of his poems called upon the reader to place himself outside this solar system of ours, and to project himself forwards far in advance of the march of time. I do not ask you to reduce the world that we inhabit to a vanishing point nor to anticipate history; but there is a milder demand that may be made upon your imagination. You take a globe in a library or schoolroom, and you turn it idly round as the earth moves. Let us suppose that we are actually looking upon the earth in its revolution, that the seas and lakes, mountains and rivers, figured on the surface of the sphere are the realities they represent; that the crowded cities and thickly peopled countries are spots passing before our eyes covered with moving clouds of human beings. If we thus realize something of the distribution of man as it prevails at present, if we picture the movements in our own time which have colonized a continent and built up cities where there was solitude, we may more easily conceive of the migrations of a more distant past, we may even attain to some apprehension of the set of the tides of humanity reserved for the future. The globe is turning. Great part of its surface is water, crossed by man, but where no man has his dwelling-place. No insignificant part about the unmoving poles is occupied by eternal ice, through which

man may penetrate, but where he will never establish his habitation. Upon the rest of the surface man is found, here sparsely scattered, there thickly congregated. There is a large space — China — covered with a dense cloud of humanity, from which we may discern filaments moving away in several directions, although, as it would appear, only to return to the country where they came into being. India next appears, another vast assemblage of men, forming a dark patch on the globe. If in our imagination we went back to the most distant past, we might detect the first beginnings of human society in the valleys of the East, and we should see horde after horde issuing in successive centuries from the wilds of central Asia, and establishing a brief dominion of destruction and wrong over the more civilized settlers of the west and south. As the globe moves around, and our eyes dwell on regions more to the west, as we remember the past of Babylon and of Bagdad, and reconstitute in the imagination the civilized communities that followed one another on the shores of the Mediterranean and fell into decay, a thought is forced into the mind which has often engaged the attention of men.

Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, where are they?

We might add to the names Byron thus mentioned. Of Tyre and Sidon too little is known to be made the subject of useful speculation, but in Egypt there still exists in records of stone that are almost imperishable the history of a civilized people, more populous, more educated, more highly organized, and enjoying a better diffusion of happiness than the subjects of the khedive can boast. The civilization of ancient Carthage belongs, like that of ancient Egypt, to a distant past; but centuries after Carthage perished, Christian communities flourished along the north coast of Africa and have disappeared. In Spain, on the other hand, Christian governments have not always maintained the industrial organization of the Saracens. The irrigation which secures the perpetual fertility of the plain of Granada is a legacy of the Moors, but elsewhere in Andalusia their useful works have been allowed to go to ruin.

In this rapid survey of the shores of the midland sea, we are constrained to ask, as has been so often asked before, whether there is a period to the lives of nations as to the lives of men. Does the gift of national vitality become exhausted after successive generations? Must we yield to the sad conviction that for the most glorious people, as for the most heroic man, there is a term fixed, beyond which it cannot survive? We are slow to recognize this necessity. A nation is made up of individuals, and though each of them passes away in due season, the race remains; nor does there appear any adequate reason why the physical, intellectual, and moral energies of the later comers should be less than those of the men that preceded them. The analogy between the life of a man and the life of a nation is obviously very imperfect, and yet we cannot neglect the facts thrust upon our notice in the history of the world. We see that nations do come into existence and pass away again; we see that they have their heyday of activity and splendor, often followed by listless centuries undistinguished by any marks of high vitality. Another observation must be made, though our pride may demur to its application. It appears to be true that breeds of domesticated animals tend to degenerate unless the breeder is at constant pains to import into his stock new springs of life. When the intensity of the struggle for existence diminishes, the standard of vigor may not unreasonably be expected to decline, and the prosperity of a nation has often invited spoliation as much because of the enervation of the people as because of the wealth that may be seized. If a demoralization of public virtue be another incident of the growth of wealth, the secret of natural decay is again accounted for. We may hope that we shall long be spared the operation of these most painful causes of decline. It is true that they may be at work when we know it not, but it is again true that anxious minds may often believe they discern the symptoms of a decay which is not in progress. A premature pessimism is as possible as an unthinking optimism. I have spoken of the intensity of vitality of a nation, and of the changes

to which it is subject. If we look back upon our own history we shall see not a few dull generations and some dull centuries. The patriot who lived in the later years of the reign of Charles II. may have thought the glory of Britain's history had passed away forever; and there were occasions in the last century when it seemed as if the ancient energy of the country had dwindled away, and we were doomed to depart from the place we had occupied among nations. These recurrent fears have been happily falsified, and we trust similar fears will continue to be falsified as they arise; but if it be true, as we have seen reason to believe, that the existence of a people depends upon the tenacity and vigor of its moral life, we shall show ourselves the truest lovers of our country in doing what we can to sustain and elevate the conceptions of public and private duty cherished by our countrymen. I do not know any nation which has survived, without a catastrophe, a corruption of conscience; and contempt of right appears to be a sure precursor of doom.

If we leave out of consideration the immutable East, with its countless millions, we see that the world known to the ancients went little beyond the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. On its coast successive empires rose and fell. There were the marts of commerce; there were the crowded habitations of men; there were found the centres of such industry as supplied the wants of the West. Northern Europe was a half-peopled forest waste whose inhabitants had not arisen above the level of savage life. America was of course unknown; and Africa was equally unknown, except along the Mediterranean coast. Even after the breaking up of the Roman Empire the centres of life, of industry, and of commerce remained for centuries in the south, and it was not until late in the Middle Ages that northern rivals had established themselves. In the thirteenth century the busiest marts of industry in Europe were on the Northern Sea. Bruges is sometimes said to have been then the manufacturing metropolis of the world; Ghent was not far behind it in importance; while the towns of the Hanseatic League furnished the merchants and ship-

owners who were the carriers of the produce of different nations. Simultaneously, however, with the rise of these northern cities, there rose in the south Venice, Genoa, Florence, and many others scarcely less famous; yet we know from the language of Dante how profoundly the imagination of the south was impressed by the energy of Bruges and the cities of Flanders. Bruges has been called the Liverpool of the Middle Ages. Its commerce extended to every corner of the known world. The merchants of some seventeen kingdoms are said to have been represented there in as many privileged factories, and twenty foreign ministers dwelt within its walls. The visitor who now makes the round of its boulevards enjoys a pleasant prospect of meadow lands and of still waters stretching far away to the horizon; but he sees that the town has shrunk within its ancient borders, so that it occupies only a small fraction of the space it once filled. There is now no danger that the idle stranger shall be knocked down and trampled upon by an eager crowd passing out of their workshops to obtain a midday meal within the allotted hour. To what are we to attribute this remarkable development and subsequent decay of manufacturing industry on the shores of the German Ocean? The secret of the energetic qualities that thus became manifest in the cities of Flanders is, perhaps, beyond our reach; but the energy of the inhabitants of the Low Countries was recognized long before Flemish cities became eminent as manufacturing centres; and some of the conditions which allowed this energy to have free scope may be discerned. Tacitus put on record, in his survey of the inhabitants of Germany, that the Batavians were, of all of them, the most energetic and vigorous, and had never acknowledged the supremacy of the Romans. This vitality of character has ever been a main factor in the subsequent history of the Netherlands. When favorable conditions appeared for the development of industrial life the men were ready to use them. What were their favorable conditions? The greatness of Bruges rested on the pre-eminent ability of its weavers in turning wool into cloth; but these weavers would not have been so numerous or so powerful had not the circumstances of the time been favorable to the production of wool to be made into cloth. That the men of Flanders found themselves to be men of energy, we see by their zealous assertion of municipal privileges wrung from their lords. They manifested the same

energy in manufacturing, and when the excellence of their work was once established, its predominance was maintained, even though foreign kings sought to exclude it from their realms.

But I have said that the circumstances of the time appear to have been favorable to them. Before the reign of Edward I. closed, an immense advance had been made in the development of England. The unity of the realm had been established. A judicial system was in operation, much as it remained until very recent years. The law had become settled. The representatives of the Commons had been summoned to Parliament. I cannot resist the conviction that the great and beneficial changes thus accomplished in the political organization of England had produced remarkable effects on the social state of the people. The efficiency of labor in England was found to be increased simply because the husbandman pursued his calling under settled conditions, without let or hindrance of the powers above him. It was in these same years that the copyholders gradually acquired the position of irremovable tenants, paying fixed dues to their lords. The wealth of England at that time is further demonstrated by the cathedrals, abbeys, and churches which were erected by labor that could be spared from the necessary work of supplying the immediate wants of the nation. Flanders was busy, prosperous, and rich because England, and not England alone, had made a great start in social and political development; and the comparatively central position of Flanders in relation to England, France, Burgundy, and the Rhineland, placed immense advantages at the command of its energetic inhabitants. A trading and manufacturing nation finds its highest advantage in the development of its neighbors. A commercial, though scarcely a manufacturing, revival occurred, as I have said, almost simultaneously in the free cities of Italy. There, as in the north, civic freedom was the condition of civic prosperity, though it is, perhaps, more correct to say that both civic freedom and civic prosperity were due to the same qualities of energetic and independent life among their inhabitants. The men whose enterprise led them to enter upon new industries and to carry their commerce to new lands, were led by the same enterprise to withstand the arbitrary power of counts and kings, of emperors and popes. It was by commerce and not by manufactures that the Italian cities rose to greatness, and to extend their commerce they

did what has been the practice of many states since, and cannot be said to be yet extinct—they carried their arms abroad with them, and attempted to conquer the territories whose trade they wished to monopolize. But you know well that the manufacturing greatness of Flanders waned until its manufactures became almost extinct—though in our own days we have witnessed a revival of their activity—and the commerce of Venice and of Genoa in like manner dwindled and passed away. To what must we ascribe the disappearance of what had been so remarkable?

Let us take the case of Flanders. The Flemings had from the first to contend with the jealousies of neighboring kings. Our monarchs were not content to see English wool pass across the sea to be woven into broadcloth, and they diligently sought to attract a sufficient number of Flemings to settle here to teach us the manufacture, after which the exportation of wool was prohibited. Although laws in restraint of trade never made any nation richer, they have made many poorer, and while Edward I. was deceived in thinking that he benefited England, he did undoubtedly injure Flanders. I say he was deceived, because so far as the exportation of wool would have declined by the establishment of weaving here without this law, the law was unnecessary, and so far as it would have continued it was an injury to the producers of wool and the wearers of clothes, in forcing them to use dearer and worse fabrics because they were home-made. Still Bruges prospered. Still its wealth increased. Still the magnificence of its citizens appeared to be augmented, until that great period came which divided Europe between those who clove to the old truth and those who were resolute to accept the new. Is it true that the vice of prosperity had sapped the energy of the Flemish cities? It is certain that in the great struggle between Spain and the Lowlands the richer towns of Flanders made but a feeble resistance, and at last accepted servitude to the Hispano-Austrian race, and their greatness thenceforwards passed from them and became the attribute of the poorer settlements of men of the same breed that were dotted over the half-submerged shores and the barren heaths further north. The Treaty of Westphalia, which established the independence of the United Provinces, was a death-blow to Flanders. The highway of the Scheldt was cut off, the advantages of position of the Flemish cities were destroyed, and the history of the Belgian provinces was a

history of continuous decline, until the re-settlement of the map of Europe after Waterloo opened the way to a new life. We have since seen a resurrection of vitality in Belgium; but it must be observed that it is most doubtful how far this would have been possible, had it not been discovered that there existed in the south of Belgium the conditions favorable to the development of modern industry. The valleys of the Sambre and the Meuse are rich in coal and in iron, and we shall presently see how important are these factors in the industrial life of contemporary nations.

As the Belgian provinces fell, the United Provinces of Holland rose, and those who are disposed to ascribe the industrial supremacy of nations to those qualities of character which secure for them political freedom, may find in Holland a most powerful illustration of their theme. The states of Holland no sooner became free than they became pre-eminent, and by the middle of the seventeenth century they constituted one of the most powerful, as they certainly were the most civilized and the most highly educated, of European communities. It was a most striking proof of the position they had attained, that in the days of our own Commonwealth we should have sent ambassadors to the Netherlands to establish a federation between them and ourselves. Those were the days of De Ruyter and Van Tromp, and glorious as the history of our own navy has since been, we must confess that in the days of De Ruyter and Van Tromp the Dutch flag covered the seas. What we call New York was then New Amsterdam, and though Hudson was of English birth, he had transferred his citizenship to the United Provinces. The Cape of Good Hope became theirs, and the white men of south Africa are still mainly of Dutch descent. They acquired vast possessions in the East, of which Batavia remains theirs. The name of Cape Horn shows that the seaman who named it was a native of the little town of Hoorn, on the Zuyder Zee; and whether we speak of Tasmania or of Van Dieman's Land, we alike commemorate Dutch navigators. But it was not merely as sailors and warriors that the Dutch made themselves famous. In every walk of politics, of literature, of art, and of science they were eminent, and they showed their greatness in the large-minded hospitality they extended to the refugees of all lands. Where Grotius and Spinoza were born Des Cartes and Locke found an asylum, and the books which the jeal-

ousy of the Grand Monarque refused to allow to be printed in France, were given to the world through the presses of Amsterdam and of the Hague. The United Provinces outstripped all rivalry in political growth. A sense of citizenship ran through the whole community, and was manifested not only in the distribution of political privileges, but in the numberless voluntary societies established for the promotion of public objects and the public weal. In this respect Holland is still what it was when Charles II. was an exile in the country, when he saw what led him to declare after his restoration, "I think God will not let the Dutch suffer wrong: they never forget the poor." I have mentioned the name of Grotius, but I must recall it again to remind you that he and a long line of successors in the Provinces were the first to systematize the relations between states in peace or at war, so that he may be called the creator of international law. I need not dwell on Dutch eminence in the practical arts of life, which led Peter the Great to divide his period of self-imposed education between London and Amsterdam. Boerhave and his contemporaries were not less eminent in science, and Leyden remained the medical school of the most ambitious students of England and Scotland down to the beginning of this century. I should tire you if I dilated on the extraordinary vigor of the Dutch school of art. When Rubens was dead and Vandyke was dead, and the glories of Flanders suddenly ceased, and the art of southern Europe showed a melancholy decadence from what had been, there appeared in Holland a perfectly new revelation of genius. It must be admitted that its period was not long — fifty years may be said to cover the space from its origin to its close — nor can I pretend to have mastered the secret of those aloe-like blossoms of nations; but this may be boldly declared of the Dutch school, that in its sincerity, its vigor and its humanity, in its technical power, its strength of design, and its richness of coloring, it may defy the united competition of all the schools of the world.

The greatness of Holland, however, declined, and it will never again attain the relative position it once held. Why did it thus fall away? We must own that its natural advantages were few. The country itself, the base of all Dutch operations, was rescued with difficulty from the sea, and has been preserved from submergence by immense and unceasing exertions. The Provinces were never so much

famous for manufactures as for trade, though the reputation of Dutch sugars, Dutch linen, Dutch paper, and other commodities show the excellence of their work. But in truth the Dutch fetched and carried from all lands, insomuch that though the Provinces never produced corn enough for the food of their own people, Dutch ports were the emporia to which all nations could go with a certainty of finding stocks of grain on sale. How was it that the inhabitants of lands so niggardly endowed by nature became so affluent? Adam Smith may help us to answer this question. It is evident that the author of the "Wealth of Nations" was much impressed by the Dutch character and Dutch institutions, and he speaks of the United Provinces as if he had not suspected that their prosperity was on the way to a decline. He praises the probity of the Dutch character, making the merchants of Holland everywhere trusted. He praises the equality and justice of their laws. He praises the simplicity and good sense of their trade legislation. He declares that in the United Provinces was to be seen a nearer approximation to free trade than could be anywhere else observed. Finally, he ascribes to their republican institutions — by which I understand him to mean the machinery which secured to the people self-government, and discouraged inequalities in the distribution of wealth within families — their political and their commercial eminence. But a commercial people, having in themselves no guarantees of manufacturing supremacy, and depending for their greatness on the maintenance of their trade as the carriers of the world, were necessarily dependent on the continued freedom of their traffic. If they were prevented from resorting to shores to which they had been accustomed to go, their occupation would be gone, and it would be an imperfect recompense to them to remember that the country which refused to trade with them suffered also. Our Navigation Act of 1651 was a great blow to the carrying trade of Holland, as far as regarded ourselves and our colonies; and when in the course of the century that followed we acquired the lordship of larger and larger portions of the world, the trading spheres of the Dutch were in a corresponding degree curtailed. Yet, as we have seen, Adam Smith made no remark on the decline of Dutch commerce; and it was not until the Napoleonic wars, when Holland became first a dependency and then a part of France, that the final blow was suffered. Every

colony was lost and all external trade was destroyed, and Holland experienced a suspension of vitality, the more serious because it happened simultaneously with a change in the conditions of the productions of the leading commodities of commerce, that must of itself have been very injurious to the Dutch supremacy. The Dutch had always been adepts in the art of making air and water perform their work; but the last hundred years have seen more powerful forces harnessed and put to use, and the Dutch had not these forces immediately at command. In the competition thus created they must in any case have found their superiority gradually passing away, and it was their misfortune that the Napoleonic interruption of their life happened at such a time, that when they re-entered the world-field of industry they found rivals established too powerful for their competition.

In the cases we have examined of the movement of national industries, political causes have entered at least as fully as causes purely economical. A manufacture has passed from one country to another because some law or treaty placed the first at a disadvantage in respect of it; or commerce has passed from flag to flag because one nation has proved itself supreme in naval power, and has used its force to seize upon all the open markets of the world and to prohibit the resort of rivals to their harbors. Agriculture has declined or ceased because some lawless invader, so greedy of robbery as to be careless of the destruction of the growing powers of wealth, has stolen from the husbandman the fruits of his toil, and deprived him of all inducement to sow his land by forcing upon his mind the conviction that he would never gather its produce.

I now ask you to accompany me in what I must deem a still more important inquiry — into the movement of centres of industry within the same nation. Political causes must here be wholly eliminated, and if manufactures disappear at one point and appear at another, the shifting of their seat must be due to economic causes alone. I hold this inquiry more important than those which have so far detained us, because I am persuaded that in the future the movement of trade and industry all over the world will be affected by economical causes chiefly if not solely. We have thrown open our commerce to all nations; we admit the manufactures of every country to compete freely with our own; and what we have done will gradually be adopted as the universal practice.

There is a temporary foolish reaction now observable, but it will quickly disappear. If, then, we can trace out the causes why trades and industries move about in England, or between England and those countries which in respect of such trades and industries are on relations of unrestricted commerce with ourselves, we may begin to catch some glimpses how they will move about hereafter in the world. So again observation of the movement of manufactures within the area of the United States — a continent giving an ample area for study — will prepare us for speculations on the courses of the future movement of international trade. Now, as a matter of fact, we know that many industries that once flourished in different parts of the country have disappeared from all but two or three, where, however, they are pushed to an extent far exceeding what had been the aggregate result of so many scattered centres. Other trades seem to be still in a process of transition, that is they are gradually becoming congregated together in particular districts, although zealous attempts are still made to retain them where they have been once planted. Precisely the same phenomena may be observed in the United States, where manufactures have died out in one section of the Union and have grown up in another. Let me refer to an English trade which has been more than once made a subject of discussion. There were once paper-mills found in every part of the kingdom, but they are now much reduced, and are believed to be still declining in number. A great authority some years since attributed the disappearance of paper-mills to the pressure of the excise duties, and anticipated their reappearance with the removal of these duties, but his expectations have not been fulfilled. Again, there were manufactures of china and stoneware at many centres, and Plymouth was one of them. The products of these centres are still valued, and command high prices from purchasers of taste; but they have, with scarcely an exception, disappeared, and nearly the whole of the china manufactures of the country are assembled in Staffordshire. The explanation that every one will give is that the cheapness of the Staffordshire ware defies all competition. This is pre-eminently the case with respect to products of universal consumption, and it is on the articles bought and used by the multitude that manufacturers must depend for support. I remember travelling some years since in Ireland and visiting a gallant attempt to set up a china

manufactory at Belleek. Many of the products were of a very high order of excellence, distinguished, as connoisseurs know, by a peculiar glaze of great richness. But the question of questions was whether the speculation was successful; and in answer to my inquiries the obliging manager declared that in works of art, where the workmanship was by far the greatest part of the cost, he could hold his own against any competitor, but in works produced by thousands and tens of thousands he could not compete with Staffordshire. "You see," he said, "we have no coal near us, and without cheap power we cannot compete in cheap things."

I may refer to another manufacture — the most striking, perhaps, of all in its economical facts. I mean the manufacture of iron. You know that up to the last century there were considerable iron-works in the south of England, and it is still affirmed that the iron produced with the aid of charcoal in the southern counties is the best that has ever been produced in England. There are now no iron-works in Sussex. The great seat of the manufacture is found in Staffordshire. But if you were called upon to name the three districts that have exhibited the most astonishing growth of industry in our time you might fix upon the Merthyr-Tydvil district, Cleveland, and the district of Barrow-in-Furness. In these places, as in Staffordshire, iron and coals are found side by side, and upon them a population has fastened and grown as flies swarm in summer. It takes three tons of coal to produce one ton of iron, and the advantage of having coals on the spot is only too obvious. But now go into any great factory, it matters not what, whether it is for the spinning of cotton or the weaving of carpets, the making of pots and pans or the baking of biscuits. What do we see? We are probably first shown the engine-house outside, where the heart of the whole machine beats in perpetual systole and diastole. Enter, and the movement we saw created without is conducted and distributed by a thousand wheels and rods and cogs, so that some portion of it is found in every corner of the factory turned to some special use. Men, women, and children may watch and feed each part of the action of the whole, but the one power is everywhere manifest, doing all the work with a precision, a certainty, and a despatch that must always excite our admiration. Now there is a law of nature which mathematicians call "the law of least effort," by which is meant that when any-

thing is to be done nature takes the easiest way of doing it. A stone falls; it does not spend itself in vain, lawless, angular movements, but goes straight to the earth to which it is attracted. Water descends a hill by an apparently devious channel, but at each twist the course taken is that which was the easiest at that point. There is the same economy of labor in the growth of plants and the organization of animals, and Mr. Darwin has attributed much of the development and the disappearance of species to their comparative economical advantages and disadvantages.

Man follows, or at all events tries to follow, this law in the satisfaction of his own wants; and when his movements are free as within the limits of the same political society, the conformity of his action to this principle may be closely traced. It is in this way, by a process of selection of which the individuals engaged in it are themselves often unconscious, that industries shift to those spots where they are pursued under conditions admitting the greatest return for the least expenditure of labor. The course of manufactures runs, and cannot help running, along the lines of least resistance. This is a primary law of the internal movement of a free society conceived as an economic machine; and the discovery of the last eighty or a hundred years, that we could harness the power of steam and make it our slave, has been the means of affording the most signal illustration of this law. Cheapness is the easy and simple test of efficiency of labor, and the competition of the products of the steam-driven factory has put other manufacturers out of the market. This is true not merely of making things, but of carrying them, and whether by land or by sea. The more efficient drives away the less efficient mode of accomplishing what we desire. This is a process we may contemplate with almost unmixed satisfaction. If an industry shifts from one spot to another it is because it can be more effectively pursued in the latter, *i.e.*, because it produces commodities more cheaply. The nation is benefited by the transfer; and though there may be a temporary inconvenience suffered in the spot left, and even a diminution of population there, yet the whole population of the nation is sure to increase because the means of supplying the wants of the masses are made easier. Thus we see that some counties in which certain small manufactures formerly flourished, have become almost purely agricultural, and their population shows a tendency to

diminish; but there is far more than compensating growth elsewhere, and the means of the workman rise with every discovery of a cheaper way of supplying his wants. The standard of living which has risen does not rise higher, because there is not yet established among the *proletariat* the moral sanction of an opinion that the condition of the working-classes depends mainly upon their own self-restraint. It will be seen by those who have followed me that the movements of industry in our time and country follow cheap power and cheap coal, and this may be said of the world, so far as open trade exists in it. England is a centre of industry among nations, as Lancashire and Staffordshire are centres of industry in England, and for the same reasons.

It was with these thoughts in my mind that I said just now of Flanders that it had revived as a centre of industry in this century, while Holland has suffered a change of character. Flanders possesses coal and iron in the valleys of the Sambre and Meuse, and Ghent is again a prosperous manufacturing town. Holland possesses no such advantage, but the inhabitants of the kingdom have turned their attention with immense industry and success to agriculture, and as the furnishers of London and the eastern ports with all kinds of agricultural produce — chiefly cattle, sheep, butter, cheese — they have reaped no small share of our own development. The relations between Holland and England, considered as branches of an economic machine, are precisely the same as the relations between Ireland and England; and if the fallacious legislation of Congress had not interfered to change their character, the relations between this country and the United States would have been of a similar character.

We have thus seen reason to come to the conclusion that in a free society labor congregates at the spots where it can be most efficiently employed, and the freer the society the more certain and speedy is this movement. As the range of international intercourse extends, and the barriers separating people from people are reduced, the distribution of occupations according to this economic law must continue to progress. So far I have dwelt most on manufacturing industry — that by which the raw materials or products in their rudest form are converted into shapes better adapted for human use — and it appeared that this kind of industry tended to settle about the coal and iron centres of a country or of a continent. Something, how-

ever, must be said of agriculture, and of another principle which is of the greatest importance in regulating the distribution of labor. It is obvious that the agriculturist has to go to his land, which he cannot carry with him to the seats of cheap labor. The force cultivating it must be brought to it, and not it to the force. But where trade is free, the same principle of selection is found in operation, though in a different form. The agriculturist resorts to the lands where labor is most liberally rewarded, and if there is any particular produce that does not deteriorate in transmission, and can be carried with tolerable cheapness from world's end to world's end, that produce may be, and often is, raised in the most distant lands and brought to the place of consumption. Wool and corn can be brought, and are brought, from Australia or California or India to supply the English markets. Reflecting upon these things, a question may arise for consideration. We can conceive of a land which is at once extremely promising to the agriculturist and to the manufacturer, and we ask whether it will attract both industries, or if not, how will a selection be made? The answer is, that the law of distribution of labor depends upon the relative and not upon the absolute superiority of certain districts as settlements for labor. Thus, if a country were discovered where the agriculturist could work at double the advantage he had here, while a manufacturer could only increase his productive energy there fifty per cent., the free course of industry would deliver the country over to agriculture and would leave manufactures to their former seats. This would, at all events, be the movement at first, and it would continue as long as the relative superiority of agricultural industry was maintained. Thus, if there existed between the United States and ourselves a perfectly free and open trade, a distribution of industry unfettered by tariffs and by national jealousies, we should be, speaking roughly, the manufacturing member and the United States the agricultural member of the partnership; and so it would continue until there was an approximation to efficiency of agricultural labor in the two countries, or an approximation to the efficiency of manufacturing labor. When either condition was reached, the movement of that particular labor would be suspended, and if the relative efficiency became reversed, the tide of labor would be reversed also. It would thus appear that for the present every development of freedom would tend to make us more and

more the manufacturing centre of the industrial world, but this position depends, and would continue to depend, mainly upon the fact that we have at our command accessible stores of coal, giving us advantages that no other country enjoys. This statement of the case, of course, provokes the inquiry whether there must not necessarily be an end of the supremacy which rests upon transitory conditions. Producers have fastened upon our coal-fields because they afford the cheapest force known to producers. When these fields have been so worked that the conditions of extracting the stores of force from them become harder, and the extracted force declines in cheapness, will not producers, following the law that has hitherto governed them, move to other fields that will then rival ours in attractiveness? This is a question not to be shirked. We might laugh it off, as relating to a distant future. We might ask whether there is not a still more weighty question underlying it, and that is, What will happen to the human race after it has used up the force accumulated in distant ages in coal-fields, and is thrown back on what may be called the current supply of daily life? This last question does indeed relate to a future that may be left to take care of itself; but my friend Professor Jevons has shown with convincing arguments that many among the present generation may live to feel the pressure of the gradually increasing difficulty of obtaining coal force. Indeed we have felt, we are feeling it already. In this neighborhood we ought to find no difficulty in understanding the process, for we have seen something akin to it happen within a generation. The next county — my own county — was famous for the production of copper and tin. "Copper, tin, and fish," was the old toast supposed to sum up the sources of its prosperity. What has become of the Cornish production of copper? It has dwindled away until it has almost disappeared. This has not happened because copper could not be got from the mines of Cornwall. There is still copper in them, but the cost of raising it exceeds the return it would fetch in the market. Richer deposits have been discovered elsewhere; and, as will be admitted on reflection, the same results would follow whether these deposits were naturally richer than any found in Cornwall, or whether the most productive mines of the next county have been worked down below the level of productiveness of mines elsewhere. In one way or the other the cost of bringing copper to market from

abroad is less than the cost of bringing it from Cornwall, and the consequence is that our wants are supplied from the lake shores of North America, from South Australia, from Cuba, and from Chili, while Cornwall is deserted. Something of the same process must be recognized as in action in respect of tin. With many breaks of the movement, and at times an apparent reversal of it, we must still note that the proportion of tin brought from abroad is continuously increasing, and the proportion brought from Cornwall declining. The simple primary statement is that tin-mining does not pay in the west; but it has ceased to pay because tin can be obtained at a less cost elsewhere, and the market price has declined in a corresponding proportion. Take another metal — gold. Before the discoveries in California and Australia our supplies were in a large measure drawn from the Ural Mountains, and some small contributions were brought from the valley of the Rhine. No gold is now found along the Rhine, and the supply from Ural mines has been gradually diminished — results not only interesting as illustrative of the general argument on which we are engaged, but valuable as affording an absolute proof of the much-contested position that gold has declined in value since the gold discoveries.

These illustrations are at least valuable as confirming the possibility of a gradual abandonment of an extractive industry in a particular country, because in the progress of its development there the difficulties of pursuing it become greater, and its efficiency less than in some other lands. This must happen with respect to the winning of coal. We must not be content with soft words in this matter. The thirty millions and more of people living in the United Kingdom do not find their food within these islands. If the wall of brass were erected which Bishop Berkeley suggested, so that we became insulated from the rest of the world, we should speedily be reduced to starvation; nor would the result be different even though sufficient notice were given of the change to enable producers to turn from working for an export trade to working for home consumption. Our population has grown up because we, of all nations of the world, have at our command the accumulated power of ages, which mechanical science has taught us to make our slave. Upon these rich deposits we have fastened. We have brought from other nations their raw products — from the United States their cotton, wool from Australia, metallic ores

from all parts of the earth, and have applied our store of force to convert these imports into the forms suitable to the use of man, and have re-exported the result even to the countries from which the first material came, receiving in exchange all commodities, food being foremost among them, which supply the necessities or enhance the comforts of life. We have done more than this. With lavish freedom we have parted to other nations, and still freely part to them, of the stores of force which are our peculiar inheritance, and have not stopped to inquire whether we saved or spent what we received for the capital thus dispensed. And the process I have described has gone on increasing in every direction. The instinct of vitality is certainly not less strong in England than elsewhere. If there is an opportunity of living, it will not be lost for want of beings to live. Agents multiply on agents. Industry is added to industry. The individual may work blindly on, unconscious of the part he plays in the community composed of himself and his fellows; but the action of the whole is as obedient to law as the motion of the globules of water that make up the tides of the ocean. We have therefore no difficulty in understanding that development of our consumption of coal in geometric progression which statistics reveal to us. In this and no other way under a system of unfettered freedom must our industries multiply, until the increasing difficulty of obtaining our motive-power so enhances the cost of the commodities we produce, that our customers can no longer offer an adequate recompense for this production, or until the conditions of development of one or more other nations enable them to use their reserved stores of power so as to underbid us. Both these things may come together. At the time that we are compelled to enhance our prices to make up for the increased cost of getting coal, the United States may be enabled to put their commodities in the market at cheaper rates than we had been accustomed to receive; and if these phenomena do not happen together, no long interval will separate them.*

* I extract the following from the admirable "Notes of a Tour in America," recently published by Mr. Hussey Vivian. (See p. 250.) "So far as I was able to judge, America possesses every principal mineral, except tin, in great abundance. Her coal-fields are gigantic. The quality appeared to me to be excellent, and the price at which it is sold to the Pittsburg works proves that it is cheaply got. There are, in fact, few parts of England where coal of like quality can be produced at this moment at so cheap a rate. The cost and quality of coal is the basis of almost every manufacturing industry, and I cannot see, therefore, what is to

It must not be supposed that there will be a sudden cessation of coal-winning among us, and of the giant industries built up upon the supply of force that our coal-measures have afforded. Every mine is not equally profitable here. Every deposit of coal is not equally rich or equally accessible in the valley of the Ohio. Mines may be gradually closed here and opened elsewhere. Remember the examples of copper and of tin, in which we may see an exact foreshadowing of what may be expected. But the industries we contemplate as threatened are so much vaster than those that have disappeared, that the comparative noiselessness of the change we have witnessed must not mislead us into a false security. Most Cornishmen are proud of their name. I confess I have never felt so much pride in my native county as in watching the noble endurance and nobler courage its working miners have shown in accepting the consequences of the changed conditions of their industry. There has been no spirit of discontent, no murmuring against the law, no cries to government or legislature for help. No. If mining has ceased to be profitable in Cornwall, it is not because human beings have ceased to use metals, but because the metals they require can be more easily obtained elsewhere; and to these more lucrative fields the miners of Cornwall have betaken themselves. The love of home has been overcome, and a voluntary emigration has been the solution of the difficulty. The strain of the transformation has been severe, but we must admit that it has been mitigated. Although the principal industry of the adjoining county has thus suffered, the nation has been pursuing a career of unexampled growth, and the subsidiary industries of Cornwall have been developed along with the development of the nation. As an agricultural community, especially in the production of early vegetables, and as a purveyor of fish, the county has prospered, and it has also become one of the recognized wandering-places of the holiday-makers of the rest of the island. But in contemplating the migration of the great industries of the na-

prevent America from becoming, not only entirely self-supporting in all branches of manufacture, but also a largely exporting country, if only frail men will leave nature's laws to have their free sway.

"America possesses iron ores of the finest steel-making qualities, and in vast abundance. That she will ever again depend on England for iron or steel seems to me impossible." It will be remembered that in his speeches in the House of Commons on the French treaty, and subsequently as a member of the royal commission appointed to inquire into our coal-supplies, Mr. Vivian took a favorable view of their durability.

tion, we cannot reckon upon all these compensations. Our country will, without doubt, be always a place of pilgrimage for civilized nations; but if it is destined to become again a land mainly devoted to agriculture, we cannot believe that the pursuits of agriculture would maintain the population it now supports. Men and women must follow the means of life, and as our skies become clear our great manufacturing centres will dwindle, and black valleys, now resonant with the clang of hammers and the murmurs of innumerable wheels, may become green solitudes, where silence is broken only by the sound of a babbling brook.

But it will be said these changes are far off, if, indeed, they will ever be realized; and we may well believe that long before they become imminent some new source of power will have been discovered, or, at least, we shall have learnt to economize the use of our fuel so as to preserve its advantages for distant generations. As to these changes being far away, I reply, we have already had a first experience and a first warning of them. The coal famine of five years since was a proof that the rush of development of our industries had trenched upon our accessible reserves of coal, and was compelling us to raise it under more difficult conditions. There was an immediate reaction, for the manufactures which could be profitably maintained with coal at its original rates became unremunerative at a higher cost of this factor of our industry; and the demand fell away, nor has it yet been recovered. I have no doubt it will return; there are signs that it would soon return were the political relations of the world secure; but it is precisely in this mode of gush and check that the cessation and migration of industries come to pass, and what we have experienced is an example of what may be apprehended.

I should be very slow to deny the possibility of some new source of power being discovered, but none has yet been suggested that appears feasible; and it must be remarked with reference to all such substitutes that they would be as common to the whole world as to ourselves, and we should not enjoy in respect of them the peculiar advantages upon which our supremacy depends. The suggestion that the difficulties of the future may be overcome by greater economy in the use of coal satisfies many minds, but this, too, will scarcely stand the tests of examination. If by economy is meant that one ton of coal may be made to do the work that two tons

now accomplish, the result will be that the conditions of industry would be made easier, the wants of man satisfied with less exertion, and there would at once follow an accelerated development of our manufacturing system till the former checks of difficulty and cost were again felt pressing upon us. Conceive what would happen if, for every ton of coal that we now raise, we could raise with the same effort two, through some miraculous doubling of the riches of our coal-measures. The life of the whole community would at once become less burdensome; the mass of life in being would rapidly increase; dormant wants would be awakened; old industries would be multiplied; new industries would spring into existence. What has been witnessed during the last eighty to a hundred years would be witnessed again, though with some novelty of form. But to make one ton of coal do as much work as two is as good, or even better, than finding two tons where we found one. We should get what we are seeking after — the same multiplication of force — and in a less bulk.

It is plain, then, that in such economy is not to be found a mode of escape from our future difficulties. The pressure of these trials could be mitigated in one way only, and it is perhaps true that that way may be indicated by theory, but could not be followed in practice. It is just possible that the tendency of the consumption of coal to increase could be repressed by arbitrary measures, which would keep the development of our industrial organization within narrower limits. The dimensions of the problem of the future would thus be diminished, and the severity of its experiences might be softened by the gradual relaxation of the suggested measures. An export duty on coal has been often suggested, and a duty at the pit's mouth would be a still more stringent measure. Such an impost would put all our industries under restraint; but this would be its intention and its justification. What is wanted is, that the dangerous expansion of national industry should be kept under. A drag on our industrial progress would be a drag on the multiplication of the population, and obedience to the necessity of a future diminution would be less difficult. If the produce of such a tax as has been suggested were devoted to the redemption of the national debt, another advantage gained would be that the pressure of taxation on our industries would be reduced just as the pressure of the increasing difficulties of finding coal would be felt, and

the removal of the tax would then become another relief to the producer. But while I have the courage to mention this tax, I know the strong objections that would be urged against it, and I do not suppose that any financier will ever propose it to the legislature. If we dismiss this and all similar imposts as inadmissible, there will then remain no means of breaking the force of the trials of the future, except that of instructing the nation to look forward to them with a mind to understand their nature and a courage to accept the consequences they enforce. Such instruction is surely much to be desired. I do not know that the bonds of citizenship uniting the members of a community together in a peaceful and ordered society could be exposed to greater perils than are involved in the gradual decay of the conditions on which the industrial organization of the society has been framed, and through which its numbers have multiplied. The throes of such a change are so terrible that they cannot be contemplated without the most serious forebodings. Who can expect masses of men to submit without a struggle to the truth that their labor has ceased to become profitable in the scene where they have been accustomed to pursue it; and that they must expatriate themselves if, like their fathers before them, they would found households of their own, and dying leave their children to occupy their places in the family of man? There must be much resistance, manifold recriminations, struggles, and contentions. I trust that the spirit of wisdom may prevail to lead this ancient nation of ours through the trials that are in store for it; and I say this the more fervently because I cannot disguise from myself the conviction that this century can scarcely pass away without some of them being experienced. LEONARD COURTNEY.

SIR GIBBIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

AUTHOR OF "MALCOLM," "THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE,"
ETC.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

DAUR STREET.

ONE bright afternoon, towards the close of the autumn, the sun shining straight down one of the wide clean stony streets of the city, with a warmth which he had not

been able to impart to the air, a company of school-girls, two and two in long file, mostly with innocent, and, for human beings, rather uninteresting faces, was walking in orderly manner, a female grenadier at its head, along the pavement, more than usually composed, from having the sun in their eyes. Amongst the faces was one very different from the rest, a countenance almost solemn and a little sad, of still, regular features, in the eyes of which by loving eyes might have been read uneasy thought patiently carried, and the lack of some essential to conscious well-being. The other girls were looking on this side and that, eager to catch sight of anything to trouble the monotony of the daily walk; but the eyes of this one were cast down, except when occasionally lifted in answer to words of the schoolmistress, the grenadier, by whose side she was walking. They were lovely brown eyes, trustful and sweet, and although, as I have said, a little sad, they never rose, even in reply to the commonest remark, without shining a little. Though younger than not a few of them, and very plainly dressed, like all the others—I have a suspicion that Scotch mothers dress their girls rather too plainly, which tends to the growth of an undue and degrading *love* of dress—she was not so girlish, was indeed, in some respects, more of a young woman than even the governess who walked by the side of them.

Suddenly came a rush, a confusion, a fluttering of the doves, whence or how none seemed to know, a gentle shriek from several of the girls, a general sense of question and no answer; but, as their ruffled nerves composed themselves a little, there was the vision of the schoolmistress poking the point of her parasol at a heedless face, radiant with smiles, that of an odd-looking lad, as they thought, who had got hold of one of the daintily gloved hands of her companion, laid a hand which, considered conventionally, was not that of a gentleman, upon her shoulder, and stood without a word, gazing in rapturous delight.

"Go away, boy! What do you mean by such impertinence?" cried the outraged Miss Kimble, changing her thrust, and poking in his chest the parasol with which she had found it impossible actually to assail his smiling countenance.—Such a strange-looking creature! He could not be in his sound senses, she thought. In the momentary meantime, however, she had failed to observe that, after the first start and following tremor, her companion stood quite still, and was now looking in

the lad's face with roseate cheeks and tear-filled eyes, apparently forgetting to draw her hand from his, or to move her shoulder from under his caress. The next moment, up, with hasty yet dignified step, came the familiar form of their own minister, the Rev. Clement Sclater, who with reproof in his countenance, which was red with annoyance and haste, laid his hands on the lad's shoulders to draw him from the prey on which he had pounced.

"Remember, you are not on a hillside, but in a respectable street," said the reverend gentleman, a little foolishly.

The youth turned his head over his shoulder, not otherwise changing his attitude, and looked at him with some bewilderment. Then, not he, but the young lady spoke.

"Gibbie and I are old friends," she said, and reaching up laid her free hand in turn on his shoulder, as if to protect him — for, needlessly with such grace and strength before her, the vision of an old horror came rushing back on the mind of Ginevra.

Gibbie had darted from his companion's side some hundred yards off. The cap which Mr. Sclater had insisted on his wearing, had fallen as he ran, and he had never missed it; his hair stood out on all sides of his head, and the sun behind him shone in it like a glory, just as when first he appeared to Ginevra in the peat-moss, like an angel standing over her. Indeed, while to Miss Kimble and the girls he was "*a mad-like object*" in his awkward ill-fitting clothes, made by a village tailor in the height of the village fashion, to Ginevra he looked hardly less angelic now than he did then. His appearance, judged without prejudice, was rather that of a sailor boy on shore than a shepherd boy from the hills.

"Miss Galbraith!" said Miss Kimble, in the tone that indicates nostrils distended, "I am astonished at you! What an example to the school! I never knew you misbehave yourself before! Take your hand from this — this — very strange-looking person's shoulder directly."

Ginevra obeyed, but Gibbie stood as before.

"Remove your hand, boy, instantly," cried Miss Kimble, growing more and more angry, and began knocking the hand on the girl's shoulder with her parasol, which apparently Gibbie took for a joke, for he laughed aloud.

"Pray do not alarm yourself, ma'am," said Mr. Sclater, slowly recovering his breath: he was not yet quite sure of Gib-

bie, or confident how best he was to be managed; "this young — gentleman is Sir Gilbert Galbraith, my ward. — Sir Gilbert, this lady is Miss Kimble. You must have known her father well — the Rev. Matthew Kimble of the next parish to your own?"

Gibbie smiled. He did not nod, for that would have meant that he did know him, and he did not remember having ever even heard the name of the Rev. Matthew Kimble.

"Oh!" said the lady, who had ceased her battery, and stood bewildered and embarrassed — the more that by this time the girls had all gathered round, staring and wondering.

Ginevra's eyes too had filled with wonder; she cast them down, and a strange smile began to play about her sweet strong mouth. All at once she was in the middle of a fairy tale, and had not a notion what was coming next. Her dumb shepherd boy a baronet! — and, more wonderful still, a Galbraith! She must be dreaming in the wide street! The last she had seen of him was as he was driven from the house by her father, when he had just saved her life. That was but a few weeks ago, and here he was, called Sir Gilbert Galbraith! It was a delicious bit of wonderment.

"Oh!" said Miss Kimble a second time, recovering herself a little, "I see! A relative, Miss Galbraith! I did not understand. That of course sets everything right — at least — even then — the open street, you know! — *You* will understand, Mr. Sclater. — I beg your pardon, Sir Gilbert. I hope I did not hurt you with my parasol!"

Gibbie again laughed aloud.

"Thank you," said Miss Kimble confused, and annoyed with herself for being so, especially before her girls. "I should be sorry to have hurt you. — Going to college, I presume, Sir Gilbert?"

Gibbie looked at Mr. Sclater.

"He is going to study with me for a while first," answered the minister.

"I am glad to hear it. He could not do better," said Miss Kimble. "Come, girls."

And with friendly farewells, she moved on, her train after her, thinking with herself what a boor the young fellow was — the young — baronet? — Yes, he must be a baronet; he was too young to have been knighted already. But where ever could he have been brought up?

Mr. Sclater had behaved judiciously, and taken gentle pains to satisfy the old couple that they must part with Gibbie.

One of the neighboring clergy knew Mr. Sclater well, and with him paid the old people a visit, to help them to dismiss any lingering doubt that he was the boy's guardian legally appointed. To their own common sense indeed it became plain that, except some such story was true, there could be nothing to induce him to come after Gibbie, or desire to take charge of the outcast; but they did not feel thoroughly satisfied until Mr. Sclater brought Fergus Duff to the cottage, to testify to him as being what he pretended. It was a sore trial, but amongst the griefs of losing him, no fear of his forgetting them was included. Mr. Sclater's main difficulty was with Gibbie himself. At first he laughed at the absurdity of his going away from his father and mother and the sheep. They told him he was Sir Gilbert Galbraith. He answered on his slate, as well as by signs which Janet at least understood perfectly, that he had told them so, and had been so all the time, "and what differ dos that mak?" he added. Mr. Sclater told him he was—or would be, at least, he took care to add, when he came of age—a rich man as well as a baronet.

"Writch men," wrote Gibbie, "dee as they like, and Ise bide."

Mr. Sclater told him it was only poor boys who could do as they pleased, for the law looked after boys like him, so that, when it came into their hands, they might be capable of using their money properly. Almost persuaded at length that he had no choice, that he could no longer be his own master, until he was one and twenty, he turned and looked at Janet, his eyes brimful of tears. She gave him a little nod. He rose and went out, climbed the crest of Glashgar, and did not return to the cottage till midnight.

In the morning appeared on his countenance signs of unusual resolve. Amid the many thoughts he had had the night before, had come the question what he would do with the money when he had it—first of all what he *could* do for Janet and Robert and every one of their family; and naturally enough to a Scotch boy, the first thing that occurred to him was, to give Donal money to go to college like Fergus Duff. In that he knew he made no mistake. It was not so easy to think of things for the rest, but that was safe. Had not Donal said twenty times he would not mind being a herd all his life, if only he could go to college first? But then he began to think what a long time it was before he would be one and twenty, and what a number of things might come

and go before then: Donal might by that time have a wife and children, and he could not leave them to go to college! Why should not Mr. Sclater manage somehow that Donal should go at once? It was now the end almost of October, and the college opened in November. Some other rich person would lend them the money, and he would pay it, with compound interest, when he got his. Before he went to bed, he got his slate and wrote as follows:

"my dear minister, If you will teak Donal too, and lett him go to the kolledg, I will go with you as seens ye like; butt if ye will not, I will runn away."

When Mr. Sclater, who had a bed at the gamekeeper's, appeared the next morning, anxious to conclude the business, and get things in motion for their departure, Gibbie handed him the slate the moment he entered the cottage, and while he read, stood watching him.

Now Mr. Sclater was a prudent man, and always looked ahead, therefore apparently took a long time to read Gibbie's very clear although unscholarly communication: before answering it, he must settle the probability of what Mrs. Sclater would think of the proposal to take *two* savages into her house together, where also doubtless the presence of this Donal would greatly interfere with the process of making a gentleman of Gibbie. Unable to satisfy himself, he raised his head at length, unconsciously shaking it as he did so. That instant Gibbie was out of the house. Mr. Sclater, perceiving the blunder he had made, hurried after him, but he was already out of sight. Returning in some dismay, he handed the slate to Janet, who, with sad, resigned countenance, was *baking*. She rubbed the oatmeal dough from her hands, took the slate, and read with a smile.

"Ye maunna tak Gibbie for a young cowl, Maister Sclater, an' think to brak him in," she said, after a thoughtful pause, "or ye'll hae to learn yer mistak. There's no eneuch o' himsel' in him for ye to get a grip o' 'm by that han'le. He aye kens what he wad hae, an' he'll aye get it, as sure's it'll aye be richt. As anent Donal, Donal's my ain, an' I s' say naething. Sit ye doon, sir; ye'll no see Gibbie the day again."

"Is there no means of getting at him, my good woman?" said Mr. Sclater, miserable at the prospect of a day utterly wasted.

"I cud gie ye sicht o' 'm, I daursay, but what better wad ye be for that? Gien ye

hed a' the lawyers o' Embrough at yer back, ye wadna touch Gibbie upo' Glashgar."

"But you could persuade him, I am sure, Mistress Grant. You have only to call him in your own way, and he will come at once."

"What wad ye hae me perswaud him till, sir? To onything 'at's richt, Gibbie wants nae perswaudin'; an' for this 'at's 'atween ye, the laddies are jist verra brithers, an' I hae no richt to interfere wi' what the tane wad for the tither, the thing seemin' to me rizon eneuch."

"What sort of lad is this son of yours? The boy seems much attached to him!"

"He's a laddie 'at's been gien ower till's buik sin' ever I learnt him to read mysel'," Janet answered. "But he'll be here the nicht, I'm thinkin', to see the last o' puir Gibbie, an' ye can jeedge for yersel'."

It required but a brief examination of Donal to satisfy Mr. Sclater that he was more than prepared for the university. But I fear me greatly the time is at hand when such as Donal will no more be able to enter her courts. Unwise and unpatriotic are any who would rather have a few prime scholars sitting about the wells of learning, than see those fountains flow freely for the poor, who are yet the strength of a country. It is better to have many upon the high road of learning, than a few even at its goal, if that were possible.

As to Donal's going to Mr. Sclater's house, Janet soon relieved him.

"Na, na, sir," she said; "it wad be to learn w'ys 'at wadna be fittin' a puir lad like him."

"It would be much safer for him," said Mr. Sclater, but incidentally.

"Gien I cudna lippen my Donal till's ain company an' the hunger for better, I wad begin to doobt wha made the warl'," said his mother; and Donal's face flushed with pleasure at her confidence. "Na, he maun get a garret roomie some gait i' the toon, an' there haud till 's buik; an' ye'll lat Gibbie gang an' see him whiles whan he can be spared. There maun be mony a dacent widow wuman 'at wad be pleased to tak him in."

Mr. Sclater seemed to himself to foresee no little trouble in his new responsibility, but consoled himself that he would have more money at his command, and in the end would sit, as it were, at the fountain-head of large wealth. Already, with his wife's property, he was a man of consideration; but he had a great respect for money, and much overrated its value as a means of doing even what *he* called good: religious people generally do — with a most

unchristian dullness. We are not told that the Master made the smallest use of money for his end. When he paid the temple-rate, he did it to avoid giving offence; and he defended the woman who divinely wasted it. Ten times more grace and magnanimity would be needed, wisely and lovingly to avoid making a fortune, than it takes to spend one for what are called good objects when it is made.

When they met Miss Kimble and her "young ladies," they were on their way from the coach-office to the minister's house in Daur Street. Gibbie knew every corner, and strange was the swift variety of thoughts and sensations that went filing through his mind. Up this same street he had tended the wavering steps of a well-known if not highly respected town-councillor! that was the door, where, one cold morning of winter, the cook gave him a cup of hot coffee and a roll! What happy days they were, with their hunger and adventure! There had always been food and warmth about the city, and he had come in for his share! The Master was in its streets as certainly as on the rocks of Glashgar. Not one sheep did he lose sight of, though he could not do so much for those that would not follow, and had to have the dog sent after them!

CHAPTER II.

MRS. SCLATER.

GIBBIE was in a dream of mingled past and future delights, when his conductor stopped at a large and important-looking house, with a flight of granite steps up to the door. Gibbie had never been inside such a house in his life, but when they entered, he was not much impressed. He did look with a little surprise, it is true, but it was down, not up: he felt his feet walking soft, and wondered for a moment that there should be a field of grass in a house. Then he gave a glance round, thought it was a big place, and followed Mr. Sclater up the stair with the free mounting step of the Glashgar shepherd. Forgetful and unconscious, he walked into the drawing-room with his bonnet on his head. Mrs. Sclater rose when they entered, and he approached her with a smile of welcome to the house which he carried, always full of guests, in his bosom. He never thought of looking to her to welcome him. She shook hands with him in a doubtful kind of way.

"How do you do, Sir Gilbert?" she said. "Only ladies are allowed to wear their caps in the drawing-room, you know,"

she added, in a tone of courteous and half rallying rebuke, speaking from a flowery height of conscious superiority.

What she meant by the drawing-room, Gibbie had not an idea. He looked at her head, and saw no cap; she had nothing upon it but a quantity of beautiful black hair; then suddenly remembered his bonnet; he knew well enough bonnets had to be taken off in house or cottage: he had never done so because he never had worn a bonnet. But it was with a smile of amusement only that he now took it off. He was so free from selfishness that he knew nothing of shame. Never a shadow of blush at his bad manners tinged his cheek. He put the cap in his pocket, and catching sight of a footstool by the corner of the chimney-piece, was so strongly reminded of his crepie by the cottage-hearth, which, big lad as he now was, he had still haunted, that he went at once and seated himself upon it. From this coign of vantage he looked round the room with a gentle curiosity, casting a glance of pleasure every now and then at Mrs. Sclater, to whom her husband, in a manner somewhat constrained because of his presence, was recounting some of the incidents of his journey, making choice, after the manner of many, of the most commonplace and uninteresting.

Gibbie had not been educated in the relative grandeur of things of this world, and he regarded the things he now saw just as things, without the smallest notion of any power in them to confer superiority by being possessed: can a slave knight his master? The reverend but poor Mr. Sclater was not above the foolish consciousness of importance accruing from the refined adjuncts of a more needy corporeal existence; his wife would have felt out of her proper sphere had she ceased to see them around her, and would have lost some of her *aplomb*; but the divine idiot Gibbie was incapable even of the notion that they mattered a straw to the life of any man. Indeed, to compare man with man was no habit of his; hence it cannot be wonderful that stone hearth and steel grate, clay floor and Brussels carpet were much the same to him. Man was the one sacred thing. Gibbie's unconscious creed was a powerful leveller, but it was a leveller up, not down. The heart that revered the beggar could afford to be incapable of homage to position. His was not one of those contemptible natures which have no reverence because they have no aspiration, which think themselves fine because they acknowledge nothing supe-

rior to their own essential baseness. To Gibbie every man was better than himself. It was for him a sudden and strange descent—from the region of poetry and closest intercourse with the strong and gracious and vital simplicities of Nature, human and other, to the rich common-places, amongst them not a few fashionable vulgarities, of an ordinary well appointed house, and ordinary well appointed people; but, however bedizened, humanity was there; and he who does not love human more than other nature, has not life in himself, does not carry his poetry in him, as Gibbie did, therefore cannot find it except where it has been shown to him. Neither was a common house like this by any means devoid of things to please him. If there was not the lovely homeliness of the cottage which at once gave all it had, there was a certain stateliness which afforded its own reception; if there was little harmony, there were individual colors that afforded him delight—as for instance, afterwards, the crimson covering the walls of the dining room, whose color was of that soft deep-penetrable character which a flock paper alone can carry. Then there were pictures, bad enough most of them, no doubt, in the eyes of the critic, but endlessly suggestive, therefore endlessly delightful to Gibbie. It is not the man who knows most about Nature that is hardest to please, however he may be hardest to satisfy, with the attempt to follow her. The accomplished poet will derive pleasure from verses which are a mockery to the soul of the unhappy mortal whose business is judgment—the most thankless of all labors, and justly so. Certain fruits one is unable to like until he has eaten them in their perfection; after that, the reminder in them of the perfect will enable him to enjoy even the inferior a little, recognizing their kind—always provided he be not one given to judgment—a connoisseur, that is one who cares less for the truth than for the knowing comparison of one embodiment of it with another. Gibbie's regard then, as it wandered round the room, lighting on this color, and that texture, in curtain, or carpet, or worked screen, found interest and pleasure. Amidst the mere upholstery of houses and hearts, amidst the common life of the common crowd, he was, and had to be, what he had learned to be amongst the nobility and in the palace of Glashgar.

Mrs. Sclater, late Mrs. Bonniman, was the widow of a merchant who had made his money in foreign trade, and to her house Mr. Sclater had *fitted* when he

married her. She was a well-bred woman, much the superior of her second husband in the small duties and graces of social life, and, already a sufferer in some of his not very serious *grossièretés*, regarded with no small apprehension the arrival of one in whom she expected the same kind of thing in largely exaggerated degree. She did not much care to play the mother to a bear-cub, she said to her friends with a good-humored laugh. "Just think," she added, "with such a childhood as the poor boy had, what a mass of vulgarity must be lying in that uncultivated brain of his! It is no small mercy, as Mr. Sclater says, that our ears at least are safe. Poor boy!" — She was a woman of about forty, rather tall, of good complexion tending to the ruddy, with black smooth shining hair parted over a white forehead, black eyes, nose a little aquiline, good mouth and fine white teeth — altogether a handsome woman — some notion of whose style may be gathered from the fact that, upon the testimony of her cheval glass, she preferred satin to the richest of silks, and almost always wore it. Now and then she would attempt a change, but was always defeated and driven back into satin. She was precise in her personal rules, but not stiff in the manners wherein she embodied them: these were indeed just a little florid and wavy, a trifle profuse in their grace. She kept an excellent table, and every appointment about the house was *in good style* — a favorite phrase with her. She was her own housekeeper, an exact mistress, but considerate, so that her servants had no bad time of it. She was sensible, kind, always responsive to appeal, had scarcely a thread of poetry or art in her upper texture, loved fair play, was seldom in the wrong, and never confessed it when she was. But when she saw it, she took some pains to avoid being so in a similar way again. She held hard by her own opinion; was capable of a mild admiration of truth and righteousness in another; had one or two pet commandments to which she paid more attention than to the rest; was a safe member of society, never carrying tales; was kind with condescension to the poor, and altogether a good wife for a minister of Mr. Sclater's sort. She knew how to hold her own with any who would have established superiority. A little more coldness, pride, indifference, and careless restraint, with just a touch of rudeness, would have given her the freedom of the *best* society, if she could have got into it. Altogether it would not have been easy to find one who could do more for Gibbie in

respect of the social *rappports* that seemed to await him. Even some who would gladly themselves have undertaken the task, admitted that he might have fallen into much less qualified hands. Her husband was confident that, if anybody could, his wife would make a gentleman of Sir Gilbert; and he ought to know, for she had done a good deal of polishing upon him.

She was now seated on a low chair at the other side of the fire, leaning back at a large angle, slowly contemplating out of her black eyes the lad on the footstool, whose blue eyes she saw wandering about the room, in a manner neither vague nor unintelligent, but showing more of interest than of either surprise or admiration. Suddenly he turned them full upon her; they met hers, and the light rushed into them like a torrent, breaking forth after its way into a soulful smile. I hope my readers are not tired of the mention of Gibbie's smiles: I can hardly avoid it; they were all Gibbie had for the small coin of intercourse; and if my readers care to be just, they will please to remember that they have been spared many a *he said* and *she said*. Unhappily for me there is no way of giving the delicate difference of those smiles. Much of what Gibbie perhaps felt the more that he could not say it, had got into the place where the smiles are made, and like a variety of pollens, had impregnated them with all shades and colors of expression, whose varied significance those who had known him longest, dividing and distinguishing, had gone far towards being able to interpret. In that which now shone on Mrs. Sclater, there was something, she said the next day to a friend, which no woman could resist, and which must come of his gentle blood. If she could have seen a few of his later ancestors at least, she would have doubted if they had anything to do with that smile beyond its mere transmission from "the first stock-father of gentleness." She responded, and from that moment the lady and the shepherd lad were friends.

Now that a real introduction had taken place between them, and in her answering smile Gibbie had met the lady herself, he proceeded, in most natural sequence, without the smallest shyness or suspicion of rudeness, to make himself acquainted with the phenomena presenting her. As he would have gazed upon a rainbow, trying perhaps to distinguish the undistinguishable in the meeting and parting of its colors, only that here behind was the all-powerful love of his own, he began to examine

the lady's face and form, dwelling and contemplating with eyes innocent as any baby's. This lasted; but did not last long before it began to produce in the lady a certain uncertain embarrassment, a something she did not quite understand, therefore could not account for, and did not like. Why should she mind eyes such as those making acquaintance with what a whole congregation might see any Sunday at church, or for that matter, the whole city on Monday, if it pleased to look upon her as she walked shopping in Pearl Street? Why indeed? Yet she began to grow restless, and feel as if she wanted to let down her veil. She could have risen and left the room, but she had "no notion" of being thus put to flight by her bear-cub; she was ashamed that a woman of her age and experience should be so foolish; and besides, she wanted to come to an understanding with herself as to what herself meant by it. She did not feel that the boy was rude; she was not angry with him as with one taking a liberty; yet she did wish he would not look at her like that; and presently she was relieved.

Her hands, which had been lying all the time in her lap, white upon black, had at length drawn and fixed Gibbie's attention. They were very lady-like hands, long-fingered, and with the orthodox long-oval nails, each with a quarter segment of a pale rising moon at the root — hands nearly faultless, and, I suspect, considered by their owner entirely such — but a really faultless hand, who has ever seen? — To Gibbie's eyes they were such beautiful things, that, after a moment or two spent in regarding them across the length of the hairy hearthrug, he got up, took his footstool, crossed with it to the other side of the fire, set it down by Mrs. Sclater, and reseated himself. Without moving more than her fine neck, she looked down on him curiously, wondering what would come next; and what did come next was, that he laid one of his hands on one of those that lay in the satin lap; then, struck with the contrast between them, burst out laughing. But he neither withdrew his hand, nor showed the least shame of the hard, brown, tarry-seamed, strong, though rather small prehensile member, with its worn and blackened nails, but let it calmly remain outspread, side by side with the white, shapely, spotless, gracious and graceful thing, adorned, in sign of the honor it possessed in being the hand of Mrs. Sclater, — it was her favorite hand — with a half hoop of fine blue-green turkises, and a

limpid activity of many diamonds. She laughed also — who could have helped it? that laugh would have set silver bells ringing in responsive sympathy! — and patted the lumpy thing which, odd as the fact might be, was also called a hand, with short little pecking pats: she did not altogether like touching so painful a degeneracy from the ideal. But his very evident admiration of hers, went far to reconcile her to his, — as was but right, seeing a man's admirations go farther to denote him truly, than the sort of hands or feet either he may happen to have received from this or that vanished ancestor. Still she found his presence — more than his proximity — discomposing, and was glad when Mr. Sclater, who, I forgot to mention, had left the room, returned and took Gibbie away to show him his, and instruct him what changes he must make upon his person in preparation for dinner.

When Mrs. Sclater went to bed that night, she lay awake a good while thinking, and her main thought was — what could be the nature of the peculiar feeling which the stare of the boy had roused in her? Nor was it long before she began to suspect that, unlike her hand beside his, she showed to some kind of disadvantage beside the shepherd lad. Was it dissatisfaction then with herself that his look had waked? She was aware of nothing in which she had failed or been in the wrong of late. She never did anything to be called wrong — by herself, that is, or indeed by her neighbors. She had never done anything *very* wrong, she thought; and anything wrong she had done, was now so far away and so nearly forgotten, that it seemed to have left her almost quite innocent; yet the look of those blue eyes, searching, searching, without seeming to know it, made her feel something like the discomfort of a dream of expected visitors, with her house not quite in a condition to receive them. She must see to her hidden house. She must take dust-pan and broom and go about a little. For there are purifications in which king and cowboy must each serve himself. The things that come out of a man are they that defile him, and to get rid of them, a man must go into himself, be a convict, and scrub the floor of his cell. Mrs. Sclater's cell was very tidy and respectable for a cell, but no human consciousness can be *clean*, until it lies wide open to the eternal sun, and the all-potent wind; until, from a dim-lighted cellar, it becomes a mountain-top.

CHAPTER III.

INITIATION.

MRS. SCLATER'S first piece of business the following morning was to take Gibbie to the most fashionable tailor in the city, and have him measured for such clothes as she judged suitable for a gentleman's son. As they went through the streets, going and returning, the handsome lady walking with the youth in the queer country-made clothes, attracted no little attention, and most of the inhabitants who saw them, having by this time heard of the sudden importance of their old acquaintance, wee Sir Gibbie, and the search after him, were not long in divining the secret of the strange conjunction. But although Gibbie seemed as much at home with the handsome lady as if she had been his own mother, and walked by her side with a step and air as free as the wind upon Glashgar, he felt anything but comfortable in his person. For here and there Tammy Breeks's seams came too close to his skin, and there are certain kinds of hardship which, though the sufferer be capable of the patience of Job, will yet fret. Gibbie could endure cold or wet or hunger, and sing like a mavis; he had borne pain upon occasion with at least complete submission; but the tight arm-holes of his jacket could hardly be such a decree of Providence as it was rebellion to interfere with; and therefore I do not relate what follows, as a pure outcome of that benevolence in him which was yet equal to the sacrifice of the best-fitting of garments. As they walked along Pearl Street, the handsomest street of the city, he darted suddenly from Mrs. Sclater's side, and crossed to the opposite pavement. She stood and looked after him wondering; hitherto he had broken out in no vagaries! As he ran, worse and worse! he began tugging at his jacket, and had just succeeded in getting it off, as he arrived at the other side, in time to stop a lad of about his own size, who was walking bare-footed and in his shirt sleeves — if *shirt or sleeves* be a term applicable to anything visible upon him. With something of the air of the tailor who had just been waiting upon himself, but with as much kindness and attention as if the boy had been Donal Grant instead of a stranger, he held the jacket for him to put on. The lad lost no time in obeying, gave him one look and nod of gratitude, and ran down a flight of steps to a street below, never doubting his benefactor an idiot, and dreading some one to whom he belonged would be after him presently to reclaim the gift. Mrs.

Sclater saw the proceeding with some amusement and a little foreboding. She did not mourn the fate of the jacket; had it been the one she had just ordered, or anything like it, the loss would have been to her not insignificant: but was the boy altogether in his right mind? She in her black satin on the opposite pavement, and the lad scudding down the stair in the jacket, were of similar mind concerning the boy, who, in shirt sleeves indubitable, now came bounding back across the wide street. He took his place by her side as if nothing had happened, only that he went along swinging his arms as if he had just been delivered from manacles. Having for so many years roamed the streets with scarcely any clothes at all, he had no idea of looking peculiar, and thought nothing more of the matter.

But Mrs. Sclater soon began to find that even in regard to social externals, she could never have had a readier pupil. He watched her so closely, and with such an appreciation of the difference in things of the kind between her and her husband, that for a short period he was in danger of falling into habits of movement and manipulation too dainty for a man, a fault happily none the less objectionable in the eyes of his instructress, that she, on her own part, carried the feminine a little beyond the limits of the natural. But here also she found him so readily set right, that she imagined she was going to do anything with him she pleased, and was not a little proud of her conquest, and the power she had over the young savage. She had yet to discover that Gibbie had his own ideas too, that it was the general noble teachableness and affection of his nature that had brought about so speedy an understanding between them in everything wherein he saw she could show him the better way, but that nowhere else would he feel bound or inclined to follow her injunctions. Much and strongly as he was drawn to her by her ladyhood, and the sense she gave him of refinement and familiarity with the niceties, he had no feeling that she had authority over him. So neglected in his childhood, so absolutely trusted by the cottagers, who had never found in him the slightest occasion for the exercise of authority, he had not an idea of owing obedience to any but the One. Gifted from the first with a heart of devotion, the will of the Master set the will of the boy upon the throne of service, and what he had done from inclination he was now capable of doing against it, and would most assuredly do against it if ever occa-

sion should arise: what other obedience was necessary to his perfection? For his father and mother and Donal he had reverence — profound and tender, and for no one else as yet among men; but at the same time something far beyond respect for every human shape and show. He would not, could not make any of the social distinctions which to Mr. and Mrs. Sclater seemed to belong to existence itself, and their recognition essential to the living of their lives; whence it naturally resulted that upon occasion he seemed to them devoid of the first rudiments of breeding, without respect or any notion of subordination.

Mr. Sclater was conscientious in his treatment of him. The very day following that of their arrival, he set to work with him. He had been a tutor, was a good scholar, and a sensible teacher, and soon discovered how to make the most of Gibbie's facility in writing. He was already possessed of a little Latin, and after having for some time accustomed him to translate from each language into the other, the minister began to think it might be of advantage to learning in general, if at least half the boys and girls at school, and three parts of every Sunday congregation, were as dumb as Sir Gilbert Galbraith. When at length he set him to Greek, he was astonished at the avidity with which he learned it. He had hardly got him over *τύπτω*, when he found him one day so intent upon the Greek Testament, that, exceptionally keen of hearing as he was, he was quite unaware that any one had entered the room.

What Gibbie made of Mr. Sclater's prayers, either in congregational or family devotion, I am at some loss to imagine. Beside his memories of the direct fervid outpouring and appeal of Janet, in which she seemed to talk face to face with God, they must have seemed to him like the utterances of some curiously constructed wooden automaton, doing its best to pray, without any soul to be saved, any weakness to be made strong, any doubt to be cleared, any hunger to be filled. What can be less like religion than the prayers of a man whose religion is his profession, and who, if he were not "in the church" would probably never pray at all? Gibbie, however, being the reverse of critical, must, I can hardly doubt, have seen in them a good deal more than was there — a pitiful faculty to the man who cultivates that of seeing in everything less than is there.

To Mrs. Sclater, it was at first rather depressing, and for a time grew more and

more painful to have a live silence by her side. But when she came into rapport with the natural utterance of the boy, his presence grew more like a constant speech, and that which was best in her was not unfrequently able to say for the boy what he would have said could he have spoken: the nobler part of her nature was in secret alliance with the thoughts and feelings of Gibbie. But this relation between them, though perceptible, did not become at all plain to her until after she had established more definite means of communication. Gibbie, for his part, full of the holy simplicities of the cottage, had a good many things to meet which disappointed, perplexed, and shocked him. Middling good people are shocked at the wickedness of the wicked; Gibbie, who knew both so well, and what ought to be expected, was shocked only at the wickedness of the righteous. He never came quite to understand Mr. Sclater: the inconsistent never can be *understood*. That only which has absolute reason in it can be understood of man. There is a bewilderment about the very nature of evil which only he who made us capable of evil that we might be good, can comprehend.

CHAPTER IV.

DONAL'S LODGING.

DONAL had not accompanied Mr. Sclater and his ward, as he generally styled him, to the city, but continued at the Mains until another herd-boy should be found to take his place. All were sorry to part with him, but no one desired to stand in the way of his good fortune by claiming his service to the end of his half-year. It was about a fortnight after Gibbie's departure when he found himself free. His last night he spent with his parents on Glashgar, and the next morning set out in the moonlight to join the coach, with some cakes and a bit of fresh butter tied up in a cotton handkerchief. He wept at leaving them, nor was too much excited with the prospect before him to lay up his mother's parting words in his heart. For it is not every son that will not learn of his mother. He who will not goes to the school of Gideon. Those last words of Janet to her Donal were, "Noo, min' yer no a win'le strae (*a straw dried on its root*), but a growin' stalk 'at maun luik till 'ts corn."

When he reached the spot appointed, there already was the cart from the Mains, with his *kist* containing all his earthly possessions. They did not half fill it, and would have tumbled about in the great

chest, had not the bounty of Mistress Jean complemented its space with provisions — a cheese, a bag of oatmeal, some oatcakes, and a pound or two of the best butter in the world, for now that he was leaving them, a herdboy no more, but a *colliginer*, and going to be a gentleman, it was right to be liberal. The box, whose ponderosity was unintelligible to its owner, having been hoisted, amid the smiles of the passengers, to the mid region of the roof of the coach, Donal clambered after it, and took, for the first time in his life, his place behind four horses — to go softly rushing through the air towards endless liberty. It was to the young poet an hour of glorious birth — in which there seemed nothing too strange, nothing but what should have come. I fancy, when they die, many will find themselves more at home than ever they were in this world. But Donal is not the subject of my story, and I must not spend upon him. I will only say that his feelings on this grand occasion were the less satisfactory to himself, that, not being poet merely, but philosopher as well, he sought to understand them: the mere poet, the man-bird, would have been content with them in themselves. But if he who is both does not rise above both by learning obedience, he will have a fine time of it between them.

The streets of the city at length received them with noise and echo. At the coach-office Mr. Sclater stood waiting, welcomed him with dignity rather than kindness, hired a porter with his truck whom he told where to take the chest, said Sir Gilbert would doubtless call on him the next day, and left him with the porter.

It was a cold afternoon, the air half mist, half twilight. Donal followed the rattling, bumping truck over the stones, walking close behind it, almost in the gutter. They made one turning, went a long way through the narrow, sometimes crowded Widdiehill, and stopped. The man opened a door, returned to the truck, and began to pull the box from it. Donal gave him effective assistance, and they entered with it between them. There was just light enough from a tallow candle with a wick like a red-hot mushroom, to see that they were in what appeared to Donal a house in most appalling disorder, but was in fact a furniture shop. The porter led the way up a dark stair, and Donal followed with his end of the trunk. At the top was a large room, into which the last of the day glimmered through windows covered with the smoke and dust of years, showing this also full of furniture, chiefly old. A lane

through the furniture led along the room to a door at the other end. To Donal's eyes it looked a dreary place; but when the porter opened the other door, he saw a neat little room with a curtained bed, a carpeted floor, a fire burning in the grate, a kettle on the hob, and the table laid for tea: this was like a bit of a palace, for he had never in his life even looked into such a chamber. The porter set down his end of the chest, said "Guid nicht to ye," and walked out, leaving the door open.

Knowing nothing about towns and the ways of them, Donal was yet a little surprised that there was nobody to receive him. He approached the fire, and sat down to warm himself, taking care not to set his hobnailed shoes on the grandeur of the little hearthrug. A few moments and he was startled by a slight noise, as of suppressed laughter. He jumped up. One of the curtains of his bed was strangely agitated. Out leaped Gibbie from behind it, and threw his arms about him.

"Eh, cratur! ye gae me sic a fleg!" said Donal. "But, losh! they hae made a gentleman o' ye a'ready!" he added, holding him at arm's length, and regarding him with wonder and admiration.

A notable change had indeed passed upon Gibbie, mere externals considered, in that fortnight. He was certainly not so picturesque as before, yet the alteration was entirely delightful to Donal. Perhaps he felt it gave a good hope for the future of his own person. Mrs. Sclater had had his hair cut; his shirt was of the whitest of linen, his necktie of the richest of black silk, his clothes were of the newest cut and best possible fit, and his boots perfect: the result was altogether even to her satisfaction. In one thing only was she foiled: she could not get him to wear gloves. He had put on a pair, but found them so miserably uncomfortable that, in merry wrath, he pulled them off on the way home, and threw them — "The best kid!" exclaimed Mrs. Sclater — over the Pearl Bridge. Prudently fearful of overstraining her influence, she yielded for the present, and let him go without.

Mr. Sclater also had hitherto exercised prudence in his demands upon Gibbie — not that he desired anything less than unlimited authority with him, but knowing it would be hard to enforce, he sought to establish it by a gradual tightening of the rein, a slow encroachment of law upon the realms of disordered license. He had never yet refused to do anything he required of him, had executed entirely the tasks he set him, was more than respectful,

and always ready; yet somehow Mr. Sclater could never feel that the lad was exactly obeying him. He thought it over, but could not understand it, and did not like it, for he was fond of authority. Gibbie in fact did whatever was required of him from his own delight in meeting the wish expressed, not from any sense of duty or of obligation to obedience. The minister had no perception of what the boy was, and but a very small capacity for appreciating what was best in him, and had a foreboding suspicion that the time would come when they would differ.

He had not told him that he was going to meet the coach, but Gibbie was glad to learn from Mrs. Sclater that such was his intention, for he preferred meeting Donal at his lodging. He had recognized the place at once from the minister's mention of it to his wife, having known the shop and its owner since ever he could remember himself. He loitered near until he saw Donal arrive, then crept after him and the porter up the stair, and when Donal sat down by the fire, got into the room and behind the curtain.

The boys had then a jolly time of it. They made their tea, for which everything was present, and ate as boys know how, Donal enjoying the rarity of the white bread of the city, Gibbie, who had not tasted oatmeal since he came, devouring "mother's cakes." When they had done, Gibbie, who had learned much since he came, looked about the room till he found a bell-rope, and pulled it, whereupon the oddest-looking old woman, not a hair altered from what Gibbie remembered her, entered, and, with friendly chatter, proceeded to remove the tray. Suddenly something arrested her, and she began to regard Gibbie with curious looks; in a moment she was sure of him, and a torrent of exclamations and reminiscences and appeals followed, which lasted, the two lads now laughing, now all but crying, for nearly an hour, while, all the time, the old woman kept doing and undoing about the hearth and the tea table. Donal asked many questions about his friend, and she answered freely, except as often as one approached his family, when she would fall silent, and bustle about as if she had not heard. Then Gibbie would look thoughtful and strange and a little sad, and a far-away gaze would come into his eyes, as if he were searching for his father in the other world.

When the good woman at length left them, they uncorded Donal's kist, discovered the cause of its portentous weight,

took out everything, put the provisions in a cupboard, arranged the few books, and then sat down by the fire for "a read" together.

The hours slipped away; it was night; and still they sat and read. It must have been after ten o'clock when they heard footsteps coming through the adjoining room; the door opened swiftly; in walked Mr. Sclater, and closed it behind him. His look was angry — severe enough for boys caught card-playing, or drinking, or reading something that was not divinity on a Sunday. Gibbie had absented himself without permission, had stayed away for hours, had not returned even when the hour of worship arrived; and these were sins against the respectability of his house which no minister like Mr. Sclater could pass by. It mattered nothing what they were doing! it was all one when it got to midnight! then it became revelling, and was sinful and dangerous, vulgar and ungentlemanly, giving the worst possible example to those beneath them! What could their landlady think? — the very first night? — and a lodger whom he had recommended? Such was the sort of thing with which Mr. Sclater overwhelmed the two boys. Donal would have pleaded in justification, or at least excuse, but he silenced him peremptorily. I suspect there had been some difference between Mrs. Sclater and him just before he left: how otherwise could he have so entirely forgotten his wise resolves anent Gibbie's gradual subjugation?

When first he entered, Gibbie rose with his usual smile of greeting, and got him a chair. But he waved aside the attention with indignant indifference, and went on with his foolish reproof — unworthy of record except for Gibbie's following behavior. Beaten down by the suddenness of the storm, Donal had never risen from his chair, but sat glowering into the fire. He was annoyed, vexed, half ashamed: with that readiness of the poetic nature to fit itself to any position, especially one suggested by an unjust judgment, he felt, with the worthy parson thus storming at him, almost as if guilty in everything laid to their joint charge. Gibbie on his feet looked the minister straight in the face. His smile of welcome, which had suddenly mingled itself with bewilderment, gradually faded into one of concern, then of pity, and by degrees died away altogether, leaving in its place a look of question. More and more settled his countenance grew, while all the time he never took his eyes off Mr. Sclater's until its expression at length was

that of pitiful unconscious reproof, mingled with sympathetic shame. He had never met anything like this before. Nothing low like this — for all injustice, and especially all that sort of thing which Janet called “dingin’ the motes wi’ the beam,” is eternally low — had Gibbie seen in the holy temple of Glashgar! He had no way of understanding or interpreting it save by calling to his aid the sad knowledge of evil, gathered in his earliest years. Except in the laird and Fergus and the game-keeper, he had not, since fleeing from Lucky Croale’s houff, seen a trace of unreasonable anger in any one he knew. Robert or Janet had never scolded him. He might go and come as he pleased. The night was sacred as the day in that dear house. His father, even when most overcome by the wicked thing, had never scolded him!

The boys remaining absolutely silent, the minister had it all his own way. But before he had begun to draw to a close, across the blinding mists of his fog-breeding wrath he began to be aware of the shining of two heavenly lights, the eyes, namely, of the dumb boy fixed upon him. They jarred him a little in his onward course; they shook him as if with a doubt; the feeling undefined slowly grew to a notion, first obscure, then plain: they were eyes of reproof that were fastened upon his! At the first suspicion, his anger flared up more fierce than ever; but it was the flare of a doomed flame; slowly the rebuke told, was telling; the self-satisfied *in-the-rightness* — a very different thing from *righteousness* — of the man was sinking before the innocent difference of the boy; he began to feel awkward, he hesitated, he ceased: for the moment Gibbie, unconsciously, had conquered; without knowing it, he was the superior of the two, and Mr. Sclater had begun to learn that he could never exercise authority over him. But the worldly wise man will not seem to be defeated even where he knows he is. If he do give in, he will make it look as if it came of the proper motion of his own placable goodness. After a slight pause, the minister spoke again, but with the changed tone of one who has had an apology made to him, whose anger is appeased, and who therefore acts the Neptune over the billows of his own sea. That was the way he would slide out of it.

“Donal Grant,” he said, “you had better go to bed at once, and get fit for your work to-morrow. I will go with you to call upon the principal. Take care you are not out of the way when I come for

you. — Get your cap, Sir Gilbert, and come. Mrs. Sclater was already very uneasy about you when I left her.”

Gibbie took from his pocket the little ivory tablets Mrs. Sclater had given him, wrote the following words, and handed them to the minister:

“Dear sir, I am going to slepe this night with Donal. The bed is bigg enuf for 2. Good night, sir.”

For a moment the minister’s wrath seethed again. Like a volcano, however, that has sent out a puff of steam, but holds back its lava, he thought better of it: there was a chance of retiring with grace — in well conducted retreat, instead of headlong rout.

“Then be sure you are home by lesson-time,” he said. “Donal can come with you. Good night. Mind you don’t keep each other awake.”

Donal said “Good night, sir,” and Gibbie gave him a serious and respectful nod. He left the room, and the boys turned and looked at each other. Donal’s countenance expressed an indignant sense of wrong, but Gibbie’s revealed a more profound concern. He stood motionless, intent on the receding steps of the minister. The moment the sound of them ceased, he darted noiselessly after him. Donal, who from Mr. Sclater’s reply had understood what Gibbie had written, was astonished, and starting to his feet followed him. By the time he reached the door, Gibbie was past the second lamp, his shadow describing a huge half-circle around him, as he stole from lamp to lamp after the minister, keeping always a lamp-post still between them. When the minister turned a corner, Gibbie made a soundless dart to it, and peeped round, lingered a moment looking, then followed again. On and on went Mr. Sclater, and on and on went Gibbie, careful constantly not to be seen by him; and on and on went Donal, careful to be seen of neither. They went a long way as he thought, for to the country boy distance between houses seemed much greater than between dykes or hedges. At last the minister went up the steps of a handsome house, took a key from his pocket, and opened the door. From some impulse or other, as he stepped in, he turned sharp round, and saw Gibbie.

“Come in,” he said, in a loud authoritative tone, probably taking the boy’s appearance for the effect of repentance and a desire to return to his own bed.

Gibbie lifted his cap, and walked quietly on towards the other end of Daur Street.

Donal dared not follow, for Mr. Sclater stood between, looking out. Presently however the door shut with a great bang, and Donal was after Gibbie like a hound. But Gibbie had turned a corner, and was gone from his sight. Donal turned a corner too, but it was a wrong corner. Concluding that Gibbie had turned another corner ahead of him, he ran on and on, in the vanishing hope of catching sight of him again; but he was soon satisfied he had lost him, — nor him only, but himself as well, for he had not the smallest idea how to return, even as far as the minister's house. It rendered the matter considerably worse that, having never heard the name of the street where he lodged but once — when the minister gave direction to the porter, he had utterly forgotten it. So there he was, out in the night, astray in the streets of a city of many tens of thousands, in which he had never till that day set foot — never before having been in any larger abode of men than a scattered village of thatched roofs. But he was not tired, and so long as a man is not tired, he can do well, even in pain. But a city is a dreary place at night, even to one who knows his way in it — much drearier to one lost — in some respects drearier than a heath — except there be old mine-shafts in it.

"It's as gien a' the birds o' a country had creepit intil their bit eggs again, an' the day was left bare o' sang!" said the poet to himself as he walked. Night amongst houses was a new thing to him. Night on the hillside and in the fields he knew well; but this was like a place of tombs — what else, when all were dead for the night? The night is the world's graveyard, and the cities are its catacombs. He repeated to himself all his own few ballads, then repeated them aloud as he walked, indulging the fancy that he had a long audience on each side of him; but he dropped into silence the moment any night-wanderer appeared. Presently he found himself on the shore of the river, and tried to get to the edge of the water; but it was low tide, the lamps did not throw much light so far, the moon was clouded, he got among logs and mud, and regained the street bemired, and beginning to feel weary. He was saying to himself what ever was he to do all the night long, when round a corner a little way off came a woman. It was no use asking counsel of her, however, or of any one, he thought, so long as he did not know even the name of the street he wanted — a street which as he walked along it had seemed interminable. The woman

drew near. She was rather tall, erect in the back, but bowed in the shoulders, with fierce black eyes, which were all that he could see of her face, for she had a little tartan shawl over her head, which she held together with one hand, while in the other she carried a basket. But those eyes were enough to make him fancy he must have seen her before. They were just passing each other, under a lamp, when she looked hard at him, and stopped.

"Man," she said, "I hae set e'en upo' *your* face afore!"

"Gien that be the case," answered Donal, "ye set e'en upo' 't again."

"Whaur come ye frae?" she asked.

"That's what I wad fain speir mysel'," he replied. "But, wuman," he went on, "I fancy I hae set e'en upo' your face afore — I canna weel say for yer face. Whaur come ye frae?"

"Ken ye a place they ca' — Daurside?" she rejoined.

"Daurside's a gey lang place," answered Donal; "an' this maun be aboot the tae en' o' 't, I'm thinkin'."

"Ye're no far wrang there," she returned; "an' ye hae a gey gleg tongue i' yer heid for a laad frae Daurside."

"I never h'ard 'at tongues war cuttit shorter there nor ither gait's," said Donal; "but I didna mean ye ony offence."

"There's nane ta'en, nor like to be," answered the woman. "— Ken ye a place they ca' Mains o' Glashruach?"

As she spoke, she let go her shawl, and it opened from her face like two curtains.

"Lord! it's the witch-wife!" cried Donal, retreating a pace in his astonishment.

The woman burst into a great laugh, a hard, unmusical, but not unmirthful laugh.

"Ay!" she said, "was that hoo the fowk wad hae't o' me?"

"It wasna muckle won'er, efter ye cam wydin' throu' watter yairds deep, an' syne gaed doon the spate on a bran'er."

"Weel, it was the maddest thing!" she returned, with another laugh which stopped abruptly. "— I wadna dee the like again to save my life. But the Michty cairried me throu'. — An' hoo's wee Sir Gibbie? — Come in — I dinna ken yer name — but we're jist at the door o' my bit garret. Come quaiet up the stair, an' tell me a' aboot it."

"Weel, I wadna be sorry to rist a bit, for I hae tint mysel' a'thegither, an' I'm some tirit," answered Donal. "I but left the Mains the-streen."

"Come in an' walcome; an' whan ye're

ristit, an' I'm rid o' my basket, I'll sune pit ye i' the gait o' hame."

Donal was too tired, and too glad to be once more in the company of a human being, to pursue further explanation at present. He followed her, as quietly as he could, up the dark stair. When she struck a light, he saw a little garret-room — better than decently furnished, it seemed to the youth from the hills, though his mother would have thought it far from tidy. The moment the woman got a candle lighted, she went to a cupboard, and brought thence a bottle and a glass. When Donal declined the whisky she poured out, she seemed disappointed, and setting down the glass let it stand. But when she had seated herself, and begun to relate her adventures in quest of Gibbie, she drew it towards her, and sipped as she talked. Some day she would tell him, she said, the whole story of her voyage on the brander, which would make him laugh; it made her laugh, even now, when it came back to her in her bed at night, though she was far enough from laughing at the time. Then she told him a great deal about Gibbie and his father.

"An' noo," remarked Donal, "he'll be thinkin' 't a'ower again, as he rins aboot the toon this verra meenute, luikin' for me!"

"Dinna ye tribble yersel' aboot him," said the woman. "He kens the toon as weel's ony rottan kens the drains o' 't. — But whaur div ye pit up?" she added, "for it's time dacent fowk was gainin' i'to their beds."

Donal explained that he knew neither the name of the street nor of the people where he was lodging.

"Tell me this or that — something — onything about the hoose or the fowk, or what they're like, an' it may be 'at I'll ken them," she said.

But scarcely had he begun his description of the house when she cried,

"Hoot, man! it's at Lucky Murkison's ye are, i' the Wuddiehill. Come awa', an' I s' tak ye ham in a jiffey."

So saying, she rose, took the candle, showed him down the stair, and followed.

It was past midnight, and the moon was down, but the street-lamps were not yet extinguished, and they walked along without anything to interrupt their conversation — chiefly about Sir Gibbie and Sir George. But perhaps if Donal had known the cause of Gibbie's escape from the city, and that the dread thing had taken place in this woman's house, he would not have walked quite so close to her.

Poor Mistress Croale, however, had been nowise to blame for that, and the shock it gave her had even done something to check the rate of her downhill progress. It let her see, with a lightning flash from the pit, how wide the rent now yawned between her and her former respectability. She continued, as we know, to drink whisky, and was not unfrequently overcome by it; but in her following life as peddler, she measured her madness more; and much in the open air and walking a great deal, with a basket sometimes heavy, her indulgence did her less physical harm; her temper recovered a little, she regained a portion of her self-command; and at the close of those years of wandering she was less of a ruin, both mentally and spiritually, than at their commencement.

When she received her hundred pounds for the finding of Sir Gibbie, she rented a little shop in the gallery of the market, where she sold such things as she had carried about the country, adding to her stock, upon the likelihood of demand, without respect to unity either conventional or real, in the character of the wares she associated. The interest and respectability of this new start in life, made a little fresh opposition to the inroads of her besetting sin; so that now she did not consume as much whisky in three days as she did in one when she had her *houff* on the shore. Some people seem to have been drinking all their lives, of necessity getting more and more into the power of the enemy, but without succumbing at a rapid rate, having even their times of uplifting and betterment. Mistress Croale's complexion was a little clearer; her eyes were less fierce; her expression was more composed; some of the women who like her had shops in the market, had grown a little friendly with her; and, which was of more valuable significance, she had come to be not a little regarded by the poor women of the lower parts behind the market, who were in the way of dealing with her. For the moment a customer of this class, and she had but few of any other, appeared at her shop, or covered stall, rather, she seemed in spirit to go outside the counter and buy with her, giving her the best counsel she had, now advising the cheaper, now the dearer of two articles; while now and then one could tell of having been sent by her to another shop, where, in the particular case, she could do better. A love of affairs, no doubt, bore a part in this peculiarity, but there is all the difference between the two ways of embodying activity — to one's own advantage

only, and — to the advantage of one's neighbor as well. For my part, if I knew a woman behaved to her neighbors as Mistress Croale did to hers, were she the worst of drunkards in between, I could not help both respecting and loving her. Alas that such virtue is so portentously scarce! There are so many that are sober for one that is honest! Deep are the depths of social degradation to which the clean purifying light yet reaches, and lofty are the heights of social honor where yet the light is nothing but darkness. Any thoughtful person who knew Mistress Croale's history, would have feared much for her, and hoped a little: her so-called fate was still undecided. In the mean time she made a living, did not get into debt, spent an inordinate portion of her profits in drink, but had regained and was keeping up a kind and measure of respectability.

Before they reached the Widdiehill, Donal, with the open heart of the poet, was full of friendliness to her, and rejoiced in the mischance that had led him to make her acquaintance.

"Ye ken, of coorse," he happened to say, "'at Gibbie's wi Maister Sclater?"

"Well enuch," she answered. "I hae seen him tee; but he's a gran' gentleman grown, an' I wadna like to be affrontit layin' claim till's acquaintance, — walcome as he ance was to my hoose!"

She had more reason for the doubt and hesitation she thus expressed than Donal knew. But his answer was none the less the true one as regarded his friend.

"Ye little ken Gibbie," he said, "gien ye think that gait o' 'im! Gang ye to the minister's door and speir for 'im. He'll be doon the stair like a shot. — But 'deed maybe he's come back, an' 's i' my chaumer the noo! Ye'll come up the stair an' see?"

"Na, I wanna dee that," said Mistress Croale, who did not wish to face Mistress Murkison, well known to her in the days of her comparative prosperity.

She pointed out the door to him, but herself stood on the other side of the way till she saw it opened by her old friend in her night-cap, and heard her make jubilee over his return.

Gibbie had come home and gone out again to look for him, she said.

"Weel," remarked Donal, "there wad be sma' guid in my gaein' to luik for him. It wad be but the sheep gaein' to luik for the shepherd."

"Ye're richt there," said his landlady. "A tint bairn sud aye sit doon an' sit still."

"Weel, ye gang till yer bed, mem," returned Donal. "Lat me see hoo yer door works, an' I'll lat him in whan he comes."

Gibbie came within an hour, and all was well. They made their communications, of which Donal's was far the more interesting, had their laugh over the affair, and went to bed.

From The Nineteenth Century.
NOVEL-READING.

The Works of Charles Dickens.
The Works of W. Makepeace Thackeray.

IN putting at the head of this paper the names of two distinguished English novelists whose tales have been collected and republished since their death,* it is my object to review rather the general nature of the work done by English novelists of latter times than the contributions specially made by these two to our literature. Criticism has dealt with them, and public opinion has awarded to each his own position in the world of letters. But it may be worth while to inquire what is and what will be the result of a branch of reading which is at present more extended than any other, and to which they have contributed so much. We used to regard novels as ephemeral; and a quarter of a century since were accustomed to consider those by Scott, with a few others which, from "Robinson Crusoe" downwards, had made permanent names to themselves, as exceptions to this rule. Now we have collected editions of one modern master of fiction after another brought out with all circumstances of editorial luxury and editorial cheapness. The works of Dickens are to be bought in penny numbers; and those of Thackeray are being at the present moment reissued to the public with every glory of paper, print, and illustration, at a proposed cost to the purchaser of 33*l.* 12*s.*, for the set. I do not in the least doubt that the enterprising publishers will find themselves justified in their different adventures. The popular British novel is now so popular that it can be neither too cheap nor too dear for the market.

Æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres.

I believe it to be a fact that of no English author has the sale of the works

* *The Collected Works of Charles Dickens.* In 20 volumes. Chapman & Hall.
The Collected Works of W. M. Thackeray. In 22 volumes. Smith, Elder, & Co.

been at the same time so large and so profitable for the first half-dozen years after his death as of Dickens; and I cannot at the moment remember any edition so costly as that which is now being brought out of Thackeray's novels, in proportion to the amount and nature of the work. I have seen it asserted that the three English authors whose works are most to be found in the far-off homes of our colonists — in Australia, Canada, and south Africa — are Shakespeare, Macaulay, and Dickens. Shakespeare no doubt is there, as he is in the houses of so many of us not so far off, for the sake of national glory. Macaulay and Dickens, perhaps, share between them the thumbs of the family, but the marks of affection bestowed on the novelist will be found to be the darker.

With such evidence before us of the wide-spread and enduring popularity of popular novels, it would become us to make up our minds whether this coveted amusement is of its nature prone to do good or evil. There cannot be a doubt that the characters of those around us are formed very much on the lessons which are thus taught. Our girls become wives, and our wives mothers, and then old women, very much under these inspirations. Our boys grow into manhood, either nobly or ignobly partly as they may teach, and in accordance with such teaching will continue to bear their burdens gallantly or to repudiate them with cowardly sloth.

Sermons have been invented, coming down to us from the Greek chorus, and probably from times much antecedent to the Greek dramatists, in order that the violence of the active may be controlled by the prudence of the inactive, and the thoughtlessness of the young by the thoughtfulness of the old. And sermons have been very efficacious for these purposes. There are now among us preachers influencing the conduct of many, and probably delighting the intellectual faculties of more. But it is, we think, felt that the sermon which is listened to with more or less of patience once or twice a week does not catch a hold of the imagination as it used to do, so as to enable us to say that those who are growing up among us are formed as to their character by the discourses which they hear from the pulpit. Teaching to be efficacious must be popular. The birch has, no doubt, saved many from the uttermost depth of darkness, but it never yet made a scholar. I am inclined to think that the lessons inculcated by the novelists at present go deeper than most

others. To ascertain whether they be good or bad, we should look not only to the teaching but to that which has been taught, — not to the masters only but the scholars. To effect this thoroughly, an essay on the morals of the people would be necessary, — of such at least of the people as read sufficiently for the enjoyment of a novel. We should have to compare the conduct of the present day with that of past years, and our own conduct with that of other people. So much would be beyond our mark. But something may be done to show whether fathers and mothers may consider themselves safe in allowing to their children the latitude in reading which is now the order of the day, and also in giving similar freedom to themselves. It is not the daughter only who now reads her "Lord Aimworth" without thrusting him under the sofa when a strange visitor comes, or feels it necessary to have Fordyce's sermons open on the table. There it is, unconcealed, whether for good or bad, patent to all and established, the recognized amusement of our lighter hours, too often our mainstay in literature, the former of our morals, the code by which we rule ourselves, the mirror in which we dress ourselves, the *index expurgatorius* of things held to be allowable in the ordinary affairs of life. No man actually turns to a novel for a definition of honor, nor a woman for that of modesty; but it is from the pages of many novels that men and women obtain guidance both as to honor and modesty. As the writer of the leading article picks up his ideas of politics among those which he finds floating about the world, thinking out but little for himself and creating but little, so does the novelist find his ideas of conduct, and then create a picture of that excellence which he has appreciated. Nor does he do the reverse with reference to the ignoble or the immodest. He collects the floating ideas of the world around him as to what is right and wrong in conduct, and reproduces them with his own coloring. At different periods in our history, the preacher, the dramatist, the essayist, and the poet have been efficacious over others; at one time the preacher, and at one the poet. Now it is the novelist. There are reasons why we would wish it were otherwise. The reading of novels can hardly strengthen the intelligence. But we have to deal with the fact as it exists, deprecating the evil as far as it is an evil, but acknowledging the good if there be good.

Fond as most of us are of novels, it has

to be confessed that they have had a bad name among us. Sheridan, in the scene from which we have quoted, has put into Lydia's mouth a true picture of the time as it then existed. Young ladies, if they read novels, read them on the sly, and married ladies were not more free in acknowledging their acquaintance with those in English than they are now as to those in French. That freedom was growing then as is the other now. There were those who could read unblushingly; those who read and blushed; and those who sternly would not read at all. At a much later date than Sheridan's it was the ordinary practice in well-conducted families to limit the reading of novels. In many houses such books were not permitted at all. In others Scott was allowed, with those probably of Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen. And the amusement, though permitted, was not encouraged. It was considered to be idleness and a wasting of time. At the period of which we are speaking, — say forty years ago, — it was hardly recognized by any that much beyond amusement not only might be, but must be, the consequence of such reading. Novels were ephemeral, trivial, — of no great importance except in so far as they might perhaps be injurious. As a girl who is, as a rule, duly industrious, may be allowed now and then to sit idle over the fire, thinking as nearly as possible of nothing, — thus refreshing herself for her daily toils; as a man may, without reproach, devote a small portion of his day to loafing and lounging about his club; so in those perhaps healthier days did a small modicum of novel-reading begin to be permitted. Where now is the reading individual for whom a small modicum suffices?

And very evil things have been said of the writers of novels by their brethren in literature; as though these workers, whose work has gradually become so efficacious for good or evil, had done nothing but harm in the world. It would be useless, or even ungenerous now, to quote essayists, divines, and historians who have written of novelists as though the mere providing of a little fleeting amusement — generally of pernicious amusement — had been the only object in their view. But our readers will be aware that if such criticism does not now exist, it has not ceased so long but that they remember its tone. The ordinary old homily against the novel, inveighing against the frivolities, the falsehood, and perhaps the licentiousness, of a fictitious narrative, is still familiar to our ears. Though we may reckon among our dearest

literary possessions the pathos of this story, the humor of another, the unerring truth to nature of a third; though we may be aware of the absolute national importance to us of a "Robinson Crusoe" or "Tom Jones," of an "Ivanhoe" or an "Esmond;" though each of us in his own heart may know all that a good novel has done for him, — still there remains something of the bad character which for years has been attached to the art.

Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem Testa diu.

Even though it be true that the novels of the present day have in great measure taken the place of sermons, and that they feed the imagination too often in lieu of poetry, still they are admitted to their high functions not without forebodings, not without remonstrances, not without a certain sense that we are giving up our young people into the hands of an Apollyon. Is this teacher an Apollyon; or is he better because stronger, and as moral — as an archbishop?

It is certainly the case that novels deal mainly with one subject, — that, namely, of love; and equally certain that love is a matter in handling which for the instruction or delectation of the young there is much danger. This is what the novelist does daily, and, whatever may be the danger, he is accepted. We quite agree with the young lady in "The Hunchback" who declared that Ovid was a fool. "To call that thing an art which art is none."

No art but taketh time and pains to learn.
Love comes with neither.

So much the novelist knows as well as Sheridan Knowles's young lady, and therefore sets about his work with descriptive rather than didactic lessons. His pupils would not accept them were he to tell them that he came into the house as a tutor in such an art. But still as a tutor he is accepted. What can be of more importance to us than to know whether we, who all of us encourage such tutors in our houses, are subjecting those we love to good teaching or to ill? We do not dare to say openly to those dear ones, but we confess it to ourselves, that the one thing of most importance to them is whether they shall love rightly or wrongly. The sweet, innocent, bashful girl, who never to her dearest bosom friend dares to talk upon the matter, knows that it must be so for herself. Will it be her happy future to be joined to some man who, together with the energy necessary for maintaining her and her children,

shall also have a loving heart and a sweet temper? — or shall she, through dire mistake, in this great affair of her life fall into some unutterable abyss of negligence, poverty, and heartless indifference? All this is vague, though still certain, to the girl herself. But to the mother it is in no way vague. Night and morning it must be her dearest prayer that the man who shall take her girl from her shall be worthy of her girl. And the importance to the man, though not so strongly felt, is equal. As it is not his lot to rise and fall in the world as his partner may succeed or the reverse, the image of a wife does not force itself upon his thoughts so vividly as does that of a husband on the female mind; but, as she is dependent on him for all honor, so he is on her for all happiness. It suits us to speak of love as a soft, sweet, flowery pastime, with many roses and some thorns, in which youth is apt to disport itself; but there is no father, no mother, no daughter, and should be no son, blind to the fact that of all matters concerning life, it is the most important. That Ovid's "Art of Love" was nothing, much worse than nothing, we admit. But nevertheless the art is taught. Before the moment comes in which heart is given to heart, the imagination has been instructed as to what should accompany the gift, and what should be expected in accompaniment; in what way the gift should be made, and after what assurance; for how long a period silence should be held, and then how far speech should be unguarded.

By those who do not habitually read at all, the work is done somewhat roughly, — we will not say thoughtlessly, but with little of those precautions which education demands. With those who do read, all that literature gives them helps them somewhat in the operation of which we are speaking. History tells us much of love's efficacy, and much of the evil that comes from the want of it. Biography is of course full of it. Philosophy deals with it. Poetry is hardly poetry without it. The drama is built on it almost as exclusively as are the novels. But it is from novels that the crowd of expectant and ready pupils obtain that constant flow of easy teaching which fills the mind of all readers with continual thoughts of love. The importance of the teaching is mainly to the young, but the existence of the teaching is almost equally present to the old. Why is it that the judge when he escapes from the bench, the bishop even, — as we are told, — when he comes from his confirmation, the politician as he sits in the library of

the House, the cabinet minister when he has a half-hour to himself, the old dowager in almost all the hours which she has to herself, — seek for distraction and reaction in the pages of a novel? It is because there is an ever-recurring delight in going back to the very rudiments of those lessons in love.

"My dear," says the loving but only half-careful mother to her daughter, "I wish you wouldn't devote so many of your hours to novel-reading. How far have you got with your Gibbon?" Whereupon the young lady reads a page or two of Gibbon, and then goes back to her novels. The mother knows that her girl is good, and does not make herself unhappy. Is she justified in her security by the goodness of the teaching? There is good and bad, no doubt. In speaking of good and bad we are not alluding to virtue and vice themselves, but to the representations made of them. If virtue be made ridiculous, no description of it will be serviceable. If vice be made alluring, the picture will certainly be injurious. Sydney Smith, as far as it went, did an injury to morality at large when he declared in one of his letters that the prime minister of the day was "faithful to Mrs. Percival." Desiring to make the prime minister ridiculous, he endeavored to throw a stone at that domesticity which the prime minister was supposed to cherish, and doing so he taught evil. Gay did injury to morality when he persuaded all the town to sympathize with a thief. The good teaching of a novel may be evinced as much in displaying the base as the noble, if the base be made to look base as the noble is made to look noble.

If we look back to the earlier efforts of English novel-writing, the lessons taught were too often bad. Though there was a wide world of British fiction before the time of Charles the Second, it generally took the shape of the drama, and of that, whether good or bad, in its results we have at present nothing to say. The prose romances were few in number, and entertained so limited an audience that they were not efficacious for good or evil. The people would flock to see plays, where plays could be produced for them, as in London, — but did not as yet care to feed their imaginations by reading. Then came the novelists of Charles the Second, who, though they are less profligate and also more stupid than is generally supposed of them, could certainly do no good to the mind of any reader. Of our novelists the first really known is Defoe, who, though

he was born almost within the Commonwealth, did not produce his "Robinson Crusoe" till the time of George the First. "Robinson Crusoe" did not deal with love. Defoe's other stories, which are happily forgotten, are bad in their very essence. "Roxana" is an accurate sample of what a bad book may be. It relates the adventures of a woman thoroughly depraved, and yet for the most part successful, — is intended to attract by its licentiousness, and puts off till the end the stale scrap of morality which is brought in as a salve to the conscience of the writer. Putting aside "Robinson Crusoe," which has been truly described as an accident, Defoe's teaching as a novelist has been altogether bad. Then, mentioning only the names which are well known to us, we come first to Richardson, who has been called the inventor of the modern English novel. It certainly was his object to write of love, so that young women might be profited by what he wrote, — and we may say that he succeeded. It cannot be doubted that he had a strong conscience in his work, — that he did not write only to please, or only for money, or only for reputation, nor for those three causes combined; but that he might do good to those for whom he was writing. In this respect he certainly was the inventor of the modern English novel. That his works will ever become popular again we doubt. Macaulay expressed an exaggerated praise for "Clarissa," which brought forth new editions, — even an abridgment of the novel; but the tone is too melancholy, and is played too exclusively on a single string for the taste of a less patient age. Nor would his teaching, though it was good a hundred and thirty years ago, be good now. Against the horrors to which his heroine was subjected, it is not necessary to warn our girls in this safer age, — or to speak of them.

Of Fielding and Smollett, — whom, however, it is unfair to bracket, — it can hardly be said that their conscience was as clear in the matter of what they wrote as was that of Richardson, though probably each of them felt that the aim he had in view was to satirize vice. Defoe might have said the same. But when the satirist lingers lovingly over the vice which he castigates so as to allure by his descriptions, it may be doubted whether he does much service to morality. Juvenal was perhaps the sternest moral censor whom the world of letters has produced; but he was, and even in his own age must have been felt to be, a most lascivious writer. Fielding, who in the construction of a

story and the development of a character is supreme among novelists, is, we think, open to the same reproach. That Smollett was so the readers of "Roderick Random" and his other stories are well aware; and in him the fault was more conspicuous than in Fielding, — without the great redeeming gifts. Novelists followed, one after another, whose tales were good enough to remain in our memories, though we cannot say that their work was effective for any special purpose. Among those Goldsmith was the first and the greatest. His "Vicar of Wakefield" has taken a hold on our national literature equalled perhaps by no other novel.

It is not my purpose to give a history of English fiction. Its next conspicuous phase was that of the awe-striking mysterious romances, such as "The Mysteries of Udolpho" and "The Italian," by which we may say no such lessons were taught as those of which we are speaking, either for good or bad. The perusal of them left little behind beyond a slightly morbid tone of the imagination. They excited no passions, and created no beliefs. There was Godwin, a man whose mind was prone to revel in the injuries which an unfortunate might be subjected to by the injustice of the world; and Mrs. Inchbald, who longed to be passionate, though in the "Simple Story," by which we know her, she hardly rose to the height of passion; and Miss Burney, who was a Richardson in petticoats, but with a woman's closer appreciation of the little details of life. After them, or together with them, and together also with the names which will follow them, flourished the Rosa Matilda school of fiction, than which the desire to have something to read has produced nothing in literature more vapid or more mean. Up to this time there was probably no recognized attempt on the part of the novelist himself, except by Richardson, and perhaps by Miss Burney, to teach any lesson, to give out any code of morals, to preach as it were a sermon from his pulpit, as the parson preaches his sermon. The business was chance business, — the tendency being good if the tendency of the mind of the worker was good; or bad if that was bad. Then came Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen, who, the one in Ireland and the other in England, determined to write tales which should have a wholesome bearing. In this they were thoroughly successful, and were the first to convince the British matron that her darling girl might be amused by light literature without injury to her purity. For there had been

about Miss Burney, in spite of her morality, a smell of the torchlights of iniquity which had been offensive to the nose of the ordinary British matron. Miss Edgeworth, indeed, did fall away a little towards the end of her long career; but, as we all know, a well-established character may bear a considerable strain. Miss Austen from first to last was the same, — with no touch of rampant fashion. Her young ladies indeed are very prone to look for husbands; but when this is done with proper reticence, with no flavor of gaslight, the British matron can excuse a little evil in that direction for the sake of the good.

Then Scott arose, who still towers among us as the first of novelists. He himself tells us that he was prompted to write Scotch novels by the success of Miss Edgeworth's Irish tales. "Without being so presumptuous as to hope to emulate the rich humor, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact of my accomplished friend, I felt that something might be done for my own country of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth achieved for Ireland." It no doubt was the case that the success of Miss Edgeworth stimulated him to prose fiction; but we cannot but feel that there must have been present to him from first to last, through his long career of unprecedented success, a conviction of his duty as a teacher. In all those pages, in the telling of those incidents between men and women, in all those narratives of love, there is not a passage which a mother would feel herself constrained to keep from the eye of her daughter. It has been said that Scott is passionless in his descriptions of love. He moves us to our heart's core by his Meg Merrilies, his Edie Ochiltree, his Balfour of Burley, and a hundred other such characters; but no one sheds a tear over the sorrows of Flora Mac Ivor, Edith Bellenden, or Julia Mannering. When we weep for Lucy Ashton, it is because she is to be married to one she does not love, not because of her love. But in admitting this we ought to acknowledge at the same time the strain which Scott put upon himself so that he should not be carried away into the seducing language of ill-regulated passion. When he came to tell the story of unfortunate love, to describe the lot in life of a girl who had fallen, — when he created Effie Deans, — then he could be passionate. But together with this he possessed the greater power of so telling even that story, that the lesson from beginning to end should be salutary.

From Scott downwards I will mention no names till we come to those which I

have prefixed to this paper. There have been English novelists by the score, — by the hundred we may say. Some of them have been very weak; some utterly inefficacious for good or evil; some undoubtedly mischievous in their tendencies. But there has accompanied their growth a general conviction that it behoves the English novelist to be pure. As on the English stage and with the English periodical press, both scurrility and lasciviousness may now and again snatch a temporary success; so it is with English fiction. We all know the writers who endeavor to be so nearly lascivious that they may find an audience among those whose taste lies in that direction. But such is not the taste of the nation at large; and these attempts at impropriety, these longings to be as bold and wicked as some of our neighbors, do not pay in the long run. While a true story of genuine love, well told, will win the heart of the nation and raise the author to a high position among the worthies of his country, the prurient dabbler in lust hardly becomes known beyond a special class. The number of those who read novels has become millions in England during the last twenty-five years. In our factories, with our artisans, behind our counters, in third-class railway carriages, in our kitchens and stables, novels are now read unceasingly. Much reaches those readers that is poor. Much that is false in sentiment and faulty in art no doubt finds its way with them. But indecency does not thrive with them, and when there comes to them a choice of good or bad, they choose the better. There has grown up a custom of late, especially among tea-dealers, to give away a certain number of books among their poorer customers. When so much tea has been consumed, then shall a book be given. It came to my ears the other day that eighteen thousand volumes of Dickens's works had just been ordered for this purpose. The bookseller suggested that a little novelty might be expedient. Would the benevolent tea-dealer like to vary his presents? But no! The tradesman, knowing his business, and being anxious above all things to attract, declared that Dickens was what he wanted. He had found that the tea-consuming world preferred their Dickens.

In wide-spread popularity the novels of Charles Dickens have, I believe, exceeded those of any other British novelist, though they have not yet reached that open market of unrestricted competition which a book reaches only when its copyright has run out. Up to this present time over

eight hundred thousand copies of "Pickwick" have been sold in this country, and the book is still copyright property. In saying this I make no individious comparison between Scott and Dickens. I may, indeed, be in error in supposing the circulation of "Waverley" to have been less. As it is open to any bookseller to issue Scott's novels, it would be difficult to arrive at a correct number. Our object is simply to show what has been the circulation of a popular novel in Great Britain. The circulation outside the home market has been probably as great, — perhaps greater, as American readers are more numerous than the English. Among the millions of those into whose hands these hundreds of thousands of volumes have fallen, there can hardly be one who has not received some lesson from what he has read. It may be that many dissent from the mode of telling which Dickens adopted in his stories, that they are indifferent to the stories themselves, that they question the taste, and fail to interest themselves in the melodramatic incidents and unnatural characters which it was his delight to portray. All that has no bearing on the issue which we now attempt to raise. The teaching of which we are speaking is not instruction as to taste, or art, — is not instruction as to style or literary excellence. By such lessons as Dickens taught will the young man learn to be honest or dishonest, noble or ignoble? Will the girl learn to be modest or brazen-faced? Will greed be engendered and self-indulgence? Will a taste for vicious pleasure be created? Will the young of either sex be taught to think it is a grand thing to throw off the conventional rules which the wisdom of the world has established for its guidance; or will they unconsciously learn from the author's pages to recognize the fact that happiness is to be obtained by obeying, and not by running counter to the principles of morality? Let memory run back for a few moments over these stories, and it will fail to find an immodest girl who has been made alluring to female readers, or an ill-conditioned youth whose career a lad would be tempted to envy. No ridicule is thrown on marriage constancy; no gilding is given to fictitious pleasure; no charm is added to idleness; no alluring color is lent to debauchery. Pickwick may be softer, and Ralph Nickleby harder than the old men whom we know in the world; but the lessons which they teach are all in favor of a soft heart, all strongly opposed to hardness of heart. "What an impossible dear old duffer that

Pickwick is!" a lady said to me the other day, criticising the character as I thought very correctly. Quite impossible, and certainly a duffer, — if I understand the latter phrase, — but so dear! That an old man, as he grows old, should go on loving everybody around him, loving the more the older he grows, running over with philanthropy, and happy through it all in spite of the susceptibility of Mrs. Bardell and the fallings off of Mr. Winkle! That has been the lesson taught by "Pickwick;" and though probably but few readers have so believed in Pickwick as to think that nature would produce such a man, still they have been unconsciously taught the sweetness of human love.

Such characters as those of Lord Frederick Veresopht and Sir Mulberry Hawk have often been drawn by dramatists and novelists, — too frequently with a dash of attractive fashion, — in a manner qualified to conceal in the mind of the unappreciating reader the vices of the men under the brightness of their trappings. Has any young man been made to wish that he should be such as Lord Frederick Veresopht, or should become such as Sir Mulberry Hawk? Kate Nickleby is not to us an entirely natural young woman. She lacks human life. But the girls who have read her adventures have all learned to acknowledge the beauty and the value of modesty. It is not your daughter, my reader, who has needed such a lesson; but think of the eight hundred thousands!

Of all Dickens's novels "Oliver Twist" is perhaps artistically the best, as in it the author adheres most tenaciously to one story, and interests us most thoroughly by his plot. But the characters are less efficacious for the teaching of lessons than in his other tales. Neither can Bill Sikes nor Nancy, nor can even the great Bumble, be credited with having been of much service by deterring readers from vice; but then neither have they allured readers, as has been done by so many writers of fiction who have ventured to deal with the world's reprobates.

In "Martin Chuzzlewit," in "David Copperfield," in "Bleak House," and "Little Dorrit," the tendency of which I speak will be found to be the same. It is indeed carried through every work that he wrote. To whom has not kindness of heart been made beautiful by Tom Pinch, and hypocrisy odious by Pecksniff? The peculiar abominations of Pecksniff's daughters are made to be abominable to the least attentive reader. Unconsciously the girl-reader declares to herself that she

will not at any rate be like that. This is the mode of teaching which is in truth serviceable. Let the mind be induced to sympathize warmly with that which is good and true, or be moved to hatred against that which is vile, and then an impression will have been made, certainly serviceable, and probably ineradicable. It may be admitted in regard to Dickens's young ladies that they lack nature. Dora, Nelly, Little Dorrit, Florence Dombey, and a host of others crowd upon our memory, not as shadows of people we have really known, — as do Jeanie Deans, for instance, and Jane Eyre; but they have affected us as personifications of tenderness and gentle feminine gifts. We have felt each character to contain, not a woman, but something which will help to make many women. The Boythorns, Tulkinghorns, Cheerybles and Pickwicks, may be as unlike nature as they will. They are unlike nature. But they nevertheless charm the reader, and leave behind on the palate of his mind a sweet savor of humanity. Our author's heroes, down to Smike, are often outrageous in their virtues. But their virtues are virtues. Truth, gratitude, courage, and manly self-respect are qualities which a young man will be made not only to admire, but to like, by his many hours spent over these novels. And so it will be with young women as to modesty, reticence, and unselfish devotion.

The popularity of Thackeray has been very much less extended than that of Dickens, and the lessons which he has taught have not, therefore, been scattered as widely. Dickens, to use a now common phrase, has tapped a stratum lower in education and wealth, and therefore much wider, than that reached by his rival. The genius of Thackeray was of a nature altogether different. Dickens delighted much in depicting with very broad lines very well-known vices under impossible characters, but was, perhaps, still more thoroughly at home in representing equally well-known virtues after the same fashion. His Pinches and Cheerybles were nearer to him than his Ralph Nicklebys and his Pecksniffs. It seems specially to have been the work of Thackeray to cover with scorn the vices which in his hands were displayed in personages who were only too realistic. With him there is no touch of melodrama. From first to last you are as much at home with Barry Lyndon, the most complete rascal, perhaps, that ever was drawn, as with your wife, or your private secretary, if you have one, or the servant who waits upon you daily. And when he turns from the

strength of his rascals to the weaker idiosyncrasies of those whom you are to love for their virtues, he is equally efficacious. Barry Lyndon was a man of infinite intellectual capacity, which is more than we can say for Colonel Newcome. But was there ever a gentleman more sweet, more lovable, more thoroughly a gentleman at all points, than the colonel? How many a young lad has been taught to know how a gentleman should think, and how a gentleman should act and speak, by the thoughts and words and doings of the colonel! I will not say that Barry Lyndon's career has deterred many from rascaldom, as such a career can only be exceptional; but it has certainly enticed no lad to follow it.

"Vanity Fair," though not in my opinion the best, is the best-known of Thackeray's works. Readers, though they are delighted, are not satisfied with it, because Amelia Sedley is silly, because Osborne is selfish, because Dobbin is ridiculous, and because Becky Sharp alone is clever and successful, — while at the same time she is as abominable as the genius of a satirist can make her. But let him or her who has read the book think of the lessons which have been left behind by it. Amelia is a true loving woman, who can love her husband even though he be selfish — loving, as a woman should love, with enduring devotion. Whatever is charming in her attracts; what is silly repels. The character of Osborne is necessary to that of Dobbin, who is one of the finest heroes ever drawn. Unselfish, brave, modest, forgiving, affectionate, manly all over, — his is just the character to teach a lesson. Tell a young man that he ought to be modest, that he ought to think more of the heart of the girl he loves than of his own, that even in the pursuit of fame he should sacrifice himself to others, and he will ridicule your advice and you too. But if you can touch his sentiment, get at him in his closet, — or perhaps rather his smoking-room, — without his knowing it, bring a tear to his eye and perhaps a throb to his throat, and then he will have learned something of that which your less impressive lecture was incapable of teaching. As for Becky Sharp, it is not only that she was false, unfeminine, and heartless. Such attributes no doubt are in themselves unattractive. But there is not a turn in the telling of the story which, in spite of her success, does not show the reader how little is gained, how much is lost, by the exercise of that depraved ingenuity.

Pendennis is an unsteady, ambitious, clever but idle young man, with excellent

aspirations and purposes, but hardly trustworthy. He is by no means such a one as an anxious father would wish to put before his son as an example. But he is lifelike. Clever young men, ambitious but idle and vacillating, are met every day, whereas the gift of persistency in a young man is uncommon. The Pendennis phase of life is one into which clever young men are apt to run. The character if alluring would be dangerous. If reckless idle conceit had carried everything before it in the story, — if Pendennis had been made to be noble in the midst of his foibles, — the lesson taught would have been bad. But the picture which becomes gradually visible to the eyes of the reader is the reverse of this. Though Pendennis is, as it were, saved at last by the enduring affection of two women, the idleness and the conceit and the vanity, the littleness of the *sodisnant* great young man, are treated with so much disdain as to make the idlest and vainest of male readers altogether for the time out of love with idleness and vanity. And as for Laura, the younger of the two women by whom he is saved, she who becomes his wife, — surely no female character ever drawn was better adapted than hers to teach that mixture of self-negation, modesty, and affection which is needed for the composition of the ideal woman whom we love to contemplate.

Of Colonel Newcome we have already spoken. Of all the characters drawn by Thackeray it is the most attractive, and it is so because he is a man *sans peur* and *sans reproche*. He is not a clever old man, — not half so amusing as that worldly old gentleman, Major Pendennis, with whom the reader of the former novel will have become acquainted, — but he is one who cannot lie, who cannot do a mean thing, who can wear his gown as a bedesman in the Grey Friars Hospital, — for to that he comes, — with all the honor that can hang about a judge's ermine.

"Esmond" is undoubtedly Thackeray's greatest work, — not only because in it his story is told with the directest purpose, with less of vague wandering than in the others, — but by reason also of the force of the characters portrayed. The one to which we will specially call attention is that of Beatrix, the younger heroine of the story. Her mother, Lady Castlewood, is an elder heroine. The term as applied to the personages of a modern novel, — as may be said also of hero, — is not very appropriate; but it is the word which will best convey the intended meaning to the reader. Nothing

sadder than the story of Beatrix can be imagined, — nothing sadder though it falls so infinitely short of tragedy. But we speak specially of it here, because we believe its effect on the minds of girls who read it to be thoroughly salutary. Beatrix is a girl endowed with great gifts. She has birth, rank, fortune, intellect, and beauty. She is blessed with that special combination of feminine loveliness and feminine wit which men delight to encounter. The novelist has not merely said that it is so, but has succeeded in bringing the girl before us with such vivid power of portraiture that we know her, what she is, down to her shoe-ties, — know her, first to the loving of her, and then to the hating of her. She becomes as she goes on the object of Esmond's love, — and could she permit her heart to act in this matter, she too would love him. She knows well that he is a man worthy to be loved. She is encouraged to love him by outward circumstances. Indeed, she does love him. But she has decided within her own bosom that the world is her oyster, which has to be opened by her, being a woman, not by her sword but by her beauty. Higher rank than her own, greater fortune, a bigger place in the world's eyes, grander jewels, have to be won. Harry Esmond, oh, how good he is; how fit to be the lord of any girl, — if only he were a duke, or such like! This is her feeling, and this is her resolve. Then she sets her cap at a duke, a real duke, and almost gets him, — would have got him only her duke is killed in a duel before she has been made a duchess. After that terrible blow she sinks lower still in her low ambition. A scion of banished royalty comes dangling after her, and she, thinking that the scion may be restored to his royal grandeur, would fain become the mistress of a king.

It is a foul career, the reader will say; and there may be some who would ask whether such is the picture which should be presented to the eyes of a young girl by those who are anxious, not only for the amusement of her leisure hours, but also for her purity and worth. It might be asked, also, whether the commandments should be read in her ears, lest she should be taught to steal and to murder. Beautiful as Beatrix is, attractive, clever, charming, — prone as the reader is to sympathize with Esmond in his love for this winning creature, — yet by degrees the vileness becomes so vile, the ulcered sores are so revolting, the whited sepulchre is seen to be so foul within, that the girl who reads the book is driven to say, "Not like that;

not like that! Whatever fate may have in store for me, let it not be like that." And this conviction will not come from any outward suffering, — not from poverty, ill-usage, from loss of beauty or youth. No condign punishment of that easy kind is inflicted. But the vice is made to be so ugly, so heartbreaking to the wretched victim who has encouraged it, that it strikes the beholder with horror. Vice is heartbreaking to its victim. The difficulty is to teach the lesson, — to bring the truth home. Sermons too often fail to do it. The little story in which Tom the naughty boy breaks his leg, while Jack the good boy gets apples, does not do it. The broken leg and the apples do not find credence. Beatrix in her misery is believed to be miserable.

I will not appeal to further instances of good teaching among later British novelists, having endeavored to exemplify my meaning by the novels of two masters who have appeared among us in latter days, whose works are known to all of us, and who have both departed from among us; but I think that I am entitled to vindicate the character of the British novelist generally from aspersions often thrown upon it by quoting the works of those to whom I have referred. And I am anxious also to vindicate that public taste in literature which has created and nourished the novelist's work. There still exists the judgment, — prejudice, I think I may call it, — which condemns it. It is not operative against the reading of novels, as is proved by their general acceptance. But it exists strongly in reference to the appreciation in which they are professed to be held, and it robs them of much of that high character which they may claim to have earned by their grace, their honesty, and good teaching.

By the consent of all mankind who read, poetry takes the highest place in literature. That nobility of expression, and all but divine grace of words, which she is bound to attain before she can make her footing good, is not compatible with prose. Indeed, it is that which turns prose into poetry. When that has been in truth achieved, the reader knows that the writer has soared above the earth, and can teach his lessons somewhat as a god might teach. He who sits down to write his tale in prose makes no such attempt, nor does he dream that the poet's honor is within his reach. But his teaching is of the same nature, and his lessons tend to the same end. By either, false sentiment may be fostered, false notions of humanity may be engen-

dered, false honor, false love, false worship may be created; by either, vice instead of virtue may be taught. But by each equally may true honor, true love, true worship, and true humanity be inculcated; and that will be the greatest teacher who will spread such truth the widest. At present, much as novels, as novels, are sought and read, there still exists an idea — a feeling which is very prevalent — that novels at their best are but innocent. Young men and women — and old men and women too — read more of them than they read of poetry because such reading is easier; but they read them as men eat pastry after dinner, — not without some inward conviction that the taste is vain if not vicious. We think that it is not vicious or vain, — unless indeed the employment be allowed to interfere with the graver duties of life.

A greater proportion of the teaching of the day than any of us have as yet acknowledged comes, no doubt, from the reading of these books. Whether the teaching be good or bad, that is the case. It is from them that girls learn what is expected from them, and what they are to expect when lovers come; and also from them that young men unconsciously learn what are, or should be, or may be, the charms of love. Other lessons also are taught. In these days, when the desire to be honest is pressed so hard on the heel by the ambition to be great, in which riches are the easiest road to greatness; when the temptations to which men are subjected dull their eyes to the perfected iniquities of others; when it is so hard for a man to decide vigorously that the pitch which so many are handling will defile him if it be touched, — men's conduct will be actuated much by that which is from day to day depicted to them as leading to glorious or inglorious results. The woman who is described as having obtained all that the world holds to be precious by lavishing her charms and caresses unworthily and heartlessly, will induce other women to do the same with theirs; as will she who is made interesting by exhibition of bold passion teach others to be spuriously passionate. The young man who in a novel becomes a hero, — perhaps a member of Parliament or almost a prime minister, — by trickery, falsehood, and flash cleverness, will have as many followers in his line as Jack Shepard or Macheath will have in theirs; and will do, if not as wide, a deeper mischief.

To the novelist, thinking of all this, it must surely become a matter of deep conscience how he shall handle those characters by whose words and doings he hopes

to interest his readers. It may frequently be the case that he will be tempted to sacrifice something for effect; to say a word or two here, or to draw a picture there, for which he feels that he has the power, and which, when spoken or drawn, would be alluring. The regions of absolute vice are foul and odious. The savor of them, till custom has hardened the palate and the nose, is disgusting. In these he will hardly tread. But there are outskirts on these regions in which sweet-smelling flowers seem to grow and grass to be green. It is in these border-lands that the danger lies. The novelist may not be dull. If he commit that fault, he can do neither harm nor good. He must please; and the flowers and the soft grass in those neutral territories sometimes seem to give too easy an opportunity of pleasing!

The writer of stories must please, or he will be nothing. And he must teach, whether he wish to teach or not. How shall he teach lessons of virtue, and at the same time make himself a delight to his readers? Sermons in themselves are not thought to be agreeable; nor are disquisitions on moral philosophy supposed to be pleasant reading for our idle hours. But the novelist, if he have a conscience, must preach his sermons with the same purpose as the clergyman, and must have his own system of ethics. If he can do this efficiently, if he can make virtue alluring and vice ugly, while he charms his reader instead of wearying him, then we think that he should not be spoken of generally as being among those workers of iniquity who do evil in their generation. So many have done so, that the English novelists as a class may, we think, boast that such has been the result of their work. Can any one, by search through the works of the fine writers whose names we have specially mentioned, — Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen, Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, — find a scene, a passage, or a word that could teach a girl to be immodest or a man to be dishonest? When men in their pages have been described as dishonest, or women as immodest, has not the reader in every instance been deterred by the example and its results? It is not for the novelist to say simply and baldly: "Because you lied here, or were heartless there; because you, Lydia Bennet, forgot the lessons of your honest home, or you, Earl Leicester, were false through your ambition, or you, Beatrix, loved too well the glitter of the world, therefore you shall be scourged with scourges either here or hereafter;" but it is for him to show, as he carries on his

tale, that his Lydia, or his Leicester, or his Beatrix, will be dishonored in the estimation of all by his or her vices. Let a woman be drawn clever, beautiful, attractive, so as to make men love her and women almost envy her; and let her be made also heartless, unfeminine, ambitious of evil grandeur, as was Beatrix, — what danger is there not in such a character! To the novelist who shall handle it, what peril of doing harm! But if at last it has been so handled that every girl who reads of Beatrix shall say: "Oh, not like that! let me not be like that!" and that every youth shall say: "Let me not have such a one as that to press to my bosom, — anything rather than that!" then will not the novelist have preached his sermon as perhaps no other preacher can preach it?

Very much of a novelist's work, as we have said above, must appertain to the intercourse between young men and young women. It is admitted that a novel can hardly be made interesting or successful without love. Some few might be named in which the attempt has been made, but even in them it fails. "Pickwick" has been given as an exception to this rule, but even in "Pickwick" there are three or four sets of lovers whose amatory flutterings give a softness to the work. In this frequent allusion to the passion which most strongly stirs the imagination of the young, there must be danger, as the novelist is necessarily aware. Then the question has to be asked, whether the danger may not be so handled that good shall be the result, and to be answered. The subject is necessary to the novelist, because it is interesting to all; but as it is interesting to all, so will the lessons taught respecting it be widely received. Every one feels it, has felt it, or expects to feel it, — or else regrets it with an eagerness which still perpetuates the interest. If the novelist, therefore, can so treat his subject as to do good by his treatment of it, the good done will be very wide. If a writer can teach politicians and statesmen that they can do their work better by truth than by falsehood, he does a great service; but it is done in the first instance to a limited number of persons. But if he can make young men and women believe that truth in love will make them happy, then, if his writings be popular, he will have a very large class of pupils. No doubt that fear which did exist as to novels came from the idea that this matter of love would be treated in an inflammatory and unwholesome manner. "Madam," says Sir Anthony in the play, "a circulating library in

a town is an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge. It blossoms through the year, and, depend upon it, Mrs. Malaprop, they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last." Sir Anthony, no doubt, was right. But he takes it for granted that longing for the fruit is an evil. The novelist thinks differently, and believes that the honest love of an honest man is a treasure which a good girl may fairly hope to win, and that, if she can be taught to wish only for that, she will have been taught to entertain only wholesome wishes.

There used to be many who thought, and probably there are some who still think, that a girl should hear nothing of love till the time comes in which she is to be married. That was the opinion of Sir Anthony Absolute and of Mrs. Malaprop. But we doubt whether the old system was more favorable to purity of manners than that which we have adopted of late. Lydia Languish, though she was constrained by fear of her aunt to hide the book, yet had "Peregrine Pickle" in her collection. While human nature talks of love so forcibly, it can hardly serve our turn to be silent on the subject. "*Naturam expelles furca, tamen usque recurret.*" There are countries in which it has been in accordance with the manners of the upper classes that the girl should be brought to marry the man almost out of the nursery, — or rather, perhaps, out of the convent, — without having enjoyed any of that freedom of thought which the reading of novels and poetry will certainly produce; but we do not know that the marriages so made have been thought to be happier than our own.

Among English novels of the present day, and among English novelists, a great division is made. There are sensational novels, and anti-sensational; sensational novelists, and anti-sensational; sensational readers, and anti-sensational. The novelists who are considered to be anti-sensational are generally called realistic. The readers who prefer the one are supposed to take delight in the elucidation of character. They who hold by the other are charmed by the construction and gradual development of a plot. All this we think to be a mistake, — which mistake arises from the inability of the inferior artist to be at the same time realistic and sensational. A good novel should be both, — and both in the highest degree. If a novel fail in either, there is a failure in art. Let those readers who fancy that they do not like sensational scenes, think of some of

those passages from our great novelists which have charmed them most, — of Rebecca in the castle with Ivanhoe; of Burley in the cave with Morton; of the mad lady tearing the veil of the expectant bride in "Jane Eyre;" of Lady Castlewood as, in her indignation, she explains to the Duke of Hamilton Harry Esmond's right to be present at the marriage of his Grace with Beatrix. Will any one say that the authors of these passages have sinned in being over-sensational? No doubt a string of horrible incidents, bound together without truth in details, and told as affecting personages without character, — wooden blocks who cannot make themselves known to readers as men and women, — does not instruct, or amuse, or even fill the mind with awe. Horrors heaped upon horrors, which are horrors only in themselves, and not as touching any recognized and known person, are not tragic, and soon cease even to horrify. Such would-be tragic elements of a story may be increased without end and without difficulty. The narrator may tell of a woman murdered, murdered in the same street with you, in the next house; may say that she was a wife murdered by her husband, a bride not yet a week a wife. He may add to it forever. He may say that the murderer burnt her alive. There is no end to it. He may declare that a former wife was treated with equal barbarity, and that the murderer when led away to execution declared his sole regret to be that he could not live to treat a third after the same fashion. There is nothing so easy as the creation and cumulation of fearful incidents after this fashion. If such creation and cumulation be the beginning and the end of the novelist's work, — and novels have been written which seem to be without other attraction, — nothing can be more dull and nothing more useless. But not on that account are we averse to tragedy in prose fiction. As in poetry, so in prose, he who can deal adequately with tragic elements is a greater artist, and reaches a higher aim, than the writer whose efforts never carry him above the mild walks of everyday life. "The Bride of Lammermoor" is a tragedy throughout in spite of its comic elements. The life of Lady Castlewood is a tragedy. Rochester's wretched thralldom to his mad wife in "Jane Eyre" is a tragedy. But these stories charm us, not simply because they are tragic, but because we feel that men and women with flesh and blood, creatures with whom we can sympathize, are struggling amidst their woes. It all lies in that. No novel is

anything, for purposes either of comedy or tragedy, unless the reader can sympathize with the characters whose names he finds upon the page. Let the author so tell his tale as to touch his reader's heart and draw his reader's tears, and he has so far done his work well. Truth let there be, — truth of description, truth of character, human truth as to men and women. If there be such truth, I do not know that a novel can be too sensational.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THE BRIDE'S PASS.

BY SARAH TYTLER,

AUTHOR OF

"WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

EVENTS SHAPE THEMSELVES. — A FISHER'S STRAIT.

THE report of the coming marriage circulated speedily, with characteristic rejoicings and lamentations — the last much less defined and audible — through two households, the manse and Drumchatt.

The Drumchatt retainers, though a little reluctant to lose their comparative liberty as a bachelor's household, and a little jealous for the young laird's honor in mating with nobody higher than the minister's daughter, were at the same time accustomed to the predominance of the manse influence up at the old mansion-house among the hills. The servants were used to the gentle presence of Unah, who had grown up like a daughter of Drumchatt, and recommended herself to every gillie and dog-boy among them by the absence of assumption on her part, and by her familiar knowledge of their lives and interests. And the men and women were easily reconciled to the direction in which their sultan had thrown his handkerchief.

In the manse household, Malise Gow was especially uplifted by the news, which was yet scarcely news to him, for, like his mistress, he had projected the marriage since the couple were children, learning their lessons and playing with Miss Unah's dolls in company. However, Malise swaggered and vapored about our young master up at Drumchatt, our carriage and new furniture that were to be, our own lady's taking precedence even over Lady Moydart and Sir Duncan's lady in all future Ford games, because it was Drumchatt who was lord of the manor at the Ford. Malise

behaved himself in a manner not altogether becoming in a Christian who was given to professing himself the vilest of the vile, a moth of the day, a worm of the dust, until Jenny Reach saw herself compelled to call her fellow-servant to account. "We are not out of the wood yet," she asserted with provoking dubiousness; "and even if we were, there are as good sticks left behind as that we have got. Oh, ay, Drumchatt is of an old family, a very old family — grown mouldy, if you will — and not without the thick clay of loose-lying siller, forby the bare moors, and he's a pretty enough young man. I've no quarrel with his appearance, save that it would better serve a pinging lassie than a bold lad, if he were as stout as he is well enough favored. But the whole race in my day have had no more pith than a slip of saugh that you can bend between your fingers, and their life has gone out like the snuff of a candle. Oh, ay, the mistress says he has got over the family weakness. Well, I've no objection, poor lad, only I've a notion he's not got his turkey's neck, his falling shoulders, his pink and white cheeks, and winter cough for nothing. The mistress says, too, that she finds Drumchatt's affliction has been blest to him, which is the great matter. With all my heart I say again, but I cannot see any difference in the young man from other young men, save that he has not the ability to run wild and get into splores, such as you have some knowledge of, Malise."

"Jenny," began Malise furiously, "I am afraid you are little better than a scoffer; and if you can lightly taunt me with what is my bitter sorrow, well, I must take that, too, as part of my punishment."

"Hout! I did not mean you to take it like that, Malise," said Jenny a little compunctiously; "why will you always be so much in earnest?"

"And why will you always make a mock at natural affection, and sorrow, and sin itself?"

Malise directed the counter-charge passionately. But this was going too far, in Jenny's estimation.

"As to scoffing," she returned, to his earlier accusation, "who is the scoffer? He who moralizes on misfortunes — let us say at once, of the Lord's sending — and twists and makes use of them without fear or remorse to serve his own ends, or the body who cannot help seeing through the dream?"

But Malise, with his *tête montée* matching his irascibility, was incapable of following such reasoning.

The summer neighbors of the couple, the Moydarts of Castle Moydart, and the Hopkinses of the Freat, heard the tidings on the eve of their flight.

The Moydarts, with more or less interest in the natives, agreed that it was an excellent and suitable arrangement, which had their entire approbation, and would receive their congratulations as soon as they returned next August.

The Hopkinses stared and shrugged their shoulders a little. That girl at the manse to be a bride! She was treated as a mere child, though she was no child in reality, only she was suffered to run wild in spite of her mother's pretensions. Unah Macdonald had not a gown worth a guinea, or one made in a fashion that Minnet, Miss "Laura's" maid, would not despise to adopt. Unah Macdonald had no beauty, no style, she had not an accomplishment. She could play nothing on the old rattle-box, her mother's grand piano — out of place in a manse — except boisterous reels and jigging strathspeys. Certainly, Lady Jean Stewart lent a kind of distinction to such music by condescending to play it at Castle Moydart. But anywhere else it would be beyond the pale of polite society, and utterly unendurable by civilized ears, which had received the inestimable advantage of being trained to listen to classic music with no further relief than was implied by a morsel of Verdi's or Gounod's.

Unah could not sketch; she could not even dance. Her mother's bigotry or poverty had prevented her from so much as learning to dance. Worse still, she could not speak above her breath in general company. She could not come into a room filled with guests without rushing, or stumbling, or sidling like an overgrown schoolgirl; she was a gawky — a tomboy to boot. For although she was too rustic to behave like other girls within doors, out of doors she could perform such Amazonian feats of walking and climbing, crossing stepping-stones for bridges, finding her way on the moors, identifying birds' feathers, and pointing out the pools where fish were to be found, as no well-brought-up, ladylike girl ought to be fit for.

There was only one thing which prevented the Hopkinses from deciding that the announced marriage of Drumchatt (the English family were not averse to employing the territorial titles of the district) — who was in himself not a bad sort of fellow, or "ungentlemanlike," though he was only a raw, sickly, Highland lad, and thoroughly provincial — did not mean an utter misal-

liance too bad to be passed over, but only a stupid union between natives.

Mrs. and Miss Hopkins had not forgotten to this day what Lady Jean Stewart had said to them the first autumn that they were leaving Fearnavoil. It was in answer to an observation which Mrs. Hopkins had hazarded, that she supposed although Mrs. Macdonald at the manse was a foolish, stuck-up sort of woman, and maintained an absurd establishment for her means, there could be no objection to Mrs. Hopkins sending over for the use of the girl Unah, who was so shabbily dressed, such clothes as Julia did not care to take south with her, and which were at the same time much too good for giving to Sunday-school pupils, or people of that description. Mrs. Hopkins always made a point of lending such assistance to the curate's family at home.

"Of course, you will do as you please, Mrs. Hopkins," said Lady Jean very calmly and sweetly; "but forgive me for saying that I am afraid you do not understand our ways. I know you mean to be generous, but I should not like to have an offer of old clothes made to myself, even though the clothes were not much worn, and had been cast off by a friend like your daughter. Oh, I assure you papa is quite poor, and mamma grudges me my pocket-handkerchiefs. The Macdonalds are much in the same position, perhaps really not so badly off, since they have not a house to keep up in London, or a place in Berkshire, where Neville is to be member, and papa has to spend money to please the electors."

That year of her engagement to which Unah had looked forward as to a lifetime, passed quickly enough, and very like other years. The strange thing was that it did not make Unah much older in heart and mind. Almost certainly, had she been promised in marriage to any other man than to her cousin and old playfellow, Donald of Drumchatt, this year would have seen a great development, and the bursting of the child and girl chrysalis, which had so long enwrapped Unah's womanly nature. As it was, after the crisis of Donald's declaration everything had so soon subsided into the old routine, that the shy, backward girl, clinging to the shelter of her early youth, was tempted to forget that such a crisis had come and gone. Donald, who was always an affectionate fellow, and especially attached to Unah, was not so different in the light of a lover, as to disturb the charmed peace of the sleeping princess by the ardor of

his wooing. The truth was that Donald, whether from mental character or bodily constitution, or in the light of the circumstances, was not much of a lover, but continued from first to last far more of the brotherly cousin who needed Unah and claimed her.

And Unah was well content that it should be so; any more romantic or passionate demonstration would have startled her, and covered her with confusion and fright, as when Donald first asked her to be his wife. Unstartled, she grew accustomed to allusions, and even to early preparations as to matters of course. She ceased to gasp inarticulately, and feel fit to sink into the earth, and oh! so wanting to run away and bury herself in the recesses of the pass or the moors which she knew so well, when any of the humbler parishioners — who were the most cordial and jocose — wished her joy. She left off minding much, when she went — as she had always gone with her father or mother — to Drumchatt, where Donald was confined to the house for several weeks of midwinter as usual. Yet the old housekeeper began to ask the girl's worthless opinion on every little proposed alteration; and Donald's grey-haired manservant, who had brought the boy down to the manse for his lessons, and still addressed Unah as "missy," and who had been promoted to the office of butler, took it upon him to make the invidious distinction, which as yet only amused Mrs Macdonald in place of offending her, of solemnly pouring out Unah's glass of wine before her mother's, and of seizing an opportunity to whisper to her, "When is it to be, missy? Don't put off too long. There's many a slip between the cup and the lip. I have the swords polished ready to be crossed," referring to a custom of the house, by which crossed swords in a certain window of the mansion not only proclaimed in the proper manner to all beholders that there was a marriage celebrated that day among the race of Drumchatt,* but conferred the invaluable boon of insuring the felicity and worldly prosperity of the couple.

Summer came and went. Each lady birk shook out her green tresses over a gowan-strewn carpet, according to pleasant old figures of speech, and there was not one of Donald's former trustees who made any serious objection to the suitable marriage, even though the more cynical raised their eyebrows and professed to think that the minister of Fearnavoil had played his

cards well for his daughter, where his kinsman, his *ci-devant* charge was concerned. Still the auspicious event remained in the background. This delay occurred partly because Donald was not in a desperate hurry to claim his bride in the middle of the freedom, ease, and cheerful society which summer brought him. But the deferring of the marriage was mainly due to an architect, who had been employed to work some improvement on the old grey house, the weather stains of which were like tear-blots, and lent it a woe-begone aspect. After the fashion of architects, he had not been able to do the little required of him without suggesting more, and turning the whole building topsy-turvy, driving Donald into a corner, and producing a general incompleteness which protracted the fulfilment of his mission from week to week, and rendered it improbable that the house could be fit for a bride's occupation and reception of company till six more months had passed. It appeared certain that Unah would have another winter's reprieve, over which her heart sang. Her spirits grew so gay that she took to teasing Donald with the pretended conviction that he did not care to have her over at Drumchatt at all; while old Callum, who had polished the swords for a display on the marriage, shook his head, and put the weapons back among the store from which he had extracted them. "Missy is fey," he said shortly.

"Away with your feyness and your freits!" said Jenny Reach, taking Unah's part; "you'll be having the second sight next, and spying us all in our winding-sheets, and that would be a cheerful sight to please a daft auld Highland man. Let charity begin at home, Callum Macdonald. Our Miss Unah is only a foolish young lassie, not worth making a work about, I grant, hardly knowing what she is doing, though she has reached the years of discretion; just such a white-faced, dark-eyed bairn as men run wild after, and as lead others and are led themselves to destruction — that I should say the word of my master and minister's daughter. But masters and ministers are but men, and their daughters no more than women, or silly lassies in this case. However, I'll vouch Miss Unah means no ill, and so I hope she will come to none, as there is nought like to befall her, that I can see; unless indeed it be in buckling with a poor billie like Drumchatt. Oh! you need not gloom, Callum. I'm in a free country, and I'm a free woman to speak my mind."

One afternoon in the first week of Au-

* "Here lies the race of Yair."

gust, Unah Macdonald found herself not in request either by father, mother, or intended bridegroom, left to her own devices in a happy, if dangerous, state of idleness for the busy season. Mr. Macdonald had set out "to visit," in the Scotch parochial sense, in the remotest part of his parish, fourteen miles long. Mrs. Macdonald was gone on an errand of mercy to converse with an interesting penitent, whose penitence did not yet make her a desirable acquaintance for Unah. Donald of Drumchatt was well enough to be out with his gamekeepers most of the morning in anticipation of the 12th; but this inferred some loss of his company at the manse, since he had not the inexhaustible energy and elasticity of spirit and sinew which might have enabled a young man in his strength to add the ride or walk across the hills between the two houses to his morning's occupation, without the slightest inconvenience.

Unah was the most unexact and least jealous of mistresses. She was not mortified by finding that grouse or ptarmigan, not to say roe or red deer, promised to be for a time her successful rivals. She was calmly glad that Donald was able to occupy and amuse himself like other gentlemen. In her secret heart, she thought Donald a little in the way when he hung much about the manse as an idle man, though she had been accustomed to the infliction; and she was too kind-hearted to show her feelings, or even to fail to reproach herself for entertaining them, since poor Donald could not altogether help being idle and *dilettante* in all he did. But she could have wished he had been a minister with sermons to write, as well as a study to retire to, like her father, seeing that Donald was not able, in the nature of things, to follow his bent and come out as an active country gentleman or a keen sportsman — who would cheerfully lie down in the open air, ay, in the nipping frost, among the sprinkling of snow of a late autumn or early spring night, watching a wildcat's den or seeking to get a shot at a wild swan.

Therefore Unah did not mind being left alone on the summer afternoon; rather, she prepared to make hay while the sun shone, as she first strolled about the garden, picking up the shed rose-leaves, and coquetting with the half-ripe strawberries, then started to wander down the pass. She carried, as an apology for idleness, her knitting in the pocket of her gown, and in her hand a copy of "Dred," a tale of which Mrs. Macdonald did not

disapprove, being lenient to the book, not so much on its own merits as because it was written by the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Unah was a little better dressed than when she appeared to the reader muddling among her plants and her attempts at art in one of the manse garrets. Yet there would have been room for Miss Laura Hopkins's assertion that Unah Macdonald had never owned a gown worth a guinea. And still there was a predominance of the frock over the gown, though Unah's buff muslin was not cut across by the ankles, and had not short sleeves, or any other attribute of juvenility. Perhaps the youthful air was not in the gown itself, but in the half austere, half careless fashion in which the girl's auburn hair continued to be "shed" — in the old nursery phrase — behind her ears, and disposed of with the least trouble in a rolled round sheaf which, in spite of Mrs. Macdonald's strictures on neatness, would get blown about and wet in stress of weather, or pulled down when Unah poked her head rashly into holes fitter to encounter a boy's than a girl's style of hair-dressing.

Fifteen years ago, round hats, which had only lately been re-imported for the comfort of British maidens, were of brown straw, for use as well as for ornament, and they were furnished with sensible shady brims. Unah's hat was not only shady, it had been allowed to become a little bent and battered, as part of her out-of-doors dress in a country parish where for three-fourths of the year it was an event to meet any other man or woman than a shepherd or a caillach, in the course of a week.

But there were piquant details in the women's dress of the time which were never more piquant than when their Amazonian attraction was displayed on a very girlish figure. Over her buff muslin, Unah wore a brown cloth jacket with coat lapels turned back. The jacket was thus half open, like an old-fashioned riding-habit, and seen within the opening were the little collar and plaited front belonging to another abolished article of female attire — the very name of which is exploded — a habit-shirt. Unah's habit-shirt was of blue and white striped calico, with pearl buttons fastening the plaits, and had blue and white calico sleeves, the cuffs of which appeared beneath the jacket-sleeves in what looked a saucy imitation of a man's shirt, while under the collar was tied a no less saucy facsimile of a man's black silk neckerchief.

It may seem strange that Mrs. Macdonald should have countenanced, in her daughter's slowly dawning fancy in dress, the adopting of various portions of costume which made game of traits in men's dress; but when it is stated that these details were very becoming, were modest in their roguishness and inexpensive in their cost, and that the fashion of wearing them in Fearnavoil had been set by no less an authority than Lady Jean Stewart, it is to be hoped that the reader does not imagine the minister's wife was such a monster of consistency as not to betray a hole in her armor by encouraging Unah to follow where Lady Jean led.

The Bride's Pass was perhaps not in its perfection of beauty early in August. In spring there were broader, more exquisite contrasts between the tender green of its foliage and the low-toned brown and grey robes, broken by the white fur of snow, of its mighty guardians. In autumn there were richer, mellower dyes of leaf and berry and purple heather. But at all times the pass was a grand and beautiful page of God's broad book of nature, and the August writing on the page was not without its own attractions. Summer was late in these high latitudes, and so August in Fearnavoil, though it still left the kingly sentries unclad in their royal mantles, while it had dulled and dimmed the vivid June green of beech and oak, and seen the last of the red and white dog-roses, was yet the season of honeysuckle. Mingling with the pale maize, golden and crimson pipes and plumes of the honeysuckle, were great clustering purple vetch flowers, like bunches of grapes. Down in rushy and sedgy nooks by the waterside stood tall irises. As if to remind one that this was a Highland pass, and these were hunched shoulders of the Grampians that hemmed it in, heather constantly broke the wealth of lowland flowers and the tangled growth of the underwood — blue-green juniper, small-leaved blaeberry, vine-leaved bramble. Heather tufted the mossy bank, overhung by branches of hazel, and further shaded the rock, every cleft of which was feathered with spleenwort. The ling was only budding pink, but the rarer bell-heather was in its soft purple flush, showing at long intervals that loveliest variety where the bells are waxen-white and rose-tinged.

Down in the gorge of the pass, running, leaping, and breaking among its grey rocks and foaming white against every barrier, resting only here and there in sunshiny or sombre pools equally treacherous, over

which foam bells were sucked into the eddy that ended their brief existence, was the Fearn, umber brown from the mosses and moors it had traversed in its course.

These were the petty furnishings, as one might say, of the pass, which were as nothing to its great framework. It has already been said that moderately-sized hills looked like molehills in the lap of the mountains, and birch-trees, measured against the height of the ribbed and scarred sides of Benvoil, showed no bigger than bushes of bracken. The blue sky was seen through the rift immeasurably far up in the heavens, and an eagle, or more frequently a wild swan or goose, for the royal bird is fast forsaking the Scotch mountains, took the dimensions of a thrush, as it appeared for a moment and then vanished from the vacuum.

Unah walked leisurely in her own domain, familiar with every noble and lovely feature, and yet not missing one of them or overlooking a single change a week might bring. This was the first bright day after a period of rainy weather, and the Fearn was a little flooded. From the same cause watercourses like silver threads in the sunshine were flowing down the mountain, sides, and pouring in miniature waterfalls over the lower banks and rocks. Yonder was the first August foxglove, the first in a very forest of foxgloves. Unah stood and looked at them swaying in a drowsy, stately fashion in the light wind. Their long purple or white cups were still unsealed, their spotted hairy throats unopened, but in another week they would be open to the fairies. Were they not more beautiful, though less joyous, than the March daffodils that danced in English breezes? A second singularly delicate and beautiful effect was just beginning to show itself. It was the blending of the silver grey of the seeded grasses with the pale blue of the harebells, in such quantities as to transfer the fair, pure tints of the sky on some summer morning to the roadside at Unah's feet.

Unah was not impressed by the deep silence of the pass, no longer vibrating with choruses of birds, and only broken by the rush and tinkle and splash of water, as it might have impressed the denizen of a town newly transplanted to the wilds. Such silence was her native atmosphere, and in it she detected minor notes of bee and beetle which would not have been perceptible to a less fine and accurate sense of hearing.

She sought out a favorite tree-stump — there were always plenty of such about —

and sat down between the road and the river, one may be sure in a spot which commanded the venerable and beloved bald head of Benvoil. There she began to read in a Highland glen of American swamps and forests, of morning-glories and passion-flowers, of negro foster-parents to the desolate children of dead planters, of wild, emotional revivals of religion, of the half-frantic, half-inspired outcasts of persecution, and of God's terrible judgment of pestilence. But Unah did not read long, she glanced at the end of the book and found to her dismay that its poor simple little heroine became the victim to her own innocently generous efforts to repair too late the selfish neglect of her forefathers, and to stay the vengeance of the living laws they had outraged. It seemed too sad that Unah's far-away western sister should have died in what had promised to be the zenith of her bright young happiness, with lover and friends and faithful slaves all striving vainly to avert the blow of that fellest of human diseases to modern imagination — cholera. It was not so much a shock at the winding-up of the story by death that scared Unah from her book. For the young Highland girl having lived a life of comparative solitude among primitive nature in a spiritual world of reverence and piety with a good father and a religious mother, had her own version of death, in which there mingled, with much solemnity and a natural shrinking and shuddering, a faint realization of an awful bliss as well as a heavenly peace bought by a divine sacrifice. But to read in the *Bride's Pass* on an August afternoon of a young girl on the eve of her marriage dying of cholera — could associations be found more cruelly antagonistic, more piteously mournful? Unah shut the book and took to reading the nature around her, which was all in keeping — serene, smiling and bountiful, full of promise of blossom and fruit in unending succession, with hardly a hint that the Fearn raved wildly in its autumn bed, and Benvoil hid his head sullenly behind the thick gloom of November clouds; nay, in summer the river sometimes came down “roaring and rearing,” with rent fresh boughs instead of dead leaves coursing along its current, and the swollen carcasses of lambs swirling in its jaws and dashing against its jagged teeth. As for Benvoil, one of the most fearful spectacles to be seen in the district presented itself in the blue-black clouds of a July thunder-storm falling like a pall over its crest, and the steely gleam of the lightning leaping out, and illuminating, with an

instantaneous ghastly flash, every rugged peak and grim scar on its sides.

But Benvoil looked now the most benign of sovereigns. There was not a shadow upon him except what was cast by his opposite neighbor the Turaidh, and by the deep relief into which one of his sides was thrown by the child hill which always sat in his lap. The sole consequence of these shades was to bring out into almost startling prominence, as they lay in the sunshine, the emeralds and olives of tracts of moss alternating with breaks of yellow sand and bare grey rock. Benvoil was as good as gold to-day, he was behaving beautifully. Unah began to praise him because he hung out more flattering omens than her book had done. He could not help catching an occasional fleecy cloud and wrapping it round his ancient head as if he felt the threatening of an incipient face-ache, but he flung it off the next moment and determined rather to brave his ailments like a dauntless old chief than to commence the brewing of another deluge.

Really Mrs. Macdonald had some ground for maintaining that there was heathen idolatry in the way in which the people of Fearnvoil — her own household included, treated the mountain. They gave it the masculine gender, in addition to its proper name. They spoke of how he was looking and what he was doing, as if he were a responsible being with power over his actions, and who could be propitiated and have his smiles won, and his frowns charmed away. It was not for lack of being appealed to that the mountain did not grow warm at its heart's core, and heave with great heart-throbs like Galatea under the adjurations of Pygmalion. But the natives were not content with thus transferring their own personality to one formidable inanimate form of the grand nature around them: like every more or less primitive race, they paid the same homage in a modified degree to the river. And the Fearn was by no means so great a river as Benvoil was a mountain. It was not like the Teith, the Tay, the Spey or the Dee. Its only claim to distinction was in one shared by several smaller northern rivers, and notably by the river Annan in the south — that is an evil character for treachery and ruthlessness, in subtly entangling and mercilessly drowning its victims. It is needless therefore to say that the Fearn was classed as of the gentler sex, because her kindness was cruel.

Of course Unah was acquainted with the notorious charge brought by the coun-

try-side against the burn which bounded the manse garden, and where in her childhood in dry seasons she had "paiddled" with her brothers and Donald of Drumchatt, making miniature mills, catching minnows and gathering "eel's-bed."

The imputation passed through Unah's mind as she turned from contemplating the mountain to watch the slightly turbid water. Unless after rainy weather it was only the still pools which were unfathomable in their depth; but on this day all the rushing water was clouded, for the delectation of the fishers who were in the list of sportsmen of every class, that flourished, in defiance of pains and penalties, in the parish.

From Temple Bar.

COUNT FERSEN.

READERS of Sir Walter Scott's delightful novel of "The Abbot" will recollect how Mary Stuart, imprisoned in the island of Loch Leven, found her consolation in the knowledge that a band of trusty friends were plotting her deliverance; how lights were seen flitting on the mainland, signalling that the fiery Seyton and the devoted Douglas were on the eve of accomplishing their design. As with Mary Stuart, so with Marie Antoinette. The unfortunate queen of France, surrounded by gaolers in comparison with whom the savage Scotch of the sixteenth century were miracles of kindness and mercy, yet knew this, that there was one friend whose only thought in life was to free her from the toils with which she was encompassed, a man of unbounded daring, and possessed of that much rarer quality, infinite discretion, without the least thought of self, except to keep himself free from the slightest taint of dishonor. Everybody who peruses his "Memoirs"* must agree that the age of chivalry was not dead that produced a hero, *sans peur et sans reproche*, like the gallant Fersen.

The count Jean Axel de Fersen, of an illustrious Swedish family, was born on the 4th of September 1755. His father, Field-Marshal de Fersen, took an active part in politics during the reign of Gustavus. The young count, at the age of fifteen, was sent with a tutor on a Continental tour of long duration. He visited Italy and Switzerland, where he had the honor of an interview with Voltaire.

* Published at Paris from papers in possession of Count Fersen's nephew, Baron Klinckowström.

It was not till his nineteenth year that he first appeared at the court of Versailles. He early attracted the attention of the dauphiness, and it is evident that Marie Antoinette became very much interested in the handsome young Swede. Count Fersen mentions in his journal that he was present at the ball of "Madame la Dauphine," which commenced at the sensible hour of five, and finished at half past nine. And the count relates how at a masked ball at the Opera House the dauphiness engaged him a long time in conversation without his at first recognizing her. On Count Fersen's leaving Paris for London, the Swedish ambassador thus writes to the king of Sweden:—

The young count Fersen is about to leave Paris for London. He is (of all the Swedes who have been here in my time) the one who has been the best received in the great world. The royal family have shown him much attention. He could not possibly have conducted himself with more discretion and good sense than he has shown. With his handsome person and his talent (*l'esprit*), he could not fail to succeed in society, and that he has done so completely your Majesty will be pleased to hear. That which above all makes M. de Fersen worthy of the distinction shown him is the nobility and elevation of his character.

The count on his arrival in England was presented at court, visited Ranelagh and other sights of London. His account of Almack's is as follows:—

Thursday, 19th May, 1774.—I have been presented to the queen, who is very gracious and amiable, but not at all pretty. In the evening I was taken by Comte — to "Almack's," a subscription ball which is held during the winter. The room in which they dance is well arranged and brilliantly lighted. The ball is supposed to begin at ten o'clock, but the men remain at their clubs until half past eleven. During this time the women are kept waiting, seated on sofas on either side of the great gallery in great formality; one would fancy oneself in a church, they look so serious and quiet, not even talking amongst themselves. The supper, which is at twelve o'clock, is very well served, and somewhat less dull than the rest of the entertainment. I was placed by the side of Lady Carpenter,* one of the handsomest girls in London; she was very agreeable, and conversed a great deal. I had occasion to meet her again some days later, when, to some civil remark I addressed her with, she did not even reply. It surprises one to see young girls talking unreservedly with men, and going about by themselves; I am reminded of Lausanne in this, where also they enjoy complete liberty.

* Probably Lady Almeria Carpenter, daughter of Lord Tyrconnel.

The count returned to Sweden in the beginning of 1775. He had already entered the French service in the regiment Royal Barrière. In Sweden he became an officer in a cavalry regiment, and soon attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He remained in Sweden some time, joining in the pursuits and amusements of the young nobility at the gay court of Gustavus III. In 1778 he proceeded on another voyage, and passed three months in London, from whence he proceeded to Paris, arriving there in the dead season. Afterwards he went on a visit to the camp of the Count de Broglie in Normandy, and inspected the monastery of La Trappe, of which he gives some interesting details.

In the winter he again appeared at the French court. He writes to his father:—

Last Tuesday I went to Versailles to be presented to the royal family. The queen, who is charming, exclaimed, "Ah! an old acquaintance!" The rest of the royal family did not say a word.

The count writes again:—

The queen, who is the handsomest and the most amiable princess, has often had the kindness to inquire after me. She asked Creutz why I did not come to her *jeu** on Sundays, and on hearing that I had been one day when it did not take place, she made a kind of apology.

The queen treats me always with great courtesy. I often go to pay my respects (*au jeu*), and on every occasion she addresses me with some words of kindness. As they had spoken to her about my Swedish uniform, she expressed a great wish to see me in it, and I am to go full dressed, not to court, but to see the queen. She is the most amiable princess that I know.

In society as well as at court, Count Fersen's success was complete. In M. Geffroy's "*Gustave III. et la Cour de France*" there are many anecdotes respecting it. But of course triumph begets envy, and the favorites of Marie Antoinette, whose relations with her were quite as innocent as those of Count Fersen, began spreading malicious reports about their new rival.

M. Geffroy in his work thus describes the state of affairs:—

On Fersen's return to France, his favor at court was so great that it could not fail to be much remarked. It was in the year 1779, and we know that the wicked suspicions raised against Marie Antoinette had not waited for the fatal affair of the necklace before attack-

* The games played at the *jeu de la reine* were quinzé, billiards, and trictrac.

ing her as sovereign and woman. Fersen was received in the queen's intimate circle; the admission extended to Stedingk* was supposed to be a blind, to conceal the much-desired presence of his friend. They brought up against the queen the small parties given by Mesdames de Lamballe and de Polignac, in their apartments, to which Fersen was admitted; they spoke of meetings and prolonged interviews at the masked balls (*bals de l'opéra*), of looks interchanged when other intercourse was wanting at the *soirées intimes* at Trianon. They declared that the queen had been seen to look expressively at Fersen, whilst singing the impassioned lines from the opera of "Didou,"

Ah! que je fus bien inspirée
Quand je vous reçus dans ma cour,

to seek his eyes and ill conceal her feelings towards him. Nothing more was wanting than to add publicly the name of the young count to those with which calumny hoped henceforth to arm herself against Marie Antoinette.

Again, in a secret despatch addressed to Gustavus III. by the Count de Creutz,† we find an account of Fersen's attitude in the situation that was made so difficult for him.

10th April, 1779. — I must confide to your Majesty that the young Count Fersen has been so well received by the queen, as to give umbrage to many persons; I must own to thinking that she has a great preference for him; I have seen indications of it too strong to be doubted. The modesty and reserve of young Fersen's conduct have been admirable, and above all, the step he has taken in going to America is to be commended; in absenting himself he escapes all danger, but it evidently required a power of self-command beyond his years, to overcome such an attraction. The queen has followed him with her eyes (full of tears) during the last days preceding his going away. I implore your Majesty to keep this secret on her account, and on that of "Sena-teur" Fersen. When the news of the Count's departure was known, all the favorites were delighted. The Duchess of Fitz-James said to him, "What! monsieur, you abandon your conquest?" "If I had made one," he replied, "I should not have abandoned it. I go away free, and unfortunately without leaving any regrets." Your Majesty will agree that this was said with a wisdom and prudence marvellous in one so young. But the queen is more reserved and cautious than formerly. The king not only consults all her wishes, but takes part in her pursuits and amusements.

Count Fersen accompanied the French army to America as aide-de-camp to General Rochambeau, and, owing to his talents and his knowledge of the English language, he was made the intermediary of commu-

* Count Fersen's friend and travelling companion.

† The Swedish ambassador.

nication between Washington and the French commander. His letters from America do not show much appreciation of the people he assisted to free. But then allies always speak ill of one another.

The count writes:—

Money is in all their actions the first object, and their only thought is how to gain it. Every one is for himself, no one for the public good. The inhabitants of the coast, even the best Whigs, supply the English fleet, anchored in Gardner's Bay, with provisions of all kinds, because they pay them well; they fleece us without compunction; everything is an exorbitant price; in all the dealings we have had with them they have treated us more like enemies than friends. Their covetousness is unequalled, money is their god; virtue, honor, all that is nothing to them in comparison with this precious metal. Not but what there are some estimable people among them, there are many who are noble and generous, but I speak of the nation in general, which seems to me to be more Dutch than English.

The count was present at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, which virtually ended the war, and returned to France after the conclusion of the peace of 1783. He still remained in the Swedish service, although at the request of Gustavus III. he received the appointment of colonel proprietor of the regiment Royal Suédois in the service of France. The count henceforth passed his time between the two countries.

In 1787 he again visited England, and there is a curious account of a fracas that took place between Lady Clermont, the friend of Marie Antoinette, and the Prince of Wales at a London assembly, respecting Count Fersen. The prince's conduct with respect to the count does not tend to the credit of the "first gentleman of Europe." The insinuations against the queen of France concerning her relations with the high-minded Swedish nobleman we believe are utterly groundless. There is not a particle of trustworthy evidence that the queen ever infringed upon the duties of a wife and a mother. Count Fersen was only her friend and servant, more devoted in the dark winter of adversity than in the sunny days of regal grandeur and prosperity. The Duke de Levis, in his "Memoirs," describes him as one "who had more judgment than wit, who was cautious with men, reserved towards women, whose air and figure were those of a hero of romance, but not of a French romance, for he was not sufficiently light and brilliant."

In Wraxall there is the following graphic account of the scene we have mentioned.

LIVING AGE. VOL. XXV. 1272

Digitized by
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

As Lady Clermont enjoyed so distinguished a place in Marie Antoinette's esteem, it was natural that she should endeavor to transfuse into the prince's mind feelings of attachment and respect for the French queen similar to those with which she was herself imbued. Making allowance for the difference of sexes, there seemed to be indeed no inconsiderable degree of resemblance between their dispositions. Both were indiscreet, unguarded, and ardent devotees of pleasure. But the Duke of Orleans, irritated at her successful opposition to the marriage of his daughter with the Count d'Artois' eldest son, had already prepossessed the Prince of Wales in her disfavor. He was accustomed to speak of her, on the duke's report, as a woman of licentious life, who changed her lovers according to her caprice. She, indignant at such imputations, which soon reached her, expressed herself in terms the most contemptuous, respecting the heir-apparent, whom she characterized as a voluptuary enslaved by his appetites, incapable of any energetic or elevated sentiments. About this time Count Fersen, who was well known to be highly acceptable to Marie Antoinette, visited London; bringing letters of introduction from the Duchesse de Polignac to many persons of distinction here, and in particular for Lady Clermont. Desirous to show him the utmost attention, and to present him in the best company, soon after his arrival she conducted him in her own carriage to Lady William Gordon's assembly, in Piccadilly, one of the most distinguished in the metropolis. She had scarcely entered the room, and made Count Fersen known to the principal individuals of both sexes, when the Prince of Wales was announced. I shall recount the sequel in Lady Clermont's own words to me, only a short time subsequent to the fact.

"His Royal Highness took no notice of me on his first arrival; but in a few minutes afterwards, coming up to me, 'Pray, Lady Clermont,' said he, 'is that man whom I see here Count Fersen, the queen's favorite?' 'The gentleman to whom your Royal Highness alludes is Count Fersen; but, so far from being a favorite of the queen, he has not yet been presented at court.'—'G—d d—n me!' exclaimed he, 'you don't imagine I mean *my* mother?'—'Sir,' I replied, 'whenever you are pleased to use the word *queen* without any addition, I shall always understand it to mean *my* queen. If you speak of any other queen I must entreat that you will be good enough to say the queen of France, or of Spain.' The prince made no reply, but, after having walked once or twice round Count Fersen, returning to me, 'He's certainly a very handsome fellow,' observed he. 'Shall I have the honor, sir,' said I, 'to present him to you?' He instantly turned on his heel, without giving me any answer; * and I soon afterwards quitted Lady William Gordon's house, bringing Count Fersen with me."

* The prince afterwards made a most graceful apology to Lady Clermont for his conduct to *her*.

Original from
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

In 1788 Count Fersen returned to Sweden and accompanied his sovereign on his campaign against Russia, which ended so unfortunately, owing to the disaffection of the Finnish troops. He also was with Gustavus at Gothenburg when besieged by the Danes. The king was only saved from destruction by the conduct of Hugh Elliot, then minister at Copenhagen, who crossed the water and prevailed on the Danish commander to accept a truce. Count Fersen then returned to France, and we are now approaching the most interesting part of his career. He was now appointed the secret envoy of Gustavus, to watch over his interests at the court of Versailles. The opening scenes of the French Revolution naturally filled his mind with dismay. Talleyrand used to say that those who were not in society before 1789 could not realize "*la douceur de vivre.*" Its utter destruction must have been appalling to one of its brightest ornaments. The count was present at the dreadful scenes of the 5th and 6th of October at Versailles, and accompanied the king and queen when they were dragged in triumph to Paris by the victorious populace.

It is a great misfortune that the whole of the journal of the Count Fersen from 1780 until June 1791 was destroyed by the friend to whom it was confided on the eve of the flight to Varennes. Fortunately there is in the "Auckland Memoirs" an account of this eventful enterprise, which we believe we can state was drawn up by Lord Auckland himself, when ambassador in Holland, from information derived from Count Fersen and his confederate, Mr. Quintin Craufurd, who was Lord Auckland's friend and correspondent.

The following is the account given in the Auckland papers:—

From intelligence communicated to the queen, on the 7th of October 1789, the day after the royal family had been brought from Versailles to Paris, she thought some attempt on her life was still intended. That evening, after she had retired to her apartment, she called Madame de Tourzel to her, and said, "If you should hear any noise in my room in the night, do not lose any time in coming to see what it is, but carry the dauphin immediately to the arms of his father." Madame de Tourzel, bathed in tears, told this circumstance, two days afterwards, to the Spanish ambassador, from whom I learnt it.

The Count de Fersen was the only person at Paris to whom the king at this time gave his entire confidence. He went privately to the palace by means of one of those passports that were given to some of the household and others who were supposed to have business

there, and had therefore liberty to enter at all hours. He saw their Majesties in the king's closet, and by his means their correspondence was carried on, and the king's intentions communicated.

For a long time the king had determined to escape from Paris, and Count Fersen arranged with the most consummate skill all the details of this enterprise. He had two friends in whom he trusted implicitly: Mr. Quintin Craufurd, an English gentleman well known in Parisian society, and Mrs. Sullivan, who resided in Mr. Craufurd's house, and was afterwards known as Mrs. Craufurd. Fersen had the greatest contempt for the levity of the French character, and seems to think that the moment a Frenchman is in possession of a secret he writes about it or confides it to his mistress. Three of the garde-de-corps, however, were called in to assist in the final arrangements. The count had procured a passport in the name of a "Baroness de Korff," and had ordered a travelling-coach in her name. Madame de Tourzel* was to personate Madame de Korff travelling with her family to Frankfurt. Count Fersen assumed the whole responsibility of the safe conduct of the royal party as far as Châlons. After that the Marquis de Bouillé, who commanded the troops on the eastern frontier, was charged to protect the travellers by escorts of cavalry.

The night of the 20th of June was finally selected for the attempt at escape, and the travelling-carriage was placed at Mr. Quintin Craufurd's house, and a little before midnight Fersen's coachman, a Swede, who did not talk French, and one of the garde-de-corps, mounted as postilions, took the coach with its four Norman horses, and a saddle-horse, and halted on the road near the Barrière St. Martin, with orders, in case of seeing any one, to move forwards and return again to their station. Count Fersen went to see the king on the evening of the 20th, and the king determined to depart, although he thought some suspicions were entertained. Count Fersen departed, and at the appointed time arrived with a job coach and horses which he had purchased.

The following is the account of the escape as related by Lord Auckland:—

The dauphin was put to bed at the usual hour, but about half past eleven o'clock* Madame de Tourzel woke him and dressed him

* Governess of the children of France.

† Madame Royale gives the time as half past ten, and we think this was the real time.

in girl's clothes. About the same time Fersen, dressed and acting as a coachman, came with the other coach to the court at the Tuileries called La Cour des Princes, as if to wait for some one who was in the palace. He stopped at the apartment of the Duc de Villiquier, that had a communication with the one above it. Soon after he arrived, Madame de Tourzel came out with the two children. Fersen put them into the carriage. Neither of the children spoke a word, but he observed that Madame Royale was bathed in tears. She had all along shown great sensibility, and a degree of prudence and understanding beyond what might be expected from her years. Fersen drove at a common pace to the Petit Carroussel, and stopped near the house that was formerly inhabited by the Duchesse de la Vallière. Neither that house nor the houses near it have a court to admit carriages, and it is common to see them waiting in the street there. Madame Elizabeth came, attended by one of her gentlemen, who, as soon as he put her in the coach, left her. The king came next; he had a round brown wig over his hair, a greatcoat on, and a stick in his hand. He was followed at some distance by one of the garde-de-corps. They waited for the queen a full quarter of an hour. The king began to be apprehensive, and wanted to go back to look for her, but Fersen dissuaded him. While they waited for the queen, Lafayette passed twice in his carriage, followed by two dragoons, once in going to the Rue de Honoré, and again in returning from it. On seeing him the king showed some emotion, but not of fear, and said, loud enough for Fersen to hear him, "*Le scélérat!*"

The queen at last arrived, followed by the other garde-de-corps. She had been detained by unexpectedly finding a sentinel at the top of the stair she was to descend by. He was walking negligently backwards and forwards, and singing. The queen at last observed that as he went forward from the stair, the pier of an arch must prevent him from seeing her. She took that opportunity quickly to descend without noise, and made signs to the garde-de-corps to do the same. As soon as the queen was in the carriage, the two garde-de-corps got up behind it, and Fersen drove away.

Mr. Croker, in his "Essays on the French Revolution," originally published in the *Quarterly Review*, observes "that the journey to Varennes is an extraordinary instance of the difficulty of ascertaining historical truth. There have been published twelve narratives by eye-witnesses of, and partakers in, these transactions, and all these narratives contradict each other on trivial, and some on more essential, points, but always in a wonderful and inexplicable manner." In the account by Madame Royale, it is positively stated that the queen conducted the children to the carriage. This assertion very

much exercised the mind of Mr. Croker, and it now appears it was incorrect, for the journal of Count Fersen of the 20th gives the same account of the order in which the royal family escaped as Lord Auckland.

In one of the accounts it is stated that Count Fersen did not know the streets of Paris, which seems very unlikely; but it appears that such was the count's caution that he first drove to Mr. Craufurd's house, to see if the travelling-carriage had started, and then drove rapidly to the Barrière St. Martin. In the statement by Madame Royale, it is averred that Count Fersen took leave of the royal family there, and this account is adopted by Mr. Croker; but it is an error, for both Count Fersen and Lord Auckland agree that it was at or near Bondy that the parting took place. It will be seen that the king refused to allow Fersen to accompany the royal family in their flight. We think that if he had consented, the escape might have been effected. All that was wanted was a cool head in danger, and that was lamentably wanting.

This is from the Auckland MSS. :—

When they came to the other coach, the one that brought the royal family from Paris was driven to some distance and overturned into a ditch. They got into the travelling coach. Fersen rode before and ordered post-horses at Bondy. It is common for persons who live at Paris to come the first stage with their own horses. The post-horses, on showing the passport, were therefore given without any hesitation. Two of the garde-de-corps mounted on the seat of the coach, the other went before as a courier. The coachman was sent on with the coach-horses towards Brussels, and Fersen accompanied the royal family about three miles beyond Bondy, when he quitted them to go to Mons, and from thence to Montmédy. Though he pressed the king very much to permit him to go along with him, he positively refused it, saying, "If you should be taken it will be impossible for me to save you; besides, you have papers of importance. I therefore conjure you to get out of France as fast as you can." He joined his own carriage that was waiting for him near Bourgette, and arrived at Mons at two in the morning of the 22nd, without meeting with any sort of interruption.

The following account from the journal of Count Fersen was written in pencil on scraps of paper, but it will be seen that with the exception of some difference in time it agrees substantially with Lord Auckland's paper.

20 (1).

Conversation with the king on what he wished to do. Both told me to proceed without delay. We agreed upon the house, etc.,

etc., so that if they were stopped I should go to Brussels and act from there, etc., etc. At parting the king said to me, "M. de Fersen, whatever happens to me I shall never forget all that you have done for me." The queen wept bitterly. At six o'clock I left her; she went out to walk with the children. No extraordinary precautions. I returned home to finish my affairs. At seven o'clock went to Sullivan to see if the carriage had been sent; returned home again at eight o'clock. I wrote to the queen to change the "rendezvous" with the waiting-woman, and to instruct them to let me know the exact hour by the garde-de-corps; take the letter nothing moving. At a quarter to nine o'clock the gardes join me; they give me the letter for Mercy.* I give them instructions, return home, send off my horses and coachman. Go to fetch the carriage. Thought I had lost Mercy's letter. At quarter past ten o'clock in the Cour des Princes. At quarter past eleven the children taken out without difficulty. Lafayette passed twice. At a quarter to twelve Madame Elisabeth came, then the king, then the queen. Start at twelve o'clock, meet the carriage at the Barrière St. Martin. At half past one o'clock reach Bondy, take post; at three o'clock I leave them, taking the by-road to Bourgette.†

On arriving at Mons the count wrote to his father a letter acquainting him with the triumphant success of his attempt.

All had gone well when the directions were in the hands of the brave and cautious Swedish officer, but the moment the French commanders took the affair into their own hands at Châlons, everything was lost through their levity and want of common sense. Baron de Goguelat, an engineer officer who superintended the details of the expedition from Châlons, already had given offence to the inhabitants of St. Menehould, and had quarrelled with Drouet, the postmaster there, through employing another man's horses which were cheaper to take his own carriage back. The Duc de Choiseul, who commanded the first detachment at Somme-Velle, near Châlons, because the travelling-carriage was late, retreated not by the main road, where the royal family could have overtaken him, but across a country he did not know, and he did not arrive at Varennes till after the arrest of the royal family, having previously sent a message to the other commander that the "treasure" ‡ would not arrive that evening. On the carriage arriving at St. Menehould, the commanding officer of the hussars there foolishly

* Formerly Austrian ambassador at the court of Versailles.

† A village on the high road to Mons.

‡ The pretext for presence of the troops was that they were to escort treasure to the army.

went to speak to the king, who put his head out of the window and was instantly recognized by Drouet, who immediately after the departure of the king rode off to Varennes and procured his arrest. Everything there was in confusion. The young Count de Bouillé was in bed; his hussars with their horses unsaddled. The Duc de Choiseul, the Count de Damas, arrived with men enough to rescue the prisoners, but nothing was done. The king would give no orders, and the officers were afraid of responsibility. Count de Damas told Mr. Charles Ross, the editor of the "Cornwallis Correspondence," "that he asked leave of the king to charge with the men the mob who interrupted him. The queen urged him to do it, but Louis would take no responsibility, and would give no order till it was too late. M. de Damas added he had ever since regretted not acting without orders." The Count de Bouillé fled from Varennes to acquaint his father, who was at the next station, Dun, with the misfortune that had befallen the king. The marquis hastened with the Royal Allemand regiment to rescue the royal family, but he arrived too late. They had already left for Paris, escorted by the National Guard.

It was at Arlon, on his journey to Montmédy, the fortress on the French frontier where the king intended to set up his standard if successful in his attempt at escape, that Count Fersen heard the news of the failure.

The count writes in his journal:—

Le 23.—Fine weather, cold. Arrived at Arlon at eleven o'clock in the evening. Found Bouillé, learnt that the king was taken; the detachments not done their duty. The king wanting in resolution and head.

The count now took up his residence at Brussels, where he was joined by his friend Craufurd, and henceforth employed his whole time until the execution of the queen in attempting to save her. Although well knowing the fate that would await him if discovered, he wished to return to Paris. His correspondence with Marie Antoinette was constant.

Here is a letter from her, written on the 29th of June:—

I exist. . . . How anxious I have been about you, and how I grieve to think of all you must have suffered from not hearing of us! Heaven grant that this letter may reach you! Don't write to me, it would only endanger us, and above all, don't return here under any pretext. It is known that you attempted our escape, and all would be lost if you were to

appear. We are guarded day and night. No matter. . . . Keep your mind at ease. Nothing will happen to me. The Assembly wishes to deal gently with us. Adieu. . . . I cannot write more. . . .

The Field-Marshal de Fersen was very anxious that his son should now return to his own country, where a great career awaited him, but the count refused to entertain the idea. Count Fersen writes from Vienna,* August 1791:—

20th August. — The confidence with which the king and queen of France have honored me impose upon me the duty of not abandoning them on this occasion, and of serving them whenever in future it is possible for me to be of use to them. I should deserve all censure were I to do otherwise. I alone have been admitted into their confidence, and I may still, from the knowledge I have of their position, their sentiments, and the affairs of France, be of service to them. I should reproach myself eternally as having helped to bring them into their present disastrous position without having used every means in my power to release them from it. Such conduct would be unworthy of your son, and you, my dear father, whatever it may cost you, would not you yourself disapprove of it? It would be inconsistent and fickle, and is far from my way of thinking. As I have mixed myself up in the cause, I will go on to the end. I shall then have nothing to reproach myself with, and if I do not succeed — if this unhappy prince finds himself forsaken, I shall, at least, have the consolation of having done my duty, and of having never betrayed the confidence with which he has honored me.

Baron de Staël, then Swedish ambassador at Paris, who through his wife was suspected of intriguing in favor of the new order of things, seems to have endeavored on all occasions to counteract the efforts of his former friend. It is singular that Gustavus, a fanatical adherent of the French royal family, should have allowed him to remain in his service.

Count Fersen writes to Marie Antoinette:—

Staël says dreadful things of me. He has corrupted my coachman and taken him into his service, which has annoyed me very much. He has prejudiced many persons against me, who blame my conduct, and say that in what I have done I have been guided solely by ambition, and that I have lost you and the king. The Spanish ambassador and others are of this opinion; he is at Louvain, and has not seen any one here. — They are right; I had the ambition to serve you, and I shall all my life lament my not having succeeded; I wished

* The count went to Vienna to induce the emperor Leopold to assist his sister.

to repay in some part the benefits which it has been so delightful for me to receive from you, and I hoped to prove that it is possible to be attached to persons like yourself without interested motives. The rest of my conduct should have shown that this was my sole ambition, and that the honor of having served you was my best recompense.

Count Fersen remained at Brussels, and numerous plans for the relief of the royal family were engaged in by his advice. In February 1792 he determined, in spite of the extreme danger, to proceed to Paris to see again the king and queen. He departed from Brussels on Sunday the 12th, and arrived in Paris on Monday evening.

There is the following entry in his journal:—

Went to the queen. Passed in my usual way, afraid of the National Guard. Did not see the king.

Le 14, Tuesday. — Saw the king at six o'clock in the evening, he does not wish to escape, and cannot on account of the extreme watchfulness; but in reality he has scruples, having so often promised to remain, for he is an "honest man."

Count Fersen had a long conversation with the queen on the same evening, in which they talked about the details of the journey from Varennes, and the queen related what insults they had received: how the Marquis de Dampierre, having approached the carriage at St Meneshould, was murdered in their sight, and his head brought to the carriage; how insolently Pétion behaved, who asked her for, pretending not to know, the name of the Swede who drove them from the palace, to whom Marie Antoinette answered "that she was not in the habit of knowing the names of hackney coachmen."

Count Fersen remained in Paris till the 21st, when with his companion he left for Brussels, where he arrived on the 23rd. They were arrested several times, but got through by informing the guards that they were Swedish couriers. On the subject of the flight to Varennes we give one more extract. Just before the execution of the queen, Drouet, commissary of the Convention, was arrested by the Austrians in attempting to escape from Maubeuge. He was brought to Brussels, and Count Fersen went to see him.

Sunday, 6th October. — Drouet* arrived at eleven o'clock. I went with Colonel Harvey to see him in the prison of St. Elizabeth. He

* Drouet was the postmaster at St. Meneshould, not the postmaster's son, as is generally believed. He was afterwards exchanged.

is a man of from thirty-three to thirty-four years of age, six feet high, and good-looking enough if he were not so great a scoundrel. He had irons on his hands and feet. We asked him if he were the postmaster of Saint Menehould who had stopped the king at Varennes; he said that he had been at Varennes, but that it was not he who had arrested the king. We asked him if he had left Maubeuge from fear of being taken. He said no, but to execute a commission with which he was charged. He kept his coat closed to prevent the chain, which led from his right foot to his left hand, being seen. The sight of this infamous villain incensed me, and the effort that I made to refrain from speaking to him (in consideration for the Abbé de Limon and Count Fitz-James) affected me painfully. Another officer who was taken with him maintained that the queen was in no danger, that she was very well treated, and had everything she could wish. The scoundrels, how they lie! — An Englishman arrived in Switzerland, said he had paid twenty-five louis to be allowed to enter the prison where the queen was; he carried in a jug of water — the room is underground, and contains only a poor bed, a table, and one chair. He found the queen seated with her face buried in her hands — her head was covered with two handkerchiefs, and she was extremely ill-dressed; she did not even look up at him, and of course it was understood that he should not speak to her. What a horrible story! I am going to inquire into the truth of it.

The count never saw Marie Antoinette again, but he still contrived to correspond with her until her removal to the Conciergerie. Then all hope seemed over.

Count Fersen's sufferings were extreme during the period of apprehension before the queen's execution. He attempted in vain, through Count Mercy, to prevail on the allies to march on Paris. But the Austrians were more intent on seizing the French fortresses, and the English on the siege of Dunkirk, than in making a desperate campaign on behalf of the royal family. These are the last accounts in Count Fersen's journal respecting the queen:—

Here are some particulars about the queen. Her room was the third door to the right, on entering, opposite to that of Custine; it was on the ground floor, and looked into a court which was filled all day with prisoners, who through the window looked at and insulted the queen. Her room was small, dark, and fetid; there was neither stove nor fireplace; in it there were three beds: one for the queen, another for the woman who served her, and a third for the two gendarmes, who never left the room. The queen's bed was, like the others, made of wood; it had a paillasse, a mattress, and one dirty, torn blanket, which had long

been used by other prisoners; the sheets were coarse, unbleached linen; there were no curtains, only an old screen. The queen wore a kind of black spencer (*caraco*), her hair, cut short, was quite grey. She had become so thin as to be hardly recognizable, and so weak she could scarcely stand. She wore three rings on her fingers, but not jewelled ones. The woman who waited on her was a kind of fishwife, of whom she made great complaints. The soldiers told Michonis that she did not eat enough to keep her alive; they said that her food was very bad, and they showed him a stale, skinny chicken, saying, "This chicken has been served to madame for four days, and she has not eaten it." The gendarmes complained of their bed, though it was just the same as the queen's. The queen always slept dressed, and in black, expecting every moment to be murdered or to be led to torture, and wishing to be prepared for either in mourning. Michonis wept as he spoke of the weak state of the queen's health, and he said that he had only been able to get the black spencer and some necessary linen for the queen from the Temple, after a deliberation in Council. These are the sad details he gave me.

Marie Antoinette was executed on the 16th of October, 1793. It was not till four days afterwards, on the 20th, that the news arrived at Brussels.

The following are extracts from Count Fersen's journal:—

Sunday, October 20th. — Grandmaison tells me that Ackerman, a banker, received a letter from his correspondent in Paris, telling him that the sentence against the queen had been passed the evening before; that it was to have been carried into execution directly, but that circumstances had retarded it; that the people (that is, the paid people) were murmuring that it was "*ce matin que Marie Antoinette doit paraître à la fenêtre nationale.*" Although I have been prepared for this, and have in fact expected it ever since the removal from the Conciergerie, yet the certainty has quite prostrated me. I went to talk of this misfortune with my friends Madame Fitz-James and the Baron de Breteuil; they wept with me, above all Madame Fitz-James. The *Gazette* of the 17th speaks of it. It was on the 16th at half past eleven that this execrable crime was committed, and divine vengeance has not burst upon these monsters!

Monday, 21st. — I can think of nothing but my loss; it is dreadful to have no actual details, to think of her alone in her last moments without consolation, without a creature to speak to, to whom to express her last wishes; it is horrible. Those hellish monsters! No, without revenge on them my heart will never be satisfied.

Gustavus III. had fallen by the hands of an assassin at a masked ball. The king of France had already been beheaded,

the Princesse de Lamballe murdered by the mob of Paris in a manner too horrible to relate, and now the queen, who trusted him and him alone, had been dragged in a cart with her hands tied behind her to the place of execution and subjected to the insults of a brutal populace. What alleviation could there be to a blow like this? Count Fersen was soon recalled to Sweden by the regent, and henceforth he interested himself mainly in the affairs of his country. He was much in the confidence of the young king Gustavus IV., and on that unfortunate monarch's expulsion from the throne, Count Fersen, then the chief of the nobility and grand marshal, still remained an adherent of the house of Vasa. This was the cause of his disastrous end. Count Fersen, whilst assisting at the funeral of Prince Charles of Holstein, who had been selected to succeed to the throne of Sweden, was murdered in the most cowardly and cruel manner by the mob of Stockholm. His last words were an appeal to God, before whom he was about to appear, to spare his assassins, and this happened in 1810, on the *twentieth* of June, the anniversary of his daring enterprise.

From Fraser's Magazine.
AMONG THE BURMESE.

CONCLUSION.

MY aim in the short series of discursive essays which will here be brought to a close has been partly to help those who are wholly unacquainted with the East to realize the character of the every-day surroundings amongst which Englishmen live in the farthest corner of the Indian empire, and partly to indicate the manifold contrast which the province of British Burmah presents to the rest of the empire with which it has been incorporated. With this view I have tried to carry the reader with me through some of the most characteristic scenes of popular Burmese life, into the cottage, the boat, and the monastery, to the religious festival and the popular drama and games; showing him meantime something of the scenery and climate of the country, something of the character and employments of its mixed population.

But there are still many questions which any one who has followed me thus far might be disposed to ask, and some of which I shall here endeavor to anticipate.

Differing thus widely from the popula-

tions of the Indian continent, how, it may be asked, do the Burmese compare with them in the various relations of life? With so much in their character that is attractive, and which seems so consonant with that of Englishmen, to what extent is social sympathy between the rulers and the ruled more apparent in Burmah than in India? How far are the externals of Western civilization appreciated and naturalized, and how does the Indian system of English education affect differently a Mongolian race? With a population so thin and sparse endowed with an indolent character, what is the relative financial position of the country? In what estimation are our systems of law and taxation held? How far are the people loyal and our rule popular? These and many similar questions readily present themselves. It must suffice here to suggest in general terms the tenor of the answer which might be given to some of the most prominent.

And first as regards the general personal feeling which exists between the Burmese and their English rulers. It is often remarked that among the effects of the increased facilities of communication which have brought the ends of the earth together, and made India physically so accessible, the people of India have incidentally been, in more important ways, only the farther removed from their English rulers and fellow-subjects; that while among Indian officers there is no less devotion to duty, there is far less of genuine enthusiasm for the interests of the country and people than in days gone by; that no Englishman now dreams of making his home in the country; and that from this and other causes there is not only less good feeling between the Englishman and the native, but, on the contrary, an increasing antipathy.

Now of this proposition it is not enough to say that it is less true of Burmah than of any other Indian province, for it is, I am fully persuaded, not true of Burmah at all. To whatever causes it may be due, my own experience is that, as a rule, the Englishman who has been for any length of time resident in Burmah, and has been thrown into daily intercourse with the people, entertains for them and inspires them with a kindly feeling closely resembling the friendliness which subsists between different classes of a kindred population; nor, if I read its signs rightly, will any lapse of years, any increased facility of communication, or any growth of a new civilization affect the sources from which this sympathy springs. Among these

sources must certainly be reckoned the absence of artificial restraints which marks the social system of the Burmese, and which is exemplified in every phase of daily life.

The natives of every Indian province are accustomed enough to take full advantage of the accessibility of an English officer, and love nothing better than to sit with him in desultory conversation; but it is only in Burmah that one sees the family groups which throng the verandahs of a deputy commissioner, or where on visiting a native in his own home you are introduced without formality to the ladies of the family.

One naturally regards the marriage of an English officer with a Burmese wife as an incongruous alliance, yet the fact that such marriages have from time to time taken place without exciting very much comment, serves to illustrate the same point. It is perhaps unlikely that the social relations of the two peoples will ever be much more intimate than at present, nor does it seem either possible or desirable that the one people should be entirely at home in the social assemblies of the other. Still less need we desire for Burmah a repetition of the phenomenon presented by modern Japan. It is enough if the mutual relations of the two races are healthy, and this they may be safely said to be.

But it is not only the consonance of their social systems which draws the two peoples together; there is much also in the character of each which has the same tendency.

To take a conspicuous example: whether it arises from a higher or at least a more English conception of truth among a people whose traditions attach the utmost sanctity to a solemn promise, or from a certain fearlessness which despises a shirking of the truth, or merely from a deficiency of natural acuteness, the simple fact that duplicity, rife as it may be, is so much easier of detection in Burmah than elsewhere in the East, has its charm for the matter-of-fact Englishman accustomed to other Oriental races; and though this may seem a trait which hardly rises to the level of a virtue, it is one which vitally affects the aspect of all dealings with the people. Again, as the child is father of the man, the way in which the Burmese character appeals to English sympathy is very plainly seen by those who have charge of Burmese children. The Burmese boy, eminently teachable as he is, is singularly attractive as a pupil; as regards his con-

duct, he is always open to an appeal to his self-respect and sense of what is manly and honorable, and is amenable to all such influences as unite masters and boys in an English public school. A defective training and a course of injudicious petting never fail, indeed, to induce a foppishness and a dependent spirit which fawns upon authority and behaves like a spoilt child, but the discipline of a good English school is capable, without denationalizing the Burman, of drawing out and developing the masculine qualities which underlie his character. To all who have been associated with the people in Burmah during late years, examples of each of these types will readily occur.

And as between master and pupil, so between Englishmen and their native associates in every capacity, the relation seems to be more one of genuine sympathy and mutual understanding than in the case of the native of India. Sincere and disinterested personal attachments between natives and Europeans have been proved by every test in all parts of the empire; but while the devotion of the native to the European in India is nearly always that of a faithful vassal to his lord, in Burmah it has, I think, more of the relation of a man to his friend.

I am aware that there are those who, coming to Burmah after long experience of India, while they would admit the truth of what I have here said, would nevertheless rather have to do with the natives of India than with those of Burmah. There is much in a province so comparatively backward and so isolated from the busy world, which to the officer transferred from Bengal or Madras is intolerable: a veritable "sleepy hollow" he finds it after the active life of an Indian province. And if the life has less of excitement and interest, he finds the peculiarities of Burmese character less to his mind than those to which he has become accustomed on the continent of India. To such men the native of India, with his artificial method of life, with his keen imagination, his mechanical precision of routine, and his long-inherited knowledge of English ways and requirements, is far preferable in almost every relation of life to the Burman, whose very independence makes him unpopular with those accustomed to a more servile demeanor. Indifferent as he is to unavoidable hardship or unforeseen misfortune, and outwardly respectful and submissive to his superiors, the Burman is prone to resent any show of a tyrannical temper such as might be patiently borne in many

Indian provinces. And the same independent spirit, combined with that easy thriftlessness which distinguishes the Burman both from his Indian and Chinese neighbors, is evinced in many minor ways. The new-comer to Burmah is astonished, for example, to find that, excepting in the houses of officials in the interior, the natives of the country very rarely take domestic service, so that the Englishman's domestic establishment is, as a rule, entirely manned by natives of Madras, to whom the country is as foreign as to their masters, and who are only retained by the high rate of wages. In the same way the Military Commissariat Department is obliged to retain a large staff of Indian coolies for service as laborers, porters, and the like, in case of need; and even the drivers of hack carriages in Rangoon and other Burmese towns are one and all natives of India. But whatever may be the judgment as to the comparative virtues or usefulness of the natives of Burmah, it will be admitted by all alike that the province is conspicuous for the general good feeling which prevails between the people and their foreign rulers, and for the absence of that "reciprocity of dislike" which is only too well known elsewhere.

It would be affectation indeed to pretend that it is with anything but a sense of relief that the Englishman exchanges Burmah for his own country, but I feel sure that there is no province to which an officer returns from furlough with more unbroken interest in the people with whose welfare he is charged, or from which, at the end of his service, he retires with more unfeigned regrets.

Some individualities of the Burmese character are illustrated by the comparatively slow progress made in this province by even the most widely welcomed accompaniments of Western civilization; for the late date of the consolidation of the province will not wholly account for the passive resistance to innovation offered by the conservatism of a simple and contented people already richly endowed by nature. Outside the chief towns the Burman has acquired no new wants such as a foreign civilization has brought to his countrymen in cities. For his food he is content with the fish of the creek on which his bamboo cottage is built and the rice which grows on its borders, and for clothes with the fabrics woven in his native village. In his journeys to the neighboring town the canoe in which he has paddled from a child is sufficiently rapid carriage, and if he has news to send to distant relations the natural and

safest mode of transmission seems by the hand of a trustworthy messenger.

The "slow sweet hours that bring him all things good" suffice for all his business and his pleasure; he feels no prompting to hasten to get rich, no desire to hear news of wars and doings of far-off nations with whom he has no concern. What need to put his letter in new-fangled envelopes? and who is this English-speaking postmaster that he should entrust him with it rather than the brother or cousin whom he has known from infancy? As for the telegraph, how can a message be better or more quickly carried than by the downward current of the mighty Irrawady? Hence it is that the postal authorities at headquarters are still exercised in their minds by the small popularity gained by the post-office in Burmah, and that the lines of telegraph, which now bring nearly all parts of the province *en rapport* with the capital of Rangoon and with the rest of the world, are as yet almost exclusively worked for the benefit of Europeans. And the same causes operate in many other directions. Thus the circulation of bank-notes, which in India has given such relief in business transactions, has been hitherto found an impossibility in Burmah.

On the other hand, in the towns and their neighborhood abundant signs are found of the influence of Western civilization. The English shops and stores of Rangoon are the resort of natives of all classes, and not only are many Burmese houses stocked with English furniture, but even in the Buddhist monastery may be seen, commonly enough; chairs, carpets, lamps, mirrors, clocks, and even opera-glasses and musical boxes. Every kind of mechanical toy or instrument seems to have a special attraction for the Burmese monk. A group of these ascetics, whose boast is in their poverty, may often be seen in the shop of a Rangoon watchmaker and optician examining his wares, and no more welcome present can be made to a monk than a pair of spectacles or opera-glasses.

The multiplication of schools and extension of education has distributed books and papers broadcast over the province, and even in remote villages the Burmese urchin now carries with him to school his slate and bundle of well-thumbed books.

The Burmese girl (unfortunately for her appearance) often exchanges her paper umbrella for an English parasol, and in her hair artificial flowers are too commonly substituted for the natural sprays.

For the most part, however, there is hap-

pily no change in the picturesque native costume. The patent-leather shoes and long white stockings, which have become a part of Bengali dress, have hitherto found far less favor in Burmah; and where foreign novelties are introduced, they are rather adapted to than substituted for their indigenous counterparts. Even names are thus often naturalized, as when the English "coachman" is converted into the common Burmese name of "Ko Shwe Moug."

Perhaps the question of the greatest interest in regard to the results of English administration is that of the influence exercised by the system of education actively promoted by the government. It is the fashion at present to hold very lightly, if not altogether to condemn, the work so energetically carried on by government for many years in this direction throughout India. Do the same influences tend to other results in dealing with a different race of people? or are we only raising in one more province another generation of what most people regard as superficially taught, denationalized, discontented Orientals, only to be a source of positive peril to ourselves? The complaint against the educated Baboo is the same as that against women who affect the ways of men, that the result is the spoiling of two good things. "Give us," men say, "either one thing or the other: a good bigoted Hindu, following the traditions of his fathers, and tolerating Europeans as they tolerate him; or an Englishman of a no less unmistakable type. We can make nothing of this unnatural product of the two civilizations, the manufacture of your English colleges." Now, though I am very far from echoing the general condemnation of English education in India which is implied in such language as this, no one can have lived for any long time in India without fully realizing the grounds which exist for such criticism, and it is not difficult to note the extent to which the evils attendant upon the Anglo-Indian system repeat themselves here under other conditions.

It must be premised, however, that no comparison can be made between the influences of English education in Burmah and India such as is possible in the case of two Indian provinces, because in this, as in many other matters, the province is at least a quarter of a century behind the rest of the empire. Two or three English schools in Arakan and Tenasserim date from thirty or forty years ago, but it is within very late years that the direction of the popular education has been entrusted to a special de-

partment of the local administration, that schools have been classified and their regular inspection provided for, and that a distinct provincial scheme has been organized, based at one end on the indigenous monastic foundations, and culminating in connection with the Indian university system.

There do exist, however, already sufficient grounds on which to institute a general comparison, and to estimate with some confidence the value of the measures adopted in the Burmese province. An experience even of schools whose course of teaching is most elementary, is enough to show something of the difference in the crop gathered from the same seed in a new soil, while the province contains excellent examples of natives who have had a thorough training in English schools in India and in England.

National comparisons are perhaps not less odious or less liable to error than those between individuals, but it will be in no spirit of partiality if my judgment tends to favor the "educated" Burman as compared with the average of natives of India who have gone through a similar course of training. No one can deny that there are very many natives of India who have reaped the just reward of indomitable perseverance, whose time of training has not been lost, who have known and avoided the evils of mere cramming and set themselves to gather the full benefits offered by an Indian university. These, however, unfortunately do not form the majority, and it is notorious that there are very many more whose quickness of wit has carried them through the university course only to land them in disappointment, and who would probably have been better advised had they turned their energies in other directions. It would be rash at this date to pronounce dogmatically on the effects which will be ultimately produced on the people of Burmah by our educational policy, but, so far as one can see, the very intellectual deficiencies of the Burman seem to serve as a safeguard against any wide-spread disappointment such as is continually deplored in India. It is not only that, while the Indian boy is diligent and attentive, the Burmese boy is indolent, that his eyes wander to the playground, and his thoughts to the sweetmeat-man who sits outside the class-room awaiting his release; the most patient and diligent Burmese boy has rarely the acuteness, the almost feminine quickness of perception, which characterizes his Indian schoolfellow. Hence his task causes him far more labor, and, as

a consequence, is often better digested. More painfully acquired, and more slowly absorbed, his school lessons seem to have a firmer grasp on his mind, than in the case of so many more acute natives of India. From a combination of these and other causes the Burman who undergoes the intellectual training and moral discipline of a well-managed English school is neither denationalized nor rendered effeminate; and, so far as a judgment is at present possible, there seems to be no reason to regard with anything but hopefulness the policy pursued by the government in this province in the important matter of education.

A few words must be added as to the moral effects of the same policy, acting upon the professors of a religion with which is coupled the teaching of a moral code hardly to be surpassed for purity. In India one of the chief complaints against English education is that the training given is exclusively intellectual, and that while the unfortunate Hindu is thus ousted from the comfortable and sufficiently satisfying traditions of a thousand generations, he is left to shift for himself as regards the substitution of a better faith. Nor could this well be otherwise, especially since those by whom he is taught are often not less perplexed than himself in matters of religious faith, and are thus without the missionary enthusiasm which they would be debarred from indulging even if they had it. A grave misfortune it undoubtedly is, though the remedy does not seem to me, as to some, to lie in "the preservation of the *status quo*" or in "a policy of inactivity." And to some extent the same effects flow from the same causes in the province under notice. Whether it be an evil or otherwise, it is impossible for the Burman who has learnt even the rudiments of geography to continue to believe in the traditional Buddhist cosmogony; and when the *Myemmu* mountain has faded into fable, it is in the common course of things that all else that is fabulous in the beliefs of his ancestors should follow in its train.

In the case of the Burmese Buddhist, however, whether it be that the residuum both moral and religious is so considerable, or that his slower imagination prevents his following his doubts to any logical conclusion, it seems possible to retain at least a temporary anchorage in a more rational if less orthodox Buddhism, and so to be less hopelessly and abruptly cut adrift than the Hindu who has been put to a similar trial.

The Christianization of the country may be an impossible dream, but it is legitimate to hope that contact and familiarity with the literature and thought of Christendom may at least lift into prominence such elements of Buddhism as can stand the test of time, and our English schools, with all their defects, will not have done bad service if, while they train the capable officers required by the civil power, they help to take away from Buddhism the reproach that its pure morality has not availed to influence the national life.

Finally, at a time when so much mistrust is afloat on the subject of our position in India, when it is considered at least an open question whether the possession of this Eastern empire is a curse or a blessing to England, whether our position in the East is moral or immoral, safe or dangerous; when the empire is declared to be bankrupt, and its people crushed to the earth by taxation and decimated by famines for which we ourselves are largely responsible; when armed feudatories within our border are thought by some to be in league with open enemies without, — what is the attitude of the Burmese, who are akin to the rest only in sharing with them the same foreign dominion? On one side it is broadly and confidently stated that the "loyalty" of the people throughout the British Indian empire is beyond shadow of question, and on the other that they are only waiting for the opportunity to vent the hatred that is in their hearts. Any such general discussion as this, however, seems to me to be idle, because it can never supply a basis for action. Were we assured a hundredfold of the attachment of the people to our rule, it would be none the less our duty to maintain such a military force as would render our position secure against the possibility of attack not less from within than from without. Into the general question, therefore, how far the Burmese people are loyal subjects of the queen, and prefer the administration of Englishmen to that of princes of their own race, I am not concerned to enter. But it must always be matter of concern and a legitimate subject of consideration how far our system of government is judiciously adapted to local circumstances; whether our law courts have the confidence of the people; how our system of taxation affects them; what use they make of the security of life and property which we have brought them, the increased facilities for trade and commerce, the introduction to the science and literature of Europe. And when we regard the condition of the province from

this point of view, the picture which is presented is certainly not otherwise than encouraging.

In the first place, to look at its financial position, this portion of the empire is a distinctly paying concern, and that in what is still its infancy as a separate province, and before either its resources have been fully opened up or its administration perfected. The chief commissioner, in his annual report, is able to call attention to the fact that "after the cost of every branch of the administration is defrayed, nearly three-quarters of a million sterling are annually contributed to the imperial exchequer," and there are well-wishers of the province who, on this account, would gladly see its administration transferred from the Indian viceroyalty to the Colonial Office. This rapidly expanding revenue is, moreover, collected under a system which is still confessedly imperfect, judiciously based as it has been on ancient native practice.

The same care to adapt new methods of administration to local circumstances, and as far as possible to employ native agency in their introduction, is seen in the administration of justice. The Indian penal code, which for its simplicity and efficiency is the envy of older countries, is administered with the same scrupulous care as throughout the empire, and the records of appeals from the courts of native magistrates show "that their sentences, if not always legally correct, have at least, generally speaking, the merit of substantial justice."

As regards civil justice, we learn from the annual report that "by far the largest share of the judicial work of the province is disposed of by Burmese judges;" and although the English legal system is far less intimately and generally known in Burmah than in India, these native courts are said to perform their work satisfactorily, and the hope is confidently expressed that "with the advance of education generally throughout the country, the efficiency of these courts will show corresponding progress." Meantime, "no effort is spared by translation of acts and otherwise, to bring legal knowledge within reach of the people in their own vernacular."

It is beside my present object to notice in detail the many works of public importance carried on by the executive government: the management of the local prisons, the system of forestry, the organization of the police, the supervision of the public health, the carrying out of pub-

lic works, and the like; but a study of the working of the several departments would show that a careful and successful adaptation of measures to local peculiarities is characteristic of all alike.

The military force by which this system of administration is backed consists of a garrison of about two thousand Europeans and the same number of native troops, while internal order is satisfactorily maintained by a native police officered by Europeans.

And if we turn to the records of the material prosperity which is the fruit of the government thus administered, the prospect must be pronounced sufficiently satisfactory. In a single year (1876-77) the area of land under cultivation increased by more than one hundred thousand acres and the land revenue by 12,000*l.*, while the development of the trade of the province was even more remarkable. The opening of the Suez Canal, following closely upon the settlement of the country under a sound system of government, has enormously increased the sea-borne trade, and in the same year the total value of imports and exports increased upwards of two and a half millions sterling, or nineteen per cent.

Blots there are, no doubt, on our administration, and it is difficult, for instance, to regard with anything but regret the steady increase recorded in the receipts from the opium traffic. Opium-smoking, which has never hitherto been in Burmah the national evil that it is in China, is already far too common, and its extension can be regarded only as an unmixed calamity. The habitual opium-smoker may be known at a glance, and the pitiful sight he presents should be enough to take the gloss from any credit which an administration may claim for increased revenue from such sources as this.

Meantime it cannot be denied that a vast and increasing prosperity has accrued to this long-distracted country solely by the efforts of English administrators; and if the extent to which population is attracted to the province is any test of the popularity of the government, it is satisfactory to know that, "while the emigration of natives of British Burmah to other countries is of very rare occurrence, immigration is unceasing from all quarters," the most useful class of colonists being Burmese and Shans from the neighboring territories of the king of Ava.

As regards the province of British Burmah, therefore, it is impossible to share the extreme views advocated by some

political theorists in England, by whom the Eastern subjects of the queen are one and all regarded either as outer barbarians or as oppressed nationalities, with whom our connection is at once unwelcome to all concerned and discreditable if not perilous to ourselves, so that we are bidden to look forward with longing to the day when the tie which binds them to England will be severed, and the many populations now united under a strong and liberal though foreign government shall be pronounced "fit to govern themselves;" in other words, to the day when the wolf shall lie down with the lamb, and Punjabee and Mahratta, Hindustani and Bengali, Mogul and Madrassese shall live peaceably side by side, each under rulers of their own race and creed.

A great deal of this misgiving as to the present, and this eagerness to hasten on a future which is in truth so remote that its ultimate possibility seems the most doubtful of all propositions, is unquestionably due to a want of practical acquaintance with India, for which the fashionable run through the country in the cold weather, on which so much confident theorizing is based, is, as often as not, worse than no remedy.

P. HORDERN.

From The Contemporary Review.

A FARMHOUSE DIRGE.

I.

WILL you walk with me to the brow of the hill, to visit the farmer's wife,
Whose daughter lies in the churchyard now,
eased of the ache of life?
Half a mile by the winding lane, another half
to the top;
There you may lean o'er the gate and rest:
she will want me awhile to stop,
Stop and talk of her girl that is gone, and no
more will wake or weep,
Or to listen rather, for sorrow loves to babble
its pain to sleep.

II.

How thick with acorns the ground is strewn,
rent from their cups and brown!
How the golden leaves of the windless elms
come singly fluttering down!
The briony hangs in the thinning hedge, as
russet as harvest corn,
The straggling blackberries glisten jet, the
haws are red on the thorn;
The clematis smells no more but lifts its gos-
samer weight on high:
If you only gazed on the year, you would think
how beautiful 'tis to die.

III.

The stream scarce flows underneath the bridge;
they have dropped the sluice of the mill;
The roach bask deep in the pool above, and
the water-wheel is still.
The meal lies quiet on bin and floor; and here
where the deep banks wind,
The water-mosses nor sway nor bend, so noth-
ing seems left behind.
If the wheels of life would but sometimes stop,
and the grinding awhile would cease,
'Twere so sweet to have, without dying quite,
just a spell of autumn peace.

IV.

Cottages four, two new, two old, each with its
clambering rose:
Lath and plaster and weather-tiles these, brick
faced with stone are those.
Two crouch low from the wind and the rain,
and tell of the humbler days,
Whilst the other pair stand up and stare with
a self-asserting gaze;
But I warrant you'd find the old as snug as the
new did you lift the latch,
For the human heart keeps no whit more warm
under slate than beneath the thatch.

V.

Tenants of two of them work for me, punctual,
sober, true;
I often wish that I did as well the work I have
got to do.
Think not to pity their lowly lot, nor wish that
their thoughts soared higher;
The canker comes on the garden rose, and not
on the wilding brier.
Doubt and gloom are not theirs, and so they
but work and love; they live
Rich in the only valid boons that life can
withhold or give.

VI.

Here is the railway bridge, and see how straight
do the bright lines keep,
With pheasant copses on either side, or pas-
tures of quiet sheep.
The big loud city lies far away, far too is the
cliff-bound shore,
But the trains that travel betwixt them seem
as if burdened with their roar.
Yet, quickly they pass, and leave no trace, not
the echo e'en of their noise:
Don't you think that silence and stillness are
the sweetest of all our joys?

VII.

Lo! yonder the farm, and these the ruts that
the broad-wheeled wains have worn,
As they bore up the hill the faggots sere, or
the mellow shocks of corn.
The hops are gathered, the twisted bines now
brown on the brown clods lie,
And nothing of all man sowed to reap is seen
'twixt the earth and sky.
Year after year doth the harvest come, though
at summer's and beauty's cost:
One can only hope, when our lives grow bare,
some reap what our hearts have lost.

VIII.

And this is the orchard, — small and rude, and
uncared-for, but oh ! in spring,
How white is the slope with cherry bloom,
and the nightingales sit and sing !
You would think that the world had grown
young once more, had forgotten death
and fear,
That the nearest thing unto woe, on earth, was
the smile of an April tear ;
That goodness and gladness were twin, were
one : The robin is chorister now ;
The russet fruit on the ground is piled, and
the lichen cleaves to the bough.

IX.

Will you lean o'er the gate, while I go on ?
You can watch the farmyard life,
The beeves, the farmer's hope, and the poults,
that gladden his thrifty wife ;
Or, turning, gaze on the hazy weald, — you
will not be seen from here, —
Till your thoughts, like it, grow blurred and
vague, and mingle the far and near.
Grief is a flood, and not a spring, whatever in
grief we say ;
And perhaps her woe, should she see me
alone, will run more quickly away.

I.

"I thought you would come this morning,
ma'am. Yes, Edith at last has gone ;
To-morrow's a week, ay, just as the sun right
into her window shone ;
Went with the night, the vicar says, where
endeth never the day ;
But she's left a darkness behind her here I
wish she had taken away.
She is no longer with us, but we seem to be
always with her,
In the lonely bed where we laid her last, and
can't get her to speak or stir.

2.

"Yes, I'm at work ; 'tis time I was. I should
have begun before ;
But this is the room where she lay so still, ere
they carried her past the door.
I thought I never could let her go where it
seems so lonely of nights ;
But now I am scrubbing and dusting down,
and setting the place to rights.
All I have kept are the flowers there, the last
that stood by her bed.
I suppose I must throw them away. *She*
looked much fairer when she was dead.

3.

"Thank you, for thinking of her so much.
Kind thought is the truest friend.
I wish you had seen how pleased she was with
the peaches you used to send.
She tired of *them* too ere the end, so she did
with all we tried ;
But she liked to look at them all the same, so
we set them down by her side.

Their bloom and the flush upon her cheek
were alike, I used to say ;
Both were so smooth, and soft, and round, and
both have faded away.

4.

"I never could tell you how kind too were the
ladies up at the hall ;
Every noon, or fair or wet, one of them used
to call.
Worry and work seems ours, but yours pleas-
ant and easy days,
And when all goes smooth, the rich and poor
have different lives and ways.
Sorrow and death bring men more close, 'tis
joy that puts us apart ;
'Tis a comfort to think, though we're severed
so, we're all of us one at heart.

5.

"She never wished to be smart and rich, as so
many in these days do,
Nor cared to go in on market-days to stare at
the gay and new.
She liked to remain at home and pluck the
white violets down in the wood ;
She said to her sisters before she died, 'Tis
so easy to be good.'
She must have found it so, I think, and that
was the reason why
God deemed it needless to leave her here, so
took her up to the sky.

6.

"The vicar says that he knows she is there,
and surely she ought to be ;
But though I repeat the words, 'tis hard to
believe what one does not see.
They did not want me to go to the grave, but
I could not have kept away,
And whatever I do I can only see a coffin and
churchyard clay.
Yes, I know it's wrong to keep lingering there,
and wicked and weak to fret ;
And that's why I'm hard at work again, for it
helps one to forget.

7.

"The young ones don't seem to take to work
as their fathers and mothers did.
We never were asked if we liked or no, but
had to obey when bid.
There's Bessie won't swill the dairy now, nor
Richard call home the cows,
And all of them cry, 'How *can* you, mother ?'
when I carry the wash to the sows.
Edith would drudge, for always death the
hearth of the helpfulest robs.
But she was so pretty I could not bare to set
her on dirty jobs !

8.

"I don't know how it'll be with them when
sorrow and loss are theirs,
For it isn't likely that they'll escape their pack
of worrits and cares.

They say it's an age of progress this, and a
sight of things improves,
But sickness, and age, and bereavement seem
to work in the same old grooves.
Fine they may grow, and that, but death as
lief takes the moth as the grub.
When their dear ones die, I suspect they'll
wish they'd a floor of their own to scrub.

9.

"Some day they'll have a home of their own,
much grander than this, no doubt,
But polish the porch as you will you can't
keep doctors and coffins out.
I've done very well with my fowls this year,
but what are pullets and eggs,
When the heart in vain at the door of the
grave the return of the lost one begs?
The rich have leisure to wail and weep, the
poor haven't time to be sad:
If the cream hadn't been so contrairy this
week, I think grief would have driven
me mad.

10.

"How does my husband bear up, you ask?
Well, thank you, ma'am, fairly well;
For he is too busy just now, you see, with the
wheat and the hops to sell:
It's when the work of the day is done, and he
comes indoors at nights,
While the twilight hangs round the window-
panes before I bring in the lights,
And takes down his pipe, and says not a word,
but watches the faggots roar —
And then I know he is thinking of her who
will sit on his knee no more.

11.

"Must you be going? It seems so short.
But thank you for thinking to come;
It does me good to talk of it all, and grief feels
doubled when dumb.
An the butter's not quite so good this week,
if you please, ma'am, you must not mind,
And I'll not forget to send the ducks and all
the eggs we can find;
I've scarcely had time to look round me yet,
work gets into such arrears,
With only one pair of hands, and those fast
wiping away one's tears.

12.

"You've got some flowers yet, haven't you
ma'am? though they now must be going
fast.
We never have any to speak of here, and I
placed on her coffin the last;
Could you spare me a few for Sunday next?
I should like to go all alone,
And lay them down on the little mound where
there isn't as yet a stone.
Thank you kindly, I'm sure they'll do, and I
promise to heed what you say;
I'll only just go and lay them there, and then
I will come away."

X.

Come, let us go. Yes, down the hill, and
home by the winding lane.
The low-lying fields are suffused with haze, as
life is suffused with pain.
The noon mists gain on the morning sun, so
despondency gains on youth;
We grope, and wrangle, and boast, but death
is the only certain truth.
O love of life! what a foolish love! we should
weary of life did it last.
While it lingers, it is but a little thing; 'tis
nothing at all when past.

XI.

The acorns thicker and thicker lie, the briony
limper grows,
There are mildewing beads on the leafless
brier where once smiled the sweet dog-
rose.
You may see the leaves of the primrose push
through the litter of sodden ground;
Their pale stars dream in the wintry womb,
and the pimpernel sleepeth sound.
They will awake; shall we awake? Are we
more than imprisoned breath?
When the heart grows weak, then hope grows
strong, but stronger than hope is death.
October, 1878. ALFRED AUSTIN.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
TRAFALGAR.

OCTOBER 21, 1805.

HEARD ye the thunder of battle
Low in the south and afar?
Saw ye the flash of the death-cloud
Crimson on Trafalgar?
Such another day never
England will look on again,
Where the battle fought was the hottest,
And the hero of heroes was slain!

I.

For the fleet of France and the force of Spain
were gather'd for fight,
A greater than Philip their lord, a new Armada
in might;
And the sails were white once more in the deep
Gaditanian bay,
Where "Redoubtable" and "Bucentaure"
and great "Trinidad" lay;
Eager-reluctant to fight; for across the blood-
shed to be
Two navies beheld one prize in its glory, — the
throne of the sea!
Which were bravest, who should tell? for
both were gallant and true;
But the greatest seaman was ours, of all that
sailed o'er the blue.

2.

From Cadiz the enemy sallied: they knew not
Nelson was there;
His name a navy to us, but to them a flag of
despair.

From Ayamonte to Algeziras he guarded the coast,
Till he bore from Tavira south ; and they now must fight, or be lost ;
Vainly they steer'd for the Rock and the Midland sheltering sea,
For he headed the admirals round, constraining them under his lee,
Villeneuve of France, and Gravina of Spain : so they shifted their ground,
They could choose, — they were more than we ; and they faced at Trafalgar round ;
Banking their fleet two deep, a fortress-wall thirty-tower'd ;
In the midst, four-storied with guns, the dark "Trinidad" lower'd.

3.

So with those. — But meanwhile, as against some dyke that men massively rear,
From on high the torrent surges, to drive through the dyke as a spear,
Eagle-eyed all in his blindness, our chief sets his double array,
Making the fleet two spears, to thrust at the foe, anyway, . . .
"Anyhow! — without orders, each captain his Frenchman may grapple perforce :
"Collingwood first" (yet the "Victory" ne'er a whit slacken'd her course).
"Signal for action! Farewell! we shall win, but we meet not again!"
Then a low thunder of readiness ran from the decks o'er the main,
And on, — as the message from masthead to masthead flew out like a flame,
ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY, — they came.

4.

Silent they come ; while the thirty black forts of the foemen's array
Clothe them in billowy snow, tier speaking o'er tier as they lay ;
Flashes that came and went, as swords when the battle is rife ;
But ours stood frowningly smiling, and ready for death as for life.
O in that interval grim, ere the furies of slaughter embrace,
Thrills o'er each man some far echo of England ; some glance of some face !
Faces gazing seaward through tears from the ocean-girt shore ;
Features that ne'er can be gazed on again till the death-pang is o'er. . . .
Lone in his cabin the admiral kneeling, and all his great heart
As a child's to the mother, goes forth to the loved one, who bade him depart
. . . O not for death, but glory! her smile would welcome him home!
Louder and thicker the thunderbolts fall ; and silent they come.

5.

As when beyond Dongola the lion, whom hunters attack,
Stung by their darts from afar, leaps in, dividing them back ;

So between Spaniard and Frenchman the "Victory" wedged with a shout,
Gun against gun ; a cloud from her decks and lightning went out ;
Iron hailing of pitiless death from the sulphury smoke ;
Voices hoarse and parch'd, and blood from invisible stroke.
Each man stood to his work, though his mates fell smitten around,
As an oak of the wood, while his fellow, flame-shatter'd, besplinters the ground :
Gluttons of danger for England, but sparing the foe as he lay ;
For the spirit of Nelson was on them, and each was Nelson that day.

6.

"She has struck!" he shouted. "She burns, the 'Redoubtable!' Save whom we can,
Silence our guns!" for in him the woman was great in the man,
In that heroic heart each drop girl-gentle and pure,
Dying by those he spared ; and now Death's triumph was sure !
From the deck the smoke-wreath clear'd, and the foe set his rifle in rest,
Dastardly aiming, where Nelson stood forth, with the stars on his breast :
"In honor I gain'd them, in honor I die with them" . . . Then, in his place,
Fell. . . "Hardy! 'tis over ; but let them not know ;" and he cover'd his face.
Silent, the whole fleet's darling they bore to the twilight below ;
And above the war-thunder came shouting, as foe struck his flag after foe.

7.

To his heart death rose : and for Hardy, the faithful, he cried in his pain, —
"How goes the day with us, Hardy?" . . .
" 'Tis ours." Then he knew, not in vain
Not in vain for his comrades and England he bled : how he left her secure,
Queen of her own blue seas, while his name and example endure.
O, like a lover he loved her ! for her as water he pours
Life-blood and life and love, given all for her sake, and for ours !
"Kiss me, Hardy! — Thank God! I have done my duty!" And then
Fled that heroic soul, and left not his like among men.

Hear ye the heart of a nation
Groan, for her saviour is gone ;
Gallant and true and tender,
Child and chieftain in one ?
Such another day never
England will weep for again,
When the triumph darken'd the triumph,
And the hero of heroes was slain.
F. T. PALGRAVE.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XXV. }

No. 1809. — February 15, 1879.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXL.

CONTENTS.

I. JOURNALISTS AND MAGAZINE-WRITERS,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	387
II. SIR GIBBIE. By George MacDonald, author of "Malcolm," "The Marquis of Lossie," etc. Part XIII.,	<i>Advance Sheets,</i>	404
III. ATHEISM AND THE CHURCH,	<i>Contemporary Review,</i>	415
IV. THE BRIDE'S PASS. By Sarah Tytler, au- thor of "What She Came Through," "Lady Bell," etc. Part V.,	<i>Advance Sheets,</i>	424
V. THE SCIENTIFIC FRONTIER,	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i>	435
VI. STATESMEN IN CARICATURE,	<i>Spectator,</i>	443
VII. SCEPTICAL PATRONAGE OF THE POPE,	<i>Spectator,</i>	446
VIII. GALL-MAKING INSECTS,	<i>Nature,</i>	448

POETRY.

BETWEEN THE YEARS,	386	A DIFFERENCE,	386
IN THE CONSERVATORY,	386	LOVE'S REWARD,	386

MISCELLANY,	448
-----------------------	-----

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.

BETWEEN THE YEARS.

TIME's river flows without a break or bridge,
The moments run to days, the days to years :
Strange how we pause on the dividing ridge,
Which 'twixt Old Year and New our fancy
rears !

There, with divided mind, see England stand,
Between the chill of fear, the flush of hope,
Scanning the cloud that lies about the land,
For any rift that way to light may ope.

With backward survey o'er the dark "has
been,"
With forward gaze into the dark "to be :"
Summing the good and ill that we have seen,
As if God's purposes stood plain to see —

As if 'twere man's to reach Heaven's far-off
ends ;
To reckon up Time's harvest in the seed ;
To write off gains of good and ill's amends —
The balance of their books as traders read.

As thick a fold between us and the past,
As e'er between us and the future, lies :
The ills we grieve for may work good at last :
Out of our seeming good what ills may rise !

Only one thing we know, that over all
A wise and loving Power holds sovereign
sway :
This knowing, let us stand between the years,
Bent but to do the duty of the day ;

Speaking the truth and holding to the right,
As we the truth can reach, the right can
read ;
Trusting the hand that steers, through dark
and light,
By *His* lode-star, not *ours*, to ends decreed.

Between our larger and our lesser worlds,
Of self, home, city, state or continent,
There is no variance of far or near,
Of great or small, in that Guide's measure-
ment,

Twixt strokes of policy that hit or miss,
And sleights of skill that make or mar a
cause.
Then, grateful, take his gifts, his strokes, sub-
miss,
And look to man for rule, to Heaven for
laws.

Punch.

IN THE CONSERVATORY.

THE passion-flowers o'er her bright head
drooped,
The roses twined their faint rich blooms above
her,
Great crimson fuchsia bells with myrtle
grouped,
White lilies watched the maiden and her lover ;

The warm air round them fragrant with the
breath,
Of violets nestling in their mossy wreath.

The fountain's silvery tinkle, softly chiming,
Blent with sweet laughter and with low replies,
As past the arch, the music's pulses timing,
Flashed flying feet, flushed cheeks, and spark-
ling eyes ;
And tinted lamps and mellow moonlight strove
To light the happy dream of youth and love.

A little year — a pale girl stood alone,
Where withered tendrils choked a fountain's
lip,
And 'mid the ivies, rank and overgrown,
The melting snow, in slow and sullen drip,
Plashed, where 'mid shattered glass and broad
arch barred,
A straggling rose-tree kept its silent guard.

"Gone, like the glory of my morn," she said,
"Like faith, and hope, and joy of summer
hours ;"
And from the untrimmed branches overhead,
She plucked the frailest of the frail pink
flowers,
Meet emblem of the love that had its day,
And passed, with spring and beauty, quite
away.

All The Year Round.

A DIFFERENCE.

SWEETER than voices in the scented hay,
Or laughing children, gleaning ears that stray,
Or Christmas songs, that shake the snows
above,
Is the first cuckoo, when he comes with love.

Sadder than birds on sunless summer eves,
Or drip of raindrops on the fallen leaves,
Or wail of wintry waves on frozen shore,
Is spring that comes, but brings us love no
more.

F. W. BOURDILLON.

LOVE'S REWARD.

FOR Love I labored all the day,
Through morning chill and midday heat,
For surely, with the evening grey,
I thought, Love's guerdon shall be sweet.

At eventide with weary limb
I brought my labors to the spot
Where Love had bid me come to him ;
Thither I came, but found him not.

For he with idle folks had gone
To dance the hours of night away ;
And I that toiled was left alone,
Too weary now to dance or play.

F. W. BOURDILLON.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

JOURNALISTS AND MAGAZINE-WRITERS.

PERHAPS the least satisfactory feature of contemporary journalism is the unpatriotic animus inspiring the articles of newspapers which have weight and a very considerable circulation. We confess that we have little sympathy with those who resent all hostile criticism of our foreign policy, because our relations with some foreign power may seem to be tending to a rupture. It may be the legitimate office of a responsible opposition to save us by seasonable warnings from what they feel must be a national misfortune, and believe may be a national crime. Because they have but imperfect information on the points in dispute, is no sufficient reason for their refusing to express themselves upon evidence that may almost have the force of conviction for them. We can understand an honest patriot in such circumstances feeling impelled by his duty to deliver his conscience. But from that there is a very long way to systematically giving aid and comfort to the enemy; to exhausting all the resources of special pleading in constituting one's self his advocate and apologist in every conceivable contingency; finally, to laboring to persuade him that, happen what may, and should the quarrel come to be settled by the arbitrament of arms, he would be dealing, in any case, with a divided nation, and have a mass of sympathetic discontent upon his side. We do not say that these transcendently moral journals would not be quick to change their tone were war actually to break out; because we do not believe it. But by that time the mischief would have been done, and the struggle precipitated by cosmopolitan philanthropists who had all along been pretending to deprecate it.

Never, in our recollection — we might almost say, never in our history — has anti-national agitation been carried to such unpatriotic lengths as during the course of the present troubles in the East. No doubt, the whole miserable business began most unfortunately for all parties, except, possibly, for the single aggressive State that had been deliberately working towards its long-determined ends. As Lord Derby

remarked at the time — and the reflection needed small gifts of prophecy — the Bulgarian atrocities were likely to cost the Turks more dearly than many a lost battle. Russian emissaries had paved the way to them in their knowledge of certain phases of the English character; nor had the Russians reckoned in vain on the short-sighted extravagance of our emotional philanthropists. In spite of sensational exaggeration, the "atrocities" were atrocious enough; and the indignation that was vented from the platforms found an echo in the heart of England. Yet, setting aside altogether what the Turks had to urge in extenuation of the excesses of irregular troops they should never have been deluded into employing, it was evident to those among us who kept their heads, that others than the Turks might have to pay the penalty. We were bound in humanity to do what we could to take pledges and guarantees against their repetition; but they were no sufficient reason for breaking with the policy which had been dictated by self-preservation and the dread of Russian ambition. Yet a not unimportant section of the Liberal press, following the lead of the most impulsive of Liberal agitators, clamored at once for an absolute revolution in the attitude that had recommended itself to the common sense of our fathers. Because some wild Asiatic levies had been massacring and outraging some insurgent Christians, we were to welcome the Russians to the south of the Danube in their novel character of benevolent crusaders. The probabilities were, that the invading corps of half-civilized Slavs, Tartars, and Cossacks, might cause much more misery than they were likely to remedy. But even supposing that they had come as the messengers of mercy, and behaved with a discipline beyond all reproach, it was certain they meant to remain where they were, as a menace to us. Whether the testament of Peter the Great was apocryphal or not, there was no gainsaying the candor of Nicholas, who was the very genius incarnate of modern Muscovite ambition. If the Russian success did not actually carry them to Constantinople, at least it would leave them entrenched in formidable outposts, whence

they would threaten that city and our Eastern communications. At the best, the Russian victory that seemed a foregone conclusion, must end in a permanent increase to our national burdens. At the worst, it might well land us in the war which, at the moment of our writing, is still a possibility. That the Russians had views beyond Bulgarian emancipation was clearly shown by their attack on Asia Minor; for in those early days they held Turkish fighting power too cheap to attack the Ottomans all along their front, purely by way of a diversion. The Turks were holding the front lines of Anglo-Indian defence, where they were gallantly standing to their guns along the Danube, and had rolled back the Russian advance from the mountain-ranges between Kars and Erzeroum. Yet at that critical moment, when there seemed almost a hope of Russia being checked, without the English empire being engaged or forced to intervene, a leading English weekly was writing dependently of the "evil news" that came steadily from the East to cast such heavy shadows on its pages. That seemed un-English and unpatriotic enough, though charity might set it down to short-sightedness, and to the innocence that will think no evil of anybody — of anybody, at all events, who makes profession of Christianity. The Russians were still in their rôles of emancipators; they had as yet had no opportunity, for the best of reasons, of showing their notions of civilization, and their clemency in the treatment of women and non-combatants; they had had no time to think of "rearrangement of territory" while they held their positions on the tenor of help from the Roumanians. Later, and subsequently to the Treaty of San Stefano, they had dropped the mask. At the Congress of Berlin they were brought face to face with England; and England was acknowledged by the common consent of Continental nations as the champion of treaties and the common interests. The *Débats* and the *Temps* held precisely the same tone as the *Union*, the *Soleil*, and the *République Française*. The *Kölnische Zeitung* and the *Allgemeine Zeitung* were in agreement with the *Post* and the *Neue Freie Presse*. We may believe that our

foreign friends were not altogether unwilling that we should pull the chestnuts out of the fire for them; but be that as it may, it was universally recognized that the triumph of international right depended upon strengthening the hands of our ministers. When the only discordant notes were sounded from the London offices of one or two of the Liberal organs of "conscientious" English opinion, it was hardly a time for debating-society sophistries. Russia had ceased to care to conceal her intentions; or rather she had been forced to show her hand in the terms she dictated in the insolence of victory. Her generals and administrative organizers, with most outspoken cynicism, had approved or exaggerated the extortionate claims of the San Stefano Treaty. If Russia had reluctantly consented to modify the San Stefano conditions at Berlin, her acts were in contradiction of those solemn engagements. Yet English journals still served their party by professing to cling blindly to their original belief. From the language of Russian generals, intoxicated with sudden success — from the consistent energy of the Russian War Office, massing fresh troops in the territory they had undertaken to evacuate — there were men of intelligence who insisted upon appealing back to the words of the Russians when soberly plotting. They still took Prince Gortschakoff and General Ignatieff *au sérieux* in their old and favorite Muscovite part of Tartuffe, while ignoring Prince Dondoukoff-Korsakoff and General Scoboleff, who were swaggering as Bombastes Furiosos. The best we can say of them is, that had they shown themselves as incompetent in their judgments on things in general as in that most momentous and dangerous Eastern question, they would never have attained the influential position which has made it worth the while of our enemies to court their alliance.

Their only conceivable apology, if apology it can be called, is that they have been working for their political friends according to their peculiar lights, and following the lead of their most prominent leaders. The Conservatives are in office; and if the Liberals were to return to power with a strong working majority, ministers must

be discredited in the eyes of the nation. It is conceivable that a cabinet may blunder almost stupidly. The extraordinary timidity with which that of Mr. Gladstone had alienated the Afghan ameer, by rejecting his overtures and refusing him some contingent security against Russian aggression, is an unhappy case in point. But it seemed incredible that a group of eminent English statesmen of honorable antecedents, Conservatives though they might be, should have committed themselves *en masse* to a systematic conspiracy, as much against their personal honor as the grave interests they had in charge. Yet that is the indictment which has been practically brought against them, and they have been loaded with improbable and indiscriminate abuse in the well-founded expectation that some of it might bespatter them. Party spirit has never been working more strenuously on the maxim of giving a dog an ill name and hanging him. If ministers spoke out manfully, they were blustering; if they saw reason to be discreetly reserved, they were shuffling intriguers and time-servers; when they asked for a war-vote, they were working in advance for the failure of the coming congress of peace-makers — although, as what happened at Berlin conclusively demonstrated, had England not persuaded men of her readiness for war, we should have had even less of moral support from the German chancellor, and obtained no shadow of concessions from Russia. Repeatedly, when time has made disclosures permissible, the explanations have been more than satisfactory to candid minds. Yet we have never once had an honest admission to that effect; and the special pleaders have either slightly shifted their ground, or continued their abuse upon vague generalities. The cabinet would have fared even worse had not the premier served as a lightning-conductor; the favorite assumption being that his colleagues must be fools and dupes. In other words, that some of the ablest and most experienced and most highly placed of English politicians are content to place their honor in the hands of a “charlatan,” and stake the chances of a brilliant political future on the caprices and surprises of a “feather-brained adventurer.” For “charlatan” and “feather-brained adventurer” are the characters in which it pleases Lord Beaconsfield’s detractors to represent him. Truly it may be said of him, that a prophet has no honor in his own country. It is nothing that foreign Liberals have recognized him as the worthy representative of the generous strength of England — as the champion of essentially liberal ideas against the autocratic absolutism of great military empires. It was nothing that his journey to Berlin was made a significant triumphal progress, when crowds of phlegmatic Flemings and Germans came cheering the veteran statesman, with few dissentient voices. It is nothing that he has the confidence of his royal mistress, who is perhaps as nearly concerned as most people in the stability of her throne and the welfare of her subjects, and whose political capacity and knowledge of affairs have been amply demonstrated in the “Life of the Prince Consort.” It is nothing, of course, that after surmounting almost unprecedented obstacles and prejudices, he has the confidence of the great party who hold the heaviest stakes in the country. But it is much that he has been steadily swaying to his side the masses who once pinned their faith on Mr. Gladstone, and that the nation at large is disposed to judge him more generously, and deal tenderly with any mistakes he may have made, in consideration of the difficulties with which he has been contending. We are no indiscriminate admirers of Lord Beaconsfield; but in the course of history we remember no one who has been treated with more deliberate malevolence and injustice. We have understood it to be the boast of the British constitution, that it offered the freest openings to men who are *parvenus* in the best sense of the word. It has been Mr. Disraeli’s misfortune to awaken fresh jealousies and animosities at each step he has made in advance. He has distinguished himself as a writer, as a debater, as an orator, as a statesman, — but, above all, as the most patient and successful of party leaders. He has held together the party he has disciplined, and made of a despised minority the majority he commands; and that is the sin that will never

be forgiven him. Lord Beaconsfield has his faults, and they must have occasionally betrayed him into error. Reckless and romantic as we are told he is in his speech, we do not remember his making any claim to infallibility. But if we take him on the estimates of his inveterate detractors, there seldom was such a monster of moral perversity; and we can only marvel at the transcendent powers which have made him the foremost statesman of England, in spite of such transparent chicanery. If he speaks with apparent frankness, he is discredited beforehand, since it is notorious that there is nothing he detests like the truth. If he says nothing, it is the silence of the conspirator. If he winds up a brilliant speech with a soul-stirring peroration that would have been reprinted in all the elocution books had it fallen from the lips of Lord Chatham, it is merely a bouquet of the premier's fireworks. A seemingly far-sighted stroke of policy is a dangerous development of his weakness for surprises. He is abused simultaneously for abstention as for meddling; and is made personally responsible for each dispensation of Providence, from the depreciation of the Indian rupee to the lowering of agricultural wages.

Lord Beaconsfield serves as a lightning-conductor for his cabinet. But other public men in their degrees have equally hard measure dealt out to them. Sir Henry Elliot has been out of the storm since he shifted his quarters from Constantinople to the comparative obscurity of Vienna. But Sir Henry Layard, who stepped into his place, has had to bear the brunt of the merciless pelting. It is a strange coincidence, to say the least of it, that our agents in the East, from the highest to the lowest, and whether originally appointed by Liberals or Conservatives, have proved themselves equally unworthy of credit. They can hardly have sold themselves to the Turks, for the Turks have never had money to buy them. We can only suppose them to have been demoralized by the taint of Mohammedan air, and the disreputable company they have been keeping. As a matter of fact, their evidence, *ex officio*, goes for nothing. A passing traveller, who knows as little of the habits of the country as of its language, who sees through the eyes and hears with the ears of a dragoman that has taken the measure of his employer, pens a letter to a sympathetic paper, with a piece of startling intelligence that makes the blood run cold. Forthwith it is made the text for a scathing leader, and the editor stands com-

mitted to the assertion of his informant. We can understand that he prints with a civil sneer the explanations of the embassy in Bryanston Square. But in due time comes the contradiction from the English consul, who has spent half a life in those border-lands of barbarism. The consul has been at the pains to make searching inquiries, and can pronounce the whole story to be a fable. Possibly his communication may be printed, since it is sure, sooner or later, to find publicity somewhere. And the philanthropical editor accepts it as confirming his conviction that the philo-Ottomanism of these officials is beyond belief. So it was when Mr. Fawcett undertook a mission into Thessaly to inquire into the melancholy fate of one of the *Times* correspondents. A universally respected consul-general being sent on such a mission at all, was only the farcical epilogue to a grim tragedy. So with Mr. Fawcett and the other delegates of the impartial foreign powers appointed to inquire into the atrocities in the Rhodope. We were informed that biassed judges were examining perjured witnesses. The wretched Turkish women who told of diabolical outrages with the unmistakable truth of depression following upon suffering, simple peasants as they seemed, were in reality incomparable actresses. Set the agitation over the Bulgarian atrocities side by side with the indifference to the Rhodope horrors, and say whether there has even been a show of common fairness. We can understand a Russian journalist making the best of a bad cause, and patriotically defending his countrymen at any cost from the delicate impeachment of being half-reclaimed barbarians. We should have said some time ago that it was inconceivable that English journalists could have held themselves so hard bound by their own precipitate assumptions, or had their judgments so warped by the spirit of party, as to reject the most direct and irresistible evidence, and turn a deaf ear to the promptings of duty and humanity. It seems a light thing by comparison that they have been systematically unjust to meritorious and conscientious public servants, doing their best to injure them in their feelings and disqualify them for honorable careers. But it is certain that, for simply speaking the truth and doing their duty in the face of a storm of obloquy, men like Sir Henry Layard and Mr. Fawcett must, in common consistency, be removed from the public service, should certain of the philosophical Liberals ever return to power.

Yet these independently international journals are human and humanitarian before anything. They charge themselves with the general interests of mankind, leaving those of England to take care of themselves. Nothing more surely excites their indignant eloquence than any language that reminds us of our former glories: they regard a hint of our imperial interests as synonymous with Chauvinism of the wildest type; and were a Tyrtæus to animate us to deeds of arms, he would have a hard time at the hands of these critics. They write us as if we were a nation of reckless filibusters, sent for its sins into a world of Quakers and saints. To hear them, one might imagine that England armed to the teeth, with a universal conscription and her inexhaustible resources, was meditating a new crusade against the legitimate aspirations of peace-loving Russia. If we take the simplest precaution in self-defence, we give provocation to some well-meaning neighbor. Learned jurists prove to demonstration that in our lightest actions we are infringing the treaties which it is the prerogative of other nations to tear up, so soon as opportunity conspires with convenience. With an adroitness which, in a sense, is highly creditable to them, they invent for sensitive foreigners the grievances they are bound to resent. Americans, embarrassed over the surplus compensation for the Alabama claims, have their warm sympathies in protesting against the liberality of the Canadian fisheries award. The French are warned that we presumed on their misfortunes when, declining a foothold on the shores of Syria, we rented an outlying island from the Porte; and the Italians are reminded that we are trifling with their notorious self-abnegation, when we spare Egypt a finance minister without praying them to provide him with a colleague. Agitation originating in England furnishes the strongest of arguments to opposition journals abroad, when they do their best to make mischief between our government and the cabinets who are persuaded that we are giving them no cause of offence. Nor does the spirit of faction stop short even there. It goes the length of encouraging sedition within our own dominions, at the very moment when it loudly proclaims that the safety of the empire is being endangered. A weekly journal to which we have made repeated allusion, in deprecating our advance across the frontier of Afghanistan, warned us solemnly that any check to our army would be the signal for a general revolt among our feudatories.

Had we really held India by so frail a tenure, it was surely a time for patriotism to be silent. As a matter of fact, the suggestion was absolutely groundless. From Kashmir and the Punjab down to the Deccan, our feudatories have given substantial guarantees for their loyalty by emulously placing their forces at our disposal; and we are assured by Anglo-Indian officials, fresh from a residence in these districts, that if there has been discontent among the contingents of Sindiah or of Holkar, nothing would stifle it more effectually than accepting their services for the war. The provocation of such a danger, by way of bolstering an argument, forcibly illustrates the recklessness of those who, as the *Débats* remarks, at the moment of our writing *à propos* to the Afghan committee, are entering upon a second campaign against their country in alliance with the Russian statesmen and scribes.

Setting party before patriotism is unfortunately nothing new, although not even in the struggle for existence with Napoleon was it carried to such scandalous length as of late. What is more of a novelty in the contemporary press is the tone of what are styled the society journals. We fancy that the germ of the idea may be traced to the *Owl*, a paper which had a brilliant ephemeral existence through "the seasons" of a good many years back. And the *Owl* was really a journal of society. Its sparkling articles were by witty men and women, who mixed evening after evening in the circles they professed to write for. They were sarcastic and satirical of course, but they carefully shunned personalities. Those articles by Mrs. N., or Mr. L., were well worth reading for their merit: the clever writers had won their spurs long before, and were welcomed and admired in the world they frequented. They really picked up their scraps of social intelligence in the drawing-room or at the dinner-table; and if a mistake were made, there was no great harm done. Editors and contributors carried into their columns the good taste and delicate feelings which guided them in their private life. They succeeded in being lively and entertaining, but they scrupulously avoided giving pain; and while they held those who lived in public to be legitimate game, they invariably respected private individuals. We wish we could say as much for their successors. To many of them nothing is sacred as nothing is secret. Unlucky men or women who have the misfortune

to have a name, find themselves paraded some fine morning for the entertainment of the curious public. Possibly the first intimation of their unwelcome notoriety comes from an advertisement, in letters a couple of inches long, flaunting them full in the face from a staring poster on a railway stall. Imagine the horror of that sudden shock to a man of reserved habits and keen susceptibilities. He would not stand for an election to save his life; in his desire to escape even a passing notice, he is as modestly unobtrusive in his dress as in his manners; and here he is being made a nine days' talk in the clubs and the railway carriages; while even without being made the subject of a portrait and biographical sketch, a paragraph may sting him or do him irreparable injury. Tom, Dick, and Harry have the satisfaction of learning that he has arranged a marriage with the Hon. Miss So-and-so. There is just so much of truth in it, that he has long been hovering round that fascinating young woman, with intentions that have been daily growing more serious, when that premature announcement scared him for good and all, and possibly spoiled the lifelong happiness of a loving couple. Always shamefaced in the presence of the enchantress, he now is ready to shrink into himself at the faintest rustle of the skirts of her garment; and he retires to the seclusion of his country-seat, or takes shipping for the uttermost parts of the earth. While another gentleman is letting his mansion for reasons that are entirely satisfactory to himself, or possibly for a simple caprice, straightway we hear that he has outrun the constable, and that his creditors are in full cry at his heels. A lady of rank and reputation who has a weakness for a rubber, and who was tempted in an evil hour to be playfully initiated into the mysteries of *baccarat*, learns that her lord will no longer be responsible for her gambling debts, and that the family diamonds are gone to Mr. Attenborough's. Another fair one, with a foible for private theatricals, figures as the heroine of some rather ambiguous adventure, with allusions that make her identity unmistakable to the initiated. The stories may be true, false, or exaggerated. Let them be false in the main, if there be a shadow of truth in them, denial or explanation only insures their circulation, so that the victim of the indiscretion is practically helpless. It may be said that offences against decency and public morals deserve to be exposed, and that society is improved thereby. We cannot assent to that for a moment, and

everything, at all events, is in the manner of doing it. We have quite enough of the washing of our linen in the law courts — whose reports, by the way, might often be curtailed, in ordinary consideration for modest readers.

At present there are at least half-a-dozen tolerably widely-read journals of the kind we are describing. Each of them devotes some half-dozen of pages to paragraphs whose staple is gossip or scandal. We can conceive the rush and the rivalry among them to get on for a "good thing." There can be no time to verify doubtful facts, for while you are inquiring, a less conscientious contemporary may get the start of you. If you know next to nothing of a possible sensation, at least make matters safe in the mean time by the dark hint that may be developed in "our next." You have taken the preliminary step to register your discovery, and though you may be stumbling over a mare's nest, you are secure against an action for libel. Not that an action for libel is always an unmixed evil. On the contrary, it may be an excellent advertisement, though an expensive one; especially should the prosecutor's general antecedents be indifferent, even if he cast you for damages in this particular instance. Sometimes, no doubt, a rascal gets his deserts. And yet, when his secret sins are set before him by half-a-dozen bitter and lively pens; when he is held up to social reprobation in half-a-dozen of most unlovely aspects — we feel some such pity for him as we should have felt for the wretch who had been flogged through the public streets after passing the morning in the pillory.

Naturally nothing sells these papers better than flying at exalted game. They are never more nobly and loyally outspoken than in lecturing some royal personage as to some supposed dereliction of duty; although we might honor them more for the courage of their patriotism, were there such things as English *lettres de cachet*, or if we had retained a star-chamber among our time-honored institutions. And if there really are holes to be picked in the robes of royalty, we must remember that it may be done with comparative impunity. A prince may know that he is being maligned; that very innocent actions are being foully misconstrued; that the evidence hinted at as existing against him, would not bear the most cursory examination. But he can hardly condescend to put himself on his defence in the public prints, still less to seek redress in the law courts. And what

would be amusing, if it were not irritating, in some of these papers in particular, is the airs of omniscience affected by their contributors. The editors of most are pretty well known; and some of those editors, on general topics, have very fair means of information. One or two of them are more or less in society, or may be supposed to be familiar with men who are. But each and all, from the best known to the most obscure, have their political and social correspondents, who are everywhere behind the scenes. You might fancy that ministers babbled State secrets over their claret, choosing their intimates and confidants among the gossiping reporters; or that their private secretaries and the confidential heads of their departments were one and all in the pay of the scandal-mongering press. The most delicate diplomatic negotiations get wind at once; and we learn everything beforehand as to military preparations from spies who must be suborned at Woolwich and in the War Departments. While, as for dinners and evening parties, each of the journals has its delegate who is the darling of the most exalted and fastidious society. How Philalethes, or "Brin de Paille," manages, as he must do, to distribute himself in a score of places-simultaneously, is a mystery that can only be explained by his intimate relations with the spirits. And the tables and mirrors of his sitting-room should be a sight to see, embellished as they must be with the scented notes and autographs of the very grandest *seigneurs* and the greatest dames.

That these gentlemen are hand-in-glove with the most exclusive of the exclusives, is plain enough on their own showing. When they ask you to walk with them into White's or the Marlborough — and those haunts of the fashionables are their familiar resorts — they present you to the *habitués* by their Christian names, and always, if it may be, by a friendly abbreviation. It is professional "form" to talk of Fred This and Billy That; and we often please ourselves by picturing the faces of the said Fred or Billy, priding himself on a frigidity of manner warranted to ice a whole roomful of strangers, were he to be button-holed in Pall Mall by his anonymous allies and affectionately addressed by his queerly-suited *sobriquet*. Of course, when a great light of the turf, the clubs, or the hunting-field goes out in darkness, unanimous is the wail raised over his departure. Philalethes, and all the rest of his brotherhood, have to bemoan the loss of a comrade and boon companion. It is

the story of Mr. Micawber and David Copperfield over again; you would fancy that every man of them had been the chosen crony of the departed old gentleman from the days of his boyhood. They are full of excellent stories, showing the goodness of his heart and the elasticity of his conscience; they knew to a sovereign or a ten-pound note how nicely he had made his calculations as to ruining himself; and to tell the truth, they are by no means chary as to making vicarious confession of the follies of their friend. It can matter but little to him, though it may be anything but pleasant for his relations. But hereafter, each man who cuts a figure in society must count, when his time shall come at last, on pointing a profusion of humorous morals and adorning a variety of extravagant tales.

As to the biographical sketches of living ladies and gentlemen which come out in serial form, we do not so greatly object to them. For this reason, that in most instances they err on the kindly side, and do their subjects something more than justice. If you prevail on a celebrity to let you interview him "at home," you give a pledge tacitly or in words that you propose to treat him considerately. These catalogues of his personal surroundings, the trophies of arms on his walls, the favorite volumes on the bookshelves, the cat on the hearth-rug, and the letter-weight on the writing-table, can only be drawn up from personal inspection. We know that body-servants are occasionally corruptible, and that elderly housekeepers are susceptible to flattery. But as a rule, we imagine that the accomplished interviewer makes his entry by the front door, and is courteously welcomed by his victim. A public man, who knows he must be painted, feels he may as well choose his own attitude, and have something to say to the mixing of the colors. We have often imagined what we should do in such circumstances had the achievements of a checkered career invited the blaze of publicity. We should make an appointment with an illustrious artist for the luncheon-hour; we should send the snuggest of carriages to the station if we chanced to live in the country; and we should put the servants into grand livery. It would be hard indeed if we found our friend a teetotaller, and strange, considering his calling. And by the help of our old sherry and velvety claret, it would be odd if he did not take us for all that was admirable by the time, with a winning touch on the arm, we led him aside into the "snuggery," and settled him with

a Havannah in an easy-chair. Then over the fragrant Mocha we should abandon ourselves to the reminiscences that should kindle him with a sympathetic glow. We should modestly note our early triumphs, and direct attention to the turning-points of a brilliant career. We should incidentally anticipate the insinuations of our enemies, and perhaps touch delicately and playfully on those weaknesses which it would be difficult altogether to ignore. Then, if we were fortunate enough to be the master of an historic mansion, or of some artistically decorated villa in the northern suburbs, we should dazzle our mellowed guest with the inspection of its apartments and curiosities; and having led him away to take leave of the ladies of the family, and handed him into the carriage with heartiness tempered by a gentle regret, we should be content to wait the result with confidence. We should hope that our grateful visitor would take advantage of the inspiration of our claret and *chasse-café* to dash off his study while his mind was full of us; and we should picture him in his writing-den, or at the neighboring railway hotel, busy between his memory and metallic note-book.

The subjects of the caricatured portraits, which are the conspicuous attraction of some of those weeklies, scarcely come so happily off as a rule. There are men who lend themselves so obviously to artistic satire, that the meanest talent can hardly miss the mark. They remind one of the story of the insulted fairy at the christening. Her sisters have bestowed on the fortunate child most of the worldly gifts that could be desired for it. Among other things, it has a set of features that may be either handsome or redeemed from ugliness in after-life by the expression which stamps them with genius or dignity. But then malevolence has willed it that they may be easily hit off, and wedded with associations that may be ludicrous or even degrading. The nose and legs of Lord Brougham made him a standing godsend to the comic papers, till he withdrew, in the fulness of years and fame, to the Riviera. And then the mantle that his lordship let fall settled permanently on the shoulders of Mr. Disraeli. It was only in keeping, by the way, that the Radical lampooners should not hold their hands, but exercise pen and pencil, with stale monotony, when his lordship went to Berlin, with Europe looking on, not as the chief of a party, but as the guardian of England. When we laugh in season, and keep the laugh to ourselves, there is little harm

done, though feelings may suffer. But it does seem unfair on some innocent private gentleman, to see the distorted image of the presentment he has been studying in his looking-glass, figuring in the windows of all the advertising news-agents, and gibbeted on the lamp-posts at the corners of the thoroughfares. If he be philosophic enough not to care much for himself, his female connections will be scarcely so indifferent. The slight and graceful figure is shown as meagre, to lankiness; and the stout gentleman who, in spite of appearances, has been fretting over his increasing corpulence, is horrified by the sight of the too solid spectre of what he may come to be in a few years hence. The *bon vivant*, who dreads that the deepening tints on his nose may be traced to his connoisseurship in curious vintages, sees himself branded in the eyes of the public as the incarnation of a dismounted Bacchus without the vine-leaves; while it is borne home upon the middle-aged Adonis that the happy days of his *bonnes fortunes* are departing. Of course there is caricature that is far more subtle; that can laugh good-humoredly, or sting maliciously with the force of an unexpected betrayal or a revelation, when it interprets character by insinuating or accentuating some half-concealed *trait* of most significant expression. With our easy *insouciance* as to the sorrows of our neighbors, we are willing enough to condone the cruelty for the wit; but, unfortunately, the wit is become rarer than we could wish it to be. The cleverest master of the manner has ceased to satirize, and his imitators are less of satirists than unflattering portrait-painters.

There is another class of likenesses that catch the public eye, addressing themselves to the fashionable proclivities of prowlers on the outskirts of society, and to the mixed multitude of the mob that admires beauty and notoriety where it finds them. We do not know how many of the "queens of society," the "sultanas of the salons," or the "houris of the garden Parties," may have been prevailed upon actually to sit for their portraits. But one thing to be said is, that the brief biographical sketches which illustrate the portraits are usually written in all honor. The lady's descent, if she can boast any; her connections and her husband's connections, with some high-flown compliments on her looks and her social charms, sum up the short and gratifying notice.

There is one social power even greater than that of beauty, since too often it can purchase beauty at its will, and that is

mammon. If a man means to make his way in politics, he must have something more than a handsome competency. Phineas Finns are phenomena, though Mr. Trollope's clever couple of novels are of no very ancient date; and an Edmund Burke would have even harder measure dealt out to him, now that pocket boroughs are well-nigh exploded. People who have to shine in any way, unless they fall back upon confirmed celibacy, live in their bachelor tubs like cynics, and trust to their conversational gifts for social currency, must have something more than even a good going income. The battle of life is to the strong, who have indefinite resources — who thrive, like the gambler, by bold speculation — or who are content to trade on their expectations, and commit those who should inherit from them to providence. In fact, almost everybody who is socially ambitious goes in for gambling nowadays, in one shape or another, not always excepting the fortunate few who have hereditary incomes that may be called colossal. Hence the enormous increase within the last few years in the sworn brokers of the city of London; hence the extraordinary success of the foreign loans, which appealed to the cupidity of the many who were doomed to be their victims; hence the shoals of joint-stock companies, launched with a flush of credit or flood of cheap money, to be stranded and hopelessly shipwrecked on the ebb of the next neap tide; and hence the importance assumed by our "city articles," and the profusion of the financial organs that must have some sort of circulation. When a man has been trading far beyond his means, or has risked a dangerous proportion of them in venturesome speculations, he becomes feverishly alive to the fluctuations of the stock markets, and nervously credulous of reports as to the shiftings of its currents. The empire may have staked its credit on an Afghan war; the ministry may be committed to delicate negotiations which are visibly passing beyond our control, and may end in an ultimatum and a declaration of hostilities. The finance-dabbling Gallio cares for none of these things, save in so far as they may affect consols, and bring down the price of Russians. If he has gone in seriously for "bearing" against next settling-day, he would illuminate in the lightness of his spirits for the national humiliation which threw the markets into a panic. Once accepting him for what he is, we can hardly blame him: a man should have the patriotic self-abnegation of a Curtius or a

Regulus to accept ruin and annihilation with a cheerful heart; and if he is backing the Russians to humble England in the long run, he must necessarily triumph in his heart at a Russian victory. *Il va sans dire* that he lends his money in any conceivable quarter upon tempting interest if he fancies the security, just as honest African traders pass their rifles and powder among the tribes that are making preparations to massacre our colonists. And it follows, as a matter of course, that he consults financial publicists as so many oracles; unless, indeed, he is leviathan enough to be behind the scenes, and to take a lead in one of those formidable "syndicates" which combine to "rig" the markets, and to subsidize the journals that conspire with them.

If investors knew more of city editors, they would undoubtedly spare themselves considerable worry; although the city editor, whoever he may be, must secure an influence which is invariably very sensible, and which increases in times of crisis and panic. Innocent outsiders, living peaceably in the provinces, and spinster ladies, retired officers, busy clergymen, and doctors who have little thought for anything beyond their professions, are ready to concede him the infallibility which it is a part of his duties to assume. He gives his utterances with an authority which seems divine or diabolical, according as it favors their investments or injures them. Should he condescend to enter into explanations, he invokes facts or figures to back his conclusions. He always seems terse and lucid, pitilessly logical, and business-like. They take him naturally for what he insinuates himself to be — an omniscient financial critic, the centre of a network of nervous intelligences which stretch their feelers to the confines of the money-getting world. Or, putting it more prosaically, they believe him to be more or less in relation with everybody in the city, from the greatest of the Hebrew capitalists and the governor of the bank, down to the jackals of the promoters of the latest investment trust. He is believed to have spies where he has not friends, with the means of informing himself as to all that goes on. As a matter of fact, there are editors and editors. Not a few of them are extremely well informed as to the monetary matters they report and discuss. They make influential and useful acquaintances on the strength of timely good offices mutually rendered. In spite of strong temptations to the contrary, arising out of difficult and compromising relations, they

keep their honesty intact, and may be trusted so far as their lights go. But after all, and at the best, they may be little shrewder than their neighbors, and nearly as liable to be mistaken or to mislead. They can only comment or advise to the best of their limited judgment. And moreover, the city editor, like the hard-working stockbroker, is seldom the man to go to for a far-sighted opinion. It is in the very nature of his occupation that he does his thinking from day to day, and rather rests on the immediate turns of the markets than on the far-reaching influences which are likely to govern them.

On the other hand, there are city writers, and on important journals too, who have been pitchforked into their places rather than deliberately selected for them. They have those qualities of a methodical clerk, which are useful so far, and indeed indispensable. For the city editor should be a man of indefatigable industry and inexhaustible patience: ever at his post during business hours, and always ready, at a moment's notice, to enter intelligently into elaborate calculations, and to audit long columns of figures. He has recommended himself to his employers by regularity and trustworthiness. He may have been the useful right-hand man of a former chief in the city department. When that chief is removed for any reason, it is no easy matter to fill his place. The managers of the paper cast about for a successor; but the writers of honesty and ability, who have been regularly bred to the vocation, for the most part are already retained elsewhere. So the useful factotum, who has been seated for the time in the editorial chair, stays on in it doing its duties from day to day, till the appointment in chief is practically confirmed to him. Probably he is honest in intention and in act, which is much. But he is merely a machine after all, and has no capacity for brain-work. He knows less of foreign affairs than an average third secretary of legation, and is as likely to be misled as anybody by the flying rumors of the day. He has no resources of general information, and is quite incapable of estimating the real security of a foreign loan or the prospects of some South American railway. If he be conscious of his own deficiencies, and is impelled to supply them somehow, he is exposed to becoming the dupe and complacent tool of crafty financiers of superior intelligence. Knowing little, it is only natural that he should try to appear as universally well informed as may be. Thus "he has every reason to believe that pow-

erful influences are at work for placing Patagonian credit on a more satisfactory footing." "There has been a deal of sound buying in the last few days; and it is understood that a powerful syndicate has been formed to come to a permanent arrangement with the government of the republic." "It is rumored that an English financier of note has entered on a seven years' engagement with the president and his ministers." The fact being, that the oracle has been "earwigged" by the agent of a group of bulls, who are bound to "rig" the market and raise it if they can, that they may unload their superfluity of worthless "Patagonians" on the credulous investing public. The operation performed with more or less success, it is found that the Patagonian government is more impenitently reckless than ever, and the stocks relapse more rapidly than they had risen. Should no plausible explanation be forthcoming, the disappointment of the expectations is quietly ignored; and the editor goes on writing oracularly as before, on other subjects on which his authority is equally reliable.

It happens sometimes that the city editor betrays his trust, accepting pecuniary *pots de vin* and bribes in paid-up shares, and standing in with designing conspirators. Considering his opportunities and the improbability of detection so long as times are good and speculation lively, it is creditable on the whole that such scoundrels are so rare. When money is plentiful and credit inflated, and companies of all kinds are being floated wholesale, the city editor reminds us of Clive in the treasury of Moorshedabad; and if he keeps his hands from picking and stealing, we may imagine him astonished at his own virtue and moderation. For it must be avowed that if he accepted the *honoraria* that are pressed upon him, he would sin — if sin it were — in highly respectable company. Some of the best names in the city have been dragged through the mire when the proceedings of certain eminent boards have at length been brought to light by their difficulties; noblemen and gentlemen coming out of the west have been seen to change their code of morality altogether when they took to trading to the east of the Cannon Street Station; and as for "promotion," it has come to be a synonym for everything that is shady, disreputable, or criminal. In the happy times, when so many were rich, and everybody was hasting to be richer; when superabundant savings were ready to overflow into every scheme that was broached under decent

auspices; when rival banks were emulously generous of accommodation to customers who were perpetually turning over their capital; when any scheme that ingenuity could suggest was sure to go to some sort of premium, and a letter of allotment was tantamount to a bank-note or a cheque, — then the shrewd city writer was the centre of very general interest. It was the object of the professional promoter to “square” him if possible; and success in the experiment was one of the considerations which the promoter offered for the money that was pressed upon him. Nothing proved it more than the subsidies those gentlemen continued to receive for their very dubious services, even after their names had been so thoroughly blown upon that if they had been published in the seductive prospectuses they composed they would have scared away confidence instead of attracting it. But the city editor might pride himself on being a man of the world, and show a generous toleration for the tricks of finance. He was flattered by the respect paid to his position and opinions, by the successful millionaire who was building mansions in South Kensington, and castles in the country, and filling them with titled and avaricious guests. It was no bad thing to be the “friend of the house,” and have the run of a table where one met the most fashionable of company over the best of wines and unexceptionable cookery. Nothing could be more natural than that he should listen pleasantly to the easy confidences of his host in the snug smoking-room towards the small hours. He was genially disposed towards any scheme in those days when almost everything seemed to succeed. When you were paying fifteen or twenty per cent., the biggest commission was a comparative bagatelle. When he wrote of a prospectus in the way of business, he wrote as he had been impressed in the moments of *abandon*. His judgment must be satisfied, of course — that was a *sine qua non*; but if all was fair and above board, where was the harm if he accepted some shares, and even consented to take a seat among the benefactors of their species? Conscience was salved or silenced; and from the accepting of shares to the taking a cheque on occasion, the step was a short one. Once upon the slope that led to Avernus, the descent was swift and easy. He owed a duty to his partners or patrons as well as to the public, and something to himself and self-interest as well. Should the company be inclined to totter, or should damaging revelations be elicited at one of the

meetings, he was almost bound over to write them away, or at all events to take an encouraging view of things. And in that case, having the ear of so many of the shareholders, the mischief he had in his power was incalculable in the way of preventing them from saving themselves in time and in bolstering undertakings that were essentially rotten. That such things did occur, we have learned from disclosures in the law courts. The censor who betrayed his trust was tolerably safe, so long as things went well and all the markets were buoyant. But when distrust and failures brought companies to liquidation, and indignant shareholders formed committees of investigation, then honest men came to learn the truth if they did not actually recover their own.

The confiding public have to take that risk into account in following the counsels of the city column in their favorite journal; although, as we have said, we believe it is not very often that there is a case of actual treachery. What is more generally to be guarded against is the political bent of the paper when it is extending its patronage, for reasons of State, to some financial combination of international speculators. The checkered history of the khedive's affairs has been a case singularly in point. Egyptian investors have had a surprising turn of luck of late; and we hope their satisfaction with their prospects may be justified by results. It is certain, however, that at one time they came almost as near to shipwreck as their unfortunate neighbors who had been financing for the Porte; and repeatedly some slight turn in circumstances might have made their holdings almost unmarketable. Yet it was unpleasantly significant that, through that prolonged crisis, the newspapers ranged themselves upon opposite sides, writing on the Egyptian outlook with impossible consistency, and being sanguine or despairing as the case might be. Some made the worst of the unfavorable facts, and exaggerated all the disturbing rumors, while others suppressed them or explained them away. As it has happened, Egyptians have apparently turned up trumps for those who believed the best and decided to hold on. Had they gone the other way, as seemed a certainty at one time, those who followed the guides who saw everything in rose-color, would have had reason for regretting their over-confidence; and it is their luck far more than their wisdom that has brought these optimists through with credit.

And the city editor should be not only

honest but discreet. Nothing can be more delicate than his responsibilities in anxious times like the present. When the public is depressed, with too good reason, it needs very little to throw it into a panic. Alarmists who have been growing lean with other people see their opportunity. Disquieting reports are industriously propagated, and deplorable facts give them ready circulation. There is a rush to sell and no buying resistance; the quotations of the shares are apt to become merely nominal in those establishments whose credit is the breath of their existence; the jobbers will hardly "make a price," and property is literally flung away. And the investor who throws his property away, may be doing the wisest thing in the circumstances, since he may be cutting short an inevitable loss, or ridding himself of terrible contingent liabilities. In many instances, however, those threatened establishments would be safe enough if they had fair play, and were it not for the unreasonable apprehensions that are working out their own fulfilment. Then is the time when the calming assurances of the press are invaluable, and if the city editors keep their heads and hold their pens, the crisis may be averted that would be otherwise inevitable. But the temptations to sensational writing and unseasonable warnings are very great. It is so easy to be wise after events, and so agreeable to preach or exhort when your warnings are coming home to the very hearts of the victims who are pointing your moral. Indeed there is the less reason to lay lurid coloring on your paragraphs, that the bare statement of the facts in such a catastrophe as the stoppage of the City of Glasgow Bank is sufficiently appalling in its unadorned simplicity. And on this occasion we are bound to admit, that the city writers, as a rule, have expressed themselves with praiseworthy self-restraint. They have calmed alarms instead of exciting them, and done their utmost to limit the circle of disturbance. For criticisms that may be sound in themselves may be woefully ill-timed; and the height of a half-panic is scarcely the time to show up the shortcomings and dangers of our banking system — all the less so, when it is admitted that they may be easily rectified. But as articles of this kind have been the exception and not the rule, investors have good reason to be grateful.

As for the leading financial weeklies, they have necessarily grave difficulties to contend with. They have to give judgment in most important matters at short

notice; and so the shrewdest of counselors may be tempted into over-confidence, and occasionally make a *faux pas* he would willingly retrace. But, on the whole, and considering those circumstances, few journals in the contemporary press are more carefully or judicially conducted. They have gradually made themselves the authorities they deserve to be. They are usually written on solid information, and have a well-established character for honesty and impartiality. They are outspoken where they ought to speak out; reticent where silence is literally golden on matters that involve the prosperity of the country, and the fortunes and happiness of innumerable individuals. In most cases their information may be trusted. It is not in their columns you must seek for the vague rumors of firms and establishments supposed to be compromised by such and such stoppages, present or prospective. They seem to confine their comments to ascertained facts, and they deal with commercial dangers and difficulties in the abstract. They rarely write on politics, except where politics are inextricably involved with finance; and their observations are the more original and the better worth reading, that they are written from a rigidly financial point of view. In broad contrast with those carefully conducted papers, are the innumerable imitations which have been issued of late years, and whose existence is generally as ephemeral as the management is discreditable. It would seem that it is possible to start a paper of a certain stamp in the city here, at an expense almost as trifling as in Paris, where some ambitious member of the fourth estate finds a capitalist with a few thousand francs at his disposal, and forthwith launches the *Comète* or the *Pavillon Tricolor*. We need hardly say that those mushroom financial broadsheets are really the trade-circulars of the advertising jobbers and brokers; men who, for the most part, are outsiders of the stock exchange, and whose names have an unsavory odor, even in the tainted atmosphere of its precincts. Some of them scarcely profess to conceal their purpose, and each member offers you a choice of means of enriching yourself, by employing the services of Messrs. So & So on an extremely moderate commission. Others are directed with somewhat higher art, though the burden of the advice they dispense so liberally tends in a similar direction. The difference is that the net is not spread so unblushingly in the sight of unwary birds, and there is no obvious connection between

the stocks and shares that happen to be going at an alarming sacrifice, and any gentleman who is professedly connected with the journal. But as some of those bare-faced advertising sheets have no considerable circulation — many of them, indeed, are given away by the hundred — we presume that they find readers. And it might be worth the while of the habitual dabbler in short investments to subscribe for them, if, guided by some previous knowledge and experience, he were carefully to avoid most things they recommend. At the best, they make themselves the mouthpieces of individuals eager to unload of stocks that have either been temporarily inflated for a purpose, or which are sinking steadily towards the unsalable point; of “bears” who have banded together and are breaking out upon a wrecking raid; and of promoters who still have hopes of making profits by foisting doubtful companies on the public.

It would seem to be a hard thing to float an influential journal in London, whatever it may be in Paris. Otherwise the profits of a successful venture are so enormous — one paper which sold for £500 not many years ago, is now supposed to be clearing at least £70,000 a-year — and the social and political influence it confers is so considerable, that in these days of ambition and bold speculation, the attempt would be made far more frequently. But not only must you be prepared for an original outlay and a prolonged drain, commensurate in some measure with the possible gains, but it is difficult to get a staff of practised professionals together, who will give it a reasonable chance of a start. Able and experienced men are slow to give up assured engagements. Frequently it is a case of *vos non vobis*; and, as we have just remarked, some fortunate speculator reaps the harvest that has been sown by the ruined promoters. With a new magazine it is a different thing altogether. You find a publisher, and you catch your editor — and catching the editor is easy enough. There are men and women of more or less literary reputation, who are ready enough to lend their names by way of puff for the sake of some additional notoriety. They will be powers in a small way — or in a greater; nor do they dislike the sense of authority involved in patronizing or snubbing aspiring contributors. We fancy that in most cases the work of supervision sits easily on them. “All contributors may be carefully considered;” but we have a shrewd suspicion that we

know what is meant by that. Distinctly written manuscripts have the fairer chance; for any one who has the slightest critical or editorial qualifications can tell, on a very superficial inspection, whether the applicant, in sending in his testimonials, is craving a favor or laying them under an obligation. Generally speaking, there is some small *clique* or *coterie* of little-knowns, who have rallied round the new chief, and undertaken to help him to work a monopoly. So the services of absolutely anonymous outsiders are at a discount; while very often the title of the proffered article may indicate as much as the name of the writer. Nineteen-twentieths of the packets that carry such a burden of hopes and fears are returned “with thanks,” after having taxed the resources of the office to the extent of opening and making them up again. There are exceptions, we know, to that mode of editing. Magazines, like ancient families, must have a beginning somewhere; and there are editors who are determined to do their utmost for the new venture which at best has to contend with long-established favorites, and who take a positive pleasure in unearthing undeveloped genius. And that is the editor to whom we should pin our faith, had we been rash enough to stake something pecuniarily on his enterprise. When he draws his chair round to the fire after dinner, and lights his post-prandial pipe or cigar, in place of taking up the evening journal, or some rival periodical, he helps himself to a heavy armful of papers. Lying back luxuriously on his cushions, with vague hopes of possible discoveries to soothe him, he flips his fingers through the pages of manuscript. A sample or two, taken almost at random, suffices. With a shrug of the shoulders he throws a packet aside, and another and another follows in course, with what the unfortunate rejected would call most hasty judgment; when suddenly he draws himself together. There is something in the set and stiffening of the shoulders that might suggest a pointer drawing in a scent, or a spaniel cocking its ears in a cover, while a sparkle of dawning interest lights up his indifferent eyes. There is really something in this young man. That expressive picture by itself bears some evidence of original genius. There is talent in that scene, though it may be crudely conceived, and power in those characters, although they are sketchy and unshapely. The story may have to be revised or rewritten, but it contains the elements of a success, and

the promise of a literary career. He sits down on the spur of the moment and dashes off a note. The novice receives it next morning with a throbbing pulse, and is elevated straightway to the seventh heaven. He keeps the momentous appointment in a mingled state of nervous excitement and irrepressible jubilation, for we may presume that he has the sensitive literary temperament. And in the place of the austere critic, whose approbation he has had the audacity to court, he makes a cordial and sympathetic acquaintance, who mingles advice with hearty encouragement and welcomes him as a man and a brother into the aspiring guild of the penmen.

A word of warm approbation in season is worth anything to the diffident young *débutant*, who must necessarily have felt, in his maiden attempts, like a schoolboy preparing a task, or a probationer going in for competitive examination. It gives him the confidence that sends him forward in his swing, in place of pausing to hesitate between trains of thought, and pick and choose among particular phrases. His head may be turned later, and he may very likely sin on the side of over-confidence, till he is brought back to his bearings by some disagreeable experiences which show him that he must not presume upon his gifts. But he has learned that he has powers if he chooses to exert them — that he has some literary taste into the bargain, — and that is everything, so far as the initial step is concerned. And the enlisting of such vigorous recruits is the chief secret of success to a new magazine. Writing comes, after all, to be a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, and of personal credit. The best men, or the second best, will not write for utterly inadequate remuneration; more especially when they appear in a measure to compromise their reputations by mixing themselves up with obscure or inferior company. Now and then one of them may be bribed by a price to forward a contribution which shall serve as a costly advertisement; but even then there are odds that the master has done his work in slovenly or perfunctory style. And the longest practice can never supply the lack of talent with beaten hacks who have failed elsewhere, and who have been hitched together in a scratch team to labor up-hill in new harness against the brilliant action that has outpaced them already. But freshness, when united to versatility, goes for even more than knack and skill. There must always be many men coming on who should prove superior to the aver-

age of established writers; and with their freshness in their favor, they can make reading more attractive than that which is chiefly recommended by names which the public are already beginning to be wearied of.

The newspapers must retain on their professional staff men who are sacrificing everything to the exigencies of their calling; men who are in the habit of turning night into day; who are ready to write a leader upon anything at a moment's notice, and who must leave their address at the office of their journal, when they drop in to dinner with a friend. But any clever dilettante or amateur may linger over his magazine article or story, sending it in when it suits his convenience after he has polished the style to his fancy. His brilliancy may dazzle the public to-day, but it will shine forth with undiminished lustre in a twelve-month. And the range of his possible subjects is as wide as the whole scope and sphere of mortal interests. All depends upon the method of handling: even the differential calculus may be made entertaining; and the more entertaining from the surprises he is preparing for his readers. Say, for instance, you introduce a philosophical mathematician in his study, distracted from the pursuits of a lifetime by a passion for some blooming beauty, — and we may leave the imagination of our readers to fill in the rest. And as hope always tells a flattering tale to the literary aspirant, ingenious treatment of the most impracticable subjects seems to be easily within the reach of everybody. Thus contributors to the various grades of the magazines are cropping up continually in all conceivable quarters. The fine lady in studied morning *négligé*, and stockings that are slightly tinted with blue, is seated before the davenport in her *boudoir* previous to the duties of the luncheon and the afternoon drive, dashing off lyrics of the loves or soft stories of the affections, on wire-woven note-paper with rose-colored quills: while the astronomer in his study is stooping his intelligence to make science easy for some popular periodical; and dilating, from the point of view of the people, on the revolutions of the spheres or the eccentricities of the comets. Different magazines have their various specialities; but nothing comes amiss to the catholic-minded editor, from the latest conjectures on the origin of species to half-hours with the sirens of the stage or missionary misadventures in the South Seas.

Next, perhaps, to the growth of the circulating libraries, nothing proves more clearly the spread of intelligent interest and the taste for miscellaneous reading, than the wonderful multiplication of the lighter monthlies. Not a few have a hard struggle for life; but when some expire there are others to replace them. In the old days of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Sylvanus Urban filled his close-printed pages chiefly with remarks upon his weekly contemporaries, and with notices of public affairs, interspersed and enlivened with scraps of gossip. It is curious to glance back on the early numbers and read the criticisms on the heavy historical papers in the *Craftsman*, etc.; or the reports on the military operations in the north; on the marching and countermarching of Sir John Cope and "Mr." Hawley; on the advance of the Highland host, and the trials and executions of the unhappy Jacobite gentry. The *Gentleman's Magazine* was in fact a gentleman's newspaper; and more of a mere reporter than the daily journals of our time. Fiction was a thing apart — a task not to be lightly undertaken, and the ponderous results were in many-volumed octavos. We may imagine the precise author of "Sir Charles Grandison," sitting down to his heavy labors, like Buffon, in court suit and in ruffles. Fielding and Smollett were condemned, not for indecency, but for vulgarity, when they dared to be truthful and facetious, and actually succeeded in being amusing. The time of short stories and telling serial sketches had not come as yet. In the dearth of writers and the scarcity of readers, there were few literary performances to be reviewed. The writers of "Rambles," even when they were contributors to "Sylvanus," published solemn essays in separate form. They sought for appreciation in the coffee-houses and in the circles of literary connoisseurs. All that casts a clear side-light on the uneducated dulness of the society of the times. An ordinary dinner-party is wearisome enough now; it must have been many times more intolerable then, had one not been bred to the habit of it. We can imagine the worthy women sitting stiffly in hoops and stomachers, on high-backed chairs, giving themselves over to the earnest occupation of the hour, while the squires were laying a foundation for serious drinking. The talk must have been as light and æsthetic as the *menu*, which consisted chiefly of barons and sirloins, with such trifles as sucking-pigs and turkeys thrown in by way

LIVING AGE. VOL. XXV. 1274

of "kickshaws." A few fine ladies might get up on their hobbies, and chatter over the mania of the day, — china, pug-dogs, and court trains — Shakespeare, Garrick, and the musical glasses. Their less fashionable sisters, when scandal ran short, could only sit in silence or compare notes over domestic grievances. The men, when the cloth was cleared away, might grow animated over their port; and most of them took an interest in parochial business if not in public affairs. But their talk, at the best, was limited to the next move of the ministers, or the latest news from the Low Countries — to their crops and cattle, their horses and hounds. Now, the Squires Western have taken university degrees, bring their ladies to town for a third of the year, and are as much at home in European questions as on their ancestral acres. They have sat for their county or on their member's election committee; their sons are in the Church, the army, or the colonies; everybody you meet in society appears to have a respectable income, and the means of bestowing some cultivation on his mind. The younger son, who would have been a hanger-on a hundred years ago — a bailiff or a better sort of keeper on the family estate, great upon farming and on the drenching of cows — is now, superficially at least, a well-informed gentleman. His wife or sister, in the intervals of husband-hunting and lawn-tennis, has found time to sit at the feet of philosophers, and listen to the eloquence of popular lecturers. They manœuvre for tickets for the Geographical Society and the Royal Institution as their grandmothers used to do for *vouchers* to Almack's; and if they have but vague notions of the sense of modern speculation, at all events they have caught some echoes of its sound. They have their artistic and literary idols whom they worship; and in art and literature, as well as religion, they profess some fashionable form of belief. Few of them can shine by good looks alone, and they are bound to cultivate a habit of babbling. They would far sooner be guilty of a solecism in good-breeding, than confess to being taken aback upon any conceivable subject. Tact and judicious reserve go for a great deal; but they must have some skeleton framework of general information. And in supplying them with what they want, with the smallest expenditure of trouble, the lighter or more frivolous magazines are invaluable. The "padding" is often the more serviceable in that way. Run over the lists of "contents" for the

month, and you see where to turn for the knowledge you may be the better for, while contriving to combine some amusement with instruction. The *Gentleman's Magazine* of our time — and a very pleasantly conducted periodical it is — is to the *Gentleman's Magazine* of Cave and Sylvanus Urban, as the society of her present Majesty's reign, to the society of her grandfather "Farmer George."

The birth of the *Edinburgh Review* marked the beginning of a new era. But the brilliant literary brotherhood who clubbed their brains in the Scottish capital, necessarily wrote for the few rather than the many, as their successors are writing now. They had no slight advantage, not only in having exclusive possession of the field, but in the authority they claimed, and which was conceded to them in some departments. The Areopagites of the modern Athens assumed that they were absolute arbiters in all matters of home and foreign politics, in the arts and sciences, and in literary taste. The new ally of the Whig party was extremely serviceable politically; but as it had its origin in the violence of party spirit, it rather provoked party opposition than dominated it. In science and literature it was otherwise. Philosophers and authors might murmur and protest; but there were no tribunals of equal influence to which they could carry their sentences for reconsideration. The critics had the self-assurance of youth as well as its life and freshness; they had the art of putting doubtful points so as to make the worse seem the better reason; and although we doubt not that they desired to do substantial justice, yet not a few of them had marked individualities and pronounced opinions. To a critical anatomist like Jeffrey, to a born wit like Sydney Smith, the temptation to be bitter must often have been irresistible; and we know that Brougham, with all his talents, was made up of prejudices and crotchets, and was in a measure an impostor. His irrepressible activity and galvanic versatility must often have made him mischievously unfair. In contributing half-a-dozen of articles to a number, he must have embarrassed the editor as much as he helped him; and as we stumble across the frequent shortcomings and blunders in the deliberate productions of his maturer years, we can only pity many of the victims who were dragged up before him for summary judgment. It was high time that there should be a rival review to impress the necessity of greater caution on the

dashing gentlemen of the *Edinburgh*; and the *Quarterly* is another item in the debt of gratitude which the world of letters will always owe them. Sir Walter Scott showed his habitual shrewdness when, in advising Murray as to the management of the new review, he urged the necessity of an invariable rule of forcing cheques upon all contributors. Some of the most brilliant of the Tories, with Canning at their head, would have been willing and happy to render their services gratuitously; but even with quarterlies and the monthlies, as with the daily newspapers, a liberal paymaster must be the backbone of a lasting success. We fancy that the man, whatever his means, who is altogether superior to pecuniary considerations, is more of a phenomenon than we are apt to suppose. Most people will have value for their time in some shape or another, and self-approval scarcely seems a sufficient reward for the pains that have been bestowed on anonymous authorship. Since then, that liberally profitable principle has been universally adopted. It is well understood that any periodical must waste away in a decline unless its supporters are suitably and invariably remunerated. And with the quarterlies the system has proved especially advantageous; for we take it to be the secret of their lasting vitality, in these days when everybody is living so fast, that a quarter seems much the same thing as a century. In the first number of the *Edinburgh Review* there were no less than twenty-nine articles — a profusion evidently inconsistent with the essential conditions of a publication which made its appearance only four times in the year. Now we may take the quarterly average at nine or ten. There can hardly be said to be a limit as to length; or at least a most generous license is allowed to a writer where an important subject demands exhaustive treatment. Hence one of the learned pundits who, when he goes to negotiate for a couple of folio volumes, receives but small encouragement in Paternoster Row, is tempted every now and then to skim his brain for the benefit of the editors of those serious periodicals. Our readers may remember a recent judicial tragedy, when a laborious clergyman of much erudition was driven over the verge of insanity, and betrayed into a murderous homicide by his heart-breaking failure in the career of letters. He had published — literally — largely, with one of the leading and most liberal houses in the metropolis, and yet his gains had been so small as to

be almost illusory. Probably, with a twentieth part of the trouble, he might have made many times the money had he sent an occasional article to one of the quarterlies; and instead of wasting his time and wrecking his life in laboring over monuments by which he will never be remembered, he might have felt that his studies had been useful to his kind, while the hearth that he stained with blood was made a happy one.

The quarterlies are most solidly established, we believe, on those occasional articles of special value, which not only deserve to live themselves, but which reflect their credit on the contrasts of other numbers. Calling on our recollections, almost at random, we may refer to the most suggestive essay on the Talmud and the historical principles of the Hebrew faith and polity by the lamented orientalist, Emmanuel Deutsch. You may look to find, from time to time, the result of the studies and careful reflections of a lifetime. There are subjects of the day which lose rather than gain by the most deliberate treatment. There are others, such as archæology or art, which are none the worse for any amount of keeping. Now you have an eminent Church dignitary expressing himself with equal authority and knowledge on the latest developments of Tractarian and Ritualistic excesses. If the critic in one periodical inclines to extremes, the glove is almost certain to be taken up in the other. Now you have an exhaustive paper on the latest results of scientific explorations in Palestine, or on the much-disputed sites of the holy places. Now you have an article on the excavations in Mycenæ or the Troad, enriched and made engrossingly suggestive and entertaining by its wealth of classical and archæological research. And again you are delighted by a lucid summary of the political geography or the geographical politics of some borderland peopled by semi-barbarous tribes, which seems likely to become the battle-ground of liberalism and absolutism. These contributions are assumed to be anonymous, no doubt; but everybody who is interested to know may inform himself as to the authorship. And the acknowledged authority of a great name awakens curiosity and commands respect, when it does not actually carry conviction. We fear that the articles on current politics are at least as often a drag as an assistance. They are demanded by long-standing traditions, nor could they well be omitted, unless the venerated organs of the Whigs and the Conservatives were to

agree to divest themselves of what remains to them of their old political power. Sometimes the publication of an able manifesto by a minister or an ex-minister, sends a particular number through several editions. Independently of his acknowledged political ability, and any gifts of vigorous pamphleteering that he may possess, the ideas of the writer must have a permanent interest, since they may foreshadow the future policy of a cabinet. But necessarily, in these days of swift transition, quarterly political articles on passing events must almost inevitably have the appearance of being behind the news of the day. Maturely considered and lucidly argued they may have been, but they are likely to bear the evidences of hurried revision. The shrewdest prescience has been confounded, the soundest logical conclusions have been upset, by the unexpected surprises which time has been preparing; and the most cursory reader may hit upon the blots which have escaped the hasty correction of the thoughtful author. At the best, he has to go back upon the arguments which have been thoroughly threshed out *ad nauseam* by the dailies, weeklies, and monthlies. It will do him credit, indeed, if he can make a new point, or accomplish anything better than a clever summing-up by a judge who is avowedly confounding himself with the advocate.

We may add, in conclusion, that the quarterlies, as a rule, have been singularly fortunate in the choice of their editors, and that goes far to account for their continued popularity. They might have passed under the direction of bookworms or bookish students, in whose hands they would have become insupportably ponderous. On the contrary, since the days of Jeffrey and Gifford, of Lockhart and Macvey Napier, they have been conducted by accomplished scholars who have mixed familiarly and easily in the world, and who have had the tact and good sense to lighten their "contents" with a fair proportion of popular subjects. Some of the most graceful biographical sketches of the political leaders of fashionable society—sketches that were written by intimate friends; some of the very best contributions on hunting and field-sports; some of the most sparkling articles on dress, art, music, cookery, lawn-tennis, and heaven knows what besides,—making their appearance in the pages of those weighty periodicals, have been found worthy of preservation in more accessible forms.

SIR GIBBIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

AUTHOR OF "MALCOLM," "THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE,"
ETC.

CHAPTER V.

THE MINISTER'S DEFEAT.

THE minister's wrath, when he found he had been followed home by Gibbie who yet would not enter the house, instantly rose in redoubled strength. He was ashamed to report the affair to Mrs. Sclater just as it had passed. He was but a married old bachelor, and fancied he must keep up his dignity in the eyes of his wife, not having yet learned that, if a man be true, his friends and lovers will see to his dignity. So his anger went on smouldering all night long, and all through his sleep, without a touch of cool assuagement, and in the morning he rose with his temper very feverish. During breakfast he was gloomy, but would confess to no inward annoyance. What added to his unrest was, that, although he felt insulted, he did not know what precisely the nature of the insult was. Even in his wrath he could scarcely set down Gibbie's following of him to a glorying mockery of his defeat. Doubtless, for a man accustomed to deal with affairs, to rule over a parish — for one who generally had his way in the kirk-session, and to whom his wife showed becoming respect, it was scarcely fitting that the rude behavior of an ignorant country dummy should affect him so much: he ought to have been above such injury? But the lad whom he so regarded, had first with his mere looks lowered him in his own eyes, then showed himself beyond the reach of his reproof by calmly refusing to obey him, and then become unintelligible by following him like a creature over whom surveillance was needful! The more he thought of this last, the more inexplicable it seemed to become, except on the notion of deliberate insult. And the worst was, that henceforth he could expect to have no power at all over the boy! If it was like this already, how would it be in the time to come? If, on the other hand, he were to re-establish his authority at the cost of making the boy hate him, then, the moment he was of age, his behavior would be that of a liberated enemy: he would go straight to the dogs, and his money with him! — The man of influence and scheme did well to be annoyed.

Gibbie made his appearance at ten o'clock, and went straight to the study, where at that hour the minister was always

waiting him. He entered with his own smile, bending his head in morning salutation. The minister said "Good morning," but gruffly, and without raising his eyes from the last publication of the Spalding Club. Gibbie seated himself in his usual place, arranged his book and slate, and was ready to commence — when the minister, having now summoned resolution, lifted his head, fixed his eyes on him, and said sternly —

"Sir Gilbert, what was your meaning in following me, after refusing to accompany me?"

Gibbie's face flushed. Mr. Sclater believed he saw him for the first time ashamed of himself; his hope rose; his courage grew; he augured victory and a re-established throne: he gathered himself up in dignity, prepared to overwhelm him. But Gibbie showed no hesitation; he took his slate instantly, found his pencil, wrote, and handed the slate to the minister. There stood these words:

"I thought you was drunk."

Mr. Sclater started to his feet, the hand which held the offending document uplifted, his eyes flaming, his cheeks white with passion, and with the flat of the slate came down a great blow on the top of Gibbie's head. Happily the latter was the harder of the two, and the former broke, flying mostly out of the frame. It took Gibbie terribly by surprise. Half-stunned, he started to his feet, and for one moment the wild beast which was in him as it is in everybody, rushed to the front of its cage. It would have gone ill then with the minister, had not as sudden a change followed; the very same instant, it was as if an invisible veil, woven of gracious air and odor and dew, had descended upon him; the flame of his wrath went out, quenched utterly; a smile of benignant compassion overspread his countenance; in his offender he saw only a brother. But Mr. Sclater saw no brother before him, for when Gibbie rose he drew back to better his position, and so doing made it an awkward one indeed. For it happened occasionally that, the study being a warm room, Mrs. Sclater, on a winter evening, sat there with her husband, whence it came that on the floor squatted a low footstool, subject to not unfrequent clerical imprecation: when he stepped back, he trod on the edge of it, stumbled, and fell. Gibbie darted forward. A part of the minister's body rested upon the stool, and its elevation made the first movement necessary to rising rather difficult, so that he could not at once get off his back.

What followed was the strangest act for a Scotch boy, but it must be kept in mind how limited were his means of expression. He jumped over the prostrate minister, who the next moment seeing his face bent over him from behind, and seized, like the gamekeeper, with suspicion born of his violence, raised his hands to defend himself, and made a blow at him. Gibbie avoided it, laid hold of his arms inside each elbow, clamped them to the floor, kissed him on forehead and cheek, and began to help him up like a child.

Having regained his legs, the minister stood for a moment, confused and half-blinded. The first thing he saw was a drop of blood stealing down Gibbie's forehead. He was shocked at what he had done. In truth he had been frightfully provoked, but it was not for a clergyman so to avenge an insult, and as mere chastisement it was brutal. What would Mrs. Sclater say to it? The rascal was sure to make his complaint to her! And there too was his friend, the herd-lad, in the drawing-room with her!

"Go and wash your face," he said, "and come back again directly."

Gibbie put his hand to his face, and feeling something wet, looked, and burst into a merry laugh.

"I am sorry I have hurt you," said the minister, not a little relieved at the sound; "but how dared you write such a — such an insolence! A clergyman never gets drunk."

Gibbie picked up the frame which the minister had dropped in his fall; a piece of the slate was still sticking in one side, and he wrote upon it:

I will kno better the next time. I thout it was always whisky that made people like that. I begg your pardon, sir.

He handed him the fragment, ran to his own room, returned presently, looking all right, and when Mr. Sclater would have attended to his wound, would not let him even look at it, laughing at the idea. Still further relieved to find there was nothing to attract observation to the injury, and yet more ashamed of himself, the minister made haste to the refuge of their work; but it did not require the gleam of the paper substituted for the slate, to keep him that morning in remembrance of what he had done; indeed it hovered about him long after the gray of the new slate had passed into a dark blue.

From that time, after luncheon which followed immediately upon lessons, Gibbie went and came as he pleased. Mrs. Sclater begged he would never be out after ten

o'clock without having let them know that he meant to stay all night with his friend: not once did he neglect this request, and they soon came to have perfect confidence not only in any individual promise he might make but in his general punctuality. Mrs. Sclater never came to know anything of his wounded head, and it gave the minister a sharp sting of compunction, as well as increased his sense of moral inferiority, when he saw that for a fortnight or so he never took his favorite place at her feet, evidently that she should not look down on his head.

That same evening they had friends to dinner. Already Gibbie was so far civilized, as they called it, that he might have sat at any dining-table without attracting the least attention, but that evening he attracted a great deal. For he could scarcely eat his own dinner for watching the needs of those at the table with him, ready to spring from his chair and supply the least lack. This behavior naturally harassed the hostess, and at last, upon one of those occasions, the servants happening to be out of the room she called him to her side, and said,

"You were quite right to do that now, Gilbert, but please never do such a thing when the servants are in the room. It confuses them, and makes us all uncomfortable."

Gibbie heard with obedient ear, but took the words as containing express permission to wait upon the company in the absence of other ministrations. When therefore the servants finally disappeared, as was the custom there in small households, immediately after placing the dessert, Gibbie got up, and, much to the amusement of the guests, waited on them as quite a matter of course. But they would have wondered could they have looked into the heart of the boy, and beheld the spirit in which the thing was done, the soil in which was hid the root of the service; for to him the whole thing was sacred as an altar-rite to the priest who ministers. Round and round the table, deft and noiseless, he went, altogether aware of the pleasure of the thing, not at all of its oddity — which, however, had he understood it perfectly, he would not in the least have minded.

All this may, both in Gibbie and the narrative, seem trifling, but I more than doubt whether, until our small services are sweet with divine affection, our great ones, if such we are capable of, will ever have the true Christian flavor about them. And then such eagerness to pounce upon every smallest opportunity of doing the will of

the Master, could not fail to further proficiency in the service throughout.

Presently the ladies rose, and when they had left the room, the host asked Gibbie to ring the bell. He obeyed with alacrity, and a servant appeared. She placed the utensils for making and drinking toddy, after Scotch custom, upon the table. A shadow fell upon the soul of Gibbie: for the first time since he ran from the city, he saw the well-known appointments of midnight orgy, associated in his mind with all the horrors from which he had fled. The memory of old nights in the street, as he watched for his father, and then helped him home; of his father's last prayer, drinking and imploring; of his white, motionless face the next morning; of the row at Lucky Croale's and poor black Sambo's gaping throat — all these terrible things came back upon him, as he stood staring at the tumblers and the wine-glasses and the steaming kettle.

"What is the girl thinking of!" exclaimed the minister, who had been talking to his next neighbor, when he heard the door close behind the servant. "She has actually forgotten the whisky! — Sir Gilbert," he went on, with a glance at the boy, "as you are so good, will you oblige me by bringing the bottle from the sideboard?"

Gibbie started at the sound of his name, but did not move from the place. After a moment, the minister, who had resumed the conversation, thinking he had not heard him, looked up. There, between the foot of the table and the sideboard, stood Gibbie as if fixed to the floor, gazing out of his blue eyes at the minister — those eyes filmy with gathering tears, the smile utterly faded from his countenance. — Would the Master have drunk out of that bottle? he was thinking with himself. Imagining some chance remark had hurt the boy's pride, and not altogether sorry — it gave hope of the gentleman he wanted to make him — Mr. Sclater spoke again:

"It's just behind you, Sir Gilbert — the whisky bottle — that purple one with the silver top."

Gibbie never moved, but his eyes began to run over. A fearful remembrance of the blow he had given him on the head rushed back on Mr. Sclater: could it be the consequence of that? Was the boy paralyzed? He was on the point of hurrying to him, but restrained himself, and rising with deliberation, approached the sideboard. A nearer sight of the boy's face reassured him.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Gilbert," he

said; "I thought you would not mind waiting on us as well as on the ladies. It is your own fault, you know. — There," he added, pointing to the table; "take your place, and have a little toddy. It won't hurt you."

The eyes of all the guests were by this time fixed on Gibbie. What could be the matter with the curious creature? they wondered. His gentle merriment and quiet delight in waiting upon them, had given a pleasant concussion to the spirits of the party, which had at first threatened to be rather a stiff and dull one; and there now was the boy all at once looking as if he had received a blow, or some cutting insult which he did not know how to resent!

Between the agony of refusing to serve, and the impossibility of putting his hand to unclean ministrations, Gibbie had stood as if spell-bound. He would have thought little of such horrors in Lucky Croale's houff, but the sight of the things here terrified him. He felt as a Corinthian Christian must, catching a sight of one of the elders of the church feasting in a temple. But the last words of the minister broke the painful charm. He burst into tears, and darting from the room, not a little to his guardian's relief, hurried to his own.

The guests stared bewildered.

"He'll be gone to the ladies," said their host. "He's an odd creature. Mrs. Sclater understands him better than I do. He's more at home with her."

Therewith he proceeded to tell them his history, and whence the interest he had in him, not bringing down his narrative beyond the afternoon of the preceding day.

The next morning, Mrs. Sclater had a talk with him concerning his whim of waiting at table, telling him he must not do so again; it was not the custom for gentlemen to do the things that servants were paid to do; it was not fair to the servants, and so on — happening to end with an utterance of mild wonder at his fancy for such a peculiarity. This exclamation Gibbie took for a question, or at least the expression of a desire to understand the reason of the thing. He went to a side-table, and having stood there a moment or two, returned with a New Testament, in which he pointed out the words, "But I am among you as he that serveth." Giving her just time to read them, he took the book again, and in addition presented the words, "The disciple is not above his master, but every one that is perfect shall be as his master."

Mrs. Sclater was as much *put out* as if he had been guilty of another and worse

indiscretion. The idea of anybody ordering his common doings, not to say his oddities, by principles drawn from a source far too sacred to be practically regarded, was too preposterous to have ever become even a notion to her. Henceforth, however, it was a mote to trouble her mind's eye, a mote she did not get rid of until it began to turn to a glimmer of light. I need hardly add that Gibbie waited at her dinner-table no more.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SINNER.

NO man can order his life, for it comes flowing over him from behind. But if it lay before us, and we could watch its current approaching from a long distance, what could we do with it before it had reached the now? In like wise a man thinks foolishly who imagines he could have done this and that with his own character and development, if he had but known this and that in time. Were he as good as he thinks himself wise, he could but at best have produced a fine cameo in very low relief: with a work in the round, which he is meant to be, he could have done nothing. The one secret of life and development, is not to devise and plan, but to fall in with the forces at work — to do every moment's duty aright — that being the part in the process allotted to us; and let come — not what will, for there is no such thing — but what the eternal Thought wills for each of us, has intended in each of us from the first. If men would but believe that they are in process of creation, and consent to be made — let the maker handle them as the potter his clay, yielding themselves in respondent motion and submissive hopeful action with the turning of his wheel, they would ere long find themselves able to welcome every pressure of that hand upon them, even when it was felt in pain, and sometimes not only to believe but to recognize the divine end in view, the bringing of a son into glory; whereas, behaving like children who struggle and scream while their mother washes and dresses them, they find they have to be washed and dressed, notwithstanding, and with the more discomfort: they may even have to find themselves set half naked and but half dried in a corner, to come to their right minds, and ask to be finished.

At this time neither Gibbie nor Donal strove against his creation — what the wise of this world call their fate. In truth Gibbie never did; and for Donal, the

process was at present in a stage much too agreeable to rouse any inclination to resist. He enjoyed his new phase of life immensely. If he did not distinguish himself as a scholar, it was not because he neglected his work, but because he was at the same time doing that by which alone the water could ever rise in the well he was digging: he was himself growing. Far too eager after knowledge to indulge in emulation, he gained no prizes: what had he to do with how much or how little those around him could eat as compared with himself? No work noble or lastingly good can come of emulation any more than of greed: I think the motives are spiritually the same. To excite it is worthy only of the commonplace vulgar schoolmaster, whose ambition is to show what fine scholars he can turn out, that he may get the more pupils. Emulation is the devil-shadow of aspiration. The set of the current in the schools is at present towards a boundless swamp, but the wise among the scholars see it, and wisdom is the tortoise which shall win the race. In the mean time how many, with the legs and the brain of the hare, will think they are gaining it, while they are losing things whose loss will make any prize unprized! The result of Donal's work appeared but very partially in his examinations, which were honest and honorable to him; it was hidden in his thoughts, his aspirations, his growth, and his verse — all which may be seen should I one day tell Donal's story. For Gibbie, the minister had not been long teaching him, before he began to desire to make a scholar of him. Partly from being compelled to spend some labor upon it, the boy was gradually developing an unusual facility in expression. His teacher, compact of conventionalities, would have modelled the result upon some writer imagined by him a master of style; but the hurtful folly never got any hold of Gibbie: all he ever cared about was to say what he meant, and avoid saying something else; to know when he had not said what he meant, and to set the words right. It resulted that, when people did not understand what he meant, the cause generally lay with them, not with him; and that, if they sometimes smiled over his mode, it was because it lay closer to nature than theirs: they would have found it a hard task to improve it.

What the fault with his organs of speech was, I cannot tell. His guardian lost no time in having them examined by a surgeon in high repute, a professor of the university, but Dr. Skinner's opinion put

an end to question and hope together. Gibbie was not in the least disappointed. He had got on very well as yet without speech. It was not like sight or hearing. The only voice he could not hear was his own, and that was just the one he had neither occasion nor desire to hear. As to his friends, those who had known him the longest, minded his dumbness the least; But the moment the defect was understood to be irreparable, Mrs. Sclater very wisely proceeded to learn the finger-speech; and as she learned it she taught it to Gibbie.

As to his manners, which had been and continued to be her chief care, a certain disappointment followed her first rapid success: she never could get them to take on the case-hardening needful for what she counted the final polish. They always retained a certain simplicity which she called childishness. It came in fact of childlikeness, but the lady was not child enough to distinguish the difference as great as that between the back and the front of a head. As, then, the minister found him incapable of *forming* a style, though time soon proved him capable of *producing* one, so the minister's wife found him as incapable of putting on company manners of any sort, as most people are incapable of putting them off—without being rude. It was disappointing to Mrs. Sclater, but Gibbie was just as content to appear what he was, as he was unwilling to remain what he was. Being dumb, she would say to herself, he would pass in any society; but if he had had his speech, she never could have succeeded in making him a thorough gentleman: he would have always been saying the right thing in the wrong place. By the wrong place she meant the place where alone the thing could have any pertinence. In after years, however, Gibbie's manners were, whether pronounced such or not, almost universally *felt* to be charming. But Gibbie knew nothing of his manners any more than of the style in which he wrote.

One night on their way home from an evening party, the minister and his wife had a small difference, probably about something of as little real consequence to them as the knowledge of it is to us, but by the time they reached home, they had got to the very summit of politeness with each other. Gibbie was in the drawing-room, as it happened, waiting their return. At the first sound of their voices, he knew, before a syllable reached him, that something was wrong. When they entered, they were too much engrossed in differ-

ence to heed his presence, and went on disputing—with the utmost external propriety of words and demeanor, but with both injury and a sense of injury in every tone. Had they looked at Gibbie, I cannot but think they would have been silenced; but while neither of them dared turn eyes the way of him, neither had moral strength sufficient to check the words that rose to the lips. A discreet, socially wise boy would have left the room, but how could Gibbie abandon his friends to the fiery darts of the wicked one! He ran to the side-table before mentioned. With a vague presentiment of what was coming, Mrs. Sclater, feeling rather than seeing him move across the room like a shadow, sat in dread expectation; and presently her fear arrived in the shape of a large New Testament, and a face of loving sadness and keen discomfort, such as she had never before seen Gibbie wear. He held out the book to her, pointing with a finger to the words—she could not refuse to let her eyes fall upon them—“Have salt in yourselves, and have peace one with another.” What Gibbie made of the salt, I do not know; and whether he understood it or not was of little consequence seeing he had it; but the rest of the sentence he understood so well that he would fain have the writhing yoke-fellows think of it.

The lady's cheeks had been red before, but now they were redder. She rose, cast an angry look at the dumb prophet, a look which seemed to say “How dare you suggest such a thing?” and left the room.

“What have you got there?” asked the minister, turning sharply upon him. Gibbie showed him the passage.

“What have *you* got to do with it?” he retorted, throwing the book on the table. “Go to bed.”

“A detestable prig!” you say, reader?—That is just what Mr. and Mrs. Sclater thought him that night, but they never quarrelled again before him. In truth, they were not given to quarrelling. Many couples who love each other more, quarrel more, and with less politeness. For Gibbie, he went to bed—puzzled, and afraid there must be a beam in his eye.

The very first time Donal and he could manage it, they set out together to find Mistress Croale. Donal thought he had nothing to do but walk straight from Mistress Murkison's door to hers, but, to his own annoyance and the disappointment of both, he soon found he had not a notion left as to how the place lay, except that it was by the river. So, as it was already

rather late, they put off their visit to another time, and took a walk instead.

But Mistress Croale, haunted by old memories, most of them far from pleasant, grew more and more desirous of looking upon the object of perhaps the least disagreeable amongst them: she summoned resolution at last, went to the market a little better dressed than usual, and when business there was over, and she had shut up her little box of a shop, walked to Daur Street to the minister's house.

"He's aften enuch crossed my door," she said to herself, speaking of Mr. Sclater; "an' though, weel I wat, the sicht o' 'im never bodit me onything but ill, I never loot him ken he was less nor walcome; an' gien bein' a minister gies the freedom o' puir fowk's hooses, it oucht in the niffer (*exchange*) to gie them the freedom o' his."

Therewith encouraging herself, she walked up the steps and rang the bell. It was a cold, frosty winter-evening, and as she stood waiting for the door to be opened, much the poor woman longed for her own fireside and a dram. Her period of expectation was drawn out not a little through the fact that the servant whose duty it was to answer the bell was just then waiting at table: because of a public engagement, the minister had to dine earlier than usual. They were in the middle of their soup — cockyleekie, nice and hot, when the maid informed her master that a woman was at the door, wanting to see Sir Gilbert.

Gibbie looked up, put down his spoon, and was rising to go, when the minister, laying his hand on his arm, pressed him gently back to his chair, and Gibbie yielded, waiting.

"What sort of a woman?" he asked the girl.

"A decent-lookin', workin'-like body," she answered. "I couldna see her verra weel, it's sae foggy the nicht aboot the door."

"Tell her we're at dinner: she may call again in an hour. Or if she likes to leave a message — stay, tell her to come again to-morrow morning: I wonder who she is," he added, turning, he thought, to Gibbie.

But Gibbie was gone. He had passed behind his chair, and all he saw of him was his back as he followed the girl from the room. In his eagerness he left the door open, and they saw him dart to the visitor, shake hands with her in evident delight, and begin pulling her towards the room.

Now Mistress Croale, though nowise inclined to quail before the minister, would

not willingly have intruded herself upon him, especially while he sat at dinner with his rather formidable lady; but she fancied, for she stood where she could not see into the dining-room, that Gibbie was taking her where they might have a quiet *news* together, and, occupied with her bonnet, or some other source of feminine disquiet, remained thus mistaken until she stood on the threshold, when, looking up, she started, stopped, made an obedience to the minister, and another to the minister's lady, and stood doubtful, if not a little abashed.

"Not here! my good woman," said Mr. Sclater, rising. "— Oh, it's you, Mistress Croale! — I will speak to you in the hall."

Mrs. Croale's face flushed, and she drew back a step. But Gibbie still held her, and with a look to Mr. Sclater that should have sent straight to his heart the fact that she was dear to his soul, kept drawing her into the room: he wanted her to take his chair at the table. It passed swiftly through her mind that one who had been so intimate both with Sir George and Sir Gibbie in the old time, and had given the latter his tea every Sunday night for so long, might surely, even in such changed circumstances, be allowed to enter the same room with him, however grand it might be; and involuntarily almost she yielded half a doubtful step, while Mr. Sclater, afraid of offending Sir Gilbert, hesitated on the advance to prevent her. How friendly the warm air felt! how consoling the crimson walls with the soft flicker of the great fire upon them! how delicious the odor of the cockyleekie! She could give up whisky a good deal more easily, she thought, if she had the comforts of a minister to fall back upon! And this was the same minister who had once told her that her soul was as precious to him as that of any other in his parish — and then driven her from respectable Jink Lane to the disreputable Daurfoot! It all passed through her mind in a flash, while yet Gibbie pulled and she resisted.

"Gilbert, come here," called Mrs. Sclater.

He went to her side, obedient and trusting as a child.

"Really, Gilbert, you must not," she said, rather loud for a whisper. "It won't do to turn things upside down this way. If you are to be a gentleman, and an inmate of *my* house, you must behave like other people. I *cannot* have a woman like that sitting at *my* table. — Do you know what sort of a person she is?"

Gibbie's face shone up. He raised his

hands. He was already able to talk a little.

"Is she a sinner?" he asked on his fingers.

Mrs. Sclater nodded.

Gibbie wheeled round, and sprang back to the hall, whither the minister had, coming down upon her, bows on, like a sea-shouldering whale, in a manner ejected Mistress Croale, and where he was now talking to her with an air of confidential condescension, willing to wipe out any feeling of injury she might perhaps be inclined to cherish at not being made more welcome: to his consternation, Gibbie threw his arms round her neck, and gave her a great hug.

"Sir Gilbert!" he exclaimed, very angry, and the more angry that he *knew* he was in the right, "leave Mistress Croale alone, and go back to your dinner immediately. — Jane, open the door."

Jane opened the door, Gibbie let her go, and Mrs. Croale went. But on the threshold she turned.

"Weel, sir," she said, with more severity than pique, and a certain sad injury not unmingled with dignity, "ye hae stappit ower my door-sill mony's the time, an' that wi' sairer words i' yer moo' nor I ever mintit at peyin' ye back; an' I never said to ye gang. Sae first ye turnt me oot o' my ain hoose, an' noo ye turn me oot o' yours; an' what's left ye to turn me oot o' but the hoose o' the Lord? An', 'deed, sir! ye need never won'er gien the likes o' me disna care about gangin' to hear a *preacht* gospel: we wad fain see a practeesed ane! Gien ye had said to me noo the nicht, 'Come awa' ben, Mistress Croale, an' tak a plet o' cockyleekie wi' 's: it's a cauld nicht; it's mysel' wad hae been sae upliftit wi' yer kin'ness, 'at I wad hae gane hame an' ta'en — I dinna ken — aiblins a read at my Bible, an' been to be seen at the kirk upo' Sunday I wad — o' that ye may be sure; for it's a heap easier to gang to the kirk nor to read the buik yer lane, whaur ye canna help thinkin' upo' what it says to ye. But noo, as 'tis, I'm awa' hame to the whusky boatle, an' the sin o' 't, gien there be ony in sic a nicht o' cauld an' fog, 'ill jist lie at your door."

"You shall have a plate of soup, and welcome, Mistress Croale!" said the minister, in a rather stagey tone of hospitality. "— Jane, take Mistress Croale to the kitchen with you, and —"

"The deil's tail i' yer soup! 'At I sud say 't!" cried Mistress Croale, drawing herself up suddenly, with a snort of anger: "whan turnt I begger? I wad fain be

informt! Was't yer soup or yer grace I soucht till, sir? The Lord be atween you an' me! There's first 'at 'll be last, an' last 'at 'll be first. But the tane's no me, an' the tither's no you, sir."

With that she turned and walked down the steps, holding her head high.

"Really, Sir Gilbert," said the minister, going back into the dining-room — but no Gibbie was there! — nobody but his wife, sitting in solitary discomposure at the head of her dinner-table. The same instant, he heard a clatter of feet down the steps, and turned quickly into the hall again, where Jane was in the act of shutting the door.

"Sir Gilbert's run oot efter the wuman, sir!" she said.

"Hoot!" grunted the minister, greatly displeased, and went back to his wife.

"Take Sir Gilbert's plate away," said Mrs. Sclater to the servant.

"That's his New Testament again!" she went on, when the girl had left the room.

"My dear! my dear! take care," said her husband. He had not much notion of obedience to God, but he had some idea of respect to religion. He was just an idolater of a Christian shade.

"Really, Mr. Sclater," his wife continued, "I had no idea what I was undertaking. But you gave me no choice. The creature is incorrigible. But of course he must prefer the society of women like that. They are the sort he was accustomed to when he received his first impressions, and how could it be otherwise? You knew how he had been brought up, and what you had to expect!"

"Brought up!" cried the minister, and caused his spoonful of cockyleekie to rush into his mouth with the noise of the German *schlürfen*, then burst into a loud laugh. "You should have seen him about the streets! — with his trousers —"

"Mister Sclater! — Then you ought to have known better!" said his wife, and laying down her spoon, sat back into the embrace of her chair.

But in reality she was not the least sorry he had undertaken the charge. She could not help loving the boy, and her words were merely the foam of vexation, mingled with not a little jealousy, that he had left her, and his nice hot dinner, to go with the woman. Had she been a fine lady like herself, I doubt if she would have liked it much better; but she specially recoiled from coming into rivalry with one in whose house a horrible murder had been committed, and who had been before the magistrates in consequence.

Nothing further was said until the second course was on the table. Then the lady spoke again :

“ You really must, Mr. Sclater, teach him the absurdity of attempting to fit every point of his behavior to — to — words which were of course quite suitable to the time when they were spoken, but which it is impossible to take literally nowadays — as impossible as to go about the streets with a great horn on your head and a veil hanging across it. — Why ! ” — Here she laughed — a laugh the less lady-like that, although it was both low and musical, it was scornful, and a little shaken by doubt. — “ You saw him throw his arms round the horrid creature’s neck ! — Well, he had just asked me if she was a sinner. I made no doubt she was. Off with the word goes my gentleman to embrace her ! ”

Here they laughed together.

Dinner over, they went to a missionary meeting, where the one stood and made a speech and the other sat and listened, while Gibbie was having tea with Mistress Croale.

From that day Gibbie’s mind was much exercised as to what he could do for Mistress Croale, and now first he began to wish he had his money. As fast as he learned the finger-alphabet he had taught it to Donal, and, as already they had a good many symbols in use between them, so many indeed that Donal would often instead of speaking make use of signs, they had now the means of intercourse almost as free as if they had had between them two tongues instead of one. It was easy therefore for Gibbie to impart to Donal his anxiety concerning her, and his strong desire to help her, and doing so, he lamented in a gentle way his present inability. This communication Donal judged it wise to impart in his turn to Mistress Croale.

“ Ye see, mem,” he said in conclusion, “ he’s some w’y or anither gotten ’t intil’s heid ’at ye’re jist a wheen ower free wi’ the boatle. I kenna. Ye ’ll be the best jeedge o’ that yersel’ ! ”

Mistress Croale was silent for a whole minute by the clock. From the moment when Gibbie forsook his dinner and his grand new friends to go with her, the woman’s heart had begun to grow to the boy, and her old memories fed the new crop of affection.”

“ Weel,” she replied at length, with no little honesty, “ I mayna be sae ill ’s he thinks me, for he had aye his puir father afore ’s e’en ; but the bairn’s richt i’ the main, an’ we maun luik till’t, an’ see what

can be dune ; for eh ! I wad be laith to disappoint the bonnie laad ! — Maister Grant, gien ever there wis a Christi-an sowl upo’ the face o’ this wickit warl’, that Christi-an sowl’s wee Sir Gibbie ! — an’ wha cud hae thought it ! But it’s the Lord’s doin’, an’ mervellous in oor eyes ! — Ow ! ye needna luik like that ; I ken my Bible no that ill ! ” she added, catching a glimmer of surprise on Donal’s countenance. “ But for that Maister Sclatter — dod ! I wadna be sair upon ’im — but gien he be fit to caw a nail here an’ a nail there, an’ fix a sklet or twa, creepin’ upo’ the riggin’ o’ the kirk, I’m weel sure he’s nae wise maister-builder fit to lay ony foundation. — Ay ! I tellt ye I kent my beuk no that ill ! ” she added with some triumph ; then resumed : “ What the waur wad he or she or Sir Gibbie hae been though they *hed* inveetit me, as I *was* there, to sit me doon, an’ tak’ a plet o’ their cockyleekle wi’ them ? There was ane at thought them ’at was far waur ner me, guid eneuch company for him ; an’ maybe I may sit doon wi’ him efter a’, wi’ the help o’ my bonnie wee Sir Gibbie. — I canna help ca’in’ him *wee* Sir Gibbie — a’ the toon ca’d ’im that, though haith ! he’ll be a big man or he behaud. An’ for ’s teetle, I was aye ane to gie honor whaur honor was due, an’ never ance, weel as I kenned him, did I ca’ his honest father, for gien ever there was an honest man, yon was him ! — never did I ca’ him onything but Sir George, naither mair nor less, an’ that though he wroucht at the hardest at the cobblin’ a’ the ook, an’ upo’ Setterdays was pleased to hae a guid wash i’ my ain bedroom, an’ pit on a clean sark o’ my deid man’s, rist his sowl ! — no ’at I’m a papist, Maister Grant, an’ aye kent better nor think it was ony eese prayin’ for them ’at’s gane ; for wha is there to pey ony heed to sic hathenish prayers as that wad be ? Na ! we maun pray for the livin’ ’at it may dee some guid till, an’ no for them ’at it’s a’ ower wi — the Lord hae mercy upo’ them ! ”

My readers may suspect, one for one reason, another for another, that she had already, before Donal came that evening, been holding communion with the idol in the three-cornered temple of her cupboard ; and I confess that it was so. But it is equally true that before the next year was gone, she was a shade better — and that not without considerable struggle, and more failures than successes.

Upon one occasion — let those who analyze the workings of the human mind as they would the entrails of an eight-day clock, explain the phenomenon I am about

to relate, or decline to believe it, as they choose — she became suddenly aware that she was getting perilously near the brink of actual drunkenness.

“I’ll tak but this ae mou’fu’ mair,” she said tō herself; “it’s but a mou’fu’, an’ it’s the last i’ the boatle, an’ it wad be a peety naebody to get the guid o’ ’t.”

She poured it out. It was nearly half a glass. She took it in one large mouthful. But while she held it in her mouth to make the most of it even while it was between her teeth, something smote her with the sudden sense that this very moment was the crisis of her fate, that now the axe was laid to the root of her tree. She dropped on her knees — not to pray like poor Sir George — but to spout the mouthful of whisky into the fire. In roaring flame it rushed up the chimney. She started back.

“Eh!” she cried; “guid God! sic a deevil’s I maun be, to cairry the like o’ that i’ my inside! — Lord! I’m a perfec’ dyke o’ deevils! My name it maun be Legion. What *is* to become o’ my puir sowl!”

It was a week before she drank another drop — and then she took her devils with circumspection, and the firm resolve to let no more of them enter into her than she could manage to keep in order.

Mr. and Mrs. Sclater got over their annoyance as well as they could, and agreed that in this case no notice should be taken of Gibbie’s conduct.

CHAPTER VII.

SHOALS AHEAD.

It had come to be the custom that Gibbie should go to Donal every Friday afternoon about four o’clock, and remain with him till the same time on Saturday, which was a holiday with both. One Friday, just after he was gone, the temptation seized Mrs. Sclater to follow him, and paying the lads an unexpected visit, see what they were about.

It was a bright cold afternoon; and in fur tippet and muff, amidst the snow that lay everywhere on roofs and window-sills and pavements, and the wind that blew cold as it blows in few places besides, she looked, with her bright color and shining eyes, like life itself laughing at death. But not many of those she met carried the like victory in their countenances, for the cold was bitter. As she approached the Widdiehill, she reflected that she had followed Gibbie so quickly, and walked so fast, that the boys could hardly have had

time to settle to anything, and resolved therefore to make a little round and spend a few more minutes upon the way. But as, through a neighboring street, she was again approaching the Widdiehill, she caught sight of something which, as she was passing a certain shop, that of a baker’s known to her as one of her husband’s parishioners, made her stop and look in through the glass which formed the upper half of the doors. There she saw Gibbie, seated on the counter, dangling his legs, eating a penny loaf, and looking as comfortable as possible. — “So soon after luncheon, too!” said Mrs. Sclater to herself with indignation, reading through the spectacles of her anger a reflection on her housekeeping. But a second look revealed, as she had dreaded, far weightier cause for displeasure: a very pretty girl stood behind the counter, with whose company Gibbie was evidently much pleased. She was fair of hue, with eyes of gray and green, and red lips whose smile showed teeth whiter than the whitest of flour. At the moment she was laughing merrily and talking gaily to Gibbie. Clearly they were on the best of terms, and the boy’s bright countenance, laughter, and eager motions, were making full response to the girl’s words.

Gibbie had been in the shop two or three times before, but this was the first time he had seen his old friend, Mysie, of the amethyst earring. And now one of them had reminded the other of that episode in which their histories had run together; from that Mysie had gone on to other reminiscences of her childhood in which wee Gibbie bore a part, and he had, as well as he could, replied with others, of his, in which she was concerned. Mysie was a simple, well-behaved girl, and the entrance of neither father nor mother would have made the least difference in her behavior to Sir Gilbert, though doubtless she was more pleased to have a chat with him than with her father’s apprentice, who could speak indeed, but looked dull as the dough he worked in, whereas Gibbie, although dumb, was radiant. But the faces of people talking often look more meaningful to one outside the talk-circle than they really are, and Mrs. Sclater, gazing through the glass, found, she imagined, large justification of displeasure. She opened the door sharply, and stepped in. Gibbie jumped from his seat on the counter, and, with a smile of playful roguery, offered it to her; a vivid blush overspread Mysie’s fair countenance.

“I thought you had gone to see Donal,”

said Mrs. Sclater in the tone of one deceived, and took no notice of the girl.

Gibbie gave her to understand that Donal would arrive presently, and they were then going to the point of the pier, that Donal might learn what the sea was like in a nor'-easter.

"But why did you make your appointment here?" asked the lady.

"Because Mysie and I are old friends," answered the boy on his fingers.

Then first Mrs. Sclater turned to the girl: having got over her first indignation, she spoke gently and with a frankness natural to her.

"Sir Gilbert tells me you are old friends," she said.

Thereupon Mysie told her the story of the ear-ring, which had introduced their present conversation, and added several other little recollections, in one of which she was drawn into a description, half pathetic, half humorous, of the forlorn appearance of wee Gibbie, as he ran about in his truncated trousers. Mrs. Sclater was more annoyed however, than interested, for, in view of the young baronet's future, she would have had all such things forgotten; but Gibbie was full of delight in the vivid recollections thus brought him of some of the less painful portions of his past, and appreciated every graphic word that fell from the girl's pretty lips.

Mrs. Sclater took good care not to leave until Donal came. Then the boys having asked her if she would not go with them, which invitation she declined with smiling thanks, took their departure and went to pay their visit to the German Ocean, leaving her with Mysie — which they certainly would not have done, could they have foreseen how the well-meaning lady — nine-tenths of the mischiefs in the world are well-meant — would hurt the feelings of the gentle-conditioned girl. For a long time after, as often as Gibbie entered the shop, Mysie left it and her mother came — a result altogether as Mrs. Sclater would have had it. But hardly anybody was ever in less danger of falling in love than Gibbie; and the thing would not have been worth recording, but for the new direction it caused in Mrs. Sclater's thoughts: measures, she judged, must be taken.

Gladly as she would have centred Gibbie's boyish affections in herself, she was too conscientious and experienced not to regard the danger of any special effort in that direction, and began therefore to cast about in her mind what could be done to protect him from one at least of the natural

consequences of his early familiarity with things unseemly — exposure, namely, to the risk of forming low alliances — the more imminent that it was much too late to attempt any restriction of his liberty, so as to keep him from roaming the city at his pleasure. Recalling what her husband had told her of the odd meeting between the boy and a young lady at Miss Kimble's school — some relation, she thought he had said — also the desire to see her again which Gibbie, on more than one occasion, had shown, she thought whether she could turn the acquaintance to account. She did not much like Miss Kimble, chiefly because of her affectations — which, by the way, were caricatures of her own; but she knew her very well, and there was no reason why she should not ask her to come and spend the evening, and bring two or three of the elder girls with her: a little familiarity with the looks, manners, and dress of refined girls of his own age, would be the best antidote to his taste for low society, from that of bakers' daughters downwards.

It was Mrs. Sclater's own doing that Gibbie had not again spoken to Ginevra. Nowise abashed at the thought of the grenadier or her army of doves, he would have gone, the very next day after meeting them in the street, to call upon her: it was some good, he thought, of being a rich instead of a poor boy that, having lost thereby those whom he loved best, he had come where he could at least see Miss Galbraith; but Mrs. Sclater had pretended not to understand where he wanted to go, and used other artifices besides — well-meant, of course — to keep him to herself until she should better understand him. After that he had seen Ginevra more than once at church, but had had no chance of speaking to her. For, in the sudden dispersion of its agglomerate particles, a Scotch congregation is — or was in Gibbie's time — very like the well-known vitreous drop called a Prince Rupert's tear, in which the mutually repellent particles are held together by a strongly contracted homogeneous layer — to separate with explosion the instant the tough skin is broken and vibration introduced; and as Mrs. Sclater generally sat in her dignity to the last, and Gibbie sat with her, only once was he out in time to catch a glimpse of the ultimate rank of the retreating girls. He was just starting to pursue them, when Mrs. Sclater, perceiving his intention, detained him by requesting the support of his arm — a way she had, pretending to be weary, or to have given her ankle a twist,

when she wanted to keep him by her side. Another time he had followed them close enough to see which turn they took out of Daur Street; but that was all he had learned, and when the severity of the winter arrived, and the snow lay deep sometimes for weeks, the chances of meeting them were few. The first time the boys went out together, that when they failed to find Mistress Croale's garret, they made an excursion in search of the girl's school, but had been equally unsuccessful in that; and although they never after went for a walk without contriving to pass through some part of the region in which they thought it must lie, they had never yet even discovered a house upon which they could agree as presenting probabilities.

Mr. Galbraith did not take Miss Kimble into his confidence with respect to his reasons for so hurriedly placing his daughter under her care: he was far too reticent, too proud, and too much hurt for that. Hence, when Mrs. Sclater's invitation arrived, the schoolmistress was aware of no reason why Miss Galbraith should not be one of the girls to go with her, especially as there was her cousin, Sir Gilbert, whom she herself would like to meet again, in the hope of removing the bad impression which, in the discharge of her duty, she feared she must have made upon him.

One day then, at luncheon, Mrs. Sclater told Gibbie that some ladies were coming to tea, and they were going to have supper instead of dinner. He must put on his best clothes, she said. He did as she desired, was duly inspected, approved on the whole, and finished off by a few deft fingers at his necktie and a gentle push or two from the loveliest of hands against his hair-thatch, and was seated in the drawing-room with Mrs. Sclater when the ladies arrived. Ginevra and he shook hands, she with the sweetest of rose-flushes, he with the radiance of delighted surprise. But, a moment after, when Mrs. Sclater and her guests had seated themselves, Gibbie, their only gentleman, for Mr. Sclater had not yet made his appearance, had vanished from the room. Tea was not brought until some time after, when Mr. Sclater came home, and then Mrs. Sclater sent Jane to find Sir Gilbert; but she returned to say he was not in the house. The lady's heart sank, her countenance fell, and all was gloom: her project had miscarried! he was gone! who could tell whither?—perhaps to the baker's daughter, or to the horrid woman Croale!

The case was however very much otherwise. The moment Gibbie ended his

greetings, he had darted off to tell Donal: it was not his custom to enjoy alone anything sharable.

The news that Ginevra was at that moment seated in Mrs. Sclater's house, at that moment, as his eagerness had misunderstood Gibbie's, expecting his arrival, raised such a commotion in Donal's atmosphere, that for a time it was but a huddle of small whirlwinds. His heart was beating like the trample of a trotting horse. He never thought of inquiring whether Gibbie had been commissioned by Mrs. Sclater to invite him, or reflected that his studies were not half over for the night. An instant before the arrival of the blessed fact, he had been absorbed in a rather abstruse metaphysico-mathematical question; now not the metaphysics of the universe would have appeared to him worth a moment's meditation. He went pacing up and down the room, and seemed lost to everything. Gibbie shook him at length, and told him, by two signs, that he must put on his Sunday clothes. Then first shyness, like the shroud, of northern myth, that lies in wait in a man's path, leaped up, and wrapt itself around him. It was very well to receive ladies in a meadow, quite another thing to walk into their company in a grand room, such as, before entering Mrs. Sclater's, he had never beheld even in Fairyland or the Arabian Nights. He knew the ways of the one, and not the ways of the other. Chairs ornate were doubtless poor things to daisied banks, yet the other day he had hardly brought himself to sit on one of Mrs. Sclater's. It was a moment of awful seeming. But what would he not face to see once more the lovely lady-girl! He bethought himself that he was no longer a cowherd but a student, and that such feelings were unworthy of one who would walk level with his fellows. He rushed to the labors of his toilette, performed severe ablutions, indued his best shirt—coarse, but sweet from the fresh breezes of Glashgar, a pair of trousers of buff-colored fustian stamped over with a black pattern, an olive-green waistcoat, a blue tail-coat with lappets behind, and a pair of well polished shoes, the soles of which in honor of Sunday were studded with small instead of large knobs of iron, set a tall beaver hat, which no brushing would make smooth, on the back of his head, stuffed a silk handkerchief, crimson and yellow, in his pocket, and declared himself ready.

Now Gibbie, although he would not have looked so well in his woolly coat in Mrs. Sclater's drawing-room as on the rocks of

Glashgar, would have looked better in almost any other than the evening dress, now, alas! nearly European. Mr. Sclater, on the other hand, would have looked worse in any other, because, being less commonplace, it would have been less like himself; and so long as the commonplace conventional so greatly outnumber the simply individual, it is perhaps well the present fashion should hold. But Donal could hardly have put on any clothes that would have made him look worse, either in respect of himself or the surroundings of social life, than those he now wore. Neither of the boys, however, had begun to think about dress in relation either to custom or to fitness, and it was with complete satisfaction that Gibbie carried off Donal to present to the guests of his guardians.

Donal's preparations had taken a long time, and before they reached the house tea was over and gone. They had had some music; and Mrs. Sclater was now talking kindly to two of the schoolgirls, who, seated erect on the sofa, were looking upon her elegance with awe and envy. Ginevra was looking at the pictures in an annual. Mr. Sclater was making Miss Kimble agreeable to herself. He had a certain gift of talk—depending in great measure on the assurance of being listened to, an assurance which is, alas! nowise the less hurtful to many a clergyman out of the pulpit, that he may be equally aware no one heeds him in it.

From The Contemporary Review.
ATHEISM AND THE CHURCH.

OMNIA EXEUNT IN — THEOLOGIAM. No branch of science appears to consider itself complete, nowadays, until it has issued at last into the vexed ocean of theology. Thus, biology writes "Lay Sermons" in Professor Huxley; physics acknowledges itself almost Christian in Professor Tyndall; anthropology claims to be religious in Mr. Darwin; and logic, in Mr. Spencer, confesses that "a religious system is a normal and essential factor in every evolving society."* It is only the second-rate men of science who loudly vaunt their ability to do without religion altogether, and proclaim their fixed and unchangeable resolve for its entire suppression. As well resolve to suppress the Gulf Stream or the eccentricity of the

* Spencer: Sociology (7th ed. 1878), p. 313.

earth's orbit! If the horizon of man's thought is bounded on all sides by mystery, it is in simple obedience to the law of his nature that he gives some *shape* to that mystery. It were mental cowardice to shrink from facing it; it were positive imbecility to declare that the coast-line between known and unknown had no shape at all. Granted that the line be a slowly fluctuating one, and that conquests here and losses there reveal themselves in course of time and one day become "striking" to the commonest observer, does that fact acquit of folly the Agnostic statement that—now and here—there is no thinkable line at all, no features to be described, nothing to sketch, no appreciable curves and headlands, no conception possible which shall integrate (for practical utility) that great beyond whose boundaries, on the hither side at least, are known to us? Men who can only attend to one thing at a time, and whose "one thing" is the field of a microscope or "the anatomy of the lower part of the hindmost bone of the skull of a carp,"* may perhaps escape the common lot of manhood by ceasing to be "men," in any ordinary sense of the word. But for people who live in the open air and sunshine of common life there is the same necessity for a religion as there is for that mental map of our whereabouts that we all carry with us in our brains. Let any one recall his sensations when he has at any time been overtaken in a fog or a snowstorm, and when all his bearings have been blotted out, then he will readily understand the need which all men feel for a theology of some kind, and he will appreciate what the old school divines meant when they said that "Theology was the queen and mistress of the sciences," harmonizing and gathering up into architectonic unity all the multifarious threads that the subordinate sciences had spun.

I. One is driven nowadays to repeat both in public and private these very obvious reflections, owing to the extraordinary persistence with which certain philosophers think fit to inform us that we are all making a great mistake; that we can do very well without a religion; and that, though it is true "man cannot live by bread alone," but must have *ideas*, yet the creed by which he may very well make shift to live is this—"SOMETHING IS."† In point of brevity there is here

* Cf. Mivart: Contemporary Evolution (1876), p. 134.

† Physicus: Examination of Theism (1878), p. 142: "What was the essential substance of that [atheistic]

little to desire. The Apostles' Creed is prolix by comparison, and although we might fairly take exception to "something," as embodying two very concrete acts of the imagination and therefore capable of further logical "purification," it were ungenerous to press the objection too far. This creed is purer than that of Strauss: "We believe in no God, but only in a self-poised and amid eternal changes constant universum."* It is wider than that of Hartmann: "God is a personification of force."† It is simpler than that of Matthew Arnold: God is "a power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness."‡ It is more intelligible than that of J. S. Mill: "a being of great but limited power, how or by what limited we cannot even conjecture," — a notion found also in Lucretius and in Seneca.§ It is more theological than that of Professor Huxley: "The order of nature is ascertainable by our faculties, and our volition counts for something in the course of events."|| It is similar to that of the ancient Brahmans: "That which cannot be seen by the eye, but by which the eye sees, that is Brahma; if thou thinkest thou canst know it, then thou knowest it very little; it is reached only by him who says, 'It is! It is!'"¶ And considering that this formula is very nearly what is said also by the fathers of the Church, what better *formula concordia* between science and theism could we require? For instance, Clemens Alexandrinus (A.D. 200) echoes St. Paul's "Know him, sayest thou! rather art known of him," with the confession "We know not what he is, but only what he is not;" Cyril of Jerusalem (A.D. 350) says, "To know God is beyond man's powers;" St. Augustine (A.D. 400), "Rare is the mind that in speaking of God knows what it means;" John of Damascus (A.D. 800), "What is the substance of God or how he exists in all things, we are Agnostics, and cannot say a word;" and in the Middle Ages, Duns Scotus (A.D. 1300), "Is God accessible to our reason? I hold that he is not."**

theory? Apparently it was the bare statement of the unthinkable fact that "something is." The *essence* of atheism I take to consist in the single dogma of self-existence as itself sufficient to constitute a theory of things."

* Strauss: *Der alte und der neue Glaube* (4th ed. 1873), p. 116.

† Hartmann: *Gott und Naturwissenschaft* (2nd ed. 1872), p. 14.

‡ M. Arnold: *Literature and Dogma*, p. 306.

§ J. S. Mill: *Essays on Religion*, p. 124. Cf. Lucretius, vi., and Seneca, Nat. Qu. i. 1.

|| Huxley: *Lay Sermons*.

¶ The Upanishad: *ap.* Clarke's *Ten Great Religions*, p. 84.

** Gal. iv. 9; Clem. Alex., Strom. v. 11; Cyr. Jer.,

It seems then there is a consensus among all competent persons, who have ever thought deeply on the subject, that the real nature of that power which underlies all existing things is absolutely unknown to man. And it is allowable, therefore, in the last resort to fall back upon Spinoza's word "substance;" and to accept — if charity so require — as the common basis for theological reunion, the Agnostic formula, "Something is."

But then unless some means be found for instantly paralyzing the restless energy of human inquiry, the next question is inevitable, — *What* is that something? What are its qualities, its attributes? How are we to conceive of it? Given (in Aristotelian phrase), its *οὐσία*, what is its *ποιότης*, its *ποσότης*, and the rest which go to make up its idea? "Existence" is, after all, only one of our three necessary forms of thought: "space" and "time" are also necessary to our thinking. And it is in vain for pure logicians to put on papal airs, to forbid the question, to cry *Non possumus*, and to stifle all free thinking. It is useless to say, "We have already, with razors of the utmost fineness, split and resplit every emergent phenomenon; we have by assiduous devotion to the one single and undisturbed function of analysis, examined every possible conception that man can form, and have discovered everywhere compound notions, ideas that are "impure" and capable of further logical fissure: salvation is only possible by the confession that 'something is;' there rest and be thankful!" It is all of no avail. *Naturam expellas furcâ* — she is sure to return in armed revolt, and to demand, Who told thee that thou wast thus nakedly equipped? Reason is one thing; but imagination is also another. If analysis is a power of the human mind, so also is synthesis. If you cannot think at all without using the one, neither can you without employing the other. Take for instance a process of the "purest" mathematics, — "twice six is twelve;" you were taught that probably with an abacus, and the ghost of the abacus still lingers in your brain. "The square of the hypothenuse;" you saw that once in a figured Euclid, and you learnt thereby to form any number of similar mental figures for yourself. No: you may call the methods by which mankind think "impure," or attach to them any other derogatory epithet you please; but mankind will deride you for

Cat. Lect. xi. 3; Aug., Confess. xiii. 11; Joh. Dam., De Fide Orthod. i. 2; Duns Scotus, In Sent. i. 3. 1.

your pains, and will reply, "The philosopher who will only breathe pure oxygen will die; he that walks on one leg, and declines to use the other, will cut but a sorry figure in society; he that uses only one eye will never get a stereoscopic view of anything. Use, man, the *compound* instrument of knowledge your nature has provided for you, — and you will both see and live." Why, even so determined a logician as "Physicus" is obliged sometimes to admit that "this *symbolic* method of reasoning is, from the nature of the case, the only method of scientific reasoning which is available." * And Professor Tyndall, in the November number of another review, after complaining that "it is against the mythologic scenery of religion that science enters her protest," finds himself also obliged to mythologize; for he adds (seven pages further on), "How are we to *figure* this molecular motion? Suppose the leaves to be shaken from a birch-tree, . . . and, to *fix the idea*, suppose each leaf," etc. And so Professor Cooke writes: —

I cannot agree with those who regard the wave-theory of light as an established principle of science. . . . There is something concerned in the phenomena of light which has definite dimensions. We *represent* these dimensions to our imagination as wave-lengths; and *we shall find it difficult to think clearly* upon the subject without the aid of this wave-theory. †

In short, it is obvious that without the help of this mythologic, poetic, image-forming faculty all our pursuit of truth were in vain. And therefore, starting from the common basis of a confession that "something is," we are more than justified, we are obeying a necessary law of our nature, in asking WHAT that eternal substratum of existence is, and with what morphologic aid the imagination may best present it for our contemplation.

But here the pure logician may perhaps retort, "You forget that the conceptions men form of things are, at their very best, nothing more than human and therefore *relative* conceptions. A fly or a fish probably sees things differently. And an inhabitant of Mercury or Saturn might form a conception of the universe bearing little resemblance to yours." ‡ Quite true; but

* Examination of Theism, p. 84.

† Cooke: The New Chemistry (4th ed. 1878), p. 22.

‡ Physicus (p. 143) rides this logical hobby far beyond the confines of the sublime. He demands of the theist to show that his "God is something more than a mere causal agent which is 'absolute' in the grotesquely restricted sense of being independent of one

logicians there, too, would probably be heard to complain that, colored by Saturnian or Mercurian relativities, truth was sadly impure, and was, in fact, attained by no one but themselves. Nay, in those other worlds priests of logic might be found so wrapped in superstition as to launch epithets of contempt on all who approached to puncture their inflated fallacies; and who devoutly believed that a syllogism did *not* contain a *petitio principii* neatly wrapped up in its own premises, and an induction was *not* an application of a pre-existing general idea but a downright discovery of absolute truth. If from such afflictions we on earth are free, it is because the common sense of mankind declares itself serenely content with the relative and the human; because, while fully aware (from our schoolboy days) that all our faculties — reason among the rest — are limited and earthly, we have faith that "all is well" in mind, as it certainly is in matter; and because we smile at the simplicity of our modern wranglers who can only analyze down as far as "SOMETHING," when their Buddhist masters two thousand years ago had dug far deeper, — viz. to NOTHING: —

The mind of the supreme Buddha is swift, quick, piercing; because he is infinitely "pure." Nirwana is the destruction of all the elements of existence. The being who is "purified" knows that there is no Ego, no self; all the afflictions connected with existence are overcome; all the principles of existence are annihilated: and that annihilation is Nirwana.*

The Churchman, therefore, holds himself so far justified in claiming the modern atheist as his ally. They are at least travelling both together on the high road which leads from a destructive nihilism towards a constructive religion. Only the atheist has thought it his duty to go back again to the beginning, and to measure industriously the same ground that the Church had gone over just two thousand four hundred years ago, when the great "Something is" addressed itself to man through Moses in the word "I am" or Jehovah (Absolute Existence). †

But perhaps the pure logician may attempt another reply. Finding us not in the least disconcerted by hearing, once again, the familiar truth that all our faculties are limited, he may attempt to shatter our serenity by an announcement of a

petty race of creatures with an ephemeral experience of what is going on in one tiny corner of the universe."

* Hardy: Eastern Monachism, p. 291.

† Exod. vi. 3.

more novel kind. He may say, not only is the imagery with which you clothe, represent, and conceive the self-existent merely relative and human, but — far more damning fact — it is all a development. It has all grown with the growth of your race. Environment and heredity have supplied you with all your forms of thought. Even your "conscience is nothing more than an organized body of certain psychological elements which, by long inheritance, have come to inform us by way of intuitive feeling how we should act for the benefit of society."*

Be it so. The proof has not yet been made out. But since these evolution doctrines are (as Dr. Newman would say) "in the air," it is more consonant to the ruling ideas which at present dominate our imagination to conceive things in this way. Indeed, to a large and increasing number of Churchmen the evolution hypothesis appears, not only profoundly interesting, but probably true. They find there nothing to shake their faith, and a good deal to confirm it. Man is what he is, in whatever way he may have become so. And how atheists can persuade themselves that this beautiful theory of the divine method helps their denial of a deity, the modern school of theologians is at a loss to understand. For the cosmic force whom Christians worship has, from the very beginning, been represented to them, not as a fickle, but as a continuous and a law-abiding energy. "My Father worketh hitherto," said Christ. "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground" without his cognizance. "The very hairs of your head are all numbered." "In him we live and move and have our being." Pictorial expressions, no doubt. But what words could more clearly indicate the unbroken continuity of causation in nature than these texts from the Christian Scripture? And it is surely the establishment of a continuous, as distinct from an intermittent, agency in nature which forms the leading point of interest both to science and to the Church, at the present day, as against a shallow deism. If, therefore, man's imaginative and moral faculties, as we know them now, are a development from former and lower — yes, even from savage, from bestial, from material — antecedents, what is that to us? Of man's logical powers the self-same thing has to be said. Why then should logic give itself such mighty airs of superiority and forget its equally humble origin? How does it affect the truthfulness

* *Physicus*, p. 31.

ness in relation to man, and the trustworthiness for all practical purposes, of our image-forming faculties, that it is what it is only after long evolution, and that the race had a foetal period as well as the individual?

The upshot, then, of the whole discussion is surely this. The absolute is confessedly inconceivable by man. All our mental faculties are in the same category: they are all finite, relative, imperfect. But then they are suited to our present development and environment. Faith in them is therefore required, and a bold, masculine use of them all. For in nature, as in grace, "God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power and of love and of a sound mind."* If, then, there are questions into which mere analytic reasoning cannot enter, if logic is powerless, for instance, before a musical score, and is struck dumb before the self-devotion of Thermopylæ, or the unapproachable self-sacrifice of Calvary, by what right are we forbidden to employ these other faculties which help us, and whose constructive help brings joy and health and peace to our minds? The many-colored poetical aspect of things is, assuredly, no less "pure" and far more interesting than the washed-out and colorless zero reached by interminable analysis. The colored sunlight is no less "pure," and it reveals a great deal more of truth, than "the pale moon's watery beams." And so we venture to predict that a constructive Christianity which, *πολυέριος και πολυτρόπως*, reveals the cosmic force and unity to the millions of men, will ever hold its own against a merely destructive Buddhism, whether ancient or modern; and, long after pure logic has said its last word and — with a faint cry, "Something perhaps is" — has evaporated into Nirwana, will continue its thrice-blessed efforts to rear a palace of human thought, will handle with reserve and dignity the best results of all the sciences, and will integrate (with courage and not despair) the infinite contributions of all phenomena into a theology of practical utility to the further evolution of the human race.

For evolution there has certainly been. And in spite of all that has been said to the contrary,† the moral atmosphere which

* 2 Tim. i. 7.

† Draper: *The Conflict between Science and Religion*. New York, 1873. This otherwise admirable work is disfigured throughout by a prejudice against religion, as a factor in human progress, which is almost childish. The learned author surely forgets his own words, "No one can spend a large part of his life in teaching science, without partaking of that love of impartiality and truth which philosophy incites." (P. ix.)

has from age to age rendered mental progress possible has been, for the most part, engendered by religion, and, above all, by the confidence, peace, and brotherhood preached by the Christian Church. No doubt religion was cradled amid gross superstitions; and only by great and perilous transitions has it advanced from the lower to the higher. It was a great step from the fetish and the teraphim to the animal and plant symbols of Egypt and Assyria. It was another great step to Baal, the blazing sun, and Moloch, wielder of drought and sunstroke, and Agni, friendly comrade of the hearth. But when astronomy and physics had reached sufficient growth to master all these wonders, and to predict the solstices and the eclipses, then the fulness of times had come once more; and now the greatest religious transition was accomplished that the human race has ever seen—a transition from the physical, and the brutal, and the astral to the human and the moral, in man's search after a true (or the to him truest possible) representation of the infinite forces at play around him. In Abraham the Hebrew—the man who made the great transition—this important advance is typified for the Semitic races; for others, the results only are seen in the Olympian conceptions of Hesiod and Homer. For here we have, at last, the nature-forces presided over and controlled after a really human fashion. Crude, and only semi-moral, after all, as was this earliest humanizing effort; still human it was,—not mechanical nor bestial. And it opened the way for Socrates to bring down philosophy, too, from heaven to earth, for Plato to discuss the mental processes in man, and apply them (writ large) to the processes of nature, and for Moses to elaborate with a divine sagacity a completely organized society, saturated through every fibre with this one idea,—the unity of all the nature-forces, great and small, and their government, not by haphazard, or malignity, or fate, but by what we men call LAW “Thou hast given them a law which shall not be broken.” For this word “law” distinctly connotes rationality. It implies a quality akin to, and therefore expressible in terms of, human reason. Its usage on every page of every book of science means that; and repudiates therefore, by anticipation, the dismal invitations to scientific despair with which the logicians *à outrance* are now so pressingly obliging us.

This grand transition then, once made, all else became easy. The human imag-

ination, the poetic or plastic power lodged in our brain, after many failures, had now at last got on the high road which led straight to the goal. Redemption had come; it only needed to be unfolded to its utmost capabilities. Dull fate, dumb, sullen, and impracticable, had been renounced as infra-human and unworthy. Let stocks and stones in the mountains and the forests be ruled by it; not free, glad, and glorious men! Brute, bestial instinct also had been renounced, as contemptible and undivine in the highest degree. And so, at last, the culminating point was attained. The human-divine of Asiatic speculation, and the divinely-human of European philosophy, met and coalesced; and from that wedlock emerged Christianity. The “something is” of mere bald analytic reasoning had become clothed by the imagination with that perfect human form and character than which nothing known to man is higher; and that very manhood, which is nowadays so loudly asserted by positivists and atheists to be the most divine thing known to science, was precisely the form in which the new religion preached that the great exterior existence, the “something is,” the awful “I AM,” can alone be presented intelligibly to man. For “No man shall see Jehovah and live,” says the Old Testament: “No man hath seen God at any time,” says the New Testament; the Son of Man, who is *εἰς τὸν κόλπον τοῦ πατρὸς*—projected on the bosom of the absolute “I am”—he hath declared him.

Of this language in St. John's Gospel, it is obvious that Hegel's doctrine,—echoed afterwards by Comte and the Positivists,—is a sort of variation set in a lower key. In humanity, said he, the divine idea emerges from the material and the bestial into the self-conscious. Humanity presents us with the best we can ever know of the divine. In “the Son of Man” that SOMETHING which lies behind, and which no man can attain to, becomes incarnate, visible, imaginable. But it cannot surely be meant by these philosophers that in the sons of men *taken at haphazard* the Divinity, the great Cosmic Unknown, is best presented to us. It cannot possibly be maintained that in the Chinese swarming on their canals, in the hideous savages of Polynesia, or in the mobs of our great European capitals, the “something is” can be effectively studied, idealized, adored. No, it were surely a truer statement that humanity concentrated in its very purest known form, and refined as much as may be from all its animalism, were the clear

lens (as it were) through which to contemplate the great Cosmic Power beyond. It is therefore a SON of man, and not the ordinary sons of men, that we require to aid our minds and uplift our aspirations. Mankind is hardly to be saved from retrograde evolution by superciliously looking round upon a myriad of mediocre realities. It must be helped on, if at all, by a new variety in our species suddenly putting forth in our midst, attracting wide attention, securing descendants, and offering an ideal, a goal in advance, towards which effort and conflict shall tend. We must be won over from our worldly lusts and our animal propensities by engaging our hearts on higher objects. We must learn a lesson in practical morals from the youth who is redeemed from rude boyhood and coarse selfishness by love. We must allow the latent spark of moral desire to be fanned into a flame and, by the enkindling admiration of a human beauty above the plane of character hitherto attained by man, to consume away the animal dross and prepare for new environments that may be in store for us. What student does not know how the heat of love for truth not yet attained breaks up a heap of prejudices and fixed ideas, and gives a sort of molecular instability to the mind, preparing it for the most surprising transformations? Who has not observed the development of almost a new eye for color, or a new ear for refinements in sound, by the mere constant presentation of a higher æsthetic ideal? And just in the same way, who that knows anything of mankind can have failed to perceive that the only successful method by which character is permanently improved is by employing the force of example, by accumulating on the conscience reiterated touches of a new moral color, and by bringing to bear from *above* the power of an acknowledged ideal, and (if possible) from *around* the simultaneous influence of a similarly affected environment?

Baptize now all these truths, translate them into the ordinary current language of the Church, and you have simply neither more nor less than the gospel of Jesus Christ. And as carbon is carbon, whether it be presented as coal or as diamond, so are these high and man-redeeming verities, — about the inscrutable "I am," and his intelligible presentment in a strangely unique SON OF MAN, and the transmuting agency of a brotherhood saturated with his spirit and pledged to keep his presence ever fresh and effective — verities still, whether they take on homely and

practical, or dazzling and scientific forms. And the foolish man is surely he who, educated enough to know better, scorns the lowly form, and is pedantic enough to suggest the refinements of the lecture-room as suitable for the rough uses of everyday life. A man of sense will rather say, Let us by all means retain and — with insight and trust — employ the homely traditional forms of these sublime truths; let us forbear, in charity for others, to weaken their influence, and so to cut away the lower rounds of the very ladder by which we ourselves ascended; and let us too, in mercy to our own health of character, decline to stand aloof from the world of common men, or to relegate away among the lumber of our lives the *ἔπεα φωνῶντα συνέροισιν* that we learnt of simple saintly lips in childhood. Rather, as the SON OF MAN hath bidden us, we will "bring out of our treasures things both new and old;" will remember, as Aquinas taught, that "*nova nomina antiquam fidem de Deo significant;*" and will carry out in practice that word well spoken in good season, "It is not by rejecting what is formal, but by interpreting it, that we advance in true spirituality."*

II. On the other hand, if men of science are to be won back to the Church, and the widening gulf is to be bridged over which threatens nowadays the destruction of all that we hold dear, — it cannot be too often or too earnestly repeated, *The Church must not part company with the world she is commissioned to evangelize.* She must awake both from her Renaissance and her mediæval dreams. To turn over on her uneasy couch, and try by conscious effort to dream those dreams again, when daylight is come and all the house is fully astir, this surely were the height of faithless folly. An animating time of action is come, a day requiring the best exercise of skill and knowledge and moral courage. Shall we hear within the camp, at such a moment as this, a treasonable whisper go round, "By one act of mental suicide we may contrive to escape all further exertion; science is perplexing, history is full of doubts, psychology spins webs too fine for our self-indulgence even to think of. Why not make believe very hard to have found an infallible oracle, and determine once for all to desert our post and *jurare in verba magistri?*" It is true that history demonstrates beyond a doubt that Jesus and his apostles knew nothing of any such contrivance. But never mind!

* The Patience of Hope, p. 70.

"A Catholic who should adhere to the testimony of history, when it appears to contradict the Church, would be guilty not merely of treason and heresy, but of apostasy."* Yes, of treason to Rome, but of faithful and courageous loyalty to Christ. "I am the truth," said Christ. "The truth shall make you free." Speak the truth in love, prove all things, hold fast that which is true, said his apostles. How can it ever be consonant to his will that the members of his brotherhood should conspire together to make believe that white is black at the bidding of any man on earth? The Church of England, at any rate, has no such treason to answer for. Her doctrinal canons, by distinctly asserting that even "general councils may err and have erred," and by a constant appeal to ancient documents, universally accepted, but capable of ever-improving interpretation, have averted the curse of a sterile traditionalism. No new light is at any time inaccessible to her. Every historical truth is treasured, every literary discussion is welcome, every scientific discovery finds at last a place amid her system. Time and patience are, of course, required to rearrange and harmonize all things together, new and old; and a claim is rightly made that new "truths" should first be substantiated as such, before they are incorporated into so vast and widespread an engine of popular education as hers. But, with this proviso, "Theology accepts every certain conclusion of physical science as man's unfolding of God's book of nature."† It is, therefore, most unwise, if any of her clergy pose themselves as hostile to new discoveries, whether in history, literature, or science. It may be natural to take up such an attitude; and a certain impatience and resentment at the *manner* in which these things are often paraded, in the crudest forms and before an unprepared public, may be easily condoned by all candid men. But such an attitude of suspicion and hostility between "things old" and "things new" goes far beyond the commission to "banish and drive away all strange and erroneous doctrines contrary to God's word." For this commission requires proof, and not surmise, that they are erroneous; and the Church has had experience, over and over again, how easy and how disastrous it is to banish from the door an unwelcome guest, who was, perhaps, nothing less than

an angel in disguise. The story of Galileo will never cease, while the world lasts, to cause the enemies of the Church to blaspheme. Yet of late years it has been honestly confessed by divines that "the oldest and the youngest of the natural sciences, astronomy and geology, so far from being dangerous, . . . seem providentially destined to engage the present century so powerfully, that the ideal majesty of infinite time and endless space might counteract a low and narrow materialism."*

This experience ought not to be thrown away. No one, who has paid a serious attention to the progress of the modern sciences, can entertain a doubt that all the really substantiated discoveries which have been supposed to contravene Christianity do in reality only deepen its profundity and emphasize its indispensable necessity for man. Never before, in all the history of mankind, has the Deity seemed so awful, so remote from man, so mighty in the tremendous forces that he wields, so majestic in the permanence and tranquillity of his resistless will. Never before has man realized his own excessive smallness and impotence; his inability to destroy — much more, to create — one atom or molecule; his dependence for life, for thought, for character even, on the material environment of which he once thought himself the master. The forces of nature, then, have become to him once more, as in the infancy of his race, almost a terror. And poised midway, for a few eventful hours, between an infinite past of which he knows a little and an infinite future of which he knows nothing, he is tempted to despair of himself and of his little planet, and in childish petulance to complain, "My whilom conceit is broken; there is nothing else to live for." And amid these foolish despairs, a voice is heard which says, "Have faith in GOD! have hope in Christ! have love to man! Knowledge of this tremendous substratum of all being it is not for man to have: his knowledge is confined to phenomena and to very human (but sufficient) conceptions of the so-called laws by which they all cohere. But these three qualities are moral, not intellectual, virtues. For the Church never teaches that God can be scientifically known; she never offers certainty and sight, but only "hope," in many an ascending degree; she does not say that God is a man, a person like one of us, — that were indeed perversely to misunderstand her subtle terminology, — but

* Abbé Martin.

† Dr. Pusey: University Sermon, November, 1878.

* Kalisch: On Genesis, p. 43.

only a MAN has appeared, when the time was ripe for him, in whom that awful and tremendous Existence has shown us something of his ideas, has made intelligible to us (as it were by a word to the listening ear) what we may venture to call his "mind" towards us, and has invited us — by the simple expedient of giving our heart's loyalty to this most lovable Son of man — to reach out peacefully to higher evolutions, and to commit that indestructible force, our life, to him in serene well-doing to the brotherhood among whom his spirit works, and whose welfare he accounts his own.

Is not this *humanizing* of the great Existence, for moral and practical utility, and this *utterance* (so to speak) of yet another creative word in the ascending scale of continuous development, and this *socializing* of his sweet beneficent spirit in a brotherhood as wide as the world, precisely the religion most adapted to accord with modern science?

Yet no one can listen to ordinary sermons, no one can open popular books of piety or of doctrine, without feeling the urgent need there is among Churchmen for a higher appreciation of the majestic infinitude of GOD. It is true that, in these cases, it is the multitude and not the highly educated few who are addressed; and that, even among that multitude, there are none so grossly ignorant as to compare the Trinity to "three Lord Shaftesburys," and not many so childish as to picture "one Almighty descending into hell to pacify another."* Such petulance is reserved for men of the highest intellectual gifts, who — whether purposely or ignorantly, it is hard to say — have stooped to provide their generation with a comic theology of the Christian Church. But, after all, it is impossible not to feel that the shadows of a well-loved past are lingering too long over a present that might be bright with joyous sunshine; that the subtleties of the schoolmen are too long allowed to darken the air with pointless and antiquated weapons; that the Renaissance, with its literary fanaticism, still reigns over the whole domain of Christian book-lore; and that the crude conceptions of the Ptolemaic astronomy have never yet, among ecclesiastics, been thoroughly dislodged or replaced by the far more magnificent revelations of the modern telescope. It is not asserted that no percolation of "things new" is going

on. It is not denied that as in the first century a change in ideas about the priesthood carried with it a change in the whole religious system of which that formed the axis,* so now a change in ideas about the earth's position in space demands a very skilful and patient readjustment of all our connected ideas. But such a readjustment of the old Semitic faith was effected, in the first century, by St. Paul; and there is no reason to think that the Church is unequal to similar tasks now. And in this country especially there is an established and organized *Ecclesia docens* which probably never had its equal in all Church history for the literary and scientific eminence of its leading members. For such a society to despair of readjusting its theology to contemporary science, or idly to stand by while others effect the junction, were indeed a disgraceful and incredible treason; so incredible that — until it be proved otherwise — no amount of vituperation or unpopularity should induce any reflecting Englishman to render that work impossible by allowing his Church to be trampled down, and its time-honored framework to be given up as a spoil to chaos.

But there is yet another element in this question, which binds the Church of Christ to give to its solution the very closest and most indefatigable attention. It is this: that from every science there arises nowadays a cry like that addressed to Jesus himself when on earth, — "Lord, help me!" It is not as if atheism were satisfied with itself. In the pages of the *National Reformer* and similar organs of aggressive free-thought we are amused with the buoyant audacity of the "young idea." Yet even there we find many a passage which calls forth the sincerest sympathy. Take, for instance, the following: —

There are few reflective persons who have not been, now and again, impressed with awe as they looked back on the past of humanity. . . . It is then that we see the grandest illustrations of that unending necessity under which, it would seem, man labors, the necessity of abandoning ever and again the heritage of his fathers, . . . of continually leaving behind him the citadel of faith and peace, raised by the piety of the past, for an atmosphere of tumult and denial. . . . Whatever may be our present conclusions about Christianity, we cannot too often remember that it has been one of the most important factors in the life of mankind.†

* M. Arnold: *Literature*, etc. (1873), p. 306. Spencer: *Sociology* (7th ed. 1878), p. 208.

* Heb. vii. 12.

† Bradlaugh's *National Reformer*, October 6, 1878.

This is touching enough — though perhaps the stolid aggressiveness which knows, as yet, no relentings is really a far more tragic spectacle. But there are other lamentations, uttered of late years by distinguished atheists, which might move a heart of stone, much more should stir the energies of every Christian teacher — himself at peace — to seek by any sacrifice of his own ease or settled preconceptions an *eirenicon*, a method of conciliation, an opening for a mutual confession of needless estrangement and provocation.

Does that new philosophy of history which destroys the Christian philosophy of it afford an adequate basis for such a reconstruction of the ideal as is required? Candidly we must reply, "Not yet." . . . Very far are we from being the first who have experienced the agony of discovered delusion. . . . Well may despair almost seize on one who has been, not in name only but in very truth, a Christian, when that incarnation which had given him in Christ an ever-living brother and friend is found to be but an old myth [of Osiris] with a new life in it.*

The most serious trial through which society can pass is encountered in the exuviation of its religious restraints.†

Never in the history of man has so terrific a calamity befallen the race, as that which all who look may now behold advancing as a deluge, black with destruction, resistless in might, uprooting our most cherished hopes, engulfing our most precious creed, and burying our highest life in mindless desolation. The floodgates of infidelity are open, and atheism overwhelming is upon us. . . . Man has become, in a new sense, the measure of the universe; and in this, the latest and most appalling of his soundings, indications are returned from the infinite voids of space and time that his intelligence, with all its noble capacities for love and adoration, is yet alone — destitute of kith or kin in all this universe of being. . . . Forasmuch as I am far from being able to agree with those who affirm that the twilight doctrine of the "new faith" is a desirable substitute for the waning splendor of "the old," I am not ashamed to confess that, with this virtual negation of GOD, the universe to me has lost its soul of loveliness. And when at times I think, as think at times I must, of the appalling contrast between the hallowed glory of that creed which once was mine and the lonely mystery of existence as now I find it, — at such times I shall ever feel

* Stuart Glennie: In the Morning Land (1873), pp. 29, 378, 431.

† Draper: Science and Religion (11th ed. 1878), p. 328.

it impossible to avoid the sharpest pang of which my nature is susceptible.*

It is well that Churchmen should be aware of this state of things; and especially that the clergy, when they are tempted to have their fling (secure from all reply) against the so-called "infidel," should bear in mind how often the bravery of defiant arrogance is a mere mask to cover a sinking heart. For pity's sake, therefore, as well as for their own sake, the clergy should guard against two gross but common mistakes: (1) the mistake of abusing modern science, and depreciating its unquestionable difficulties in relation to the established theology; (2) the still more fatal blunder of trusting to worn-out tactics and to the "artillery" of Jonathan and David for the reduction of these modern earthworks. "To the Greeks became I as a Greek," said St. Paul. And so must the minister of Christ in these days make up his mind to bring home the gospel to his own countrymen, with all their faults and peculiarities; and to the Englishmen of the nineteenth century must become an Englishman of the nineteenth century, that he "may by all means save some."

But no success will be obtained, unless Churchmen will remember that the vast domains recently conquered by science are (practically speaking) assured and certain conquests. They are no encroachment, but a rightful "revindication" of scientific territory. And, accepted in a friendly spirit, harmonized with skill and boldness, and consecrated (not cursed) in the Master's name, they bid fair to become a new realm whereon his peace-bringing banner may be right royally unfolded, and where, even in our own day, the beginning of a permanent unity may certainly be effected. And this must be attempted by a brave and telling proclamation of the great Christian doctrines, — that the awful self-existent "I AM" is none other than "our Father in heaven;" that Christ, the blameless Son of Man, is the best image of his person; and that his pure Spirit, brooding over the turbid chaos of human society, offers the surest means and pledge of a future cosmos, where "life" may perhaps transcend these baffling veils of space and time, and, in forms "undreamed of by our philosophy," display the boundless riches of nature and of God.

G. H. CURTEIS.

* Physicus: On Theism, pp. 51, 63, 114.

THE BRIDE'S PASS.

BY SARAH TYTLER,

AUTHOR OF

"WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

(continued.)

FISHERS were sure to be abroad this afternoon, and as Unah looked, an individual specimen in his long boots, with his basket on his back, and his rod deliberately lashing the water, came in sight, half wading, half leaping from point to point.

But it was no fisher to the river born who sprang on the rocking stone where the bent alder drooped into the stream, and with his reeling footing, made as if he were about to attempt a wider spring in order to reach another stone partly under water on this occasion, and slippery by reason of its wet and unequal surface. For within the bounds of that leap lay the Clerk's Pool — the nearest to bottomlessness, the most laden with deadly peril and haunted by tragic memories of all the hidden holes in the Fearn.

The imminent danger of the fisher who in ignorance proposed such a feat, was at once present to Unah, causing her to start up, and — though she was so painfully shy a girl that she could not, according to Laura Hopkins, enter a room full of company without betraying her *mauvaise honte* — to make as much din as her soft young voice could compass by calling out loudly to a man and a stranger, "Oh! don't go there; it is not safe." Her cry reached its object. She arrested the fisher, who drew back and looked round in surprise, balancing himself with difficulty as his gaze fell on an eminently girlish figure with dainty Amazonian touches in her dress, standing in the checkered light among the birch-trees behind him, and forbidding his further progress.

The wondering glance which rested on Unah did not yet rouse her to trepidation and discomfiture, because her timidity was swallowed up for the moment in the crying necessity of interposing to save a fellow-creature's life. The look came from a young man not above a year older than herself, little more than a lad, but such a manly lad as a robust race and a course of public school and university life have bred often enough in England. He was well grown in height. His shoulders were already expanding in stalwart proportions. His arms had rowed in many a boat-race as well as wielded no end of bats.

His legs had kicked a hundred footballs. His hair, of the same brown tint as Donald of Drumchatt's, in place of lying in soft thin waves, clung in close thick crispness under the Glengarry cap he had assumed. His square forehead — the only gleam of whiteness in the tanned face, matched the square jaw, and had something in harmony also with the well-opened, dark-blue eyes, the composite, slightly short and blunt nose, the mouth that was still apt to pout a little like a frank, wilful, foolish boy's or girl's mouth, but which was already beginning to be veiled with the light-brown down of a beard, not so universal an adjunct to a young man's face fifteen years ago as it is to-day.

He was at once so youthful and so instinct with power, endurance, and daring, that he might have been a David gone out to fight single-handed with the lion and the bear for the lambs of his flock, or to accept the challenge of the giant Goliath for the glory of his God and the honor of the army of Israel. But even the kingly shepherd boy was hardly likely to have shown the ease and self-command which have no insolence in them — nay, which may be as modest as they are manly — and that are not the least valuable acquisitions of lads trained among a multitude of their equals, and accustomed to mix from their earliest youth with the most cultivated society of their generation.

Unah did not see all these items at the first moment or for many moments. She was only conscious of the presence of a stranger, a gentleman, a young man who was not yet so entirely out of danger of his life as to awaken her to the enormity of preventing his purpose by addressing him.

"I beg your pardon," called back the fisher, with a hasty effort to take off the Glengarry as a recognition of Unah's sex and ladyhood, but which the tottering of the stone under him made such a tremulous failure that he was forced to smile instead. "Why mayn't I go there?" The question was asked with a shade of lively scorn and impatience — only restrained by the fact that he was speaking to a girl, a lady, and in the tone of one who was not accustomed to be stopped by obstacles. "I wish to ascend the river," and he pointed out as he spoke that the rocks rose sheer from the pool, and that there was no road which skirted it. "I have got liberty to fish here, from the inn-keeper at the Ford."

"Oh, yes," said Unah meekly, "but you must not attempt to cross the Clerk's Pool — the deepest in the Fearn — the

bodies of those drowned there are never recovered." It was a grisly enough reason for her prohibition, spoken in all simplicity and with perfect good faith. But still the fisher hesitated, and looked longingly across the dark cauldron, on the surface of which was a slightly seething scum which might have belonged to witches' broth.

Unah thought in an agony, would he insist on getting himself drowned before her eyes, and according to her tale disappearing forever?

"If you will come up the bank you can reach the water again farther on. I'll show you the way," she said, always more imploringly, and even sliding half-way down the bank and holding out her hand to the stranger, who had no choice save to grasp it, though in doing so he felt, bold as he was, his nerves beginning to tingle. The adventure was so odd, while it was also a little ludicrous and mortifying to his independence and helpfulness.

He could not at all understand the submissive subordination and obligation to serve him which belonged to Unah's inveterate girlhood and to what had been its discipline. He had not known such girlhood, he had not imagined it; indeed, being what he was, and only coming in contact with the very different girls and women with whom he had been acquainted, he had not thought much of girls of any kind, and had never been in subjection to them. That a girl should efface herself, and think only of assisting a young fellow who was in his own opinion perfectly able to take care of himself, was somewhat beyond the lad's comprehension at the present stage of his existence.

But he did not fail to remark that no sooner did Unah get her will and become his guide to another reach of the river, than, as she walked along by his side, a tide of shyness came over her and overwhelmed her with a trouble to which he as a man and a gentleman must do nothing to add. He was perfectly cool except for the incipient tingling of his nerves at the peculiarity of the situation; and he turned about in his mind what he could say to set his companion at ease and cause her to forget that she had stepped forward to warn and instruct him. He magnanimously forgave her for doing so. He was fundamentally good-natured and courteous, well endowed — in the best sense — as a Cantab and ex-public school-boy. In proof of it, he had sympathy with that plague of shyness which he himself had never experienced. And all this was in the teeth of

the fact that he had been a spoilt child of fortune, and was not old enough to have had much chance yet of undoing the spoiling.

As he cudgelled his brain for a speech that should be consolingly respectful and vague, he kept glancing at Unah moving along in blushing silence by his side; it was as if she had dropped from the sunny afternoon skies among the trees and bushes under the "lofty wa's" of a region entirely foreign to him, and bewildering from its novelty. She was the jolliest, stunningest, frightenedst little customer in her brown jacket, blue and white collar, and black necktie, he said at first to himself in that gross affectation of homeliness of speech which distinguishes the public-school boy. And then, as those loveliest blushes of a fair, pale, young face yielded, in Unah's profoundness of affront at the liberty she had taken, to a tint still more that of the lily than was usual to her, her companion, young and thoughtless as he was, caught some faint reflection of the spell which lay in the utter simplicity of the ruffled sheaf of auburn hair, the delicate purity of the clear, colorless, rounded cheek, and the spiritual depths yet to be plumbed in the dusky grey of the eyes, which had been raised eagerly to his, but were now fixed steadfastly on the ground.

The lad had a rampant imagination, as well as an acquired fund of matter-of-factness and practicality which were continually striving to stamp down the natural quality as "bosh," without being always successful in the contest. He was already struggling against and seeking to overmaster the fascination of his first experience of a land within his own highly civilized and commercial country, where the conditions of life were fresher and simpler, where it was only the other day that romance had been possible. He now colored violently and recoiled from what struck him on second thoughts as his coarse definition of Unah. He began to describe her anew to himself as he walked beside her. She was the sweetest half-wild nymph that ever made a favored wood her home. She was a delightful version of Wordsworth's Highland girl grown shy, because she had merged into a young lady and been pestered by the conventionalities of society.

All the time it was highly necessary that he should say something to release the nymph from her thralldom of awkwardness.

He could think of nothing more to the purpose than a tame reference to the scanty contents of the basket on his back.

"I have not had great luck in my morn-

ing's sport," he ventured to break the silence.

Though that silence was becoming a crushing incubus, Unah started at its disturbance, and at the call for her to return a civil and rational answer to his observation. She was not more fortunate than he had been in her reply to his trite and egotistical remark.

"I thought the weather was good for fishing," she stammered; "my father brought in a better basket than that when he was out for half an hour before breakfast this morning."

Ill-starred Unah! she shattered the vision which she had been creating, by a word. She wounded the quick susceptibility and vanity of the overgrown school-boy, who had enshrined her as a nymph, and was comparing her to Wordsworth's Highland girl. He was still quite young enough to be piqued by her slight to his prowess in one of the beloved sports which had taken the place of the still better beloved games. She dissolved the cloud castles which he had been building by the effect of her speech as if she had waved the wand of a malignant old, not a charming young fairy. He pulled himself together, swelled out his chest, and showed an inclination to strut in his walk like any brave Highlander. He looked reproachfully and indignantly at her in the room of his covert glances of admiration. He already cast about in his mind how he should revenge himself upon her sarcastic contrast of her father's success with his failure.

"I have only just come into this horrid country," he said, suddenly assuming the languid drawl of a very fine gentleman. "I was directed to this wretched, overgrown chine. What is that surly brute up yonder?" He pointed to Benvoil.

Unah opened her eyes very widely for a moment, and then her face dimpled all over under its shyness.

"That is Benvoil," she said. "The Tuaidh is over your head on the right, and here is where you get down to the Fearn again."

She pointed to the burn below them. Little as she was used to issue commands and exact instant implicit compliance with her will, he had no resource save to obey her direction, without reservation, once more, and to lift his Glengarry clean off his head this time. He had not had the grace to thank her; he had not gained a single clue to her identity; she would think him a beastly cockney by his own idiotic showing.

But he did what he could to indemnify himself for this crowd of misfortunes which had befallen him. After plunging down the bank at the motion of her hand, he clambered back like a cat or a goat a few paces farther on, where the alder bushes grew thickly and afforded him a screen to watch what would become of her, whether she would vanish in nymph fashion or walk away like any ordinary mortal; whether she would walk up or down the pass, though he did not know that he could make much of that little indication.

She turned instantly into one of the by-paths screened by oak and ozier coppice which she knew as well as the rabbits and hares which frequented them were acquainted with their recesses, and was speeding home to make the best or worst of her encounter. At first she did not care to think of the adventure into which her humanity had betrayed her, in spite of what was to her the subdued fun of its termination. But when in the loving dutifulness and perfect confidence of the girl, she forced herself to tell the story to her father and mother, and they made nothing of it, only said Macgregor at the Ford ought not to give liberty to fish in the Fearn to strangers who did not engage guides, her fancy, no longer checked by doubt and a little lingering annoyance, strayed more frequently to the audacious young stranger.

She wondered whether he had anything to do with the Moydarts, who had come up last week. Somehow she did not associate him readily with the Hopkinses, who had also arrived in the country, though the soft-goods man's sons were of a different type from their father. He might have some connection with one of the two nearest county houses, Castle Moydart and the Fearn, though he stayed at the Ford inn — for often the more erratic of the guests of both families disposed of themselves there. If he had anything to do with the Moydarts or the Hopkinses, was there any chance of her seeing him again? She hoped not, and again she half hoped she might, to discover if he would go on making game of and pretending to detest their ben and the pass. She did not really believe that he was a bad fisher; she was sure, at least, from the little she had seen of his agility, he could stalk deer as well as Lord Moydart; and she trusted that the innkeeper at the Ford, if nobody else would, might get him his full of deer-stalking. Then her fancy took a farther flight, and with a distinct impression of the sup-

ple limbs, square shoulders, and quick eye of the veritable sportsman, she likened him to a soldier, and judged that he might have done good service in the Crimean War and the Indian Rebellion, the two heroic episodes of history which lay just behind her.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MOYDARTS AND THE HOPKINSES.

THE Moydarts, that is, the earl and Lady Jean, were always in great force at the Ford games. The countess was an English woman, and though she was good-natured and did not interfere with the pursuits of her husband and daughter in the country, she did not pretend to their enthusiasm for Highland interests. She generally brought them in the carriage to the Ford, put them down there, and went on her way for her drive, not looking near the place of public excitement again, but returning placidly by another route—to the chagrin even of her English coachman—and only despatching the carriage to fetch back the remainder of the family when the games were over. But Lord Moydart and Lady Jean made up for any defalcation on the part of the mistress of Castle Moydart. He was the most engrossed and excited of the judges. She was concerned about everything and everybody. Both were in attendance the whole day. Lord Moydart was a little, wiry, red-haired man, not so left to himself as to forswear trews on any occasion, though he could assume a cap with an eagle's feather in addition to the oak-leaves which matched the bell-heath badge on the caps of Donald of Drumchatt and hundreds more on a high day. The earl had two sides to his character. In London he was, or tried to be, very much of a cosmopolitan and man of the world. Down at Castle Moydart he was a fanatical Highlander, apparently more tenacious of his chieftainship than of his earldom, religiously keeping up all the so-called customs of the soil, to the extent of sending his younger children for an hour every day to the parish school, in order to learn their native language. Some people said my lord's manner in the Highlands was a sop to his conscience for drawing all the cash he could extract from his northern estates, and laying out as little money as he could help in return. These judges would have it that his bearing was intended to propitiate—as it did with wonderful success—the Highland tenants, whose rents were high, while their houses and offices were the worst in the country. In short,

one portion of the world maintained that Lord Moydart was a vain, selfish man, crafty enough to make his vanity serve his selfishness. That might be, but it is more probable that he was merely double-minded, and narrow on each side of his mind. Certainly he was not gratuitously ill-natured, and unquestionably he was popular.

In the same way there were censors who asserted that Lady Jean's devotion to the Highlands and Highlanders was only a piece of affectation, which sat well on her and added to her prestige in the country, and that she forgot place and race the moment her back was turned. But this assumption does not go beyond the premise that Lady Jean was a young, lively woman, so that out of sight was out of mind with her. While it lasted her Highland mania, like her Scotch name, had a gracious effect on the aborigines. She was not handsome; the most that could be said of her personally was that she "was a strapping lass," tall, strong, and sound in every organ. But there was sufficient piquancy in her independence, spirit, and voluntary flavor of nationality to account for her turning the head of any poor mountaineer, and misleading him into the mire, where she was not at all likely to follow him. For Lady Jean, with her walking powers, her steel-shod boots, her penchant for oat-cakes, her spinning-wheel, was—making allowance for her youth—as much a woman of the world as her father aspired to be a man of the world, and in some respects more aristocratic in her tendencies than her mother. Lady Jean's helpfulness and homeliness were purely æsthetical, with, perhaps, a tinge of the born antiquarian in them.

That did not prevent Lady Jean from being a very agreeable young lady at a Highland gathering. She was far more generally agreeable than Unah Macdonald in her shyness could be, even when allowance is made for the advantage in social attractiveness which Lady Jean's rank gave her. As for Laura Hopkins, she showed the world a less dignified version of Mrs. Macdonald's dilemma, and was in constant dread of compromising herself. "It is easy for you, Lady Jean, to be frank and kind, speaking and smiling to everybody," Miss Laura, who was artless in her artificiality, once declared in a moment of confidence to her friend, "you are an earl's daughter, and nobody is likely to mistake your condescension. But papa is only in trade—I suppose we must call it trade—on a great scale, and nobody down in Fearnavoil knows the difference between

wholesale and retail. The Ford store-keeper's daughters, whom one sometimes meets — oddly enough — would begin and treat me as their equal if I did not hold them at arm's length."

"The storekeeper's daughters are very nice girls," said Lady Jean carelessly, "and one of them has learned to sing charmingly in Edinburgh, where they finished their education. My mother has her at the castle whenever we have anything out-of-the-way in music, and I always send her down my new songs to try over. But my father and I are provoked that she cannot sing a single Gaelic song from beginning to end. Think of her never taking the trouble to perfect herself in one of our own songs!" complained Lady Jean in an aggrieved voice.

Only a detachment of the Hopkinses also appeared at the Ford games; but in their case it was a strictly female detachment. Mr. Hopkins said the games were "stuff and nonsense," and shut himself up in his own room at the Frean, with the business telegrams and letters he had the happiness to have sent to him there. His sons could occupy and enjoy themselves out of the business, but they had not arrived before the twelfth at what they spoke of as their "box in the Highlands." One was giving a barrister a sail in his yacht to Norway; another was with some friends of his among the officers in the camp at Aldershot; the third, who went in for art, was off with two curates of the same bent, for the Dresden and Munich galleries. So Laura and her mother came by themselves. They were the only women of the family in the Highlands — out of the country there were more daughters, both married and unmarried. The last had been unable from the beginning to break themselves into the necessary change of habits. At home they were Lancashire magnates — living in a bran new country house, among a multitude of other bran new country houses, all occupied by tenants whose wealth and its luxuries were little older than the houses, and who formed a colony in themselves. Here the Hopkinses were in banishment for the whole summer and autumn in a Highland waste where the neighbors were few and far between, were aliens in their antecedents, were poor and proud, stingy and sarcastic. Even the period when sport was at its height, and summoned Liverpool gentlemen and Manchester men to the aid of the belated family, could not make up for the dreariness of the remaining weeks. Thus there were two elder Miss Hopkinses, who, after

the first trial, had never repeated the experiment, but who regularly bestowed themselves on their married sisters and sisters-in-law, for trips to Scarborough, months at Buxton, and tours on the Continent, while they relegated to their younger sister Laura, who had been papa's and mamma's pet, and who owed them special allegiance — which her amiable temper rendered her ready to pay, to accompany them during their annual stay in the Highlands. A failure in Mr. Hopkins's health, together with his doctor's advice, had been the primary cause, first of his renting at a long lease, and then of his nearly rebuilding into a staring stuccoed white mansion, the old county house of the Frean.

The task had been severe, both for Mrs. Hopkins and Laura. Mr. Hopkins had suffered little in comparison. He had the bracing sense of doing his duty in obeying medical orders, and the pleasant consciousness of the improvement on his health as a reward. He never pretended to be what he was not, but was perfectly satisfied with knowing himself, and letting everybody else know him, as an enterprising and wealthy manufacturer, a highly respectable and influential man, whether in Lancashire or out of it. He insisted on having all his business details sent to him daily, and he shut himself up with them every morning — after luncheon there was not so long an interval till dinner, that he could not get rid of time by a walk or a drive — and he had plenty of shooting and fishing to offer to his friends. He was not particularly ostentatious, so that a constant display of his gains in their outlay was not a necessity with him. He had not an uneasy conscience, or a mind so depressed and vacant of every interest save that of trade, as to render company of any kind, above all of another clothworker, or even of one of the clerks in his service, an absolute requirement with him. He could be content for considerable periods of time with his work and his wife and daughter's presence. The plain, quiet, shrewd, but proud enough man was to be envied in more respects than in those of the enterprise and the prosperity on which he was apt to hug himself.

But poor Mrs. Hopkins and Laura desired to be ladies with the best, and they had much to learn and unlearn at the Frean. They had to resign themselves to days and weeks without a visitor, and to swallow their yawns. They had to unlearn their code, that magnificence — even costly elegance in dress and daintiness, if not self-indulgence in food, were the first

marks of a lady. They had to give over talking of their difficulties with servants, and quoting the carriages and horses. Laura discovered that she must nerve herself for walking as well as riding, if she was to follow in the footsteps of Lady Jean Stewart. She must be able to help herself and her neighbors in many an emergency. She had to order books from Mudie's not confined to a certain class of novels which describe a lawless life, that in its splendor and gorgeousness far outvies such establishments as the Hopkinses'. Laura did not care for the lawlessness, though her moral sense and her taste were not repulsed by it, but she did like the splendor, without even dreaming that it was intensely vulgar. She had yet to get rid of some of the coarse clay of her snobishness. But she had her recompense in securing a familiar visiting acquaintance with Lady Jean, while Laura made some progress in good manners at the Frean. She improved, as Mrs. Macdonald had said.

Mrs. Hopkins also improved, though being an older woman, her improvement was a still more difficult process, and did not go so far as Laura's. Mrs. Hopkins felt her occupation gone when Laura enjoined on her to cease from constituting herself a sort of special constable where her servants were concerned, and above all to refrain from talking of their merits and demerits in society. But she was an apt and docile woman on the whole, though she had only been a mill-manager's daughter, as Mr. Hopkins had been a manager's son, and she took to holding her tongue and doing and saying as nearly as she could what she heard others do and say. It was a little tiresome, and she was sensible that both she herself and the life she led were heavier and duller than they used to be; but she could gird up her loins to the heaviness and dullness, if it were for Laura, who was her best and prettiest daughter, who never complained of having the task put upon her of coming year after year with her father and mother to the Frean, while her sisters gadded about and disported themselves elsewhere. It would go hard with Mrs. Hopkins if Laura had not some indulgence and benefit for her pains. Mrs. Hopkins would convert herself into a dormouse or a dumb woman to enable Laura to be often with Lady Jean, though Mrs. Hopkins's private opinion was that, except in the matter of rank, Lady Jean could not hold the candle to Laura; still, it was good for Laura to have the flavor of the said Lady Jean, and the

high sound of her name to dispense in Lancashire when the Hopkins family returned to the ease and stir of sympathetic life.

At the Ford games Mrs. Hopkins remained in the carriage, having a conviction that she was in every respect better there; she would only be in the way, and she would derive no gratification from joining the party on the knock. She would betray her ignorance if she ventured on a remark. She had a strong suspicion that Drumchatt's fare would be inferior to the contents of her own luncheon-basket, with which she had taken care that cook should furnish her. In the carriage she could eat at her ease when she was inclined, without being forced to defer her meal in order to watch the progress of a stone or a hammer, for which she cared nothing. Mrs. Hopkins contrasted the Ford games very unfavorably with the Derby. There was some amusement at the Derby, to which the Hopkinses had gone when they were in London, and where, beside the horses running, there were fortune-tellers, and negro serenaders, and loads of fine company. But here there were not above half-a-dozen county families, some of them as shabby as peahens, while peacocks could not beat their pride and pretension. There was no music but these squealing pipes, to which the caterwauling of cats was preferable, and no fun that Mrs. Hopkins could discover in a crowd of far-back country people — the men dressed like savages, who took the whole performance in solemn earnest, and yet "houched" like madmen in the middle of their solemnity. But when every other resource failed and her surroundings became too much for her, Mrs. Hopkins could always take a nap in the easy privacy of her carriage shut in for the showers, while Laura was pleased — Laura was among the foremost with Lady Jean. If the latter's circle was not so severely select as Mrs. Hopkins would have had it, why, at least, it was erring in good company. All the choice, as well as the mediocre, company were on the knock. There would be plenty of gentlemen. Men, unless they happened to be in trade like Mr. Hopkins, had an odd addiction to matches and games of every description. There would be county men, even men of title, up for the shooting, and who knew whose fancy Laura might take? Dear girl, she deserved the highest promotion, and Mrs. Hopkins would enjoy her getting it before her sisters, though Maria and Sophy were good girls, too, in their way. She was thankful she had nothing to com-

plain of in her children. Laura was the flower of the young ladies assembled there — far before Lady Jean in her claims to beauty, and in the dress Laura wore, though it was only a morning-dress, and looked so simple that Mrs. Hopkins had been quite disappointed and inclined to call it dowdy, and to grudge it at first, for she would be ashamed to mention its price; indeed Laura had charged her not to whisper the sum, or that the gown had come from a Paris dressmaker. Laura was getting more and more disinclined to speak of the advantages she had over other girls from her father's fortune and the ample allowance he made to his daughters. It was like Laura's good-nature to keep to herself all about her gown except its look, when perhaps people needed to know its history to prize its merits.

Even while her mother was fondly cogitating, Laura was enduring considerable mortification because of that very gown. She had thought, after much and deep consideration, that as the Ford games constituted a public occasion, a sort of provincial Derby to which her mother had likened it, she, Laura, might not be appearing in too fine plumes, too like the daughter of a merchant prince or manufacturer — an origin which Laura shrank more and more from brandishing in the face of the public on all occasions — if she wore her delicate lilac silk with the lovely lace. Lady Jean wore silks of a morning, sometimes, but they were mostly of her own clan tartan. Laura would have been perfectly safe as to precedent in a silk tartan of her own clan. But then, alas! there was no clan Hopkins, though the bearers of the name might constitute a tolerably numerous following; so Laura was reduced to the lilac silk, which was also a thousand times prettier and more becoming.

After all, Lady Jean was in no silk of an unapproachable clan tartan on this day. She appeared in one of the first adaptations of the picturesque fashions of an earlier century, which have since been so common. She wore a scarlet petticoat over the crinoline which was like an old hoop, and she had looped up over the scarlet petticoat a chintz gown which might have belonged to her grandmother.

Poor Laura, who put great weight on such small matters, was terribly chagrined. It was clear that a chintz, not a silk, was the *recherché* costume for the Ford games. Many people walked there in silk attire. Among these walkers were the storekeeper's daughters, Laura's *bêtes noires*, but who as Highlanders accustomed to a good

deal of promiscuous visiting, were, so far as refinement went, many degrees above the daughters of the richest tradesman in an English village, and had not a tittle of the vulgarity which Laura attributed to them. All the same, Laura's only consolation consisted in the fact that no other silk on the ground was of her gown's exquisite shade and make.

But she decided, pensively, she would almost as soon have worn the shapeless white frock which seemed Mrs. Macdonald Fearnavoil and her daughter's notion of a festival dress for the future mistress of Drumchatt — the next year's lady of the manor to which the Ford belonged. And the worst of it was that while Lady Jean was the sole wearer of a chintz, Laura, as a Lancashire woman, possessed a store of those delicate chintzes, and in this case she would not have been sorry to avail herself of the pre-eminence to which her birth entitled her.

Laura could only resolve that the next day at the Kettle of Fish — the Moydarts' annual picnic in the Bride's Pass, she would prove to Lady Jean and all concerned what she, Miss Laura Hopkins, could do in the matter of chintzes, when she had got the necessary hint.

Laura Hopkins was a pretty girl, plump, and with pink and white cheeks. Her soft and simple-hearted disposition was reflected in her face, yet her great defect was over cultivation. She suffered from the excess of training in proportion to the qualities trained, which wealth sometimes inflicts on its victims.

Laura's hair, teeth, and complexion, her mind and manners, had all been subjected to a process of over-cultivation, till a little negligence, even a positive defect, would have proved a relief. She was like a hot-house flower, which is neither rare nor delicate, and has not any specially subtle or splendid attributes, so that one is tempted to cavil at its being cherished in a glass-house. For a common hot-house plant which is of no particular value, lacks the hardy freedom, the open-air freshness, which a garden flower, a very wayside weed may possess.

Laura had been taught to pronounce the words of several languages with critical correctness, she had even been made to acquire a laudable mastery of their grammars. She could speak a little French and German, in addition to a great deal of English; but she had never reached the soul of a literature — whether of her own or of any other country. No acquaintance with high standards had purified or ele-

vated her taste, so that when she read for pleasure, her books were still those which her mother preferred, and were only removed a few degrees in style, and by taking the three-volume form, from the Penny Dreadfuls of the kitchen.

She could play difficult classic music mechanically. But one of her grandmothers had been famous in her day as a sprightly and tuneful singer of Cumberland songs, and Laura could no more have given expression to these words and airs, than she could have evolved out of her formal science the intelligent, impassioned performance of a Madame Schumann or a Madame Essipoff, when genius is set to interpret genius. Laura could sketch, copy, color after good examples, but there was nothing save a bald topographical likeness and a conventional tone in her sketches, there was not a shade of feeling in her copying and coloring. Her grandmother, on the other side of the house, had patched a quilt with a hundred times more zest, and a greater sense of form and color, than Laura had ever experienced in her artistic productions. The girl's originality had been stifled, and her little light hidden under a bushel of what was mere pedantry in her.

But there was one precious inheritance besides bodily health and growth, Laura had preserved intact, under the system of careful fencing and forcing which had been applied to her; she had never lost her natural softness of heart and sweetness of temper. She could hardly be intentionally unamiable, even where she was stuffed full of prejudices; it tried her to the utmost to be cold and to hold people at arm's length, as she said she did the storekeeper's daughters. She was still farther from the insolent parvenue, the beggar become a porter trampling upon the beggars, than Lady Jean was from the bloated aristocrat, or the cold, indifferent lady of fashion.

CHAPTER VII.

AT THE FORD GAMES.

THE Ford games were a grand annual institution in Fearnavoil. Nobody thought of despising them; nobody — not even the minister and Mrs. Macdonald, with the danger to Malise Gow and to other excitable, fallible spirits like Malise's, causing their guides much anxiety — thought of condemning them. If any political economist or Puritan had been present at these games and put them under a ban he must have delivered his judgment in silence.

The games were not only the great spurt

of life in which the Ford indulged once in twelve months, they were the glory of the surrounding country for many miles. The descendants of the old Gael, in their appreciation of bodily strength and skill, still put such qualities on a par, at least, with the mental adroitness and habits of diligence which made men rich in current coin of the realm. If educated shrewdness and industry in a trade which required neither muscular arms nor nimble legs — not even such weather-beaten hardihood as defied the war of the elements and the strife of men — were likely to earn the money of which these Highlanders, to whom it was scarce, were greedy, renown in personal prowess, whether in breasting the mountains or fording the rivers, in being mighty hunters and fishers, or in rivalling each his neighbor in athletic exercises, not only won fame but gratified the most deeply rooted propensities of the race. And fame went even before money with the vain as well as courteous mountaineer. What could man do better with his savings, supposing he made them by a cramped lifetime of uncongenial drudgery, than to gratify his heart's desire? Was it not therefore greater cunning to take the relish of life while the appetite was still keen for it, and let the bigger game in silver and banknotes go by?

The temperament of John Highlandman was still the same as when he was coaxed and tamed by being drafted into regiments and sent to fight and become a hero all over the world, leaving the fastnesses of his country to be laid bare and rendered innocuous by General Wade's roads. To this day the flower of the people who were so loath to emigrate, to whom their rugged soil was doubly endeared, spent their energies as ghillies and gamekeepers rather than shepherds and stockmen to the strangers who had become their masters. The natives had the benefit of the nature to which they, like the red Indians, continued wedded, and from which divorce was like death itself, and they found indemnifications for such losses as they experienced. There were seasons when they had their reward, days like that of the Ford games when there were distinguished contests of strength and skill, with no art or science except the primitive practice of music, allowed to invade the programme. Then the performers were all Highlanders, and the lookers-on who marvelled, applauded, and distributed the prizes, were Lowlanders and the English fraternizing with the few and far-between representatives of the ancient chiefs.

There is quite another spirit in John Highlandman's half-brother Sandy, of the Lowlands. He has no passion for glory, and he has long since lost his feudal instincts. Although he is an able-bodied, courageous, patient fellow on his porridge and milk and occasional bacon, he does not care to exert his thews and sinews unless for sufficient cause. Even before strikes and unions had come within many miles of him, he had, under the prevalence of parish schools and in his own hard-headed independence, acquired a dogged self-respect and a less creditable half-sulky distrust of his worldly superiors in the most distant suspicion of their seeking to take their amusement out of him. He could stand lending himself to their prosperity, but make sport for them he would not. He would almost as soon bow his neck to their yoke spiritually, and leave the plain kirk of his fathers — be it by law established or an offshoot of austerest dissent, and worship with them in the despised and detested character of a prelatist, in a highly decorated English "chapel," as the Scotch are wont to turn the tables and style the Episcopalian churches scattered through John Knox's domain.

Upwards of thirty years ago, in some physical reaction which preceded the appearance of muscular Christianity in England, there was an attempt to re-establish athletic games, and to make them take the place of ancient wappinshaws in leading to the development and training of the frames of brawny ploughmen and craftsmen, in a few southern districts of Scotland. But the attempt fell to the ground, utterly foiled and disgraced by the indignation and disgust with which it was received by the more intelligent and higher-class men for whom it was designed, and by the determination with which they relegated it to the scum of their society. They run, or leap, or fling hammers, any more than jump in sack-races, or climb greasy poles, for the delectation of ladies and gentlemen! They were so wrathful at the proposal that it became as dangerous to the good feeling of the community, as the blind Samson's being summoned to "play" to afford diversion to his conquerors, was fatal to the lives of the Philistines in the temple of Dagon. It remained for the volunteer movement, appealing to the patriotic feeling of the people, having a serious purpose beneath its show, and uniting every class in its ranks, to induce even the Lowland Scotch working-men of the towns, whose work is more or less sedentary and who crave open air and exercise, to consent to

carry a musket and manœuvre before a mixed mob on a field-day.

But in Fearnavoil and the adjoining parishes the Ford games were looked forward to with eagerness, and sedulously prepared for during the preceding months. In summer through the long daylight of June and July, when the weather admitted of such evening practice, the men of every clachan and larger farm renounced for the time their usual delectation of setting traps for vermin or fishing wherever such sport was admissible. After the general unyoking or the return from sheep-folds and "fanks," from hewing stones in the quarries or barking wood in the coppices, the intending competitors gathered together on some convenient "green," challenging each other in the particular branch of Highland gymnastics for which they were to enter their names, and carefully cultivating the elements of victory. Hoary old champions, no longer able to figure on their own account, attended regularly, and supplied useful hints and judicious warning and encouragement. Women — mothers, wives, and sweethearts — strolled out with their knitting and sat on the knowes around, furnishing the stimulus of their presence and sympathy. If a late great statesman and polished man of the world always played billiards best when his wife and liege lady was by, it may easily be imagined that a raw Highlander will be incited to greater feats of rude force and primitive skill when he strives beneath the eyes of the woman who "loves him the best." But there was yet another source of inspiration to the candidate. The piper who was to be a candidate in his own person, with the pipes, brought his music on the scene and blew and squeezed shrill screams, hollow groans, and wild minstrelsy from the bag, partly to electrify the combatants and audience generally, partly to get up his own steam so as to outblow his rivals. The victors in these games were crowned with as much glory in their own circles, and invested with as many privileges of their kind, as were the ancient Greeks.

When the great day of decision came round, every highroad, every mountain track — though the weather were bitterly adverse, as happened not unfrequently even in the month of August — kept pouring down its living contributions to the tide that was eddying round the Ford.

The men were still as picturesque and a good deal smarter than their forefathers, in the garb of old Gaul — if, indeed, the kilt, philabeg, plaid, and spluchan, and the

gay checkered hose, which sheath the glittering shene dhus as well as clothe their owners' well-developed calves and shapely ankles, be the garb of old Gaul, and not, as some modern critics roundly swear, an innovation not remoter in date than a few paltry centuries. Whether the costume were as old as the Picts and Scots, or comparatively of yesterday, no one could deny that it had a gallant flutter and a special adaptation to the wearers who had used it from childhood, and to whose light, active movements it formed no impediment. Variety was lent to the dress of the men from the circumstance that they were by no means all Macdonalds; while even in that case some of them wore the dress set of their tartan, which to the uninitiated is as different from the other as an ingenious variation played on the tune which is its rallying point. But there were Gordons, Stewarts, Macleods, and stragglers from the straths and the isles into the Macdonalds' country, and oh! the contrasts of dark green, brilliant scarlet, and rich yellow, afforded by the intruders seen under an August sun, and against the background of heathery braes still dun-colored.

The women even fifteen years ago had largely renounced their Flemish-looking cloaks and hoods, their mitches, which were slightly modified curches, their tartan screens and riband snoods, in order to display their aptitude in copying the fashions of their sisters in shawls, capes, and bonnets. The younger women might have been Lowland lasses, except that the petticoats displayed under their kilted gowns were mostly of tartan, and that many of the wearers followed the economical custom of carrying their stockings and shoes tied up in a handkerchief hung over the arm, while they trod the steep pathways with their bare feet, on their way to the meeting-ground.

The Ford was no more than an accumulation of thatched cottages like those in the clachan of Fearnavoil, round the nucleus of a blacksmith's forge, a large store or shop of all wares, with the branch of a bank among the other conveniences under its slated roof, and a whitewashed house of two stories having a porch covered with honeysuckle. The last formed a very tolerable inn, kept up by the influx of tourists and sportsmen in summer, but was closed as a place of public entertainment in winter. There was a perennially hospitable alehouse where usquebaugh, and not ale, was the staple, and which was only distinguished from its fellow-cottages

LIVING AGE. VOL. XXV. 1276

by the sign proclaiming its license, and a longer bench than usual among the benches, logs, and stones, which furnish seats before most Highland cottages even when they stand in the loneliest localities, where a man or a woman may smoke and gossip with a neighbor, — when there are neighbors, — study the weather, spell out a chapter in a Gaelic Bible, or knit a stocking, as humor inclines.

But the situation of the Ford was different from that of the smaller hamlet. The houses were built where the strath opened to its widest extent, and presented cultivated fields as well as tracts of moorland and ridges of hills. The river that raged and moaned, or, at its best, sang and laughed over its bad name for cruelty in the narrow bed of the Bride's Pass, here stretched itself out and flowed as silently and staidly as could be expected of a Highland river affording a ferry, trustworthy, save in the worst of weather, for man and beast, which had been the original apology for the foundation of the village.

From time immemorial a rushy haugh or meadow near the Fearn, possessing a boundary of rising ground, had been consecrated to the games, and answered the purpose of a racecourse to the dwellers in the Ford and its vicinity — a wide word in those latitudes. Such a refinement as a grand stand had not been thought of, but there was a particular "knock," or hillock, which by common consent was given up to the gentlefolks. There congregated those ladies who did not prefer to remain in the carriages ranged in a small ring in company with carts, primeval gigs, and strange and mysterious vehicles of unknown origin. The fair patronesses made their observations on the contests, and heard the reports of the gentlemen who, as elected or amateur judges, descended to closer proximity with the arena, and only came up at intervals to account for themselves, and to share in the refreshments provided for his friends and equals by Donald of Drumchatt as seigneur of the place, just as he furnished for his retainers and their allies barrels of beer and "stacks" of oatcakes and cheese, to supplement the stores of Macgregor of the inn, and Hughie of the alehouse.

Society in its higher walks was as united as its territory was extensive. It was one advantage or disadvantage of life in the Highlands that, unless where there were long-standing quarrels, or where there was direct antagonism, every person of tolerable cultivation knew and was known by his neighbor, gaps were filled up in a

summary fashion, even extremes met at times, else visiting must soon have come to an end. Thus not only the one or two magnates within half a day's drive, but the families of manses where the ministers were not lairds nor the ministers' wives of long pedigree, with the families of doctors, factors, distillers, farmers, and store-keepers, had their places assigned to them on what the natives called the knock, and at the picnic later in the day. There was no room for complaint in the amalgamation, since people like the Moydarts held their position beyond dispute, and people like the Hopkinses would have found greater difficulty and delay in making their way into the circle of the Moydarts without such institutions as the Ford games, and the knock picnic. Even Mrs. Macdonald submitted for once to an association which was not clerical, with thriving, aspiring members of the middle class. She had to tolerate it as she had to shut her ears over the bets which were to be heard, even in this most unsophisticated and vigilantly pastored region, over claret-cup and champagne, and cakes and ale.

This year the Ford games happened in Lammas weather. Broad gleams of sunshine, with broader glooms of shadow and quickly fleeting rain-showers, bestowed additional lights or twilight darkness — passing into rainbow colors, on the throng, the players in their tartans and the natural amphitheatre on which they figured. The rain was a little trying to southern visitors such as Laura Hopkins, who had a pet Parisian silk gown to be spoiled without any good gained by the spoiling. But none of the natives — not even Donald Drumchatt, in his plaid — seemed to mind an occasional downpour; and when it threatened the salmon and the chicken pies, which had not even a tent to protect them, an additional tablecloth thrown over the viands was deemed a sufficient screen to keep them from being swamped.

Among the most picturesque of the events of the morning were the arrivals in succession of groups of combatants — not Macdonalds, and who came with a certain formality of pomp in marching order, wearing their own clan tartans and badges, and heralded by their own pipers playing their special pibrochs as they defiled, like their ancestors bound for the harrying of a rival's lands, down the declivities and into the haugh.

The most impressive of the contests to a mere onlooker were those between the throwers of the huge hammer or caber and

between the heavers of the great stone. The strong men who swung round their sinewy arms, often bare to the shoulders, with the heavy weapon ere they cast it from them, or poised the fragment of rock and sent it flying through the air as if it were a pebble, looked sons of the giants and worthy descendants of Conn of the Hundred Battles.

Unah Macdonald, in her despised white frock, enjoyed the Ford games intensely and yet quietly. But she suffered from three elements of disturbance to her peace: she was afraid lest some jocular old gentleman, friendly matron, or officious girl might be moved to congratulate her on her future happy prospects. She dreaded some act of appropriation on Donald Drumchatt's part, some public claiming of her assistance and cool assertion of his right to her help, when she would be distressed and the day spoiled for her. But Donald was enjoying being the most important man on the ground, second only to the winners of the first prizes in the games. He liked to indulge the hospitable instincts he could rarely gratify. He was too much occupied and too well supported to need her, or to be prompted to pay her more than the attentions which were due to their cousinly relations. Other people were also too busy to commit themselves to premature congratulations; at least they reserved their allusions for her father and mother, who were able to relish them.

The third source of disturbance was the half expectation — partly a wish, partly a fear, that she might re-encounter in the company and make the acquaintance in a more regular form, of the bold young fisher to whom she had spoken, and with whom she had walked a few paces in the Bride's Pass. She remembered him, and glanced for a while deprecatingly at every new comer, with the idea that she should see him, and that there would be something startling in the sight — that he might even proclaim aloud before Lady Jean and the rest — he was capable of it in Unah's impression of him — how informal had been their first introduction and how forward she had been in addressing him, and volunteering to give him information.

But time passed and he did not come. Unah, with a strange little thrill of mingled relief and disappointment, made up her mind that he had nothing to do either with the Moydarts or the Hopkinses, and that he had already left the country.

She settled herself to watch, as she had been wont to do, the proper business of the day, to take in all the sources of inter-

est and pleasure she had been accustomed to find in the games. She knew many of the strugglers in that arena. She was fit and she found voice to correct even Lady Jean in some of her hasty deductions.

"No, Lady Jean, it is not Big Alister up at the Frean farm who has won the hammer-throwing, it is Eachin Roy, who is to marry our Flora in the kitchen. She got leave to come to-day, and there she is among his people; she will be so proud; and they were to buy a clock with the prize."

Unah's sympathy was fully as keen, while more founded on facts and rather more abiding, than Lady Jean's.

Unah did not weary secretly like Laura Hopkins, who never ceased to wonder how Lady Jean could pretend to know one of these men from another, and what pleasure she could take in a supposed familiarity with the humble fortunes of the objects of her attention. Laura would have given them all blankets and soup to a liberal amount in winter, and sent them doctors and clergymen *ad libitum*; but though she had no fear that they, like the storekeeper's daughters, might mistake their relations to her, she had a strong sense that she had nothing more to do with them. They had neither part nor lot in each other. She was longing for the dancing to begin — she had some admiration for that feature of the spectacle — and poor mamma must be wearying her heart out, dozing by herself in the carriage all this time.

But Unah, as she gazed eagerly at the rows of champions, and saw now this, now that stalwart form or cleanly-knit figure step forth from the ranks, heave up or swing round his head the stone or hammer, and hurl it at the goal, had a fellow-feeling with their repressed excitement, and an almost painful sympathy with the suspense and the trembling hopes of their folk — above all their womankind; she could have echoed the occasional involuntary "houchs" of triumph and "ochones" of regret which came, broken and subdued, from the orderly and quiet throng, far graver because far more in earnest, and with more concentrated attention, than a Lowland crowd would have shown on such an occasion. There might be a little anticipatory revelry going on at the public-house, but it was not till the serious work was over, that the mirth and the brawling became fast and furious.

As Unah looked she could see in her mind the plaided figures in less peaceful array. She had heard so many stories of Highland feuds and forays that she could

easily picture to herself, from the groups before her, the last deadly encounter between the two rival branches of the Macdonalds, who, like brothers estranged, had regarded each other with special hatred, breaking out every now and then into deadly demonstration throughout whole generations. Members of the two factions were striving here amicably side by side to-day. But it was not thus they had met and parted by the stone in the moor, which still bore the name of the "Stone of Slaughter" because of them and their deed. In the middle of her vivid recollection of the former dark day, which lent a tragic background to the brightness of this day, Unah paused with a comical ruefulness. It was such a pity the original provocation to that remote onslaught had not been of a more dignified character. But the truth was, one of the hostile Macdonalds had thought fit to greet the foe, whom he might have passed with superb scorn, by striking him, Billingsgate fashion, in the face with a dead salmon, and so the wild *mêlée* began.

Though Unah was nearly destitute of technical art education, it added largely to her enjoyment that she could appreciate the changing lights which the showery day bestowed on the scene. "I hope my father sees that," she was constantly saying to herself when she was separated from the minister, and when now a black canopy cast everything into a purple gloom, and again spears of light shot athwart the thick banks of cloud, and, striking the earth, lit up with low beams as at sunset — which yet were succeeded by brilliant noontide flashes — the motley combatants, the Fearn, the moor, and the hills.

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE SCIENTIFIC FRONTIER.

IN the present article I propose to confine myself to the consideration of the question as to what is the best line of frontier to hold on the north-western border of our Indian empire; and I shall refrain from discussing the policy which has preceded the present war with Afghanistan, or the circumstances which immediately preceded that war. We are, without entering into any such discussion, entitled to assume from all that has been said that a desire to advance our Indian frontier will exercise a sensible influence in the arrangements to be carried out as the result of the war. Apart from official and semi-official utterances here and in India, inde-

pendent writers of undoubted influence have urged a rectification of frontier; and now that we are actually within the Afghan territories they will urge the propriety of this rectification more strongly than ever. It seems, therefore, most essential that those who have studied the subject, and are nevertheless opposed to this apparently popular idea of extension, should put their views before the public, and this is all the more necessary because the natural enthusiasm of soldiers induces them for the most part to support a forward policy.

It is desirable first to come to some conclusion as to what constitutes a scientific frontier, and I presume that all will agree that this is not a question to be decided purely on military theories or as a mere matter of strategy. Very high political authority has given one explanation of the term scientific frontier in a few words; but something more detailed seems necessary; and I assume that such a frontier, speaking generally, should be one which would not entail the employment for its defence of an excessive force of troops; the occupation of which would not in other respects be very costly; the communications of which along the whole line and with the bases in rear are fairly easy and not readily liable to interruption; that it should, while in itself a strong bulwark, have in its front obstacles that would be very serious to an attacking force, and yet not such as to preclude blows being delivered to the front by the defenders; and that politically it is a frontier the occupation of which does not produce irritation among the people in its vicinity. In proportion as a frontier fulfils these conditions, it may be deemed a scientific frontier, or, as I should prefer more simply to call it, a good frontier. Situated as we are in India — and I suppose this is more or less the case elsewhere — we can hardly expect to have a frontier that is theoretically perfect, or that indeed approaches to anything at all like perfection. But my endeavor will be to show that our old frontier line of the Punjab and Sind is preferable to any other frontier that it is in our power to take up.

I should like next, if possible, to arrive at some agreement with the advocates of a rectification of frontier as to the objects, special to itself, required on our north-west border. Here, without being at all a Russophobic, I believe I am in accord with my adversaries in thinking that our position should be such as to enable us to resist Russia if necessary, and also to deliver

counter-attacks in case of war. I further think that our line of frontier should be calculated to enable us to secure our subjects as far as possible from incursions by Afghans or others, whether incited to annoy us by Russia, or doing so of their own mere motion.

Before I come to facts and arguments, I presume some weight may be given to the relative reputation and position of those who have advocated retention of the old line of frontier or its extension. Those in the latter category have, as far as I know, been rightly described in a recent article in the *Nineteenth Century* by Sir Erskine Perry "as a small but able party, who from their chiefly belonging to the presidency of Bombay have been termed the Bombay School." It is indeed from this small body of officers that almost all suggestions for a rectification of frontier have hitherto emanated, and, as stated by Sir Erskine Perry in the article just referred to, the late General John Jacob was the originator of the present anti-Russian policy. He is described by Sir Erskine as a "man of great ability and original views," who, "if he had moved in a wider sphere, might have left a name equal to that of the most illustrious of his countrymen in India, but" who "passed the greater part of his life in the barren wastes of Sind, and rarely came in contact with superior minds."

Of the many advocates of the anti-Russian policy, Sir Henry Rawlinson by his public writings, and Sir Bartle Frere by memoranda which recently saw the light of day in a mysterious manner for the first time, are the most distinguished. In fact, the rest, however eminent, may be classed as followers of Jacob or Rawlinson.

It is to be observed that none of these officers were actually in a position of real personal and official responsibility for the movements they advocated. Sir Bartle Frere, it is true, did advocate the occupation of Quetta when he was governor of Bombay; but the governor of Bombay has little or no concern with Afghan affairs, nor is he responsible for the finances or the policy of the empire. It appears, however, that now another name must be added to the foregoing, and it is one which must be mentioned with unfeigned respect — that of Lord Napier of Magdala. A memorandum written by his lordship appears in a recent compilation of papers regarding Afghanistan, from which we learn that after nearly fifty years' service in India, and with much frontier experience, Lord Napier, who always in India,

where he remained until the year 1876, had been opposed to an advance of our frontier, has now modified his views. The opinion given, however, really amounts to little more than that the occupation of Quetta was right, and that we ought not to recede from that position; for the remark about meeting an enemy beyond a mountain chain is not accompanied by a recommendation to advance into Afghanistan, and obviously applies more to actual war than to an occupation of advanced positions in the country of another power in anticipation of possible future war. The circumstances under which the memorandum was recorded are not stated; but as some stress has been laid on this opinion, emanating from so distinguished an officer as Lord Napier of Magdala, it is important to recollect when it was delivered: not during the sixteen years in which he held the offices of military member of the Council of the Viceroy of India, commander-in-chief in Bombay, and commander-in-chief in India with a seat in Council, but some time after he had quitted India, and in the midst of extreme excitement against and suspicion of Russia. I may also add that about eleven years ago the annexation of the Koorrum valley was proposed by that most excellent officer, General P. S. Lumsden, but the suggestion was not adopted, and I am not aware that until now any evil has arisen from our not possessing Koorrum, while we have avoided locking up there a brigade or so of troops. General Lumsden at the same time strongly opposed any advance into Afghanistan.

To turn to the advocates of the other view, we may say that their name is legion. Accompanying Sir Walter Gilbert's force in 1849 in its pursuit of the Sikhs and Afghans after the battle of Goojerat, until the former had surrendered and the latter had fled before us, first from the fortress of Attock and then through the Khyber Pass, I remained for several years on the frontier, and ever since have taken the deepest interest in it, while I have been acquainted with the views of many of the most eminent persons who served on or who visited the frontier. I never, until long after I had quitted that frontier, heard a question raised as to the line taken up in 1843 as respects Sind, and in 1849 as respects the Punjaub, being not sufficiently advanced and readily defensible. While many opinions have been given as to the folly of advancing our frontier, it seems an undoubted fact that no opposite opinion ever was expressed by any of the able governors-general who have held

sway in India up to the arrival of Lord Lytton, by any commander-in-chief in India, by any lieutenant-governor of the Punjaub — the officer through whom, until 1876, all Cabul affairs used to be transacted — or by any member of the Supreme Council, before which all important questions affecting the Indian empire come. Many officers in these positions have left on record the strongest possible objections to a forward movement, except as an operation of war. I might, I believe, add, that no commander of the Punjaub frontier force, and no commissioner of Peshawur (the functionary who has been charged especially with the duty of watching Cabul affairs), has urged any rectification of frontier.

Some of the opinions adverse to this measure are to be found in the collection of documents recently published; but it is not to be supposed that this collection contains anything like all the opinions of the same tenor, very many of which were written under a sense of existing personal responsibility.

Several of the adverse opinions are of much value, and if space admitted I would gladly quote them. Those by Lord Sandhurst, Sir Henry Durand, and Sir Herbert Edwardes are especially valuable, from the great ability and large experience of their writers. Lord Sandhurst was a soldier, a diplomatist, and a financier. He had served on the frontier for some time, and he was able to view Indian questions from a very high standpoint, owing to the experiences which he gained as to Russia, first as military secretary to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe at Constantinople during the Russian war, and then as consul-general at Warsaw during the period immediately following that war. Sir Henry Durand had served with distinction in the first Afghan war, of which he has left a valuable description; and as private secretary to Lord Ellenborough he was behind the scenes in all the events of the year 1842 in Afghanistan. With matured military and political experience, he had been made lieutenant-governor of the Punjaub, which included the control of the frontier, by Lord Mayo, when a few months after his nomination an unhappy accident deprived the country of his valuable services. Sir Herbert Edwardes was, perhaps, one of the most remarkable men of the last half-century in the Indian service. He was one of the best type of Indian soldier politicians; he had a profound knowledge of the Afghan character; and, in conjunction with Lord Lawrence, was mainly instru-

mental in bringing about a good understanding with Dost Mahomed, and in maintaining that understanding, without which the Afghans might have gone against us in the evil days of 1857.

It is asserted that these men would have changed their minds had they lived to the present time. I should altogether doubt this. Indeed, several of them have distinctly recorded that they would adhere to the old frontier even if Russia advanced far more than has yet been the case, and the arguments of most of them are decidedly to the effect that, as a frontier, our present line is the best, whether for peace or war. Notably on this point Sir Charles Napier was very clear; and, after saying that India could meet Russia on the Caspian, he adds, "but she would, of course, wait for her on the Indus."

I cannot pass over here the fact that one of the most able scientific officers of our present army, Sir John Adye, who has had the advantage of seeing war in Europe and in India, including operations in the mountains of our north-west border, is one of the strongest opponents of a forward move.

In carrying on the argument a great difficulty arises. For the old frontier the case is easily stated. All that is wanted is to adhere absolutely to the line of frontier fixed in 1849. In saying this, I do not mean that, under proper and just arrangements, and if opportunity offered, here and there a bit of hill territory might not with advantage be taken under our control, such as the spur of the Afreedie Hills that separates the Peshawur valley from Kohat. What I do mean is, that our frontier should be substantially the same as it was from 1849 to 1876, with a line of garrisons or forts extending from the Indus, where it leaves the hills, by Peshawur, Kohat, Bunnoo, Derah Ismail Khan, and Derah Ghazee Khan, to Jacobabad.

Those who argue on the other side differ much; and even now, when we have advanced into Afghanistan, this difference of views is still apparent. Some would put aside altogether any advance from Peshawur or Kohat, and would confine themselves to holding Quetta in strength; others would go to Candahar, with or without Koorum and some point, Daka or Jellalabad, beyond the Khyber; others say nothing short of Herat will be of use; others who approve of going to Herat, add also Ghuznee and Cabul, or would even go up to the Hindoo Koosh, or, in point of fact, annex the whole territory of Afghanistan. There is

one noticeable fact, however, namely, that almost all the advocates of any advance allow, when pressed, that they would be very easily induced to support proposals for some further advance. With such a diversity of opinion it is difficult to know how to deal; but I think if we look for a scientific frontier, we certainly shall not find it by thrusting forces forwards in different directions into a great tract of hill country, as would be the case if we held Quetta or Pisheen or Candahar, the head of the Koorum Valley, and Jellalabad — not only with uncertain communications in their rear, but with no communication with each other, or at best only between Koorum and Jellalabad, and none that can be called secure between Koorum and Candahar, for a distance of more than four hundred miles, over a rugged country inhabited by wild tribes.

Supposing, however, that the advanced frontier, if it can be so called, be the moderate one, formed by an occupation of Jellalabad, some point at the head of Koorum, and Quetta or Pisheen, how will it affect our position on the present frontier, and will it really render our defence better than it has heretofore been as respects raids or inroads from the hills? Certainly not. We have never yet had an inroad by the Khyber or by the Bolan, and if such raids were usual, a mere garrison at Jellalabad and Quetta, each distant about ninety miles from the point where these passes debouch into the plains, would hardly be of much efficacy. The occupation of Koorum might render our frontier near Thull a little more secure, but I believe for a long time past no material inconvenience has arisen in this quarter. We should, indeed, have to keep up our present frontier posts, and, further, have to be ready to move up, not when we pleased, but when the adversary pleased, to support the three posts in advance, while the troops at these posts, certainly not less than seven or eight thousand men, would be lost for all other purposes connected with the security of India itself. The more we pushed forward, the more troops would be required for Afghanistan, and no more influence would be exercised over the present frontier tribes. It is true I have heard of wild schemes for occupying these hills, and taming the inhabitants — say two hundred thousand fighting men, scattered over thousands of square miles of mountains, from Hazara to Sind; but I presume this idea is admitted to be Utopian. It at all events would necessitate the employment

of a larger army than we have seen in the field for many a long day, and could be hardly worth the candle. It seems probable that for a long time we must maintain posts on our present frontier, and trust to time and such civilizing influences as we can bring to bear to tame and educate these wild people. In point of fact, no occupation of Afghanistan could exercise for a long time much influence on the border tribes. The hills between us and Afghanistan proper are too broad to allow the people of those hills to be much impressed by our going into Afghanistan, even if we went to the extreme length of having one line of posts, as at present, on the side of the Punjaub and Sind, and another extending right down from Jellalabad to Quetta, a distance of several hundred miles through rugged country. Even then we should acquire no hold whatever, that we do not now possess, of the tribes in Hazara or bordering on Yusufzai, numbering some forty thousand fighting men, as bold and persevering as any with whom we have had to deal, as witness the Umbeyla expedition in 1863, when we had thirty-six British officers and eight hundred and seventy-one British and native soldiers killed and wounded.

Putting aside these tribes in Yusufzai and Hazara, who would not be affected by our advance into Afghanistan, I believe most officers acquainted with the Punjaub frontier would say that no real influence would arise over the others from any forward move. At all events, no benefit that we could expect from it in this direction would be worth all the trouble, cost, and irritation that would arise from an advance of frontier. Excluding Yusufzai and Hazara, which, as above stated, would be in no way affected, there have been only two expeditions in thirty years in which more than a hundred men were killed and wounded, while in most there were far fewer. In fact, we have had wonderfully little trouble on this frontier, considering that the ground beyond it is so difficult, and that the occupiers of it have been brave freebooters time out of mind, and were much more troublesome to the Sikhs than they have been to us. The great progress which has been made in quieting them since we inherited the frontier from the Sikhs, has been shown in many papers published by Punjaub officials. I think I may pass from this part of the subject; for whatever difference of opinion exists, no one will argue that we ought to occupy positions in Afghanistan

merely to secure ourselves from such occasional trouble as we have experienced from tribes on our own immediate border.

Invasion by Afghans themselves, even if incited by Russia and aided by Russian officers, seems such an unlikely contingency that we need hardly seriously discuss it. Any force of Afghans descending into the plains would be shattered to pieces by a very moderate force of well-disciplined, well-armed troops. If such an invasion threatened, the commanders would judge for themselves whether to advance into the passes and meet the Afghans beyond them, or await their debouchment into our plains. In any case the result may be regarded as certain, whether we judge from the experience of 1839 to 1842, or from recent events. So far no case is made out for putting ourselves forward in permanent positions which almost invite attack in front and severance of communication in the rear.

There remains the great problem of direct Russian attack. To meet this, is it better to hold our present frontier or to advance? Now for a great Russian invasion, aided or not by the Afghans, we should have some considerable warning, and if a commander thought fit, troops could be advanced to suitable positions beyond our frontier not far separated from support. If we had the aid of the Afghans, so much the better. If not, still it would be practicable, as thought best by the military commander, either to advance or to await the Russian attack within our border. But while by defending our own frontier we should be independent of the Afghans, we should, if prematurely occupying forward positions, be very much at their mercy as to our communications; we should have irritated them by occupying posts in their midst; we should have lost the use of troops who might any day be more useful in India; and we should place it out of our power to choose our own way and time of advance. With posts in Afghanistan we should, whether the moment were opportune or inopportune, be obliged, on danger threatening, to use all our means to reinforce these posts, and, however reinforced, they could hardly resist an invading army unless we constructed very elaborate and expensive fortifications, occupied by very strong garrisons.

In all probability we shall, at the moment when this goes to press, occupy Jellalabad, the head of the Koorrum valley, and perhaps Candahar, or, if not Can-

dahar, we shall be pretty near it. Now does anybody believe that the occupation of these three points gives us a frontier? By forming two or three additional posts we may possibly keep up communications between Koorrum and Jellalabad; but how can any sort of military communication be maintained between these two posts and Candahar, distant some five hundred miles, through a mountainous country occupied by wild tribes, and with Cabul and Ghuznee in the hands of the Afghans? I can conceive nothing less like a strong frontier. To keep up secure communication to the rear, between Kohat and Koorrum, Peshawur and Jellalabad, Sind and Candahar, would take fully six thousand men, and even then we should be greatly dependent on subsidizing the tribes—a practice which is costly, which always fails in time of difficulty, and which, when economy sets in, as it usually does after much lavish expenditure, and when subsidies are reduced, causes the tribes whose emoluments are vanishing to turn against us, as happened in Cabul in 1841. To show that I am probably even under-estimating the force required to maintain communications, it will be seen on reference to the Cabul Blue Book of 1842–43 that General Pollock, in April, 1842, informed the government of India that he did not think the Khyber Pass, from the entrance to Daka, could be kept open with less than eight thousand men, and his opinion was founded on the statements of Major Mackeson, who had been eight times through the pass. Of course, if we trust to the tribes, we may for a time dispense with troops to guard our communications, but such a course would be dangerous, probably costly, and certainly very precarious. No military authority would place less than seven or eight thousand men in the three garrisons of Koorrum, Jellalabad or Daka, and Candahar. Thus, with the troops on the line of communication, we should absorb thirteen or fourteen thousand men, of whom quite a third would be British, and whose cost would amount to something like £1,000,000 per annum. Their absence from India would in no way enable us to do with fewer troops in India. Indeed, it is obvious that the existence of garrisons so far from support, and separated from India by mountain passes, would be a constant source of anxiety. Whenever they might be seriously threatened, they would be felt to be weak, and reinforcements would have to be hurried up, despite extreme heat or extreme cold, and whether India did or did not require the

presence of the very troops that we were sending away.

It is difficult to believe that the presence of four or five thousand men at Candahar, and two or three thousand at Jellalabad, would be any real defence against the invasion of India. No sooner had we established ourselves at these points than most cogent reasons would offer for pushing forward from Jellalabad through the passes beyond that place, and on to Cabul; Candahar would not be deemed safe without taking Ghuznee and Khelat-i-Ghilzie to the east, and Furrak, Girishk, and Herat to the west. All this might not come at once, but it would be urged and re-urged as necessary till it was accepted, and from Cabul it would be found necessary, and is now, I fancy, advocated by some, to push forward to the Hindoo Koosh. Once there, this theory of crossing mountain ranges would again come into play, and we should go to the other side of that barrier. In fact, we should speedily have all Afghanistan on our hands,—a country not to be held with less than thirty to forty thousand troops, at a cost of three millions sterling a year. Having done this, how weak we should be! We could hardly muster, even with forty thousand soldiers in the country, ten thousand for Herat. Are we to shut up ten thousand good troops within works to stand a siege, or are we to expect ten thousand in the field to stand the onslaught of a powerful enemy? At such a time the garrisons of Candahar and Cabul would probably have their hands full, and how tardily would material support arrive from India, the nearest post of which, Jacobabad in Sind, is more than seven hundred miles from Herat!

Even if there were no political difficulties in the way of holding and governing Afghanistan, which is far from being the case, the financial objections are patent to all. The country would be a huge drain on the finances of India, and the anxiety inseparable from holding it would be a burden on the mind of each viceroy, and keep him from concentrating his mind on that most arduous task and primary duty, the good government of the people of India. We see some of these difficulties already. Three not very large military forces have been directed on Jellalabad, only ninety miles from Peshawur; on the head of the Koorrum valley, about one hundred and forty miles from our garrison of Kohat; and on the Khojak Pass, and possibly on Candahar, one hundred and forty-seven miles from Quetta, which last

place we have held for some two years. Yet how much time the viceroy and other high officials must have devoted to consideration of questions connected with these operations, how much trouble are these operations entailing everywhere in India, and what a legacy of claims is being created in the assistance we are receiving from native states, to say nothing of a very considerable addition which has been made to the native army! Nearly every authority who has spoken for years past has, even when advocating an advance, scouted the notion of a successful Russian invasion of India; and yet if our advance is not against a Russian invasion, what is its use? Certainly it cannot be supposed that by forcing ourselves into their country we shall make the Afghans better disposed towards us. In all ways our doing this is calculated to weaken us. Politically it embitters the Afghans against us; it makes all India believe that our desire for annexation is still rampant; and those who saw the intense satisfaction experienced by the chiefs and princes in India when we abstained from annexing the Baroda state after the Guicowar had been convicted of a base crime against our representative in 1875, can understand how their loyalty and their reliance on our justice are stimulated by our abstention from the sweeping away of native states or of encroaching on them, and how their apprehensions are aroused by an opposite policy. Those who saw this would appreciate the bad political effect of seizing any of the ameer's territories, and the absolute feeling of relief that would be experienced throughout India if, after a war characterized by brilliant success, we rested content with the frontier we previously possessed. To do this would, I believe, redound to our credit and add to our strength. We could no doubt now obtain from the ameer his assent to the location of residents at Herat, Balk, and Candahar, and possibly, if this was wanted, also at Cabul, besides other concessions. But none of these concessions should, I venture to think, take the form of territory. By judicious management and scrupulously abstaining from interference with the ameer's administration we might hope gradually to win the Afghans to our side, and be so strong in their good-will that we could at any time, if needed, move troops forward with their ready assent. Probably, too, the ameer's successor might be able more strongly to feel the advantage of alliance with us — an alliance which, as would then be known from actual experience, was not desired

by us as a pretext for annexation or interference.

Many will say, But surely we should not go back from Quetta? Certainly I would. We first went to Quetta with the idea of restoring order in Khelat. When we have done this, let us retire. If it is determined to hold Quetta, I shall regret it. I believe it will have a good political effect to come back, and it will leave us strong in a military point of view. If we remain there, or at Pisheen or Candahar, or in Koorrum, or at Jellalabad, or all of them, I do not in the least suppose our hold on India will be seriously affected; but I do believe we shall do ourselves harm by these encroachments on the territory of others, that we shall be rather weaker than stronger by such measures, that we shall be incurring useless expense, and that we shall bring upon ourselves constant worry as to communications and possible threatening of these posts. In proportion as we go forward, so, I conceive, shall we be increasing our difficulties politically, financially, and strategically. Our base in India is the sea. With this we have now free communication from all our military posts, and none of our posts or garrisons have had their communications with that base cut off since 1857. Why should we now place garrisons in positions that are liable to be cut off until we can move considerable brigades to open up the road? It would surely seem very bad policy to do this.

To sum up, may it not be urged that from each and every aspect of the question, military, political, or financial, we should refrain from advancing our frontier? We all hope for complete success for our arms, and when that is satisfactorily achieved, let us show ourselves alike wise and generous foes, and take advantage of a wonderful opportunity for winning the Afghans to our friendship.

I must now say a few words as to the censures passed from time to time on those who have taken the side that I advocate. We are told we are no patriots, and that we are exposing our weak points to our possible Russian foes. To the latter accusation I would reply that I expose no weak points. On the contrary, I maintain that we are very strong, and that it is others who constantly advocate measures on the distinct ground that we are weak. It is their writings, I must think, with much regard for the writers, which have harped on our imaginary weak points, which have raised suspicion in Afghanistan, and which may have partly incited Russia to such efforts as she has made to gain a footing

in Cabul. As to patriotism, I will make no counter-charge whatever. Most of those who have written are soldiers, and all, no doubt, love their country, and desire the honor and security of its possessions; but I have not learned yet to think that patriotism and aggression are identical, or that those who are content to maintain our present frontiers are necessarily indifferent to their country's glory. All that I will say against my friends who have expressed opinions the reverse of those I now enunciate, is that I do not trace in their writings a due appreciation of our present strength, or of the importance of many considerations, especially those of a financial nature, under a constitutional government, where changes of policy often arise, and where there is a manifest reluctance to tax England for Indian purposes, while India is little able to pay charges for a country like Afghanistan, in which the revenue must always be small. Circumstances might, therefore, any day leave us in a critical position with weak garrisons in Afghanistan, their communications at the mercy of hill tribes whose subsidies had been reduced or done away with, and with India in a condition to spare no troops for the support of our forces in Afghanistan. Those who advocate advance hardly seem to consider these points; but they are to be complimented on the energy with which, in season and out of season, they have set forth their opinions, and from their own point of view they are to be congratulated on the marvellous success of their persevering efforts. They seem to have convinced a ministry, and, undeniably, they have induced many quiet-going people to clamor in favor of active operations against Afghanistan. Whether the actual results of the war will satisfy the advocates of a rectification policy is very doubtful, and it may be taken for granted that, whatever positions are taken up, we shall soon have active agitation and many plausible reasons put forward for further advance.

In conclusion, I would allude to the comparison more than once drawn of late between our frontier in India and the rampart of a fortress; in this it is contended that we must hold the rampart—that is, the hills encircling our territory, and have command of the glacis beyond. This is no doubt a smart saying, but how does it accord with facts? What similarity is there between a mountain barrier of great width and broken up in the most varied ways, dividing India from a mountainous country like Afghanistan, and a rampart? and where is the glacis? Is Sir Samuel

Browne, with the Khyber behind him, with his convoys subject to annoyance by the hill tribes, and with communications, which if not held by considerable forces of our own troops are constantly liable to be cut, and with three passes in his front, like the defender of a rampart? Is General Roberts opposite to the lofty Shutur Gurdun, with a line of posts behind him to keep open his communications, in any respect like the defender of a fortress, that fortress being India? Would the position of our troops at Candahar, if they advance so far, or of Pisheen, if that is the point taken up, be in any respect like that of the defenders of the fortress called India? There is, indeed, no similarity at all in the matter, nor are the cases parallel to that of detached outworks of a fort. From such outworks of course in all ordinary times, and until an enemy had gained considerable success, there would be free communication with the fortress. In the positions now occupied, from the very first there is no secure communication. Turning to another point, how different is the interior of India itself from the interior of a fortress! In the latter the defenders have their own troops and friends. In the interior of India we have two hundred millions of people, differing among themselves in many respects, but different from us in many more, including religion, and though in the main loyal, yet liable to strong prejudices, and some of them easily subject to fanatical influences. Among them are princes of ancient houses and those who are the successors of more modern conquerors, with forces of their own, and it is therefore as necessary to look to the interior of our fortress as to the exterior, and not to fritter away our troops or waste our resources by advances of territory, save on the most absolute evidence of necessity.

In this paper it has been attempted to show that there is no such necessity; that we are stronger without an extension of territory than with it, and that we would do well to rest content with that frontier which we inherited from our predecessors, leaving it to our military leaders to decide, when danger threatens, how to meet that danger as an operation of war, and on a consideration of the circumstances then existing, and which it is at present impossible to foresee.

After I had written the foregoing, I had the advantage of seeing the report of General Hamley's lecture on "The Strategical Conditions of our Indian North-west Frontier," delivered at a meeting of the Royal

United Service Institution. As might have been expected, it is a masterly production, and his views as to the inexpediency of going beyond the Khyber, or of supposing we can improve our position by advancing our frontier into eastern Afghanistan, seem quite unanswerable. He, however, looks on the occupation of Quetta as an admirable move, but would desire to go further, and hold Candahar. To me it seems that many of the arguments used for advancing beyond the Khyber apply equally to an advance beyond the Bolan, and I remain unconvinced by what General Hamley says as to Candahar. He touches little on the political, moral, or financial conditions of his proposal. These, however, would have to be very carefully considered by those who had to decide our future position in Afghanistan; nor do I conceive it possible that a question of advancing a frontier could be decided without reference to such considerations. The expense of occupying Candahar in strength would be considerable; among other items, the cost of a strong fortification at Candahar, and a railway from the Indus, at least as far as Dadur, would between them probably cost a million of money, with little prospect of profit from the railway. Our holding Candahar would be a standing grievance to the Afghans, and, as was not dimly shadowed forth during the meeting, this move would before long lead to our advance to Herat. Indeed, General Hamley is reported to have said, that with Candahar we must also secure the passage of the Helmund River at Girishk, seventy-four miles further on in the direction of Herat. To the east of Candahar, too, would not adverse influences soon come into play, and would it not be found necessary to take Khelat-i-Ghilzie, Ghuznee, and then Cabul? In fact, it seems pretty certain that if we occupy Candahar we shall never stop there.

General Hamley apparently thinks that we should, even in the valley of the Indus, be able with good management to give an excellent account of any invading foe; but, although he admits there are good grounds for taking this view, he thinks that, under certain circumstances, we should have a difficult task; that difficulties, in fact, would arise if the invading army was "not all the assembled forces of the Afghans, not such a Russian force as we saw lately assembled on the frontier of Bokhara, not such an army as Persia can at present send forth, any or all of whom would fall far short of the requirements of such an enterprise." But General Hamley sup-

poses that Russia has "completed those improvements in her communications which we know she persistently contemplates; that she has united the Caspian and the Aral by a railway; or that, combining with Persia, she has made a convenient way from the southern shore of the Caspian to Herat; that the ruler of Afghanistan has thrown in his lot with them; and that within the fortified triangle — Herat, Candahar, Cabul — the dispositions for this great undertaking have been brought deliberately, with all the aids of military science, to completion."

I assume, however, that these steps, which would take many years to carry out, and which would entail a vast expenditure, would not be permitted by England without prompt and strong measures being taken to counteract them in Europe and in Asia. And I doubt if General Hamley has given sufficient weight to the very serious difficulties arising from climate, which a Russian army entering the valley of the Indus would experience during a large portion of the year from excessive heat, from want of water, and from the fever, which deals so hardly even with those who are acclimatized.

I would, therefore, again say, keep to the old frontier, strengthen it, and improve communications; husband your resources, be watchful, and, though having a right to look to our diplomacy and to our power in Europe to aid in preventing our being annoyed by a European power through Afghanistan, be prepared to defend that empire which has been entrusted to us, by military action within or beyond the frontier as may seem best when occasion offers. But do not let us lock up troops in premature anticipation of a foe who may never come, and do not let us drive the Afghans into an increased dislike of us by a seizure of some of their best territory, when it is our wisest policy to make them friends.

H. W. NORMAN.

From The Spectator.
STATESMEN IN CARICATURE.

IT is far from politically uninteresting, and it is certainly very amusing, to look over the three series of caricatures which have been republished from *Punch* of the political figures of Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Bright. The point seized on for caricature in each case recurs so often as to suggest either a very marked peculiarity in the character of the states-

man caricatured, or else a very marked divergence between the character of the average Englishman and that of the statesman thus caricatured. In some cases, both are distinctly marked, — an inequality of character amounting to a flaw in the statesman, and an inequality of character amounting to a flaw in the nation which is so sensitive to this particular flaw in the statesman. For example, the dislike in the middle class British mind to the imaginative element in Mr. Disraeli is very distinctly shadowed forth in the caricatures of *Punch*, yet unquestionably Lord Beaconsfield would not be where he is, if he had not had this imaginative element in his composition. So, again, the distaste of the British middle class for Mr. Gladstone's intense earnestness and reality of purpose appears in cartoon after cartoon; yet most assuredly without that intense earnestness and reality of purpose, Mr. Gladstone would never have wielded the power he has wielded, and still wields, for it was not in him either to be shrewd and sagacious without being in earnest, or to simulate the indifference which he did not feel. The points at which there is collision between the taste of the class which produces *Punch*, and the characters of the statesmen satirized, mark quite as much the narrowness and limitation of the British middle class as the excesses or defects of our leaders, and for that reason also, as well as for the lights they shed on the great Parliamentary leaders themselves, these sketches of the caricaturable elements in our statesmen are so instructive. They show us our own unreasonableness, as well as the unreasonableness of our great men.

Lord Beaconsfield's most caricaturable point is, of course, his tendency to play an unreal but grandiose part. He is continually represented as a mountebank of some kind, — as winking with the Sphinx, or playing the acrobat with Léotard, or enacting the part of Mr. Puff in "The Critic," or arrayed as the peri winning her way into Paradise, or with wings springing from his shoulders, delivering, with his tongue in his cheek, his declaration that he is "on the side of the angels." It is his skill in mystifying and tricking us, which catches at once the eye of the caricaturist. But though, of course, this is absolutely just satire, it is not the less obvious that something is set down to this sort of jugglery and cunning which is really due to the power of the man, and not to his weakness, — to his largeness in looking all round the political horizon for elements which seem

irrelevant to ordinary people, which seem to them like the mere stock in trade of mystification, but are much more, and turn out to be either really important, or at all events, potentially important, elements of the problem in hand. Thus a good many even of these admirable cartoons are, if we only saw it, caricatures of our own inadequacies of mind, as well as of Lord Beaconsfield's redundancies of theatrical strategy. We are harder than we should be on the men who take new departures in political controversy, because we are so unable to enter into original ideas, and are so apt to regard them as merely elaborate preparations for throwing dust in our eyes. Thus in one of *Punch's* best cartoons of Mr. Disraeli in 1867, — the one called "Fagin's Political School," — in which he is cunningly "educating his party," and teaching his young friends of the Conservative Cabinet how to pick the pockets of the Whigs of their Reform measures, — the leading idea is one of mere vulgar trickiness and dishonesty. But whether Mr. Disraeli were tricky or not in his policy, — whatever were his real motives for the Reform Bill of 1867, — thus much all candid politicians now acknowledge, that he foresaw better than any of his friends or opponents how much there was in a Tory policy which would recommend itself to the feelings of the least educated and least self-dependent class; how great often is the affinity between the ideas of Tory soldiers and the ideas of wages-earning artisans; how apt extremes are to meet, and some of the secret beliefs of the squirearchical party to find an echo in some of the political emotions of the London mob. There is no doubt that our best caricaturists often caricature our own narrowness and rigidity of mind, even though all the amusement which we derive from their caricatures seems to be at the expense of the person satirized. Lord Beaconsfield is a political mountebank, no doubt; he has always got some pill or other to sell, which is "very good against an earthquake." But not the less is it true that often when we have been laughing at him in our false security, we should rather have been laughing at ourselves, — often he has seemed absurd as much because we were blind, as because he was dodgy, — often he has discovered what we had quite ignored, and what we mistook for dust thrown into our eyes, was really the veil under which a great transformation scene of the constitution was preparing.

It is the same with *Punch's* caricatures of Mr. Gladstone. No trait is so often

singled out for caricature in Mr. Gladstone as his imperious humility and want of political tact. As Mr. Disraeli is almost always playing wizard or conjuror, or acting the sly sphinx, or making up as a country bumpkin who wants to do "the confidence-trick," Mr. Gladstone is always throttling hydras, or taking the bull by the horns, or cutting down trees, or defying the lightning, or putting on the armor of Achilles, or else dictating a humiliating policy to his country with a high hand, serving up "Berlin humble-pie" very soon after he had served up "Geneva humble-pie," confessing to floggings which, as he angrily asserts, "don't hurt," or going away for his holiday with a snub from his employer for the unconciliatory attitude of his service. Imperiousness of purpose, even when it is a purpose of self-humiliation, is the note of the caricatures of Mr. Gladstone. He is never given credit for tact, and never for coolness. His voice is always at concert pitch, even when he strikes the key-note of elaborate humility. Whether he puts an abrupt extinguisher on Mr. Miall, or hews away at the jungle of the army purchase system, or attacks the two-headed giant of the City Corporation, or explains to Hodge that he intends to enfranchise him, not for any benefit to be reaped by Hodge, but exclusively for the benefit to be reaped by himself as the Liberal leader, the idea is always the same,— of a supreme imperiousness of purpose, which, whether it takes the form of lowliness or not, is too high-handed for the nation, and betrays a complete obtuseness or indifference — or rather, perhaps, both obtuseness and indifference — to the obvious tendencies of national feeling. *Punch's* notion of Mr. Gladstone is of one who, being once empowered by the nation to act for it, quickly alienates the nation's regard by a too peremptory and conscientious use of the power bestowed on him. He does not feel his way, but cuts very straight to the end. He is not warned by hostile symptoms; he is not on the lookout for friendly hints; he has all the arrogance of political virtue, even when he involves the nation as well as himself in a pitiful position. And here, again, surely a great deal of the satire is satire on ourselves. It would not be satire at all, did we not assume that the proper policy for a statesman is to keep everybody in good-humor whom, consistently with any substantial portion of his main end, he can keep in good-humor; that his mind should be less bent on attaining his object, than

on husbanding popularity in his mode of attaining it; that a large and deliberate sacrifice of principle is always worth while, for the sake of oiling the wheels of State; that in politics there should be no such thing as sheer straightforwardness, — that a statesman ought always to find "the line of least resistance," even though by taking it he mutilates his measures, and lowers the tone of his legislation. *Punch* satirizes the English craving for smoothness and compromise, at least as much as it satirizes Mr. Gladstone's imperious and somewhat reckless conscientiousness.

The caricatures of Mr. Bright harp chiefly on the paradoxes of his Quaker gruffness, on the disposition of his imagination and enthusiastic popular sympathies to overshoot his middle-class Conservatism and common sense, on the frequent violence of his language even when he was half afraid of getting the third part of what he asked, on his semi-republican aspirations combined with the entire loyalty of his personal feelings towards the throne. *Punch* pictures the gigantic democrat in coarse caricature, and paints Mr. Bright running timidly between his legs, and saying, with broken accents, "I have no fe — fe — fear of ma — manhood suffrage." He paints him again as rather admiring himself in his court-dress, in spite of the Quaker scruples with which he puts it on. The caricaturable point in Mr. Bright is the conflict between his imaginative radicalism and his homely middle-class fears and hopes. Yet here, again, is not a great part of the sarcasm directed at ourselves? It is because we accept so implicitly middle-class prejudice as pure common sense, and reject so absolutely the democratic dream as mischievous moonshine, that we appreciate the sting of this satire so keenly. We regard all the wider hopes of Mr. Bright as half insincere, because we see how deeply he sympathizes with that in us which distrusts these wider hopes. Yet Mr. Bright is above the class to which he belongs precisely in this, — that he cannot limit his conceptions of political hope to its smug and limited ideal; that he dreams of a period when the multitude may be higher and more sagacious than the middle class is now, though he does not think the time ripe for testing the augury of his dream. There is hardly one of these clever political caricatures which does not hit as weak a point in the people who laugh at it, as it hits in the statesman who is made the subject of their mirth.

From The Spectator.

SCEPTICAL PATRONAGE OF THE POPE.

MR. MALLOCK, in his contributions to the *Nineteenth Century*, is making for himself a new and curious function,—of a sceptical patron of the pope. In paper after paper he explains to his astonished readers why it is probably reasonable to be a Roman Catholic, though he himself, as he adds emphatically in the last paper, is not a Roman Catholic, but a sceptic,—“a literal sceptic,” as he expresses it,—in other words “a complete outsider, who is desirous, in considering the religious condition of our time, to estimate fairly and fully the character and the prospects of the one existing religion that seems capable either of appealing to or of appeasing it.” But Mr. Mallock’s papers hardly correspond with this definition of his position. He is, of course, outside the Church of Rome, but if he is weighing all that can be said for and against it, as a true sceptic would, he is keeping one side of his thoughts to himself, and only giving the other to the world. He suppresses his difficulties, and divulges only the recommendations of the Church of Rome. A true sceptic would tell you what it is that still keeps him doubtful of the claims which he so strongly urges upon us. But Mr. Mallock writes his testimonials for the Church of Rome without confiding to us why these testimonials have not prevailed with himself,—why he has not yet engaged for his own spiritual case the physician whose fame he is doing almost all in his power to spread among his countrymen. He is not unjustly severe on the agnosticism of Professor Tyndall, who boasts in one breath of the mystical humility with which he accepts the incomprehensible agency of human consciousness in the sequences of the natural universe, and withdraws in the next all reality from his concession. But is not Mr. Mallock himself doing much the same thing, when he explains so elaborately why the Roman Catholic Church has such admirable claims to a hearing, and then only tells us blankly that he is not a Catholic, but a sceptic, without any of the reasons why he has not been persuaded by his own arguments? If Professor Tyndall declines to be either a materialist or an immaterialist, Mr. Mallock declines to be either a believer or a disbeliever, and we do not know why the suspense of opinion between apparent contradictions which he denounces in Professor Tyndall as illogical and cowardly, should be more praiseworthy in Mr. Mal-

lock. We do not doubt that he has his reasons for not becoming a Catholic, and is really hesitating between inconsistent conclusions, unable to accept either, and still more unable to accept both; but if so, how does his position differ from Professor Tyndall’s, as to the material and immaterial character of causation? He, too, hesitates between two opposite conclusions, unable to accept either, and still more unable to accept both,—though in a moment of unusual imaginative catholicity he declines to treat them as mutually exclusive,—which Mr. Mallock, if we understand him rightly, thinks an unpardonable weakness. Yet we doubt whether from Professor Tyndall’s point of view, it really is so. If human reason be to some extent a glimpse of the Infinite reason, if its laws are impressions of the thought which is part and parcel of creation, then, indeed, contradictions in thought must correspond to incompatibilities in fact. But if not, if the theological view of the universe be a dream of fanatics, if consciousness itself be an accident not belonging to the true chain of causation at all, but rather an irrelevant redundancy, which has crept into the universe as an impotent interloper who can alter nothing,—why might it not be one of the natural imbecilities of such a position that man is compelled to see radical inconsistencies between things which are actually consistent because they consist, or indeed that he should regard as perfectly consistent things as mutually exclusive as hate and love? We doubt whether it be even so illogical for an agnostic to take the benefit of absolute contradictions in thought, as it is for a sceptic to recommend the Church of Rome to others, while suppressing the weighty reasons which still deny to him the benefits he perceives. Is it possible that Mr. Mallock rather likes the position of a patron *ab extra*, and shrinks from that of obedience *ab intra*, to which he would have to betake himself, if he were to be convinced by his own arguments? Some features in his essays look like it. There must be something novel and dignified in patronizing so old and mighty an organization as the Church of Rome. There must be something gratifying in sensibly promoting by fallible reasons the prospects of an infallible pope. There is an “*Ego et rex meus*” tone about Mr. Mallock’s papers, which of course he would have to abandon, if he ever entered the Church. He does not act at all as Dr. Newman acted when, by long and slow and reluctant approximation, he rather felt than saw his

way into the Roman Church. Dr. Newman thought it essential to his position to protest against the Church of Rome; and he protested, as long as he could, till he had sounded all his own objections, and believed that he had found them wanting. But Mr. Mallock airily defends the Church, from the high ground of his scepticism. He tells the English people that if there be a faith worth anything, there it is, though, for his own part, he is not satisfied that there is a faith worth anything anywhere,—a position which seems to us rather ominous of the doubtful value of Mr. Mallock's creed. For our own part, we should have thought that this position involved so much more ultimate and profound a doubt than any other, that it would have been better to be quite sure on that point first, before proceeding to determine the hypothetical question as to which guide is the true one, if any guide there be. We do not usually rate very highly the power of any one to discriminate between shades of excellence, who has not as yet assured himself whether there be such a thing as excellence at all. We should hardly choose a man who doubted whether sound finance were possible, to point out which of existing systems of finance were the soundest. We should hardly choose a profound sceptic of all virtue, to compare for us the moral worth of different men. And we confess to a doubt whether the point of view of complete scepticism as to the existence of any supernatural faith, is the best for determining which of the actual faiths of mankind in the supernatural is the truest.

The defect of Mr. Mallock's method, in proposing rather to find out where God's revelation is, if there be any revelation, than from a profound belief in revealed truth to find out the Church which has preserved that truth most faithfully, is very strikingly illustrated in the curious pages which conclude his new paper in the *Nineteenth Century*, on intolerance and persecution. His contention there is, that certainty is always and rightly intolerant of that which undermines certainty, and that persecution is nothing but the means which a just intolerance takes, when it can safely take it, for preventing the great mischief which comes of the undermining of certainty. He points out that we are all, and quite rightly, intolerant of immoral teaching; that the law of a healthy State *persecutes* immoral teaching; and he maintains that, on precisely the same grounds, a State which had a strong faith in the supernatural would be intolerant of scepticism,

and persecute it, as a sanitary measure, if it seemed probable that the persecution would be effectual. But here the nature of his scepticism really makes his argument worthless. If he had been quite sure, to begin with, that there is a supernatural world and a supernatural life to know, he would have seen why it is impossible to put the inculcation of immoral principles, and the inculcation of wrong views concerning that supernatural life, on the same basis. The very core and essence of our faith in God is our faith in righteousness. On that point, revelation hinges; from that centre, all revealed truth proceeds. It is therefore quite allowable and natural to be more certain of the heart of the matter, than of the less ultimate and far more mysterious and vaguely-defined truths which are more or less derivative,—which depend on our grasp of the heart of the matter. It is precisely the same in natural science. If we find a man believing, and acting as if he believed that two and three make nine, we no longer consider him competent to manage his own affairs, and even empower others to supersede him. But if we find a man merely believing, like the late Mr. Urquhart, that Russia is the author of all evil in politics, or, like certain currency fanatics, that a paper currency would make States prosperous, we permit them to air their crotchets freely, because we think that it is the greatest possible security for truth, to be constantly challenged to resist, and to be obliged to answer, error. So in relation to theology, it may be and is necessary to assume the moral law as at the very basis of human life, though the moral law is intellectually open to criticism. But it does not follow that we should prohibit what we think to be error, in relation to the less ultimate though still sure truths of revelation, because it may be the very best test of those truths, the very best evidence of their divine power to vivify the human conscience, that they should dispute their position with erroneous views on the same subject, and prove their power, like all other divine power, to hold their own. Mr. Mallock ignores the fact that in relation to hundreds and thousands of natural laws and truths which it is very mischievous to doubt, we permit the open advocacy of doubt, and even denial, and find our full advantage in permitting it, the result being that they prove their truth in the best possible way, by vanquishing these doubts and denials. Why should not the same method be applied to theology? The Roman Church herself admits that such conclu-

sions as she has reached were only reached through doubt, denial, discussion, and the pronouncement which followed discussion. Where is the proof that the method which established these truths is not also the best method to maintain them? Is the supernatural world so unreal, that it cannot vindicate its truth against the illusions of human philosophy, though the natural world succeeds in vindicating its truths against the illusions of false science? The truth is that Mr. Mallock's ultimate scepticism has blinded him to the fact that there is no real parallelism between tolerating criminal immorality and tolerating false theology. If we do not know what righteousness is, even better than we know what God is, we do not know God at all. It is reasonable, therefore, to assume a deeper certainty concerning righteousness than concerning those truths about God which go beyond the assumption of his righteousness. And it does not follow at all that we should not welcome that check upon false theological conclusions which is secured by free discussion, because we do not welcome a check which we do not need on the possible dogmatisms of moral decency. It is certain, that even in relation to revelation, discussion was the first condition of eliciting the truth. *A priori*, then, it might be expected to remain the best condition of maintaining the truth. Those who deny that it is so ought to prove their case, not to throw the *onus* of proving it on their opponents.

From Nature.

GALL-MAKING INSECTS.

AT the St. Louis meeting of the American Association Prof. C. V. Riley read a paper on the gall-making *Pemphiginæ*. He said that the life-history and agamic multiplication of the plant-lice (*Aphididæ*) have always excited the interest of entomologists as well as of anatomists and embryologists. The life-history, however, of the gall-making species belonging to the *Pemphiginæ* has baffled the skill of

observers more than that of any other group. Mr. Riley is about to publish some new biological discoveries relating to this family of insects, in connection with a descriptive and monographic paper by Mr. J. Monell, of the St. Louis Botanic Gardens. The paper laid before the association simply records some of the yet unpublished facts discovered. All of the older writers, in treating of the different gall-producing *Pemphiginæ* of Europe, have invariably failed to trace the life-history of the different species after the winged females leave the galls, and, with few exceptions, have erroneously inferred that the direct issue from the winged females hibernates somewhere. The most recent production on the subject is a paper published in the present year in Cassel, by Dr. H. F. Kessler, which is entitled the "Life-History of the Gall-making Plant-Lice, affecting *Ulmus campestris*." The author, by a series of ingenious experiments, rightly came to the conclusion that the insects hibernate on the trunk, but he failed to discover in what condition they so hibernate. Led by his previous investigations into the habits of the grape *Phylloxera*, Mr. Riley discovered, in 1872, that some of our elm-feeding species of *Pemphiginæ* produce wingless and mouthless males and females, and that the female lays but one solitary impregnated egg. Continuing his observations, especially during the present summer, he has been able to trace the life-history of those species producing galls on our own elms, and to show that they all agree in this respect, and that the impregnated egg produced by the female is consigned to the sheltered portions of the trunk of the tree and there hibernates — the issue therefrom being the stem-mother which founds the gall-inhabiting colony the ensuing spring. Thus the analogy in the life-history of the *Pemphiginæ* and the *Phylloxerina* is established, and the question as to what becomes of the winged insects after they leave the galls is no longer an open one. They instinctively seek the bark of the tree and there give birth to the sexual individuals, either directly or (in one species) through intervening generations.

IN a recent voyage from Melbourne to the Fiji Islands, the steamer "Ariel" called at Lord Howe Island, where twenty-five people in all were found. The island is mountainous, of volcanic origin, but well wooded, about five miles long, and from one and a half to two

miles broad, and is situated some four hundred miles east of Sydney. The communication of the inhabitants with the outer world is nowadays very uncertain, as whalers but rarely visit them.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XXV. }

No. 1810.—February 22, 1879.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXL.

CONTENTS.

I. NEGRO SLAVERY UNDER ENGLISH RULE. By Francis William Newman,	<i>Fraser's Magazine,</i>	451
II. SIR GIBBIE. By George MacDonald, author of "Malcolm," "The Marquis of Lossie," etc. Part XIV.,	<i>Advance Sheets,</i>	464
III. ANCIENT EGYPT,	<i>Contemporary Review,</i>	470
IV. WITHIN THE PRECINCTS. By Mrs. Oli- phant. Part XX.,	<i>Advance Sheets,</i>	481
V. GRIMALDI,	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	497
VI. GAUR,	<i>Athenæum,</i>	505
VII. AMERICAN SURVEYS AND EXPLORATIONS, .	<i>Nature,</i>	510

POETRY.

THE OLD LABORER,	450	THE EARTH-SPIRIT,	450
MISCELLANY,	512		

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.

THE OLD LABORER.

F. W. FABER.

1.

WHAT end doth he fulfil?
He seems without a will,
Stupid, unhelpful, helpless, age-worn man!
He hath let the years pass;
He hath toiled and heard mass,
Done what he could, and now does what he
can.

2.

And this forsooth is all!
A plant or animal
Hath a more positive work to do than he;
Along his daily beat,
Delighting in the heat,
He crawls in sunshine which he does not see.

3.

What doth God get from him?
His very mind is dim,
Too weak to love and too obtuse to fear.
Is there glory in his strife?
Is there meaning in his life?
Can God hold such a thing-like person dear?

4.

Peace! he is dying now;
No light is on his brow;
He makes no sign, but without sign departs.
The poor die often so,
And yet they long to go,
To take to God their over-weighted hearts.

5.

Born only to endure,
The patient, passive poor
Seem useful chiefly by their multitude;
For they are men who keep
Their lives secret and deep;
Alas! the poor are seldom understood.

6.

The laborer that is gone
Was childless and alone,
As homeless as his Saviour was before him;
He told in no man's ear
His longing or his fear,
Nor what he thought of life as it passed o'er
him.

7.

He had so long been old
His heart was close and cold,
He had no love to take, no love to give:
Men almost wished him dead;
'Twas best for him, they said;
'Twas such a weary sight to see him live.

8.

He walked with painful stoop,
As if life made him droop,
And care had fastened fetters round his feet;
He saw no bright blue sky,
Except what met his eye
Reflected from the rain-pools in the street.

9.

To whom was he of good?
He slept and he took food,
He used the earth and air and kindled fire;
He bore to take relief,
Less as a right than grief:
To what might such a soul as his aspire?

10.

His inexpressive eye
Peered round him vacantly,
As if whate'er he did he would be chidden;
He seemed a mere growth of earth;
Yet even he had mirth,
As the great angels have, untold and hidden.

11.

Always his downcast eye
Was laughing silently,
As if he found some jubilee in thinking;
For his one thought was God,
In that one thought he abode,
Forever in that thought more deeply sinking.

12.

Thus did he live his life,
A kind of passive strife,
Upon the God within his heart relying;
Men left him all alone,
Because he was unknown,
But he heard the angels sing when he was
dying.

13.

God judges by a light
Which baffles mortal sight,
And the useless-seeming man the crown hath
won;
In his vast world above,
A broader world of love,
God hath some grand employment for his son.

THE EARTH-SPIRIT.

"So at the whirring loom of time work I,
And the garment of life weave for Deity."
FAUST.

THE river comes from the mountains
And flows to the mighty sea,
And, moved by its calm, strong current,
The mills whirr ceaselessly.

The shuttles hum and clatter,
And, darting to and fro,
Weave, in their constant motion,
The fabric as they go.

So the calm, strong life around us
Moves the busy lives we see,
That bear the woof of duty
Through the warp of eternity.

W. P. A.

From Fraser's Magazine.

NEGRO SLAVERY UNDER ENGLISH RULE.*

BY FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN.

ABUNDANT experience has established in the cultivated men of Europe, as testified in European literature, the conviction that a fixed system of slavery is a deadly plague-spot in any national institution. Notoriously, it is fatally demoralizing to the masters, and inevitably oppressive to the slaves. From an industrial aspect it is intensely wasteful; and by dishonoring labor, it propagates idleness and vice among poor freemen. Through the danger of insurrections it also conduces to military weakness. Notwithstanding the attempts in the American Union at a philosophical defence of the cruel and ruinous system but lately dominant there, and the deplorable support given to them in England by one eminent man of letters, we can happily say that the vile and hateful institution is now thoroughly condemned by the collective European intellect.

But unhappily English colonists and seamen in large numbers are unversed in our higher literature, are ignorant of past history, and, when out of reach of English law, are very apt to reconstruct both law and morals for themselves. In many of our colonies, as in the Mauritius and in Queensland, local laws are made which reduce Chinese immigrants to a state closely similar to slavery. In the English West Indies nothing but the strong hand of the home government stops the importation of coolies to be converted into virtual slaves; and the temper shown by the whites of the Cape Colony towards the native Kafirs and Hottentots is anything but assuring. It is but a little while ago since the excellent and humane Commodore Goodenough was killed on one island of the Pacific, and Bishop Patteson on another, because English merchant ships had carried natives away by fraud or violence. Fiji has narrowly been rescued from such lawless treatment, and Sir Alexander Gordon, the governor, without very ample and

exceptional powers, would be quite unable to suppress our buccaneers, who with the arts of high civilization and the enterprise of capital unite gross and heartless brutality. Unless knowledge in the English public reinforce our government, which is always so overworked as to lean towards evil laxity, the British colonies are likely to use their early freedom in this pernicious direction. But (so many are the novelties and distractions of English politics) our young people in tens of thousands are totally ignorant of the history of negro slavery. Even those who cannot at all be called uneducated easily believe bold assertions — such as, that the liberation of West Indian slaves was an unfortunate mistake and a failure; that the anti-slavery party ought to have aimed at gradual abolition and did not; that they were fanatics; that the islands have never been so prosperous since the emancipation; and that as slaves the blacks were better off and better behaved than now. So widespread is ignorance of this great and melancholy history in the younger generation, that it is believed a retrospect in moderate compass may be timely and acceptable.

The first matter perhaps on which a distinct understanding is desirable, is the legal aspect of the slave trade and of slavery. The one and the other were from the beginning utterly illegal, and only gained a show of legality through the malversations and neglects of *executive* officers, whose real duty was to denounce the system and suppress it wherever it lay in their power. The position of the English king and his chief ministers was in early days somewhat difficult, and a few words may be not amiss on this head. The power of Queen Elizabeth by sea was very puny in comparison to that of Spain; the supplies of her exchequer scant. She rejoiced in the exploits of individual sea-captains, with little inquiry as to the legality of their proceedings, whether towards Spaniards or Africans. The English slave trade, in fact, began with Sir John Hawkins in the year 1562. He had obtained leave from the queen to carry Africans to America *with their own free consent*; but he forced them on board his ships not without slaughter, and escaped

* *Slavery and Freedom in the British West Indies*. By Charles Buxton, M.P. Longmans. 1860.

The Anti-Slavery Reporter.

The Slave Colonies of Great Britain. Hatchard and Son, 1826, second edition.

without punishment; nay, a few years later, received high honor from the queen. When Virginia attained a fixed condition as a colony — scarcely before 1615, in which year fifty acres of land were assigned to every emigrant and his heirs — the cultivation of tobacco instantly followed. Five years later a Dutch ship brought a cargo of negroes from the coast of Africa, whom the Virginians (a mixed body of very low morals) joyfully received as slaves. But neither the slave trade nor slavery had any legal sanction. King James was always in debt, and far too much occupied with his own miserable pleasures to care about such a peccadillo, though in granting a new constitution for Virginia he reserved a veto to their laws for the court in England. Under James I. and Charles I. the English Parliament was helpless, and the slavery once introduced became chronic; children and grandchildren were born in slavery, and the system spread to our new colonies on the continent. Of the West Indian islands, most were occupied, and slavery introduced, by other European nations before us, so that England, in conquering them, found slavery existing.

No sooner had we got free from struggle against the Stuarts than King William III. involved us in Continental war. Our growing maritime power sufficed to enforce anything upon the colonies on which the Parliament was bent; but the mass of the people knew little about the negroes, and the religion of Protestants, being constructed too much on the mere letter of the Bible, was not at all shocked by the idea of slavery. It was otherwise with the slave *trade*. Man-stealing is denounced by name in the New Testament as an odious wickedness, and common sense taught every one that to hunt and capture Africans for slaves or to buy them of the captors was as gross and indefensible a cruelty as if Algerines were to land on our coasts and carry Englishmen into slavery — a lot which did befall some of our seamen when intercepted by these pirates. Brydges, in his "History of Jamaica," tells us that as many as seventy thousand slaves were imported into that island during the ten years, 1751–1760. It is a popular

error to suppose that Parliament passed a law to legalize the slave trade — an error propagated by the violent and unscrupulous men who engaged in it. But the law which undertook to "regulate the trade of Africa" (23d of George II.) added a strict prohibition, under penalties, against taking on board or carrying away any African "by force or fraud." Fraud and violence were freely used; but the colonial authorities winked at it. The home ministry perhaps had no "official information;" and even in this century we know that the president of the Board of Control and the chairman of the Hon. East India Company professed in Parliament profound ignorance and disbelief of what was notorious to the missionaries and indigo-planters, that the revenue over the greater part of India was collected by torture. Each ministry in turn coveted the support of as many "interests" as possible, and dreaded to make any great "interest" its enemy.

How soon "the planting interest" became powerful it is hard to say, but it is certain that in the middle of the last century they were a compact political body, and that there was a permanent connivance on the part of the British ministries, who did not choose to risk incurring the planters' enmity. Besides, since the crown had reserved for itself a veto on colonial legislation, which abounded with acts assuming slavery as legal, and with severe enforcements on the oppressed victims, all the ministries in succession implicated themselves in the guilt by not advising the sovereign to use the veto. Moreover, as time went on, the English crown had slave colonies of its own, in which was no colonial legislature. These were counted as four, viz. two in Guiana (Demerara and Berbice), St. Lucia, and Trinidad. The Cape and the Mauritius were soon added. Thus while no Parliamentary sanction was given to the slave trade or to slavery (further than the careless use of the word *slave*, perhaps by the cunning amendment of planters sitting in the House), the executive government both at home and in the colonies treacherously and by *lachesse* established it in fact, though this could not make it legal. Americans of the Southern States have often reproached England with

“forcing slavery upon them.” It is very certain that they were glad to be “forced;” but their plea suggests that some of our ministries went beyond connivance, and actually promoted the pernicious and horrible institution. One glaring fact may here be pointed at, as showing against what a power in Parliament itself an English ministry had to struggle in the first quarter of this century. St. Domingo or Hayti had effected its actual liberation from France, but was often threatened by the French arms. During our many wars with France or Spain, we had zealously seized Canada and Acadia on the continent, and among islands the Mauritius, Grenada, St. Vincent, Dominica, and Trinidad, yet we rejected all the overtures of free Hayti, and would in no way acknowledge her independence. The Haytians were ready to make every concession for the advantage of our commerce and our acknowledgment; many said they would have even adopted our language; but to their earnest entreaties for friendship we replied by an act of Parliament which prohibited all intercourse between Hayti and Jamaica! When Mr. Canning recognized the independence of Spanish America, no mention was made of Hayti, which at last was in consequence forced to compromise with France. As late as 1825 an act was passed declaring the forfeiture of any British ship, with its cargo, which should sail from Jamaica to St. Domingo or from St. Domingo to Jamaica, and forbidding any foreign ship that had touched at St. Domingo to enter any port of Jamaica. So powerful was West India sentiment in both Houses of Parliament! Yet the planters never dared to try to obtain any act that should directly legitimate slavery.

The American lawyers who wrote and spoke in the interest of the slaveholders were well aware that slavery rested on no other basis than *custom* and *local law*. Henry Clay, in 1839, summed up the argument thus: “Two hundred years of legislation have sanctified (!) and sanctioned negro slaves as property.” But no early American colony passed any enactment to originate the relation of master and slave; they did but *assume* the relation and make

laws to secure or regulate it. No slaveholder was able to prove in court that a particular man or woman was his slave according to law. Hence Mr. Mason, of Virginia, when the Fugitive Slave Bill was pending, resisted the claim of trial by jury, because it would bring up the question of the legality of slavery, *which* (he said) *it would be impossible to prove!* On this ground, Congress struck out the jury trial!

When the question came on in the British Parliament concerning the slave trade, Mr. Pitt cited the act (23 George II.), and insisted that it was a direct *prohibition* of the slave trade in the fact that it prohibited fraud and violence; and it gradually become impossible to hold any other view. Mr. Canning, in 1799, signalized himself by his usual eloquence, of which some sentences must be here recorded: “Trust not the masters of slaves in legislation for slavery. However specious their laws may appear, depend upon it they must be ineffectual in their operation. It is in the nature of things that they should be so. Let then the British House of Commons do their part themselves. Let them not delegate the trust of doing it to those who cannot execute that trust fairly. Let the evil be remedied by an assembly of freemen, by the government of a free people, not by the masters of slaves. Their laws can never reach the evil. There is something in the nature of absolute authority, in the relation between master and slave, which makes despotism in all cases and in all circumstances an incompetent and unsure executor even of its own provisions in favor of the object of its power.” Of course, this presumed that the masters did not wish to get rid of their despotism. Mr. Canning knew the West Indies too well. His words were sadly justified in the sequel. Yet it was not given to the Tory party to abolish even the slave trade. The West Indian interest was to them then nearly what the publican interest is now. Mr. Pitt died in January 1806, broken-hearted by the successes of Napoleon, and Lord Grenville succeeded him as prime minister, with Fox (ever the advocate of peace) as foreign secretary, who, in June, moved a resolution against the slave trade. But he was

already in very bad health, and died after being in office eight months. "Two things," he said on his death-bed, "I wish to see accomplished: peace with Europe, and the abolition of the slave trade; but of the two, *I wish more the latter.*" He had to bequeath the completion of this work to his successors. Lord Grey (then Lord Howick) passed the bill triumphantly through the Commons, and Lord Grenville with difficulty carried it to a final issue on the 25th of March, 1807, a few minutes before the ministers resigned disgusted with the king's obstinacy concerning the Catholics. Next year the United States declared the slave trade to be *piracy*, herein going beyond England in severity.

The agitation against the slave trade, carried on in Parliament by the eloquence of Wilberforce, and aided by the learning and zeal of many eminent talents, was a great enlightenment to England; but it was not the first step towards emancipation. A first-rate judicial sentence had already pronounced against slavery: which was the more remarkable and the more important, since English judges in general, as other civil officials, had indirectly sanctioned the institution. Under the circumstances it was to be expected. In the colonies where slavery existed, every man of importance held slaves; the income of all the educated classes depended on slavery. The very men appointed as protectors of slaves were generally slaveholders, and the judges as well as the clergy were implicated in the same interest. When the colonial lawyers and judges recognized slaves as property, and their documents were produced in an English court, where no advocate stood up to protest in the interest of the blacks that men and women were not and could not be property, no one could expect an English judge to open this question of himself. As he could not effect the freedom of the human beings called "property," he would seem to himself to be injuring a white person with no benefit to the blacks. In the result the slave-owners were able to claim that their right of property in slaves had been again and again acknowledged by English judges. Yet, as hinted above, a critical case had already occurred, which deserves here special detail.

A planter brought to London a slave called James Somerset, in 1772, and when he fell ill, inhumanly turned him out of doors. Mr. Granville Sharp, a philanthropic barrister, found him in the street, placed him in a hospital where he recovered his health, and then got him a situa-

tion as a servant. Two years after, his old master arrested and imprisoned him as a runaway slave. Mr. Sharp brought the case before the lord mayor, who ordered Somerset to be set at liberty. But the master seized him violently in presence of the lord mayor and Mr. Sharp; on which the latter brought an action against the master for assault. The question of law was finally referred to the twelve judges, in February and May of that year, who decided *unanimously* that no man can be accounted a slave on English territory. This decision is often quoted, as though the *soil* of Great Britain made a slave free; but that is a legal fiction. Evidently it is only when a slave (so-called) comes *within the reach of an English court* that his freedom is declared. At that time the American colonies were beginning their quarrel with Great Britain, but had not renounced allegiance. All the colonies were subject to the common law of England; and if in Virginia and Jamaica there had been a judge as upright and able as Lord Mansfield and a philanthropist as zealous as Granville Sharp, it would seem that slavery might have been dissolved by a few judicial trials.

This decision was of vast importance in opening the eyes of the British public to the essential illegality of a system morally so iniquitous. Honest, plain men were emboldened to look to the bottom of the case, when the shield and screen of law was removed. What if Parliament were to enact that in some county in England five persons out of six should become the property of the sixth, just as horses and cows are, and that the progeny forever of these thus enslaved should be slaves? Would it be within the competence of Parliament so to vote? Or if by mere violence a part of the community were enslaved to another party, and Parliament and the courts were infamously to connive at it, would *custom* ever make the iniquity equitable, and vest in the violent oppressors a right of compensation when no longer allowed to defraud men of their dearest natural rights? Every freeman who justified insurrection against royal tyranny was necessarily led to justify slave insurrection against their masters, however he might shudder at possible fierce retaliation for past injuries. Thus the mental revolution of England was begun, and in spite of the distraction of two dreadful wars—or we may say three—against the American colonists, against the French republic, and, after the short peace of Amiens, against Napoleon I., the movement was at

length carried to completion. But the interval between the decision concerning James Somerset and the act of 1833 which emancipated the slaves, just exceeded half a century. This largely depended on the vicious implication of the English ministry in the system.

Most of the colonies had independent local legislatures, and the apparent power of the British ministry was limited to vetoing their acts. Not but that they generally stood in such awe of insurrection that a force of British soldiers was needful to them, which force any ministry could withdraw if they were contumacious. But they made sure that no ministry would *dare* to expose them to possible massacre; inso-much that the Jamaica legislature, in a pet, threatened to send the English soldiers home. In every practical sense the power of our ministers was certainly limited in striving against the desperate mischief which the connivance of their predecessors had established. But there was one recently acquired colony in which the power of the crown was not restricted—Trinidad, a considerable island, ninety miles long, fifty broad, opposite the mouths of the Orinoco. It belonged first to the Spaniards, then to the French, and was captured by Abercrombie so late as 1797. Mr. Pitt was then in full power. A glorious opportunity was offered to this advocate of freedom to annihilate slavery in Trinidad; but apparently he had not the heart to carry out his own principles, even where he had no need to court votes. He was probably as afraid to encounter the ill-will of the West Indian planters, as Mr. Lincoln to meet the frown of Kentucky. Not only was this precious opportunity lost, but the ministry were put afresh into the very evil position of themselves acknowledging, regulating, and establishing slavery in an island where neither the English Parliament nor any old routine hampered them. This false position they bequeathed as an evil legacy to their successors. Those who were themselves "regulating" a strictly illegal inhumanity in Trinidad and Guiana, could do nothing but seek to regulate and soften it in the other colonies. To declare for freedom was to condemn their predecessors, and some of themselves. Thus they were (so to say) constrained to justify slavery as such, to censure only any extremes of cruelty, and to maintain that the master had earned by the long custom of fraud and oppression a right to compensation (just as did Mr. Bruce, now Lord Aberdare, concerning the publicans—the renewal of

their licenses by negligent routine had given them a *moral right* to continued renewal!)—and these ministers were to conduct the process by which alone freedom could be established. A most unpromising conjuncture!

To these difficulties of the position was added a religious controversy. It could not be pretended that either the Old or New Testament forbade slavery as a national institution; it was a manifest fact that Paul exhorted slaves to obey their masters, "as service to Christ;" nay, that he sent back the fugitive slave Onesimus to his Christian master Philemon, and did not command the master to enfranchise the slave, nor to pay up all the wages of which he had defrauded him, but contented himself with begging forgiveness for the slave if *he* had stolen anything, and urging his reception as a brother in Christ, since Paul had converted him. Liberal interpreters may give excellent reasons why the conduct of the apostle cannot be a law of life. But of course the slave-owners, both in the West Indies and on the American continent, triumphantly claimed the great apostle as on their side; and, what is remarkable, they carried with them in their advocacy of "the letter which killeth" (to use St. Paul's own words) not the ignorant vulgar, but the more educated and refined, who ought to have discerned the broad principles of justice and morality preached by the apostle as paramount over isolated texts and detail of conduct. It cannot be doubted that sympathy with wealth and aristocracy was the cause: thus the more accomplished clergy of the Episcopal churches became apologists or advocates of slavery, while the less educated Nonconformists stood up for freedom and right. Yet each party claimed the Bible as on its side. In Jamaica, by far the largest of our West Indian islands, there was already a bishop, and it is only too clear that he drew his inspiration from the planters. What is more deplorable, our bishops in the House of Lords were never on the right side. In 1852 Sir George Stephen, writing a short retrospect, observes that reformers in England had one advantage over the American Union—namely, in titled leaders. "Royalty lent us countenance in the person of William, Duke of Gloucester; Lord Lansdowne, Lord Grenville, Lord Grey, and many peers of minor note gave their unqualified support. The bishops—no! the less we say of their Right Reverend Lordships in connection with slavery the better." John Wesley had seen slavery in

America, and called it *the sum of all villainies*. The Methodists, the Baptists, the Independents, and the Episcopal *Low* Church (to which Wilberforce belonged), and eminently the Quakers, were zealous for freedom, and chiefly from these *religious* circles the mass of our abolitionists came, despite of Onesimus. Zeal for missions arose chiefly from the same ranks. The High Church in the colonies desired to be on pleasant terms with the colonists, and succeeded; but the Nonconformist missionaries were always on very unpleasant terms with them. It could not be hidden from the planters that these missionaries pitied the sufferings of the slaves, and were trusted by them; out of which a belief arose that they fostered disaffection, and ran as close as they dared to stirring up resistance. In every insurrection the white men, through panic, became ferocious and uncontrolled. The home authorities never knew how to deal with an insurrection; for while they dared not justify it, their consciences did not condemn it, and they abhorred the indiscriminate cruelty of the planters or their agents. Two outrages against missionaries excited violent indignation in England. The one was the destruction of a Methodist chapel in Barbadoes, as a part of the persecution of the missionaries. This was about 1825. The white population of all orders were guilty. The magistrates exulted in the outrage, some of them were said to have taken part in it. When Mr. (afterwards Sir Fowell) Buxton brought the matter before Parliament, Mr. Canning, as ministerial leader in the Commons, reprobated the conduct of the whites most severely, and moved a vote of address to the crown (which was unanimously adopted by the House) assuring his Majesty of their readiness to concur in every measure needed for securing ample protection and religious toleration in all his Majesty's dominions. Yet no white man was punished or censured, though in 1816, when there was an insurrection of the blacks, numbers were massacred in cold blood.

The other outrage was in Demerara during the panic of an insurrection, October 1823, against the Rev. John Smith, a missionary from the Congregationalists (London Missionary Society). In time of actual peace he was tried, not by a jury, but by a court-martial at the drum-head, and condemned to death as having incited the slaves to an insurrection — an entirely false charge. They did not dare to execute their own sentence, but they threw him into a hot and pestilential prison, —

treatment of which he died before the free pardon from England was able to reach him. A burst of indignation had come from this country, Churchmen and Nonconformists uniting to demand justice; yet Mr. Brougham's motion in the Commons concerning it was voted down, as the ministry would not break with the planting interest.

Yet in a circular from the government, attributed to Mr. Canning, "mitigating measures" were recommended to the colonies, such as might prepare the negroes for freedom. Especially the discontinuance of flogging females was urged. The last proposal was discussed in each colony separately, and voted down in every one. Young lads were set to whip their own sisters. Mr. Charles Buxton gives an extract from a Jamaica newspaper, to show how the planters of that island received these mild and very partial recommendations of the home government (*Jamaica Journal*, June 28, 1823): "We will pray the Imperial Parliament to amend their origin, which is bribery; to cleanse their consciences, which are corrupt; to throw off their disguise, which is hypocrisy; to break with their false allies, who are the saints; and finally, to banish from among them all the purchased rogues, who are three-fourths of their number." The excessive cruelty with which the whip was often used, could not be kept secret; but from the nature of the case, it was easy to reply that any facts attested were exceptional. In the crown colonies an overseer was allowed at his own discretion to inflict twenty-five lashes (each lash generally drawing blood) on any negro, male or female; in the other colonies thirty-nine lashes were allowed. The evidence became worse and worse, the more it was inquired into; the papers laid before Parliament in 1824 were full of frightful details. Mr. Charles Buxton, in his excellent little book, observes that according to the sworn returns from the *four* crown colonies, there were 68,921 floggings in the two years 1828–29; and according to general report, the full legal number of stripes was ordinarily inflicted. But what could not be explained away, was the awful fact of the dying off of the population. This is only to be expected where eighteen hours of work are exacted in the sugar harvest. However, in eleven islands, which also sent returns, the slaves decreased in twelve years from 558,194 to 497,975. Everywhere, we now know, field labor thus destroys a slave population which is not recruited by a slave trade.

Meanwhile the popular movement was becoming irresistible. From 1772 onward, Granville Sharp had continued to exert himself, and in 1787 became chairman of a committee of twelve persons, the nucleus of the Anti-Slavery Society. All but two were Quakers. Sharp began the colony of Sierra Leone at his own expense, by sending thither a number of negroes whom he met in the streets of London. Till his death in 1813 he continued such philanthropic action. But the society thus formed was soon strengthened by eminent and zealous coadjutors. The names of Clarkson and Wilberforce, Lushington, Denman, Mackintosh, Stephen, Zachary Macaulay (editor of the *Anti-Slavery Reporter*), Henry Brougham, live in honored memory. Sir William Dolben began with the claim that the slave trade should be "regulated and conducted with humanity"! On approaching the problem practically it was soon found that nothing but total prohibition could succeed. So it is, when avarice and wealth have organized any huge scheme of mischief. The same thing was experienced in "regulating" slavery, simply because the masters were adverse. But here, for a little while, the Spanish colonies, it seems, held out to us a false light.

These colonies had been formed under a monarchy practically absolute. The marvellous and execrable enormities of such men as Cortes and Pizarro had presented the kings of Spain with transatlantic dominions; but Charles V. rather shuddered at Cortes, and felt no gratitude for a valor which so little respected royalty. By his laws of the Indies he sincerely intended to protect the unfortunate native Americans who had become his subjects, and the stronger African race imported to fill their places. The royal power did effectually prevent the chronic slavery under Spain from ever being so bad as under freer states — England and Holland. One very important point alone shall here be noticed. To this day in Cuba, the nobler parent determines the rank of the offspring: the child of a free-man is free, though the mother be a slave. One might have thought that national pride would have claimed the same privilege for the children of an Englishman. But terrible to say, with us avarice overpowered both parental instinct and personal pride; our colonists decreed that in the case of mixed blood the children were all slaves. Thus the male profligacy, which tended to advance freedom in the Spanish colonies, tended in ours to multi-

ply slavery in its most hateful and demoralizing form. A man's own children became his slaves — his *cattle*, and could be seized for his debts; his beautiful daughters might be sold as articles of voluptuousness. As an old overseer in Louisiana said to Mr. Olmsted, "There is not an estate here, but the grandchildren of a former proprietor are whipped on the field." But in the Spanish colonies, despite of plentiful cruelties where men were despots, the sentiment was far better than in ours, and there was no enmity against color. Hence, as soon as they attained liberation from Spain, the problem of emancipation was started by themselves, and solved differently in different colonies. One method was, to allow to the slave one day in the week as his own (in addition to any previous arrangement), and to fix a maximum for his price; then to enact, that when he could earn and pay a fifth part of his price, he should have a right to buy a second day free, leaving only four days in the week for his master. Thus an active and strong man bought first his own freedom, and afterwards that of his wife, and one helped another. In a climate where wants are few and the crops abundant, the slaves so rejoiced in the process of self-liberation, as not to brood over the injustice which withheld immediate unbought freedom. A second method was to declare all children born after a certain day to be free; or, indeed, both methods might be combined. The practical result was, that, in one way or other, all the Spanish colonies got rid of slavery. Mexico, which had an arduous struggle against Spain, and scarcely established a firm government until 1824, immediately proceeded to abolish caste and slavery, and effected the latter finally in 1829. Reports of the proceedings in the Spanish colonies, no doubt, reached the English ministers, although neither by commerce nor by politics was there for a while any regular connection with them. Hence arose various schemes for gradual emancipation. The simplest and most plausible was to decree freedom for all children born after a certain day. This very measure was proposed by Lord Melville in the beginning of the century, but he did not succeed in carrying it, and apparently it was not renewed; yet it is evident that the ministry from 1820 onward were bent upon some *gradual* form of emancipation, which should save the interests of the planters, and be in harmony with the principles and action of their predecessors. They did not understand, that when masters desire freedom for their

slaves, many modes are open which will give mutual satisfaction; but that when the masters stubbornly resist, then only one method can succeed — total and immediate freedom, followed by regulations which make the freedmen socially, industrially, and politically independent of the master's resentment. The more the ministers exerted themselves to "regulate" the slavery, the more bitter and violent did the planters or their substitutes become. Those who now say that the freedom ought to have been graduated, and that immediate emancipation was fanatical, simply show their total ignorance of the history — their folly and presumption.

Sir Fowell Buxton had become in Parliament the avowed leader of the Abolitionists, when Mr. Wilberforce, through growing infirmities, withdrew from public life. On May 15, 1823, he brought forward a motion that "slavery ought to be *gradually* abolished" (so little of obstinate fanaticism was there in the Abolitionists); but the ministry was frightened at being pledged to anything, and put forward Mr. Canning (an eloquent speaker for freedom) to oppose Mr. Buxton. Yet his "amendment" was nearly to the same effect. The matter was to be left in the hands of the ministry, but the House was to profess its anxiety for emancipation at the earliest moment compatible with the welfare of the slaves themselves (!) and the pecuniary interests of the planters. Mr. Canning plausibly stated, that "in the colonies the British Constitution was not in full play." The ministry, in fact, did not know how to enforce the ordinary rights of *free* negroes. But his liberal intentions were believed to be so sincere, that it was thought wiser by the Abolitionists to trust him, and hope for the best. No one had attributed to the Tory ministries of this century any superiority of talent. Mr. Canning was their only brilliant man; but many of them were highly respectable and worthy in private life, and were sincerely shocked that human beings should be deprived of the most elementary rights, and have no security against fantastic cruelties. The most despotically inclined of them, Lord Castle-reagh, was driven to self-destruction in 1822 by a creditable sensitiveness that his Continental policy had issued in nothing but mischief to Italy and Sicily, with the near prospect of the undoing of English work in Spain. The death of Lord Castle-reagh (who had very recently become Marquis of Londonderry) was just in time to stop Mr. Canning from sailing to India as governor-general, and installed him as

foreign secretary. Though he could not save the constitution of Spain from the armies of France, while the Spanish king was treacherous, with Russia and Austria as allies in reserve, yet he sent a little army into Portugal, and told the combined sovereigns, in the hearing of Europe, that England by the stamp of her foot could raise up war against them in the heart of their own kingdoms. He likewise acknowledged the independence of the Spanish American colonies, all favorable to negro freedom, by which act (as he incautiously boasted) he "called into existence a new world to redress the balance of the old." He also successfully instigated President Monroe to issue the celebrated declaration, that the American Union could not be unconcerned at any attempt of European monarchy to establish itself on that side of the Atlantic. In short, this year 1823 was the first severance of England from the despotic Continental policy; it sent a throb of pride and confidence through the nation, and was a potent reinforcement of free sentiment in the ranks of the English gentry. Lord Sidmouth, Lord Bathurst, Sir George Murray, Mr. Huskisson, and of younger men Mr. Peel and Lord Palmerston, were all scandalized by the details which the government received of West Indian cruelties, which not only went unpunished, but did not lower the credit and honor of the perpetrators.

To rehearse the dreadful accounts of intense cruelty and harassing miseries revealed to the colonial secretaries in official documents, would require many painful pages. Different colonies differed in degree of atrocity, yet everything seemed possible everywhere, and prevention or redress nowhere. Starvation and flogging were quite ordinary; but far more exquisite cruelties passed unreproved. The planters in the Bahamas, in reply to the circular of his Majesty's colonial minister, passed acts to amend their slave laws and improve the condition of the free colored people; but when their new code reached Lord Bathurst (1824), he pronounced the injustice of many of the enactments to be so manifest, that he "assured himself" the colonial legislature would remove them. But that legislature replied by impugning the English suggestions as injurious to them, and avowed that "a strong sense of the great impolicy and absolute danger of change compelled them to refuse to alter their laws any farther."

In Barbadoes, Mr. Moe, speaker of the Assembly, in transmitting their new code

to England, called it "a splendid work, which would endear their remembrance to posterity;" but Lord Bathurst was highly dissatisfied with the new code. Yet Jamaica and Demerara, with the Mauritius, seem on the whole to have been the worst colonies. The missionary Smith well earned his murder from the planters by his plain remonstrances against the cruel treatment of slaves. "If it be asked," said he, "are there not authorities to whom the injured slaves can appeal for redress? Yes; but many of these are owners of plantations, and perhaps allow their managers to practise the same abuses. It would seem that some of them consider it a greater crime in the negroes to complain of their wrongs, than in the master to inflict them. The complainants are almost sure to be flogged, and frequently before the complaint is investigated, unless indeed listening to the master be called investigation. But even where the justice of the complaint is undeniable, the result is often such that the negroes cannot tell whether the law is made to protect the oppressed or to indemnify the oppressor." No wonder that the planters did not like missionaries! The Rev. Mr. Austin of Demerara, a respected clergyman, who was made a member of the court of inquiry concerning the insurrection, attested that the instructions given to the negroes by Mr. Smith had eminently tended to prevent bloodshed; indeed, had actually saved the lives of men who were now seeking Mr. Smith's life. Yet, on the whole, the judgment of Mr. Knibb, a Baptist missionary in Jamaica, seems to be sound. He said that where a negro accepts the gospel spiritually, it softens and tranquilizes him; but the enlightening power to the intellect, which all teaching gives, goes wider abroad than the spiritualizing power. To learn something of the outer world, of its nations and its powers; to reflect on themselves and their slavish relation to one equally mortal, equally responsible to God; to see and feel how different was the missionary's behavior to them from that of their master — had all an electric effect, not contributing to the stability of slavery. The planters of Demerara answered Lord Bathurst's circular defiantly; declared that their right in their slave property was as complete as any one's right to any property, and claimed to send deputies to England to argue to this effect before the king in council. Lord Bathurst and his colleagues would probably have been satisfied if they could have won for the slaves just the most elementary rights, such as,

that a husband should have his own wife sacred to him, that the honor of girls should be safe, that the whip should not be used indiscriminately, nor cruelly, nor at all to females, that young children should not be taken away from the mother, that the evidence of slaves and black men should be heard in court, that all judicial sentences should be strictly just, and no punishment excessive or peculiar, such as rubbing pepper into the eyes and salt into wounds; but not one point could be made sure. The planters were willing, for instance, to concede to slaves a nominal marriage, but only with the addition, "provided that in no way it prejudice the owner's rights." Of course to make the wife an object inviolable to the owner's will, or to forbid his selling her away, *did* prejudice his fancied rights. Slaves were heard in court, but not only were not believed when they complained, they were far oftener punished for complaining; while if a pretext were wanted for punishing (perhaps hanging) a slave for an alleged scheme of insurrection, the evidence of a single slave was greedily accepted and acted upon. Thus the ministers were checkmated in their schemes of *gradual, moderate, judicious* reform, and perhaps lamented too late that Lord Melville's scheme of freeing all children born after a near date had been opposed.

In the year 1828 a judicial sentence was pronounced that much afflicted Abolitionists. A negro woman of Antigua, called Grace, had visited England and returned to Antigua; and the question arose, whether after becoming free by touching English soil (such was the faulty way of putting the case) she could be seized as a slave in Antigua. It fell to Lord Stowell, a revered and venerable judge in the Admiralty Court, to pronounce on this matter.* He was elder brother of the lord chancellor Eldon, both of them intense haters of novelty, under whatever pretext of reform. If the advocate of the woman had alleged that the fact of English courts accounting her free proved that her original slavery *was an illegal piece of violence*, Lord Stowell might have been forced to another decision; but, conveniently for him, that topic was not mooted. He argued in his award, that "innumerable acts of Parliament that regulate the condition of slaves *tend* to consider them as mere goods and chattels constituting part of the value of estates;" that "colonial slavery has been

* It is called "his last decision." He retired from the bench in 1828, aged eighty-three.

favoured and supported by our own courts, *which have liberally imparted to it their protection and encouragement*" (an astonishing imputation on English judges); he further said, "he trusts that he shall not depart from the modesty which belongs to his situation, and (he hopes) to his character, when he observes, that ancient custom is generally recognized as a just foundation of all law." When a judge of exemplary fairness in all international disputes shut his eyes to the main question, whether the violent detention of a woman in slavery, which was pronounced lawless in England, was not equally against English law in our colonies; when he further made custom and connivance a just basis for hideous iniquity, this sent a thrill of indignation into Abolitionists. In fact, Lord Stowell proceeded to call slavery a *crime!* "Emancipation," he said, "can only be effected at the joint expense of *both countries* (the colonies and England), for it is in a peculiar manner the *CRIME of this country.*" Marvellous judgment! Our population were in no complicity with it, but only certain planters of the West Indies, the ministry, and (if we believe Lord Stowell), the *judges*, who, he says, "liberally protected and encouraged it." Therefore he followed them in promoting "crime." However, the slave-owners were jubilant, and felt themselves in a legal sense much stronger than before. It became abundantly clear, that neither the Tory ministers nor Tory judges were willing to treat a purely moral question from its moral grounds. The same thing was soon to appear in a Whig ministry.

In one important matter Tory ministers had acted the Abolitionist with a high hand. In our American war of 1813-14, our ministry invaded the American continent and *called the slaves to liberty.* They could not more emphatically disown the doctrine that slaves were private property; this was remembered by the English Abolitionists. The bold claims of the West Indian planters further opened the weakness of applying to *their* case schemes of gradual abolition such as had suited in some of the Spanish colonies. Men are not willing to have one-sixth part of their "property" taken away; of what use is it (asked the Abolitionists) to require the planters to give to the slaves one day in the week free, if they regard the slaves as their property? Again, as to the slaves buying themselves and their wives or children, may not the planter say he prefers to keep his property, and will not sell it at any price? It became more and more manifest that the

nucleus of the whole controversy lay in the questions, "Can *innocent* men be justly made the chattels of other men? If a felon be ever so justly enslaved for life, would it be just on that account to make his children and children's children slaves? Can that be just concerning the children of men who are cruelly torn away from their native land, which would not be just concerning the children of felons? Can any long duration of such oppression confer a right of continued oppression? If there is to be compensation, is it not due from the oppressors to the oppressed?" No doubt, all these considerations were as clear as daylight to the earliest Abolitionists; but inasmuch as freedom could only be gained through the Parliament and the ministry, they did not wish to run too far ahead of those who had to be convinced. When the Quakers and Nonconformists took up among the people the argument for freedom which Wilberforce and others pleaded in Parliament, the zeal of lecturers and speakers from the platform was ever on the increase. Scarcely any of these earnest men were paid for their services. Only at the last, in a few exceptional cases and for special reasons, was any one paid; yet for many years no advance adequate to the necessity was made — apathy prevailed with the public. The reason at last appeared: no sufficiently *broad principle* was laid down. To force the planters to limit their stripes to twenty-five instead of thirty-nine, or to bring the slave to a magistrate to be flogged instead of by the overseer, public instinct felt, could bring no permanent result. At last the broad truth was promulgated (a Quaker lady is said to have originated it) — "Man by his moral nature never can become a chattel, therefore *to uphold slavery is a crime against God.*" "Until then" (testified Sir George Stephen) "we found the people apathetic and incredulous of our success, when the press, the Parliament, and the bishops were against us; but at last we had sounded the right note and touched a chord that never ceased to vibrate." This may be called fanaticism; but it is only by those who do not know what justice means, and are most superficially acquainted with human nature.

Mr. Canning died, much lamented, after being for a few months prime minister, in 1827. In his short term of premiership he achieved the Treaty of London, out of which sprang the deliverance of Greece (a little Greece truly) from Turkish oppression. All England had sympathized deeply with the oppressed, and the voices of praise

for brave insurrection had echoes reaching to the West Indies. An enfranchisement of Nonconformists in 1828, and of Catholics in 1829, followed. English newspapers were eagerly read in the West Indies, and the slaves became interested. In 1830, Charles X. of France, after conquering and keeping Algiers, because of an insult to his ambassador, violated his coronation oath, and was ejected from the throne by a popular rising.

The success of this French insurrection set all England agog; for we did not like to be behind the French in liberty. An insurrection of Belgium against the mild and equitable rule of the king of Holland followed, simply from the dislike of Catholics to a Protestant sovereign. Next came the uprising of Poland against the tyranny of the archduke Constantine and against his brother the emperor Nicolas: the Polish constitution had been violently overthrown some thirteen years earlier by Alexander I. That by the way. The important thing was, that the slaves in many of the West Indian islands became greedy for the public news of Europe. Some one was generally found able to read out the newspaper to the rest. When they learned how vehemently brave insurgents were praised, a warm zeal for freedom was kindled in many hearts. Happily they read also that the people of England abhorred slavery, and were exerting themselves for their emancipation. The hope of obtaining freedom peaceably restrained them from violent action. The Reverend John Barry, a Wesleyan missionary, who had resided twenty-seven years in Jamaica, attested that zeal for freedom had become an unquenchable passion there; and that when a number of them were executed after a recent insurrection, most of them died glorying in their fate, saying that if they had ten or twenty lives they would sacrifice all sooner than return into slavery. The Duke of Wellington, in the close of 1830, seeing the storm of liberty rising upon him, resigned on a trivial pretext; Lord Grey came to the front, and at once pronounced for Parliamentary reform.

King William IV. and the court yielded at first, but the House of Lords was obstinate, and a dangerous two years' struggle ensued. Meanwhile, matters grew worse, especially in Jamaica, which alone was equal to all the other West Indian colonies. In 1831 parochial meetings were openly held, in which the planters declared in violent words, that they would rather renounce allegiance to the British crown than allow the slaves to be freed. After

this, they complained in a memorial that their slaves had been deceived into the belief that their freedom had been decreed in England, but withheld by their masters, and that this had led to insurrection. If it was true that this notion had been propagated among the slaves, evidently nothing so much propagated it as the conduct of the planters. But some insurrection there certainly was in 1832, which was speedily suppressed and cruelly punished. In Montego Bay alone, near a hundred slaves were hanged or shot, and one Baptist slave was flogged to death by five hundred lashes. Even magistrates assisted to pull down the chapels of the missionaries, as previously in Barbadoes. All these events could but embitter the negroes in other colonies, on the news reaching them. The Marquis of Sligo, a Jamaica proprietor, about this time, wrote thus to Sir Fowell Buxton: "When I went out to Jamaica, I thought that the stories of cruelty were merely the emanations of enthusiasts; rather a caricature than a truth. But before I had been very long in Jamaica, I had reason to think that the reality has been far underrated. This, I feel convinced, is the fact." As soon as the new ministry could gain free action for colonial affairs, it found the question of slavery in a truly critical state. According to a modern phrase, the relations were severely strained. Expectation among the slaves was intense. Any rude disappointment of hope might have caused insurrection, spreading as a flame from island to island. Public opinion in England would not endure the extinguishing of such a conflagration in blood, if the Whig ministry could have lent themselves to it. The planters collectively might quickly lose, not their "property" only, but their lives; as many as were not absentees. The ministers saw themselves forced to act, and that quickly. The Abolitionists in that first reform Parliament were numerous, but the ministry had an enormous preponderance and could not be outvoted. The colonial minister, "Mr. Secretary Stanley," afterwards Earl of Derby, was fluent of speech, ardent and flighty, vain, inexperienced, and utterly superficial; yet on him chiefly rested the conduct of this great measure. On reading his speeches at this distance of time, the weakness of the government measure amazes one. In the preface to his first bill, he avowed that "the only point to be discussed was, what is the *safest, speediest, happiest* way of effecting the final abolition of slavery; since the nation had now loudly and for a

length of time declared, that the disgrace of slavery should not be suffered to remain part of our national system." He went on to recount, that after a unanimous vote of the House in 1823, certain "ameliorating measures" had been suggested to the colonists; but these had been "unheeded and disregarded by ALL the colonial legislatures." "Eight bills were sent to them in 1826 by the secretary of state, and not one colony would adopt a single bill out of the whole eight; nay, they expressed lofty indignation at our interfering with what was their exclusive business." He proceeded to quote Mr. Burke on the inutility of trusting the colonial legislatures in the matter of the negro, because they will never *execute* the law. "The law does not carry with it *the executory principle*," in Mr. Burke's words. Who would expect, after this, that the speaker was about to give to the colonists the task of training the negroes for freedom in a seven years' apprenticeship? As an apprentice, the negro had no motive to work; for he was not to receive wages, and the whip was taken from the overseer. Sad experience had proved in Jamaica and elsewhere, that if a humane master, fresh from England, put a sharp limit on the stripes of the whip, the quantity of sugar enormously decreased. This apprenticeship was the height of stupidity, and could only aggravate difficulties. Popular opinion ascribed its origination to Henry Brougham, now become Lord Chancellor Brougham, a vastly different man from his former self: but the present writer knows no proof that that rumor was true. However, in this first bill "Mr. Secretary Stanley" proposed a *loan* to the planters of *fifteen* millions, with a requirement that they shall sacrifice a *fourth part* of the labor of the slaves, who were to be allowed to buy their own three-fourths time, and were to be registered as apprenticed freemen. He volunteered to state his own opinion, that it would be quite unjust to expect the planters to repay the loan of fifteen millions; but the slaves ought to pay it, or a part of it: the rest might be borne by this country, unless indeed Parliament thought fit to convert the loan into a gift.

Viscount Howick (the present Earl Grey) vehemently protested against the continuance of the existing system for a single day, and insisted that, instead of the slaves paying anything to the masters, they ought rather "to receive compensation for past services and unrequited labors." Mr. Fowell Buxton also and others were highly dissatisfied with the pro-

posals. This debate went on till May 14, 1833.

Not to trouble the reader with further details, the loan of fifteen millions was finally changed into a grant of twenty millions, by two hundred and eighty-six yeas against seventy-seven noes; and the ministry, against protest, insisted on calling it "compensation." Children under six years old were made free, so were all the negroes, nominally; then why compel them to labor for seven years unrequited? This forsooth was "the *safest, speediest, happiest way*" of liberating them!

We may well ask, How had the planters deserved this large gift or payment from our innocent nation? If the executive government winks at crime, does crime become rightful, and is the nation unable to forbid it without paying the criminals? Such was the doctrine of a majority of the Grey ministry; certainly not of the present Lord Grey, who always looks earnestly at the just and right. At any rate, the twenty millions bought up the worth of all the estates, and we might have claimed them as crown property, and have given to the negroes independent freeholds; though of course no sugar would have been forthcoming for many years in that way. In the Mauritius notoriously the slave trade had been largely carried on since 1807. But somewhat must now be said as to the worth of West Indian property at that time.

One word first on the laziness imputed to the negroes. They had twenty-six days in the year to work on their own allotments, and by this work they fed themselves — that is, by one day out of fourteen. Surely this denotes how well they worked, when they would themselves enjoy the fruit of their labor. A negress of Berbice complained bitterly that her mistress never gave her clothes, yet punished her by tearing her clothes in pieces; hence it would seem that the negroes often clothed themselves, as well as fed themselves. After the nominal freedom given in 1833, a negro might buy his own complete freedom, but no maximum price was fixed. He was valued by a stipendiary magistrate from England and two local justices; hence the ablest negro had to pay most. Even so, the Rev. Mr. Knibb attested that in Jamaica a full thousand negroes had in three years worked out their entire freedom, while only one-fourth of their time was their own. How fatuous is the complaint of idleness in "black Quashee"!

But now, as to the masters and overseers, were not *they* idle? After the slave trade

got into full activity, they did not need to care how many slaves they killed by overwork; hence by force of the whip the estates were for a while highly productive. When George III. came to the throne, was perhaps the very acme of flourishing sugar estates. But the culture was very wasteful. Even the richest tropical lands will not bear crops forever with very partial manuring. The only manure was carried in a sort of bowl on a slave's head. The plough was not used; roads were hardly thought of; the hands of unwilling men and women were the only motive force. Meanwhile, the wealthiest of the planters became absentees, and lived extravagantly in England; many became members of Parliament; some rose to the peerage. The planters were manufacturers as well as agriculturists. There was no economy on the estates when the master's eye was removed, no reserving of capital for better manufacture or less prosperous times. The overseer, or manager, often kept more than one black or brown mistress, and freely used the resources of the estate for his own pleasures; nor were the managers always honest in other ways. The mercantile agents also made their harvest out of the estate; and if a loan on mortgage were required, things soon went from bad to worse. When the slave trade was forbidden, the fatal blow was struck. Yet already in 1792 the Jamaica House of Assembly reported that in the course of twenty-two years one hundred and seventy-seven estates had been sold for the payment of debts, and more than eighty thousand executions had taken place, for a total of more than twenty-two millions sterling. Bankruptcies abounded up to 1807, through manifest recklessness. The same ruin (Mr. Charles Buxton observes) came on the Dutch colony of Surinam, where, out of nine hundred and seventeen plantations, six hundred and thirty-six were abandoned, though no philanthropists there teased the planters. In our West Indies the planters had a monopoly of the British market; even sugar from British India was highly taxed, as a bonus to West Indian sugar. This did not suffice. They obtained bounties on their sugar, as well as protecting duties. The latter were computed to mulct the people of England of at least one million and a half sterling a year, which in eighteen years (from 1815 to 1833) alone amounted to twenty-seven millions; and in 1833 the West Indian estates were worth very little. Already in 1830 Lord Chandos presented a petition from the West Indies, setting forth "their

extreme distress;" they earnestly solicited relief from Parliament; the distress was unparalleled; affluent families were reduced to penury; the *West India Reporter* said that without speedy relief numbers of planters must be ruined. They had killed off the negroes, had exhausted the soil, had lived extravagantly, and saved no capital, therefore could not pay wages; numbers were deeply mortgaged; they were liable to insurrections through the enmity which their wickedness had brought about; and after they had received much more than thirty millions in gratuities, bounties, and protecting duties, Whig ministers insisted that they *deserved* "compensation," and settled it by the claims of the planters in London, whose good-will (they fancied) would make things work smoothly in the colonies. Never was there so monstrous a price given for a property so rotten and already so laden with unjust gifts. But the Grey ministry was overwhelmingly strong; and the anti-slavery party, dreading to lose the crisis, submitted; while they grudged the apprenticeship more than the twenty millions. The public were so delighted to secure the main point, that they forgot all beside.

Mr. Charles Buxton thinks it clear, from the debates in 1831 and 1832, that the real cause which brought round the Parliament collectively to the conviction that slavery could not continue and must be legislatively extinguished somehow, was the undeniable decay of the slave population. Without new importations of slaves all the islands must become worthless. This, and no considerations of humanity, nor regard to the public voice, was the overwhelming argument. That the terrible decrease in the number of the negroes was caused by overwork and cruelties, was rendered certain by the fact that the women were more numerous than the men; also afterwards, by the steady increase of the black population when freedom was gained.

The Whig ministry took one step farther. They undertook, it is said, to give a promise, as a bonus to free sugar, that slave sugar (as of Brazil) should be excluded from our markets. How the promise of a ministry can bind Parliament, is not clear; but both the anti-slavery party (in its narrowest sense) and the planters much reproached Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston for breaking through this arrangement in 1846. These ministers ascertained that no free sugar was sold on the Continent; for the cheaper sugar from Brazil drove it out. No discouragement whatever to slave sugar

was brought about by our exclusiveness. The sole result was to offend the Brazilians, and almost ruin our trade with them. No doubt, Brazil and Cuba fancied they were going to have an extended trade, when their sugar was admitted to England. A temporary increase of the slave trade was an unhappy, unforeseen result, for which Lord Denman and others did not cease to reproach the Whig ministers, though Sir Robert Peel supported them. The West Indian proprietors actually claimed both the promise given to them and the apprenticeship as "part of the compensation." Jamaica had a virtuous abhorrence of slave sugar, while she continued most tyrannical to the freed blacks. In all the islands the apprenticeship worked very ill, as every man of common sense ought to have foreseen. The Marquis of Sligo, governor of Jamaica, condemned it, and at once set free all his slaves, advising others to do the same; but he had few imitators, except in Barbadoes. During the apprenticeship, when a negro desired to buy his own time of his master, he was charged in Jamaica *two shillings and sixpence* a day as its value. But as soon as freedom was complete, the planters who wanted laborers valued their work as worth only *one shilling* a day. From this and other frauds, besides the ill blood from old cruelties, many could not get field laborers at all. Moreover, the freed women no longer worked in the field. Nevertheless, on the few estates where good wages were paid punctually, no difficulty occurred.

It is needless here to pursue the miserable tale — how, after the apprenticeship was arbitrarily terminated in Parliament (not least through its exposure by the devoted efforts of Joseph Sturge and other good Quakers), the colonial legislatures hankered after a new slave trade, under the name of apprenticed coolies, and taxed the negroes to import them. Jamaica, as usual, had the pre-eminence in tyrannical legislation and unjust application of public money; until their legislature itself became unendurable to Tories as well as Whigs. Space does not permit to detail the deeds of Governor Eyre. Suffice it to say in outline, that in 1865 an alarming outbreak of some hundreds of colored men took place; that martial law was proclaimed in a limited district; that Governor Eyre arrested a colored member of the legislature, his political opponent, Mr. G. W. Gordon, the advocate of justice for the blacks; carried him by force into the district where civil law was suspended, had him

tried by martial law by two young officers, and hanged. Many besides were hanged; men and women were flogged with piano-wire, houses of black men were burnt, and after all semblance of insurgency or resistance was put down, violent horrors continued. The Assembly passed a bill justifying all Governor Eyre's proceedings, which interposed insuperable difficulties to prosecuting him. The English judges were aghast at such lawlessness and at the frightful precedent. Neither a Whig nor a Tory minister could for a moment defend it; and though Governor Eyre was not punished, nor Mrs. Gordon (the widow) compensated for losses, the verdict of England was pronounced against the whites of Jamaica. They were summoned to resign their legislature, and did not dare to refuse. An English governor was sent out (Mr. John Peter Grant, of Indian celebrity) to rule them despotically, and from that day the condition of Jamaica has slowly improved. The chief thing needed has been to take power out of the hands of those who in former days were accustomed to be tyrants.

If space allowed us to pursue the argument, it would most abundantly be proved that every approach to a modified slavery, such as disguises itself in apprenticeship of coolies, is always as mischievous as unjust; and that the vigilance exercised by the Aborigines Protection Society is never superfluous. But the pen must be checked. In future articles the yet greater question of slavery under the American Union will be treated.

SIR GIBBIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

AUTHOR OF "MALCOLM," "THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE,"
ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GIRLS.

THEY entered the hall, where Donal spent a whole minute rubbing his shoes on the mat, as diligently as if he had just come out of the cattle-yard, and then Gibbie led him in triumph up the stair to the drawing-room. Donal entered in that loose-jointed way which comes of the brains being as yet all in the head, and stood, resisting Gibbie's pull on his arm, his keen hazel eyes looking gently round upon the company, until he caught sight of the face he sought, when, with the stride of a sower of corn, he walked across the

room to Ginevra. Mrs. Sclater rose; Mr. Sclater threw himself back and stared; the latter astounded at the presumption of the youths, the former uneasy at the possible results of their ignorance. To the astonishment of the company, Ginevra rose, respect and modesty in every feature, as the youth, clownish rather than awkward, approached her, and almost timidly held out her hand to him. He took it in his horny palm, shook it hither and thither sideways, like a leaf in a doubtful air, then held it like a precious thing he was at once afraid of crushing by too tight a grasp, and of dropping from too loose a hold, until Ginevra took charge of it herself again. Gibbie danced about behind him, all but standing on one leg, but for Mrs. Sclater's sake, restraining himself. Ginevra sat down, and Donal, feeling himself very large and clumsy, and wanting to "be naught a while," looked about him for a chair, and then first espying Mrs. Sclater, went up to her with the same rolling, clamping stride, but without embarrassment, and said, holding out his hand,

"Hoo are ye the nicht, mem? I sawna yer bonnie face whan I cam in. A gran' hoose, like this o' yours — an' I'm sure, mem, it cudna be ower gran' to fit yersel', but it's jist some perplexin' to plain fowk like me, 'at's been eesed to mair room, an' less intill't." Donal was thinking of the meadow on the Lorrie bank.

"I was sure of it!" remarked Mrs. Sclater to herself. "One of nature's gentlemen! *He* would soon be taught."

She was right; but he was more than a gentleman, and could have taught her what she could have taught nobody in turn.

"You will soon get accustomed to our town-ways, Mr. Grant. But many of the things we gather about us are far more trouble than use," she replied, in her sweetest tones, and with a gentle pressure of the hand, which went a long way to set him at his ease. "I am glad to see you have friends here," she added.

"Only ane, mem. Gibbie an' me —"

"Excuse me, Mr. Grant, but would you oblige me — of course with *me* it is of no consequence, but just for habit's sake, would you oblige me by calling Gilbert by his own name — *Sir* Gilbert, please. I wish him to get used to it."

"Yer wull be't, mem. — Weel, as I was sayin', Sir Gibbie — Sir Gilbert, that is, mem — an' mysel', we hae kenned Miss Galbraith this lang time, bein' o' the laird's ain fowk, as I may say."

"Will you take a seat beside her, then," said Mrs. Sclater, and rising, herself placed

a chair for him near Ginevra, wondering how any Scotch laird, the father of such a little lady as she, could have allowed her such an acquaintance.

To most of the company he must have looked very queer. Gibbie, indeed, was the only one who saw the real Donal. Miss Kimble and her pupils stared at the distorted reflexion of him in the spoon-bowl of their own elongated narrowness; Mrs. Sclater saw the possible gentleman through the loop-hole of a compliment he had paid her; and Mr. Sclater beheld only the minimus which the reversed telescope of his own enlarged importance, he having himself come of sufficiently humble origin, made of him; while Ginevra looked up to him more as one who marvels at the grandly unintelligible, than one who understands the relations and proportions of what he beholds. Nor was it possible she could help feeling that he was a more harmonious object to the eye both of body and mind when dressed in his corduroys and blue bonnet, walking the green fields, with cattle about him, his club under his arm, and a book in his hand. So seen his natural dignity was evident; now he looked undeniably odd. A poet needs a fine house rather than a fine dress to set him off, and Mrs. Sclater's drawing-room was neither large nor beautiful enough to frame this one, especially with his Sunday clothes to get the better of. To the school ladies, mistress and pupils, he was simply a clodhopper, and from their report became a treasure of poverty-stricken amusement to the school. Often did Ginevra's cheek burn with indignation at the small insolences of her fellow pupils. At first she attempted to make them understand something of what Donal really was, but finding them unworthy of the confidence, was driven to betake herself to such a silence as put a stop to their offensive remarks in her presence.

"I thank ye, mem," said Donal, as he took the chair; "ye're verra condescendin'." Then turning to Ginevra, and trying to cross one knee over the other, but failing from the tightness of certain garments, which, like David with Saul's not similarly faulty armor, he had not hitherto proved, "Weel, mem," he said, "ye haena forgotten Hornie, I houp."

The other girls must be pardoned for tittering, offensive as is the habit so common to their class, for the only being they knew by that name was one to whom the merest reference sets pit and gallery in a roar. Miss Kimble was shocked — *disgusssted*, she said afterwards; and until

she learned that the clown was there uninvited, cherished a grudge against Mrs. Sclater.

Ginevra smiled him a satisfactory negative.

"I never read the ballant about the worm lingelt roon' the tree," said Donal, making rather a long link in the chain of association, "ohn thought upo' that day, mem, whan first ye cam doon the brae wi' my sister Nicie, an' I cam ower the burn till ye, an' ye garred me lauch about weetin' o' my feet! Eh, mem! wi' you afore me there, I see the blew lift again, an' the gerse jist lowin' (*flaming*) green, an' the nowt at their busiest, the win' asleep, an' the burn sayin', 'Ye need nane o' ye speyk: I'm here, an' it's my business.' Eh, mem! whan I think upo' 't a', it seems to me 'at the human hert, closed i' the mids o' sic a coffer o' cunnin' workmanship, maun be a terrible precious-like thing."

Gibbie, behind Donal's chair, seemed pulsing light at every pore, but the rest of the company, understanding his words perfectly, yet not comprehending a single sentence he uttered, began to wonder whether he was out of his mind, and were perplexed to see Ginevra listening to him with such respect. They saw a human offence where she knew a poet. A word is a word, but its interpretations are many, and the understanding of a man's words depends both on what the hearer is, and on what is his idea of the speaker. As to the pure all things are pure, because only purity can enter, so to the vulgar all things are vulgar because only the vulgar can enter: Wherein then is the commonplace man to be blamed, for as he is, so must he think? In this, that he consents to be commonplace, willing to live after his own idea of himself, and not after God's idea of him — the real idea, which, every now and then stirring in him, makes him uneasy with silent rebuke.

Ginevra said little in reply. She had not much to say. In her world the streams were still, not vocal. But Donal meant to hold a little communication with her which none of them, except indeed Gibbie — he did not mind Gibbie — should understand.

"I hed sic a queer dream the ither nicht, mem," he said, "an' I'll jist tell ye't. — I thought I was doon in an awfu' kin' o' a weet bog, wi' dry graivelly-like hills a' about it, an' naething upo' them but a wheen short hungert-like gerse. An' oot o' the mids o' the bog there grew jist ae tree — a saugh, I think it was, but unco auld — 'maist past kennin' wi' age; — an' roon' the rouch gnerlet trunk o' 't was

twistit three faulds o' the oogliest, ill-faurdest cratur o' a serpent 'at ever was seen. It was jist laithly to luik upo'. I cud describe it till ye, mem, but it wad only gar ye runkle yer bonny broo, an' luik as I wadna hae ye luik, mem, 'cause ye wadna luik freely sae bonny as ye div noo whan ye luik jist yersel. But ae queer thing was, 'at atween hit an' the tree it grippit a buik, an' I kent it for the buik o' ballants. An' I gaed nearer, luikin' an' luikin', an' some frichtit. But I wadna stan' for that, for that wad be to be caitiff vile, an' no true man: I gaed nearer an' nearer, till I had gotten within a yaird o' the tree, whan a' at ance, wi' a swing an' a swirl, I was three-fauld about the tree, an' the laithly worm was me mysel; an' I was the laithly worm. The verra hert gaed frae me for hoarible dreid, an' scunner at mysel! Sae there I was! — But I wasna lang there i' my meesery, afore I saw, oot o' my ain serpent e'en, maist blin't wi' greitin', ower the tap o' the brae afore me, 'atween me an' the lift, as gien it reacht up to the verra stars, for it wasna day but nicht by this time about me, as weel it might be, — I saw the bonny sicht come up o' a knicht in airmour, helmet an' shield an' iron sheen an' a'; but somehoo I kent by the gang an' the stan' an' the sway o' the bonny boady o' the knicht, 'at it was nae man, but a wuman. — Ye see, mem, sin I cam frae Daurside, I hae been able to get a grip o' buiks 'at I cudna get up there; an' I hed been readin' Spenser's Fairy Queen the nicht afore, a' yon about the lady 'at pat on the airmour o' a man, an' foucht like a guid ane for the richt an' the trowth — an' that hed putten 't i' my heid maybe; only whan I saw her, I kent her, an' her name wasna Britomart. She had a twistit branch o' blew berries about her helmet, an' they ca'd her Juniper: wasna that queer, no? An' she cam doon the hill wi' bonny big strides, no ower big for a stately wuman, but eh, sae different frae the nipperty mincin' stippety-stap o' the leddies ye see upo' the streets here! An' sae she cam doon the brae. An' I soucht sair to cry oot — first o' a' to tell her gien she didna luik till her feet, she wad be lairt i' the bog, an' syne to beg o' her for mercy's sake to draw her sword, an' caw the oogly heid aff o' me, an' lat me dee. Noo I maun confess 'at the ballant o' Kemp Owen was rinnin' i' the worm-heid o' me, an' I cudna help thinkin' what, notwithstanding in' the cheenge o' han's i' the story, lay still to the pairt o' the knicht; but hoo was ony man, no to say a mere ugsome serpent, to mint at sic a thing till a leddy, whether she was in

steel beats an' spurs or in lang train an' silver slippers? An' haith! I sune fan' 'at I cudna hae spoken the word, gien I had daured ever sae stoot. For whan I opened my moo' to cry till her, I cud dee naething but shot oot a forkit tongue, an' cry *sss*. Mem, it was dreidfu'! Sae I had jist to tak in my tongue again, an' say naething, for fear o' fleggin' awa' my bonny leddy i' the steel claes. An' she cam an' cam, doon an' doon, an' on to the bog; an' for a' the weicht o' her airmour she sankna a fit intill 't. An' she cam, an' she stude, an' she luikit at me; an' I hed seen her afore, an' kened her weel. An' she luikit at me, an' aye luikit; an' I winna say what was i' the puir worm's hert. But at the last she gae a gret sich, an' a sab, like, an' stude jist as gien she was tryin' sair, but could *not* mak up her bonny min' to yon 'at was i' the ballant. An' eh! hoo I grip-pit the buik atween me an' the tree — for there it was — a' as I saw 't afore! An' sae at last she gae a kin' o' a cry, an' turnt an' gaed awa', wi' her heid hingin' doon, an' her sword trailin', an' never turnt to luik ahint her, but up the brae, an' ower the tap o' the hill, an' doon an' awa'; an' the brainch wi' the blew berries was the last I saw o' her gaein' doon like the meen ahint the hill. An' jist wi' the fell greitin' I cam to mysel', an' my hert was gaein' like a pump 'at wad fain pit oot a fire. — Noo wasna that a queer-like dream? — I'll no say, mem, but I hae curriet an' kaimbt it up a wee, to gar 't tell better."

Ginevra had from the first been absorbed in listening, and her brown eyes seemed to keep growing larger and larger as he went on. Even the girls listened and were silent, looking as if they saw a peacock's feather in a turkey's tail. When he ended, the tears rushed from Ginevra's eyes — for bare sympathy — she had no perception of personal intent in the parable; it was long before she saw into the name of the lady-knight, for she had never been told the English of *Ginevra*; she was the simplest, sweetest of girls, and too young to suspect anything in the heart of a man.

"O Donal!" she said, "I am very sorry for the poor worm; but it was naughty of you to dream such a dream."

"Hoo's that, mem?" returned Donal, a little frightened.

"It was not fair of you," she replied, "to dream a knight of a lady, and then dream her doing such an unknightly thing. I am sure if ladies went out in that way, they would do quite as well, on the whole, as gentlemen."

"I mak *nae* doobt o' 't, mem: h'aven

forbid!" cried Donal; "but ye see dreams is sic senseless things 'at they winna be helpit; — an' that was hoo I dreemt it."

"Well, well, Donal!" broke in the harsh pompous voice of Mr. Sclater, who, unknown to the poet, had been standing behind him almost the whole time, "you have given the ladies quite enough of your romancing. That sort of thing, you know, my man, may do very well round the fire in the farm kitchen, but it's not the sort of thing for a drawing-room. Besides, the ladies don't understand your word of mouth; they don't understand such broad Scotch. — Come with me, and I'll show you something you would like to see."

He thought Donal was boring his guests, and at the same time preventing Gibbie from having the pleasure in their society for the sake of which they had been invited.

Donal rose, replying,

"Think ye sae, sir? I thoucht I was in auld Scotlan' still — here as weel's upo' Glashgar. But maybe my jography buik's some auld-fashioned. — Didna ye un'erstan' me, mem?" he added, turning to Ginevra.

"Every word, Donal," she answered.

Donal followed his host contented.

Gibbie took his place, and began to teach Ginevra the finger alphabet. The other girls found him far more amusing than Donal — first of all because he could not speak, which was much less objectionable than speaking like Donal — and funny too, though not so funny as Donal's clothes. And then he had such a romantic history! and was a baronet!

In a few minutes Ginevra knew the letters, and presently she and Gibbie were having a little continuous *talk* together, a thing they had never had before. It was so slow however as to be rather tiring. It was mainly about Donal. But Mrs. Sclater opened the piano, and made a diversion. She played something brilliant, and then sang an Italian song in *strillaceous* style, revealing to Donal's clownish ignorance a thorough mastery of caterwauling. Then she asked Miss Kimble to play something, who declined, without mentioning that she had neither voice nor ear nor love of music, but said Miss Galbraith should sing — "for once in a way, as a treat. — That little Scotch song you sing now and then, my dear," she added.

Ginevra rose timidly, but without hesitation, and going to the piano, sang, to a simple old Scotch air, to which they had been written, the following verses. Before she ended, the minister, the late herdboy,

and the dumb baronet were grouped crescent-wise behind the music-stool.

I dinna ken what's come ower me !

There's a how whaur ance was a hert ; (*hol-low*)

I never luik oot afore me,

An' a cry winna gar me stert ;

There's naething nae mair to come ower me,

Blaw the win' frae ony airt. (*quarter*)

For i' yon kirkyaird there's a hillock,

A hert whaur ance was a how ;

An' o' joy there's no left a mealock — (*crumb*)

Deid aiss whaur ance was a low ; (*ashes*)

(*flame*)

For i' yon kirkyaird, i' the hillock,

Lies a seed 'at winna grow.

It's my hert 'at hauds up the wee hillie

That's hoo there's a how i' my breist ;

It's awa' doon there wi' my Willie,

Gaed wi' him whan he was releast ;

It's doon i' the green-grown hillie,

But I s' be efter it neist.

Come awa', nichts an' mornin's,

Come ooks, years, a' time's clan ;

Ye're walcome ayont a' scornin' :

Tak me till him as fest as ye can.

Come awa', nichts an' mornin's,

Ye are wings o' a michty span !

For I ken he's luikin' an' waitin',

Luikin' aye doon as I clim' :

Wad I hae him see me sit greitin',

I'stead o' gaein' to him ?

I'll step oot like ane sure o' a meetin',

I'll traivel an' rin to him.

Three of them knew that the verses were Donal's. If the poet went home feeling more like a fellow in blue coat and fustian trousers, or a winged genius of the tomb, I leave my reader to judge. Anyhow, he felt he had had enough for one evening, and was able to encounter his work again. Perhaps also, when supper was announced, he reflected that his reception had hardly been such as to justify him in partaking of their food, and that his mother's hospitality to Mr. Sclater had not been in expectation of return. As they went down the stair he came last and alone, behind the two whispering school-girls ; and when they passed on into the dining-room, he slipt out of the house, and ran home to the furniture-shop and his books.

When the ladies took their leave, Gibbie walked with them. And now at last he learned where to find Ginevra.

CHAPTER IX.

A LESSON OF WISDOM.

IN obedience to the suggestion of his wife, Mr. Sclater did what he could to

show Sir Gilbert how mistaken he was in imagining he could fit his actions to the words of our Lord. Shocked as even he would probably have been at such a characterization of his attempt, it amounted practically to this: Do not waste your powers in the endeavor to keep the commandments of our Lord, for it cannot be done, and he knew it could not be done, and never meant it should be done. He pointed out to him, not altogether unfairly, the difficulties, and the causes of mistake, with regard to his words ; but said nothing to reveal the spirit and the life of them. Showing more of them to be figures than at first appeared, he made out the meanings of them to be less, not more than the figures, his pictures to be greater than their subjects, his parables larger and more lovely than the truths they represented. In the whole of his lecture, through which ran from beginning to end a tone of reproof, there was not one flash of enthusiasm for our Lord, not a sign that, to his so-called minister, he was a refuge, or a delight — that he who is the joy of his father's heart, the essential bliss of the universe, was anything to the soul of his creature, who besides had taken upon him to preach his good news, more than a name to call himself by — that the story of the Son of God was to him anything better than the soap and water wherewith to blow theological bubbles with the tobacco-pipe of his speculative understanding. The tendency of it was simply to the quelling of all true effort after the knowing of him through obedience, the quenching of all devotion to the central good. Doubtless Gibbie, as well as many a wiser man, might now and then make a mistake in the embodiment of his obedience, but even where the action misses the command, it may yet be obedience to him who gave the command, and by obeying one learns how to obey. I hardly know, however, where Gibbie blundered, except it was in failing to recognize the animals before whom he ought not to cast his pearls — in taking it for granted that, because his guardian was a minister, and his wife a minister's wife, they must therefore be the disciples of the Jewish carpenter, the eternal son of the Father of us all. Had he had more of the wisdom of the serpent, he would not have carried them the New Testament as an ending of strife, the words of the Lord as an enlightening law ; he would perhaps have known that to try too hard to make people good, is one way to make them worse ; that the only way to make good is to be good

—remembering well the beam and the mote; that the time for speaking comes rarely, the time for being never departs.

But in talking thus to Gibbie, the minister but rippled the air: Gibbie was all the time pondering with himself where he had met the same kind of thing, the same sort of person before. Nothing he said had the slightest effect upon him. He was too familiar with truth to take the yeasty bung-hole of a working barrel for a fountain of its waters. The unseen Lord and his reported words were to Gibbie realities, compared with which the very visible Mr. Sclater and his assured utterance were as the merest seemings of a phantom mood. He had never resolved to keep the words of the Lord: he just kept them; but he knew amongst the rest the Lord's words about the keeping of his words, and about being ashamed of him before men, and it was with a pitiful indignation he heard the minister's wisdom drivel past his ears. What he would have said, and withheld himself from saying, had he been able to speak, I cannot tell; I only know that in such circumstances the less said the better, for what can be more unprofitable than a discussion where but one of the disputants understands the question, and the other has all the knowledge? It would have been the eloquence of the wise and the prudent against the perfected praise of the suckling.

The effect of it all upon Gibbie was to send him to his room to his prayers, more eager than ever to keep the commandments of him who had said, *If ye love me*. Comforted then and strengthened, he came down to go to Donal — not to tell him, for to none but Janet could he have made such a communication. But in the middle of his descent he remembered suddenly of what and whom Mr. Sclater had all along been reminding him, and turned aside to Mrs. Sclater to ask her to lend him the Pilgrim's Progress. This, as a matter almost of course, was one of the few books in the cottage on Glashgar — a book beloved of Janet's soul — and he had read it again and again. Mrs. Sclater told him where in her room to find a copy, and presently he had satisfied himself that it was indeed Mr. Worldly Wiseman whom his imagination had, in cloudy fashion, been placing side by side with the talking minister.

Finding his return delayed, Mrs. Sclater went after him, fearing he might be indulging his curiosity amongst her personal possessions. Peeping in, she saw him seated on the floor beside her little book-

case lost in reading: she stole behind, and found that what so absorbed him was the conversation between Christian and Worldly — I beg his pardon, he is nothing without his *Mr.* — between Christian and Mr. Worldly Wiseman.

In the evening, when her husband was telling her what he had said to "the young Pharisee" in the morning, the picture of Gibbie on the floor, with the Pilgrim's Progress and Mr. Worldly Wiseman, flashed back on her mind, and she told him the thing. It stung him, not that Gibbie should perhaps have so paralleled him, but that his wife should so interpret Gibbie. To her, however, he said nothing. Had he been a better man, he would have been convinced by the lesson; as it was, he was only convicted, and instead of repenting, was offended grievously. For several days he kept expecting the religious gadfly to come buzzing about him with his sting, that is his forefinger, stuck in the Pilgrim's Progress, and had a swashing blow ready for him; but Gibbie was beginning to learn a lesson or two, and if he was not yet so wise as some serpents, he had always been more harmless than some doves.

That he had gained nothing for the world was pretty evident to the minister the following Sunday — from the lofty watch-tower of the pulpit where he sat throned, while the first psalm was being sung. His own pew was near one of the side doors, and at that door some who were late kept coming in. Amongst them were a stranger or two, who were at once shown to seats. Before the psalm ended, an old man came in and stood by the door — a poor man in mean garments, with the air of a beggar who had contrived to give himself a Sunday look. Perhaps he had come hoping to find it warmer in church than at home. There he stood, motionless as the leech-gatherer, leaning on his stick, disregarded of men — it may have been only by innocent accident, I do not know. But just ere the minister must rise for the first prayer, he saw Gibbie, who had heard a feeble cough, cast a glance round, rise as swiftly as noiselessly, open the door of the pew, get out into the passage, take the old man by the hand, and lead him to his place beside the satin-robed and sable-muffled ministerial consort. Obedient to Gibbie's will, the old man took the seat, with an air both of humility and respect, while happily for Mrs. Sclater's remnant of ruffled composure, there was plenty of room in the pew, so that she could move higher up. The old man, it is true, fol-

lowed, to make a place for Gibbie, but there was still an interval between them sufficient to afford space to the hope that none of the evils she dreaded would fall upon her to devour her. Flushed, angry, uncomfortable, notwithstanding, her face glowed like a bale-fire to the eyes of her husband, and, I fear, spoiled the prayer—but that did not matter much.

While the two thus involuntarily signalled each other, the boy who had brought discomposure into both pulpit and pew, sat peaceful as a summer morning, with the old man beside him quiet in the reverence of being himself revered. And the minister, while he preached from the words, *Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall*, for the first time in his life began to feel doubtful whether he might not himself be a humbug. There was not much fear of his falling, however, for he had not yet stood on his feet.

Not a word was said to Gibbie concerning the liberty he had taken: the minister and his wife were in too much dread—not of St. James and the “poor man in vile raiment,” for they were harmless enough in themselves, but of Gibbie’s pointing finger to back them. Three distinct precautions, however, they took: the pew-opener on that side was spoken to; Mrs. Sclater made Gibbie henceforth go into the pew before her; and she removed the New Testament from the drawing-room.

From The Contemporary Review.
ANCIENT EGYPT.

I.

THE object of these papers is to give the reader who has not made a special study of Egyptology some idea of its general results in reference both to the ancient Egyptians and to the races with which they came in contact. The subjects are the characteristics of the main periods of Egyptian history, the religion and civilization of the people, and the bearing of their records on Hebrew, Greek, and Phœnician history. The vast body of information by which we may now carry up the annals of the civilized world for at least two thousand years before the time of Herodotus is for the most part scattered in works both learned and costly of which no short summary has yet been produced.* It will be

* In the “Records of the Past,” the student unacquainted with the original Egyptian, Assyrian, and other Eastern texts, will find translations of the most

my endeavor to do my work merely as an interpreter, in order that the great value of materials almost unknown to the generality may be understood, and perhaps some new students added to a body which, in England at least, is now decreasing. In a short series of papers many details must be omitted, but there will be space enough to show that the study of Egyptology touches and illustrates in turn many of the great problems of the story of ancient civilization.

No country has more markedly influenced its inhabitants than Egypt. It is a table-land of rock, through which the Nile has cut a passage, which by its annual overflow it has gradually fertilized. The valley thus formed is but a few miles broad until it widens out into the triangular plain of the Delta. Small as is the deposit of soil—not more than four and a half inches in a century for the last three thousand years—it requires no manuring to produce an annual crop, nor need it ever be left fallow, and the use of artificial irrigation adds a second and third crop. In no country is life easier or the acquisition of wealth from the land more rapid. The oldest Egyptians were agriculturists, who, having gained all they required, felt the natural desire of a settled people to leave some record of their lives for later times. The conditions were wonderfully favorable. The rainless climate preserves for ages what elsewhere perishes in a year. The sides of the valley afford quarries of limestone and sandstone, easily worked and lying close to the great water-way for transport, and at the first cataract the Nile is obstructed by rocks of the fine red granite which the ancients called syenite. At a very remote age the art of making paper from the papyrus reed, then abundant, was discovered, and black and red ink was manufactured. All these materials were in full use as early as the time of the king who built the Great Pyramid, in the earliest period of Egyptian monumental history.

But who were the Egyptians? in other words, what is their place among the races of man? Their neighbors were the yellow Shemite Syrians, the fair Libyans, and the negroes. In the interesting pictures of the four races of man in the Tombs of the Kings (B.C. cir. 1350–1100) the Egyptians portray these three races and themselves “mankind” as a fourth. Like all such subjects in ancient Egyptian art, these are eminently characteristic, and the most ele-

important of these documents. Yet the necessary introduction to the study of the documents is wanting, and the critical apparatus is far too scanty.

mentary ethnologist will instantly recognize the four distinct types, three of which are markedly different from the Egyptian. Is the Egyptian a distinct race, or can it be directly traced to a fusion of two or more of the other three types? The modern Egyptian helps us towards a solution of this problem. If we knew nothing of his descent we should say that he was an Arab with a tincture of another race, so markedly has the westward flow of Arab immigration made the Arab type to predominate among the people. But this is a superficial view. Looking more carefully, we see usually in the Copts, who have intermarried among themselves for the last twelve centuries, and occasionally in the Muslim Egyptians, a type which, however modified since antiquity, forcibly recalls the old pictures. Here the Shemite traits are slighter, and we come to the conclusion that their race merely contributed an element, and perhaps not the most important, to the old Egyptian type. Another element, perhaps the only other, seems to be Nigritian. The weak calf of the leg and the flat foot are markedly indicative of Nigritian influence, and so is the thickness of the nose, and the fulness of the lips. Other circumstances seem to indicate the presence of Shemite and Nigritian elements in the ancient Egyptians. It will be seen that their language and their religion may be traced to two sources which exist together, mixed but not fused, like oil and water. One of these elements in language probably, in religion certainly, is Nigritian, the other in language is certainly Shemite, and in religion probably the same. Of any other element there seems to be as yet no proof.

Ancient Egyptian history does not help us to discover the origin of the race. It dawns with the reign of Menes the first mortal king. Nothing is said of any previous movement of population. The prehistoric age, the time before Menes, called the reign of the gods, was evidently mythical, as it was reckoned by astronomical cycles, and the gods were arranged in it according to their importance, the rule of the great gods coming first, and very inferior mythological personages reigning towards the close. Between Menes and the earliest dated monuments, was an interval of probably not above seven or eight centuries, which may be called traditional, and of which legends were related. Yet at the head of this age stands the undoubtedly historical figure of Menes ruling at an Egyptian town over all Egypt.

The vestiges of a prehistoric period are

thought to remain in the stone implements found in Egypt. Here, it is argued, as elsewhere, there was a prehistoric stone age. This may well have been, but two things must be borne in mind: that the paintings show the use of stone arrowheads far down in the historic age, and also that the stone implements discovered may have been in some cases the work of a neighboring savage race. For the present we want evidence of a true prehistoric stone age in Egypt. This subject has been neglected by explorers, who are probably diverted from it by the wealth of historical documents that reward them in all parts of the country.

History, then, but not pure history, begins with Menes, the first king of the first of those thirty dynasties under which the Egyptian historian Manetho arranged the kings of Egypt. The first historical event is the founding of the oldest capital, Memphis, "the good station," to which the seat of government was probably removed by Menes. He came from the still older town of Thinis or This, in Upper Egypt, close to the more famous sacred city of Abydos. Memphis is a little to the south of Cairo, and not far south of the point of the Delta. The site was therefore well chosen as a central point from which the whole country could be governed, while the valley of Upper Egypt was protected by it, and afforded a safe retreat in case of disaster. Here at Memphis, great and powerful seven or eight centuries later, the history of its foundation surely must have been well known, and this, combined with the consistent character of all which is told by the agreement of historians as to Menes, leaves no doubt of his historical character.

Passing at once from a time as to which we have no certain contemporary records, we are arrested by the earliest known monuments, the pyramids of El-Geezeh and the lesser tombs around, and suddenly find ourselves face to face with the Egyptian life of more than four thousand years ago, recorded by architecture, sculpture, and hieroglyphic inscriptions.

It is not any longer necessary to prove that hieroglyphics can be read, but it may be well here to mention the method by which this is done. The ancient language is essentially the same as the modern or Coptic, which was written with the Greek alphabet and some additional letters to express sounds wanting to Greek. The ancient characters are either phonetic (syllabic or alphabetic) or ideographic. Any word may be written phonetically or by ideograph (symbol), or in both ways com-

bined, the ideograph then determining the sense of the word, as we write "fifty pounds, £50." Those words which we do not find in Coptic are interpreted either by the obvious meaning of the ideographs used to determine their sense, as when the figure of an animal follows its name, or by induction. The way to learn hieroglyphics is to begin with Coptic, in which the occurrence of Greek words aids the student's progress, and thus to obtain a notion of the genius of the language and a *copia verborum*, before entering on the harder enterprise of studying its older phase in the ancient character. After no long time the learner will be convinced that the general sense of all but the religious documents can be ascertained as readily as that of any similar Greek or Roman record. Philologically the most interesting phenomena are the monosyllabic (Nigritian) character of the roots, and the Semitic character of the pronouns whether isolated or affixed, the latter including the verbal forms. The roots lack the rhythmic vovelling of early (true) Semitic, and resemble its worn-away (Syriac) phase.

The religion of every nation is the keynote of its history. That of ancient Egypt is therefore the first subject as to which we must question the monuments. Here it may be well to dismiss the idea that the Egyptian religion continued to grow and went through changes during the historical period before it felt the influence of Greek philosophy. With the exception of a single permanent change, due apparently to foreign influence, it varied as little as the language in which it was written. It had of course its changing fashions, but the main doctrines, the objects of worship, and the rites, continued the same during this vast period of far above twenty centuries. Our chief difficulty in dealing with it is that we are often at a loss to grasp the real sense of the terms used. This is owing to three causes. When the Egyptians became Christians they eliminated most religious terms from their vocabulary as idolatrous, and substituted for them Greek equivalents. Thus the valuable aid of the Coptic often here fails us. We also find it very difficult to place our minds in the attitude of the Egyptians when we know the radical sense of a term: we can construe and cannot translate, like a school-boy with a hard piece of Virgil. There is moreover another and very grave hindrance. There can be no doubt that the priests allegorized their doctrines, and that much which is nearly unintelligible is so in

consequence of this practice. In the great Egyptian religious work, the "Ritual," the text is in general clearer than the commentary, which explains by allegory, and is probably but not certainly of later date. Notwithstanding these difficulties we have now a general idea of the Egyptian religion.

At first sight this religion seems a hopeless puzzle. The student who attempts to understand it feels like a visitor to a museum, in which antiquities of all classes are mixed without even a rudimentary arrangement. Long and patient labors have quite lately made this difficult subject easier to understand than the religion of Greece, though much remains to be done. The results are strangely unexpected. Instead of finding, like old inquirers, a philosophic meaning in the lowest forms of worship, we now accept them as no more than what they appear; and yet in the higher forms we discover as lofty a philosophy as had been before imagined.

Long after hieroglyphics had been read, evidence from them was wanting that the Egyptians had any idea of one God. Lately M. de Rougé, the most philosophic and one of the acutest of Champollion's successors, advanced the strongest reasons for maintaining that they held this doctrine. In the "Ritual," one Supreme Being is distinctly mentioned, called by no proper name, and thus not identical with any member of the Egyptian pantheon, although Ra, the sun, is, probably by a later view, identified in the same work with this mysterious divinity. The Supreme Being was the source of another being equally unnamed, and is thus called "the Double Being." From him came the other gods. This idea of monotheism, though seemingly lost in the multitude of gods in the pantheon, constantly reappears in their identification with one another in mixed forms or interchange of attributes. To what did the Egyptians owe this idea? Those who hold with M. Renan that the Shemites were essentially monotheists, will find a ready answer, and in this discover a fresh instance of the Shemite element. M. Renan's position is, however, one hard to maintain. In antiquity no Shemites were monotheists but the Hebrews, and though the Hebrew teachers were all monotheists, the people were constantly either adopting idolatrous objects of worship, or mistaking the true meaning of monotheism in their idea that they served a national God, instead of the creator and ruler of the universe. The contact of Hebrew with Aryan thought during the Babylonian cap-

tivity seems to have afforded the people the means of understanding what they had before misinterpreted, and thenceforward they were true monotheists. The pagan Arabs before Mohammed were polytheists of the lowest type. It was due to foreign influences that they adopted monotheism. The Aryans, on the other hand, had this idea from a remote time, though the importance they attached to the conflict of good and evil is apt to make us forget it in the use of the term dualism. The ancient Aryan religions which admit a pantheon imagine it to be presided over by a chief divinity, thus preserving in an alloyed form the original monotheistic idea. It is in this feature of Egyptian doctrine, if anywhere, that we may trace an Aryan element in Egypt, unless we may suppose that the Egyptian priests attained the monotheistic idea by philosophic inquiry: if so, but this is a rash hypothesis, they must have done this at a remote age, for the "Ritual" is, in part at least, as early as the period of the oldest monuments.

The Egyptian pantheon, at first sight very complex, may be reduced to system by a study of the order of the great gods. The two chief forms of that order are made inconsistent by the addition at the head of two divinities of inferior consequence in their attributes, the gods of Memphis and Thebes. This was undoubtedly due to political causes, and marks the ascendancy of the priests of the two ancient capitals. Leaving these gods out, the order resolves itself into two groups, the sun-gods and the family of Osiris. The true heads of these groups are Ra, the sun, and Osiris. It is very noteworthy that these gods only and goddesses who were female forms of Osiris were worshipped throughout Egypt, Osiris everywhere, and Ra by combination with other gods, and as the representative of kingly power in the sky, as well as under the type of the king as Ra on earth. The myth of Ra and that of Osiris are strikingly alike. Ra as Osiris is the sun in constant conflict with evil. The enemy of Ra is the great serpent Apap, whom he vanquishes. The enemy of Osiris is his own brother or son Set, physical evil, who vanquishes him, to be finally overcome by Horus the solar son of Osiris. Ra has no consort but a very inferior divinity, a female sun. Osiris has Isis to wife, whose worship almost equalled his. That which distinguishes the myth of Osiris from that of Ra is its human aspect. It is solar up to a certain point in the conflict of light and darkness, and the setting of the old sun seemingly to

perish and reappear in new young splendor in its rising. But in the destruction of Osiris by evil, the temporary triumph of evil, and its final defeat and the destruction of its force by Horus and wisdom (Thoth), and in the revival of Osiris, we see the story of human life in its war with physical evil, its death, and its resurrection, in its war with moral evil, its temporary fall, and final triumph. Thus while the myth of Ra remained a part of religion, that of Osiris became the part to which the affections of the Egyptians attached themselves. Osiris became, as the hidden sun, the ruler of the underworld, and so the judge of the dead, then represented as a mummy. It was to him or to a member of his family that the prayers for the dead were addressed. As the Egyptian entered into the divine underworld (Karneter), the west, the hidden land (Amenti), he placed himself under the protection of the sun of the night. Yet more, as one who hoped to be justified, he took the name of his judge, and an Osiris went through the ordeals of the hidden world, hoping for a new life in the Elysian fields. Thus Osiris became essentially the ruler of the unseen world, Ra became the ruler of the visible universe; but these ideas interchanged, Osiris appears as the Nile and as the source of productiveness, Ra as the ruler of the hidden land. Yet Osiris remained the judge of the dead, and hence the prevalence and strength of his worship. It would be impossible to explain the existence side by side of two forms of the same myth, for this is the meaning of the two groups of great gods, did we not see in it the history of the early growth of the Egyptian religion. In a very remote age the doctrines of Heliopolis, the city of the sun, and of Abydos, the ancient city of Osiris, were thus united. Menes, the first king, came from Thinis, so close to Abydos as to have become almost if not quite a suburb of the city which eclipsed it, and founded Memphis nearly opposite to Heliopolis. Thus the two systems, that of the worship of Osiris at Abydos, and that of the worship of Ra at Heliopolis, were brought so near that it was necessary that they should either be amalgamated, or that one should give way to the other. Hence the two groups of the great gods.

It is a long step from the lofty ideas that these archaic systems suggest to the figures under which the gods were represented, and the symbols regarded as their living forms. Osiris has indeed a human shape, but Ra is usually hawk-headed, and Thoth, the god of wisdom, has the head of

an ibis. Some goddesses are lioness-headed and cat-headed; others sometimes have the head of a cow. Osiris, despite his human character, was supposed to dwell in the sacred bull Apis; and each divinity had a living representative in a quadruped, bird, reptile, or fish, while sacred trees and mountains were held in reverence. How can so low a pedestal be reconciled with so high a superstructure? When it is remembered that the Egyptian worship is intensely local, that each town had its special divinity and sacred animal, we find the clue out of this labyrinthine question, in which some inquirers have lost themselves, while others, having reached, as they thought, the end, have given up the subject in despair, like the old visitor who entered a beautiful Egyptian temple, and after traversing its spacious chambers rich with painted sculptures, marvelled to find in the innermost shrine a cat or crocodile or serpent. The clue is that at each settlement that worship of a local fetish which is a characteristic of the negroes, was a tradition derived from the original population. Generally, when a race of superior belief has conquered one of inferior belief, it has endeavored to substitute its faith for the lower one, by connecting the two. Thus a taint has injured most religions, the higher never succeeding in effacing the lower. This theory accounts for much in Greek mythology. Why should the laurel have been sacred to Apollo, the tortoise to Aphrodite, save for this reason, that in their adopted country the Greeks found certain trees and animals worshipped by the earlier population whom they sought to conciliate by connecting the lower object of worship with the higher ideal they themselves revered? Similarly the old *agal mata* of barbarous form which their predecessors had received from Egypt or copied on Egyptian models were gradually superseded by more fit representations. In literature we may trace the transition when Homer uses epithets that cannot be doubted to be taken from old animal-headed forms for the divinities he describes with human characteristics. In art the transition is seen in the story of Onatas the sculptor, who, when charged to execute a statue of the horse-headed Demeter, whose *agalma* had been destroyed by fire, being perplexed how to do so in an age of growing art, saw the goddess in a dream, and no doubt then represented her in accordance with the higher ideas of his time. Another striking instance is seen in the nome-coins of Egypt struck under Roman

emperors, when Greek ideas were strong in the country, on which the divinity of the province, though in some cases animal-headed, in others has a human form, and carries in his hand the sacred animal of the nome.

We can therefore scarcely doubt whence arose the combination of animal-worship with sun-worship (of Shemite origin?), and the union of the animal's head with the human body in the representations of the local divinities of the mixed system thus formed. Rarely can we find anything appropriate in the union. It is true that the sun-gods have the head of the hawk, a bird of the noble family which gazes at the sun; the sun-goddesses that of the luminous-eyed feline tribe, usually of its highest member the lioness; but for the most part the associations seem to be the effect of mere chance. It may be asked why any should be appropriate if they were the result of the adoption of existing superstitions by new-comers into Egypt; but it should be remembered that we cannot suppose all the towns of Egypt to have been growths from older Nigritian settlements. Memphis we know was not, and we may infer the same of Hermopolis Magna. The prominence of the lower element in the Egyptian religion need not surprise us when we see the old sacred stone at Mekkeh (the Black Stone) still venerated by nearly all Muslims, and yet more remarkably see in Egypt itself a sacred snake revered at the tomb of the Sheykh el-Hareedee in Upper Egypt, which must be the representative of a long series of sacred snakes which have held their own from the overthrow of paganism through fourteen centuries to the present day.

Writing was as old in Egypt as architecture and sculpture. The papyrus reed, as already noticed, furnished the most ancient material for paper in the days of the oldest monuments. The dry climate has preserved a great number of ancient rolls, of which most are religious, and of these again the greater part copies of one book, the "Ritual," which French scholars call the "Funereal Ritual," and Germans the "Book of the Dead." It is a work evidently compiled from time to time, divided into sections, originally separate books, and chapters, each chapter being usually illustrated by a representation of its chief subject above the text. Part of this book has been found of the date of the eleventh dynasty (before B.C. 2000), and according to its own statement, which derives collateral support from a more general assertion of Manetho, one chapter was discovered

in the time of the great pyramid-building kings of the fourth dynasty. There can be no doubt that the greater part is of extreme antiquity.

Two great difficulties assail us in the endeavor even to construe this book. It was held to be specially advantageous to the mummified Egyptian that a copy should be deposited in his tomb. Consequently it became the custom to write these copies in great numbers, and, as they were not to be read, the scribes were careless in their copying. Hence arises a multitude of errors which at every step embarrass the student. The other difficulty is due to the causes which render the Egyptian religious writings more hard to interpret than the historical. Yet, thanks to M. de Rougé's patience and skill, the general purport of the work is now understood. It is throughout text and commentary, and curiously, as already remarked, the text usually simpler than the commentary, which by its allegorizing method renders the obscurity of the subject greater. The theme of the "Ritual" is the story of man's fate in the nether world, and the text consists of a series of prayers to be said in each of the several zones through which the soul was to pass on its way to judgment, and the confession of innocence that was to ensure its acquittal. It might be supposed that so great a matter would have been treated in the loftiest style of which the language was capable, with the simplicity of the Egyptian memoir, the pathos of the dirge, and the occasional grandeur of the historical writings and the religious hymns. But it is far otherwise. Nowhere is the lower element of the Egyptian religion so evident as in the "Ritual." It is obscure and mysterious, without elevation or dignity. The student seeks in vain for a single passage worthy of the ideas conveyed through the eye by the pyramids and the tombs of the kings. He wanders through a labyrinth peopled by the forms of the lowest superstition, and the idea forces itself upon him that the negro element of the Egyptian mind is here dominant, not always in the thoughts, but always in their expression. Nothing more forcibly shows the strength of this element, not even animal-worship. Side by side with the "Ritual" we find another work relating to the underworld, the "Book of the Lower Hemisphere," describing the journeyings of the soul after death through twelve zones corresponding to the twelve hours of the nocturnal sun. This book was in fashion at the period to which most of the tombs of the kings (nineteenth

and twentieth dynasties) belong, and their pictures afford the illustrations of its chapters.

The "wisdom of the Egyptians" is not to be found in the "Ritual" and the "Book of the Lower Hemisphere," but in the few moral treatises that are left. The oldest complete one of these, that of Ptah-hotep, a prince, son of a king of the fifth dynasty, is the first work of the character of the Hebrew Proverbs which has come down to us as a whole. It teaches a high morality apart from the Egyptian religion; that religion it almost ignores, in general speaking of God in the singular as the judge of men's actions. It is a curious question whether proverbial writing of this kind, that is, wisdom embodied in short pithy sayings, very often stating a duty and the reason for its performance, is not of Egyptian origin. In Hebrew literature it is scarcely found before the date of the Proverbs. If that book is in its origin of the time of Solomon, and this can scarcely be doubted, a curious question arises. How are we to explain the striking similarity of method in the Hebrew and the Egyptian book? It is not likely that the contact between Egypt and the East between the times of Moses and Solomon was sufficiently strong to influence Hebrew literature. It is far more probable, unless the similarity is accidental, that tradition preserved a method of teaching that must have been known to Moses, who was "educated in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." If so, the Hebrew work may contain archaic fragments preserved by the original collector just as it contains sayings added after its first completion.

Scientific literature, at least in the province of medicine, not unmixed with superstition, is of the first age of Egyptian monuments, and probably historical literature in the shape of memoirs, afterwards among our best sources, is not much later. Fiction, letters, and state annals are not yet known of this antiquity, and therefore must be afterwards noticed.

Thus much we know of the belief and thought of the people of Egypt in the age of their first monuments. What they did and how they lived in those days is the next point of interest.

As we stand beneath the Great Pyramid the first question that rises in our mind is this. How long ago was this monument raised? Has it stood for four, five, or six thousand years? M. Mariette answers six, Professor Lepsius five, and some cautious reckoners adhere to Napoleon's forty centuries. But in truth the question can-

not yet be answered. With all reverence for the scholarship that has attempted it, the difference of opinion proves that the date of the oldest Egyptian monuments must still remain blank. The cause may be explained in a few words which the student would do well to ponder lest he waste his strength on the unknowable to the loss of more fruitful research.

The Egyptians had no era, no reckoning from the building of Memphis or from the institution of a festival. They had at least one astronomical cycle, a vast period of fourteen hundred and sixty-one wandering years of three hundred and sixty-five days each, a cycle pyramid-like in its dimensions, but we do not find that they dated by it.* Their reckoning was by kings' reigns, each year being called the first or second and so forth of the king from the current year in which he began to reign. There is one known instance in which a long period, from one reign to a later one, is stated, and unfortunately we only know the historical place of the later of the two kings mentioned. The Egyptians do not seem to have recorded eclipses, and their stellar observations are unintelligible, as we find a star-rising recorded year after year on the same day of the wandering year of three hundred and sixty-five days, when it must have moved a day later every four years. They rarely recorded long genealogies. The succession of kings is broken by dire chasms in the series of monuments — ages almost without records — of which it is not possible even to conjecture the length. Our chief authority is still the historian Manetho, an Egyptian priest, who, under the first or second Ptolemy, wrote in Greek the list of the native dynasties, thirty in number, from Menes to Nectanebes II., overthrown by Artaxerxes Ochus. His numbers are shown by the monuments to be untrustworthy in their present state, and he does not tell us whether the royal houses were all successive or some contemporary. The monuments, with the aid of a fragmentary ancient list on papyrus, and for the latest period that of Hebrew, Assyrian, and Greek documents, enable us in many cases to correct Manetho; and we have for the later part of Egyptian history a chronology, which, reckoning upwards, is first nearly exact, then roughly true, and at last

* This cycle, called the Sothiac, because it began when the dog-star Sothis rose heliacally on the first day of the wandering year of 365 days, marked the coincidence of that year in its beginning with the fixed Sothiac year of 365 1/4 days, which, of course, could only occur on the completion of 1,460 wandering years, and 1,460 Sothiac.

merely approximative within a century, perhaps more, until we reach the first or most recent chasm.

If we reckon upwards from the overthrow of Nectanebes II. (dynasty xxx.), B.C. 340(?) to the accession of the first Ethiopian monarch Sabaco (dynasty xxv.), B.C. cir. 715, the dates are nearly exact. From Sabaco to Sheshonk I., the Shishak of the Bible (dynasty xxii.), B.C. cir. 967, probably there is not an error of more than thirty years. Thenceforward to the beginning of the empire (dynasty xviii.), B.C. cir. 1600-1550, there is an increasing obscurity in chronology. We now find ourselves on the nearer side of the first chasm, the age during which Egypt was ruled by the Shepherd Kings, Eastern strangers, whose rule began after or during that of the later Theban kings of the old line (dynasty xiii.), and is generally held to have lasted, inclusive of a period of war at its close, for five centuries or a little more. This theory, however, rests upon a solitary passage of Manetho, cited by one only of his copyists, and if it seems supported by numbers in the dynastic lists given by this and the other copyists, we must remember the fatal facility with which numbers seem to lend themselves to the theories of chronologers. On the other side of the chasm we have all or a part of the old Theban kingdom (dynasties xi., xii., and part or the whole of xiii.). Then comes another chasm, characterized by the rule of a line of kings of another capital. We then once more reach a period illuminated by the light of contemporary monuments, the age of the Memphite kings, the pyramid-builders (last king of dynasty iii. and dynasties iv., v., vi.), which probably lasted six or seven centuries. Between this time and the rule of Menes stretches yet another great chasm, the age before monuments, to which a conjectural length of seven or eight centuries may be assigned. The reckoning, therefore, stands thus:—

Pre-monumental age (dynasties i.-iii., part) 800 or 700 years(?).

Memphite kingdom under pyramid-builders (iii., part, iv., v., vi.), 700 or 600(?).

Doubtful period (vii., viii., ix., x.).

Theban kingdom (xi., xii., xiii., part?) 250 years or more.

Shepherd rule (xiii., part? xiv., xv., xvi., xvii.).

The empire (xviii., xix., xx., part), B.C. 1600-1500 to 1200-1100.

Fall of empire (xx., part, xxi.).

Sheshonk I., or Shishak (xxii.), B.C. cir. 967.

Shebek, or Sabaco (xxv.), B.C. cir. 715.

Psammetichus I., Saïte supremacy (xxvi., part) 665.

Final Persian conquest, B.C. 340(?).

The Great Pyramid stands almost at the beginning of the first monumental age. Its date would be before at least B.C. 2350 by the length of the second and third chasms; in other words the length of these two unknown periods must be added to at least B.C. 2350 if we would obtain the date of the pyramid. We must, therefore, surrender Napoleon's forty centuries. How much we must add to them is yet to be discovered.

The age of the pyramids is doubtful. The object for which they were built is certain. There is no need here to examine curious speculations to which their measures have, like the numbers of Manetho's list, seemed to offer themselves with a strange facility, like false lights that lead a traveller into the quicksands. They were royal tombs and nothing more. We need not draw any idea of astronomical use from their facing the cardinal points, whereas the Chaldean pyramids pointed to them, nor, in the case of the Great Pyramid, from the curious circumstance that at the time of its building its entrance passage pointed to the then pole-star, α Draconis, nor from the excellent platform for astronomical observation on its summit, nor from its chief measures being in exact Egyptian cubits without fractions. There may have been a religious reason for the orientation of this and the other Egyptian pyramids, but it is quite obvious that a deviation of direction would have produced a disagreeable discord in the placing of these geometrically-shaped buildings. It was no use to point a passage to the pole-star, as it had to be closed at the completion of the structure after the king's sepulture. The platform did not exist when the casing of the monument was complete to its apex. The most famous buildings of antiquity were constructed of full measures without fractions in all their chief dimensions. What perhaps originated in the difficulty of observing due proportion when fractions were allowed, became a matter of religion.

The pyramids then were tombs of kings. Each had its name. The Great Pyramid was called "the Splendid;" the second pyramid, strangely enough, "the Great;" the third pyramid, "the Superior." Each must have been the chief object of a king's reign. Begun, at or perhaps in some cases before, his accession, it was built on a plan which allowed constant addition and speedy completion. Thus the pyramids

are the measures of the reigns of those who built them, and happily in many cases we know from the tombs around who these royal builders were.

The main principles of an Egyptian tomb of this age are the same in the pyramids and in the smaller built tombs, though the mode in which the principles are carried out is different. These smaller tombs consist of a quadrangular mass of masonry like an oblong truncated pyramid, having a pit entered from above descending to a sepulchral chamber cut in the rock beneath; and within is also a chapel entered from an external door, and a secret chamber to contain statues of the deceased. The pyramids represent the purely sepulchral part of these structures. In front of the entrance of each was a chapel, to which was probably attached a secret chamber.

The form of the pyramids is probably traceable to the natural shapes of the desert mountains. All Egyptian architecture is characterized by the same sloping lines as these mountains, varying like them from the sharp inclination of the pyramids to the very slight slope of the built tombs, and, it may be added, of all the great massive gateways of the later temples. Whether these forms were thus derived or not, their adoption must have been due to their extreme strength.

The manner in which the pyramids were constructed was first shown in Professor Lepsius's "Letters from Egypt." The objects of the royal builders were strength of position, a secure place of sepulture, and a method by which the monument could be gradually increased from year to year and finished with little delay when the king's death made this necessary. A site was chosen on the low table-land of the Libyan desert, and a slight elevation was selected as a peg on which the structure should as it were be pivoted. In this core of rock a sloping descending passage, usually entered from the north, was cut, of sufficient size for the conveyance of a sarcophagus, leading to a sepulchral chamber. Above and around the rock a solid structure of masonry was raised, of cubical form but with slightly sloping sides. In the case of the king's death at this stage of the work, the pyramid was at once completed by the addition of sloping lateral masses and a pyramidal cap. Roughly this additional work did not exceed in quantity the first construction, excluding the excavation. If the king lived on, the first construction was enlarged on each of its four sides, so as to form a great plat-

form on which a second central mass was raised, and a pyramid of two degrees without filled-in angles was formed. At this stage again the work could be completed if necessary, or if the king still lived each platform from the lowest could be increased on the same principle. The form of the pyramid of steps at Sakkarah, the central monument of the necropolis of Memphis, is a good illustration of the general principle, and the change of angle in the southern pyramid of Dahshoor is valuable as a probable instance of hasty completion.

The manner in which the pyramids were built is thus clear enough: the mechanical skill their construction shows must remain a marvel. The main materials were indeed quarried from the limestone rock on which the monuments stand, but the finest quality used was brought from quarries on the opposite side of the river, and, in the instances in which granite was employed, usually for details, from the First Cataract. How were the vast blocks lowered from the quarries and transported to the river, how embarked, again transported to the edge of the desert, raised to the low tableland on which the pyramids stand, and then elevated to the heights required, in the case of the Great Pyramid up to above four hundred and fifty feet, and how were not alone the casing-stones, but also the stones lining and roofing the narrow passages and chambers, fitted with an exactness that has never been surpassed? We know from their pictures something of the machinery of the Egyptians, how they transported huge masses of stone by the use of the labor of men or oxen, on sledges moving on rollers, and we also know that great causeways led up from the valley of the Nile to the plateau of the pyramids. But this is all. Of their mode of raising masses we are wholly ignorant. People have talked of mounds up which the stones were dragged to build the pyramids, but the work of constructing an easy incline for a pyramid four hundred and sixty feet high would have been tremendous, and the materials, unless it was built of stone, would not have been at hand. At present we are as far as ever from a solution of this curious problem.

The Great Pyramid was originally four hundred and eighty feet high, and each side of its base measured seven hundred and sixty-four feet, dimensions slightly reduced by its use as a quarry in later times. The successive Muslim capitals of Egypt, of which Cairo is the latest, have been built of the monuments of Memphis. The

city and its temples have disappeared, and left scarcely a trace; yet the larger pyramids have lost but a small proportion of their materials, and where there are marks of ruin, it is rather due to the efforts of explorers than to the actual removal of the stones from the site. Seen from afar, on what Horace well calls their royal site, the vastness of the pyramids strikes us; as we approach them, and begin to distinguish the courses of stone, this impression wanes, to return with an oppressive force as we stand beneath them. All other works of man are dwarfed by them, but it must be remembered that no other works of man occupied a whole nation, as it is all but certain the greater pyramids did, for one or even two generations each. No public works save the pyramids are known of the Memphite kingdom. When true public works begin, pyramids become far less costly, like that of the wise king who excavated the Lake Mœris.

The object of each pyramid was to entomb a single mummied king: sometimes two sepulchral chambers may point to a double burial: in one case an early monument, the third pyramid, seems to have been enlarged by a later sovereign; but in general each monument seems to have been designed for a single entombment. The purpose of so vast a labor is no longer a mystery if we may assume that the Egyptians held the preservation of the body to be essential to immortality. It is certain that all Egyptian tombs were constructed under the influence of a belief in the immortality of the soul. The final aim of the pyramid-builders was that each head of the religion and State should rest securely in these vast monuments, whose form is a type of immortality, resting on the solid rock, themselves solid and indestructible, yet pointing heavenwards. It is a weakness of practical natures to laugh with Pliny at the pyramids, as mere monuments of human vanity. We forget the human weakness of personal commemoration when we remember that the pyramids are material records of a belief in immortality, the oldest and the most enduring.

Of the chapels in front of each pyramid there are but scanty remains. A priesthood was attached to each, and we know that as late as the time of the Saïte kings, in the sixth century B.C., the priesthood of some of these pyramid kings was still maintained. That one of these is a king whom Herodotus charges with hostility to religion, is a curious commentary on the historian's untrustworthiness when dealing

with matters he did not know except on the evidence of mere gossip.

The Sphinx, true to its character in legend, has still a riddle — the date when it was carved out of the rock. An inscription in the name of the king who built the Great Pyramid, but perhaps recut at a later time, speaks of it as already extant in his remote age. It was the symbol of the god Har-em-akhu, Horus in the horizon, or the rising sun, and was thus particularly connected with the worship of Heliopolis, the city of the sun, on the opposite bank of the Nile, not far to the northward. In later times avenues of sphinxes led to the temples. This solitary sphinx has no such purpose, and was itself worshipped, a little chapel being constructed between its fore-paws.

While there is much to perplex us in the great monuments of the pyramid field, the lesser ones are full of fruitful information. Around the royal mausolea lie the multitudinous sepulchres of the subjects of the kings of that time. Each has its chapel, or more rarely chapels, decorated with a great variety of scenes of daily life, which bring us face to face with the Egyptian of this distant age. It has been thought, somewhat fancifully, that these subjects relate to the occupations of the future state, but the absence of any but the most reserved representation of funereal matters, as well as of all religious pictures, forbids an allegorical view inconsistent with the simplicity of this early age.

Thus the first thing that strikes us in these oldest of contemporary pictures is their extreme reticence as to religion. There is a short prayer, characteristically not directly addressed as in later times to Osiris, but to Anubis, an inferior divinity of his family. Its purport is simply for the welfare of the chief person of the tomb in the divine underworld. We miss the appeal of later inscriptions to the voyagers up and down the beloved river, towards which most of the Egyptian tombs look, to repeat the inscribed formula for the good of the soul of the deceased. In the tomb there is but a slight indication of its purpose, the occasional representation of the occupant as a mummy. No ceremonies of sepulture are pictured, no passages of the "Ritual" inscribed. We are at an extreme limit of Egyptian usage in this respect, and it is not till the end of the monarchy that the other extreme is usual, religious subjects having gradually won a preponderance.

Still more remarkable is the absence of pictures of the king, even in tombs of

members of his family, unlike the usage of the empire, in the tombs of which we sometimes see the king receiving the homage of his subject. It would seem that at this remote time the Pharaoh stood as high above his subjects in rank as his pyramid overtopped their modest sepulchres. Even a queen is spoken of as having had the honor of seeing the king. The most important priestly function seems to have been the priesthood of each king, to which was entrusted the ceremonial of his sepulchral chapel. Each great man held priestly, military, and civil power, or at least could do so. There was not at this time the distinction into classes, and the habit of hereditary transmission of functions, that made the later system from the empire downwards almost one of castes. It is also significant that nearly all the high functionaries are of the blood royal, though there is a remarkable exception in the case of an able man who probably rose from the ranks and was rewarded by a marriage with a princess, Ti, whose beautiful tomb at Sakkarah is one of the most interesting of the many sights of Memphis.

Notwithstanding the greatness of royal power, the Egyptians of this age were a light-hearted people. No one can have seen the wooden statue of a gentleman of that period which was shown at the Paris Exhibition of 1867, and is now one of the most precious monuments of early Egyptian art in the Boolák Museum, without being struck by its air of well-fed content; indeed the word "jolly" is almost the only term by which its character can be described. And this is evidently the type of man whose daily life was portrayed as a memorial in his tomb. There we see him walking afoot, for the horse was not yet known in Egypt, his staff in his hand, seeing the various occupations of the field, the garden, and the vineyard, taking stock of his asses, oxen, sheep, goats, and ducks, witnessing the various handicrafts of his folk — we do not know that they were serfs — or superintending the transport by river of his produce. We see him too watching the fishers or those who bring in game and wild fowl, more rarely himself engaged in sport. His home-life is not forgotten. He entertains his friends at feasts, while players on instruments of music and singers are present for their diversion.

These are the subjects of the wall-pictures, or, more strictly, painted sculptures, of the tombs of the age of the fourth and fifth dynasties, those of the pyramid period

in the neighborhood of Memphis. The sixth dynasty, evidently another line, if it did not transfer the royal seat to Middle Egypt, certainly has left more memorials of its subjects there, and at Abydos in the Thebaïd. Then the Egyptian memoir is first found, thenceforward to be our most precious source of history.

It is worth while to see how the Egyptian memoir had its origin. The purpose of all the sculptures and inscriptions of the pyramid age is historical. They embody the wish of the old Egyptian who caused them to be graven, that all should know what he was and what he did, not in a vainglorious sense, but with the natural desire to record good service. It is indicative of the growth of this idea that the oldest memoirs only speak of service to the king, and careful and just administration; but the later ones dwell in addition on services to the people, each governor being specially anxious for the well-being of his province.

The first, and in some respects the most important, of the memoirs, is that of Una, which tells us almost all we know of the history of the sixth dynasty. The writer was a great officer under three kings, whom he probably served for at least sixty years, perhaps much longer. Like many of the earlier Egyptians, he attained high office in youth, and held it in old age. The story of Joseph finds its parallel in the selection of young men of character and talent for the highest offices; and yet the wisdom of experience is not seen to be undervalued in ancient Egypt.

The story of Una shows a change in the national instincts. In earlier times there is no hint of foreign wars. The older Pharaohs are not known to have attempted any expedition against their neighbors. They maintained the frontiers, but we do not find any record telling us that they crossed them except to establish and hold against the natives mining-stations in the peninsula of Sinai. But under the sixth dynasty foreign expeditions were undertaken. Whether they arose from a threatened invasion, or whether ambition prompted them, we do not know. The story reads as if there was danger on the borders. Una made a levy *en masse* of the Egyptians, and tributary negro states, which now appear for the first time, contributed a contingent, which all the Egyptian officials, including the priests, were ordered to drill. A series of successful expeditions by land, and one by water, were carried out. All was under the direction of Una. Who the chief enemies were

we know; they were "the dwellers on the sand;" but we fail to identify any later race or tribe with this designation. Probably they represent a great pressure of Arab tribes, either driven by famine or attracted by the wealth of Egypt, into which the Arab race has never ceased to pour.

In the same memoir we see the first indication of the growth of Egyptian power in the south. In the land of the tributary negro princes, stations and dock-yards are made for the purpose of supplying Egypt with timber. At this time the Ethiopian forests must have extended far north of the Atbara, or the Egyptians must have penetrated a great distance beyond the First Cataract to the south. A hint of the different character of the country in very early times is afforded by the name of the island of Elephantine, near the First Cataract, of which the meaning is the same in Egyptian as in Greek, for when the elephant was found so far north there must have been forests at no great distance. The subsequent change in the level of the Nile, which before the empire was much higher in the upper Thebaïs and lower Nubia, may have had something to do with a general modification of the productions of the country.

We find this great officer of state, Una, whose last post was that of governor of Upper Egypt, occupied in the duty of conveying stones from the quarries for royal buildings, and we observe that the first care of a new king was to provide himself with a block of alabaster for a sarcophagus.

With the beautiful queen Nitocris, the subject of many legends, the sixth dynasty either ended or lost all power. It was she who appears to have enlarged the third pyramid, as a tomb for herself, and to have cased it wholly with red granite of Syene, making it worthy of its name, "the Superior." In Greek tradition she is confused with Rhodopis, and by the Arabs she was thought, in the Middle Ages, still to haunt her burial-place as an evil fairy who lured the wayfarer into the desert to his destruction.

One of the chasms of Egyptian history follows the sixth dynasty. Other Memphite kings then ruled, a rival or later royal house arose at Heracleopolis, either the town of that name in Middle Egypt or that in Lower Egypt, and we have no records but the names of kings in later royal lists, which we cannot assign to any dynasty. Contemporary monuments fail us until the rise of the Theban house, when

Egypt again appears rich and powerful, with signs of a fresh development of art and civilization.

REGINALD STUART POOLE.

WITHIN THE PRECINCTS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MR. ASHFORD, the minor canon, had, any one would have supposed, as tranquil yet as pleasantly occupied a life as a man could have. He had not very much of a clergyman's work to do. There was no need for him to harass himself about the poor, who are generally a burden upon the shoulders or hung about the neck of the parish priest; he was free from that weight which he had found himself unable to bear. He had only the morning and evening prayers to think of, very rarely even a sermon. Most clergymen like that part of their duties; they like to have it in their power to instruct, to edify, or even to torture the community in general, with perfect safety from any reprisals; but Ernest Ashford in that, as in many other things, was an exception to the general rule in his profession. He was not fond of sermons, and consequently it was a very happy thing for him that so few were required of him. He was now and then tormented by his pupils, which brought his life within the ordinary conditions of humanity; otherwise, with his daily duty in the beautiful Abbey, which was a delight to him, and the leisure of his afternoons and evenings, and the landscape that lay under his window, and the antique grace of his little house, and all his books, no existence could have been more unruffled and happy. He was as far lifted above those painful problems of common life which he could not solve, and which had weighed upon him like personal burdens in the beginning of his career, as his window was above the lovely sweep of country at the foot of the hill. What had he to do but sing Handel, to read and to muse, and to be content? These were the natural conditions of his life.

But it would appear that these conditions are not fit for perverse humanity, for few indeed are the persons so happily exempt from ordinary troubles who do not take advantage of every opportunity to drag themselves into the arena and struggle like their neighbors. Mr. Ashford did this in what may be called the most wan-

LIVING AGE. VOL. XXV. 1279

ton and unprovoked way. What business had he to take any interest in Lottie Despard? She was out of his sphere; the Abbey stood between them a substantial obstacle, and many things a great deal more important—social differences, circumstances that tended to separate rather than to bring together. And it was not even in the orthodox and regular way that he had permitted this girl to trouble his life. He might have fallen in love with her, seeing her so often in the Abbey (for Lottie's looks were remarkable enough to attract any man), and nobody could have found fault. It is true, a great many people would have found fault; in all likelihood, people who had nothing to do with it, and no right to interfere, but who would, as a matter of course, have pitied the poor man who had been beguiled, and indignantly denounced the designing girl; but no one would have had any right to interfere. As a clergyman of the Church of England, Mr. Ashford had absolute freedom to fall in love if he pleased, and to marry if he would, and nobody would have dared to say a word. But he had not done this: he had not fallen in love, and he did not think of marriage. But being himself too tranquil in his well-being, without family cares or anxieties, perhaps out of the very forlornness of his happiness, his attention had been fixed—was it upon the first person he had encountered in the midst of a moral struggle harder, and therefore nobler, than his own quiescent state? Perhaps this was all. He could never be sure whether it was the girl fighting to keep her father and brother out of the ruin, fighting with them to make them as honest and brave as herself, or whether it was simply Lottie that interested him. Possibly it was better not to enter into this question. She was the most interesting person within his range. His brethren the canons, minor and major, were respectable or dignified clergymen, very much like the rest of the profession.

Within the Abbey precincts there was nobody with any particular claim upon the sympathy of their fellows, or whose moral position demanded special interest. The Uxbridges were anxious about their son, who was a careless boy, not any better than Law; but then the father and mother were quite enough to support that anxiety, and kept it to themselves as much as possible. It was not a matter of life and death, as in Law's case, who had neither father nor mother to care what became of him, but only Lottie—a creature who herself ought to have been cared for, and re-

moved far from all such anxieties. Even the deficiency in Lottie's character — the pain with which she was brought to see that she must herself adopt the profession which was within her reach, and come out from the shelter of home and the menial work with which she was contented, to earn money and make an independence for herself — had given her a warmer hold upon the spectator who, finding himself unable to struggle against the world and himself, had withdrawn from that combat, yet never could quite pardon himself for having withdrawn. She, poor child, could not withdraw; she was compelled to confront the thing she hated by sheer force of necessity, and had done so — compelled, indeed, but only as those who care are compelled. Would she have fled from the contemplation of want and pain as he had done? Would she have allowed herself incapable to bear the consequences of the duty set before her, whatever it might be?

Sometimes Mr. Ashford would ask himself this question, though what could be more ridiculous than the idea that a girl of twenty could judge better than a man of five-and-thirty? But he was interested in her by very reason of the possession of qualities which he did not possess. He had given her good advice, and she had taken it; but even while he gave it and pressed it upon her, he had been thinking, what would she have said to his problems? how would she have decided for him? All this increased his interest in Lottie. He realized, almost more strongly than she did herself, all the new difficulties that surrounded her; he divined her love, which pained him not less than the other troublous circumstances in her lot, since he could not imagine it possible that any good could come out of such a connection. That Rollo Ridsdale would marry any one but an heiress, his superior knowledge of the world forced him to doubt; he could not believe in a real honest love, ending in marriage, between the chevalier's daughter and Lady Caroline's nephew. And accordingly this which seemed to Lottie to turn her doubtful future into a certainty of happiness seemed to Mr. Ashford the worst of all the dangers in her lot. And it would be no amusement for her, as it would be for the other. And what was to become of the girl, with her father's wife in possession of her home and such a lover in possession of her heart? His spectatorship got almost more than he could bear by times; nobody seemed to see as he did, and he was the last person

in the world who could interfere to save her. Could any one save her? He could not tell; he knew no one who could take the office upon himself; but least of all could he do it. He watched with interest which had grown into the profoundest anxiety — an anxiety which in its turn was increased tenfold by the sense that there was nothing which he could do.

Such were the feelings in his mind when the signor joined him on his homeward way after service on the afternoon when Mrs. Daventry had so interrupted Lottie's lesson. Augusta had sailed up the aisle and out by the door in the cloisters which adjoined the Deanery, as they came out of the room where all the surplices were lying in their old presses, and where the clergy robed themselves. The two men came out when the rustle and flutter of the party of ladies was still in the air, and old Wykeham looking after them with cynical criticism. The hassocks in the aisles, which had been placed there for the convenience of the overflowing congregations, too great for the Abbey choir, which crowded every corner now and then, were all driven about like boats at sea by the passage of these billows of trailing silk, and Wykeham had stooped to put them back into their places. Stooping did not suit the old man, and he could not do without his natural growl. "I wish they'd stick to 'em," he said; "plenty of dirt sticks to 'em. They sweeps up the aisles and saves us trouble, but I'd just like one o' these heavy hassocks to stick."

"And so should I," said the signor, under his breath. "They are insufferable," he said with vehemence, as he emerged into the cloister. "I have made up my mind I shall not allow any intrusion again."

"Who are insufferable, and what is the intrusion you are going to prevent?" said the minor canon, with a smile.

"Ashford," said the signor, with much heat, "I am not going to have you come any more to Miss Despard's lessons. Don't say anything to me on the subject; I know all about interest and so forth, but I can't permit it. It's ruin to her, and it irritates me beyond bearing. Interest? If you took any real interest in her, you would see that nothing could be less for her welfare, nothing more destructive of any chances she may have —"

"My dear Rossinetti, I never was present at Miss Despard's lesson but once."

"It was once too much, then," the signor cried. "The girl is getting ruined. That

woman, that Mrs. Daventry — you should have heard her whispering behind backs with her fan in front of her face, then stopping a moment to say, ‘What a pretty song. How much you have improved!’”

The signor made an attempt to mimic Augusta, but he had no talent that way, and the mincing tone to which he gave utterance was like nothing that had ever been heard before. But if his imitation was bad, his disgust was quite genuine. He could not think of anything else; he returned again and again to the subject as they went on.

“The upper classes,” he said, “are famous for good manners. This is their good manners: two of them thrust themselves in for their amusement to a place where a poor girl is working hard at art, and a man who has spent most of his life in learning is trying to transmit his knowledge to her. And the moment that girl begins singing they begin their loathsome chatter about Mr. this and my lady that. Do not say anything to me, Ashford; I tell you you shall not come, you nor any one else, again.”

“Is she making progress?” said the minor canon.

“Progress? How could she, with that going on? No; sometimes she will sing like an angel, sometimes like any one. It drives me wild! And then our gracious patrons appear — Mr. Ridsdale (who ought to know better) and Mrs. Daventry. I ought to know better too; I will defend my doors from henceforth. To be sure, I did not mean that; *you* may come if you like.”

“And Mr. Ridsdale talked? How did she bear it?” said Mr. Ashford nervously.

“It is I who will not bear it,” said the musician. “And these are people who pretend to love music — pretend to know. It is insufferable. If she ever becomes a great singer —”

“If? I thought you had no doubt.”

“How was I to know I should be intruded upon like this? Poor girl! I think, after all, the best thing for her will be to marry my boy, John Purcell, and live a quiet life.”

“Marry — Purcell?”

“Why not?” He’s a very good musician; he will live to make a great deal of money: he has genius — positively genius. The best thing she could do would be to marry him. She is too sensitive. Susceptibility belongs to the artist temperament, but then it must be susceptibility within context. Her voice flutters like a flower when the wind is blowing. Sometimes it

blows out altogether. And he loves her. She will do best to marry my John.”

“You cannot have so little perception, Rossinetti! How can you entertain such an idea for a moment? Purcell!”

“In what is he so inferior?” said the signor, with quiet gravity. “He is young — not like you and me: that is a great deal. He is an excellent musician, and he has a home to offer to her. I should advise it, if she would take my advice. It would not harm her in her career to marry a musician, if finally she accepts her career. She has not accepted it yet,” said the signor, with a sigh.

“Then all your certainty is coming to nothing,” said Mr. Ashford, “and Ridsdale’s —”

“Ah, Ridsdale — that is what harms her! Something might be done if he were out of the way. He is an influence that is too much for me. Either she has heard of his new opera, and expects to have her place secured in it under his patronage, or else she hopes — something else.” The signor kept his eyes fixed upon his companion. He wanted to surprise Mr. Ashford’s opinion without giving his own.

“Do you think,” said the minor canon indignantly, “even with the little you know of her, that she is a girl to calculate upon having a place secured to her, or upon any one’s patronage?”

“Then she hopes for something else, which is a great deal worse for her happiness,” said the signor. Then there was a pause. They had reached Mr. Ashford’s door, but he did not ask his companion to go in. The signor paused, but he had not ended what he had to say. “With the little I know of her!” he said — “do you know more?”

This was not an easy question to answer. He could not say, “I have been watching her for weeks; I know almost all that can be found out.” But, serious man as he was, Mr. Ashford was embarrassed. He cleared his throat, and indeed even went through a fit of coughing to gain time. “Her brother is my pupil,” he said at last, “and, unfortunately, he likes better to talk than to work. I have heard a great deal about her. I think I know enough to say that she would not hope — anything that she had not been wooed and persuaded to believe in —”

“Then you think — you really suppose — you are so credulous, so optimist, so romantic,” cried the signor, with a *crescendo* of tone and gesticulation — “you think that a man of the world, a man of society, with no money, would marry for love?”

The musician broke into a short laugh. "You should have heard them," he added, after a dramatic pause, "this very day whispering, *chuchotéing*, in my room while she was singing; talking — oh, don't you know what about? About girls who marry rich men while (they say) their hearts are breaking for poor ones — about women using the most shameless arts to entrap a rich man, and even playing devotion to a woman with money; and the only one to be really pitied of all is the poor fellow who has followed his heart, who is poor, who lives at Kew, and has two babies in a perambulator. I laugh at him myself," said the signor — "the fool, to give up his club and society because he took it into his silly head to love!"

"Rossinetti," said the minor canon, "I know there are quantities of these wretched stories about; but human nature is human nature, after all — not the pitiful thing they make it out. I don't believe they are true."

"What! after all the newspapers — the new branch of literature that has sprung from them?" cried the signor. Then he paused again and subsided. "I am of your opinion," he said. "The fire would come down from heaven if it was true; but *they* believe it; that is the curious thing. You and I, we are not in society, we are charitable; we say human nature never was so bad as that; but they believe it. Rollo Ridsdale would be ashamed to behave like a man, as you and I would feel ourselves forced to behave, as my boy John is burning to do."

"You and I." The minor canon scarcely knew how it was that he repeated these words; they caught his ear and dropped from his lips before he was aware.

The signor looked at him with a smile which was half satire and a little bit sympathy. He said, "That is what you are coming to, Ashford. I see it in your eye."

"You are speaking folly," said Mr. Ashford; then he added hastily, "I have got one of my boys coming. I must go in."

"Good-day," said the other, with his dark smile. He had penetrated the secret thoughts that had not as yet taken any definite form in his friend's breast. Sometimes another eye sees more clearly than our own what is coming uppermost in our minds, or at least its owner believes so. The signor was all the more likely to be right in this, that he had no belief in the calm sentiment of "interest" as actuating a man not yet too old for warm feelings in

respect to a woman. He smiled sardonically at Platonic affection — as most people indeed do, unless the case is their own. He knew but one natural conclusion in such a case, and settled that it would be so, without more ado. And such reasoning is sure, in the majority of cases, to be right, or to help to make itself right by the mere suggestion. To be sure, he took an "interest" — a great interest — in Lottie himself, but that was in the way of art.

Mr. Ashford had no boy coming that he knew of when he said this to escape from the signor; but, as sometimes happens, the expedient justified itself, and he had scarcely seated himself in his study when some one came up the oak staircase two or three steps at a time, and knocked at his door. In answer to the "Come in!" which was said with some impatience — for the minor canon had a great deal to think about, and had just decided to subject himself to a cross-examination — who should open the door but Law — Law, without any book under his arm, and with a countenance much more awake and alive than on the occasions when he carried that sign of study. "Can I speak to you?" Law said, casting a glance round the room to see that no one else was there. He came in half suspicious, but with serious meaning on his face. Then he came and placed himself in the chair which stood between Mr. Ashford's writing-table and his bookcases. "I want to ask your advice," he said.

"Well, I have done nothing else but give you my advice for some time past, Law."

"Yes — to work — I know. You have given me a great deal of that sort of advice. What good is it, Mr. Ashford? I've got on week after week, and what will it ever come to? Well, I know what you are going to say. I work, but I don't work. I don't care a bit about it. I haven't got my heart in it. It is quite true. But you can't change your disposition; you can't change your nature."

"Stop a little, Law. So far as work is concerned, you often can, if you will —"

"Ah, but there's the rub!" said Law, looking his mentor in the face. "I don't want to: that is the simple fact. I don't feel that I've the least desire to. I feel as if I won't, even when I know I ought. I think it's more honest now at last to tell you the real truth."

"I think I knew it pretty well some time ago," said the minor canon, with a smile. "It is a very common complaint. Even

that can be got over with an effort. Indeed, I am glad you have found it out. Perhaps even you know it is not your brain, but your will, that is at fault."

"Mr. Ashford," said Law solemnly, "what is the good of talking? You know and I know that I never could make anything of it, if I were to work, as we call it, till I was fifty: I never could pass any examination. They would be fools indeed if they let me in. I am no real good for anything like that. You know it well enough. Why shouldn't you say it? Here are you and me alone—nobody to overhear us, nobody to be vexed. What is the use of going on in this old way? I shall never do any good. You know it just as well as I."

"Law," said Mr. Ashford, "I will not contradict you. I believe you are right. If there was any other way of making your living, I should say you were right. Books are not your natural tools, but they open the door to everything. The forest service, the telegraph service—all that sort of thing would suit you."

At this point Law got up with excitement, and began walking up and down the room. "That is all very well," he said. "Mr. Ashford, what is the use of deceiving ourselves? I shall never get into any of these. I've come to ask your advice once for all. I give up the books; I could only waste more time, and I've wasted too much already. It has come to this: I'll emigrate, or I'll 'list. I don't see how I'm to do this, even, for I've no money—not enough to take me to London, let alone New Zealand. Why shouldn't I do the other? It's good enough; if there was a war, it would be good enough. Even garrison duty I shouldn't mind. It wouldn't hurt *my* pride," the lad said, with a sudden flush of color that belied his words; "and I might go away from here, so that it would not hurt her. That's all, Mr. Ashford," he said, with suppressed feeling. "Only her: she's the only one that cares; and if I went away from here, she would never know."

"Has anything happened to drive you to a decision at once? Is there anything new—anything?"

"There is always something new," said Law. "That woman has been to—to the only place I ever cared to go, to shut the door against me. They were her own friends too—at least people as good as—a great deal better than she. She has been there to bully them on my account, to say they are not to have me. Do you think I'll stand that? What has she to do with me?"

"It must be a great deal worse for your sister, Law."

"Well, isn't that what I say? Do you think I can stand by and see Lottie bullied? Once she drove her out of the house. By Jove, if Lottie hadn't come home I'd have killed her! I shouldn't have stopped to think; I should have killed her!" said Law, whose own wrong had made him desperate. "Do you think I can stand by and see Lottie bullied by that woman? She's brought it partly upon herself. She was too hard in the house with her management both upon the governor and me. She meant it well, but she was too hard. But still she's Lottie, and I can't see her put upon. Do you think I am made of stone," cried Law indignantly, "or something more than stone!"

"But if you were in New Zealand, what better would she be? There you would certainly be of no use to her."

Law was momentarily staggered, but he recovered himself. "She would know I was doing for myself," he said, "which might mean something for her too in time. I might send for her. At least," said the lad, "she would not have me on her hands; she would only have herself to think of: and if she got on in her singing—the fact is, I can't stand it, and, one way or other, I must get away."

"What would you do if you were in New Zealand, Law?"

"Hang it all!" said the young man, tears of vexation and despite starting to his eyes, "a fellow must be good for something somewhere. You can't be useless all round. I'm strong enough; and here's one thing I've found out," Law added, with a laugh: "it doesn't go against your pride to do things in the colonies which you durstn't do here. You can do—whatever you *can* do, there. It doesn't matter being a gentleman. A gentleman can drive a cart or carry a load in New Zealand. That is the kind of place for me. I'd do whatever turned up."

Said Mr. Ashford suddenly, "I know a man out there"—and then he paused. "Law, what would your sister do? There would be no one to stand by her. Even you—you have not much in your power, but you are always some one, you can give her a little sympathy. Even to feel that there are two of you must be something."

"Mr. Ashford," said Law, "you will do her more good than I should. What have I been to poor Lottie? Only a trouble. Two of us—no; I can't take even that to myself. I've worried her more than anything else. She would be the first to thank you. You know a man——"

"I know a man," said the minor canon — "I had forgotten him till now — a man who owes me a good turn, and I think he would pay it. If I were sure you would really do your best, and not forget the claims she has upon your kindness —"

"Would you like me to send for her as soon as I had a home for her?" Law asked with fervor. There was a subdued twinkle in his eye, but yet he was too much in earnest not to be ready to make any promise.

"That would be the right thing to do," said the minor canon, with excessive gravity, "though perhaps New Zealand is not exactly the kind of place to suit her. If you will promise to do your very best —"

"I will," said the lad — "I will. I am desperate otherwise; you can see for yourself, Mr. Ashford. Give me only an opening; give me anything that I can work at. If I were to 'list, I never should make much money by that. There's only just this one thing," said Law: "if I had a friend to go to, and a chance of employment, and would promise to pay it back, I suppose I might get a loan somewhere — a loan on good interest," he continued, growing anxious and a little breathless — "perhaps from one of those societies, or some old money-lender, or something — to take me out?"

The minor canon laughed. "If this is what you are really set upon, and you will do your best," he said, "I will see your father, and you need not trouble your mind about the interest. Perhaps we shall be able to manage that."

"Oh, Mr. Ashford, what a good fellow you are! what a good friend you are!" cried Law, beaming with happiness. The tears once more came into his eyes, and then there came a glow of suppressed malice and fun behind that moisture. "Lottie will be more obliged even than I," he said; "and I could send for her as soon as I got settled out there."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LOTTIE was sadly disheartened by the events of that day. She came home alike depressed and indignant, her heart and her pride equally wounded. She had scarcely seen Rollo for the two intervening days, and the meeting at the signor's had appeared to her, before it came, as a piece of happiness which was certain, and with which no one could interfere. She would resist all attempts to wile him away for that afternoon, she was sure; he would not disappoint her, and take all her inspiration from her again. Since that last meet-

ing under the cloisters she had been more full of happy confidence in him than ever. His readiness and eagerness to take her away at once, overcoming, as she thought, all the scruples and prejudices of his class in order to offer deliverance for her, had filled her mind with that soft glow of gratitude which it is so sweet to feel to those we love. The elation and buoyant sense of happiness in her mind had floated her over all the lesser evils in her path. What did they matter — what did anything matter, in comparison? She was magnanimous, tolerant, ready to believe the best, unready to be offended, because of this private solace of happiness in her bosom, but all the more for those undoubting certainties she had felt the contrast of the actual scene. She did not even know that Rollo was innocent of his cousin's visit, and had not known of her coming till he had walked unawares into the snare. Lottie did not know this. She saw him by Augusta's side, talking to her and listening to her. She was conscious through all her being of the rustle of whispering behind her, which went on in spite of her singing. She would not look at him to see what piteous apologies he was making with his eyes; and when Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, in sudden wrath, dragged her away, Lottie was glad of the sudden exit, the little demonstration of offence and independence of which she herself might have failed to take the initiative. She went home tingling with the wound, her nerves excited, her mind irritated. She would not go to meet him, as he had asked her. She went home instead, avoiding everybody, and shut herself up in her own room. She was discouraged too, and deeply annoyed with herself, because in the presence of the unkindly critic who had been listening to her.

Lottie felt she had not done well. Generally her only care, her only thought, was to please Rollo; but that day she would have wished for the inspiring power that now and then came upon her, as when she had sung in the Abbey, not knowing of his presence. She would have liked to sing like that, overawing Augusta and her whispering, but she had not done so. She had failed while that semi-friend, who was her enemy, looked on. She felt, with a subtle certainty beyond all need of proof, that Augusta was her enemy. Augusta had at once suspected, though Rollo had said that she would never suspect, and she wanted to make her cousin see how little Lottie was his equal, how, even in her best gifts, she was nothing. It was bitter to

Lottie to think that she had done all she could to prove Augusta right. Why was it that she could not sing then as two or three times in her life she had felt able to sing, confounding all who had been unfavorable to her? Lottie chafed at the failure she had made. She was angry with herself, and this made her more angry both with Augusta and with him. In the heat of her self-resentment, she began to sing over her music softly to herself, noting where she had failed. Had the signor been within hearing, how he would have rejoiced over that self-instruction! Her friends had been so much mortified that it opened her eyes to her own faults. She saw where she had been wrong. There is no such stimulant of excellence as the sense of having done badly. Lottie's art education advanced under the sting of this failure as it had never done before. She threw herself into it with fervor. As she ran over the notes, she seemed to have the "sibilant s's" behind her, pursuing her and the chosen words she had caught. "Like him! she did not care a straw for him." "The old lady made it all up," "and the settlements were astonishing." That and a great deal more Lottie's jealous ears had picked up, almost against her will, and they all goaded her on like so many perils to improvement. She thought she never could suffer it to be possible that Augusta or any other fine lady should do less than listen when she sang again.

While Lottie sat there cold, in the wintry twilight (yet warm with injured pride and mortification), till there was scarcely light enough to see, humming over her music, Rollo, getting himself with difficulty free of his cousin and all the visitors and commotion of the Deanery, rushed up to the elm-tree, and spent a very uncomfortable moment there, waiting in the cold, and wondering if it was possible that she would not come. It did not occur to him that Lottie, always so acquiescent and persuadable, would stand out now, especially as he was not really to blame. He stood about under the elm, now and then taking a little walk up and down to keep himself warm, watching the light shut out of the wide landscape, and everything darken round him, for half an hour and more. No one was there; not an old chevalier ventured upon a time in the dark, not a pair of lovers confronted the north wind. Rollo shivered, though he was more warmly clad than Lottie would have been. He walked up and down with an impatience that helped to keep him warm, though with dismay that neutralized that livelier feeling.

He had no desire to lose his love in this way. It might be foolish to imperil his comfort, his position, his very living, for her, but yet now at least Rollo had no intention of throwing her away. He knew why she sang badly that afternoon, and, instead of alarming him, this knowledge brought a smile upon his face. Augusta had behaved like a woman without a heart; and Lottie was no tame girl to bear whatever any one else pleased, but a creature full of fire and spirit, not to be crushed by any fashionable persecutor. Rollo felt it hard that he should wait in the cold, and be disappointed after all; but he was not angry with Lottie. She had a right to be displeased. He was all the more anxious not to lose her, not to let her get free from him, that she had thus asserted herself. His love, which had been a little blown about by those fashionable gales that had been blowing round him, blazed up all the hotter for this temporary restraint put upon it. She who had trusted him with such an exquisite trust only the other evening, who had not in her innocence seen anything but devotion in the sudden proposal into which (he persuaded himself) only passion would have hurried him — her first rebellion against him tightened the ties that bound him to her. Give her up? It would be giving up heaven, throwing away the sweetest thing in his life! He was cold, but his heart burned as he paced his little round, facing the north wind, and listening for any rustling sound among the withered leaves that lay around him, thinking it might be her step. The darkness, and the chill, and the solitude, all seemed to show him more clearly how sweet the intercourse had been which had made him unconscious of either darkness or cold before. Augusta, repeating her endless monotonous stories of universal guile and selfishness, had made him half ashamed of his best feelings. He was ashamed now of her and her influence, ashamed of having been made her tool for the humiliation of his love. What a difference there was between them! Was there any one else in the world so tender, so pure, so exquisite in her love and trust, as Lottie, the creature whose sensitive heart he had been made to wound? When at last, discouraged and penitent, he turned homeward, Rollo had the intention trembling in his mind of making Lottie the most complete amend for everything that had ever been done to harm her. He paused at the gates of the cloister, and looked across at the light in her window with a yearning which surprised him. He seemed to have a

thousand things to say to her, and to be but half a being when he had not her to confide in, to tell all his affairs to, although he had never told her one of his affairs. This fact did not seem to affect his longing. He went so far as to walk across the Dean's Walk, to see what he thought was her shadow on the blind. It was not Lottie's shadow, but Polly's, who had taken her place; but this the lover did not know.

Meanwhile Lottie had been disturbed in her seclusion by a sharp knock at her door. "Do you mean to stay there all night, miss?" cried Polly's sharp voice. "You might pay me the compliment to keep me company, now and again, as long as you stay in my house. If you think it is civil to stay there, shut up in your room, and me all alone in the drawing-room, I don't! I can't think where your hearts is, you two," Polly went on, with a whimper breaking into the tone of offence with which she spoke. "To see one as is not much older than yourself, and never did you no harm, and not a soul to keep her company! Was it for that I give up all my own folks, to come and sit dressed up in a corner because I'm Mrs. Despard, and never see a soul?"

Lottie had opened her door when this speech was half done. She said with a little alarm, "Please don't speak so loud. We need not let the maid in the kitchen know."

"Do you think I care for the maid in the kitchen? She's my servant. I'll make her know her place. Never one of them sort of folks takes any freedom with me! I have always been known for one as allowed no freedoms — no, nor no followers, nor perquisites, nor nothing of the kind. They soon find out as I ain't one to be turned round their finger. Now you," said Polly, leading the way into the little drawing-room, "you're one of the soft sort. I dare say they did what they liked with you?"

"I don't think so," said Lottie following. She put her music softly down upon the old piano, which Polly had swathed in a cover, and the changed aspect of the room moved her half to laughter, half to despite and dismay.

"There are few as knows themselves," said Polly. "That girl, that Mary as you had, I couldn't have put up with her for a day. Some folks never sees when things is huggermugger, but I'm very particular. Your pa — dear, good, easy man — I dare say he's put up with a deal; but, to be sure, no better was to be expected, for you never had no training, I suppose?"

Lottie was almost too much taken by surprise to reply — she, who had felt that if there was one thing in the world she could do it was housekeeping! The confusion that is produced in the mind by the sudden perception of another's opinion of us which is diametrically opposed to our own seized her; otherwise she would have been roused to instant wrath. This, which was something so entirely opposite to what she could have expected, raised only a kind of ludicrous bewilderment in her mind. "I — don't know what you mean," said Lottie. "Papa has not very much money to give for housekeeping. Perhaps you are making a mistake."

"Oh, it is likely that I should make a mistake! Do you think I don't know my own husband's income? Do you think," said Polly with scorn, "that he has any secrets from me?"

Lottie was cold with her imprisonment in her fireless room. She drew her little chair to the blazing fire and sat down by the side. Polly had placed herself, in the largest chair in the room, directly in front of it. The fire was heaped up in the little grate, and blazed, being largely supplied. It was very comfortable, but it went against the rules of the economy which Lottie had strenuously prescribed to herself. "Papa spends a great deal of money himself," she said; "you will find that you must be very sparing at home."

"My dear," said Polly, in a tone of condescending patronage which brought the color to Lottie's face, "I am not one as can be sparing at home. Pinching ain't my way. I couldn't do it, not if I was to be made a countess for it. Some folks can scrape and cut down and look after everything, but it ain't my nature. What I like is a free board. Plenty to eat and plenty to drink, and no stinting nowhere — that's what will always be the law in my house."

Lottie made no reply. She felt that it was almost a failure from her duty to put out her hands to the warmth of the too beautiful fire. Some one would have to suffer for it. Her mind began to run over her own budget of ways and means, to try, as had been her old habit, where she could find something to cut off to make up for the extravagance. "These coals burn very fast," she said at last. "They are not a thrifty kind. I used to have the —"

"I know," said Polly, "you used to have slates, and think it was economy — poor child! but the best for me: the best is always the cheapest in the end. If any one

thinks as I will put up with seconds, either coals or bread! But since we're on the subject of money," continued Polly, "I'll tell you my mind, miss, and I don't mean it unfriendly. The thing as eats up my husband's money, it ain't a bright fire or a good dinner, as is his right to have; it's your brother Law, miss, and you."

"You have told me that before," Lottie said, with a strenuous effort at self-control.

"And I'll tell it you again — and again — till it has its effect," cried Polly; "it's true. I don't mean to be unfriendly. I wonder how you can live upon your pa at your age. Why, long before I was your age I was doing for myself. My pa was very respectable, and everybody belonging to us; but do you think I'd have stayed at home and eat up what the old folks had for themselves? They'd have kept me and welcome, but I wouldn't hear of it. And do you mean to say," said Polly, folding her arms and fixing her eyes upon her step-daughter, "as you think yourself better than me?"

Lottie returned the stare with glowing eyes, her lips falling apart from very amazement. She gave a kind of gasp of bewilderment, but made no reply.

"I don't suppose as you'll say so," said Polly; "and why shouldn't you think of your family, as I did of mine? You mightn't be able to do as I did, but there's always things you could do to save your pa a little money. There's lessons. There's nothing ungentle in lessons. I am not one as would be hard upon a girl just starting in the world. You've got your room here, that don't cost you nothing; and what's a daily governess's work! Nothing to speak of — two or three hours' teaching (or you might as well call it playing), and your dinner with the children, and mostly the lady of the house, and all the comforts of 'ome after, just as if you wasn't out in the world at all. A deal different from sitting at your needle, working, working, as I've done, from morning to night."

"But I don't know anything," said Lottie. "I almost think you are quite right. Perhaps it's all true; it doesn't matter nowadays, and ladies ought to work as well as men. But — I don't know anything." A half-smile came over her face. Notwithstanding that she was angry with Rollo still — he who would have carried her away on the spot rather than she should bear the shadow of a humiliation at home — was it likely — Lottie's mind suddenly hopped out of its anger and resent-

ment with a sudden rebound. He did not deserve that she should be so angry with him. Was it his fault? And in forgiving him her temper and her heart got suddenly right again, and all was well. She even woke to a little amusement in the consciousness that Polly was advising her for her good. The extravagant coals, the extravagant meals, would soon bring their own punishment; and though Lottie could not quite free herself from irritation on these points, yet she was struck with amusement at the thought of all this good advice.

"That's nonsense!" said Polly plumply. "Now there's a way you could begin at once, and it would be practice for you, and it would show at least that you was willing. I've been very careless," she said, getting up from her chair and opening the old piano. She had to push off the cover first, and the noise and commotion of this complicated movement filled Lottie with alarm. "I've done as a many young ladies do, before they see how silly it is. I've left off my music. You mayn't believe it, but it's true. I can't tell even if I know my notes," said Polly, jauntily but clumsily placing her hands upon the keyboard and letting one finger fall heavily here and there like a hammer. "I don't remember a bit. It's just like a great silly, isn't it? But you never think when you are young, when your head's full of your young man and all that sort of thing. It's when you're settled down, and got married, and have time to think, that you find it out."

Polly was a great deal less careful of her language as she became accustomed to her new surroundings. She was fully herself by this time, and at her ease. She sat down before the piano and ran her finger along the notes. "It's scandalous," she said. "We're taught when we're young, and then we thinks no more of it. Now, miss, if you was willing to do something for your living, if you was really well disposed and wanted to make a return, you might just look up some of your old lesson-books and begin with me. I'd soon pick up," said Polly, making a run of sound up and down the keys with the back of her fingers, and thinking it beautiful; "it would come back to me in two or three lessons. You mustn't say nothing about it; we might just say as we were learning some duets together. It would all come back to me if you would take a little trouble, and I shouldn't forget it. I never forget it when any one's of use to me."

"But," cried Lottie, who had been vainly endeavoring to break in, "I cannot play."

"Cannot play!" Polly turned round upon the piano-stool with a countenance of horror. Even to turn round upon that stool was something delightful to her, like a lady in a book, like one of the heroines in the *Family Herald*; but this intimation chilled the warmth of her blood.

"No; nothing but two or three little things, and that chiefly by ear. I never learned as I ought. I hated it, and I was scarcely ever taught, only by — some one who did not know much," said Lottie with a compunction in her mind. Only by some one who did not know much. This was her mother, poor soul, whom Polly had replaced. Lottie's heart swelled as she spoke. Poor, kind, silly mamma! she had not known very much; but it seemed cruel to allow it in the presence of her supplanter.

"Goodness — gracious — me!" said Polly. She said each word separately, as if she were telling beads. She cast at Lottie a glance of sovereign contempt. "You to set up for being a lady," she cried, "and *can't play the piano!* I never heard of such a thing in all my born days!"

If she had claimed not to be able to work, Polly could have understood it; but if there is a badge of ladyhood, or even a pretence at ladyhood, in the world, is it not this? She was horrified; it felt like a coming down in the world even to Polly herself.

Again Lottie did not make any reply. She was simple enough to be half ashamed of herself, and half angry at the criticism which for the first time touched her; it was true, and rather shameful she felt. She could not defend, but she would not excuse, herself. As for Polly, there was in her a mingling of triumph and regret.

"I *am* surprised," she said. "I thought when one did pretend to be a lady one ought at least to know that much. And you ought to be a lady, I am sure, if ever any one was, for your pa is a perfect gentleman. Dear, dear! if you can't play the piano, goodness gracious what have you been doing all your life? That was the one thing I thought — and you are musical, for I've heard as you could sing. If it's only that you won't take any trouble to oblige," said Polly angrily, "say it out! Oh, it won't be no surprise to me! I've seen it in your face clearly — say it out!"

"I have told you nothing but the truth," said Lottie. "I am sorry for it. I can sing — a little — but I can't play."

"It's just the same as if you said you could write but couldn't read," said Polly; "but I've always been told as I've a nice

voice. It ain't your loud kind, that you could hear from this to the Abbey, but sweet — at least so folks say. You can teach me to sing, if you like," she said, after a pause. "I never learned singing. One will do as well as another, and easier too."

This was a still more desperate idea than the other. Lottie quailed before the task that was offered to her. "I can show you the scales," she said doubtfully; "that is the beginning of everything; but singing is harder to teach than playing. The signor thinks I don't know anything. They say I have a voice, but that I don't know how to sing."

"The fact is," cried Polly, shutting down the piano with a loud bang and jar which made the whole instrument thrill, and snapped an old attenuated chord which went out of existence with a creak and groan, "the fact is you don't want to do nothing for me! You don't think me good enough for you. I am only your father's wife, and one as has a claim upon your respect, and deserves to have the best you can do. If it was one of your fine ladies as don't care a brass farthing for you — oh, you'd sing and you'd play the piano safe enough; but you've set your mind against me. I seen it the first day I came here; and, since then, the life you've led me! Never a civil word — never a pleasant look. Yes and no, with never a turn of your head. You think a deal of yourself, but you needn't suppose I care — not I — not one bit. But you sha'n't stand up to my face and refuse whatever I tell you. You'll have to do what I tell you or you'll have to go!"

"I will go," said Lottie in a low voice. She thought of Rollo's sudden proposal, of the good people whom he said he would take her to, of the sudden relief and hope, the peace and ease, that were involved. Ought she not to take him at his word? For the moment she thought she would do so. She would send him word that she was ready, ready to go anywhere, only to escape from this. How foolish she had been to be angry with Rollo — he who wanted nothing better than to deliver her at a stroke, to carry her away into happiness! Her heart softened with a great gush of tenderness. She would yield to him; why should she not yield to him? She might think that he ought to take his wife from her father's house, but he had not seemed to think so. He thought of nothing but to deliver her from this humiliation — and what would it matter to him? A poor chevalier's house or a poor quiet

lodging, what would it matter? She would go. She would do as Rollo said.

"You will go!" cried Polly; "and where will you go? Who have you got to take you in? People ain't so fond of you. A woman as can do nothing for herself, who wants her? and isn't even obliging. Oh, you are going to your room again, to be sulky there? But I tell you I won't have it! You shall sit where the family sits, or you shall go out of the place altogether! And you'll come to your meals like other people, and you'll mix with them as is here, and not set up your white fan, as if you were better than all the world! You're not so grand as you think you are, Miss Lottie Despard! If it comes to that, I'm a Despard as well as you; and I'm a married woman, with a husband to work for me — an 'usband," cried Polly, "as doesn't require to work for me, as has enough to keep me like a lady, if it wasn't that he has a set of lazy grown-up children as won't do nothing for themselves, and as would eat us out of house and home!"

Was it possible that this humiliation had come to Lottie — to Lottie of all people — she who had felt that the well-being of the house hung upon her, and that she alone stood between her family and utter downfall? She sat still, not even attempting now to escape, her ears tingling, her heart beating. It was incredible that it was she, her very self, Lottie, who was bearing this. It must be a dream; it was impossible that it could be true.

And thus Lottie sat the whole of the evening, too proud to withdraw, and bore the brunt of a long series of attacks, which were interrupted, indeed, by the supper, which necessitated some attention on Polly's part, and by Captain Despard's entrance and Law's. Polly told her story to her husband with indignant vehemence. "I asked her," she said, "to help me a bit with my music — I know you're fond of music, Harry — and I thought we'd learn up some duets or something, her and me, to please you, and she says she can't play the piano! and then, not to show no offence, I said as singing would do just as well, and then she says she can't sing!" The captain received this statement with much caressing of his wife and smoothing of her ruffled plumes. He said, "Lottie, another time you'll pay more attention," with a severe aspect, and not even Law had a word to say in her defence. As to Law, indeed, he was very much preoccupied with his own affairs; his eyes were shining, his face full of secret importance and meaning. Lottie saw that he was eager to catch

her eye, but she did not understand the telegraphic communications he addressed to her. Nor did she understand him much better when he pulled her sleeve and whispered, "I am going to New Zealand," when the tedious evening was over. Law's career had fallen out of her thoughts in the troubles of those few weeks past. She had even ceased to ask how he was getting on, or take any interest in his books. This thought came back to her with a pang when she found herself at last safe in the shelter of her room. She had given up one part of her natural duty when the other was taken from her. New Zealand! What could he mean? She thought she would question him to-morrow; but to-morrow brought her another series of petty struggles, and once more concentrated her mind upon her own affairs.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"I WAITED half an hour. I was not very happy," said Rollo. "It is never cold when you are here, but last night the wind went through and through me. That is the consequence of being alone. And you, my Lottie, had you no compunctions? Did you make yourself happy, without any thought of the poor fellow freezing under the elm-trees?"

"Happy!" Lottie cried. She was happy now. Last night she had been alone, no one in the world caring what became of her; now she felt safe, as if the world held nothing but friends; but she shivered, notwithstanding her lover's supporting arm.

"Not happy there? How does it answer, darling? Can you endure the woman? Is she better than at first? I like her," said Rollo, "for you know it was her arrival which opened your heart to me — which broke the ice — which brought us together. I shall always feel charitably towards her for that."

Lottie shivered again. "No, it is not cold," she said. "I do not suppose you could understand if I were to tell you. Home! I have not any home!" cried the girl. "I was thinking — if it was really true what you said the other night — if it would make no difference to you, Rollo, to take your wife out of some poor little lodging instead of out of her father's house — are you sure you would not mind?" she said, looking wistfully, anxiously into his face. In the waning light all he could see distinctly was this wistful dilatation of her eyes, looking eagerly to read, before he could utter it, his answer in his face. "I could manage to live

somehow," she went on, tremulously. "Though I cannot give lessons, as she says, I can work very well. I think I am almost sure I could get work. No; I would not take money from you. I could not, Rollo — not until — no, no; that would be quite impossible; rather stay here and bear it all than that. But if really, truly, to marry a poor girl, living in a poor little room, working for her bread, would not make any difference to you — Oh, I know, I know it is not what ought to be: even here, even at home, I am not equal to you. You ought to have some one a great deal better off — a great deal higher in the world. But if you would not think it discreditable — if you would not be ashamed — oh, Rollo," she cried, "I cannot bear it! it is impossible to bear it! I would ask you to do what you offered, and take me away!"

It is impossible to describe the feelings with which Rollo listened to these unexpected words. To see a bird walk into a snare must awake compunctions in the most experienced trapper. The same sensation does not attend a sudden fall; but the sight of an innocent creature going calmly into the death set before it, as if into safety and shelter — a man must be hard indeed to see that unmoved. And Rollo was no villain. His heart gave one wild leap again, as it had done when, in the hurrying of passion, not with deliberation (as he had always been comforted to think), he had laid that snare. The thrill of his hairbreadth escape from her horror and loathing — the leap of sudden, horrified delight to find her in his power all at once by her own act and deed — transported him for the moment with almost uncontrollable power; and then this sudden passion in his mind was met by the stream, the torrent, of a more generous impulse, a noble passion which carried everything before it. A man may trap his prey with guile, he may take advantage of the half-willingness of a frail resistance; but to turn to shame the perfect and tender confidence of innocence, who but a villain could do that? and Rollo was no villain. He grasped her almost convulsively in his arms as she spoke; he tried to interrupt her, the words surging almost incoherent to his lips. "Lottie! my Lottie!" he cried, "this is not how it must be. Do you think I will let you go to live alone, to work, as you say?" He took her hand hastily, and kissed the little cold fingers with lips that trembled. "No, my love, my darling, not that; but I will go to town to-morrow and settle how we can be

married — at once, without an hour's delay. Oh, yes, it is possible, dear — quite possible. It is the only thing to do. Why, did I not think of it before? I will go and settle everything, and get the license. That is the way. My darling, you must not say a word. You had made up your mind to marry me some time, and why not to-morrow — next day — as soon as I can settle? What should we wait for? who should we think of except ourselves? And I want you, my love; and you, thank Heaven, Lottie, have need of me."

He held her close to him, in a grasp which was almost fierce — fierce in the strain of virtue and honor — in which his own nature, with all its easy principles and vacillations, was caught too. He wanted to make off and do it at once, without losing a moment, lest his heart should fail. He would do it, whatever might oppose. She should never know that less worthy thoughts had been in his mind. She should find that her trust was not vain. His blood ran in his veins like a tumultuous river, and his heart beat so that Lottie herself was overawed by the commotion as he held her against it. She was herself frightened by his vehemence and tried to speak, but he would not let her at first. "No," he said, "no, you must not say anything. You must not oppose me. It must be done first, and then we can think of it after. There is nothing against it, and everything in its favor. You must not say a word but yes," he cried.

"But, Rollo, Rollo, let me speak. It might be good for me, but would it not be wrong for you? Oh, let me speak! Am I so selfish that I would make you take a sudden resolution, perhaps very foolish, perhaps very imprudent, for me? Rollo, Rollo, don't! I will bear anything. It would be wrong for you to do this."

"No; not wrong, but right — not wrong, but right!" he cried, bewildering her with his vehemence. Lottie's own heart was stirred, but not like this. She wondered and was troubled even in the delight of the thought that anything in the world was as nothing to him in comparison with his love for herself.

"But, Rollo," she cried again, trembling in his grasp, "if this is really possible — if it is not wrong — why should you go to London to do it? It would be quite as easy here —"

"Lottie, you will sacrifice everything for me, will you not?" he said. "If it were done here, all would be public; it would be spoken of everywhere; and I want it to be quiet. I have not much mon-

ey. You will make this sacrifice for me, dear —”

“Oh,” said Lottie, compunctious, “I wish I had said nothing about it; I wish I had not disturbed you with my paltry little troubles. Do not think of them any more. I can bear anything when I know you are thinking of me. It was only yesterday when — when all seemed uncertain — that it seemed more than I could bear.”

“And it is more than you ought to bear,” he said. “No, I am glad that you told me. We will go away, Lottie — to Italy, to the sunshine, to the country of music, where you will learn best of all: we will go away, from the very church door.”

And then he told her all that he would do. To-morrow he would go and settle everything. His plans all took form with lightning speed, though he had never thought of them till now. There would be many things to do; but in three days from that time he would meet her in the same place, and tell her all the arrangements he had made. And the next morning after that (“Saturday is a lucky day,” he said) they would go to town, if not together, yet by the same train — and go to the church, where he would have settled everything. Rollo Ridsdale was an adventurer born. He was used to changing the condition of his life in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. But it all seemed a dream to Lottie; not one of her usual waking dreams, but a dream of the night, with no possibility in it which would dissolve into the mists presently and leave nothing but a happy recollection. She acquiesced in everything, being too much taken by surprise to oppose a plan in which he was so vehement.

“May I tell Law?” she asked, always in her dream, not feeling as if there was any reality in the idea she suggested. And he said no at first, but afterward half-relented, and it was agreed that on Friday everything was to be decided, but nothing done till then. Thus, though they had met without a thought that this stolen interview would be more decisive than any other of the same kind, they parted with a decision that concerned their entire lives.

They walked closer together after this, in the safe gloom of the darkness, till they had again reached the door of the cloisters which led to the Deanery. No one was about, and Rollo was full of restless excitement. He would not hear what she said about prudence, and walked across with her to her own door. There was not a creature to be seen up or down; the

lamps flickered in the cold wind, and everybody had gone into the comfort of the warm rooms and blazing fires. He kissed her hand tenderly as he took leave of her.

“Till Friday,” he said.

Lottie went in, still in her dream, walking, she thought, in her sleep. She hoped this sleep would last forever — that it might not be rashly disturbed by waking, or even by that which would be as bad as waking — *coming true*. She could scarcely feel that she wanted it to come true; it was enough as it was — a bewildering happiness that tingled to the very ends of her fingers, that made her feel as if she were walking on air. She went softly up-stairs, caring for nothing but to get to her room, where, though it was dark and cold, she could still go on with this wonderful vision. That seemed all she wanted. But, alas! something very different was in store for Lottie. As she went with soft steps up the stairs the door of the little drawing-room was suddenly opened, letting out a warm stream of ruddy light. Then a sound of laughter reached her ears, and Polly’s voice —

“Come in, come in; we are waiting for you; we are both here,” with another gay outburst.

Lottie came to herself, and to all the disagreeable realities of her life, with a start of pain. She had to obey, though nothing could be more disagreeable to her. She went in with dazzled eyes into the room full of firelight. She remembered now that she had remarked outside that no lamp was lighted, and had supposed, with relief, that Mrs. Despard was out. But Mrs. Despard had not been out. She had been lurking in the ruddy gloom near the window, her husband by her side. They greeted Lottie with another laugh, as she came in with her pale, astonished face within the circle of the fire.

“So that’s how you spend your afternoons, miss, as I never could think where you were,” cried Polly; “but why didn’t you bring in your beau with you? I’d have given him his tea and a nice leg of a goose, as comfortable as could be.”

“My child,” said the captain, on his side, “I congratulate you. I’ve been expecting something of this kind for a long time. I’ve had my eye upon you. But why didn’t you bring Mr. Ridsdale in, as Mrs. Despard says?”

Lottie felt as if she had been turned into stone. She stood all dark in her winter dress, the firelight playing upon her, and seeking in vain to catch at some possibility of reflection: she had not even a

button that would give back the light. And she had not a word to say.

"Come, come! you need not be so put out," said the captain, not unkindly. "We saw you coming; and very proper of Mr. Ridsdale not to leave you at the Deanery, but to see you home to your own door. You thought no one was paying any attention, but I hope," Captain Despard added, "that I think more than that of my child. I don't doubt, from what I saw, Lottie, that you understand each other; and why hasn't he come before now to speak to me? You might have known that such a suitor would not be received unfavorably. Happy myself," said the captain, throwing out his chest, "would I have put any obstacle between you and your happiness, my dear?"

"I did not think — I did not know — I think — you are mistaken," Lottie faltered, not knowing what to say.

"Mistaken, indeed! Oh, we've gone through all that too lately to be mistaken, haven't we, Harry?" cried Mrs. Despard. "We know all about it. You couldn't come to those as would understand you better. Don't be frightened. You haven't been found out in anything wrong. If that was wrong, I've a deal to answer for," Polly cried, laughing. "I should think you must be frozen with cold, after wandering about on them slopes, or wherever you have been. How foolish young people are, to be sure, getting their deaths of cold! We never were as foolish as that, were we, Harry? Come and warm yourself, you silly girl! You needn't be afraid of him or me."

Amid their laughter, however, Lottie managed to get away, to take off her hat, and to try as best she could to realize this new phase of the situation. What her father had said was very reasonable. Why had not Rollo come, as the captain said? How that would have simplified everything, made everything legitimate! She sighed, not able to understand her lover, feeling that for once her father was right; but Rollo had said that this could not be, that it would be necessary to keep everything quiet. Her dream of happiness was disturbed. Dreams are better, so much better, than reality. In them there is never any jar with fact and necessity; they can adapt themselves to everything, fit themselves into every new development. But now that she was awakened, it was less easy to steer her way through all the obstacles. Rollo's reluctance to declare himself, and her father's right to know, and the pain of leaving her home in

a clandestine way, all rushed upon her, dispersing her happiness to the winds. She had felt that to awake would be to lose the sweetness which had wrapped her about; and now the rude encounter with the world had come, and Lottie felt that even with that prospect of happiness before her it was difficult to bear what she would have to bear — Polly's innuendoes and, worse still, Polly's sympathy; and the questions of her father appalled her as she looked forward to them. During this strange courtship of hers, so perplexed and mixed up as it was with her music and the "career" which they all, even Rollo, had tried to force upon her (though surely there need be no more of that *now*), and the changes that had taken place at home, Lottie had almost lost herself. She was no longer the high-spirited girl, full of energy and strength, who had reigned over this little house and dragged Law's heavy bulk along through so many difficulties. She had dreamed so much, and taken refuge so completely from the troubles of her position in these dreams, that now she seemed to have lost her own characteristics, and had no vigor to sustain her when she had actual difficulties to face. She tried to recall herself to herself as she smoothed her hair, which had been blown about by the breeze. From the beginning she had been pained by Rollo's reserve, though she had persuaded herself it was natural enough; but now, in this new, strange revolution of affairs — a revolution caused entirely, she said to herself, by her father's own proceedings — what could she do but stand firm on her own side? She would not betray the great purpose in hand. She would still her own heart, and keep her composure, and not allow any agitation or any irritation to wrest from her the secret which Rollo desired to keep. To smooth her ruffled hair was not generally a long process with Lottie; but it was more difficult to arrange her agitated thoughts, and there had been various calls for her from below, where the others had gone for their evening meal, before she was ready to follow.

Finally Law was sent up-stairs with an urgent demand for her presence.

"They're gone to tea," said Law, knocking at her door; and then he added, in a low tone, "Open, Lottie. I want to speak to you. I have got lots to say to you."

She heard him, but she did not attach any meaning to his words. What he said to her on the night before had left no definite impression on her mind. Law had lost his sister, who thought of him above

all. In the midst of a pressing crisis in our own individual life, which of us has time to think of others? She was afraid to talk to Law, afraid to betray herself. Love made Lottie selfish and self-absorbed, a consequence just as apt to follow as any other. She was afraid of betraying herself to him; her mind was too full of this wonderful revolution in her own life to be able to take in Law's desire, on his side, not to know about her, but to expound himself. She came out upon him hastily, and brushed past him, saying, "I am ready." She did not think of Law, not even when he followed her, grumbling and murmuring,

"I told you I wanted to speak to you."

How difficult it is to realize the wants of another when one's heart is full of one's own concerns! Neither brother nor sister thought of the other, to whom the most momentous event in their respective lives was coming; but Law was aggrieved, for he had always hitherto possessed Lottie's sympathy as a chattel of his own.

Polly and the captain were seated at table when the two younger members of the family went in, and never had Captain Despard been more dignified or genial. "Lottie, my child, a bit of the heart," he said — "a delicate bit, just fit for a lady. I've saved it up for you, though you are late. You are very late; but for once in a way we will make allowances, especially as Mrs. Despard is not offended, but takes your side."

"Oh, I know," said Polly; "I am not one as is hard upon natural feelings. Pride I can't abide, nor stuck-up ways, but when it comes to keeping company —"

"Is any one keeping company with Lottie?" said Law, looking up firmly, and then the elder pair laughed.

"But, my love, it is not a phrase that is used in good society," the captain said.

"Oh, bother good society!" said Polly. She was in an exuberant vein, and beyond the influence of that little topknowing of too transparent pretence with which occasionally she attempted to impose upon her stepchildren. Lottie, in whose mind indignation and disgust gradually overcame the previous self-absorption, listened to every word, unable to escape from the chatter she hated, with that keen interest of dislike and impatience which is more enthralling than affection; but she scarcely ventured to raise her eyes, and kept herself rigidly on her guard lest any rash word should betray her. It was not till the meal was over that she was brought to actual proof. Then her father detained her, as

she was about to escape. Law, more impatient than ever with the pressure of *his* affairs, which it seemed impossible to find any opportunity of confiding to his sister, had got up at once and gone out. The captain threw out his chest majestically and waved his hand as Lottie was about to follow.

"My child, I have got something to say to you," he said.

Mrs. Despard was standing by the fire, warming herself with frank ease, with a good ankle well displayed. Lottie, on her way to the door, unwillingly arrested, stood still because she could not help it. But the captain occupied with majesty his seat at the foot of the table between his wife and his daughter. "My love," he said, with his favorite gesture, throwing back his well-developed shoulders, "I have every faith in my daughter, and Mr. Ridsdale is in every way quite satisfactory. Your family is as good as his, but my Lord Courtland's son is not one to be turned away from my door; and as you have no fortune, Lottie, I should not be exacting as to settlements. I suppose he knows that you have no fortune, my dear?"

"La, Harry!" said Polly, from the side of the fire, "how should he think she had a fortune? Fortunes don't grow on every tree. And how do you know as he has got *that* far? A young man may keep company with a girl for long enough, and yet never go as far as *that*."

"You must allow me to know best, my love," said the captain. "I hope he is not trifling with my girl's affections. If he is, he has Harry Despard to deal with, I'd have him to know. By Jove, if I thought that was what he was after —"

"I dare say it's nothing but keeping company," said Polly, holding up her foot to the fire — "taking a walk together, or a talk; there's nothing in that. She wants her bit of fun as well as other girls. I'm not the one to stand up for this Lottie, for it's not what she'd do for me; but if it's only her bit of fun you shouldn't be hard upon her, Harry. For if my pa had hauled me up for that —"

Lottie could not bear it any longer. "Do you wish me to stay," she said, "papa? can you wish me to say?" The captain looked from his wife in her easy attitude, to his daughter, pale with indignation and horror.

"My love," he said, with mild remonstrance, "there are different ways of speaking in different spheres. Lottie has been an only daughter, and very carefully brought up. But, my child," the captain

added, turning to Lottie, "you must not be neglected now. I will make it my business to-morrow to see Mr. Ridsdale, to ascertain what his intentions are. Your interests shall not suffer from the conclusions of —"

"Papa," cried Lottie in despair, "you will not do anything so cruel! you could not treat me so! Wait, only wait, a few days — three or four days."

Polly was so much interested that she let her dress drop over her ankles and turned round. "Don't you see," she said, "that she feels he's coming to the point without any bother? That's always a deal the best way. It can't do no harm, as I can see, to wait for three or four days."

"By Jove, but it will, though," said Captain Despard with sudden impatience, "all the harm in the world! You'll allow me to understand my own business. It is clearly time for a man to interfere. I shall see Mr. Ridsdale to-morrow, if all the women in the world were to try their skill and hold me back. Hold your tongue, Mrs. Despard; be quiet, Lottie. When a man is a husband and a father he is the best judge of his own duties. It is now my time to interfere."

Polly was really concerned; she had a fellow feeling for the girl whose rights were thus interfered with. "Don't you mind," she said, coming up to Lottie with a half-audible whisper. "If he's coming to the point himself it won't do no harm; and if he ain't, it'll give him a push, and let him see what's expected of him. I ain't one for interfering, myself, but if you can't help it you must just put up with it; and I don't think, after all, it will do so very much harm."

Now Lottie ought to have been grateful for this well-intentioned and amiable remark, but she was not. On the contrary, her anger rose more wildly against the stranger who thus attempted to console her than it did against her father, whose sudden resolution was so painful to her. She gave Polly a look of wrath, and, forgetting even civility, started out of the room and up-stairs in vehement resentment. Polly was not so much angry on her part, as amazed to the point of consternation. She gasped for the breath which was taken away by Lottie's sudden flight. "Well!" she exclaimed, "that's manners, that is! that's what you call her brought up careful! A young unmarried girl, as is nothing and nobody, rising out of a room like that before a married lady and her pa's wife!"

Lottie, however, was in a passion of

alarm, which drove everything else out of her head. Of all things that seemed to her most to be avoided, a meeting between her father and Rollo at this crisis was the worst. She left her room no more that evening, but sat and pondered what she could do to avert this danger. True, without a meeting between them it would be impossible that her love should have its legitimate sanction, and that the beginning of her new life should be honest and straightforward, as it ought. But partly because she had schooled herself to think (by way of excusing Rollo's silence) that a meeting between him and her father would only make him less regretful of the captain's pretensions and the "family" which Lottie still with forlorn faith believed in, and partly because the visit of a father to ask a lover's "intentions" was perhaps the very last way in which a beginning of intercourse could be agreeably established, it seemed to Lottie that she would do anything in the world to prevent this conversation. With this view she wrote one little note and then another to warn Rollo — writing with cold fingers but a beating heart, hot with anxiety and trouble, upon the corner of her little dining-table, for there was no room for any other convenience of a table, in the small, old-fashioned chamber. But when she had achieved the composition of one at last which seemed to express feebly yet sufficiently what she wanted to say, the question arose, how was it to get to Rollo? She had no one to send. She dared not trust it to Law, for that would involve an explanation, and there was no one else at Lottie's command. A thought of Captain Temple floated across her mind; but how could she employ him upon such an errand that would involve a still more difficult explanation? At last she burned regretfully by the flame of her candle the very last of these effusions, and decided that she must trust to the chances of the morrow. She had promised to be at the elm-tree in the morning to bid Rollo good-bye. She must manage, then, to get him to go away before matins were over and her father free. But it was with an anxious heart that Lottie, when her candle burned out, crept cold and troubled to bed, chilled to the bone, yet with a brow which burned and throbbed terribly. Law did not come in till after she had fallen asleep. Law, whom she had watched over so anxiously, was at this crisis of Lottie's personal history and his own left entirely to himself.

In the morning she managed to run out immediately after breakfast, just as the air

began to vibrate with the Abbey bells, and, after some anxious waiting under the elm, at last to her great relief, saw Rollo coming. Lottie was not able to disguise her anxiety or her desire for his departure. "Never mind speaking to me," she said. "Do not waste your time. Oh, Rollo, forgive me — no, it is not to get rid of you," she cried, and then she told him the incident of last night.

Rollo's eyes gave forth a gleam of disgust when he heard of the chance of being stopped by Captain Despard to inquire his "intentions." He laughed, and Lottie thought instinctively that this was a sound of merriment which she would never wish to hear again. But his face brightened as he turned to Lottie, who was so anxious to save him from this ordeal. "My faithful Lottie!" he said, pressing her close to him. There was nobody stirring in the winterly morning; but yet day requires more reserve than the early darkness of night.

"But go, go, Rollo. I want you to be gone before they are out of the Abbey," she cried, breathless.

"My dear love — my only love," he said, holding both her hands in his.

"Oh, Rollo, is it not only for a day or two? You are so serious, you frighten me — but go, go, that you may not meet any one," she said.

"Yes, it is only for a day or two, my darling," he replied.

"On Friday, my Lottie, at five, under this tree. You won't fail me?"

"Never!" she said, with her blue eyes full of sweet tears. And then they kissed in the eye of day, all the silent world looking on.

"No," he said, with fervor — "never; you will never fail me; you will always be true."

And so they parted, she watching jealously while he took his way, not by the common road, but down the windings of the slopes, that he might be safe, that no one might annoy him. "Till Friday!" he called to her in the silence, waving his hand as he turned the corner out of her sight. She drew a long breath of relief when she saw him emerge alone farther down upon the road that led to the railway. The signor was only then beginning the voluntary, and Captain Despard evidently could not ask Rollo Ridsdale his "intentions" that day. Lottie waved her hand to her lover, though he was too far off to see her, and said to herself, "Till Friday," with a sudden realization of all the words implied — another life, a new heaven and

a new earth; love, and tenderness, and worship instead of the careless use and wont of the family; to be first instead of last; to be happy and at rest instead of tormented at everybody's caprice; to be with Rollo, who loved her, always, forever and ever, with no more risk of losing him or being forgotten. Her heart overflowed with sweetness, her eyes with soft tears of joy. Out of that enchanted land she went back for a little while into common life, but not in any common way. The sunshine, which had been slow to shine, broke out over the Dean's Walk as she emerged from under the shadow of the trees; the path was cleared for her; the music pealed out from the Abbey. Unconsciously her steps fell into a kind of stately movement, keeping time. In her blessedness she moved softly on toward the shadows of the house in which she had now but a few days to live — like a princess walking to her coronation, like a martyr to her agony. Who could tell in which of the two the best similitude lay?

From Temple Bar.

GRIMALDI.

PANTOMIME, as we remember it in our childhood, has shared the fate of so many other respectable British institutions in these destructive days, and has been improved out of existence by a monstrous combination of legs, limelight, tinsel, and idiotic burlesque. "How different were the pantomimes of my younger days!" exclaims Planché. "A pretty story — a nursery tale — dramatically told, in which the course of true love never did run smooth — formed the opening; the characters being a cross-grained old father, with a pretty daughter who had two suitors; one a poor young fellow, whom she preferred, the other a wealthy fop, whose pretensions were of course favored by the father. There was also a bad servant of some sort in the old man's establishment. At the moment when the young lady was about to be forcibly married to the fop she despised, or on the point of eloping with the youth of her choice, the good fairy made her appearance, and, changing the refractory pair into Harlequin and Columbine, the old curmudgeon into Pantaloon, and the bad servant into Clown, the two latter, in company with the rejected lover, as he was called, commenced the pursuit of the happy pair, and the comic business consisted of a dozen or more cleverly con-

structed scenes, in which all the tricks and changes had a meaning, and were introduced as contrivances to favor the escape of Harlequin and Columbine, when too closely pursued by enemies."

Our pantomime characters are borrowed from the Italians, but, with the exception of Pantaloon and Columbine, have been greatly altered in their migration: Arlecchino was a stupid servant, whose ragged dress was patched with cloths of different colors to denote his poverty; Brighella, whom we transformed to Clown, was a knavish valet in attendance on Pantaloon. These were stock characters in every Italian comedy until Goldoni's time. Arlecchino, however, was not a mere dumb, posturing Jumping Jack, but a witty fellow who had a quip and a crank for everybody. From Italy he passed into France, where he became a kind of "oracle and brief abstract of the time," shooting "folly as it flies." In 1717 a French troupe introduced him into England. Three years later the first true English pantomime was produced at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It was entitled "Harlequin Executed," and was advertised as "A new Italian mimic scene, between a Scaramouche, a Harlequin, a country farmer, his wife, and others." The creator of the dumb Harlequin was Christopher Rich, the lessee of the theatre, who made him dumb because he could not deliver dialogue; but in pantomimic expression, whether the emotion he depicted was comic or pathetic, he was a genius, and could equally convulse an audience with laughter or melt them to tears. The success of this new species of entertainment was immense, and from its first introduction took a firm hold upon English tastes. What we call "the opening" and "the Harlequinade" were blended. Some old fable, illustrated with handsome scenery, dresses, and music and dancing, formed the plot, which was varied by comic scenes between Harlequin, Pantaloon, and Columbine. Rich's most famous successor, Harry Woodward, was not dumb, but imitated the Arlecchino in his ready wit. Harlequin was the hero of pantomime,* and every other character was subordinate to him until past the middle of the present century, and indeed until a much later period, for the clown never entirely usurped his place until the appearance of that GENIUS OF PANTOMIME, JOE GRIMALDI. His father, Giuseppe Grimaldi, who arrived in England in

* Even at the present day, when he has become a mere nonentity, he invariably gives the name to a pantomime.

1758, was a celebrated clown before him, and a famous dancer. From the year above named until his death he was ballet-master and principal pantomimist at Drury Lane, and during the summer months for several years he was employed in the same capacity at Drury Lane. De Castro, in his "Memoirs," tells several curious anecdotes of him. He had a curious superstitious dread of the fourteenth day of the month. When it was passed he used to exclaim joyfully, "Ah, now I am safe for another month." And the presentiment was verified; he died on the 14th of March, and he had been born, christened, and married on the same date in different years. Angelo, in his "Reminiscences," tells the following good story of him: "At the time of the (Gordon) riots, in June 1780, he resided in a front room on the second floor in Holborn, on the same side of the way near to Red Lion Square, when the mob passing by the house, and Grimaldi being a foreigner, they thought he must be a Papist. On hearing he lived there, they all stopped, and there was a general shouting; a cry of 'No Popery' was raised, and they were about to assail the house, when Grimaldi put his head out of the window from the second floor, and, making comical grimaces, called out, 'Gentlemen, in dis house dere be no religion at all.' Laughing at their mistake, the mob proceeded on, first giving him three huzzas, though his house, unlike all the others, had not written on the door — 'No Popery.'"

Giuseppe Grimaldi was sixty-five years old when his son Joe was born, on December 18, 1778, in Stanhope Street, Clare Market. In April 1782, when very much under three years of age, we find the boy making his first appearance at Sadler's Wells, as a monkey; and from that time until his retirement, with the exception of one season, he continued to be a member of the company, that is to say, for forty-nine years. At the Christmas of the same year he was engaged for the Drury Lane pantomime, and, young as he was, performed at both houses each evening. The elder Grimaldi was one of those old-fashioned fathers who thoroughly practised Solomon's axiom, "Spare the rod," etc. Young Joe was as mischievous as an ape, and when detected in his tricks never escaped a sound thrashing, at the end of which he was lifted up by the hair of his head, thrust into a corner, and dared to move. But the instant the awful parent turned his back, tears were changed to grins and grimaces, which, however, at the words "Here's your father, Joe," were

once more resolved into sobs and bellowings. These scenes were of constant occurrence in the green-room of Drury Lane, and afforded intense amusement to the actors. One night the Earl of Derby, observing him crying in his corner, called to him good-naturedly. "He dare not move," said Miss Farren; "his father will beat him if he does." The earl held up a half-crown; at the sight of the coin Joe darted forward and grasped it. "Throw your wig in the fire, and I'll give you another," said the earl, laughing. No sooner said, than off went the wig into the blazing coals. At that moment his father, coming into the room to take him on the stage, beheld him dancing delightedly over his burnt-offering. But for the earl's interference, it would have gone hardly with poor Joe on that occasion; as it was, he had a terrible flogging, and, worse than that, his five shillings were taken away from him. He must have had as many lives as a cat, to have survived so many beatings, in addition to the accidents inseparable from pantomime business at such an early age. Once, when playing a monkey part, his father, who in the business of the scene had to whirl him round and round by a chain, one night whirled him over the orchestra into the pit. Another time, when he was only four years of age, he fell through a trap-door, a distance of forty feet, breaking his collar-bone and severely bruising himself.

"Boz," in his "Memoirs," gives an amusing picture of him, when about five years of age, going to visit his maternal grandfather, in Newton Street, Holborn, on Sundays. He was dressed in a green embroidered coat, a white-satin waistcoat, green-cloth breeches richly embroidered, white-silk stockings, shoes with paste buckles, laced shirt, cravat, three-cornered hat, ruffles, and a cane, and with a guinea in his pocket, which of course he was not to spend. Such a figure excited a considerable sensation in the streets as it strutted along alone. One day, seeing a woman lying upon the pavement and seemingly in great distress, he gave her his guinea. This act of benevolence brought a crowd about him, at the head of which, greatly elated, strutted Joe to his grandfather's door. It need scarcely be added that the benevolence brought down upon him condign punishment at his father's hands. The boy was scarcely eight years old when the elder Grimaldi died. Once before he had died in jest to test the affection of his two sons — for Joe had a brother. He had himself laid out, covered with a sheet, and

the room darkened; he instructed the servant to tell the boys he had expired suddenly, and to bring them into the room so that he might hear how they took the news. Joe had a suspicion of the truth, and burst into tears, and roared most lustily. But his brother, who was younger and less 'cute, began to dance and sing, and loudly express his delight at being delivered from floggings. "Don't be such a fool as to cry," he said, "we shall now have the cuckoo clock" (an object of intense desire) "all to ourselves." Upon which, upsprang the corpse. The sequel may be imagined; the young scoffer was belabored as he had never been belabored before, while artful Joe was hugged and caressed as a pattern of filial affection.

The elder Grimaldi died poor, and left his children and their mother without any provision. But Joe found a friend in Sheridan, who was then manager of Drury Lane; the boy had been engaged at that house every year since his first appearance, and the lessee now raised his salary to a pound per week: the Sadler's Wells management took an exactly opposite course, and reduced his stipend from fifteen shillings to three; and at this pittance he remained for three years, making himself generally useful both on and off the stage. Nothing could exceed the drudgery of the poor little fellow, who had been a toiler from infancy, at this time. Every morning he had to walk from Great Wild Street, Drury Lane, where he and his mother lived, to Sadler's Wells for rehearsal, which began at ten o'clock; then home to dinner by two, back again to the Wells to commence the performance at six, to work hard until eleven, sometimes change his dress twenty times, and walk back home at night. Sometimes he had to perform at Sadler's Wells and Drury Lane in one night. On one occasion he was so pressed for time that he and another ran from Islington to Drury Lane in eight minutes. This reads incredible, but we must remember a great part of the way would then lie across fields. At another time, while the Drury Lane company, during the rebuilding of the theatre, were playing at the Opera House, he ran from the Wells to the Haymarket in fourteen minutes. After performing his part there, which was only to walk in a procession, he had to run back to Sadler's Wells to play the clown in a pantomime: this time he did the distance in thirteen minutes. In 1794 we find him receiving £3 per week at Drury Lane, and £4 at Sadler's Wells.

In the midst of this heavy professional

work he yet found time and energy to pursue a most fatiguing hobby—the collecting of insects. He had formed a cabinet which contained four thousand specimens. There was a kind which came out in the month of June, called the Dartford blue, for which he was particularly eager. His enthusiasm in this pursuit may be measured by the sacrifices he made for it. After the performance was over at Sadler's Wells he would return home to supper, then about midnight start to walk to Dartford, a distance of fifteen miles. He would arrive there about five in the morning, rest and breakfast at a friend's house, then go out into the fields; sometimes a search for hours would be rewarded with only a single specimen. At one o'clock he would begin his return walk to London, reach there in time for tea, and hurry off to the theatre. *On the same night*, after the performance, he would again walk to Dartford, recommence his fly-hunt, return in the same manner as on the previous day, and play again, without rest or sleep. On the third night the pantomime was played first, which enabled him to quit the theatre at nine o'clock. Seemingly impervious to fatigue, he once more started on his fifteen miles' walk, and this time, arriving at his journey's end by one in the morning, was able to obtain a night's rest before commencing his quest. The next day being Sunday, he had an opportunity of recruiting his strength, and he must have sorely needed it. A circumstance which had made him particularly eager on this occasion was that he was making a small collection for charming Mrs. Jordan. Some time afterwards his entomological pursuits were brought to an abrupt termination; a band of thieves breaking into his house in Penton Place, whither he had by that time removed, wantonly destroyed the cabinet, flies and all, which, with his models and drawings, were worth about £200. So disheartened was he by the loss, that he gave his nets and all the *débris* to a friend, and thenceforth the flies had one enemy the fewer.

And about this time something far more interesting than flies was engaging young Joe's attention, and that was a very pretty girl, the daughter of Mr. Hughes, the lessee of Sadler's Wells. Joe was not quite sixteen, the young lady's father was a man of property and his manager, all of which circumstances were decidedly against the course of his true love running smooth. The mother was won over, but three years elapsed before they ventured to acquaint the father. Joe, however, being a steady

young fellow and very promising in his profession, Mr. Hughes played the part of a benevolent parent and gave his consent, and in April 1798 the young couple were united. One day, after the opening of the autumn season at Drury Lane, he met Sheridan. He told him of his marriage. "Oho! pretty young woman, Joe?" inquired the great manager. "Very pretty, sir." "That's right. You must lead a domestic life, Joe; nothing like a domestic life for happiness, Joe. I lead a domestic life"—with a twinkle of rich humor in his eye. "But, Joe, what will your poor little wife do while you are at the theatre of an evening? Very bad, Joe, to let a pretty young wife be alone of a night. I'll manage it for you, Joe; I'll put her name down on the free list—herself and a friend. But, mind, it's a female friend, that's all, Joe; any other might be dangerous—eh, Joe?" Alas! poor Joe's happiness was short-lived, in less than a twelvemonth the poor young wife was carried to the grave. He was devotedly attached to her; her loss for a time deprived him of his senses, and but for the vigilance of his friends he would certainly have laid violent hands upon himself.

In the mean time Grimaldi was making rapid progress in his profession, and in a pantomime called "Harlequin Amulet," produced at Drury Lane in 1800, he sustained the part of Punch in the opening and Clown in the comic scenes with great success. This pantomime was further remarkable as being that in which the harlequin, Mr. James Byrne, the father of Oscar, first donned the tight spangled dress, which before that had been a loose jacket and trousers. In the following year Grimaldi made his first starring trip. It was to play for an actor's benefit at Rochester. At six o'clock the little theatre was crammed to overflowing, and the heartiness with which he was greeted must have convinced him that his fame had at least travelled thus far. So successful was the performance, with such delight were his comic songs received and thrice encored, that Mrs. Baker, the manageress, begged him to remain for the two following nights for half the receipts. Upon his consenting the old lady walked upon the stage in bonnet and shawl, just as she had come out of the pay place, and announced the arrangement amidst tremendous cheering. On both nights numbers were turned away from the doors, the orchestra was turned into stalls, not a foot of room before the curtain was unoccupied, and Joe returned to London a richer man by £160—

all in silver — than when he left it. In the spring of the following year, in fulfilment of an engagement he had made with Mrs. Baker, he appeared at Maidstone. There the rush was as great as it had been at Rochester; by half past four in the afternoon the street in front of the theatre was rendered impassable by the crowd. The manageress was an eccentric old lady, although of a type not uncommon among the strolling companies of the day. She was worth a respectable sum of money, but, with a disbelief in banks and all speculative investments that might have stood her in good stead had she lived in the present day, kept her money in seven or eight punch-bowls on the top shelf of a bureau. She always took the money herself at the doors, which probably accounted for the contents of the punch-bowls. "Now, then, pit or box! pit or gallery! box or pit!" was, on busy nights, her cry, with as constant iteration as the "Buy, buy!" of a Clare Market butcher; to which formula, as each person signified the part of the house they were for, she added, "Pass on, Tom Fool!" and this without any regard to their condition in life. Into the little theatre on the two evenings the sum of £311 was squeezed, of which Grimaldi received £155 17s. as his share. After the performance he consented to go on to Canterbury with the company for the two following nights. Mrs. Baker was as energetic as she was eccentric, and the moment she had obtained his consent, although it was nearly midnight, sent off a copy of the bill to the printers; by four o'clock it was printed, a man on horseback was sent off with the wet sheets, and before nine o'clock they were posted on the town walls. Scenery, dresses, company followed in a wagon, and by the time Grimaldi arrived in his postchaise every box-seat was booked. All the theatres in the circuit were about the same size, and from a crammed house he received within a few shillings of the Maidstone sum, returning to London with upwards of £300 in his pocket.

Two years afterwards, in 1803, he dissolved his connection with Drury Lane, which had subsisted close upon twenty-four years, in consequence of a dispute over a rise of salary which had been suddenly withdrawn, contrary to express stipulations; and he now determined to apply to Covent Garden. But there had been an agreement entered into between the managers of the two theatres, that they should not engage each other's performers until a twelvemonth had elapsed from their

leaving either house, so for the season of 1805 Joe went to Dublin. Upon his return Tom Dibdin relates: "I one day met him at the stage door of Covent Garden, waiting, as he told me, to see Mr. Shotter, a confidential servant of Mr. Harris, who would take up his name to the proprietor; he also told me what terms he meant to ask for three years, which were so very modest, and so much beneath his value, that I went immediately to Mr. Harris, and advised him to offer a pound per week the first year, two the second, and three the third, more than the sum Mr. Grimaldi had mentioned. This was done instantaneously, and the best clown ever seen on the stage was retained for 'Mother Goose.' When I say the best I do not except his father, whose *vis comica* I perfectly well remember."

A propos of that most famous of pantomimes, in which Grimaldi so greatly distinguished himself, the same author in his "Reminiscences" tells us that like many other famous productions which have afterwards taken the public by storm, it was only after being several times rejected that this work was produced. Dibdin was engaged to write a pantomime every year for Covent Garden Theatre, but the autumn of 1806 was so far advanced without his having received any instructions, that he had made up his mind the annual was to be dispensed with that Christmas. One day, however, about the middle of November, Harris came to him in a great hurry. "We must have a pantomime after all," he said. "I suppose you have some sketches you can work up in time?" "Yes," replied Dibdin, "I have one that I have particularly recommended to you for the last five years, and which you have always refused." "Oh, what! that d—d 'Mother Goose,'" replied the manager. "Well, let's look at her again. She has certainly one recommendation, she wants no finery, no grand scenery, so e'en set everybody to work at once." Everybody connected with the theatre was as doubtful of the success as was the manager; every previous pantomime had trusted to gorgeous scenery, dresses, banners, and processions. "Mother Goose" had none of these, not even a dazzling last scene, and the most gloomy anticipations were everywhere expressed. But never was professional judgment more decidedly in the wrong. "Mother Goose" was received with the most deafening applause on the first night, and ran for ninety-two, that is to say, throughout the remainder of the season; crowds nightly besieged the

doors, and the theatre was crammed immediately after they were opened. To Grimaldi's and Bologna's (the harlequin) joint benefit the receipts amounted to £679 18s. "Mother Goose" was revived again the following season, with almost equal success. Yet Grimaldi himself was always of the opinion that it was one of the worst pantomimes he had ever played in, and that his own part was by no means good, every trick and situation having been done by him years before. So strange are the caprices of public taste.

A curious adventure which happened to him about this time, and which might have entangled him in serious consequences, is one of the best stories in the "Memoirs." Before relating this incident, however, it will be necessary to go back a little. An acquaintance of Bologna's, named Mackintosh, had invited him down to his place in Kent for a day's shooting, and he proposed that Grimaldi should accompany him. When they arrived there they found "the place" was only a small roadside public-house. However, they were very hospitably entertained, and in the good cheer and the prospect of some sport forgot their chagrin. After dinner they took up their guns and sallied forth. Upon coming to a wheat-field Mackintosh cried out "There's a covey!" but our friends could perceive only a brood of pigeons where they expected to see partridges and pheasants. "I invited you down to shoot birds," said their host drily, "pigeons are birds, so shoot away if you like." And they did shoot away, until some thirty strewed the ground, which they speedily gathered up. "Now, if you take my advice," said Mackintosh, "you'll cut and run." Bologna asked why. "Because," answered the other, "if the squire comes to hear of it he'll put you both in prison." Bologna suggested that he had thought the birds were his. "My pigeons, lord help you, they are none o' mine! The squire is very fond of them, and precious savage he'll be when he hears you have been peppering them. So, if you take my advice, now you've got your pigeons, you'll cut and run." Our two friends, in no enviable state of mind, lost no time in following his advice. The next morning, while they were relating the adventure to the landlord of the Garrick's Head, in Bow Street, a man dressed like a gamekeeper entered the bar, and was saluted by the landlord as an old acquaintance, and asked what brought him up to town. "Oh, drat it," replied the stranger, "there were two vagabonds down in our parts

yesterday from London and they killed and stole fifty or sixty of master's pigeons. I've come up to apprehend them. I've got a constable drinking at the tap. They're only play-actors. One's a clown and t'other's a harlequin at one of the London theatres." A ghastly paleness overspread the faces of the two culprits, who had not the strength to raise their glasses to their lips. To make a long story short, the landlord called for a steak and a bottle of wine, in which Bologna and Grimaldi joined him, induced the gamekeeper to return to Kent and talk the squire over.

During the run of "Mother Goose," Grimaldi was greatly surprised one day at receiving a visit from Mackintosh; he had given up the public-house, he said, and was now engaged in business in Throgmorton Street. His appearance and manner were very much improved, and, forgiving the trick which had been played upon him, Joe renewed the acquaintance, and they frequently dined at each other's houses. Mackintosh expressed a desire to introduce him to some friends of his who lived in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, and, after some difficulty, prevailed upon him to accept an invitation to sup there one night after the performance. He had informed him that his friends were very wealthy people, but Joe was astonished at the magnificence that greeted his eye upon entering the house. The rooms were gilded and hung with splendid chandeliers, the floors were covered with the richest carpets, and the rest of the furniture was to match. The supper was exquisite; the wines super-excellent. The company were twelve in number — six ladies and six gentlemen, husbands and wives, all elegantly dressed and blazing with jewellery; and footmen in handsome liveries were in attendance. Joe was cordially welcomed, and spent a most delightful night, which did not terminate until five o'clock the next morning. Shortly afterwards he was again invited, and this time to bring his wife with him. He had married again long since. The second party was as delightful as the first. After this there was a supper at Grimaldi's house, and mutual hospitalities continued for some time. The parties were always made up of the same personages, no other ever appearing at them; the gentlemen did not seem to be in any business, and private affairs were never mentioned. There was something about the manners of these people that struck both Joe and his wife as being peculiar, although they

could not come to any conclusion upon the subject. One night in the spring Grimaldi had arranged to play for an actor's benefit at Woolwich, and the six gentlemen hearing of this, proposed they should all meet and sup with him there after the play. And so it was arranged. But when the night came, *one* of the sestet did not put in an appearance, in consequence, it was said, of having an appointment with a nobleman. About three weeks afterwards, Grimaldi received a visit from a gentleman who announced himself as Mr. Harmer, of Hatton Gardens, and who came to inquire if he knew anything of a person named Mackintosh. Joe answered in the affirmative. "Then I am very sorry to tell you," said the visitor, "he is now in great danger of his life." Very much concerned, Joe asked what was the nature of his complaint. "Burglary," was the reply. He then went on to explain to our scared and astonished friend that Mr. Mackintosh was in prison under a charge of having broken into a house in Cheshire, and that he, Grimaldi, could save him by proving that on the night the robbery was committed the unfortunate man supped with him at Woolwich. Joe was, of course, ready to prove the *alibi*, and Mackintosh was released on bail. Then came the explanation concerning the mysterious six; they were a desperate gang of forgers and burglars. The man who had "the appointment with the nobleman" had really committed the robbery, but the others had combined to fasten the charge upon Mackintosh, who was less liked among them than the real culprit. In a great passion Grimaldi seized him by the throat, and demanded how he had dared to introduce himself and wife into such company. Mackintosh explained that his friends, hearing he was acquainted with the famous clown, insisted upon his being brought to entertain them with his songs and stories. Grimaldi's evidence at the trial was sufficient to clear him, and it need scarcely be said that Joe saw no more of him or his distinguished friends.

While he was performing at Sadler's Wells in 1807, an accident occurred exactly similar to that of the recent Liverpool disaster. Some one in the pit gave a false alarm of fire, there was a terrible rush for the doors, although no sign of flames could be seen, some flung themselves from the gallery into the pit, and twenty-three were suffocated or trampled to death, and a great number were severely injured.

During the May of 1811 Grimaldi played in two pantomimes each night — at Sadler's

Wells, where it was the first piece, and at Covent Garden, where it was the last. At the former house a coach was waiting to convey him, ready dressed, to the second theatre. One night the coach did not arrive in time, and it being wet there was not another to be got. Delay was impossible, so off he started to run it. The astonishment of the people at seeing a stage clown in full array tearing through the streets may be easily imagined. He was soon recognized, and had an attendant mob, shouting his name, following at his heels. Not until he arrived at Holborn could he find any conveyance. But the crowd still followed, and left him only at the stage door, where they gave him a tremendous cheer, while many rushed up to the gallery to welcome him as he bounded upon the stage. At another time he played clown in three pantomimes on the same night. The Surrey was the first house. At the door was waiting a chaise and four, in which he was driven at a furious pace to Sadler's Wells; there he arrived just as the overture was commencing. The piece was "*La Prouse*," and in it he performed "the Talking Bird." As soon as it was over, the same conveyance carried him to Covent Garden, where he also arrived in good time.

But such extraordinary exertions as these, and others which he had recklessly undertaken from childhood, were bound to tell at last even upon such an iron constitution as his, and in 1815 he was seized with a difficulty of breathing, which resulted in a severe illness, and disabled him from performing for four weeks. From that time, it is said, he never had another day of perfect health.

Between his London engagements he continued to take starring trips into the provinces, and always met with enormous success. At Edinburgh he received £417 as his share for three nights' acting. At Liverpool his benefit receipts were larger than those of Miss O'Neil or John Emery. In these expeditions he did not confine himself to clowning, but played Bob Acres in "The Rivals," Scaramouche in the ballet of "Don Juan," and Orson in "Valentine and Orson." The latter was one of his most famous parts. So great was his exertion in it, that after the fight with the green knight at the end of the first act, he would frequently drop into a chair and cry and sob with the most agonizing spasms. During his country tour in 1817, which extended over fifty-six nights, he cleared above £1700. He now became a large shareholder in the Sadler's Wells

Theatre, which he had left the previous season on account of a disagreement with the management. It was not a fortunate speculation, for at the end of the first season his share of the losses amounted to over £300, besides what he had paid for his shares. The next season was little more propitious, and, worse than all, premature decay was fast seizing upon him. More than one illness interrupted his provincial engagements for days together, and he would not consent to give himself sufficient rest or to submit to such a regimen as might have recruited his exhausted state. Unknowingly he had already played his last season at Sadler's Wells, and that of 1822-23 proved to be his last at Covent Garden. After the pantomime was over, a melodrama by Farley, entitled "The Vision of the Sun; or, the Orphan of Peru," in which Joe played a part called Grim-gribber, was produced. "Even through the early nights of its very successful representation," says the "Memoirs," "he could scarcely struggle through his part. His frame was weak and debilitated, his joints were stiff, and his muscles relaxed; every effort he made was followed by cramps and spasms of the most agonizing nature. Men were obliged to be kept waiting at the side scenes, who caught him in their arms when he staggered from the stage, and supported him, whilst others chafed his limbs, which was obliged to be incessantly done until he was called for the next scene, or he could not have appeared again. Every time he came off his sinews were gathered up into huge knots by the cramps that followed his exertions, which could only be reduced by violent rubbing, and even that frequently failed to produce the desired effect. The spectators, who were convulsed by laughter while he was on the stage, little thought that while their applause was resounding through the house he was suffering the most excruciating and horrible pains. But so it was until the twenty-fourth night of the piece, when he had no alternative, in consequence of his intense sufferings, but to throw up the part.

After this he played a short engagement at Cheltenham and at Birmingham. But upon his return to Cheltenham, where he had arranged to play Orson to Colonel Berkeley's Valentine, he was seized with a dangerous illness, which prostrated him for weeks upon a sick-bed, and from which he only rose a cripple. To this misfortune was added another of a domestic nature: his only son, upon whom he doated, and whose talents were such that he prom-

ised to rival his father in his own peculiar line, abandoned himself to the vilest dissipation, became a burden upon his father's slender resources, disgraced his name, and, after being more than once the inmate of a madhouse through his excesses, died at last in a low public-house in a fit of furious delirium.

In 1828 Miss Kelly suggested to Grimaldi that he should take a farewell benefit — such appeals to public benevolence were not as common in those days as they have become since. The matter was no sooner mentioned to Tom Dibdin than he did all in his power to forward it, and all connected with the theatre offered their services gratuitously. There was a crowded house, and the receipts amounted to £230, besides £85 more that he received in anonymous letters. This was on March 17, 1828. A second benefit was now proposed at Covent Garden. But he did not experience the same liberality at the hands of Mr. Charles Kemble and the other proprietors as he had done at those of Dibdin; the request was refused. Upon which he addressed Price, the lessee of Drury Lane, who at once placed the theatre at his disposal. Kemble was terribly annoyed, and told him naïvely, "Why did you not say, that if you could not take a benefit here you would do so at the other house? I declare you should have had a night for nothing sooner than you should have gone there."

The 27th of June 1828 was fixed for Grimaldi's benefit at Drury Lane, and his last appearance upon any stage. He was to act the clown in one scene of "Harlequin Hoax," and speak a farewell address. It need scarcely be said that the house was crowded, that the old favorite was received with shouts of applause. Alas, how changed since the old days when he used to come bounding upon the stage full of life and fun, fresh perhaps from a run from Sadler's Wells! Now he could not even stand, and had to play his scene seated upon a chair; but his jokes and his famous songs, "Tippitiwiche" and "Hot Codlins," were still received with roars of laughter. "If," he said sadly in his address, "I have now any aptitude for tumbling, it is through bodily infirmity, for I am worse on my feet than I used to be on my head. It is four years since I jumped my last jump, filched my last oyster, boiled my last sausage, and set in for retirement. To-night has seen me assume the motley for a short time; it clung to my skin as I took it off, and the old cap and bells rang mournfully as I quitted them forever."

So overcome was he by emotion that Harley had to lead him off the stage. The streets were thronged with people to see him come out at the stage door, and hundreds followed the vehicle, cheering him, to his house. He realized £580 by this benefit, and was shortly afterwards allowed £100 a year from the Drury Lane fund. This enabled him to face the future without fear, which he could not otherwise have done, for notwithstanding his large earnings he was totally without provision for it.

In 1832 he lost his miserable son, and his wife soon followed. During his last years he lived at No. 33 Southampton Street, Pentonville. His solitary home had little attraction for him, and his evenings were passed at the Marquis of Cornwallis, a tavern close by, in the company of some respectable residents of the neighborhood, to and from which he was nightly carried. On the morning of the 1st of June 1837 he was found dead in his bed. He lies buried in the churchyard of St. James's Chapel, Pentonville Hill, next to Charles Dibdin.

It is scarcely possible at the present day, when clowning is the acme of all that is dreary, to form any just appreciation of Grimaldi's powers. Although the richness of his humor and grimaces could excite inextinguishable laughter, he was no mere buffoon, and could at will touch more elevated faculties than the risible. Horne tells us that on one of Grimaldi's benefit nights he saw him give the dagger scene in "Macbeth." It was a darkened scene in a pantomime, and he was in his clown's dress. Notwithstanding which, and that he only made audible a few elocutionary sounds of the words, a dead silence pervaded the whole house, "and I was not the only boy who trembled, young and old seemed to vibrate with the effect upon the imagination." When he sang "An Oyster crossed in Love," he sat down upon the stage between a cod's head and a huge oyster, which opened and shut its valves in time to the music, and "all the children visible in the front rows of the boxes shed tears of commiserating delight as they gazed on Grimaldi's rueful countenance, his ridiculous yet excessive sorrow making its way palpably through the grotesque points." How he delighted young and old with "Tippitiwichee," "Hot Codlins," "Me and my Neddy," as no other clown has been able to do since, is known to all readers of theatrical history.

His irresistible humor once, as the story goes, effected little short of a miracle.

One night a party of sailors who had just been paid off went to Sadler's Wells gallery; among them was a man who had been deaf and dumb for years. Joe was in great force that night, and no one enjoyed his comicalities more than this poor fellow, until at last he cried out to his companion next to him, "What a d—d funny fellow!" "What, Jack, can you speak?" exclaimed the other, greatly amazed. "Ay, and hear too," was the reply. This caused a tremendous sensation, the sailors cheered vociferously, and at the end of the performance carried the man on their shoulders to the Hugh Myddleton; the excitement out of doors was equally great when it was told that Joey Grimaldi had made the dumb hear and speak. The man was afterwards questioned and examined by Charles Dibdin, as well as by his captain, and there does not seem to have been reason to suspect a fraud; he had lost his faculties through sunstroke, but on that night his desire was so violent to express his delight that it seemed to break the bonds which had held them so long. Whether he had been acting a part for some private reason, and was thrown off his guard for a moment, must be decided by the reader's scepticism or credulity, but somewhat similar cases *have* been effected by laughter, as in the story of the man who was dying from a quinsy.

Not alone by the vulgar were Grimaldi's talents esteemed; some of the foremost men of the day paid tribute to them. He was a great favorite of Lord Byron's, and before the great poet left England for the last time he presented him with a valuable silver snuff-box, upon which was inscribed, "The gift of Lord Byron to Joseph Grimaldi," and Joe's benefit never passed without his sending him a five-pound note for a box.

Alas, it would seem that upon his grave, as upon that of so many other of our stage luminaries, we may now write, —

We ne'er shall look upon his like again.

From The Athenæum.

GAUR.*

GAUR, or Gour, is a name not now very familiar to the general reader, nor even to many a reader, perchance, who writes B.

* *Gaur: its Ruins and Inscriptions.* By John Henry Ravenshaw, B.C.S. Edited, with considerable Additions and Alterations, by his Widow. C. Kegan Paul & Co.

C. S. after his name, like the lamented originator of this beautiful book; at least hardly so familiar as it was a century ago, when the bounds of Bengal Proper, Behar, and Orissa limited also the field of duty of the Bengal Civil Service. The remains of Gaur lie within an easy morning's ride of the civil station of Malda, and that station occupies the site of the old factory called by the natives Angrezábád (Englishton), and by a Saxon corruption thereof "English Bazar." Thus the ruins of Gaur became at an early date familiar to English residents in Bengal, whilst their vast extent, and the mystery attaching to stupendous mounds and fragments of elaborate architecture, hardly visible through the growth of forest trees and jungle, stirred the imagination, especially in a country so generally devoid of ancient buildings as Bengal. Those who had books enough to turn to the ancient geographers plunged into hasty identifications. It was "supposed to be the Gange Regia of Ptolemy," says Rennell. "The ancient city of Gour or Lucknowty, undoubtedly the Palybothra of the Greeks, and once the capital of the better part of Hindostan as well as of Bengal," says another writer. "It was the capital of Bengal seven hundred and thirty years before Christ," says Dow. Palibothra it certainly was not; but we may not assert that it was not Gange Regia, nor yet that it was not the capital of Bengal in the time of Romulus; only nobody can prove it, and Bengal assuredly was not Bengal till two thousand years later. And strange to say, when the buildings that still stand are examined, and the inscriptions are interpreted, it turns out that no one of these can be with certainty placed earlier than A.D. 1460, whilst most of them date from the following century, that is to say, no one of them is much older than King's College Chapel, and many of them are hardly older than the Louvre. It would, however, be a mistake the other way to suppose that those dates represent the antiquity of the city. It existed certainly before the Mohammedan conquest (*c.* 1198), and probably long before. The building that went on here and on neighboring sites for four centuries cleared off all Hindoo edifices, as later generations have cleared off much of the masonry of those four centuries. But fragments of ancient Hindoo architecture strewed the ground, at least in the northern part of Gaur, at the beginning of this century. Moreover, the double and treble embankments, that stretch for miles along the eastern side of the city, are on a scale that is apt to suggest (though perhaps erro-

neously) a prehistoric antiquity; and their magnitude does also suggest that they may date from a time when the Ganges flowed on that side of the city, instead of miles to the westward as at present.

The ground at Gaur covered by signs of town occupation is little short of twenty miles in length. The ruins of Panduah, locally now called Porruah, begin some five miles north-east of the northern end of the Gaur traces, and spread over a narrow space of six miles in length, whilst the old city of Malda intervenes. It is not to be supposed that the whole chain of these sites was contemporaneously occupied by the streets of cities. But the area of Gaur proper, as we may call it, clearly defined by continuous rampart or embankment, is eight and a half miles long, and covers some twelve square miles of ground. Let us quote the work before us:—

The boundary embankments still exist: they were works of vast labor, and were, on the average, about forty feet in height, being from one hundred and eighty to two hundred feet [wide] at the base. The facing throughout was of masonry, and numerous buildings appear to have crowned their summits; but the whole of the masonry has now disappeared, and the embankments are overgrown with a dense jungle impenetrable to man, and affording a safe retreat for various beasts of prey. The eastern embankment was double, a deep moat about one hundred and fifty yards wide separating the two lines. A main road ran north and south through the city, its course being still traceable by the remains of bridges and viaducts. . . . In the centre of the north and south embankments are openings, showing that these fortifications had been perforated to afford ingress to and egress from the city. At the northern entrance there are no remains, but at the southern still stands the Kutwálí Gate, a beautiful ruin, measuring fifty-one feet in height under the archway. Within the space enclosed by these embankments and the river* stood the city of Gaur proper, and in the south-west corner was situated the fort containing the palace, of which it is deeply to be regretted that so little is left. Early in the present century there was much to be found here worthy of notice, including many elegantly carved marbles; but these are said to have become the prey of Calcutta undertakers and others for monumental purposes. . . . Surrounding the palace is an inner embankment of similar construction to that which surrounds the city, and even more overgrown with jungle. A deep moat protects it on the outside. . . . The whole country within the fortifications, and, indeed, for many miles around, is wild, and studded with numerous tanks or reservoirs, which, with one excep-

* A channel called Bhagirathi now bounds the site on the west, but formerly the Ganges flowed here.

tion, are overgrown with rank grass and reeds, and abound in alligators. The undulations of the surface are caused by fallen ruins, and the unproductive character of the soil, mingled as it is with broken bricks and *débris*, has, until the last few years, prevented any attempt to bring it under cultivation. Mustard crops are now raised upon it, and in the month of December the whole country is golden with a profusion of mustard blossom relieved by creepers and wild flowers.

As exemplifying the scale on which those obscure sovereigns (obscure, at least, to us and to the present natives of the soil) used to work, take the first two examples that occur. The largest of the tanks spoken of above is the Ságor Dighí, outside the northern wall of Gaur, and perhaps a pre-Mohammedan work. This is a rectangular excavated tank, of sixteen hundred yards in length by eight hundred in breadth. The inner city or royal fortress is about the same in length and greatest width, though of irregular outline, but within this the palace wall formed an interior rectangular enclosure, measuring seven hundred yards by two hundred and fifty. This wall then, called by the natives the *Báfs Gají*, or Twenty-two-ell Wall, nineteen hundred yards in total length, stands forty-two feet high, with a thickness of eight feet at top and eighteen feet at bottom, and is built throughout apparently of solid brickwork. This gigantic work was one of the many edifices of Barbuk Sháh, of the house of Illiyás, *c.* 1466. It is surprising that enough remains of it still to afford photographs and dimensions, seeing that it was, with the adjoining buildings, for years a brick-quarry for all the towns of the lower Ganges:—

Vandalism, as well as time, has contributed to the general destruction of the ancient capital. There is not a village, scarce a house, in the district of Maldah, or in the surrounding country, that does not bear evidence of having been partially constructed from its ruins. The cities of Murshidábád, Máldah, Rájmahál, and Rangpúr have almost entirely been built with materials from Gaur, and even its few remaining edifices are being daily despoiled (p. 2).

The last words are, we trust, an obsolete utterance; but it was fortunate for Gaur that the E. I. Railway was traced on the other side of the Ganges, for such a treasure of brick and ballast would have been a sore temptation to engineers and contractors. In former days so systematically were these "mineral resources" worked, that in the vice-royalty of the Nawáb Aliverdi Khán (1739–55) a cess of

eight thousand rupees a year was levied on the adjoining land-owners, under the technical name of *gímat-i-khisht-Gaur*, or "royalty on Gaur bricks."

The name Gaur is a form of Gauda, which applied to northern Bengal, and is connected by scholars with the growing of sugar there. It may have been occasionally applied to the city from early days, but the usual style of the latter at the time of the Mohammedan conquest was Lakhnaoti, and this it continued to bear for two centuries. The last Hindoo king of the Sena dynasty held his court further south, at what is still the city of Nadiya on the Hooghly, when the Musulman deluge broke in upon him and his Brahmins. The invading captain, Mohammed Bakhtiyár, the Khilji, established his government at Lakhnaoti, and died after a restless rule of some four years, during which he had made a desperate attempt to penetrate to Cathay by way of Assam. His successors ruled at first as the lieutenants of the Delhi kings, but, when the power of the latter waned, the walis of Bengal called themselves kings, and struck money in their own names. Their authority was interrupted by the brief predominance of Feróz Sháh of Delhi (1353–54), but this emperor eventually recognized Illiyás (Elias) Sháh as king of Bengal, and thenceforward, with some intervals of usurpation, the dynasty of this king reigned till the time of Humágún and Sher Sháh, *i.e.*, for little short of two hundred years. Till Illiyás, Lakhnaoti had remained the capital, but he transferred it to Panduah, a site on the existing high road between Malda and Dinajpore, lying north by east of Lakhnaoti; and here, with occasional oscillations, the royal seat remained till the middle of the fifteenth century. Mahmúd Sháh (I.) then reverted to the old city, and from his reign date the earliest of the surviving buildings of Gaur to which date can be assigned. But Gaur was now and thenceforth the only name popularly recognized.

The oldest writer who speaks of Lakhnaoti is the author of the "*Tabakát-i-Násirí*," who was there in 1243. De Barros (Dec. IV. liv. ix. cap. i.) gives some account of Gaur as it was seen by the first Portuguese who figured in the history of Bengal. These were the members of a party which had gone (1537) with presents to Mahmúd Sháh (III.), the last of the substantial kings of Bengal, in the time of the viceroy Nuno da Cunha. The Portuguese historian speaks of the great ramparts and ditches, of the three leagues'

length of the city, of its wide, straight streets, shaded by rows of trees, of the vast crowds that thronged them, of the stately and well-wrought edifices. So far as we know, no other European has recorded any particulars of Gaur in the days of its glory. Rennell and others in the last century have mentioned Gaur and its remains in general terms. The first attempt to draw, map, and describe these systematically appears to have been made by Mr. Henry Creighton, who resided on the spot from 1786 to 1806. Some of his drawings were engraved at Calcutta in the end of last century, but the work founded on his notes and drawings ("The Ruins of Gour," London, 1817) was not published till long after his death. The next methodical account of Gaur was drawn up by Dr. Francis Buchanan (afterwards Hamilton) as a part of his immense undertaking, the "Statistical Survey of Behar and Northern Bengal." The work, which occupied Buchanan and his staff from 1809 to 1815, and cost the government 30,000*l.*, was left to slumber in the chests of the India House till unearthed by Montgomery Martin, who published it with some omissions, and with a title-page which is a marvel of dexterity, for it contains his own name, but suppresses that of Buchanan entirely. During the progress of Buchanan's survey, Gaur was also visited by Major (afterwards Colonel) William Francklin, of the Bengal army. His journal, with detailed accounts of the chief buildings at both Gaur and Panduah, was forwarded by him to the India House along with drawings and a map (the last a copy of Creighton's). The journal is in the India Office still, but the drawings are not to be found. Francklin made, or caused to be made, transcripts of many inscriptions, including some that are no longer to be seen, but were then either *in situ* or removed so recently that their *situs* was known.

The names mentioned suggest a few particulars that may be worthy of record. Creighton was manager of an indigo factory at Goamalti, in the middle of Gaur. The factory itself was the property of Charles Grant, father of the two once well-known brothers, Lord Glenelg and Sir Robert, the latter of whom died governor of Bombay, but is, perhaps, more widely recognized as the author of "O worship the King, all glorious above," and other hymns.

Col. William Francklin was an excellent Persian scholar, and as the son of Dr. Thomas Francklin, the translator of Sophocles and Lucian, was by inheritance a

man of literary propensities, though not of much literary faculty. In his day he published abundantly, beginning when an ensign (men were ensigns long in those times) with a translation of certain Persian tales, in which figured a monster like Sindbad's old man, with legs resembling cowhide. "Leatherlegs" was Francklin's *sobriquet* among his old friends till his dying day. His best book, and probably the only one that retains a kind of vitality, is his "Memoir of George Thomas," a remarkable man who rose from before the mast to be the independent ruler of an Indian province and wielder of an army of his own. Francklin's handwriting was perhaps the worst that ever an educated man perpetrated (it may be seen here and there in his MS. at the India Office), and when his friends received a letter from him the only legible portions often were the quotations from Persian poets, with which it was sure to abound. At the beginning of this century, Francklin went to Constantinople as military secretary to a general officer sent to drill the Turks. He was ordered to draft a report, which he did and brought to his chief. The general saw that it was hard to read, and said, "Read it to me." He pronounced it excellent. "Now go and copy it in your best handwriting." "Why, this is my best," said Francklin. "Then you will not do for me." Francklin had to go home, but visited the Troad by the way, and consoled himself by composing a quarto on the remains of Troy.

After these digressions we turn again to the book before us. It is likely to remain *the* book on Gaur till Gaur shall find its Schliemann, to dig into those mighty mounds and make them give up their secrets. The book is substantially that of the late Mr. Ravenshaw, who, while magistrate and collector at Malda, made photographs of Gaur and the appendant cities, and notes to illustrate his pictures. Various circumstances had impeded the publication when Mr. Ravenshaw died in 1874, and his widow has now piously carried out his project in noble style. She has had good aids and counsellors in the late Mr. Henry Blochmann and in her judicious friend Mr. Arthur Grote. Blochmann has recently carried to the grave with him a vast store of lucid learning. His numerous papers on the geography and history of Bengal were working out, with greater width and power and youth the furrows traced by Edward Thomas, and were quickening with light, interest, and precision the annals that in Stewart's hands were so monotonous, and the country that has been to

most of its European residents as monotonous. This work derives from Blochmann not only many precise indications taken from his papers read before the Asiatic Society of Bengal, but a chapter of his own — brief, but weighed and grounded in every line — on the history of Gaur and its rulers down to its annexation by Akbar. Besides the photographs Mrs. Ravenshaw has supplied reproductions in photo-zincography by Major Waterhouse of twenty-five Arabic inscriptions from the buildings of Gaur and Panduah. These had already appeared in the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, but, exhibited here on unfolded sheets of superior paper, their beauty is seen to much greater advantage. They are splendid as specimens of Mohammedan calligraphy, and as examples of how it lends itself to decoration. Among the most interesting are the oldest, — from the Adína Mosque at Panduah, — the penmanship of which is pronounced by Mr. Blochmann to be “unrivalled.” The other and principal illustrations embrace views of buildings, etc., at Gaur, with a map of the whole group of cities, including Panduah, a plan of the citadel, three views at Malda, and sixteen at Panduah, with a plan of the Adína Mosque there. The views are beautiful photographs, admirably reproduced in permanence by the Woodbury process. Of the three lithographed plans it is impossible to speak so highly.

The architectural illustrations justify Heber's observation that the Patans built like giants, and finished their works like jewellers. Mr. Fergusson in his short chapter on Gaur, in the “History of Indian Architecture,” has hardly done them justice. And how skilfully they adapted the material that the locality afforded! The preparation of encaustic tiles, which play a great part in the decoration of some of the edifices, is now a lost art, not only in Bengal, but in all India east of Sind; the richly moulded panels of terra-cotta are now as little known; and even the making of common bricks of anything like the quality of those at Gaur is an art almost as much lost in modern Bengal as either of the former.

Before closing let us say something more of the Adína Mosque. It is far from the purest or the richest in architecture; but no building on these vast arenas of vanished history is so important or remarkable. It stands hard by the high road — itself one of the old Khilji embankments — between Malda and Dinajpore. Many years ago, an Englishman in travel-

ling this road in a palankin, at early morning, was awakened by finding that his bearers had deposited him on the ground, and insisted on his getting out. Their Bengalee dialect was unfamiliar to him, he was loath to be roused from sleep, and his impression was the usual one of misery in such cases, that he had reached a “choky,” and that there were no bearers. Something they reiterated about *Adína* and *Sikandar*. And had they been fortunate enough to be carrying Mr. Grant Duff, instead of a much humbler but heavier person, the traveller would probably have jumped to the conclusion that here was another example of how “the great individuality of the Macedonian looms through history.” For as he rubbed his drowsy eyes, little wont to look for architectural monuments amid the recurring vistas of those verdant plains, he beheld this great edifice of hewn basalt showing through jungle of a density inadequately pictured in the hundred-year growth of the Sleeping Palace: —

All creeping plants, a wall of green
Close matted, bur and brake and briar,
And glimpsing over these, just seen
High up, the topmost palace spire.

The façade, of which the imperfect glimpses tended (perhaps) to enhance the impression, is five hundred feet in length, with a height of sixty feet, rising formerly in the mid-façade to eighty, the only entrance being by one closet-door (as it were), with sculptured jambs and lintel, but a width of only three feet. The interior has consisted of a vast rectangular cloister of pillared aisles, covered at every intersection by cupolas, of which there have been originally three hundred and seventy-five, but the great majority are now fallen. Jungle fills the court, so dense that though Mr. Ravenshaw employed a gang of two hundred woodcutters he could not succeed in obtaining any general view. This surprising structure was the work of Sikandar Sháh, son of Iliyás the founder of Panduah, and dates from 1369, a century older, therefore, than any mosque at Gaur. The tomb of Sikandar lay in a projection from the building, and the most elaborate part of the mosque, communicating directly with the mausoleum, constitutes what is called the *Bádsháh ká Takht* or King's Throne, a gallery occupied by the king during the public prayer.

It must have been this building on which some wandering Dutch factor had lighted, who gave the account to Dominie Valentijn, and he thus repeats the tale in his

great "History of the Old and New Indies:" —

They have in the Woods also Temples of wondrous Size and singular Structure. Doctor Faustus, styled after the Tradition of the Bengalers Lokman Aniel, or Hokkiel, hath builded in one Night, at a place between Malda and Ragiamahol, a Temple of Stone only, without Lime or Iron, wherein there be 148 Pillars, without counting twelve more that serve to sustain the Sitting-Place of the Lord of the Land. And this (Seat) is also covered over with one heavy Stone in the Shape of the Tester over a Pulpit, and this is borne up by a single Strip of Stone about a Foot, or a Foot and Half long and a Handbreadth thick; and so also are all the Beams, in this Kirk, of Stone. This Temple standeth in the deepest and inaccessible of the Forest, and as the only Light is that which comes through the front Door, the Inside is very dark and dismal. . . . Moreover there in the Wood round about the wild Beasts do swarm, and above all the Tygers, which have grown very big and bold insomuch that they are not abashed to spring out upon this Person or that among a full Company, and yet to escape from their midst (vol. v., p. 169).

Observe the way in which Dr. Faustus becomes a generic name for a wizard. Lokman *Hokkiel* may be Lokmán al-*Hakím*, the Eastern type of Æsop, but *Aniel* is beyond us. At any rate here we must end, with renewed commendation of the work before us and of all concerned in its production, the living as well as the departed.

From Nature.

AMERICAN SURVEYS AND EXPLORATIONS.

ATTENTION has frequently been called in these columns to the progress of American exploration. Only a few months ago reference was made to the want of concert among the different surveying expeditions, to the consequent loss of labor and reduplication of work, and to the desirability of consolidating the whole exploratory service under one connected organization. It is satisfactory to know that an important movement in this direction is now in progress, and that Congress has called in to its assistance the advice of the most eminent scientific authorities in the States.

Our readers may remember that a few years ago (1874) a discussion was raised in Congress as to the alleged repetition of the survey of the same area of territory by independent expeditions, and that a com-

mittee of inquiry was appointed to take evidence on the subject and report. The result of that inquiry was a recommendation that the Engineer Department should be restricted to such surveys as might be necessary for military purposes; but "that all other surveys for geographical, geological, topographic, and scientific purposes should be continued under the direction of the Department of the Interior." It was easy to see from the evidence given before this committee that a good deal of personal feeling had been evoked by the conflict of interests among the various surveying corps. The Engineer Bureau, in particular, with its well-organized military equipment and its just pride in the large amount of exploratory work it had accomplished, seemed to resent the existence of the civilian expeditions as an infringement of its own proper sphere of operations. We may suppose that it was proportionately chagrined by the decision of the Congress committee.

There was thus no great love between the rival surveyors in the beginning, and heaven seems to have decreased it on better acquaintance. With their plotting and counter-plotting, of which there has, no doubt, been plenty, we have of course nothing to do. Last summer the subject came up again before Congress. Representative Hewitt moved a resolution there, referring the question of the geological and geographical surveys of the territories for consideration and report by the National Academy of Sciences. It was known that double surveying had been carried on to a large extent, notwithstanding the information elicited and recommendations given by the Congressional committee of 1874. One officer, indeed, was alleged to have duplicated surveys to the extent of more than one hundred thousand square miles, at a cost to the public exchequer of nearly half a million of dollars. The object of the resolution in Congress is said to have been to consolidate the power of the military surveys; but certainly nothing could be more impartial and sweeping than the law passed last June. It was to the following effect: "The National Academy of Sciences is hereby required, at their next meeting, to take into consideration the methods and expenses of conducting all surveys of a scientific character under the War or Interior Department, and the surveys of the Land Office, and to report to Congress, as soon thereafter as may be practicable, a plan for surveying and mapping the territories of the United States on such general system

as will, in their judgment, secure the best results at the least possible cost; and also to recommend to Congress a suitable plan for the publication and distribution of the reports, maps, and documents, and other results of said surveys."

The Academy, in accordance with this requirement, appointed a committee to consider the question. The weight of authority of this committee may be judged from the names of its members: O. C. Marsh, James D. Dana, William B. Rogers, J. S. Newberry, W. P. Trowbridge, Simon Newcomb, Alexander Agassiz. The finding arrived at by such a group of men must command respect all over the Union, as it will on this side of the Atlantic. At a meeting of the Academy held in New York on November 6th, the result of the deliberations of the committee was presented in the shape of a formal report, which, being approved and adopted, was forwarded to the president of the Senate on the 26th of the same month.

In this report the various surveys of the public domain are broadly grouped into two divisions: 1. Surveys of mensuration; and 2. Surveys of geology and economic resources of the soil. Each of these divisions is discussed somewhat in detail.

1. Under the first group are included no fewer than five different and independent organizations: 1. The Coast and Geodetic Survey. 2. The surveys carried on by the War Department to the west of the 100th meridian. 3 and 4. The topographical portion of the work carried on by the two surveys under the Interior Department. 5. The survey for land-parcelling under the Land Office. Between these various kindred works no concert or co-ordination of any kind exists. In the language of the report, "their original determinations of position are independent, their systems of surveys discordant, their results show many contradictions, and involve unnecessary expenditure." On the one hand the geographical reconnaissances of the engineers and the Interior Department are too sketchy to serve for the subdivision of public lands; on the other hand, the land-parcelling surveys are of correspondingly slight topographical or geographical value. The National Academy insists that as all these surveys must be based upon accurate determinations of position, they can never be effectively and economically conducted until they are united into one system conducted under the same head. On a review of the powers and capabilities of the different surveying staffs, the Academy has come to the conclusion that the Coast and

Geodetic Survey is, practically, best prepared to undertake the charge of the unified system proposed to be established. It recommends that this survey be transferred from the Treasury to the Department of the Interior, and that, with its modified and extended functions, it should hereafter be known as the United States Coast and Interior Survey, with a superintendent appointed by the president, and reporting directly to the secretary of the interior. The duties of this branch of the public service, besides those of the present Coast and Geodetic Survey, should include a rigid geodetic survey of the whole public domain; a topographical survey, including detailed topographical work, as well as rapid reconnaissances like those now carried on by the War and Interior Departments; and, lastly, surveys for the parceling of public land.

2. Having regard to the enormous area of territory yet to be explored and surveyed, its vast mineral wealth, its agricultural and pastoral resources, its stores of timber, its capabilities of soil, the Academy believes that the best interests of the country require that, for purposes of intelligent administration, a thorough knowledge must be obtained of the geological structure, natural resources, and products of these regions. It therefore recommends the establishment of an independent organization, with a director appointed by the president, to be placed under the Department of the Interior, and to be styled the United States Geological Survey. The duties of this survey would include the investigation of the geological structure and of the economic resources of the public domain.

This consolidation of all the surveying work, sanctioned and paid for by Congress, would of course involve radical changes in some of the departments. The Bureau of Engineers, in particular, would be required to give up all surveying work except what might be necessary for merely military purposes, and for such engineering operations as the rectification of rivers, irrigation and drainage, reclamation and protection of alluvial land. The various geographical and geological surveys west of the 100th meridian, now carried on by the War and Interior Departments, would be discontinued, though of course they would, in some cases, be resumed under the proposed new organization.

Three distinct branches of the public service are thus proposed to be established for dealing with the public domain: first, the United States Coast and Interior

Survey, charged with the accurate mapping of the country; second, the United States Geological Survey, for the investigation of the geological structure and natural resources of the domain; third, the Land Office, having charge of the subdivision and sale of the public lands, and entitled, therefore, to call upon the Coast and Interior Survey for all necessary surveys and measurements, and upon the Geological Survey for all information as to the value and classification of lands.

Considerable liberty is proposed to be given to the chiefs of the two surveys as to the nature and extent of their publications. They are each to present an annual report of operations, and provision is to be made for the issue of such maps, charts, reports, discussions, treatises, and other documents as they may deem to be of value. Most liberal provision is likewise recommended to be made for the distribution of the reports of the surveys. Besides the number of copies required by Congress for its own use, three thousand copies are proposed to be published for scientific exchanges by the heads of the surveys and for sale. The special reports are to be issued in uniform quarto size, liberty being left to each director to choose such a form for his chartographic publications as shall combine the most effective style with the greatest economy. All specimens collected by the two surveys when no longer required for the investigations in progress are to be transferred to the National Museum.

Such in brief are the recommendations made by the National Academy in response to the requirement of Congress. That they are eminently wise and thoroughly practicable must be freely admitted by all capable of forming an opinion on the subject. It is simply impossible that things can go on as they are. Each one of the surveys now in progress has done good work; several of them most admirable work. But work as good could be got with less labor and at less cost. This cannot be effected without combination; and the Academy has pointed out with great clearness and judgment how the combination may be achieved. It is not to be

expected that changes of this kind can be carried out without irritating some of the individuals whose position is thereby affected. But save the severance of the Bureau of Engineers from all control of the surveys there need be comparatively little disturbance of the work now going on. Dr. Hayden, who with his staff has done so much in recent years for American geology, would doubtless take a high command under the new system; and it may be hoped that his position will be so secured as to enable him to devote his whole time to the scientific work for which he has shown himself to be so admirably qualified. Mr. Powell and his colleagues might continue their interesting and important Colorado investigations. To Mr. Clarence King fresh fields of research lie open where he may win laurels as bright as those he now wears. To all these officers in so far as they have at present geographical and topographical work to carry on, the allocation of all such duties of mensuration to a special geodetic survey should be a welcome relief, as it will set them free for their own special investigations. The Academy in its report contemplates the possibility of officers, both of the army and navy, being desirous to volunteer for employment in these surveys, and recommends that when their services are not otherwise required they should be permitted to take part in the general survey. In this way a connection with the engineers might be re-established, and we may be sure that every engineer officer of capacity would be welcome, and would take a good position under the Department of the Interior.

The report of the Academy, on being presented to Congress, was, on the 2d ultimo, referred to the Committee on Appropriations, and ordered to be printed. As Congress rises at the beginning of March, some action may be expected to be taken on the matter before that date. It will be a subject for sincere congratulation among all well-wishers of American science and general progress, should the decision be in the direction pointed out by the National Academy of Sciences.

ARCH. GEIKIE.

At the last sitting of the Paris Geographical Society M. de Lesseps read a telegram received from Capt. Roudaire, stating that he had found nothing but compressed sand when

boring to a depth of thirty metres in the Gabes Isthmus, so that no real difficulty prevented the opening of it for the intended Saharan Sea.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XXV. }

No. 1811.—March 1, 1879.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXL. }

CONTENTS.

I. DANIEL MANIN,	<i>British Quarterly Review,</i>	515
II. WITHIN THE PRECINCTS. By Mrs. Oliphant. Part XXI.,	<i>Advance Sheets,</i>	530
III. AMERICA REDIVIVA,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	546
IV. SIR GIBBIE. By George MacDonald, author of "Malcolm," "The Marquis of Lossie," etc. Part XV.,	<i>Advance Sheets,</i>	556
V. ABOUT LOTTERIES,	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	561
VI. THE PROJECTED LOTTERIES,	<i>Economist,</i>	572
VII. DIDACTIC FLIRTS,	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	574

POETRY.

"NO MORE SEA,"	514	A BORROWER,	514
TWO ROBBERS,	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.

"NO MORE SEA."

AY, artists come to paint it; and writers to
put in a book,
How grand in storm, and fair in calm, the old
North Sea can look.

I've wondered to hear them talking, how to
mimic in music or song,
The voice that thrills the brooding air with its
thunder low and long;

Since never aught but itself, I wot, could
sound like its angry roar,
When its breakers rise to the east winds' call,
to crash on the rocky shore.

But rough or smooth, in shade or shine, the
face of the mighty main
Can speak of little else to me, but memory,
fear or pain.

Father and husband, and bold, bright boy, it
has taken them one by one;
I shall lie alone in the churchyard there, when
my weary days are done.

God never sent me a maiden bairn, to stay by
me to the last,
So I sit by the restless tides alone, by the
grave of all my past;

By the waves so strong and pitiless, that have
drowned life's joy for me,
And think of "the land where all shall meet,
the land where is no more sea."

Yet I cannot rest in meadow or fell, or the
quiet inland lanes,
Where the great trees spread their rustling
arms over the smiling plains.

I can't draw breath in the country, all shad-
owed, and green and dumb,
The want of the sea is at my heart, I hear it
calling, "Come."

I hearken, and rise and follow; perhaps my
men down there,
Where the bright shells gleam, and the fishes
dart 'mid seaweeds' tangles fair,

Will find me best, if still on earth, when the
angel's trump is blown,
On the sand-reach, or the tall cliff-side, ere we
pass to the great white throne.

So summer and winter, all alone, by the break-
er's lip I wait,
Till I see the red light flush the clouds, as He
opens the golden gate;

And though at the sound of the rising waves I
ofttimes tremble and weep,
When the air is void of their glorious voice I
can neither rest nor sleep.

And the strangest of all the promises writ in
the Book, to me,
Is how on the shores of Paradise, "there shall
be no more sea."

All The Year Round.

[Some time since we published a poem of Mr. F. W^e
Bourdillon's entitled "Two Robbers," which we
now give, together with an answer not heretofor^e
published.]

TWO ROBBERS.

WHEN Death from some fair face
Is stealing life away,
All weep save she the grace
That earth must lose to-day.

When Time from some fair face
Steals beauty year by year;
For her slow-fading grace
Who gives save she a tear?

Yet Death not often dares
To wake the world's distress,
While Time, the cunning, mars
Surely all loveliness.

And though by breath and breath,
Fades all our fairest prime;
Men shrink from cruel Death,
But honor crafty Time.

A BORROWER.

AN ANSWER TO MR. BOURDILLON.

While Time, the cunning, mars
Surely all loveliness.

THE sculptor's chisel mars
The marble's spotless snow;
But by those cruel scars
New loveliness doth grow.

A form of ideal grace
Slept in the smooth white stone;
The steel's relentless trace,
That nobler charm has won.

Time's chisels, hard and stern,
May youthful beauty slay;
But beauty they return
More perfect every way.

We cared not for the stone,
Nor for its faultless white;
But on the statue grown,
We gaze in fixed delight.

W. P. A.

From The British Quarterly Review.
DANIEL MANIN.

"It is written that when heaven and earth were not, the Eternal begat two sons, one to pray and offer up sacrifice, the other to say 'Perhaps.'" So the Persian seer accounted for the beginning of all things — faith and doubt, light and darkness, Ormuzd and Ahriman. Of divine things that seer of the East knew but little, or at least could express but little; of things human he was a true prophet — a prophet, that is to say, possessed of the second sight which sees across what seems to what is: a prophet having the eye that pierces through the city mist of corporeal exhalations into the clear mountain air above our heads, wherein the mysteries of the soul stand unveiled to the gaze that can reach them. In these old words of his is uttered the world's history, — the history of the few, the heroes, the martyrs, the saints, who "pray and offer up sacrifice," who believe all things, hope all things, endure all things; the history of the many who look on, who keep aloof, who deride, who say "Perhaps!" And the grand puzzle of whether or not there abides a moral in man's biography resolves itself very much into the question, of these two classes of men, which wins?

Five and thirty years ago, Venice lay upon her waters as a ship becalmed. "Order reigned" more completely there than in any other corner of the despotisms of Europe. Venice was very quiet; but hers was the quiet, not of wholesome rest, but of one who has been dosed with narcotics. So successfully, however, had she been "sent to sleep," that her foes, and some of those who loved her best, were of opinion she would never wake up again. People had been crying, "*Finis Venetia*," for the matter of that, ever since 1798, when old Manin, the last of the doges, fell senseless and dying to the ground as he was opening his lips to pronounce the oath of allegiance to the House of Hapsburg. But in 1844 the echo of a far-off bugle caused Venice, if not to wake, at least to move uneasily, to give that long-drawn sigh which sometimes in the lethargy that follows fever startles the

watchers into asking, is this coming death, or returning life? In that year of 1844 a little company of eighteen men landed in the extreme south of the Italian peninsula just as the greyness of the evening twilight was creeping over the olive and orange trees along the shore once trodden by Pythagoras and his disciples. As these men set foot on the Calabrian soil, one of the two young brothers, who were the leaders of the little company, exclaimed, "*Ecco la patria nostra! Tu ci hai data la vita, e noi la spenderemo per te*" ("Behold our fatherland! Thou hast given us life, and we will spend it for thee"). Nearly every member of the band had already worn the crown of thorns of sacrifice and suffering upon his brow, and especially these brothers. Sons of a Venetian patrician, their father's name was yet a patrimony that needed cleansing of a stain such as will perhaps only come out with blood. This Venetian noble was an Austrian admiral guilty of the arrest of certain fugitive Italian patriots on the high seas, in open defiance, not alone of right, but also of legality. He had placed both his sons in the Austrian navy, in which they were getting on amazingly well, as the phrase goes, when the time came for them to give up "getting on" in that line of life, or in any other, for the sake of something higher than all personal advancement. They deserted and went to Corfu, there to concert a plan of rousing, if not of freeing, their unhappy country. While they were in that island, the eldest, Attilio, suffered the loss of a fair and devoted young wife, who died uncomplaining, but with her heart broken; while the youngest, Emilio, had to resist the supplicating tears of his mother, who was empowered by the archduke Ranieri to offer him entire restitution of rank and honors if only he would return to the service. In 1844 they resolved on their expedition to Calabria, against the urgent counsellings of those who loved them and Italy; but they, thinking to serve their country better by dying than by living, stood firm in their determination, and started on their mad enterprise with certain, unavoidable death, staring them in the face. With them, amongst others, was a gentle and beautiful youth named Dome-

nico Moro, also a Venetian, who like the brothers had served in the Austrian navy. He was lieutenant on board the corvette "Adria," and had, conjointly with George Wellesley, commanded a party of Austrians and English who were sent to the shore of Nakhora, between Pyne and Ain, for the purpose of arming the inhabitants of that branch of Lebanon which runs up from the coast towards Mount Hermon, and encloses Lake Merom and the springs of the Jordan. The Italian and the Englishman became fast friends; and before us we have a little poem that has never appeared in print, which Moro addressed to Wellesley whilst they sat by the camp fire at Nakhora, on the 7th of October, 1840.

The little band, as we have said, landed in Calabria that June evening, the time and place having been fixed by the hired spy who was in their midst, and who acted on the instructions of the Austrian government, which in its turn acted on the information supplied by English ministers, and by them obtained by tampering with the letters which the brothers, "trusting," as they said, "to the loyalty of the English post-office," had sent through that channel. As sheep they were led to the slaughter; and after wandering for a few days in the mountains they were captured in a valley not far from Cosenza. They made a brave resistance to the force five times their number by which they were surrounded. Some died fighting; the others were taken to Cosenza and nine of them shot; amongst these were the brothers Bandiera and Domenico Moro. Before execution, a Catholic priest offered them his services, but they mildly refused them, telling him to go and preach to their oppressed brothers. "We have thought," they said, "to practise the law of the gospel, and to make it triumph, at the price even of our blood. We hope that our works will recommend us to God better than your words." And with a cry of "*Viva l'Italia*" these nine men calmly died. Such was their fashion of offering up prayer and sacrifice.

We are not here writing the history of the brothers Bandiera, but this much it has seemed well to say of them, because their

name has a significance which is both wide and deep in regard to what came after in Italy, and particularly in Venice. This enterprise, headed by Venetians in Calabria, attested the solidarity of the new school of Italian patriotism, of which Mazzini was founder and master; attested too in a glaring light the solidarity of Italian despotisms; proved, in fine, that the "insane dream of Italian unity," as it was styled then and much later, was a thing written down with a sure hand in the book of the future. And when Venice heard how her sons had exchanged the exile's thorn crown for the martyr's aureole, she moved uneasily in her sleep; and some saw in it the sign of death, and some the sign of awakening.

Five and thirty years ago there was living in Venice, quietly, and without there being much talk about him, an advocate, with his wife and their two children — Giorgio, a manly boy, and Emilia, a delicate but unusually gifted girl. The father of this boy and girl was in the prime of life, but had weak health. From his early childhood life had been a continual burden to him; and now, though he worked hard in support of his family, he was subject to frequent attacks of acute suffering, alternating with a perpetual feeling of weariness, such as would have made many a man think himself entitled to the indolence of the invalid. But in this case the weakness of the body, instead of gaining mastery over the mental faculties, seemed incessantly to spur them into action, or rather, perhaps, an indomitable will conquered both this physical lassitude, and also the melancholy upon which nature appeared to have based his character, though on the surface there was much of brightness and gaiety. He seemed to thirst insatiably after knowledge. Deeply versed in the abstrusest forms of jurisprudence, he had written upon Venetian laws, and had translated a learned legal work from the French. Another of his publications was a Greek translation. Besides these languages he was conversant with Hebrew, Latin, English, and German. As a relaxation from his graver studies, he made researches in the Venetian *patois*, and edited a dictionary of that dialect.

There were not very great opportunities for an advocate to distinguish himself in those times — no public pleading was allowed, and a counsel might only be consulted in civil cases, when the defence was made in writing. Thus there was not much talk about this Venetian advocate, and yet in a quiet way he had begun to attract the attention of two powers — the Austrian government and the Venetian people. What both one and the other thought about him may be gathered from a private memorandum set down in the secret annals of the Austrian police, which states him to have won public esteem by his high moral conduct, his talents, and the disinterestedness of his character. Further, it says he is a profound jurist, and an able speaker, who understands how to expound his ideas in an admirably clear and orderly manner. He was, in short, just the kind of man whom it is particularly disagreeable for a despotic government to have amongst its subjects.

In person this advocate was short rather than tall, of spare figure, with light blue eyes, in which there was great animation, and thick dark chestnut hair. The face was not handsome but it was extremely mobile and expressive, such a face as might have done well for an actor. He was the son of a Venetian Jew, who had embraced the Christian religion, and in accordance with the prevailing custom had adopted the patronymic of the noble family to which his sponsor belonged. This was the family of the last Venetian doge, and the name was Manin.

Daniel Manin had grown up from his childhood to hate the Austrian rule. Such hate was the only conceivable attitude of mind for any Venetian in whom the commonest instincts of patriotism were not wholly dead. If France, after having got into England by a sort of a sham of alliance, were to sell — say Hampshire — to the Germans in exchange for the left bank of the Rhine, we suppose the Hampshire folk would not settle down comfortably as an appanage to Kaiser Wilhelm's empire, even though the potentates of Europe should ratify a new treaty of Vienna, wherein it was provided by an absurd jumble of principles that the Rhine should

be given back to its former owners, but that the imperial standard should still float over Portsmouth dockyard. Manin's first political act seems to date back as far as 1830, when he drew up a manifesto summoning the Venetians to revolt. Its authorship was never discovered, and its effect *nil*; for the ill success of the movements in other parts of Italy made an immediate Venetian insurrection out of the question, even supposing that Venice was ripe for it, which may be doubted, since the despair of impotence had eaten into her heart, and she looked on her masters as upon a well-nigh unassailable power. The great thing needful was therefore to break through the charm — to find the heel of Achilles — to prove, in a small way it might be, and yet incontestably, that Austria, though strong, was not invulnerable, and that Venice, though weak, was not powerless. To this end Manin conceived his plan of legal opposition. To discover any means of opposition that were admitted to be legal was in those days a matter of no small difficulty; but it is one of the inconveniences under which despotic governments labor, that when all legitimate channels for the expression of political opinions are stifled, other ways remain open with which they can interfere only at the price of heaping ridicule upon themselves. Thus the shape of a hat may imperil a dynasty. Thus the squabble about the proposed railway between Venice and Milan became the first serious check which Austrian domination had received in Venetia. The company formed for the purpose of constructing this line was composed of German and Italian bankers, who disagreed as to the route to be adopted, the viceroy siding with the German interest in the affair. Manin was retained by the Italians in support of their proposals, and conducted the case with marked ability. The incident ended in the company breaking up and the railway not being undertaken till many years later. Some while after, Manin made a remarkable speech at the Venetian Athenæum, in which he demonstrated the obligation of thinkers and orators to stimulate men of action. He deplored the lethargy of Venice, and the sale of the palaces of the old doges "to kings

and ballet-dancers." He suggested the institution of a commercial school of mercantile navigation, and recommended an inquiry as to the best means of profiting by European commerce with the East and England's connection with India, which have only been turned to account during the last ten years. Then came Mr. Cobden's visit to Venice, an event which precisely fell in with Manin's legal agitation programme. All Italy was just then in the height of enthusiasm over free trade, which in reality grew transformed into the symbol of political emancipation. This Manchester crusade afforded a golden opportunity for feeling the national pulse, and sowing the seeds of cohesion and cooperative action. In every case the men who fêted Mr. Cobden played notable parts in the later development of the Italian movement. At Genoa it was Massimo d'Azeglio; at Naples, Mancini; at Bologna, Minghetti; at Turin, Cavour and Scialoja; at Florence, Ridolfi; at Venice, Manin and Tommaseo.

In September, 1847, the Scientific Congress, meeting in the great council hall of the doge's palace, appointed Manin one of the commissioners charged to make a report on the charitable institutions of Venice; and in the course of his investigations, with this object in view, he came upon a man confined in the lunatic asylum of San Servilio, whom the doctors admitted to be sane, but feared to discharge him, lest it should be contrary to the intention of the government and the police. Manin instantly wrote a memorial, in which he stated that "he had a better opinion" of these authorities than to believe it to be their desire to create madmen by decree, and turn the hospitals into prison ante-rooms. Count Palffy, the civil governor, is said to have been exceedingly annoyed by this memorial, and to have remarked, "We must let the man out and put Manin in his place."

In the course of these years of legal opposition Manin again and again proved that the Austrians governed illegally by the showing of their own laws. Now the greatest sham in the whole system of Austrian administration was what were called the Central and Provincial Congregations—a species of representative bodies whose prerogative, even in writing, extended no farther than the communication of the necessities, wishes, and petitions of the Lombards and Venetians to the Imperial Council, but which in fact had never succeeded, during the thirty-two years of their existence, in performing this very limited

function. But in December, 1847, Nazari, the Bergamo deputy in the Lombard Congregation, roused that assembly into forwarding to the emperor a project of reform, an innovation which received a prompt reply from Vienna in the shape of additional troops swelling the Milanese garrison. Imitating this example, Manin petitioned to the Venetian Congregation to perform its constitutional duty of making the emperor cognizant of the wants of the nation; and Niccolò Tommaseo, the learned author of a dictionary of Italian synonyms and other valuable works, drew up an address to the authorities, in which he attributed the stagnation of literature in upper Italy to the total overriding of the clause in the patent of 1815 providing for the liberty of the press. For these proceedings Manin and Tommaseo were arrested on the 18th of January, 1848, and thrown into prison on the indictment of high treason. The result of this measure might have been foreseen. On the morrow of the arrest the walls of Venice were broken out in placards of "*Viva l'Italia!*" "*Viva Manin e Tommaseo!*" and the still more ominous "*Morte ai Tedeschi!*"

Two months later, the smouldering fires of Venetian hatred burst into a conflagration. Half Europe was in flames by this time, even Vienna had joined lustily in the great king-chase. On March the 17th a vast crowd of the Venetian populace gathered under the windows of Count Palffy and clamored for the release of Manin and Tommaseo. Had he answered by dispersing the crowd then and there, cost what it might, it has been conjectured that the insurrection might have been checked, but we think mistakenly. Obviously, however, such a course of action would have formed the Austrians' best chance; and had it been joined to the despatch of a strong garrison to the arsenal, it seems probable that the revolution would have dwindled into a simple rising. As it was, Palffy yielded, with the words, "I do what I ought not." The people rushed off to the prison, that famous dreary pile across the Bridge of Sighs, over which Venice's chiefest dignitary had once passed from the doge's chair to the dungeon of the condemned. This time the order of things was reversed: the prison led to the palace, not the palace to the prison. The human hurricane wave swept up the dark corridors and told the prisoners their duration was done. Manin did not lose his presence of mind; one more act of the legal struggle remained to be played out.

He would not stir until he had seen the warrant of his release. It was speedily produced, and he was carried off upon the shoulders of the people — pale and unshaven and in prison garments, a living torch of revolt. So he was borne to the Piazza San Marco, where, no one knew by whom, the red and white and green was hoisted on the historic *pili* — the monster flagstaves which of old supported the conquered gonfalons of Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea, and from which for long years had streamed the yellow and black of Austria. For the first time Manin's magically persuasive voice sounded in St. Mark's Square. He knew not, he said, to what events he owed his liberation, but he could see that love of country and national spirit had made great strides whilst he had been in prison. "But forget not," he continued, "that there is no true or lasting freedom without order, and of order you must make yourselves the jealous guardians, if you would show that you are worthy to be free." Then he added the significant words: "Yet there are times pointed out by the finger of Providence when insurrection is not only a right, but a duty.

St. Mark's shall strike that hour!

Towards nightfall the big danger-tocsin of the Ducal Chapel was heard pealing forth its solemn tones. No one knew who set it going; no one guessed why the Austrians did not stop it; but the people flocked to the Piazza, hearing in it the signal of revolution. The square was cleared by a bayonet charge. On that occasion and on the morning following blood was shed and lives lost in thus dispersing unarmed crowds, and all too late to do anything but mischief to the Austrian cause. Too late! That tocsin of St. Mark rang the knell of the Schwarz-Gelb in Venice.

On the four succeeding days Count Palffy continued governor of the city, but his power was gone. The viceroy telegraphed from Verona the concession of the enrolment of two hundred citizens as a civic guard: before sunset three thousand were under arms. Manin addressed to them the words, "Let every one who will not implicitly obey me, depart." No one went. Here then was the nucleus, without which the movement must have proved abortive or fallen into anarchy. Count Palffy, not a bad man by any means, and personally not disliked, made himself the object of a transitory enthusiasm by telling the people of the constitution which had

been granted to the Viennese, and saying that for his part nothing would please him better than to be the first constitutional governor of Venice. The people cried good-naturedly, "*Viva Palffy!*" but the heart of Venice was set on something more than an amelioration of Austrian rule, even had there been the slightest prospect of such amelioration becoming a reality. It was set upon the one inevitable aim of a people bartered into the hands of aliens — independence, no more, no less. On the eve of the 22nd it was plain that the anomalous state of things that had prevailed since the 17th could last no longer. On the one side, several sections of the city were trembling on the verge of anarchy; on the other, an Italian naval officer assured Manin that a bombardment was imminent. Manin rejoined, "To-morrow the city will be in my power, or I shall be dead." That same evening Manin and his guards had with some trouble rescued Colonel Marinovich, second in command at the arsenal, from the dockyard workmen, who were in a state of mutiny, and vowed they would kill him. Marinovich was safely got on board an Austrian man-of-war at the moorings, and to appease the workmen he was induced to promise that he would immediately resign his command. This Marinovich was by birth a Venetian, which doubly incensed the population against his extraordinary zeal for the Austrian interest. Moreover there was a general prejudice against him, because it was said that he had been formerly half spy, half gaoler, of the amiable young archduke Frederick, commander-in-chief of the Austrian navy, in which capacity he had won the affection of many of the Italian marines, and who was the victim of an unhappy passion that Marinovich was set to cure, but the patient died under his treatment. His roughness and severity had long exasperated the workmen of the arsenal, who were now furthermore irritated by the idea that he was evolving a plan of blowing up Venice, which, however far it may have been from the truth, got a strong hold on the popular imagination during those feverish days. Throughout the whole of the night of the 21st of March Manin was in conference with the municipality and the leading patriots as to what should be the rallying cry of the revolution. Manin knew there was but one which at this perilous juncture would unite the city in harmonious action, one only which would knit together the wide hopes of the future with the memories of thirteen hundred years of freedom — THE REPUBLIC AND

SAINT MARK! The others hesitated. One said sadly to Manin, "The people are incapable of sacrifices." He answered, "You do not know them; I know them, and that is my sole merit." At length, as day dawned, they agreed that he was right. Manin then resolved to take the arsenal at all hazards. He sent urgent demands to the officers of the civic guard to place the command in his hands—simple captain though he was—for one day; but they deemed the scheme infatuated, and refused to put their men at the "mercy of a madman." Manin almost despaired. Meanwhile wild work had been going on at the arsenal. Marinovich had returned, and the workmen had fallen upon him and savagely murdered him. In the same moment with this bad news came in the reply of Major Olivieri, the last of the commanders of the civic guard, and he, unlike his brother officers, placed his battalion at Manin's disposal. There was no time to be lost: some one must seize the helm if the ship was not to be wrecked. Manin grasped his sword, and calling his son, a lad of sixteen, to follow him, set out on his momentous errand. What guards he met on his way joined him, and he found Major Olivieri and his men awaiting his orders. With this little band, numbering about two hundred, he marched into the arsenal and forced the commandant to surrender. By the inexplicable mismanagement of the Austrians, no troops were here stationed upon whom they could depend, and the marines, the Italian soldiers, and the workmen occupied themselves with fastening the tricolor cockade on to their caps. Thus "the madman" took the arsenal without striking a blow, and distributed arms and ammunition amongst the people. Then dragging out of the dusty corner where for fifty years it had lain hidden the grand old flag of St. Mark, Manin marched with it in triumph down the long length of the Riva dei Schiavoni, past the Molo, across the Piazzetta, into the Piazza, where he planted it in presence of a mighty multitude, for from early morning he had told the people "to meet him at noon in St. Mark's Square;" and there they were, and there he was, to tell them the great miraculous news that they were free.

It was well, he said, in a few temperate words, that this good thing had been achieved without a bloody conflict with the Austrians, for they too were brothers. "But when you overturn one government, you must set up another. Just now the one which seems best suited for us is the

republic. In adopting this kind of government, however, we do not separate ourselves from the rest of Italy, but rather form one more centre to work with the others for her ultimate unity." So the newborn republic was ushered into life. The civic guards swore with drawn swords to die in defence of it, and of its founder; the multitude mustering in the glorious Piazza gave themselves over to intoxicating joy—that joy surpassing all delirium of love or wine, all art-rapture, all triumph of satisfied ambition—the joy of victorious patriotism. Old men wept; young men kissed each other; enemies clasped hands; friends lifted them in exultant gratitude to Heaven. The people thus accepted their joy in all its plenitude, nor looked before or after; but in the spirit of one poor child the bitterness of the future mingled prophetically with this infinite sweetness of the present. When Emilia Manin stood under the arches of St. Mark's, and saw the kind good father who had often shared her mother's watches by her bedside, and had wept hot tears at not being able to assuage his little girl's sufferings, proclaimed his country's liberator by the voices of thousands, she was very sad. "I ought," she wrote, "to be filled with ineffable gladness; but a weight continually oppresses my heart."

Whilst Manin was engaged in taking the arsenal, the Central Congregation had sent the commandant of the civic guards to the civil and military governors (Counts Palffy and Zichy), with a demand for its surrender, which was met by a peremptory refusal. At that moment, however, the cries of the people announced its fall, and henceforth the two governors seemed to be struck with a moral paralysis. Their conduct has been variously attributed to lofty philanthropy and arrant cowardice: a key may possibly be found to it in the fact that they were not Austrians, but Hungarians. In our opinion, whatever blame they may have incurred as Austrian servants, is far more due to their behavior on the 17th of the month than on the 22nd; when, considering that the people were armed, and the Italian element in the garrison was strong, the issue of a hand-to-hand struggle was anything but certain. Palffy resigned his powers to Zichy, who yielded bit by bit to the inexorable demands of the Venetian deputation; and about seven o'clock in the evening he signed the convention which relegated his authority to a provisional government formed out of the Central Congregation and a committee of leading citizens, and

provided for the removal of all foreign troops, the surrender of the military chests and material of war, and the capitulation of the forts. It was further agreed that the foreign soldiery should be given three months' discharge pay, and that Count Zichy should remain in Venice till the provisions of the convention were carried out, when a steamer would be placed at the disposal of himself and his suite. Such were the terms of the document which the Austrians have ever counted the bitterest draught of all the humiliations they had to swallow in the year 1848. That day of the 22nd was brought to a close by Manin being carried in triumph to his modest house in the Campo San Paterniano, where he sank down fainting from exhaustion and the physical pain which all these five days had never let him know a moment's peace, exclaiming, "Leave me at least this night to rest, or I shall die."

By the next morning the provisional government had discovered that they could not get on without Manin, and accordingly they sent for him to govern the city. He proceeded to nominate a ministry, in which he took the presidency of the council and foreign affairs. The list of the new government was read out to the civic guard and the people, and was received with reiterated plaudits. In the course of the day the patriarch solemnly blessed the standard of the republic — the three colors of Italy emblazoned with the golden lion of Venice — in the name of Pio Nono, who was yet for one brief month to stand fast to that grand prayer of his, "*O Sommo Iddio, benedite Italia!*" And on this, the first day that dawned on liberated Venice, the people by common consent broke into one loud cry of gratitude and love — a cry that from end to end of Italy, even from Calabria to the lagunes, now sounded the clarion of freedom: "*Viva Bandiera e Moro!*"

These wonderful events — almost contemporaneous with the no less wonderful "five days" of Milan, wherein Radetzky and his fifteen thousand men were expelled inch by inch from the Lombard capital — were quickly followed up by the liberation of the whole of the ancient Venetian Dogado, with the exception of Verona, where the revolution was stifled in its birth through the transposition of the parts played elsewhere by Austrian and Italian. Here the former was firm and sagacious, whilst those who took upon themselves to act on behalf of the population were temporizing and timid. The emancipated townships joyfully sent in their adherence

to the Republic of St. Mark, and tendered loyal support to Manin's administration.

It is not our intention to attempt following the Venetian republic in all its internal vicissitudes and external relations: it would be impossible to perform such a task within the limited space of a review article, and those who desire to be fully informed on these points must go straight to the fountain heads of information.* In these pages it is our sole purpose to show what manner of man was the protagonist in the drama of Venetian independence; and now that we have taken the bearings of Manin the agitator and revolutionist, it remains for us to sketch the portrait of Manin the statesman and dictator. In the former connection we shall say what we have got to say in a few words, and not again return to it, for the mouldy columns of dead diplomacy are not particularly interesting to the general reader. What is most important to observe is that Manin was from first to last a partisan of French intervention. In this matter he stood alone amongst Italian leaders of that period. French intervention was distinctly unpopular all over Italy, save in Venice, at the time when Manin, had he felt himself free to act on his own responsibility, would have called it in; that is to say, in the spring of 1848. Mazzini was at one with Charles Albert in the programme of *l'Italia farà da sé*; and for this there was, beyond doubt, a great deal to be said, quite apart from national pride. There was to be taken into consideration the double possibility of French intervention turning into conquest, or converting the Italian revolution into a socialistic *émeute*. Manin was not blind to these dangers, especially to the latter; but holding the opinion that Austria could not be kept out of Italy save by foreign aid, he preferred an uncertain risk to a certain disaster, and it was evident if the appeal was to be made at all, the sooner it was made the better. Italy having by her own unseconded efforts all but got her house to herself, might have called upon her neighbor to assist her in striking the

* For the military history of the siege of Venice, see the works of Generals Pepe and Ulloa; for its diplomatic history, Henri Martin's "Daniel Manin," Bonghi's "*La Vita e i Tempi di Valentino Pasini*," and Bastide's "*La République Française et l'Italie en 1848*." For more local details, Professor Errera's "*Daniele Manin e Venezia*," and the Venetian section of "*Documenti della Guerra Santa d'Italia*," may be referred to. M. A. de la Forge, Mr. Butt, M.P., and Mr. E. Flagg, have also written on this subject. Mr. Nassau Senior's "Conversations," and Signor Tedeschi's article entitled "*Daniel Manin e Giorgio Pallavicino*," in the *Nuova Antologia* for August, 1878, throw interesting light on Manin's life and work in exile.

invader a final blow with a minimum detriment to her dignity, whilst no conceivable eventuality could then have arisen so favorable to republican France as a righteous foreign war. The June outbreak, the reaction, the growth of Bonapartism, the iniquitous Roman expedition, the Second Empire itself, might all thus have been escaped. When in the August of the same year the extreme necessity of Italy authorized Manin formally to demand French intervention, the conditions of the case were manifestly become less opportune and more complicated. Austria had regained most of her power, and all her pretensions; Italy in her reduced circumstances was more than ever likely to be subject to the influence of a disproportionately powerful ally; France, sensibly offended at the former refusal of her services, was also by no means delighted with the prospect of a strong upper Italian kingdom, and was casting greedy eyes on Savoy. Still the better part of the French people were sincerely interested in the fate of Venice; and Cavaignac's government was actually, for better or worse, on the point of sending an army to the rescue, when it was balked by the English proposal of joint mediation, which was presented in such a form as identified its rejection with the loss of the amity of the British cabinet. Lord Palmerston, with a mind troubled by multifarious red spectres, was dismayed at the palpable imminence of a French attack on the Austrian empire, and it was he who for good or evil prevented that attack from being made. The plan of joint mediation had for its basis a proposal made by Austria in the previous May, which Lord Palmerston had then emphatically declined to lay before the revolted provinces, on the ground that there was not the smallest chance of its acceptance. It provided for the emancipation of Lombardy, but made over Venetia once more to her Austrian masters. Neither Venice nor Lombardy would have entered into such a pact; but the English minister's primary object was to stop the war preparations, and in that he succeeded. After a vast deal of shilly-shallying, Austria consented to accept this offer of mediation, but on condition that its basis should be left to future consideration. It must not however be supposed that the Venetians abandoned all hope of French aid as early as August, 1848. Any day might in fact have brought a radical change in the aspect of affairs; and until the fall of the Cavaignac government there seemed a positive likelihood of the French ministry sooner or later getting tired of

the endless shuffling by which Austria contrived to prolong *ad infinitum* the negotiative stage of the mediation. Besides, this hope of extraneous succor was for the Venetians of the nature of the straws drowning men cling to; and not before a French army landed in Italy with the watchword of destruction in lieu of that of deliverance, did they wholly cast it from them, and contemplate their fate in its dire reality.

To return to the thread of our narrative. On the 3rd of June Manin convened an assembly, elected by universal suffrage in Venice and the free districts of the dogado, to deliberate upon the propriety of coalescing with Lombardy in decreeing a fusion with Piedmont. It was Manin's firm individual opinion that all final decision as to the form of government ought to be deferred till the conclusion of the war should permit of the convocation of a constituent assembly, with Rome for its seat. The fusionist party, however, gained ground, and Manin was the last man in the world to retain power for a day longer than he felt his hands strengthened by unanimous support. The Venetian Assembly met in the great council hall of the doge's palace, and the question of the fusion was brought forward in the sitting of the 5th of July. The city trembled as to the issue of the debate: the parties for and against were pretty evenly balanced in the Assembly — whichever way a sharply contested vote had gone it would have stirred up faction, possibly civil war. Manin here stepped in, and with that magnanimous sacrifice of his dearest personal sympathies to what he believed to be the public weal, that was one of the greatest traits of his character, he implored those who thought with him to withdraw from all opposition to the fusion, in order to avoid discord. The measure was then voted with but few dissentient voices, and a motion was also passed with acclamation to the effect that "Manin deserved well of his country;" to which he replied: "While at least the foe is in Italy, for God's sake let there be no more talk of parties. When we are rid of him we will discuss these matters among ourselves as brothers. This is the sole recompense I ask of you." Manin was elected head of the new ministry, but thanking the deputies, he said that he had ever been and was a republican, and that he should be out of place in a royal office. Moreover, the fatigues of the last months had so broken down his health, that it imperatively demanded an interval of repose.

The ministry appointed by the Assembly ruled Venice till the 7th of August, when it resigned its functions to the royal commissioners. Their reign was short-lived. Already the tide of war had turned against Charles Albert, and on the 9th the disastrous armistice of Salasco was signed, one of the stipulations of which was the renunciation of Venice. When the news reached that city it was plunged in a ferment of sinister agitation; excited crowds rushed about the streets, clamoring for Manin, and crying, "Down with the royal government." They threatened the commissioners with violence, and it was only when Manin declared he would stake his head upon their honesty and patriotism, that they became somewhat calmer, and acceded to his request to wait patiently whilst he held a consultation as to what was to be done. The commissioners promised to abstain from interfering with the government until the arrival of the formal suspension of their office. Manin went out to the people and told them how things stood. "The day after to-morrow," he added, "the Assembly of the city and province of Venice will meet to appoint a new government: for these forty-eight hours, I govern!" (*Governo io!*) His hearers were electrified with joy. Their own Manin — once more they had him for their chief! He now desired them to go quietly home, and the square was immediately cleared. When the Assembly met, a wish was expressed to make Manin dictator, but he begged to be excused from accepting this post, on the score of his ignorance of military matters. A triumvirate was therefore formed, composed of himself, Admiral Graziani, and Colonel Calvedalis.

As 1848 approached its close, the financial difficulties of the republic assumed formidable proportions. The administration of a besieged city cannot be carried on, and a body of from sixteen to twenty thousand men cannot be clothed, fed, and paid, without money being forthcoming; and the comparatively small sum left by the Austrians in the military chests went a very short way towards defraying the expenses of the government. The expedients of forced loans, paper currency, and patriotic contributions had to be resorted to; and had it not been for the admirable conduct of all sections of the population, this financial question would have proved an insuperable obstacle to the continuance of the defence at a very early stage of the proceedings. In no single thing did the Venetians give a more su-

preme evidence of their patriotism than in the enormous pecuniary losses they voluntarily underwent for the preservation, or prolongation, of their independence. The rich, and especially the wealthy Jewish merchants, who suffered most heavily from the artificial agencies for raising funds, never uttered a murmur of discontent; whilst the poor vied with each other in pouring their hoardings and their treasures into the national exchequer. As early as May, 1848, the harangues of the Barnabite monks, Ugo Bassi and Gavazzi, summoned the people to give of what they had to the necessities of the country; in November and December the appeal was renewed, and lastly in the desperate days of April, 1849. During the whole period the Venetians showed themselves not only capable of sacrifice, but of all sacrifice. Ladies brought their costly jewels, gondoliers' wives their silver bodkins; twelve thousand soldiers were clothed by voluntary subscriptions; a couple of citizens gave one hundred thousand lire apiece; the young Marquis Bevilacqua—soon to spend his life's blood also in the Italian cause—presented his palace; old General Pepe, the commander-in-chief, came forward with his ewe lamb in the shape of a precious picture by Leonardo; Manin, who throughout his term of office refused to accept any salary, despatched to the mint the entire contents of his modest plate-chest—two silver dishes, two coffee-pots, and a dozen forks and spoons. Little children came with their toys; boys went dinnerless, so as to bring in their mite; the very convicts made up a purse for the country. Those who had nothing else gave their beds and bedding to the troops in mid-winter, with the cheerful saying, "Summer is coming, and we shall need none; especially if we fall for Venice!" The manner in which Manin's government administered the supplies thus obtained does it infinite credit. Instead of the squander and confusion likely to be incidental to a hard-pressed and provisional finance department, there was scrupulous order and economy. When General Gorzgowsky, the Austrian governor after the capitulation, looked over the accounts of the late government, he exclaimed, "I would not have believed that those *canaille* of republicans were such honest men!"

But though Venice was hard put for it in these last months of 1848, she was not depressed by her embarrassments. If provisions were scarce and dear, if sickness had been rife of late in the overcrowded city, there were none the less

plenty of light hearts, and no lack of amusements. The *Fenice* had never been so full, and the political fêtes which were the order of the day gave happy aliment alike to patriotic feeling and to that love of pomp and pageant which has ever characterized the Venetian populace. The most significant and touching of these festivals was perhaps that held on the 17th of November, in memory of all martyrs to Italian liberty and independence. In the morning there was a sumptuous celebration of the mass for the dead at the Church of St. John and St. Paul, where the bones of more than one doge lie buried; and the impressionable seaboard folk were agreed it was not by chance that a marvellous display of the aurora-borealis, hardly ever witnessed so far south, set the sky ablaze that night, and brought the distant Alpine snows, rose-wreathed, within the range of the wondering gazers of Venice! Now and then a successful little sortie helped to keep up the people's spirits; but in fact, as we have said, they ran no great danger of falling very low: all these present hardships and difficulties were such unmixed blessings as compared with the yoke of the alien! As to the future, they yet looked hopefully across the Alps; for the rest, they trusted in God—and Manin. Every day their great love for this man became greater, and boundless confidence engendered unwavering fidelity. But although this was the temper of what Victor Hugo calls *le vrai peuple*, which stuck staunchly to Manin, and was always on the side of public order, save on one or two occasions when it thought he was not being well treated, there was of course in Venice, as elsewhere, a *residuum*, and what was more, there were a lot of foreign adventurers in the city, holding those enticing doctrines of social subversion in which *residua* only need to be instructed for them to grow eager to try how they would do in practice. Manin was aware that to keep this party quiet it was absolutely essential, first, that the dictatorship should be known to have ample powers; secondly, that these powers should be visibly and legally derived from the will of the people. For this reason he dissolved the Assembly, which had been elected on a special and limited mandate having regard to the Piedmontese fusion, and convoked another, more stable and sovereign in character. The Austrians were back in the mainland districts, therefore this assembly could only represent the city of Venice. It met in the Ducal Palace on February 15, 1849, and Manin, whose popularity had received

fresh confirmation by his triumphant election in all the *sestieri*, lost no time in putting the plain question, whether the existing government should go or stay. Some members spoke in favor of continuing the dictatorship, but restricting its powers. Manin replied that this proposition was grounded upon a fallacy: in times like these the government must have full powers, or none. "It is not a question of power, but of saving the country," he said. "If we are to be hampered on every turn by forms and limitations, we cannot act with the promptitude and vigor needful for the preservation of public order (I beg pardon of whoever the expression may offend), and our defence depends more upon that than upon the force of arms." The people got wind of the fact that the Assembly showed itself jealous of Manin's supremacy, and were furious. They marched about to the cry of "*Vogliamo Manin!*" they would be ruled by nobody but "*Manin la Stella d'Italia*," they said, in the half-ludicrous, half-pathetic heart-speech of the people, which does not quite know by what fine-sounding epithet to express its demonstrative affection. There were not wanting those who would have put down these riotous ebullitions by force. Manin knew better. He knew that this Venetian people was tractable and reasonable at bottom, only its hapless unfamiliarity with freedom led it to take the wrong mode of giving voice to right instincts. For Venice to imitate Windischgrätz and Radetzky!—that would be a fall indeed. He went out on the balcony, from which the old doges used to address the multitudes, and said, "You have my honor in your hands; it will be thought that it is I who have excited you. If you wish me well, go!" Again he said: "Brothers, this day you have caused me much grief. In showing your love for me you have made a tumult, and yet you know how I hate a tumult!" He even managed to make them cry "*Viva l'Assemblea!*" but though they did it to please him, the notion stuck in their heads that this new Assembly wanted to shelve their "*caro Manin*," and they privily concocted the plan—a wicked, rebellious plan, no doubt it was—of invading the great council hall while the deputies were sitting, and coercing them into submitting to their wishes. But Manin heard of it in time, and placing himself, sword in hand, on the threshold of the Ducal Palace, with his sixteen-year-old boy beside him, he told the crowd which came surging forward that before it entered it must pass over his body and his son's. Then speak-

ing once more with much and great energy, he bade it go quietly away and it went. "I think no one could demand more of me," he said afterwards in the Assembly. No, assuredly; civic virtue could rise no higher.

The Assembly, now casting aside whatever poor doubts and jealousies it may have had, chose Manin as head of the executive, with the title of president, and invested him with plenary powers, internal and external, including the prerogative of adjourning the Assembly for fifteen days. Manin spoke as follows:—

In accepting the charge which this assembly has entrusted to me, I am conscious of committing an act of insensate boldness. I accept it. But in order that my good name, and what is of more importance, your good name and that of Venice, may not be tarnished through this transaction, it behoves that I should be seconded and sustained in my arduous undertaking by your co-operation, your confidence, and your affection. We have been strong, respected, eulogized, up till now, because we have been united. I ask of you virtues which, if they are not romantic, are at all events of great practical utility. I ask of you patience, prudence, perseverance. With these, and with concord, love and faith, all things are overcome.

A ministry was then nominated, and the Assembly adjourned. This was the 7th of March, and now once more the king of Sardinia took the field, and the hopes of Venice and Italy went up—once more to fall in the dust of Novara's fatal plain. Valiant Brescia, too, had stood erect in brief splendid defiance of might and Austria, and had as splendidly succumbed to the "hyena Haynau," as he was called—though why the four-legged brute should be wronged by such a simile, we know not. Venice's rejoinder to the news of these disheartenments was the vote of her Assembly, which decreed, "Resistance at all costs!" to which end the president was clothed with unlimited powers. And the people rejoiced, and were glad as though it were a feast-day, perfectly satisfied of their own heroic resolution. From that hour the red flag of war to the utterance waved against the blue Venetian skies from the highest pinnacle of St. Mark's, a purified symbol, a banner of blood indeed, but of blood spilled in the most visibly righteous cause man ever drew sword for. Public spirit had never been more praiseworthy than now; dying men cried "*Viva l'Italia!*" and "*Viva Manin!*" A poor old woman lying at the point of death in a hospital which Manin visited, answered some

few kind words he had spoken to her by saying, "*Piu della miasalute desidero l'Italia libera!*" (More than health, do I desire free Italy). The 25th of April, St. Mark's *festa*, was grandly observed, and Manin made a little speech in the Piazza, which of all Manin's speeches was the one that roused the Venetians to the intensest pitch of frenzied enthusiasm. "Who holds out, wins. We have held out, and we shall win. Long live Saint Mark! This cry, that the seas rang with in old days, we now cry once more. Europe looks on, and will praise us. We must, we ought to win. To the sea! To the sea! To the sea!" Here are the words; but the clear resonant tones of the persuasive voice, the luminous flash of the blue eyes, the glow of the pale, worn face—these are not here. And so it is hard for us to conceive the rapture of patriotism the simple words woke up in the breasts of the sons of Adria.

The little fleet of Venice consisted of vessels which the ceaseless industry of the arsenal workmen had turned out since the liberation of the city. The French and Sardinian men-of-war that had hitherto sailed about, off and on, in Venetian waters were now gone for good and all, and the little fleet was left to itself in the task of keeping the Austrian squadron at bay. Opinions have been expressed—and Manin's vehement "*Al mare!*" would seem to show that they were shared by him—that the Venetian fleet, despite its inferiority in numbers, might with advantage have assumed the offensive as well as the defensive attitude; but the officers in command appear to have thought otherwise. The land forces, together with the Venetian troops, comprised representatives of most of the Italian states, all volunteers; for the Romans and Neapolitans who had been despatched by their respective governments to join in the war against Austria in the early months of 1848 had been quickly recalled, and those who remained notwithstanding, did so at their own risk. The commander-in-chief, Baron Pepe, an upright and veteran soldier, if not a military genius, was of this number, as also was the young, noble, and heroic Rosaroll-Sforza, who received his death-blow when commanding a Venetian battery, whilst hardly able to stand in consequence of an attack of malarious fever. As this Neapolitan Bayard was borne away, mortally wounded, he rallied his men with the farewell cry of "To your guns! To your guns! Save the battery, and let me die!" He died in a few hours, telling the priest

who confessed him that he had not an enemy upon earth save the king of Naples and the Austrians, and saying with his last breath to his old commander, Pepe, "Don't think of me, but of Italy!" Amongst the other officers were the notable names of Ulloa, Poerio, Cosenz, Sirtori, Debrunner. The latter commanded the trusty corps of Swiss chasseurs — free men, here fighting for freedom, not against it, as their countrymen too often have done — which left forty-seven out of its one hundred and twenty-six men upon the silent shore of the grave-isle in the lagunes. All these homogeneous elements worked harmoniously and gallantly towards the common end; but of them all not one we think achieved such bright distinction as the volunteer artillery company which bore the name of Bandiera-Moro. It was composed of the young patricians of Venice, who, with an ancestral love of splendor, donned a picturesque uniform of velvet tunics, grey-colored scarves, and caps with nodding plumes. Foreigners who saw the richly-dight youths parading the streets in the spring of 1848, with their white hands and general stamp of luxurious upbringing, were disposed to sneer at these defenders of Venice. They had occasion to change their estimate one year later, when they beheld them, begrimed with powder and blood, working away at their guns at Fort Malghera, hustling each other to leap into the place of the dead, as man after man was shot down; nibbling their biscuit while they served the battery, rather than pause for a moment; clapping their hands to the cry of "*Viva Venezia*" when hit by the bursting shells; and carrying their wounded comrades to the ambulance-gondola under hurricanes of fire. Malghera had held its own for twenty-three days of an incessant bombardment — Haynau and his twenty-five thousand men concentrating their attack on this position — when orders arrived on the 26th of May to evacuate the fort, which was become a mass of tottering ruins. The siege had placed a fifth of the garrison *hors de combat*, the dead amounting to four hundred. The cannoneers cried like children when told to abandon their posts, and mournfully kissed their guns before they spiked them. The evacuation was performed with so little noise or confusion, that the Austrians were only made aware of it on the following morning by the cessation of firing. Haynau had by this time gone off to repeat his Brescian butcheries in Hungary; Radetzky, and a batch of archdukes he had brought with him, to "be in at the death,"

had also departed, tired of waiting; so the fortress fell into the hands of Count Thurn, one of the most humane of the Austrian general officers, who made no secret of his profound admiration of the manner in which the defence had been conducted.

The condition of Venice grew daily worse. Food was very scarce through the now strict blockade, and the siege could not well have been prolonged after the end of May, had not Manin had the foresight immediately after the revolution to lay in a store of several months' wheat that had been obtained by means of English merchant ships, which the Austrians were afraid to meddle with. But do all it might, the government could not keep the wolf out of the city. Then other dangers threatened. On June 19th the great powder magazine blew up, causing much dismay, more particularly because the wildest conjectures were hazarded as to the cause of the explosion. The suspicions thus raised were naturally enough made capital out of by the *exploiteurs* of that residuum to which we have alluded above, and once more it seemed possible that Austria's greatest desire, Manin's gravest apprehension — a civil war within the city walls — would become a fact. In July two fresh burdens descended upon Venice — bombardment and cholera. The Austrians henceforth directed their death-missiles not only on the forts, but into the heart of the town. A sight of surpassing grandeur were these shooting-stars of desolation, as all through the summer nights their swift portentous passage illumined the still lagunes and stately monuments. Between July 29th and August 22nd, the Austrian batteries discharged twenty-five thousand five hundred and twenty projectiles on the forts and city. As to the cholera, it carried off fifteen hundred persons in one week. Ammunition was all but exhausted, provisions were almost at an end — one or two successful foraging excursions, though they gave the people a moment's rejoicing, scarcely adjourned the inevitable day when famine must stalk through the city. It was clear that this, the last citadel of Italian independence, was rapidly sinking. In a crowning vote of confidence, the Assembly, on the 6th of August, abdicated all powers into the hands of Manin, and bade him do what best he could. Not much more was there to be done, alas! beyond obtaining honorable terms for the fall of Venice. Manin knew it, Pepe knew it, everybody knew it — and still the people were bent on resistance! And the party of disorder was active as ever, and more

than ever; urged on as all Italian historians of the period assert, by Austrian agents; and more than ever was it now to be feared that Venice, like the patient given over by conscientious physicians, would call in the quack, who would render her last hours a hundredfold more terrible. The demagogues did not dare to accuse Manin himself of treason, but they raised their rebellious cries under his window, in the crowded Piazzetta. Manin came out suddenly on the balcony.

Venetians! [he exclaimed] is this conduct worthy of you? You are not the people of Venice; you are only an insignificant faction. Never will I shape my measures to pamper the caprices of a mob! They shall be guided solely by the vote of the legal representatives of the people, legally in congress assembled. I will always speak the truth to you, even should muskets be levelled at my breast, and daggers be pointed at my heart. And now go home, all of you — go home!

A shout of "*Evviva Manin*" greeted this scathing rebuke, and for the present the sedition-mongers hid themselves. Manin had once been chief of a people in triumph — he was now guardian of a people in despair. He had taught Venice how to live, now he must teach her how to die. His was the supreme office of the priest, who steps in when all others have said, "There is no hope," to say, "There is all hope." On August 13th, amidst fire and famine and pestilence, Venice held her last pageant. Manin reviewed the civic guard in the square of St. Mark's, and spoke these words: —

A people that have done and suffered as our people have done and suffered, cannot die. The day shall come when a splendid destiny will be your guerdon. What time will bring that day? This rests with God. We have sown the good seed, it will take root in good soil. Great calamities may be in store for us — perchance they are even at hand — but we shall have the immense comfort of saying, "They came without our fault." If it be not ours to ward off these calamities, it is ours to maintain inviolate the honor of this city. To you it belongs to preserve this patrimony for your children; it is yours to perform the last great work without which all that has been done shall avail nothing; without which foes — and yet worse friends too — will mock us, and we shall be the prey of scoffers who are always eager to discover the wrong in the unfortunate. One single day that sees Venice not worthy of herself, and all that she has done will be lost and forgotten.

Then he told them that the Assembly had invested him with the burden — refused by all others — of unlimited power. If,

however, the civic guard had no longer its old confidence in his loyalty, this charge would become insupportable, and he should yield it up to those from whom he had taken it. "I ask, frankly, has the civic guard faith in my loyalty?" The whole Piazza resounded with a thundering "*Si!*" Manin continued: —

Your indomitable love saddens me, and makes me feel yet more how this people suffer! On my mental and bodily faculties you must not count, but count always on my great, tender, and undying affection. And, come what may, say, "This man was misled;" but do not ever say, "This man misled us." ["No, *mai!* never!" cried the thousands.] I have deceived no one. I have never spread illusions which were not mine own. I have never said I hoped when I had no hope.

Again (August 18) he spoke to them, saying that grave as were the existing circumstances, they were not so desperate as to warrant hurrying into unconditional surrender. It was necessary that the negotiations should be carried on with becoming calmness and dignity. "It is an infamy to suppose that Venice would ask of me to do what was infamous; and if she asked it, this one sacrifice I would not make — not even to Venice."

Some one called out "Hunger!"

"Let who hungers stand forward," said Manin.

"None of us," cried the crowd. "We are Italians. Long live Manin!"

On the 23rd he addressed them for the last time. The population was in a state of dangerous agitation, the result of the uncertainty and misery of these dreadful days, and by reason of a report that one or two sections of the troops were in a state of semi-mutiny. "Are you Italians?" Manin cried from the balcony of his official residence in the Piazzetta. "Do you wish to be worthy of the freedom which perhaps before long will be yours? Well then, chase from your midst the scoundrels who incite you to riot! Let us at least keep the honor of Venice immaculate. *Viva l'Italia!*"

"*Viva l'Italia!*" shouted the people, with one voice. A sudden pain took away Manin's breath; he went indoors, and sank fainting on a chair. When he had recovered a little, he began to weep bitterly, and murmured, "To have to yield, with such a people as this!" Then, rousing himself, he returned to the balcony, and said, in a firm voice, "Whosoever is a true Venetian, let him patrol to-night with me." Buckling on his sword, as when he went to seize the arsenal, he marched at

the head of a company of civic guards and a vast concourse of people to the quarter in which military insubordination had broken out. They were received with shots. Manin stepped on in advance. "If you want my life, take it!" he said. The mutineers were quieted, and so the affair passed over.

It is stated that Manin courted death among the still fast-falling Austrian bombs during this last week that he was president of the Venetian republic, not from moral cowardice at the gloomy prospect of his own future, or from one moment's loss of faith in the ultimate triumph of his country's aspirations, but because he thought his death might profit more to Italy than his life. Generally speaking, personal courage is not a quality which demands much notice: to say that a man is brave, is the same sort of compliment as to say that he does not pick pockets. Nevertheless, it should not be ignored how much of Manin's ascendancy over the Venetian masses proceeded from his absolute readiness to expose himself to any danger for the good or peace of the commonwealth. It is to be remembered that Venice was never put under a state of siege; the dictator had therefore nothing but his moral influence wherewith to strengthen the ordinary authority of the law in the preservation of public order.

The capitulation of Venice was signed August 24, 1849. "A more honorable one," writes General Pepe, "could not have been obtained if Venice had had remaining to her gunpowder and provisions for a whole year, instead of for a single day." Such Venetian officers as had belonged to the Austrian service, the foreign (*i.e.*, non-Venetian) soldiers, and forty civilians, of whom of course Manin was one, were to quit the city. Persons not specified might remain with impunity. The communal paper money was recognized at a discount of fifty per cent. — a tax to defray this liquidation being imposed on the city. On the morning of the 24th, Manin resigned his functions into the hands of the municipality, which held the city until the entry of the Austrians, four days later. Immediately on signing his resignation, Manin left the national palace for his house in the Campo San Pateriano, to prepare for departure. The people passed sadly to and fro before his door, whispering to one another, "*Quà ghe xe el nostro bon pare, povareto, el gà tanto patio per nù, che Dio lo benedissa!*" ("Here is our good father, poor dear! He has suffered so much for us. God

bless him!") They were to see him no more. At midnight he and his wife and son and sick little girl went on board the French steamer "Pluton," which was to carry all save one of them into a lifelong exile. Manin had exhausted his small means during the revolution, and the municipality, loath that he should depart altogether penniless, pressed upon him the sum of a few hundred pounds, which he accepted gratefully. But he knew that there were others who, like himself, left Venice in want; and in a quiet, private manner, he charged two or three of his friends to visit each of the twelve vessels which were engaged for the transport of the emigrants, and to distribute equally amongst them some money which he gave them for the purpose. He only reserved what was strictly necessary for his journey and settlement abroad. On the 27th of August the "Pluton" sailed out of the lagunes, and the great exile's eyes rested for the last time on the beloved Venetian shore — on the towers and palaces, the churches and columns, the islands and sandbanks, the green waters and the azure heavens. There is no earthly view more fair than this of Venice from the sea, if it be not the sea from Venice. English passengers to India now are well familiar with this view. Whilst leaning over the deck to catch the last glimpse of the campanile of St. Mark, how many are there who have turned over in their minds what a Venetian proscrip must have felt as he strained his poor dimmed eyes after that last vision of home and fatherland?

To this great grief of leaving Venice was soon added another: Manin's wife died of cholera on landing at Marseilles. On to Paris he went with his two children, the little motherless girl suffering terribly, the poor father trying vainly to be at once father and mother to her. Manin loved this child with the love that may be otherwise written — sympathy — that perfect spiritual harmony of mind and mind, which of all human affections would seem best fitted to render intelligible what theologians mean when they speak of the communion of the blessed dead. Singular it may be that the man of iron will should have found this sweet companionship in the society of a fragile girl; but this thing also is characteristic of the great purity and simplicity of Manin's nature — a nature in which there was not so much of triumphant virtue as of childlike innocence. The "salt bread of the stranger" was further embittered by the spectacle of this dear child's slow fading away — like a

tropical flower in a northern winter — deprived of mother and of country, the obscure nervous disease with which she was afflicted aggravated by the pangs of what we call homesickness, and what the Germans better term *Heimweh*. The vast noisy world of Paris was to her a desert, and she pined with intolerable longing after the cherished tranquillity of her native city.

The ex-president of the Venetian republic was very poor; he had to pass the days in eking out a maintenance by giving lessons in Italian; the nights he spent by the bedside of his child, in administering the medicines she was ordered to take, in suffering, to see her suffer. When she could not conceal some paroxysm of pain, she would take her father's hands and beg his forgiveness for the sorrow she caused him. He kept a journal of every faint fluctuation in her health, so that the doctors might be informed of all her symptoms. This sad book still exists, with the words written on it, "*Alla mia Santa Martire!*" For her father's sake she clung to life with that tenacity which sometimes seems to exercise a mysterious force in keeping the vital spark alight: it was not until 1854 that the little flame of her being flickered into darkness. The last words she uttered were these: "My darling Venice, I shall never see you again!"

Manin had three more black years to bear. But during this dismal exile he did not let his private griefs deaden his spirit to those of his country. It came to be his conviction that dear as was to him the faith of a republican, the best chance of the achievement of Italian unity and independence lay under the white cross of Savoy; and, believing this, he dedicated his last years to the cause of the kingdom of Italy. He could give nothing but his influence, "but that influence is worth legions," said the Piedmontese Marquis Villamarina. A Savoyard sovereign and a French alliance were the means he esteemed most practicable for the attainment of Italian liberation, and he worked indefatigably both with word of mouth and pen to bring others at home and abroad to the same opinion. "But," he once said, smiling sadly, "I can't write, I am only fit to rule." One ray of joy fell upon his path: it was the sight of the Italian tricolor — alone retained by Piedmont of all the states that had adopted it in 1848 — run up along the boulevards in honor of the Crimean alliance on the occasion of the queen of England's visit to Paris. The true significance of that alliance, the one

LIVING AGE. VOL. XXV. 1282

fruit-bearing feature of the Russian war, Manin did not fail to understand.

His physical sufferings constantly increased, and to his old malady was now added disease of the heart. In June, 1857, he wrote to his friend, the Marquis G. Pallavicino Trivulzio, that he hardly knew how to put two ideas together or find two words to express them. "A month's rest in the country has not calmed the fever of my poor brain. All work, all meditation, is utterly impossible to me. Not only cannot I think about serious things, but I am not able to give my mind to the most unimportant matters. This will explain my silence. I lose patience and hope. My painful and useless life becomes intolerable. I ardently desire the end. Farewell." The end came on the 22nd of the following September. The evening before he had felt a trifle better, and had done nothing but talk of Venice. At four o'clock in the morning he expired in his son's arms. He was fifty-three years of age.

So Manin died; in a different way, but a martyr, a witness, to precisely the same cause of Italian unity for which Attilio and Emilio Bandiera and Domenico Moro had given their young lives thirteen years earlier. And these Venetian patriots, the high-born youths, the Jewish commoner, may be taken as types of thousands of other Italians who fell and endured, whilst "sensible people" in the four quarters of the globe were calling their deeds crimes and their hopes chimeras. Of the character and individuality of the man who purged the name of Venice from being a byword of reproach among the nations, who led her with strong and loving hands through a fiery furnace to the attainment of the one earthly good more precious than freedom — the deserving of it — it seems to us not needful now to speak. If this sketch, imperfect as it is, has not wholly failed in its purpose, it has placed the man in a more clear light than any reflections of ours could do. His recent Italian biographer, Professor Errera, remarks that there was something very English in his hatred of declamation, his practical good sense, and his regard for tradition. We may add to this that alike in his sensitiveness to suffering and in his power of undergoing it, as also in other of the deep and tender qualities of his nature, he showed not a few of the distinctive traits of the race of Spinoza and Heine. Still, take him all in all, he was essentially an Italian, and Italy has no cause to blush in calling him her son.

August 30, 1849, Marshal Radetzky and

Austrian dominion re-entered the city of Venice "amidst the silence of a bewildered population," said the Austrian report. The silence of that "bewildered population" continued seventeen years exactly. Coincidental with that silence, the Schwarz-Gelb standards hung on all Sundays and feast-days upon the flagstaves of St. Mark. And what was noteworthy in it was that it went on without any diminishment, or rather with the contrary of diminishment, which must have sorely puzzled the Austrian reporter, who began by thinking it only came from momentary bewilderment. Sometimes in a grand religious service the congregation are bade lift up their hearts in mute supplication, and there comes a noiseless pause, more impressive than much speaking or chanting. A like stillness prevailed in Venice. These people, the impassioned lovers of song and mirth and carnival joy, adjudged themselves a seventeen years' Lent. If they had to brook the environment of

all ill things but shame,

with shame at any rate they were determined to hold no commerce. This was the epilogue of the Venetian revolution.

Thursday, July 5th, 1866, the Schwarz-Gelb was hauled down from the *pill* — forever.

Thursday, the 18th of October, that autumn, went up in its stead the folds of the fairest flag nation ever floated; and there it may be seen Sundays and holidays, as by the writer of these lines it was seen not long ago, calling forth memories that made the heart beat and the eyes moisten a little. Ah, that Daniel Manin could stand in our place and see what we see!

All that Venice could do in honor of her great citizen has been done. He lies in a marble sarcophagus close under the shadow of St. Mark's church. Thither his mortal remains and those of his wife and child were brought from Ary Scheffer's hospitable tomb at Montmartre, on the eve of the nineteenth birthday of the revolution, and amidst every sign of unforgetting love. Quite lately a statue of him, over life size, addressing the multitude, with the lion of St. Mark at its base, has been placed in the Campo San Paterniano opposite his house. "*Lo conobbi io — l'avvocato Manin — Presidente della Repubblica,*" cried a weather-beaten old Venetian *popolano*, with a flash of loving pride in his face, as we stood and looked at the monument.

Before 1848, "The Italians don't fight,"

was the pet phrase of *Blackwood* and the whole host of cynics and reactionists. After that year the word was changed. "How absurd and immoral," it was now said, "all this expenditure of life, all this revolutionary mania which ends in smoke!" and they pointed to Italy lying prostrate under the heel of the hydra of despotism. No manner of doubt had they as to what was the answer to the query started at the beginning of this paper. By way of commentary we may go back to our Persian fable. Of the two sons of the Eternal, Ahriman, who said "Perhaps," and was dark and the friend of evil, was the first-born, and claimed the empire. So he was given it for a thousand years. When the second son, Ormuzd, who offered up prayer and sacrifice, who shone sunlike, and spread around a sweet perfume, came into being, then the empire was taken away from Ahriman and given to Ormuzd. So it was and so it shall be. "Martrydom," wrote Manin, "is redemption." When there appear men whose lives are pure as their faith, whose faith is high as their devotion, whose devotion is strong unto death, the friends of evil may tremble, for their hour is short.

WITHIN THE PRECINCTS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XL.

LAW had left Mr. Ashford, not knowing, as the vulgar have it, if he stood on his head or his heels. He had somewhat despised the minor canon, not only as a clergyman and an instructor, intending to put something into Law's luckless brains, but without force enough to do it effectually, and as a man, much too mild and gentle to make any head against the deceitfulness of mankind, and all those guiles and pastimes in which an unwilling student like Law knows himself so much more profoundly informed than any of his pastors and teachers can be. The sense of superiority with which such a youth, learned in all manner of "dodges" and devices for eluding work, contemplates the innocent senior who has faith in his excuses, was strong in Law's mind towards his last tutor, who had taken charge of him even without the carefully calculated recompense of his labors, which his earlier instructor, Mr. Langton, had been supposed to receive — supposed — for Captain Despard was paymaster, and he was not any more to be trusted to

for recollecting quarter-day than Law was to be trusted to for doing his work. But Mr. Ashford had not even said anything about pay. He had taken Law for his sister's sake, "for love," as the young man said lightly; taken him as an experiment, to see what could be made of him, and kept him on without a word on either side of remuneration. This curious conduct, which might have made the pupil grateful, had no such result, but filled him instead with a more entire contempt for the intellects of his benefactor. It is easy, in the instruction of young men like Law, to be learned and wise in book-learning, yet a "stupid" in life; and if anything could have made the discrimination more clear, it would have been the irregularity of the business transaction as between a non-paying pupil and a "coach" who gave just as much attention to him as if he had been an important source of revenue. "What a soft he must be! What a stupid he is!" had been Law's standing reflection. But he had liked all the same the object of his scorn, and had felt "old Ashford" to be "very jolly," notwithstanding his foolish believingness, and still more foolish indifference to his own profit. It was this which had made him go to the minor canon with such a frankness of appeal, but he had not been in the least prepared for the reply he received. It took away his breath. Though it was a superlative proof of the same "softness" which had made Mr. Ashford receive a pupil who paid him nothing, the dazzled youth could no longer regard it with contempt. Though he was tolerably fortified against invasions of emotion, there was something in this which penetrated to his heart. Suddenly, in a moment, to be lifted out of his dull struggle with books which he could not understand, and hopeless anticipation of an ordeal he could never pass, and to have the desire of his heart given to him, without any trouble of his, without price or reward, was all very wonderful to Law. At first he could not believe. To think "old Ashford" was joking—to think that a man so impractical did not know the meaning of words—this was the first natural explanation; but when the minor canon's first recollection that "he knew a man" brightened into the prospect of money to pay his passage, and an actual beginning of his career, Law did not know, as we have said, whether he was standing upon solid ground or floating in the air. The happiness was almost too much for him. He went up to London next day by Mr. Ashford's suggestion, and

at his cost, to learn all particulars about the voyage, but kept his own secret until it had gained so much of solid foundation as the actual sight of a ship which was bound for New Zealand, a printed account of the times of sailing, and forms, and an outfitter's list of indispensables, would give; then, still dazzled by the sudden fulfilment of his wishes, but feeling his own importance, and the seriousness of his position as a future emigrant, Law had endeavored to find an opportunity of communicating the great news to Lottie, but had failed, as has been seen. And having thus failed, and seeing in her none of the eager desire to know what he would have thought natural in circumstances so profoundly interesting, Law got up from the table and went out with a certain sense of injury in his mind. He saw there was "something up" in respect to his sister herself, but he did not take very much interest in that. Yet he thought it curiously selfish of her, almost incomprehensibly selfish, to ask no question, show no concern in what was happening to him. He had said, "I am going to New Zealand!" but had he said, "I am going to play football," she could not have taken it more calmly, and she had never asked a question since. "What funny creatures women are, one time so anxious about you, another time caring nothing!" Law said to himself; but he was not at all conscious that it might have been natural for him too to take some interest in Lottie's affairs. He did not. It was some rubbish he supposed about that fellow Ridsdale. He thought of the whole business with contempt. Far more important, beyond all comparison, were those affairs which were his own.

And when he went out, a little angry, irritated, but full of excitement and elation, and eager to find somebody who would take due interest in the story of his good fortune, where would Law's footsteps stray but to the place where they had turned so often in his idleness and hopelessness. He had gone once before since the visit of Polly, and had been confronted by Mrs. Welting, now established in the workroom, to the confusion of all the little schemes of amusement by which the girls had solaced the tedium of their lives. "Mother" had been glad enough to be allowed to look after her house in quiet, and the rest of the family, without troubling herself about her girls. But now, in the stimulus given by Polly's denunciation, Mrs. Welting had conceived new ideas of her duties. Would she let it be said by an artful creature like that, who had done the same thing herself,

as *her* daughters were laying themselves out to catch a gentleman? Not for all the world. She would not have a girl of hers marry a gentleman, not for anything, Mrs. Welting said. She forbade the little expeditions they were in the habit of making in turns for threads and buttons. She would not allow even the *Family Herald*. She scolded "for nothing at all," in resenting her compulsory attendance there, and banishment from her domestic concerns. The workroom was quite changed. There was no jollity in it, no visitors, not half so much chatter as that which had been carried on so gaily when Polly was paramount. "She took all the good herself, but she never could bear seeing any one else happy," Emma said, who was doubly aggrieved. And it could not be said that the work improved under this discipline. The moment altogether was not happy; and when Law, by dint of wandering about the windows, and whistling various airs known to the workroom, made his presence known, Emma, when her mother withdrew, as she did perforce as the evening got on, and it became necessary to look after the family supper, the younger children, and her lodgers, came cautiously out to meet him, with a cloak about her shoulders. "I haven't got a moment to stay," Emma said. "Mother would take off my head if she found me out!" Yet she suffered herself to be drawn a few steps from the door, and round the corner to the riverside, where, on this wintry evening, there was nobody about, and the river itself in the darkness was only discernible by the white swell and foam round the piers of the bridge, by which it rushed on its headlong passage to the weir. Here going on, now turning back, a few wary steps at a time, with their attention fixed upon a possible warning from the window of the lighted workroom, the two wandered in the damp darkness, and Emma, opening large eyes of astonishment, heard of all that was about to happen. "Old Ashford has behaved like a brick," Law said. "He is going to get me introductions to people he knows, and he means to give me my passage-money too, and something to begin upon!"

"Lor!" cried Emma, "what is it for? Is he going to marry your sister?" Her attention was awakened, but she did not think she had anything to do with it. She was so much afraid of not hearing any possible tap on the window, or not having time to run home before her absence was discovered.

"Now look here, Emma," said Law.

He did not speak with any enthusiasm of tenderness, but calmly, as having something serious to propose. "If I go away, you know, it's for life; it's not gone to-day and back to-morrow, like a soldier ordered off to the colonies. I'm going to make my living, and my fortune, if I can, and settle there for life. No, nobody's knocking at the window. Can't you give me your attention for a moment. I tell you, if I go, it's for life."

"Lor!" said Emma, startled. "You don't mean to say as you've come to say good-bye, Mr. Law? and you as always said you were so true. But I do believe none of you young men ever remembers nor thinks what he's been saying," she added with a half whimper. A lover's desertion is never a pleasant thing in any condition of life.

"It's just because of that I'm here," said Law sturdily. "I remember all I've ever said. I've come to put it to you, Emma, straightforward. I am going away, as I tell you, for life. Will you come with me? that's the question. There is not very much moving now, and nothing sure, but it will go hard if I can't draw old Ashford for your passage-money," said the grateful recipient of the minor canon's bounty; "and it would be a new start and a new life, and I'd do the best I could for you. Emma, you must make up your mind quick, for there isn't much time. The boat sails — well, I can't exactly tell you when she sails, but in a fortnight or so."

"A fortnight!" Emma cried, with a sense of dismay.

"Yes. We needn't have a very grand wedding, need we? Emigrants must be careful both of their money and their time."

"Emigrants? I don't know what you mean by emigrants — it don't sound much," said the girl, with a cloud upon her face.

"No, it is not very fine. It means people that are going to settle far away, on the other side of the world. New Zealand is I don't know how many thousand miles away."

"Can you go there by land?" said Emma. "You mustn't laugh — how was I to know? Oh, I can't abide going in a ship."

"That's a pity, but you can't go in anything else. It's a fine big ship, and every care taken. Look here, Emma, you must make up your mind. Will you go?"

"Oh, I don't know," cried Emma; "I can't tell — how long would you be in the ship? It isn't what I ever expected," she said in a plaintive voice. "A hurry, and a

fuss, and then a long sea-voyage. Oh, I don't think I should like it, Mr. Law."

"The question is, do you like me?" said Law, with a little thrill in his deep yet boyish bass. "You couldn't like the other things, it wouldn't be natural; but do you like me well enough to put up with them? I don't want you to do anything you don't like, but when I go it will be for good, and you must just make up your mind what you like best: to go with me, though there's a good deal of trouble, or to stay at home, and good-bye to me forever."

At this Emma began to cry. "Oh, I shouldn't like to say good-bye forever," she said; "I always hated saying good-bye. I don't know what to do; it would be good-bye to mother and Ellen and them all. And never to come back again would be awful! I shouldn't mind if it was for a year or two years, but never to come back — I don't know what to do."

"We might come home on a visit, if we got very rich," said Law, "or we might have some of the others out to see us."

"Oh, for a visit!" said Emma. "But they'd miss me dreadful in the working-room. Oh, I wish I knew what to say."

"You must choose for yourself — you must please yourself," said Law, a little piqued by the girl's many doubts — then he softened again. "You know, Emma," he said, "when a girl gets married it's very seldom she has her own people near her, and I don't know that it's a good thing when she has. People say, at least, husband and wife ought to be enough for each other. And, supposing it was only to London, it would still be away from them."

"Oh, but it would be different," cried Emma, "if you could go now and again to see them all; but to live always hundreds of thousands of miles away!"

"Not hundreds of thousands, but a long voyage that takes months."

"Months!" Emma uttered a cry. "Too far to have mother if you were ill," she said, casting her mind over the eventualities of the future; "too far, a deal too far for a trip to see one! I don't think it would be nice at all. Mr. Law, couldn't you, oh, couldn't you stop at home?"

"Perhaps you'd tell me what I should do if I stayed at home," said Law, not without a touch of contempt. "It's more than I can tell. No, I can't stay at home. There is nothing I could do here. It is New Zealand or nothing, Emma, you must make up your mind to that."

"Oh, but I don't see why you shouldn't stay in London; there are always places to be got there; you might look in the

papers and see. Mother used to get the *Times* from the public-house, a penny an hour, when Willie was out of a place. Did you ever answer any advertisement, or try — really try?"

"All that is nothing to the purpose," said Law, with some impatience. "The advertisements may be all very well, but I know nothing about them. I am going to New Zealand whether or not. I've quite made up my mind. Now the thing is, will you come too?"

Emma did not know what answer to make. The going away was appalling, but to lose her gentleman-lover, though he was banished from the workroom, was a great humiliation. Then she could not but feel that there was a certain excitement and importance in the idea of preparing for a sudden voyage, and being married at seventeen, the first of the family. But when she thought of the sea and the ship, and the separation from everything, Emma's strength of mind gave way. She could not do that. The end was, that driven back and forward between the two, she at last faltered forth a desire to consult "mother" before deciding. Law, though he was contemptuous of this weakness, yet could not say anything against it. Perhaps it was necessary that a girl should own such a subjection. "If you do I can tell you beforehand what she will say," he cried. "Then Ellen; I'll ask Ellen," said Emma. "Oh, I can't settle it out of my own hand." And then the girl started, hearing the signal on the window, and fled from him, breathless. "Mother's come to shut up," she said. Law walked away, not without satisfaction, when this end had been attained. He was more anxious to have the question settled than he was anxious to have Emma. Indeed, he was not at all blind to the fact that he was too young to marry, and that there were disadvantages in hampering himself even in New Zealand with such a permanent companion. Then, too, all that he could hope for from Mr. Ashford was enough for his own outfit and passage, and he did not see how hers was to be managed. But still, Law had been "keeping company" with Emma for some time, and he acknowledged the duties of that condition according to the interpretation put upon it in the order to which Emma belonged. Clearly, when good fortune came to a young man who was keeping company with a young woman, it was right that he should offer her a share of it. If she did not accept it, so much the better: he would have done what honor required without any further

trouble. As Law walked up the hill again, he reflected that on the whole it would be much better if he was allowed to go to New Zealand alone. No one could know how things would turn out. Perhaps the man Mr. Ashford knew might be of little use, perhaps he might have to go from one place to another, or he might not succeed at first, or many things might happen which would make a wife an undesirable burden. He could not but hope that things might so arrange themselves as that Emma should drop back into her natural sphere in the workroom, and he be left free. Poor little Emma, if this was the case, he would buy her a locket as a keepsake off Mr. Ashford's money, and take leave of her with comfort. But in the other case, if she should make up her mind to go with him, Law was ready to accept the alternative. His good fortune put him doubly on his honor. He would prefer to be free, but if he were held to it, he was prepared to do his duty. He would not let her perceive that he did not want her. But on the whole, he would be much better satisfied if "mother" interfered. Having disposed of this matter, Law began to think of his outfit, which was very important, wondering, by the way, if Emma went, whether her family would provide hers; but yet keeping this question, as uncertain, quite in the background. He recalled to himself the list he had got in his pocket, with its dozens of shirts and socks, with no small satisfaction. Was it possible that he could become the owner of all that? The thought of becoming the owner of a wife he took calmly, hoping he might still avoid the necessity, but to have such a wardrobe was exciting and delightful. He determined to get Lottie to show him how to mend a hole and sew on a button. To think that Lottie knew nothing about his plans, and had never asked him what he meant, bewildered him when he thought of it. What could be "up" in respect to her? Something like anxiety crossed Law's mind, at least it was something as much like anxiety as he was capable of — a mingling of surprise and indignation; for were not his affairs a great deal more important than anything affecting herself could be? This was the idea of both. Law was going to New Zealand, but Lottie was going to be married, a still more important event! and each felt that in heaven and earth no such absorbing event was going on. It must be said, however, for Lottie, that Law's whispered communication counted for nothing with her, since she knew no way in which it could be supposed

to be true. Wild hopes that came to nothing had gleamed across his firmament before. How could he go to New Zealand? as easy to say that he was going to the moon; but in this way it took no hold upon her mind, while he had no clue whatever to the disturbing influence in Lottie's thoughts.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE night after that decisive talk upon the slopes was a trying one for Rollo Ridsdale. He came in with the process of his resolution in his mind. Now the die was cast. Whatever prudence might say against it, the decision was made, and his life settled for him, partly by circumstances, but much more by his personal will and deed. And he did not regret what he had done. It was a tremendous risk to run; but he had confidence that Lottie's voice was as good as a fortune, and that in the long run there would be nothing really imprudent in it. Of course it must be kept entirely "quiet." No indiscreet announcements in the newspapers, no unnecessary publicity must be given to the marriage. Whosoever was absolutely concerned should know; but for the general public, what did it matter to them whether the bond which bound a man of fashion to a celebrated singer was legitimate or not? Lottie would not wish for society, she would not feel the want of society, and particularly in the interval, while she was still not a celebrated singer, it was specially necessary that all should be kept "quiet." He would take her to Italy, and it would be not at all needful to introduce any stray acquaintance who might happen to turn up to his wife. In short, there was no occasion for introducing any one to her. Lottie would not want anything. She would be content with himself. Poor darling! what wonderful trust there was in her! By this time he was able to half laugh at his own guilty intention, which she had so completely extinguished by her inability to understand it, her perfect acceptance of it as all that was honorable and tender. He was going to do the right thing now — certainly the right thing, without any mistake about it; but still that it should be made to look like the wrong thing, was the idea in Rollo's mind. He would take her to Italy and train her for her future career; but neither at the present time nor in the future would it be necessary to put the points upon the i's in respect to her position. As for Lottie, he knew very well that she, having no doubt about her position, would not insist upon any publication

of it. It would never once occur to her that there was any possibility of being misconstrued.

With these thoughts in his mind, Rollo dressed very hastily for dinner, as he had lingered with Lottie to the last moment. And as it happened, this was the very evening which Augusta chose for discussing openly the subject to which she had, without speaking of it, already devoted all her powers of research since she had arrived at home. In the evening after dinner Rollo was the only one of the gentlemen who came into the drawing-room. A silent man, with what are called "refined tastes." For one thing he was in a mild Augusta's husband was an inoffensive and way an antiquary. He did not enter very much into his wife's life, nor she into his. She was fashionable, he had refined tastes; they were perfectly good friends; and though not yet married six months, followed each their own way. Spencer Daventry had gone to his father-in-law's study accordingly to investigate some rare books, and his wife was in the drawing-room alone — that is, not exactly alone, for Lady Caroline was "on the sofa." When Lady Caroline was on the sofa she did not trouble anybody much, and even the coming in of the lamps had not disturbed her. She had "just closed her eyes." Her dress was carefully drawn over her feet by Mrs. Daventry's care, and a wadded *couvre-pied* in crimson satin laid over them. Augusta liked to see to any little decorum, and would have thought the toe of her mother's innocent shoe an improper revelation. Perhaps it was by her orders that Mr. Daventry had not come in. There was no company that evening, and when Rollo entered the drawing-room, he saw at once that he had fallen into a trap. Augusta sat on a comfortable chair by the fire, with a small table near her and a lamp upon it. The other lights were far away, candles twinkling in the distance on the piano, and here and there against the walls; but only this one spot by the fire is warm and full light; and a vacant chair stood invitingly on the other side of Augusta's table. No more snug arrangement for a *tête-à-tête* could have been, for Lady Caroline was nothing but a bit of still life — more still almost than the rest of the furniture. Augusta looked up as her cousin came in with a smile.

"Alone?" she said; "then come here, Rollo, and let us have a talk."

Rollo could not have been Rollo if he had felt any repugnance to this amusement. Needless to say that in their boy and girl

days there had been passages of something they were pleased to call love between the cousins; and equally needless to add that all this had long been over, both being far too sensible (though one had been led astray by Lottie, to his own consternation and confusion) to think of any serious conclusion to such a youthful folly. Rollo sat down with mingled pleasure and alarm. He liked a confidential talk with any woman; but in this case he was not without fear.

And his fears were thoroughly well founded as it turned out. After a few preliminaries about nothing at all, Augusta suddenly plunged into her subject.

"I am very glad," she said, "to have a chance of speaking to you, by ourselves. Mamma does not pay any attention; she is quite the same as if she were not there. You know I've always taken a great interest in you, Rollo. We are cousins, and we are very old friends — more like brother and sister."

"I demur to the brother and sister; but as old friends as memory can go," said he; "and very happy to be permitted all the privileges of a cousin, and such a good fellow as Daventry added on."

"Oh, yes. Spencer's very nice," said she. "He takes very kindly to my people; but it is not about Spencer I want to talk to you, Rollo, but about yourself."

"That's so much the better," said Rollo; "for I might not have liked bridal raptures, not being able, you know, Augusta, quite to forget —"

"Oh, that's all nonsense," said Augusta, with the faintest of blushes; "bridal fiddlesticks! People in the world keep clear of all that nonsense, heaven be praised. No, Rollo, it's about yourself. I am very anxious about you."

"Angelic cousin! — but there is no cause for anxiety that I know of in me."

"Oh, yes, Rollo, there is great cause of anxiety. I must speak to you quite frankly. When I was married you had never seen Lottie Despard —"

"Miss Despard!" He said the name in a surprised tone and with eyes full of astonishment. He was glad of the opportunity of looking to the buckles of his armor and preparing for the onset, and therefore he made the surprise of the exclamation as telling as he could. "What can she have to do with your anxiety?" he said.

"Yes, Lottie Despard. Oh, she has a great deal to do with it. Rollo, how can you think that any good can come of such a flirtation either to you or the girl?"

"Flirtation, Augusta?"

"Yes, flirtation, or something worse. Why do you always go to her house? Oh, I know you always go. She can't sing a bit, poor thing; and it only fills her poor heart with vanity and nonsense; and you meet her when you walk out. Don't contradict me, please. Should I say so if I had not made quite sure? I know the view you men take of honor. You think when a girl is concerned you are bound to deny anything. So you may be sure I did not say it till I had made quite sure. Now, Rollo, I ask you what can possibly come of anything of the kind? Of course you don't mean anything except to amuse yourself; and of course it is the girl's fault if she gets herself talked about; for she must know as well as I do that there can be nothing in it; but for all that —"

"You take away my breath," said Rollo; "you seem to know so much better than I do the things that have happened or are happening to myself."

"I do," said Augusta, "for I have been thinking about it, and you have not. You have just done what was pleasant at the moment, and never taken any thought. You are doing a great deal of harm to Lottie, poor thing, filling her head with silly fancies, and turning her against people of her own ideas. And suppose some really wise girl were to turn up, some one with money, what would she think of you, dangling forever after a young woman who is not even in society? I am taking it for granted that it is only a silly flirtation; for as for anything worse," said Augusta, with serenity, "it cannot be supposed for a moment that I could speak to you of that; but you know very well, Rollo, a man of the world, like you, how very dreadful, how fatal all those sort of entanglements are, even when you don't look at them from a high moral point of view."

"You make me out a pretty character," said Rollo, with an angry smile. "I never knew I was a Lovelace till now."

"Oh, all you men are the same," said Augusta, "if women will let you. Women have themselves to thank when anything happens, for it is ten times more importance to them than it is to you. A man is none the worse for things that would ruin a girl forever. But still, you are not in a position to be careless of what people say. You have not a penny, Rollo; and I don't believe in your opera. The only way in which you will ever have anything is by a suitable marriage. Suppose that any of your relations were to find a really nice person for you, and you were to spoil it all

by a folly like this! That is how I look at it. To ruin yourself for a girl's pretty face, and her voice, when she can't sing a note!"

"Am I to infer that you have got a nice person for me?" said Rollo, furious inwardly, yet keeping his temper, and turning the conversation in this direction by way of diverting it from more dangerous subjects. And then Augusta (drawing somewhat upon her imagination, it must be allowed) told him of a very nice person indeed. Rollo listened, by way of securing his escape; but by-and-by he got slightly interested, in spite of himself. This really nice girl was coming to the Deanery for two or three days. She had a hundred thousand pounds. She had heard of Rollo Ridsdale, and already "took an interest" in him. It was perhaps partly fiction, for the visit of this golden girl to the Deanery was not by any means settled as yet, but yet there was in it a germ of fact. "It is an opportunity that never may occur again," Augusta said, like a shop which is selling off. And indeed it was a sale which she would greatly like to negotiate, though Rollo was less the buyer than the pricer of goods of which sale was to be made.

A hundred thousand pounds! He could not help thinking of it later in the evening, when he smoked his cigar, and as he went to bed. His affairs seemed to him to be managed by some malign and tricky spirit. Just at this moment, when he was pledged to the most imprudent marriage that could be conceived, was it not just his luck that fate should take the opportunity of dangling such a prize before him? A hundred thousand pounds! Why was it not Lottie that had this money? or why, as she had no money, had she been thrown in his way? To be sure she had a voice, which was as good as a fortune, but not equal to a hundred thousand pounds. However, he said to himself, there was no help for it now. All this happened before the brief interview on the hill, which sent him off to town before the hour he intended, and which proved to him, over and over again, the trust in him, which was beyond anything he had ever dreamed of. That she should guard him even from her father, that she should believe in him, to the disdain of every safeguard which the vulgar mind relied on, astonished, confounded, and impressed his mind beyond description. To deceive her would be the easiest thing in the world, but, at the same time, would it not be the most impossible thing, the last that any man not a villain would

do? And there was besides a glimmering perception in Rollo's mind that deception would only be practicable up to a certain point, and that the scorn and horror and indignation with which Lottie would turn upon the criminal who had intended shame to her would be something as much unlike the ordinary rage of a wronged woman as her trust beyond the ordinary suspicious smoothness of ordinary belief. Shame and she had nothing to do with each other. She might die in the agony of the discovery, but first her eyes, her lips, the passion of her indignant purity would slay. With a deeper regret he thought of the easier tie. Augusta had spoken like a silly woman when she spoke of fatal entanglements. On the contrary, marriage was the fatal thing. The other — what harm would it have done? None to Lottie in her career; no one would have thought any the worse of her. People would be sure to suppose that something of the kind had been in her life, whether it was true or not. It would have done her no harm. And it would not have done Rollo any harm. To think of it as fatal was the most folly. On the contrary, they would have been of use to each other now, and after they would each have been free to consult their own interests. He could not help thinking very regretfully of this so easy, agreeable expedient, which would have been anything but fatal. To be sure this was not, as Augusta said, a high moral point of view, but Rollo did not pretend to be a moralist. All these thoughts poured through his mind again as he went to London, with the full intention of getting a license for his marriage, and making all the arrangements which would bind Lottie to him as his wife. He was obliged to do this; he could not help himself. Much rather would he have done anything else — taken the other alternative — but it was not possible. There was but this one thing to do — a thing which put it entirely out of his power forever and ever to consider the claims of any really nice person with a hundred thousand pounds at her disposal. Rollo did not pretend that he was glad to do this. He was no triumphant bridegroom, but he was a true lover, and not a villain, and regretfully but steadfastly he gave himself up to what he had to do.

It was too late to do anything in respect to the license when he arrived in town, but there were many other things to be settled, in order to make a considerably long absence practicable, and these he arranged in his own mind as he reached town. For one thing he had the funds to provide, and

that, as will be readily perceived, was no small matter. He walked out of the railway, pondering this in his mind. It was a grave question, not one to be lightly solved. He did not want to return to town till the season should have begun. No doubt five months' honeymooning would bore any man, but he felt it to be too important to think of mere personal amusement. He could always make expeditions himself to the centres of Italian life, and get a share of any amusement that might be going when he had settled down Lottie to her students, under the best masters that were to be had. All this was quite easily settled, but for an absence of five months, if you have not any income to speak of, it is necessary to have an understanding with your bankers, or somebody else. He meant to try his bankers, for his confidence in Lottie's future success was extreme, and he felt justified in speaking of it as money which his future wife would be entitled to. All these plans he was laying very deliberately in his head, calculating how much he would need, and various other particulars, when the face of a man approaching in a hansom suddenly struck him. It was Rixon, his father's confidential servant, a man who had been in Lord Courtland's service as long as anybody could recollect. What was he doing there? The hansom was directing its course towards the railway from which Rollo had just come, and Rixon's countenance was of an extreme gravity. What could it mean? Could anything have happened? Rollo saw the hansom pass, but its occupant did not see him. He could not banish from his thoughts the idea that something must have happened — that it was to tell him something, some news more or less terrible, that Rixon was on his way to the railway which went to St. Michael's. After a moment's hesitation he turned and went back to the railway, not being able to divest himself of this idea. To be sure Rixon might be going somewhere on business of his own. He might be concerned about his own affairs. Still Rollo turned and went back. In any case it was best to know. The man was standing among several others, waiting to take his ticket for the train, when Rollo went back; he was getting his money out of his pocket preparatory to paying his fare. But looking up as he did this, Rixon started, put his money back, and immediately disengaged himself from the *queue*. It was then a message from home of sufficient importance to be sent by special envoy. Rollo had time to examine this

bearer of ill news as he approached. What but ill news was ever so urgent? Special messengers do not travel about to stray sons of a family with news of birth or bridal. There is but one thing which calls for such state, and that is death. Rollo ran over all the chances in a moment in his mind. His father—if it were his father there would be a little delay, a little ready money, more need than ever, and a very good excuse for keeping everything quiet. It was not absolute want of feeling that suggested this thought. If it was his father there would be many reasons for being sorry. Home, with your brother at the head of affairs, is not home like your father's house. And Lord Courtland, though his second son had worn out his kindness, was still kind more or less. Rollo was not insensible; he felt the dull consciousness of a blow before he received it, as he fixed his eyes upon Rixon's mournful countenance, and the band on his hat.

"What is the matter?" he said, as the man approached. "What has happened? You were going to me? Tell me at once what it is."

"I beg your pardon, sir!" said Rixon, with the perpetual apology of a well-bred servant. "Yes, sir, I was going to St. Michael's. My lord sent me to tell you —"

"Thank heaven that it is not my father! You mean that my father sent you? That is a relief," said Rollo, drawing a long breath.

"Yes, my — sir!" said Rixon, with confusion, "my lord is in the enjoyment of perfect health—at least as good as is compatible with the great misfortune, the catastrophe that has — snatched —"

"What do you mean?" said Rollo. Rixon was fond of long words. He laughed. "You are always mysterious. But if my father is all right —"

"Oh, don't! my — don't, sir!" said the man; "laughing is not what ought to be on your lips at such a moment. Your brother has had an accident —"

"My brother — Ridsdale? Good heavens! Won't you speak out? What has happened?" said Rollo, with blanched cheeks. Honor, fear, hope, all sprung up within him, indistinguishable the one from the other. The moment seemed a year during which he stood waiting for Rixon's next word.

"It is too true, my lord," said the man, and the words threw around Rollo a gleam of glowing light. "Your brother had a terrible accident on the hunting-field. His

horse stumbled on King's Mead, at that bad fence by Willowbrook. He was taken up insensible, and died before he could be got home. Things are in a terrible state at Courtlands. I was sent to let your lordship know. My lord would be glad if you would come home at once!"

Rollo staggered back, and put himself against the wall. A cold moisture burst out over him. He grew so pale that Rixon thought he was going to faint. The man said afterwards that he could not have believed that Mr. Ridsdale had so much feeling. And partly it was feeling, as Rixon thought. For the first moment the thought that his brother, upon whom fate had always smiled — Ridsdale! *Ridsdale!* — the very impersonation of prosperity and good fortune, should be lying dead, actually dead, at his age, with all his prospects, appalled him. It seemed too much unnatural, beyond all possibility of belief. Then the blood rushed back through all his veins with a flush and suffusion of sudden heat. The change alarmed the messenger of so much evil and so much good. He put out his hand to support his young master. "My lord, my lord!" he said (they were words which Rixon loved to repeat, and which added to his own dignity as a gentleman's gentleman), "remember your father; now that your lamented brother is gone, all his lordship's trust is in you."

Rollo waved his hand, not caring for a moment to speak. "Let me alone!" he said. "Let me alone! leave me to myself." And it did not take him long to recover and shake off the horrible impression, and realize the astounding change that had occurred. Perhaps it is not possible that the death of a brother, which produces so extraordinary and beneficial a change in the situation and prospects of the next in succession, can be regarded with the same natural feeling as that which such an event naturally calls forth. There was a sudden shock, then a consciousness that something was requested from him, some show of grief and profound distress, and then a bewildering, overwhelming, stupefying, yet exciting realization of the change thus suddenly accomplished in himself. He was no longer merely Rollo, a fashionable adventurer, dealing in any kind of doubtful speculation, and legitimized gambling, a man of no importance to any one, and free to carry out whatever bargains might come into his head. But now — who? Lord Ridsdale, his father's heir; the future head of a great family; a future peer; and already endowed with

all the importance of an heir-apparent. The world seemed to go round and round with Rollo, and when it settled again out of the whirling and pale confusion as of an earthquake, it was not any longer the same world. The proportion of things had changed in the twinkling of an eye. The distant and the near had changed places. What was close to him before receded; what was far away became near. In the hurry of his thoughts he could not even think. Pain mingled with everything, with the giddiness of a strange elation, with the bewilderment of a surprise more startling than had ever come to him before in all his life. Ridsdale — he who had always been so smiling and prosperous; he to whom everything was forgiven; whose sins were only peccadilloes; whose lightest schoolboy successes were trumpeted abroad, whose movements were recorded wherever he went — inconceivable that he should be lying — dead; inconceivable that Rollo, the detrimental, the one in the family whom all disapproved of, should be put in his place, and succeed to all his privileges and exemptions. It did not seem possible. It needed Rixon saying my lord to him at every moment to make the curious fiction seem true. Rixon got a cab to drive his young master to the other station, by which he must go to Courtlands; and Rollo, leaving all his former life behind him, leaving his license, his marriage, his bride, in the opposite direction, fading into misty spectres, turned his back upon all that had been most important to him half an hour ago, and drove away.

He went through that day like a dream — the whole course of his existence turned into another channel. He got home, rolling up to the familiar door with sensations so different from any that had ever moved him at entering that door before. He looked at it this time with a feeling of proprietorship. It had been his home for all his early life; but now it was going to be *his own*, which is very different. He looked at the very trees with a different feeling, wondering why so many should be marked for cutting down. What had they been doing to want to get rid of so many trees? When he went into the room where his brother lay dead, it was to him as if a waxen image lay there, as if it was all a skilful scene arranged to make believe that such a change, one man substituted for another, was true. But to Rollo it did not seem to be true. It was the younger son who had died, with all his busy schemes — his plans for the future, his

contrivances to get money, and the strange connections which he had found. Rollo, who was the founder of the new opera, the partner of the bustling manager; it was he who was lying on that bed. All his plans would be buried with him — his Bohemianism, his enterprise, his — What was it that poor fool had gone in for, the last of all his undertakings, the thing in which he had been happily arrested ere he could harm himself or embarrass the family — his love — It was when standing by the bed on which his brother lay dead that this suddenly darted into the new Lord Ridsdale's mind. He turned away with a half groan. Providence had interposed to prevent that foolish fellow from consummating his fate. He had not yet reached the highest pitch of folly when the blow fell. Something there was which the family had escaped. When the key was turned again in the door, and he went back to another darkened room and heard all about the accident, it was almost on his lips to contradict the speakers, and tell them it was not Ridsdale that was dead. But he did not do so. He preserved his decorum and seriousness. He was "very feeling." The Lord Courtland who had been afraid of his son's levity, and had trembled lest Rollo, who had never been on any intimate terms with his brother, should show less sorrow than was becoming, was deeply satisfied. "How little we know what is in a man till he's tried," he said to his sister, Lady Beatrice. Lady Courtland, the mother of the young man, was happily long ago dead.

Thus, after setting out in the morning, full of tender ardor, to make the arrangements for his marriage, Rollo found himself at night one of the chief mourners in a house full of weeping. It was late at night when he got to his own room, and was able really to set himself to consider his own affairs. Which was his own affairs? The cares of the head of the family, the earl's heir and right hand, or those strangely different anxieties which had been in the mind of the second son. When he sat down to think it over, once more there came a giddiness and bewilderment over Rollo's being. He seemed scarcely able to force back upon himself the events which had happened at St. Michael's only this morning. The figure of Lottie appeared to him through the mist, far, far away, dimly apparent at the end of a long vista. Lottie! What had he intended to do? he had meant to get a license for his marriage with her, to arrange how he could get money — if

money was to be had by hook or by crook — to see about the tickets for their journey, to decide where to go to — even to provide travelling-wraps for his bride. All this he had come to London to do only this morning, and now it almost cost him an effort to recollect what it was. He would have been glad to evade the subject, to feel that he had a right to rest after such a fatiguing day, but the revolution in and about him was such that he could not rest. St. Michael's and all its scenes passed before him like dissolving views, fading off into the mist, then rising again in spectral indistinctness. He could not think they belonged to him, or that the central figure in all these pictures was his own. Was it not rather his brother — he who had died. It seemed to Lord Ridsdale that he was settling Rollo's affairs for him, thinking what was best to be done. He had been horribly imprudent, and had planned a still greater imprudence to come, when death arrested him in mid-career; but, heaven be praised, the heedless fellow had been stopped before he committed himself. Rollo shuddered to think what would have happened had the family been hampered by a wife. A wife! What a fool he had been; what a dream he had been entertaining — folly, unmitigated, inexcusable; but, thank heaven, he had been stopped in time. Lottie — that was her name; and she had been very fond of him; poor girl, it would be a great disappointment for her. Thus Rollo thought, not feeling that he had anything to do with it. It was all over; so completely over that there was scarcely a struggle in his mind, scarcely any controversy on the subject. No advocate, heavenly or diabolical, spoke on Lottie's behalf. The whole affair was done with — it was impossible — there was no room even for consideration. For Lord Ridsdale to marry a nameless girl, the highest possibility in whose lot was to become a singer, and who had to be educated before even that was practicable, was not to be thought of. It was a bad thing for the poor girl — poor thing! no doubt it was hard upon her.

Thus — was it any doing of Rollo's? Providence itself opened a door of escape for him from his unwary follies. Law had not acted in the same way. When good fortune came round, by a mere savage and uncultivated sentiment of honor he had gone to the girl who had been his sweetheart to propose that she should share it. Lord Ridsdale, however, was not of this vulgar strain. The savage virtues were

not in his way — they were not possible in his circumstances. *Noblesse oblige* — he could not raise Lottie to the sublime elevation of the rank he had so unexpectedly fallen into. It was not possible. The matter was so clear that it barred all question. There was not a word to be said on her side.

Nevertheless, had it not been for all the trouble about poor Ridsdale's funeral, and the attentions required by the father, whose manner had so entirely changed to his surviving son, and who was now altogether dependent upon him, the new heir to the honors of the Courtland family might have broken off with his old love in a more considerate way. But, after all, a little more or less, what did it matter? The important point, for her sake especially, was that the change should be perfectly definite and clear. Poor Lottie! he was so sorry for her. It would be better, much better for her to hate him now, if she could; and, above all, it was the kindest thing to her to make the disruption distinct above all possibility either of doubt or of hope.

CHAPTER XLII.

CAPTAIN DESPARD put on his best coat after his return from the Abbey on the morning of Rollo's departure. He brushed his hat with more than his usual care. He found, after much investigation, among what he called his papers, an ancient and shabby card-case, and thus equipped set forth on his solemn mission. He had a bit of red geranium in his button-hole which looked cheerful against the damp and gloom of the morning. Polly, who was looking out upon him from the window, thought the captain a finished gentleman, and felt a swell of pride expand her bosom — of pride and of anxiety as well — for if, by good fortune, the captain should succeed in his mission, then Polly felt that there would be a reasonable chance of getting "her house to herself." Lottie's kind withdrawal from all the concerns of the house had indeed given her stepmother a great deal less trouble than she had expected; but she could not escape from the idea of Lottie's criticism; and the sight of the girl, sitting there, looking as if she knew better, though she never said anything, was to Polly as gall and wormwood. If she would have spoken, there would have been less harm. Mrs. Despard was always ready for a conflict of tongues, and knew that she was not likely to come off second best; but Lottie's silence exasper-

ated her, and it was the highest object of her desires to get her house to herself. Lottie was coming down the Dean's Walk, calm, and relieved, and happy, after seeing her lover make his way down the slopes, when the captain turned towards the cloisters. Her heart gave a jump of irritation and excitement, followed by a gleam of angry pleasure. This mission, which was an insult to her and to Rollo alike, would be a failure, thank heaven; but still it was a shame that it should ever have been undertaken. Oh, how unlike, she thought, the perfect trust and faith that was between them to intrude this vulgar inquiry, this coarse interference into the perfection of their love! It brought the tears to Lottie's eyes to think how ready he was to throw prudence to the winds for her sake, to accept all the risks of life rather than leave her to suffer; the only question between them being whether it was right for her to accept such a sacrifice. Lottie did not think of the approval of his family as she ought to have done, and as for the approval of her own, though the secret vexed her a little, yet she was glad to escape from the noisy congratulations to which she would have been subjected, and her father's unctuous satisfaction. A few days longer, and the new wife whose person was an offence to Lottie would have her house to herself. The two, upon such opposite sides, used the very same words. Lottie, too, was thankful above measure that Mrs. Despard would have her house to herself. She calculated the days — Wednesday, Thursday, Friday — Friday was the day on which she should meet him, in the afternoon, while all the world at St. Michael's was at the afternoon service, and when the signor, on the organ, which had been the accompaniment to all the story of their love, would be filling the wintry air with majestic and tender and solemn sound. She seemed to hear the pealing of that wonderful symphony, and Rollo's voice against it, like a figure standing out against a noble background, telling her all he had done, and when and how the crowning event of this story was to be. Her heart was beating yet softly in Lottie's breast. Supreme expectation, yet satisfaction, an agitated calm, a pathetic happiness, and feeling too exquisite in its kind to be without a touch of pain, filled all her veins. The happiness she had most prized all her life was to have her ideal fulfilled in those she loved; and was it possible that any man could have more nobly done what a true lover should do than Rollo was doing it? She

was happy in that he loved her above prudence and care and worldly advantage; but she was almost happier in that this generosity, this tender ardor, this quick and sudden action of the deliverer was all that poet could have asked or imagination thought of. These were her passions, poor girl; the passions of a foolish, inexperienced creature, knowing nothing, and far enough from the truth that the charitable may forgive her, heaven knows!

When she went in, Polly called her, with a certain imperiousness. She was on her way to her room, that sole bower of safety; but this Mrs. Despard had made up her mind not to allow. "You may show me those scales you were speaking of," said Polly. "I daresay I'll remember as soon as I see them. It will take up your attention, and it will take up my attention till your pa comes back. I'm that full of sympathy (though it can't be said as you deserve it), that though I have nothing to do with it, I am just as anxious as you are."

"I am not anxious," Lottie said proudly, but she would not condescend to say more. She brought out an old music-book with easy lessons for a beginner, at which she had herself labored in her childhood, and placed it before her scholar. The notes were like Hebrew and Greek to Polly, and she could not twist her fingers into the proper places. These fingers were not like a child's pliable joints, and how to move each one separately was a problem which she could not master. She sat at the piano with the greatest seriousness, striking a note a minute with much strain of the unaccustomed hand, and now and then looking up jealously to see if her instructress was laughing at her; but Lottie was too preoccupied to smile. She heard her father coming back in what she felt to be angry haste; and then, with her heart beating, listened to his steps upon the stairs. At this Polly too was startled, and jumping up from her laborious exercise snatched the old music-book from its place and opened it at random at another page.

"Me and Miss Lottie, we've been practising our duet," she said. "La, Harry! is that you back so soon?"

"The fellow's gone," said Captain Despard, throwing down his hat and cane; that hat which had been brushed for nothing, which had not even overawed Mr. Jermin, who gazed at him superciliously, holding the Deanery door half open, and not impressed at all by the fine manners of the chevalier. "The fellow's gone! He did not mean to go yesterday, that odious menial as good as confessed. He has

heard I was coming, and he has fled. There could not be a worse sign. My poor child! Lottie," said the captain, suddenly catching a gleam of something like enjoyment in her eyes, "you do not mean to tell me that you were the traitor! You! Was it you told him? could such a thing be?"

Lottie scorned to deny what she had done. She was too proud and too rash to think that she was betraying herself by the acknowledgment. She met her father's eye with involuntary defiance. "You would not listen to me," she said, "and I could not bear it. Who was it that would suffer except me? It was a disgrace! I warned him you were coming." As she spoke she suddenly perceived all that was involved in the confession, and grew crimson-red, and then pale.

"So, miss," said Polly, "you're nicely caught. Keeping company all this time, and never to say a word to nobody; but if I were your pa, you shouldn't be let off like that. Was it for nothing but a bit of fun you've been going on with the gentleman? That's carrying it a deal too far, that is. And when your pa takes it in hand to bring him to the point, you ups and tells him, and frightens him away. I'd just like to know—and, Harry, I'd have you to ask her—what she means by it. What do you mean by it, miss? Do you mean to live on him forever, and eat us out of house and home? If you won't work for your living, nor do anything to get a husband, I'd just like to know what you mean to do?"

"Hold your tongue," said her husband. "Let her alone. It is I that must speak. Lottie, is it really true that you have betrayed your father? You have separated yourself from me and put yourself on the side of a villain!"

"Mr. Ridsdale is not a villain," said Lottie passionately. "What has he done? He has done nothing that can give you any right to interfere with him. I told him, because I would not have him interfered with. He has done nothing."

"He has trifled with my child's affections," said the captain. "He has filled our minds with false expectations. By Jove, he had better not come in the way of Harry Despard, if that's how he means to behave. I'll horsewhip the fellow—I'll knife him; I'll show him up, if he were twenty times the dean's nephew. And you, girl, what can any one say to you—never thinking of your own interest, or of what's to become of you, as Mrs. Despard says?"

"Her own interest!" cried Polly. "Oh, she'll take care of herself, never fear. She knows you won't turn her to the door, Harry. You're too soft, and they knows it. They'll be upon you and eat up everything you have, till you have the courage to tell them as you won't put up with it. Yes, it's your interest I'm thinking of. You haven't got nobody but me to look to you. Both Law and miss, they're for themselves, thinking of nothing but what they can get out of you. Oh, you needn't turn upon me, Miss Lottie. As long as there was a chance of a good 'usband I never said a word; but when you goes and throws your chance away out of wilful pride, then I'm bound to speak. Your poor pa has not a penny, and all that he has he wants for himself, and I want my house to myself, Harry; you always promised I was to have my house to myself. I don't want none of your grown-up daughters, as think themselves a deal better than me. I think I will go out of my mind with Miss Lottie's lessons, and Mr. Law's lessons, and all the rest. I never would have married you—you know I shouldn't—if I hadn't thought as I was to have my house to myself."

"My love," said the captain deprecatingly, "you know it is not my fault. You know that if I could I would give you everything. If I had not had good reason to think——"

"Good reason to think!" cried Polly. "I'd take care as I had good reason, if I was in your place. I'd show them as my way was the way to be took. I'd teach them as they shouldn't get all their vagaries off me, and do as they like. I'd let 'em see as they'd have to work for themselves, or do something for themselves—get a 'usband, or an office, or something. You've got no right—you that has a wife of your own to look to—to let a first family eat you out of house and home."

"Papa," said Lottie, "who had been standing by trembling, but less with fear than passionate disgust and anger, "do you agree in what she says?"

"Of course he agrees," says Polly. "He hasn't got any choice; he's obliged to say the same as me. He promised me when I married him as you shouldn't be left long in my way. He told me as you was going to be married. One girl don't like another girl for everlasting in her road; and you never took no trouble to make yourself agreeable, not even about the music. Harry, do you hear me? Speak up, and say the truth for once. Tell her if she goes on going against me

and you, and all we do for her, like this, that you won't have her here."

"My child," said the captain, who, to do him justice, was by no means happy in his task, "you see me in a difficult position, a most difficult position. What can I say? Mrs. Despard is right. When I married it was my opinion that you would soon make also a happy and brilliant marriage. How far that influenced me I need not say. I thought you would be established yourself, and able to help your brother and — and even myself. I'm disappointed, I cannot deny it; and if you have now, instead of fulfilling my expectations, done your best, your very best, to balk —"

The captain hesitated and faltered, and tried to swagger, but in vain. He had the traditions of a gentleman lingering about him, and Lottie was his child when all was said. He could not look at her, or meet her eyes; and Lottie, for her part, who could see nothing but from her own side of the question, who did not at all realize his, nor recognize any extenuating circumstances in the plea that he thought her about to marry, or any justice in his wife's desire to have her house to herself, so blazed upon him with lofty indignation as to have altogether consumed her father had he been weak enough to look at her. She did not even look at Polly, who stood by, eager to rush into the fray.

"In that case," she said, with a passionate solemnity, "you shall be satisfied, papa. A few days and you shall be satisfied. I will not ask any shelter from you after — a few days."

Though it was happiness Lottie looked forward to, and there could no longer in this house be anything but pain and trouble for her, these words seemed to choke her. To leave her father's house thus; to make such a change in her life thus; all Lottie's sense of what was fit and seemly was wounded beyond description. She turned away, listening to none of the questions which were showered upon her. "What did she mean? Where was she going? When did she intend to go? What was she thinking of?" To all these Lottie made no reply; she did not even wait to hear them, but swept away with something of the conscious stateliness of the injured which it is so hard for youth to deny itself. Heaven knows her heart was full enough. Yet there was in Lottie's deportment, as she swept out of the room, perhaps a touch of the injured heroine, a suggestion of a tragedy queen.

She went into her own room, where she found comfort very speedily in such prep-

arations for her departure as she could make. She took out her white muslin dress, the simple garment which was so associated with thoughts of Rollo, and spent an hour of painful yet pleasant curiosity on it, wondering how it could be made to serve for Saturday. Such a marriage made the toilette of a bride impossible; but Lottie could not bear the thought of standing by her lover's side, and pledging him her faith in her poor little brown frock which she had worn all the winter past. She thought that, carefully pinned up under her cloak, she might wear this only white gown to be a little like a bride. It had been washed, but it had not suffered much. The folds might be a little stiffer and less flowing than before they had undergone the indignity of starch; but still they were fresh and white, and Lottie did not think it would be noticed that the dress was not new. Perhaps it was more appropriate that in her poverty and desolation she should go to him in the gown she had worn, not in one made new and lovely, as if there were people who cared. "Nobody cared," she said to herself, but without the usual depression which these words carry. She frilled up the bodice of her little dress, which had been made open at the throat for evening use, and made it fit close. She put her pearl locket upon a bit of white ribbon. Doing this consoled her for the pangs she had borne. All the money she had of her own was one sovereign, which she had kept from the time of her mother's death as a last supreme resource in case of emergency. Surely she might use it now. Taking this precious coin from the little old purse in which it was put away, in the deepest corner of an old Indian box, purse and box and coin all coming from her mother, Lottie went out to make certain purchases. She was forlorn, but her heart was light. She went down to the great shop not far from the Abbey gates, of which St. Michael's was proud, and bought some tulle and white ribbons. Poor child! her heart yearned for a little sprig of orange-blossoms, but she did not venture to ask for anything that would betray her. It seemed to Lottie that she met everybody as she went home with her little parcel in her hand. She met Mr. Ashford, who was greatly surprised that she did not stop to speak to him about Law, and who was, indeed, to tell the truth, somewhat disappointed and chagrined that his liberality to his pupil had as yet met with no response except from that pupil himself.

The minor canon looked at her wistfully; but Lottie, being full of her own thoughts, did nothing but smile in reply to his bow. Then she met Captain Temple, who, less shy, came to her side eagerly, complaining and upbraiding her that she had deserted him.

"I never see you," said the old man, "and my wife says the same, who takes so much interest in you. We hope, my dear," he said, with a little irony, half vexed with her, "that all is going better — going well now?"

"Indeed it is not, Captain Temple," Lottie said, tears coming suddenly to her eyes. She could not but wonder what he would think of her if he knew, if he would disapprove of her, and this sudden thought brought a look of anxiety and sudden emotion into her eyes.

"My poor child!" cried the old chevalier. The ready moisture sprang to his eyes also. "Lottie," he said, "my wife takes a great interest in you; she would be very fond of you if she knew you better. Come to us, my dear, and we will take care of you." He said it with the fervor of doubt, for he was not sure, after all, how far he could calculate on his wife, and this gave a tremulous heat to his proposition.

But Lottie shook her head and smiled, though the tears were in her eyes. Oh, if she only dared to tell him what was the deliverance which was so near! He went with her to her door, repeating to her this offer of service.

"You might be like our own child," he said. "My wife cannot talk of it — but she would be very fond of you, my dear, when she knew you. If things go on badly, you will come to us — say you will come to us, Lottie."

And while these words were in her ears, old Mrs. Dalrymple came out to her door, to ask if Lottie would not come in, if she would come to tea — if she would stay with them for a day or two.

"It is only next door, to be sure; but it would be a change," the old lady said.

The ladies in the lodges had forgiven her for her foolish pride, and for the notice the great people had taken of her, and for all the signs of discontent that Lottie had shown on her first coming to the Abbey. Now that the girl was in trouble they were all good to her, compassionate of her forlorn condition, and making common cause with her against the infliction of the step-mother, who was an insult to every one of them. There was not one chevalier's wife who was not personally insulted, outraged in her most tender feelings, by the intru-

sion of Polly, and this quickened their sympathies to the poor girl, who was the most cruelly injured of all.

When Mrs. O'Shaughnessy saw the little group at her neighbor's door, she too came out. "It's her own fault, me dear lady, if she ever eats a meal there," said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy; "me and the major, we are both as fond of her as if she was our own."

Lottie stood amongst them and cried softly, taking care that her tears did not drop upon the little parcel with the letter which was connected with dearer hopes.

"I don't deserve that you should all be so good to me," she said. And indeed it was true, for Lottie had been very haughty in her time to the kind people who forgave her in her trouble.

Thus it was that she shared the dinner of the good O'Shaughnessys, and only went home in the afternoon, after Polly and the captain had been seen to go out, when Lottie shut herself up in her room, and with much excitement began the "composition" for which she had bought the materials. It is needless to say that with so little money as she had ever had, Lottie had learnt, *tant bien que mal*, to make most of her own articles of apparel. How she had sighed to have her dresses come home all complete from the dress-maker's like Augusta Huntington's! but as sighing did no good, Lottie had fitted herself with her gowns, and trimmed the little straw hats and the occasional bonnet which she permitted herself for going to church in, since ever she was able to use her needle and her scissors. She had never however done anything so ambitious as the little tulle bonnet which she meant to be married in. She would have liked a veil, could any one doubt? But with no better tiring-room than the waiting-room at the railway, how was she to put herself into a veil? She had to give up that idea with a sigh. But with her pale cheeks glowing with two roses, and her blue eyes lighted up with the fires of invention, she sat all the afternoon, with her door locked, making that bonnet. If she but had a little sprig of orange-blossom to make what it meant! but here Lottie's courage failed her. *That* she could not venture to buy.

In this way the days glided on till Friday came. Lottie made a complete arrangement of the things she cared for — the few books, the little trifling possessions of no value, which yet were dear to her, and put up her little bonnet (bonnets were worn very small, the fashion-books said) in a

tiny parcel which she could carry in her hand. All her preparations were made. When she was not in her room making these last arrangements, she was out of doors — in the Abbey or on the slopes — or with the friends who sought her so kindly, and gave her such meals as she would accept, and would have given her a great many more — overwhelmed her, indeed, with eating and drinking if she would have consented. To some of these Lottie allowed herself the privilege of saying that it was only for a few days she should remain in her father's house. She would not tell where she was going. To friends — yes, it was to friends. This gave great relief to the minds of the chevaliers generally, except to Captain Temple, who did not like it. The announcement even drew from him something like a reproach to his wife.

"If you had come forward — if you had gone to her when she was in trouble," he said, "we might have had a child again to comfort us." When he saw the shiver and tremble that came over her, the old captain could not forgive himself; but he was sadly put out, and did nothing but roam about all the day restless and lamenting. He went to the signor's to hear what Lottie thought would be her last lesson, and thus bemoaned himself.

"Going away!" the signor said in great surprise; and Lottie sang so well that day that the musician felt the desertion doubly. She sang fitfully, but finely, saying to herself all the time, "To-morrow — to-morrow!" and taking her leave, as she supposed, joyfully, regretfully, of art. That day Lottie thought nothing whatever about art. Her spirit was moved to its very depths. To-morrow the man whom she loved was coming to take her away from all that was petty, all that was unlovely in her life. From the hardness of fate, from the unkindness of her family, from the house that was desecrated, from the existence which was not made sweet by any love — he was coming to deliver her. The very air was all excitement, all agitation, to Lottie. It was not so much that she was glad — happiness was in it, and trouble, and regret, and agitation, made up by all these together. It was life in its strongest strain, tingling, throbbing, at the highest pressure. The earth was elastic under her feet, the whole world was full of this which was about to happen; and how she sang! Those lessons of hers were as a drama to the signor, but he did not understand this. He had understood the struggle she made to get hold of her powers on the day when

LIVING AGE. VOL. XXV. 1283

Rollo was not there, and Lottie had made a proud, forlorn attempt to devote herself to song as song; he had understood the confusion and bewildered discouragement of the day when Mrs. Daventry assisted at the lesson; but this time the signor was puzzled. There was nothing to excite, only Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and Captain Temple, listeners who cared nothing for art, but only for Lottie, and how she sang! He made her a little solemn compliment almost for the first time.

"Miss Despard," he said, "you change from lesson to lesson — it is always another voice I hear; but this is the one I should like to retain, this is the one that shows what wonderful progress we have made."

Lottie smiled in a way which nearly won the signor's sturdy heart. A golden dazzlement of light got into her eyes, as if the slanting afternoon sun was in them. She did not speak, but she gave him her hand, — a thing which was very rare with Lottie. The signor was flattered and touched; but he would not have been so flattered had he known that she was saying to herself, "It is the last — it is the last!"

Mr. Ashford met the party coming out, and walked with them along the north side of the Abbey and through the cloisters. He could not make out why Lottie said nothing to him about her brother. To tell the truth, he wanted to have something for his money, and it did not seem that he was likely to get anything. He said to her at last, abruptly, "I hope you think Law is likely to do well, Miss Despard?"

"Law?" she said, looking up with wondering eyes.

He was so confounded by her look of bewilderment that he did not say anything more.

Next day dawned bright and fair, as it ought. A fair, clear, sunny winter's day — not a leaf, even of those few that hung upon the ends of the boughs, stirring — not a cloud. Earth in such a day seems hanging suspended in the bright sphere, not certain yet whether she will turn back again to the careless summer, or go through her winter spell of storm duty. Lottie had all her preparations made. Her dress ready to put on in the morning; her little bonnet done up in a parcel incredibly small, a veil looped about it, and the great cloak, a homely waterproof, which was to cover her from head to foot, and conceal her finery, hung out all ready. Everything ready — nothing now to be done but to meet him on the slopes, and to hear everything he had done, and arrange how

to meet him in the morning. Even her railway fare, so many shillings, was put ready. She would not let him pay even that for her until she belonged to him. She went out, with the dreamy sweetness of the approaching climax in her eyes, when the last rays of the sunset were catching all the Abbey pinnacles. She scarcely saw the path over which her light feet skimmed. The people who passed her glided like the people in a dream; the absorbing sweet agitation of happiness and fear, and hope and content, was in all her veins; her eyes were suffused with light as eyes get suffused with tears — an indescribable elation and alarm, sweet panic, yet calm, was in her breast. Mr. Ashford met her going along, swift and light, and with that air of abstraction from everything around her. She did not see him, nor any one; but she remembered after that she had seen him, and the very turn of the road where he made a half pause to speak to her, which she had not taken any notice of; indeed, at the moment she did not see him, as has been said. In this soft rapture Lottie went to the corner of the seat under the elm-tree. It was too early, but she placed herself there to wait till he should come to her. This was the place where he was certain to come. By-and-by she would hear his step, skimming too, almost as light and quick as her own — or hear him vaulting over the low wall from the Deanery — or perhaps, to attract less notice, coming up the winding way from the slopes. Where she sat was within reach of all the three. It was a little chill now that the sun had gone down, but Lottie did not feel. She sat down with a smile of happy anticipation on her face, hearing the Abbey bells in the clear, frosty air, and then the bursting forth of the organ, and all the strains of the music. These filled up her thoughts like magic, and it was not till a sudden swell of the organ from the Abbey put Lottie in mind of the length of time she was waiting, that she woke up to think of the possibility that something might have detained her lover. It was strange that he should be so late. The light was waning, and the sounds about were eerie; the wind that had lain so still all day woke up, and wandered chilly among the bare shrubberies, tossing off the late leaves. She shivered a little with the cold and the waiting. Why did he not come? and the hour of stillness was passing fast, the organ pealing, the light fading moment by moment. Why was not Rollo here?

At last there was a step. It was not

light and quiet like his step, but something might have happened to make it sound differently — something in the air, or something in him, some gravity of movement befitting the importance of the occasion. So anxiety beguiles itself, trying to believe what it wishes. The step came nearer, and Lottie roused herself, a little alarmed, wondering if anything (she could not tell what) could have happened to him, and looked round. A figure — a man coming her way. Her heart jumped into her throat, then sunk down, down, with a flutter of fright and pain. It was not Rollo — but what then? It was only some chance passer-by, not having anything to do with her and him. Another moment, and she waited with an agonized hope that he was passing along without taking any notice, and that he had indeed nothing at all to do with her. But the steady step came on — nearer, nearer. She raised her head, she opened her eyes that had been veiled in such sweet dreams with a wideness of fear and horror. What could he have to do with her? What had he come to tell her? The man came up to her straight, without any hesitation. He said, "Are you Miss Despard, ma'am? I was sent to give you this from my lord."

My lord — who was my lord? She took it with a gasp of terror. It was not Rollo that was my lord. The man, a middle-aged, respectable servant, gave her a look of grave pity and went away. Lottie sat still for a moment with the letter in her hand, thinking with wild impatience that the sound of these heavy departing steps would prevent her from hearing Rollo's light ones when he came. My lord — who was my lord? Suddenly an idea seized upon her — struck her like an arrow. The light was almost gone. She tore the letter open, and read it by the faint chill shining of the skies, though it was almost too dark to see.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

AMERICA REDIVIVA.

THE return to specie payments, if safely effected on the 1st of January, will make an epoch in the history of the United States and a great moral tradition for the people. The accomplished fact will enkindle belief in all reform and progress, and will falsify the predictions of the prophets (and they were many) who foretold that the democracy would never submit to the great sacrifices necessary to raise the value of all

debts from thirty eight cents in 1864 to one hundred cents to-day. A recent instance will prove what a crucial test this has been. In June, 1864, an Englishman lent 10,000*l.*, or its then equivalent, \$120,000, on mortgage on an American farm worth \$400,000. The loan has just been repaid, and the \$120,000 produces 24,500*l.* Thus his profit has been 14,500*l.*, besides interest during the fourteen years at the rate of six per cent. per annum to start with, increasing to fourteen and a half per cent. per annum with the rise in value of the currency. What he, as a creditor, has gained in this way his unfortunate American debtor has lost. There can be no doubt of the hardship of such a case. Here truly is an "unearned increment of value" almost sufficient to justify the expression "bloated capitalist"! And this is the real meaning of resumption. It is of course true that depreciation is equally hard on all creditors, and if the two processes concerned the same individuals the results might be equalized and no great harm done. But as a matter of fact this never can be so, and I think it redounds to the credit of universal suffrage that each time hard or soft money has been fairly brought to a popular vote the people have been true to themselves, notwithstanding all that the most skilful and unscrupulous demagogues could urge to seduce them. The honesty evinced at the polls is the more striking when it is remembered that one person out of every four in the United States has both a foreign father and a foreign mother, and that *their* patriotism therefore cannot have very deep roots. Not to mention English and Scotchmen, there are almost as many Germans as Irishmen, and these are not always the best specimens of their nationalities, while a very great number of them went to the country as professed socialists. The welding of this immense foreign mass into the native metal is a very trying process, and must ever be borne in mind in criticising American proceedings. After resumption it will be difficult even for pessimists altogether to despair of the republic. We have known something of the difficulties of paper money in England, and, so lately as 1835, Mr. Mill found it necessary to adopt very severe language in denouncing the "currency juggle" here.

But the birth-throes of resumption were not the only cause of the bad times and suffering which have been experienced in America during the last five years; and it may be useful rapidly to run over the period between 1862 and 1873 before pro-

ceeding to notice the later events which have conduced to a very considerable revival of soundness and prosperity.

The root of the evil was the destruction of capital during the civil war, which may be measured, in some sense, by the withdrawal of a million and a half of soldiers from active production, and the annihilation of all industry and of a vast amount of property in the Border and Southern States. These influences were not felt in their full force at the time, in the North, owing first to the issue of four hundred million dollars inconvertible legal-tender paper money, and afterwards to the extraordinary amount of borrowing. The immediate effect of the large issues of paper was to make all debtors "feel good," as they say in America. The appended table will show what the one hundred dollar greenback was worth in gold on 30th June of each of the years following 1862:—

1861	100	1870	85.6
1862	96	1871	89.0
1863	76.6	1872	87.5
1864	38.7	1873	86.4
1865	70.4	1874	91.0
1866	66.0	1875	87.2
1867	71.7	1876	89.2
1868	70.1	1877	94.5
1869	73.5	1878	97.3

Any statement of figures, however, can give but a limited idea of the bad effect on all kinds of business and the widespread demoralization incident to the violent daily and hourly fluctuations in the value of the circulating medium. The way in which mercantile transactions were carried on in the second largest commercial city in the world, for several years after the suspension of specie payments, was certainly most curious, and in looking back on it it appears already like a dream. Up to 1867, if my memory serves me right, there was no gold clearing bank in New York; and up to the end of 1865 there was no bank that would take gold on deposit and let cheques be drawn against it. The consequence was that all the gold bought and sold for the first four years after suspension was delivered from office to office in bags containing 1000*l.* each. These used to go round and round from buyer to seller — shovelled in and out again, generally in a few minutes' time — just sufficient to test their weight in a very rough and ready way. It was a striking instance of the difficulty of a community suddenly accommodating themselves to new conditions. No city in the world had better banking

accommodation than New York: nowhere was the economy of labor by the use of cheques and clearing better understood or more fully acted on. But when business had to be done in two currencies instead of one, the requisite facilities could only apparently be developed by slow and gradual stages. First, the bags of gold going round, as in primitive races; then, after some years, cheques; lastly, after some more years, clearing; a beautiful example for students of evolution! Transactions on a large scale in gold did not begin till about the end of July, 1862, when the price rose rather suddenly to one hundred and twenty. This advance made it evident that all mercantile operations must of necessity be kept on a specie-basis, by immediate sales of gold against all produce shipped, and by purchases of gold against all sales of goods imported. A forced paper currency might be a local standard of value in America, but all her external trade operations had to be finally adjusted to the world's standard. This necessitated immense dealings in gold, and, speculation aiding it, the premium advanced by leaps and bounds. In June, 1864, the highest price of two hundred and eighty was touched; that is, it took two hundred and eighty paper dollars to buy one hundred gold dollars. On the day that sales were made at two hundred and eighty, in the morning, the price fell, in one drop, to two hundred and fifty-five, and at three o'clock the same afternoon it was offered at two hundred and twenty-five. From this it will be seen at a glance that any one who borrowed \$100,000 gold in the morning and sold it at two hundred and seventy-five, could have bought it back the same evening at two hundred and twenty-five, netting \$50,000 currency profit on the operation. This is a sample (no doubt an extreme one) of daily fluctuations which went on for months and years. Conducting business under these circumstances was like driving a high-pressure engine, and sitting on the boiler without a safety-valve.

When money was liable to be made or lost in such amounts, in every necessary transaction, the use of working became less and less obvious. How could any really legitimate mercantile operations be entered into under such conditions of uncertainty? A cargo of tea or coffee might be sold at a most satisfactory price in currency, but before the vendor could get from his place of business in South Street to Exchange Place, where he had to buy his gold, a rise or fall in the premium would upset all calculations. So too with exports

of produce, paid for by bills drawn on Europe. Everything depended on how the gold was sold. The uncertainty was even greater in Philadelphia, Baltimore, or St. Louis; since New York alone had a gold exchange, where all the business of the country concentrated. This being so, many merchants turned their attention to trying what could be made by buying and selling gold, pure and simple, without complicating the transactions with merchandise. This was fatal in its simplicity and in the habits it formed. For the step from gambling in gold to gambling in stocks, or anything else, is a very short one. There is, too, at all times a peculiarly speculative element in the ordinary American man of business. He fears the ups and downs of life less than the ordinary European. Excitement is more pleasing to him than any small certainty. He is fond of exercising the sharpness of his wits, and in the fluctuations of the currency opportunities were boundless. The result was that gambling became a predominating national vice, with the sure concomitants of excessive extravagance in living and in general expenditure. New York ran riot. Rents were doubled and trebled. The number of private carriages increased tenfold. So morbid was the craving for perpetual excitement, that a stock and gold exchange was in active operation "up town," at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, then the centre of what may be called the west end of the city. Nor was the fever confined to New York. It permeated every city of the Union. The only people who really seemed to feel poor were the wealthy. It looks like a paradox, but it is a fact. The man with 80,000*l.* out on safe mortgages, who before the war got his 5,000*l.* a year interest, and spent it, found his income gradually going down to 4,000*l.*, 3,000*l.*, 2,000*l.*; that was the decline if, for instance, he was living in Europe, and it had to be remitted; or, what amounted to the same thing, the currency price of commodities increased to that extent in America. On the other hand, to make quite sure of growing rich, it was only necessary to borrow currency and to buy gold, stocks, merchandise, houses, land, any property, in short. And the more any one borrowed the richer he got. It was well, therefore, to do it *en gros*. Finally it came to this, that nearly every one began to think, and to end by stating, that he was "worth a million dollars"! It was so easy to make, apparently. Thus it will be understood how, even during the existence of the civil war, the whole mass of the people in the

North who were debtors felt themselves better off.

The farmers got high currency prices for their products, and as they were mostly in debt to their mortgagees, they seemed to be coining money. The shopkeepers who bought goods on credit in currency found them constantly advancing in value on their hands. And the moment the war was ended, gigantic borrowing commenced. It is estimated that between 1865 and 1873 America got from Europe between 300,000,000*l.* and 400,000,000*l.* from sales of government, state, city, and railway bonds. This no doubt went a long way to fill up the vacuum of capital caused by the war. And in the five years ending with 1873, over twenty-eight thousand miles of new railroad were constructed at a cost of 280,000,000*l.*, so that the demand for labor was at high pressure, and a vast mass of laborers who had been engaged in the war were quietly absorbed back into productive employment. This put off the day of reckoning, because it is easy to pay high wages with borrowed money.

But the sudden pouring in of immense amounts of new capital is always a very dangerous process in any country, as we have since seen in the payment of the war indemnity to Germany. It is very apt to sap the morality of a people, and it will be understood that the morality of the American people had already been pretty well sapped. No nation could have been subjected to more demoralizing influences than those accompanying the advance in gold from par to 280 in three years, and the decline from 280 to 130 in the five following years. It was in September, 1869, that Messrs. Jay Gould and Fisk concocted the great gold "ring," which was the dying kick of the expiring gold excitement, when in three days the price was forced up from 137 to 167, and back again to 132.

This was one of the most successful and disgraceful "corners" ever effected in Wall Street. It came to a head on "Black Friday," the 24th September, when these stock-gamblers, having all the available gold in their own hands, locked it up, and made it impossible for those who had sold to make deliveries under their contracts except at the conspirators' own price. Many an honest man was ruined by that single day's work; and that so many of them should have paid out their last dollar rather than fail on their contracts shows how binding is that outside conscience, derived from a custom of trade, which will not admit that even such a conspiracy can be pleaded in bar of the fulfilment of ob-

ligations. The clearings for the three days were said to amount to one hundred millions sterling, and it took weeks to get the accounts straight. The "corner" was only broken in the afternoon by a telegram from Washington ordering the assistant treasurer to sell gold for immediate delivery. Even personages very high in the republic were said not to be free from complicity in the whole transaction. If the rose itself was pure, those who dwelt very near indeed to the rose were unquestionably tainted. Corruption was in the air. It grew with what it fed on. Between 1868 and 1873 there were "corners" in everything: in stocks, in grain, in cotton. There was the famous "day of the three corners" in 1872, when five-eighths per cent. was paid for the loan of money, five-eighths per cent. for the loan of gold, and two and one-half per cent. for the loan of Erie stock *for the one day*. Riches were supposed to be made by one man getting his profit out of another's loss. Tweed was robbing the city. Credit Mobilier scandal in connection with the Pacific railways had come to light. The ministers of two of the great departments of state were accused of sharing in the plunder of contracts, and a judge in New York was issuing blank injunctions to the most notorious stock-gamblers. The money market was in a state of constant spasms. Day after day, for weeks and months together, borrowers were paying one-eighth to one-quarter per cent. commission *per diem*, besides interest at the rate of seven per cent. per annum for loans. This could not last. The fruit had got to "that stage which succeeds ripeness," and fell. The failure of Jay Cooke and Co., on 19th September, 1873, followed by a string of houses who had been occupied in financing the new railroads, was the point of apparent origin of the panic, but, as I have endeavored briefly to point out, the whole catastrophe was in reality a slowly-prepared growth of the entire character of the business of the country. Following these finance-houses, railways, mercantile firms, and savings-banks became bankrupt in rapid succession, and to such an extent that credit may be said to have ceased to exist. During 1873 the price of gold ranged from 119 to 107. The currency price of commodities which had followed the upward movement in the gold premium, had not kept pace with its decline. By the end of the year hundreds of thousands of workmen had been thrown out of employment by the breaking of that small wheel of credit which keeps all the big

wheels of production and transportation turning. This of course affected the demand for every article of consumption, and the distributing merchants throughout the country felt the pinch, not only of this smaller actual demand, but also found that their stocks of goods laid in at the high currency prices were constantly shrinking in currency value owing to the appreciation of greenbacks. Shrinkage was universal. To add to the depression the harvests of cereals in 1870-1 and 1871-2 had been below an average, and the farmers felt the growing burden of their loans.

The figures representing the external trade of the country from 1863 to 1873 are instructive. The net imports of merchandise (that is, the total imports, less imported goods afterwards exported to foreign countries) amounted to 890,000,000 $\%$; the exports of domestic merchandise in same period were 665,000,000 $\%$; so that in these ten years the imports of merchandise exceeded the exports (exclusive of specie) by the enormous total of 225,000,000 $\%$. During the same period the exports of coin and bullion (all the gold in the country having been driven out of circulation by the paper issues) exceeded the imports by 135,000,000 $\%$, thus leaving a balance of 90,000,000 $\%$ imports in excess of exports of merchandise and specie combined. But, as we have seen during this very time, there was an ever-growing interest account to be remitted to Europe for the 300,000,000 $\%$ or 400,000,000 $\%$ raised on loans, so that American exports ought to have exceeded imports by at least 30,000,000 $\%$ annually. Instead of this there was 90,000,000 $\%$ the other way in ten years. This fact led Professor Cairnes, in 1873, to the conclusion that the condition of the external trade of the United States was essentially abnormal and temporary: "If that country," said he, "is to continue to discharge her liabilities to foreigners, the relations which at present exist between exports and imports must be inverted. Her exports must once again, as previous to 1860, be made to exceed her imports, and this by an amount greater than the excess of that former period in proportion as her financial obligations to foreign countries have in the interval increased. This it seems to me is a result which may be predicted with the utmost confidence. The end may be reached either by an extension of exportation or by a curtailment of importation, or by combining both those processes; but by one means or other reached it will need to be. It is simply the condition of her remaining a solvent nation."

The news of the commercial crisis in New York reached Professor Cairnes as he was writing these words, so soon to be completely and emphatically confirmed by the subsequent facts.

Up to the very eve of the crash in America this gigantic excess of imports was being triumphantly pointed to as showing the wonderful spending power of the country. It was not heeded that it was capital being expended as if it were income. The old fallacies in regard to the balance of trade are no doubt exploded; but we may be in danger of an equally misleading fallacy in believing that the fact of a country's imports exceeding its exports is to be taken as a sign of prosperity. No such general statement can in truth be made; and if made, it can only be accepted with the strictest limitations. The phenomena cannot be isolated in this way. The relation of the exports and imports must be considered in connection with the profitableness or otherwise of the general trade of the country. We have seen that in America the excess of imports was the prelude of the greatest adversity.

The years 1874 to 1877 will long be remembered as a period of unparalleled suffering amongst all the dwellers of the United States. The great trunk railroads went to war with one another owing to the excessive competition for a limited amount of business which they had all been spending vast sums of money to control. Rates were cut down to a point at which a great deal of the through business was done at an absolute loss. Transportation was reduced to an absurdity (to the transporters), when one hundred pounds of wheat was carried by the lakes and canals from Chicago to New York — fifteen hundred miles — for sixpence! Many of the railroads too had undertaken the business of collieries: one of them in its report some years ago mentioned the borrowing of 2,400,000 $\%$ to secure sufficient coal lands to give the road employment in transportation for centuries, and after that borrowed 12,000,000 $\%$ more in England to develop these lands, on the anticipation, no doubt, that America was going to construct 10,000 miles of new railroad every year to eternity. Instead of this, the construction of new railroad has scarcely been two thousand miles a year since 1873. The consequences to the coal and iron industries may be imagined. All the dependent industries of course became affected, and there were never so many unemployed laborers at any one time in the United States. They swarmed over the country — a menace to society.

The lowest point of general depression was about coincident with the lowest price of railroad stocks, namely in the first half of 1877, and some idea may be formed of the depreciation in this class of property between 1873 and April, 1877, when it is mentioned that such stocks as Central of New Jersey had fallen from 120 to 6; Illinois Central from 116 to 40; Chicago and North Western (ordinary) from 80 to 16; Michigan Central from 110 to 34. The cause was not far to seek. The number of inhabitants to a mile of railroad was 925 in 1867, and only 577 in 1876. It was a question of the survival of the fittest lines. The weak ones had to go into liquidation. The extent to which their construction had been carried in advance of their profitable employment may be judged from the fact that the 633,000,000*l.* invested in United States railway property before 1872 brought in just the same net earnings as the 913,000,000*l.* invested in 1877!

To save expenses the wages of the employés had been greatly reduced, and the bad times came to a climax with the widespread railroad strikes in Pennsylvania in August, 1877. And for a short time these strikes looked most threatening to the cause of law and order throughout the States. The destruction of life and property was very considerable, but the difficulty was more easily overcome than was at one time expected. For it is true, as has been so often observed and, it must never be forgotten in attempting to judge American issues, that the mass of real American people is pre-eminently law-abiding and law-enforcing.

With decreasing profits of industry in every branch of trade, and the immensely increased taxation,* there was really only one course possible to recover national prosperity. That course was national economy. And it was pursued. There is an old saying that "when America takes to wearing her old shoes she can lay the world under contribution." This is what has happened. There is probably no other nation that has the same capacity for suddenly restricting a profuse expenditure. New York, so lately riotous, became a pattern of quiet living. People talked poor and lived poor. It became a fashion. It was like the case we sometimes see of a

* Governor Tilden in his message to the New York State Legislature in January, 1876, mentioned that in 1870 the taxes — Federal, State, and local — of the whole country, amounted to 146,000,000*l.* against 31,000,000*l.* in 1860, or reducing the figures to a *per capita* comparison the taxes were 3*l.* 16*s.* per head in 1870, against 1*l.* per head in 1860. — MARTIN'S *Statesman's Year-Book*.

wildly extravagant bachelor suddenly settling down to the cares of married life with a thoughtful prudence astonishing to his most intimate friends.

The value of fancy goods, silk goods, jewellery, and precious stones, imported in 1877, was 5,000,000*l.* less than in 1873; the consumption of coffee in same period fell off two and one-half pounds, and of tea one pound per head of population. These are fair samples of what was going on throughout the country in diminished consumption of articles of luxury. But this forced economy told both ways for some time on the general condition of trade. It was a negative more than a positive advantage.

But there was also a positive and much more potent cause of prosperity actively at work, though not so visibly. The crops of cereals from 1872-3 onwards, proved abundant and ever-increasing (with the exception of the Indian-corn crop, 1874-5, and a partial failure of the wheat crop in some of the north-western states in 1876); and in 1877, concurrently with the largest production up to that time, the threatening position of political matters in the east of Europe, and the falling off of supplies of grain from Russia, gave the American farmers a great chance, of which they were not slow to avail themselves. Emigration from the Atlantic and Middle States to the West took a fresh start, which is well described in the following extract from the *New York Commercial and Financial Chronicle* of 18th May, 1878:—

Since the beginning of 1878 there is heard the ceaseless tread of a vast army of emigrants on their march for the far West. Railroad and United States Land Department officers are everywhere besieged by applicants for lands. The *St. Paul Press* gives the following summary of the government and railroad land sales in that state for the three months ending April 1st:—

Northern Pacific	119,300
St. Paul and Pacific (main line)	44,356
St. Paul and Pacific (branch line)	76,000
St Paul and Sioux City	56,000
	<hr/>
	295,656
The Western Minnesota land offices	497,215
The Fargo land office (estimated)	475,000
	<hr/>
Total	1,267,871

The above, it says, does not include the sales of large tracts to colonies, etc.; for the last seven months, the total number of acres disposed of in Minnesota and northern Dakota has been about 2,550,000 acres. We may obtain an indication of the movement in prog-

Generated on 2020-06-22 11:26 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924079579318
Public Domain / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

ress elsewhere from the railroad reports published monthly, the following being some of the latest, showing the land sales for the four months ending May 1st this year and last year:—

	1878.	1877.
Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe . . .	\$416,853	\$79,436
Union Pacific . . .	547,781	36,141
Missouri, Kansas, and Texas . . .	87,032	
Burlington and Missouri River in Nebraska . . .	971,217	55,417
Total for these roads	\$2,022,884	\$170,994

These facts as to the increase in the demand for and the rise in the value of farming lands throughout the West in connection with the present active inquiry for and purchase of railroad and public lands, are evidences of the fresh start which has been made in that section, and the promise of an increased production which must be the result of this large extension of the area cultivated and new labor employed. After such a period of prostration as we have passed through, this is the natural process of recovery: large crops permitting and inviting increased acreage and putting idle hands to work.

But this new life, which is thus being developed from our own soil and drawn from foreign markets, is giving other evidences of its presence. Much has been written within the past two years of the extreme hopefulness of the situation, owing to these very causes. The sentiment, however, has been repeated so often without any improvement in business following, that we have, as a people, finally lost all faith in these promises of recovery. Still the truth is unchanged and has been quietly and slowly working, and is now beginning to prove itself by outward signs. In addition to what we have said above we have further evidence in the business of our railroads. We published the earnings for four months last week of twenty-five roads, showing a net increase of \$2,404,823. This, we think, may be taken as a fair indication of the general condition of railroad property at the present moment, resulting from increase of freight in part, but also to a considerable extent of the passenger business. Thus, then, we have for those months a ten-per-cent. addition to the gross earnings of railroads. And what does that promise? It promises dividends to stockholders and interests on bonds which have heretofore furnished no income to their possessors; and that, again, means an increase of purchasing power among the people; and that finally ends in an enlarged demand for commodities and for manufactured goods of every description. We do not say, and certainly do not expect, that this is all to be experienced in a day, or that every industry is to be at once revived, because railroads are earning more. We take the railroad system

and other matters referred to simply as a reflex of the improved condition of the farming sections; we refer to the large earnings, exports and crops, the increased inquiry for land, and the additional acreage which is going under cultivation, with the new demand for labor thus made necessary in every department of the trades affected, as the sure signs of improvement already apparent, and an earnest which every one must recognize of further and more rapid progress in the future.

And here we may take notice of the fact that although the making of all these new railroads had been, generally speaking, a most unpleasant experience to the capitalists, both native and foreign, it brought an immense area of country within the reach of markets, so that there was the very great compensation of one set of people in the country gaining what another set in *and out of* the country lost. It was not like the case of England lending hundreds of millions sterling to defaulting foreign governments, where the loss was absolute, like so many sovereigns cast into the sea, never to be recovered again. America had this advantage in being a debtor country, that other nations contributed to her losses, whilst she alone reaped all the benefits of the resulting low prices. The railroads exist, and must be a gain to the country for all time. The very low rates of transportation, which looked so disastrous from the stockholders' point of view, permitted vast masses of breadstuffs and provisions to be made available for consumption, that otherwise would have been wasted. Mr. Poor, the American railroad statistician, estimates the saving in movement of two hundred million tons of freight, by the improved facilities made in the railroad system, during the last twenty years, at 200,000,000*l. per annum*; and the director of the Bureau of Statistics has lately stated that the total traffic on four railroads—the New York Central, the Lake Shore, the Pennsylvania, and the Fort Wayne—is, in his belief, considerably greater in value than the entire foreign commerce of the United States, imports and exports combined.

Here, then, were the elements of the most certain prosperity. The largest production ever known, the lowest carrying rates ever known, and, owing to circumstances in the east of Europe, exceptionally good prices for grain and provisions. This year's production has again been greater than anything known before, and a very few figures will illustrate the marvellous growth in three of the great staples.

Production.	1860.	Average of Five Years.	
		1870-75.	1878.
Wheat . Qrs.	22,000,000	33,000,000	50,000,000
Indian Corn	104,000,000	120,000,000	162,000,000
Cotton Bales	4,800,000	3,300,000	5,200,000

And, as a consequence of this increase in the production of Indian corn, the number of hogs packed in the West now exceeds an annual average of five million taking the past five years, compared with twenty-two hundred thousand, the annual average for the five years 1857-61.

The temptation to the prophetic soul to project imagination into the future, and conjure up a vision of ten years hence, is almost irresistible. The proportion sum looks so easy. If forty-five million men produce fifty million quarters wheat, one hundred and sixty million quarters corn, five and a quarter million bales of cotton, in 1878, what will fifty-five million of the same men produce in 1888?

The export of meat is still in its infancy. The state of Texas alone is capable of producing sufficient for all the consumption of Great Britain, and hundreds of emigrants are pouring in to that great state every day. The difficulties of carriage are almost certain to be surmounted by science. I have mentioned the production of only three great staples of export; but the money value of the hay crop in the United States is really greater than that of the cotton crop. There are almost as many quarters of oats produced as of wheat; there is rye, and petroleum, and fruits in an abundance we can scarcely realize. Surely it is a land teeming with corn, and wine, and oil, and cotton; with every kind of animal, vegetable, and mineral wealth, and anything may be predicted of it. "Among all forms of mistake," says George Eliot, "prophecy is the most gratuitous." "Man must always carry a threatening shadow under the full sunshine." And there are, and are always likely to be, plenty of shadows hanging over the human element in America. The wide-spread political corruption,* though probably not so deep-seated as in Russia to-day, or more noxious than in England one hundred and fifty years ago, is a malignant disease that may easily have a fatal termination unless it is arrested in time. Its causes are multitudinous enough and subtle enough, I imagine, to elude the observation of those quick-witted, but perhaps not always deep-witted, critics who wish to found thereon a

* See an interesting article by Hon. John Jay on "Civil Service Reform." October-November number of *North American Review*.

destructive charge against the republican form of government. The charge, as we see, may be equally well levelled against an autocracy or against a monarchy with such very limited popular representation as existed in Walpole's time. And evidences are not wanting of great improvement in the United States compared with the state of things existing five or six years ago. But the reform must be determined, and a new departure must be taken, before the greatest things can be predicted of the future. In recording achievements we are on safer ground. "Things won are done." The prosaic fact remains that the exports from America for the year ending 30th June last, amounted to 145,000,000*l.*, or more than double the amount of any year before the war, while the *increase* in exports of grain alone amounted to 22,000,000*l.*, and of provisions to 19,000,000*l.*, compared with 1868.

Our exports from Great Britain have increased at times with marvellous rapidity, but I do not think that we ever accomplished the feat of doubling them in so short a period as sixteen years. In America's case it has no doubt partly been a consequence of excessive borrowing; but looking to the fact that four of those years were occupied with an internecine civil war, and the liberation of four or five million slaves, on whose labor the production of cotton — the most valuable article of export — mainly depended, it is an astonishing result. If Professor Cairnes had lived, he would have seen during the last three years the exports from America exceeding the imports by 100,000,000*l.* The effect on the exchanges has been to enable the country to keep all its own production of gold, and the government ought on this 1st January to have an ample coin reserve for the resumption of specie payments. Another effect has been that a large mass of securities has been taken back, so that President Hayes was recently able to say, "A few years ago the government bonds were largely held in foreign countries. It is estimated that in 1871 from one hundred and sixty to two hundred million pounds were held abroad, and there was then paid from ten to twelve million pounds annually to Europe for interest alone. Now it is estimated that five-sixths of them are held in the United States, and only one-sixth abroad. Instead of paying to foreigners 10,000,000*l.* we now pay them only about 2,400,000*l.*, or 3,000,000*l.* a year, and the interest on our debt is mainly paid to our own citizens." The principal of the debt has been

reduced by 160,000,000%, and the annual interest by about 10,000,000% a year, owing to the reduction of capital and refunding at reduced rates of interest.

It is probable that the accumulation of capital will now proceed at an unprecedented rate in America. The savings-banks' returns are very remarkable. In the New England States alone, out of a population of 3,500,000 persons, there were, in 1876, 1,223,000 deposit accounts open, with 64,000,000% deposited. It is true that these institutions are used by others than the poorer classes. A capitalist, by putting \$1,000 in each of half-a-dozen names, may have \$6,000 in one bank for the sake of the five or six per cent. interest paid. But making allowance for this, the statement is still marvellous, for the great mass of the savings really belongs to the workers, not to the capitalists as a class.

Three things are necessary to material progress and prosperity in such a country as America—and we may frankly include a country nearer home—capital, labor, and thrift. The experience of the past five years has taught men there to labor more and spend less on luxuries. The gambling element has been very much weeded out of business. The characteristic attributes of the real American masses are thrift and "invention ever new." I use "thrift" in the sense that they are not wastrels. They live more comfortably and generously than any other people in the world, but they spend nothing like the amount in drink that the English people spend. Their general extravagance under the influence of the war fever and irredeemable paper, was, I am inclined to think and hope, a parasitic growth that has been lopped off. It is a country where no man is, from the necessity of his position, hopelessly cut off from his chance of the best. It is emphatically a land of "equality of conditions." Behind all is the wide West, with any quantity of excellent unimproved land still to be bought at three and a half dollars (15s.) per acre. This suits all pockets. The man with capital can do well by breaking the lands up and renting them; the laborer, with any energy and work in him, can soon lease a farm of one hundred and sixty acres for himself, and finally own it.

In these Western States there seems an issue for the agricultural labor difficulties of other countries. A bright future can scarcely be hoped for farmers or laborers, either on the continent of Europe, so long as the great standing armies are main-

tained, or in England whilst our very limited quantity of land is kept at an altogether artificial price by the action of laws which induce the plutocracy to invest in it, regardless of return of interest, for the sake of social importance and enjoyment of sport, and where none of the workers on the soil—farmers or laborers—can look forward to its ownership. The extraordinary productiveness and facilities for communication with markets give the agriculturists far better chances in America than anywhere else. Throughout all the recent hard times, no man able and willing to work on a farm has ever been badly off. There has always been a demand for such laborers in excess of the supply, and at no diminution of wages—looking at wages in the only true sense of their purchasing power.

Of course they will have their difficulties in the United States in the future as they have had them in the past. We shall no doubt very soon be hearing the cry from the West of over-production of food—a bearable evil; for transportation charges are now higher than they were (1s. per one hundred pounds for grain from Chicago!), and the hard times here will abate the demand, and cause a decline in prices; and Great Britain takes nearly two-thirds of the total American exports, so that she is a large factor in all calculations of future prosperity. With dissatisfaction in the West and South there will be a much louder demand for free trade, and if I were to depart from the golden rule of not prophesying, it would be to hazard a guess that the next great agitation will be for free trade; and the next great difficulty will be the silver question.

And America's action on these two questions will have a bearing, difficult to exaggerate in the potency of its effect on our future here in England. Under the existing protective tariff the import of railroad bars, for instance, amounted to only 100% this year, against 4,000,000% in 1873: this may be accounted for, however, to some extent by the growing use of steel. In 1872 the production in the United States of Bessemer steel rails was ninety-four thousand tons. In 1877 it had increased to four hundred and thirty-two thousand tons. The import of cotton manufactures was 3,000,000% against 6,000,000% in the same period. On the other hand, the exports from America of iron, steel, and the manufactures of these metals, was 1,100,000% greater this year than in 1868: the exports of cotton manufactures have more than doubled during the past five

years, and the United States now consume 22·6 per cent. of the world's total production of cotton, instead of 19·1 per cent. before the war. But considering all the outcry that has recently been made about the export of American manufactures, I confess I am surprised to find that this year they only amount after all to five per cent. of the total exports of merchandise — 7,000,000/ out of 145,000,000/. Without entering the tempting field of controversy between free trade and protection, it may be surmised that the protectionists in America will shortly be drawing a striking parallel between their own regained prosperity (if it lasts!) and the existing state of things in Great Britain under free trade, than which nothing could well be more deplorable. But these selected parallels are not very useful. Inconvenient facts so often come immediately to refute all the conclusions arrived at. There can be little doubt that if the consumers choose to pay more for inferior goods of native manufacture, America is capable of producing almost all that her inhabitants require. And this is especially true of iron and cotton goods. How long will the West and South consent to this? In the existing conditions of the world a bad state of trade in one great country immediately affects all other countries, and if things go from bad to worse here, the continuity of improvement in America may be very rudely interrupted. It is very certain that if we are kept out of markets for our manufactures, we cannot spend the same amount of money on raw products. For the last five years we have had not only the old protective, or prohibitive, duties against us, but also that economy in consumption which we have seen to follow the pricking of the financial balloon. It may, I think, be safely predicted that America will not go on forever wearing her old shoes. There is still almost infinite capacity for railroad extension; and new roads, built with decent honesty, at the present excessively low prices of iron, steel, and materials generally, are almost certain to pay very handsomely in time. Capital is yet timid — naturally, poor thing, after recent experiences! — but the go-ahead nature is certain to prevail in the end. And just as America's bad time started the ball for the rest of the world, so, now that she has been through the unpleasant process of liquidation, it is likely that her good time will again start the ball in the opposite direction. We have probably a good deal of liquidation to get through in England before we are purged

of our troubles; but if the American tariff be speedily altered, we may, perhaps, be found with our loins girt, and in a better frame of mind for solid work and real business than we have been in for years. We, too, have had our period of demoralization. After the Foreign Loans Committee and the City of Glasgow Bank, we shall never more be able to throw stones at our commercial neighbors, but we may do something much more useful. We may make our work more perfect. There is an ancient proverb (Russian, I believe) — “If every man would only keep his own doorstep swept, how clean the town would be!” Instead of those on the “upper plane” always falling foul of the workmen's shortcomings, let them — the business men among them especially — consider a little what example they set. Let them consider that almost all the worst kinds of shame have their roots in extravagance, whether of employer or of workman — of man or of woman. There is something too much of this in the latest developments of our commercial life. But this may be a passing phase. We may reform it altogether. One thing is certain, namely, that all gain of *real* wealth in America *must* be of advantage to England, and it will surely be the first sign of impending decadence if the business men of this country, instead of putting their shoulders to the wheel to carry their chariot over all obstructions, content themselves with cherishing a vindictive feeling to rivals —

Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused themselves to rise.

But I have left myself no space for the silver question. Indeed I should not have made so bold as to refer to it, but that one point may be worth keeping in mind in regard to America. If it be admitted that the demonetization of silver in Europe has essentially been an immense measure of contraction of the former circulating medium, with the consequent great inconvenience of a general fall in prices, as measured in gold (the result of which may, perhaps, go a long way to account for the existing wretched state of trade throughout the world), it is open to question whether, after all, Europe may not have eventually to seek an understanding with America to endeavor to fix a relation between the value of gold and silver coins all the world over. This might help to lift us out of a great difficulty in India.

Therefore let us not judge too hastily in this matter. The last word has not been said yet about silver, the Paris Conference notwithstanding.

Nov. 1878.

JOHN W. CROSS.

SIR GIBBIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

AUTHOR OF "MALCOLM," "THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE,"
ETC.

CHAPTER X.

NEEDFUL ODDS AND ENDS.

IT will be plain from what I have told, that Donal's imagination was full of Ginevra, and his was not an economy whose imagination could enjoy itself without calling the heart to share. At the same time, his being in love, if already I may use concerning him that most general and most indefinite of phrases, so far from obstructing his study, was in reality an aid to his thinking and a spur to excellence — not excellence over others, but over himself. There were moments, doubtless, long moments too, in which he forgot Homer and Cicero and differential calculus and chemistry, for "the bonnie lady-lassie," — that was what he called her to himself; but it was only, on emerging from the reverie, to attack his work with fresh vigor. She was so young, so plainly girlish, that as yet there was no room for dread or jealousy; the feeling in his heart was a kind of gentle angel-worship; and he would have turned from the idea of marrying her, if indeed it had ever presented itself, as an irreverent thought, which he dared not for a moment be guilty of entertaining. It was, besides, an idea too absurd to be indulged in by one who, in his wildest imaginations, always, through every Protean embodiment, sought and loved and clung to the real. His chief thought was simply to find favor in the eyes of the girl. His ideas hovered about her image, but it was continually to burn themselves in incense to her sweet ladyhood. As often as a song came fluttering its wings at his casement, the next thought was Ginevra — and there would be something to give her! I wonder how many loves of the poets have received their offerings in correspondent fervor. I doubt if Ginevra, though she read them with marvel, was capable of appreciating the worth of Donal's. She was hardly yet woman enough to do them justice; for the heart of a girl, in its very sweetness and vagueness, is ready to ad-

mire alike the good and the indifferent, if their outer qualities be similar. It would cause collapse in many a swelling of poet's heart if, while he heard lovely lips commending his verses, a voice were to whisper in his ear what certain other verses the lady commended also.

On Saturday evenings, after Gibbie left him, Donal kept his own private holiday, which consisted in making verses, or rather in setting himself in the position for doing so, when sometimes verses would be the result, sometimes not. When the moon was shining in at the windows of the large room adjoining, he would put out his lamp, open his door, and look from the little chamber, glowing with firelight, into the strange, eerie, silent waste, crowded with the chaos of dis-created homes. There scores on scores of things, many of them *unco*, that is *uncouth*, the first meaning of which is *unknown*, to his eyes, stood huddled together in the dim light. The light looked weary and faint, as if with having forced its way through the dust of years on the windows; and Donal felt as if gazing from a clear conscious present out into a faded dream. Sometimes he would leave his nest, and walk up and down among spider-legged tables, tall cabinets, secret-looking bureaus, worked chairs — yielding himself to his fancies. He was one who needed no opium or such-like demon-help, to set him dreaming; he could dream at his will — only his dreams were brief and of rapid change — probably not more so, after the clock, than those other, artificial ones, in which, to speculate on the testimony, the feeling of their length appears to be produced by an infinite and continuous sub-division of the subjective time. Now he was a ghost, come back to fit, hovering and gliding, about sad old scenes, that had gathered a new and a worse sadness from the drying up of the sorrow which was the heart of them — his doom, to live thus over again the life he had made so little of in the body; his punishment, to haunt the world and pace its streets, unable to influence by the turn of a hair the goings on of its life, — so to learn what a useless being he had been, and repent of his self-embraced insignificance. Now he was a prisoner, pining and longing for life and air and human companionship; that was the sun outside, whose rays shone thus feebly into his dungeon by repeated reflections. Now he was a prince in disguise, meditating how to appear again and defeat the machinations of his foes, especially of the enchanter who made him seem to the eyes of his subjects that which he was not.

But ever his thoughts would turn again to Ginevra, and ever the poems he devised were devised as in her presence, and for her hearing. Sometimes a dread would seize him—as if the strange things were all looking at him, and something was about to happen; then he would stride hastily back to his own room, close the door hurriedly, and sit down by the fire. Once or twice he was startled by the soft entrance of his landlady's granddaughter, come to search for something in one of the cabinets they had made a repository for small odds and ends of things. Once he told Gibbie that something *had* looked at him, but he could not tell what or whence or how, and laughed at himself, but persisted in his statement.

He had not yet begun to read his New Testament in the way Gibbie did, but he thought in the direction of light and freedom, and looked towards some goal dimly seen in vague grandeur of betterness. His condition was rather that of eyeless hunger after growth, than of any conscious aspiration towards less undefined good. He had a large and increasing delight in all forms of the generous, and shrunk instinctively from the base, but had not yet concentrated his efforts towards becoming that which he acknowledged the best, so that he was hardly yet on the straight path to the goal of such oneness with good as alone is a man's peace. I mention these things not with the intent of here developing the character of Donal, but with the desire that my readers should know him such as he then was.

Gibbie and he seldom talked about Ginevra. She was generally *understood* between them—only referred to upon needful occasion: they had no right to talk about her, any more than to intrude on her presence unseasonably.

Donal went to Mr. Sclater's church because Mr. Sclater required it, in virtue of the position he assumed as his benefactor. Mr. Sclater in the pulpit was a trial to Donal, but it consoled him to be near Gibbie, also that he had found a seat in the opposite gallery, whence he could see Ginevra when her place happened to be not far from the door of one of the school-pews. He did not get much benefit from Mr. Sclater's sermons: I confess he did not attend very closely to his preaching—often directed against doctrinal errors of which, except from himself, not one of his congregation had ever heard, or was likely ever to hear. But I cannot say he would have been better employed in listening, for there was generally something going on in

his mind that had to go on, and make way for more. I have said *generally*, for I must except the times when his thoughts turned upon the preacher himself, and took forms such as the following. But it might be a lesson to some preachers to know that a decent lad like Donal may be making some such verses about one of them while he is preaching. I have known not a few humble men in the pulpit of whom rather than write such a thing Donal would have lost the writing hand.

'Twas a sair sair day 'twas my hap till
Come under yer soon', Mr. Sclater;
But things maun be putten a stap till,
An' sae maun ye, seener or later!

For to hear ye rowtin' an' scornin',
Is no to hark to the river;
An' to sit here till brak trowth's mornin',
Wad be to be lost forever.

I confess I have taken a liberty, and changed one word for another in the last line. He did not show these verses to Gibbie; or indeed ever find much fault with the preacher in his hearing; for he knew that while he was himself more open-minded to the nonsense of the professional gentleman, Gibbie was more open-hearted towards the merits of the man, with whom he was far too closely associated on week-days not to feel affection for him; while, on the other hand, Gibbie made neither head nor tail of his sermons, not having been instructed in the theological mess that goes with so many for a theriac of the very essentials of religion; and therefore, for anything he knew, they might be very wise and good. At first he took refuge from the sermon in his New Testament; but when, for the third time, the beautiful hand of the ministerial spouse appeared between him and the book, and gently withdrew it, he saw that his reading was an offence in her eyes, and contented himself thereafter with thinking: listening to the absolutely unintelligible he found impossible. What a delight it would have been to the boy to hear Christ preached such as he showed himself, such as in no small measure he had learned him—instead of such as Mr. Sclater saw him reflected from the tenth or twentieth distorting mirror! They who speak against the Son of Man oppose mere distortions and mistakes of him, having never beheld, neither being now capable of beholding him; but those who have transmitted to them these false impressions, those namely, who preach him without being themselves devoted to him, and those who preach him having derived their notions of him from

other sources than himself, have to bear the blame that they have such excuses for not seeking to know him. He submits to be mis-preached, as he submitted to be lied against while visibly walking the world, but his truth will appear at length to all: until then, until he is known as he is, our salvation tarrieth.

Mrs. Sclater showed herself, after her kind, sincere, to Donal as well as to Gibbie. She had by no means ceased to grow, and already was slowly bettering under the influences of the New Testament in Gibbie, notwithstanding she had removed the letter of it from her public table. She told Gibbie that he must talk to Donal about his dress and his speech. That he was a lad of no common gifts was plain, she said, but were he ever so "talented" he could do little in the world, certainly would never raise himself, so long as he dressed and spoke ridiculously. The wisest and best of men would be utterly disregarded, she said, if he did not look and speak like other people. Gibbie thought with himself this could hardly hold, for there was John the Baptist; he answered her, however, that Donal could speak very good English if he chose, but that the affected tone and would-be-fine pronunciation of Fergus Duff had given him the notion that to speak anything but his mother-tongue would be unmanly and false. As to his dress, Donal was poor, Gibbie said, and could not give up wearing any clothes so long as there was any wear in them. "If you had seen me once!" he added, with a merry laugh to finish for his fingers.

Mrs. Sclater spoke to her husband, who said to Gibbie that, if he chose to provide Donal with suitable garments, he would advance him the money:—that was the way he took credit for every little sum he handed his ward, but in his accounts was correct to a farthing.

Gibbie would thereupon have dragged Donal at once to the tailor; but Donal was obstinate.

"Na, na," he said; "the claes is guid eneuch for him 'at weirs them. Ye dee eneuch for me, Sir Gilbert, a'ready; an' though I wad be obleeged to you as I wad to my mither hersel, to clead me gien I warna dacent, I winna tak your siller nor naeboddy ither's to gang fine. Na, na; I'll weir the claes oot, an' we s' dee better wi' the neist. An' for that bonnie wuman, Mistress Sclater, ye can tell her, 'at by the time I hae onything to say to the warl', it winna be my claes 'at'll haud fowk ohn hearkent; an' gien she considers them 'at

I hae noo, ower sair a disgrace till her gran' rooms, she maun jist no inveet me, an' I'll no come; for I canna presently help them. But the neist session, whan I hae better, for I'm sure to get wark eneuch in 'atween, I'll come an' shaw mysel', an' syne she can dee as she likes."

This high tone of liberty, so free from offence either given or taken, was thoroughly appreciated by both Mr. and Mrs. Sclater, and they did not cease to invite him. A little talk with the latter soon convinced him that there was neither assumption nor lack of patriotism in speaking the language of the people among whom he found himself; and as he made her his *model* in the pursuit of the accomplishment, he very soon spoke a good deal better English than Mr. Sclater. But with Gibbie, and even with the dainty Ginevra, he could not yet bring himself to talk anything but his mother-tongue.

"I cannot mak my moo'," he would say, "to speyk onything but the nat'ral tongue o' poetry till sic a bonnie cratur as Miss Galbraith; an' for yersel', Gibbie — man! I wad be ill willin' to big a stane wa' atween me an' the bonnie days whan Angus Mac-Pholp was the deil we did fear, an' Hornie the deil we didna. — Losh, man! what wad come o' me gien I hed to say my prayers in English! I doobt gien 't wad come oot prayin' at a'!"

I am well aware that most Scotch people of that date tried to say their prayers in English, but not so Janet or Robert, and not so had they taught their children. I fancy not a little unreality was thus in their case avoided.

"What will you do when you are a minister?" asked Gibbie on his fingers.

"Me a minnister!" echoed Donal. "Me a minnister!" he repeated. "Losh, man! gien I can save my ain sowl, it'll be a' 'at I'm fit for, ohn lo'dent it wi' a hail congregation o' ither fowk's. Na, na; gien I can be a schuilmaister, an' help the bairnies to be guid, as my mither taucht mysel', an' hae time to read, an' a feow shillin's to buy buiks about Aigypt an' the Holy Lan', an' a full an' complete edition o' Plato, an' a Greek Lexicon — a guid ane, an' a Jamieson's Dictionar', haith, I'll be a hawpy man! An' gien I dinna like the schuilmaisterin', I can jist tak to the wark again, whilk I cudna dee sae weel gien I had tried the preachin'; fowk wad ca' me a stickit minister! Or maybe they'll gie me the sheep to luik efter upo' Glashgar, whan they're ower muckle for my father, an' that wad weel content me. Only I wad hae to bigg a bit mair to the

hoosie, to haud my buiks: I maun hae buiks. I wad get the newspapers whiles, but no aften, for they're a sair loss o' precious time. Ye see they tell ye things afore they're sure, an' ye hae to spen' yer time the day readin' what ye'll hae to spen' yer time the morn readin' oot again; an' ye may as weel bide till the thing's sattled a wee. I wad jist lat them fecht things oot 'at thought they saw hoo they oucht to gang; an' I wad gie them guid mutton to haud them up to their dreary wark, an' maybe a sangy noo an' than 'at wad help them to drap it a'thegither."

"But wouldn't you like to have a wife, Donal, and children, like your father and mother?" spelt Gibbie.

"Na, na; nae wife for me, Gibbie!" answered the philosopher. "Wha wad hae aither a puir schuilmaister or a shepherd? — 'cep' it was maybe some lass like my sister Nicie, 'at wadna ken Euclid frae her hose, or Burns frae a milldam, or conic sections frae the hole i' the great peeraid."

"I don't like to hear you talk like that, Donal," said Gibbie. "What do you say to mother?"

"The mither's no to be said aboot," answered Donal. "She's ane by hersel', no ane like ither fowk. Ye wadna think waur o' the angel Gabriel 'at he hedna jist read Homer clean throu', wad ye?"

"If I did," answered Gibbie, "he would only tell me there was time enough for that."

When they met on a Friday evening, and it was fine, they would rove the streets, Gibbie taking Donal to the places he knew so well in his childhood, and enjoying it the more that he could now tell him so much better what he remembered. The only place he did not take him to was Jink Lane, with the house that had been Mistress Croale's. He did take him to the court in the Widdiehill, and show him the Auld Hoose o' Galbraith, and the place under the stair where his father had worked. The shed was now gone; the neighbors had by degrees carried it away for firewood. The house was occupied still as then by a number of poor people, and the door was never locked, day or night, any more than when Gibbie used to bring his father home. He took Donal to the garret where they had slept — one could hardly say lived, and where his father died. The door stood open, and the place was just as they had left it. A year or two after, Gibbie learned how it came to be thus untenanted: it was said to be haunted. Every Sunday Sir George was

heard at work, making boots for his wee Gibbie from morning to night; after which, when it was dark, came dreadful sounds of supplication, as of a soul praying in hell-fire. For a while the house was almost deserted in consequence.

"Gien I was you, Sir Gilbert," said Donal, who now and then remembered Mrs. Sclater's request — they had come down, and looking at the outside of the house, had espied a half obliterated stone-carving of the Galbraith arms — "Gien I was you, Sir Gilbert, I wad gar Maister Sclatter keep a sherp luik oot for the first chance o' buyin' back this hoose. It wad be a great peety it sud gang to waur afore ye get it. Eh! sic tales as this hoose cud tell!"

"How am I to do that, Donal? Mr. Sclater would not mind me. The money's not mine yet, you know," said Gibbie.

"The siller *is* yours, Gibbie," answered Donal; "it's yours as the kingdom o' haven's yours; it's only 'at ye canna jist lay yer han's upo' 't yet. The seener ye lat that Maister Sclatter ken 'at ye ken what ye're aboot, the better. An' believe me, whan he comes to understan' 'at ye want that hoose koft, he'll no be a day ohn gane to somebody or anither aboot it."

Donal was right, for within a month the house was bought, and certain necessary repairs commenced.

Sometimes on those evenings they took tea with Mistress Croale, and it was a proud time with her when they went. That night at least the whisky bottle did not make its appearance.

Mrs. Sclater continued to invite young ladies to the house for Gibbie's sake, and when she gave a party, she took care there should be a proportion of young people in it; but Gibbie, although of course kind and polite to all, did not much enjoy these gatherings. It began to trouble him a little that he seemed to care less for his kind than before; but it was only a seeming, and the cause of it was this: he was now capable of perceiving facts in nature and character which prevented real contact, and must make advances towards it appear as offensive as they were useless. But he did not love the less that he had to content himself, until the kingdom should come nearer, with loving at a more conscious distance; by loving kindness and truth he continued doing all he could to bring the kingdom whose end is unity. Hence he had come to restrain his manner — nothing could have constrained his manners, which now from the conventional point of view were irreproachable; but if

he did not so often execute a wild dance, or stand upon one leg, the glow in his eyes had deepened, and his response to any advance was as ready and thorough, as frank and sweet as ever; his eagerness was replaced by a stillness from which his eyes took all coldness, and his smile was as the sun breaking out in a gray day of summer, and turning all from doves to peacocks. In this matter there was one thing worthy of note common to Donal and him, who had had the same divine teaching from Janet: their manners to all classes were the same; they showed the same respect to the poor, the same ease with the rich.

I must confess, however, that before the session was over, Donal found it required all his strength of mind to continue to go to Mrs. Sclater's little parties — from kindness she never asked him to her larger ones; and the more to his praise it was that he did not refuse one of her invitations. The cause was this: one bright Sunday morning in February, coming out of his room to go to church, and walking down the path through the furniture in a dreamy mood, he suddenly saw a person meeting him straight in the face. "Sic a queer-like chield!" he remarked inwardly, stepped on one side to let him pass — and perceived it was himself reflected from head to foot in a large mirror, which had been placed while he was out the night before. The courage with which he persisted, after such a painful enlightenment, in going into company in those same garments, was right admirable and enviable; but no one knew of it until its exercise was long over.

The little pocket-money Mr. Sclater allowed Gibbie, was chiefly spent at the shop of a certain secondhand bookseller, nearly opposite Mistress Murkison's. The books they bought were carried to Donal's room, there to be considered by Gibbie Donal's, and by Donal Gibbie's. Among the rest was a reprint of Marlow's Faust, the darling in the one grand passage of which both awed and delighted them; there were also some of the Ettrick Shepherd's eerie stories, alone in their kind; and above all there was a miniature copy of Shelley, whose verse did much for the music of Donal's, while yet he could not quite appreciate the truth for the iridescence of it: he said it seemed to him to have been all composed in a balloon. I have mentioned only works of imagination, but it must not be supposed they had not a relish for stronger food: the books more severe came afterwards, when they had liberty to

choose their own labors; now they had plenty of the harder work provided for them.

Somewhere about this time Fergus Duff received his license to preach, and set himself to acquire what his soul thirsted after — a reputation, namely, for eloquence. This was all the floodmark that remained of the waters of verse with which he had at one time so plentifully inundated his soul. He was the same as man he had been as youth — handsome, plausible, occupied with himself, determined to succeed, not determined to labor. Praise was the very necessity of his existence, but he had the instinct not to display his beggarly hunger — which reached even to the approbation of such to whom he held himself vastly superior. He seemed generous, and was niggardly, by turns; cultivated suavity; indulged in floridity both of manners and speech; and signed his name so as nobody could read it, though his handwriting was plain enough.

In the spring, summer, and autumn, Donal labored all day with his body, and in the evening as much as he could with his mind. Lover of Nature as he was, however, more alive indeed than before to the delights of the country, and the genial companionship of terrene sights and sounds, scents and motions, he could not help longing for the winter and the city, that his soul might be freer to follow its paths. And yet what a season some of the labors of the field afforded him for thought! To the student who cannot think without books, the easiest of such labors are a dull burden, or a distress; but for the man in whom the wells have been unsealed, in whom the waters are flowing, the labor mingles gently and genially with the thought, and the plough he holds with his hands lays open to the sun and the air more soils than one. Mr. Sclater without his books would speedily have sunk into the mere shrewd farmer; Donal, never opening a book, would have followed theories and made verses to the end of his days.

Every Saturday, as before, he went to see his father and mother. Janet kept fresh and lively, although age told on her, she said, more rapidly since Gibbie went away.

"But gien the Lord lat auld age wither me up," she said, "he'll luik efter the cracks himsel'."

Six weeks of every summer between Donal's sessions, while the minister and his wife took their holiday, Gibbie spent with Robert and Janet. It was a blessed

time for them all. He led then just the life of the former days, with Robert and Oscar and the sheep, and Janet and her cow and the New Testament — only he had a good many more things to think about now, and more ways of thinking about them. With his own hands he built a neat little porch to the cottage door, with close sides and a second door to keep the wind off: Donal and he carried up the timber and the mortar. But although he tried hard to make Janet say what he could do for her more, he could not bring her to reveal any desire that belonged to this world — except, indeed, two or three trifles for her husband's warmth and convenience.

"The sicht o' my Lord's face," she said once, when he was pressing her, "is a' 'at I want, Sir Gibbie. For this life it jist blecks me to think o' anything I wad hae or wad lowse. This boady o' mine's growin' some heavy-like, I maun confess, but I wadna hae't ta'en aff o' me afore the time. It wad be an ill thing for the seed to be shal't ower sune."

They almost always called him *Sir Gibbie*, and he never objected, or seemed either annoyed or amused at it; he took it just as the name that was his, the same way as his hair or his hands were his: he had been called wee Sir Gibbie for so long.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
ABOUT LOTTERIES.

IN an essay which appeared a few years since in these pages, we considered among gambling superstitions some relating indirectly to such ventures as are made when tickets in lotteries are bought, a small certainty being exchanged for the small chance of a large profit. Whether it is that men are so well known to be inconsistent in such matters, that if any one points out the folly of gambling he may be regarded as almost certain to be a gambler himself, or whether the case is a merely casual coincidence, we do not know; but certain it is that during the five years which have elapsed since that essay appeared, the writer has received more invitations to purchase lottery-tickets and to take part in wildly speculative transactions than during any ten preceding years in his life. Not only so, but in some cases invitations have been addressed to him to purchase tickets from persons claiming to be exceptionally lucky in selecting numbers. We have no doubt many of our readers have received such invitations,

LIVING AGE. VOL. XXV. 1284

couched in terms implying that a very special favor was offered which must be quickly accepted lest it should be too late to gain the wealth thus generously proffered. But it struck the writer as being a singularly cool proceeding in his case, simply because much that he had written bore directly not only on the question whether such hopes as are held out in offers of the sort can possibly be well founded, but also on this other question, Can those who hold out such hopes be by any possibility honest men? Without definitely expressing any opinion on the second and more delicate of these questions, we propose to consider here a few matters connected with lotteries, noting some of the systems on which they have been formed. Probably the reader will not find it very difficult to determine what our answer would be to the question, if a categorical reply were required from us.

The simplest, and in many respects the best, form of lottery is that in which a number of articles are taken as prizes, their retail prices added together, and the total divided into some large number of parts, the same number of tickets being issued at the price thus indicated. Suppose, for instance, the prizes amount in value to 200*l.*, then a thousand tickets might be sold at 4*s.* each, or four thousand at 1*s.* each, or a larger number at a correspondingly reduced price. In such a case the lottery is strictly fair, supposing the prizes in good salable condition. The person who arranges the lottery gains neither more nor less than he would if he sold the articles separately. There may be a slight expense in arranging the lottery, but this is fully compensated by the quickness of the sale. The arrangement, we say, is fair; but we do not say it is desirable, or even that it should be permissible. Advantage is taken of the love of gambling, innate in most men, to make a quick sale of goods which otherwise might have lain long on hand. Encouragement is given to a tendency which is inherently objectionable if not absolutely vicious. And so far as the convenience is concerned of those who collectively buy (in fact) the prizes, it manifestly cannot be so well suited as though those only had bought who really wanted the articles, each taking the special article he required. Those who buy tickets want to get more than their money's worth. Some of them, if not all, are believers in their own good luck, and expect to get more than they pay for. They are willing to get in this way something which very likely they do not

want, something therefore which will be worth less to them in reality than the price for which it is justly enough valued in the list of prizes.

Unfortunately those who arrange lotteries of this sort for mere trade purposes (they are not now allowed in this country, but abroad they are common enough, and one is now in progress on a grand scale in France) are not careful to estimate the price of each article justly. They put a fancy price on good articles, a full price on damaged articles, and throw in an extra sum for no articles at all. Many of them are not at all particular, if the sale of tickets is quick, about throwing in a few hundred more tickets than they had originally provided for, without in the least considering it necessary to add correspondingly to the list of prizes.

But this is not all. How much those who arrange such lotteries really wrong the purchasers of tickets cannot be known. But we can learn how ready the ticket-buyers are to be wronged, when we note what they will allow. It seems absurd enough that they should let the manager of a lottery act entirely without check or control as to the number of tickets or the plan according to which these are drawn. But at least when a day is appointed for the drawing, and the prizes are publicly exhibited in the first instance, and as publicly distributed eventually, the ticket-buyers know that the lottery has been in some degree *bonâ fide*. What, however, can we think of those who will pay for the right of drawing a ticket from a "wheel of fortune," without having the least means of determining what is marked on any of the tickets, or whether a single ticket is marked for a prize worth more than the price paid for a chance, or even with as much? Yet nothing is more common where such wheels are allowed, and nothing was more common when they were allowed here, than for a shopman to offer for a definite sum, which frequenters of the shop would readily pay, the chance of drawing a prize-ticket out of a wheel of fortune, though he merely assured them, without a particle of proof, that some of the tickets would give them prizes worth many times the price they paid. Even when there were such tickets, again, and some one had secured a prize (though the chances were that the prize-drawer was connected with the business), people who had seen this would buy chances as though the removal of one good prize ticket had made no difference whatever in the value of a chance. They would actually be encouraged to buy

chances by the very circumstance which should have deterred them. For if a good prize is drawn in such a case, the chances are that no good prize is left.

Although lotteries of this sort are no longer allowed by law, yet are they still to some degree countenanced in connection with charity and the fine arts. Now, setting aside lotteries connected with the fine arts as singularly nondescript in character — though it must not for a moment be supposed that we regard a taste for gambling with a love of the beautiful as forming an agreeable mixture — we note that in lotteries started for charitable purposes there is usually no thought of gain on the part of those who originate the scheme. That is, they have no wish to gain money for themselves, though they may be very anxious to gain money for the special purpose they have in view. This wish may be, and indeed commonly proves to be, inconsistent with strict fairness towards the buyers of tickets. But as these are supposed to be also possessed with the same desire to advance a charitable purpose that actuates the promoters of the scheme, it is not thought unfair to sell them their tickets rather dearly, or to increase the number of tickets beyond what the price value of the prizes would in strict justice permit. It is, however, to be noted that the assumption by which such procedure is supposed to be justified is far from being always accurate. It is certain that a large proportion of those who buy tickets in charitable lotteries take no interest whatever in the object for which such lotteries are started. If lotteries were generally allowed, and therefore fairer lotteries could be formed than the charitable ones — which are as unfair in reality as the dealings of lady stall-keepers at fancy bazaars — the sale of tickets at charitable lotteries would be greatly reduced. It is only because those who are possessed by the gambling spirit can join no other lotteries that they join those for charitable purposes. The managers of these lotteries know this very well, though they may not be ready to admit very publicly that they do. If pressed on the subject, they speak of spoiling the Egyptians, of the end justifying the means, and so forth. But, as a matter of fact, it remains true that these well-intentioned folk, often most devout and religious persons, do, in the pursuit of money for charitable purposes, pander to the selfishness and greed of the true gambler, encourage the growth of similar evil qualities in members of their own community, and set an evil example, moreover, by systematically

breaking the law of the country. It would be harsh, perhaps, to speak strongly against persons whose intentions are excellent, and who are in many cases utterly free from selfish aims; but they cannot be acquitted from a charge of extreme folly, nor can it be denied that, be their purpose what it may, their deeds are evil in fact and evil in their consequences. It might be difficult to determine whether good worked by the total sum gained from one of these charitable lotteries was a fair equivalent for the mischief wrought in getting it. But this total is not all gained by choosing an illegal method of getting the sum required. The actual gain is only some slight saving of trouble on the part of the promoters of the charitable scheme, and a further slight gain to the pockets of the special community in which the charity is or should be promoted. And it is certain that these slight gains by no means justify the use of an illegal and most mischievous way of obtaining money. It would be difficult to find any justification for the system, once the immorality of gambling is admitted, which might not equally well be urged for a scheme by which the proceeds (say) of one week's run of a common gaming-table should be devoted to the relief (say) of the sick poor of some religious community. Nay, if charitable ends can at all justify immoral means, one might go further still, and allow money to be obtained for such purposes from the encouragement of still more objectionable vices. We might in fact recognize quite a new meaning in the saying that "charity covers a multitude of sins."

We have said that a lottery in which all the prizes were goods such as might be sold, retail, at prices amounting to the total cost of all the tickets sold would be strictly fair. We do not know whether a lottery ever has been understood in that way. But certainly it seems conceivable that such a thing might have happened; and in that case, despite the objections which, as we have shown, exist against such an arrangement, there would have been a perfectly fair lottery. Adam Smith, in his "Wealth of Nations," seems to have omitted the consideration of lotteries of this kind, when he said that "the world neither ever saw, nor ever will see, a perfectly fair lottery, or one in which the whole gain compensated the whole loss; because the undertaker could gain nothing by it." Indeed, it has certainly happened in several cases that there have been lotteries in which the total price of the tickets fell short of the total value of the

prizes — these being presents made for a charitable purpose, and the tickets purposely sold at very low prices. It is well known, too, that in ancient Rome, where lotteries are said to have been invented, chances in lotteries were often, if not always, distributed gratuitously.

But, assuredly, Adam Smith is justified in his remark if it be regarded as relating solely to lotteries in which the prizes have been sums of money, and gain has been the sole object of the promoters. "In the State lotteries," as he justly says, "the tickets are really not worth the price which is paid by the original subscribers," though from his sequent remarks it appears that he had very imperfect information respecting some of the more monstrous cases of robbery (no other word meets the case) by promoters of some of these State swindles.

The first idea in State lotteries seems to have been to adopt the simple arrangement by which a certain sum is paid for each of a given number of tickets, a series of prizes being provided less in total value than the sum thus obtained.

It was soon found, however, that people are so easily gulled in matters of chance, that the State could safely assume a very disinterested attitude. Having provided prizes of definite value, and arranged the number of tickets, it simply offered these for sale to contractors. The profit to the State consisted in the excess of the sum which the contractors willingly offered above the just value (usually 10*l.*) of each ticket. This sum varied with circumstances, but generally was about 6*l.* or 7*l.* per ticket beyond the proper price. That is the contractors paid about 16*l.* or 17*l.* for tickets really worth 10*l.* They were allowed to divide the tickets into shares, — halves, quarters, eighths, and sixteenths. When a contractor sold a full ticket he usually got about from 21*l.* to 22*l.* for it; but when he sold a ticket in shares his gain per ticket was considerably greater. The object in limiting the subdivision to one-sixteenth was to prevent laboring men from risking their earnings. It is hardly necessary to say, however, that the provision was constantly and easily evaded, or that the means used for evading the limitation only aggravated the evil. At illegal offices, commonly known as "little goes," any sum, however small, could be risked, and to cover the chance of detection and punishment these offices required greater profits than the legal lottery-offices. "All the efforts of the police," we read, "were ineffectual for the suppression of these illegal proceedings, and for many years a

great and growing repugnance was manifested in Parliament to this method of raising any part of the public revenue. At length, in 1823, the last act that was sanctioned by Parliament for the sale of lottery-tickets contained provisions for putting down all private lotteries, and for rendering illegal the sale, in this kingdom, of all tickets or shares of tickets in any foreign lottery, — which latter provision is to this day extensively evaded."

The earliest English lottery on record is that of the year 1569, when forty thousand chances were sold at 10s. each, the prizes being articles of plate, and the profit used in the repair of certain harbors. The gambling spirit seems to have developed greatly during the next century; for, early in the reign of Queen Anne, it was found necessary to suppress private lotteries "as public nuisances," a description far better applicable (in more senses than one) to public lotteries. "In the early period of the history of the national debt," says a writer (De Morgan, we believe) in the "Penny Cyclopædia," "it was usual to pay the prizes in the state lotteries in the form of terminable annuities. In 1694 a loan of a million was raised by the sale of lottery-tickets at 10*l.* per ticket, the prizes in which were funded at the rate of fourteen per cent. for sixteen years certain. In 1746 a loan of three millions was raised on four per cent. annuities, and a lottery of fifty thousand tickets of 10*l.* each; and in the following year one million was raised by the sale of one hundred thousand tickets, the prizes in which were funded in perpetual annuities at the rate of four per cent. per annum. Probably the last occasion on which the taste for gambling was thus made use of occurred in 1780, when every subscriber of 1,000*l.* towards a loan of twelve millions at four per cent., received a bonus of four lottery-tickets, the intrinsic value of each of which was 10*l.*" About this time the spirit of gambling had been still more remarkably developed than in Anne's reign, despite the laws passed to suppress private lotteries. In 1778 an act was passed by which every person keeping a lottery-office was obliged to take out a yearly license costing 50*l.* This measure reduced the number of such offices from four hundred to fifty-one. In France the demoralization of the people resulting from the immorality of the government in encouraging by lotteries the gambling spirit, was greater even than in England.

The fairest system for such lotteries as we have hitherto considered was that adopted in the Hamburg lotteries. The

whole money for which tickets were sold was distributed in the form of prizes, except a deduction of ten per cent. made from the amount of each prize at the time of payment.

Before pausing to consider the grossly unfair systems which have been, and still are, adopted in certain foreign lotteries, it may be well to notice that the immorality of lotteries was not recognized a century ago so clearly as it is now; and therefore, in effect, those who arranged them were not so blameworthy as men would be who, in our own time, arrange lotteries, whether openly or surreptitiously. Even so late as half a century ago an American lawyer, of high character, was not ashamed openly to defend lotteries in these terms: "I am no friend," he said, "to lotteries, but I cannot admit that they are *per se* criminal or immoral when authorized by law. If they were nuisances, it was in the manner in which they were managed. In England, if not in France," (how strange this sounds!) "there were lotteries annually instituted by government, and it was considered a fair way to reach the pockets of misers and persons disposed to dissipate their funds. The American Congress of 1776 instituted a national lottery, and perhaps no body of men ever surpassed them in intelligence and virtue." De Morgan, remarking on this expression of opinion, says that it shows what a man of high character for integrity and knowledge thought of lotteries twenty years ago (he wrote in 1839). "The opinions which he expressed were at that time," continues De Morgan, "shared, we venture to say, by a great number."

The experience of those who arranged these earlier State lotteries showed that men in general, especially the ignorant who form the great bulk of the population, place such reliance on their luck, that almost any price may be asked for the chance of making a large fortune at one lucky stroke. Albeit, it was seen that the nature of the fraud practised should preferably be such that not one man in a thousand would be able to point out where the wrong really lay. Again, it was perceived that if the prizes in a lottery were reduced too greatly in number but increased in size, the smallness of the chance of winning one of the few prizes left would become too obvious. A system was required by which the number of prizes might seem unlimited, and their possible value very great, while also there should be a possibility of the founders of the lottery not getting back all they ventured.

So long as it was absolutely certain that, let the event be what it might, the managers of the lottery would gain, some might be deterred from risking their money by the simple statement of this fact. Moreover, under such conditions, it was always possible that at some time the wrath of losers (who would form a large part of the community if lottery operations were successful) might be roused in a dangerous way, unless it could be shown that the managers of public lotteries ran some chance, though it might be only a small chance, of losing, and even some chance of ruin as absolute as that which might befall individual gamblers.

It was to meet such difficulties as these that lottery systems like that sometimes called the Geneva system were invented. This system we propose now to describe, as illustrating these more speculative ventures, showing in particular how the buyers of chances were defrauded in the favorite methods of venturing.

In the Geneva lottery there are ninety numbers. At each drawing five are taken. The simplest venture is made on a single number. A sum is hazarded on a named number, and if this number is one of the five drawn, the speculator receives fifteen times the value of his stake. Such a venture is called a *simple drawing*. It is easy to see that in the long run the lottery-keeper must gain by this system. The chance that the number selected out of ninety will appear among five numbers drawn, is the same that a selected number out of eighteen would appear at a single drawing. It is one chance in eighteen. Now if a person bought a single ticket out of eighteen, each costing (say) 1*l.*, his fair prize if he drew the winning ticket should be 18*l.* This is what he would have to pay to buy up all the eighteen tickets, so making sure of the prize. The position of the speculator who buys one number at 1*l.*, in the Geneva lottery, is precisely that of the purchaser of such a ticket, only that instead of the prize being 18*l.*, if he wins, it is only 15*l.* The lottery-keeper's position on a single venture is not precisely that of one who should have sold eighteen tickets at 1*l.* each for a lottery having one prize only; for the latter would be certain to gain money if the prize were any sum short of 18*l.*, whereas the Geneva lottery-keeper will lose on a single venture, supposing the winning number is drawn, though the prize is 15*l.* instead of 18*l.* But in the long run the Geneva lottery-keeper is certain to win at these odds. He is in the position of a man who continually

wagers odds of fourteen to one against the occurrence of an event the real odds against which are seventeen to one. Or his position may be compared to that of a player who takes seventeen chances out of eighteen at (say) their just value, 1*l.* each, or 17*l.* in all, his opponent taking the remaining chance at its just value, 1*l.*, but instead of the total stakes, 18*l.*, being left in the pool, the purchaser of the larger number abstracts 3*l.* from the pool at each venture.

That men can be found to agree to such an arrangement as this shows that their confidence in their own good fortune makes them willing to pay, for the chance of getting fifteen times their stake, what they ought to pay for the chance of getting eighteen times its value. The amount of which they are in reality defrauded at each venture is easily calculated. Suppose the speculator to venture 1*l.* Now the actual value of one chance in eighteen of any prize is one-eighteenth of that prize, which in this case should therefore be 18*l.* If, then, the prize really played for has but fifteen-eighteenths of its true value, or is in this case 15*l.*, the value of a single chance amounts only to one-eighteenth of 15*l.*, or to 16*s.* 8*d.* Thus at each venture of 1*l.* the speculator is cheated out of 3*s.* 4*d.*, or one-sixth of his stake.

This, however, is a mere trifle. In the old-fashioned English system of lotteries, the purchaser of a 10*l.* ticket often paid more than 20*l.*, so that he was defrauded by more than half his stake; and though less than half the robbery went into the hands of the contractor who actually sold the ticket, the larger share went to the State. In other ventures, by the Geneva system, the old-fashioned English system of robbery was far surpassed.

Instead of naming one number for a drawing (in which five numbers are taken) the speculator may say in what position among the five his number is to come. If he is successful, he receives seventy times his stake. This is, in effect, exactly the same as though but one number was drawn. The speculator has only one chance out of ninety, instead of one chance out of five. He ought, then, in strict justice, to receive ninety times his stake, if he wins. Supposing his venture 1*l.*, the prize of success should be 90*l.* By reducing it to 70*l.*, the lottery-keeper reduces the real value of the ticket from 1*l.* to one-nineteenth part of 70*l.*, or to 15*s.* 6 2-3*d.*, defrauding the speculator of two-ninths of his stake. Such a venture as this is called a *determinate drawing*.

The next venture allowed in the Geneva system is called *simple ambe*. Two numbers are chosen. If both these appear among the five drawn, the prize is two hundred and seventy times the stake. Now among the ninety numbers the player can select two, in 8,010 different ways; for he can first take any one of the ninety numbers, and then he can take for his second number any one of the eighty-nine numbers left; that is, he may make ninety different first selections, each leaving him a choice of eighty-nine different second selections; so that there are ninety times eighty-nine (or 8,010) possible selections in all. But in any set of five numbers there are, treating them in the same way, only twenty (or five times four) different arrangements of two numbers. So that out of 8,010 possible selections only twenty appear in each drawing of five numbers. The speculator's chance then is only twenty in, 8,010 or two in eight hundred and one; and he ought, if he wins, to have for prize his stake increased in the ratio of eight hundred and one to two, or four hundred and one-half times. Instead of this it is increased only two hundred and seventy times. At each venture he receives in return for his stake a chance worth a sum less than his stake, in the same degree that two hundred and seventy is less than four hundred and one-half, or is, in fact, defrauded of nearly one-third the value of his stake.

The next venture is called *determinate ambe*. Here the speculator names the order in which two selected numbers will appear. Instead of twenty chances at any drawing of five numbers, he has only one chance — one chance in 8,010. He ought then to receive 8,010 times his stake, if he wins. As a matter of fact he receives only 5,100 times his stake. From this it follows that he is defrauded of 2,910 parts out of 8,010 of his stake, or very nearly three-eighths of the stake's value.

But more speculative ventures remain. The speculator can name three numbers. Now there are 704,880 possible selections of three numbers out of ninety. (There are 8,010 possible selections of two numbers, as already shown, and with each of these any one of the remaining eighty-eight numbers can be taken to make the third number; thus we have 88 times 8,010, or 704,880 sets of three numbers in all.) These can appear among the five drawn numbers in sixty different ways (five times four times three). Thus the speculator has sixty chances out of 704,880, or one chance in 11,748. He ought then to re-

ceive 11,748 times his stake, if he wins; but in reality he receives only 5,500 times his stake in this event. Thus the lottery-keeper robs him of more than half his just winnings, if successful, and of more than half the mathematical value of his stake at the outset. The venture in this case is called *simple terne*. *Determinate terne* is not allowed. If it were, the prize of a successful guess should be 704,880 times the stake.

Quaterne involves the selection of four numbers. With ninety numbers 61,334,560 (704,880 times 87) different selections of four numbers can be made. Among the five drawn numbers there can only be found one hundred and twenty arrangements of four numbers. Thus the speculator has only one hundred and twenty chances out of 61,334,560, or one chance out of 511,038. He ought therefore, if he wins, to receive 511,038 times his stake. The prize is only 75,000 times the stake. The lottery-keeper deducts, in fact, six-sevenths of the value of the stake at each venture. *Determinate quaterne* is, of course, not adopted.

Simple *quaterne* is, at present, the most speculative venture adopted. Formerly *guine* was allowed, the speculator having five numbers, and, if all five were drawn, receiving a million times the value of his stake. He should have received 43,949,268 times its value; so that, in effect, he was deprived of more than forty-two forty-thirds of the true value of his venture.

The following table shows the amount by which the terms of the Geneva system reduce the value of the stake in these different cases, the stake being set at 1*l.* for convenience:—

	Actual Worth of 1 <i>l.</i> Stake.		Robbery per 1 <i>l.</i> Stake.	
	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Simple drawing	16	8	3	4
Determinate do.	15	6 3-4	4	5 1-4
Simple ambe	13	6	6	6
Determinate do.	12	9	7	3
Terne	9	4 1-2	10	7 1-2
Quaterne	2	11 1-4	17	0 3-4

It may be thought, perhaps, that such speculative ventures as *terne* and *quaterne* would very seldom be made. But the reverse was the case. These were the favorite ventures; and that they were made very often is proved to every one acquainted with the laws of chance by the circumstance that they not unfrequently proved successful. For every time such a venture as a simple *quaterne* was won, it must have been lost some half a million times.

It appears that in France the Geneva system was adopted without any of the limitations we have mentioned, and with some additional chances for those who liked fanciful ventures. Professor De Morgan, in his "Budget of Paradoxes," says: "In the French lottery five numbers out of ninety were drawn at a time: any person, in any part of the country, might stake any sum upon any event he pleased, as that 27 should be drawn; that 42 and 81 should be drawn; that 42 and 81 should be drawn, and 42 first; and so on up to a *quine déterminé*, if he chose, which is betting on five given numbers in a given order." The chance of a successful guess, in this last case, is 1 in 5,274,772,160. Yet if every grown person in Europe made one guess a day, venturing a penny on the guess, and receiving the just prize, or say only 4,800,000,000 times his stake, on winning, it would be practically certain that in less than a year some one would win 20,000,000*l.* for a penny! It would be equally certain, that though this were repeated dozens of times, the lottery-keepers would gain by the arrangement, even at the rate above stated. Nay, the oftener they had to pay over 20,000,000*l.* for a penny, the greater their gains would be. As the actual prize in such a case would be ten million instead of merely five thousand two hundred and seventy-five million times the stake, their real gains, if they had to pay such prizes often, would be tremendous. For, in the long run, every prize of half a million pounds for a shilling stake would represent a clear profit of two hundred and fifty million pounds. The successful ventures would be only one in about five thousand millions of unsuccessful ones, while paid for only at the rate of ten million stakes.

No instances are on record of a *quine déterminé* being won, but a simple *quine*, the odds against which, be it remembered, are nearly forty-four millions to 1, has been won; and simple *quaternes*, against which the odds are more than half a million to 1, have often been won. In July 1821 a strange circumstance occurred. A gambler had selected the five numbers 8, 13, 16, 46, and 64, and for the same drawing another had selected the four numbers 8, 16, 46, and 64. The numbers actually drawn were

8 46 16 64 13

so that both gamblers won. Their stakes were small, unfortunately for them and fortunately for the bank, and their actual winnings were only 131,350 francs and

20,852 francs respectively. If each had ventured 1*l.* only, their respective winnings would have been 1,000,000*l.*, and 75,000*l.* The coincidence was so remarkable (the antecedent probability against two gamblers winning on a single drawing or simple *quine* and a simple *quaterne* being about twenty-two billions to one), that one can understand a suspicion arising that a hint had been given from some one employed at the lottery-office. M. Menut insinuates this, and a recent occurrence at Naples suggests at least the possibility of collusion between gamblers and the drawers of lottery numbers. But in the case above cited the smallness of the stakes warrants the belief that the result was purely accidental. Certainly the gamblers would have staked more had they known what was to be the actual result of the drawing. The larger winner seems to have staked two sous only, the prize being, we suppose, 1,313,500 times the stake, instead of 1,000,000 as on a similar venture in the Geneva lottery. Possibly the stake was a foreign coin, and hence the actual value of the prize was not a round number of francs. The smaller winner probably staked five sous or thereabouts in foreign coin.

Simple *quaternes*, as we have said, occurred frequently in France. De Morgan remarks that the enormous number of those who gambled "is proved to all who have studied chances arithmetically by the numbers of simple *quaternes* which were gained: in 1822, fourteen; in 1823, six; in 1824, sixteen; in 1825, nine, etc." He does not, however, state the arithmetical proportion involved. If we take the average number at ten per annum, it would follow that about five million persons per annum staked money on this special venture — the simple *quaterne* — alone. Quetelet states that in the five years 1816–1820, the total sums hazarded on all forms of venture in the Paris lottery amounted to 126,944,000 francs, — say 5,000,000*l.* The total winnings of the speculators amounted to 94,750,000 francs, — say about 3,790,000*l.* The total amount returned to the treasury was 32,194,000 francs, or about 1,288,000*l.*, a clear average profit of 257,600*l.* per annum. Thus the treasury received rather more than a fourth of the sum hazarded. The return to the speculators corresponded nearly to that which would have been received if all the ventures made had been on a determinate single number.

In all these methods, the greater the number of speculators the greater the gains

of those who keep the lottery. The most fortunate thing which can happen to the lottery-keepers is that some remarkably lucky hit should be made by a speculator, or a series of such. For then they can advertise the great gains made by a few lucky speculators, saying nothing of the multitudes who have lost, with the result that millions are tempted to become speculators. There is this great advantage in the Geneva system: that the total number of losers can never be known except to the lottery-keepers. In the old-fashioned English system the number of losers was as well known as the number of winners and their respective gains. But the keepers of the Paris and Geneva lotteries, as of those which have since been established on the same system, could publish the lists of winners without any fear that newspaper writers or essayists would remind the general public of the actual number of losers. The student of probabilities might readily calculate the probable number of losers, and would be absolutely certain that the real number could not differ greatly from that calculated; but he could not definitely assert that so many had lost, or that the total losses amounted to so much.

It occurred to the Russian government, which has at all times been notably ready to take advantage of scientific discoveries, that a method might be devised for despoiling the public more effectually than by the Geneva method. A plan had been invented by those who wanted the public money, and mathematicians were simply asked to indicate the just price for tickets, so that the government, by asking twice that price, or more, might make money safely and quickly. The plan turned out to be wholly impracticable; but the idea and the result of its investigation are so full of interest and instruction that we shall venture to give a full account of them here, noting that the reader who can catch the true bearing of the problem involved may consider himself quite safe from any chance of being taken in by the commoner fallacies belonging to the subject of probabilities.

The idea was this. Instead of the drawing of numbers, the tossing of a coin was to decide the prize to be paid, and there were to be no blanks. If "head" was tossed at a first trial the speculator was to receive a definite sum — 2*l.* we take for convenience, and also because this seems to have been nearly the sum originally suggested in Russian money. If "head" did not appear till the second trial the speculator was to receive 4*l.*; if

"head" did not appear till the third trial, he received 8*l.*; if not till the fourth, he received 16*l.*; if not till the fifth, 32*l.*; till the sixth, 64*l.*; the seventh, 128*l.*; the eighth, 256*l.*, and so on; the prize being doubled for each additional tossing before "head" appeared. It will be observed that the number of pounds in the prize is two raised to the power corresponding to the number of the tossing at which "head" first appears. If it appears first, for instance, at the tenth trial, then we raise two to the tenth power, getting 1,024, and the prize is 1,024*l.*; if "head" appears first at the twelfth trial, we raise two to the twelfth power, getting 4,048, and the prize is 4,048*l.*

Doubtless the origin of this idea was the observed circumstance that the more speculative ventures had a great charm for the common mind. Despite the enormous deduction made from the just value of the prize, when *ternes*, *quaternes*, and other such ventures were made, the public in France, Switzerland, and Italy bought these ventures by millions, as was shown by the fact that several times in each year even *quaternes* were won. Now in the Petersburg plan there was a chance, however small, of enormous winnings. Head might not appear till the tenth, twelfth, or even the twentieth tossing; and then the prize would be 1,024*l.*, 4,048*l.*, or 1,048,576*l.*, respectively. It was felt that tens of millions would be tempted by the chance of such enormous gains; and it was thought that the gains of government would be proportionately heavy. All that was necessary was that the just value of a chance in this lottery should be ascertained by mathematicians, and the price properly raised.

Mathematicians very readily solved the problem, though one or two of the most distinguished (D'Alembert, for instance) rejected the solution as incomprehensible and paradoxical. Let the reader who takes interest enough in such matters pause for a moment here to inquire what would be a natural and probable value for a chance in the suggested lottery. Few, we believe, would give 10*l.* for a chance. No one, we are sure — not even one who thoroughly recognized the validity of the mathematical solution of the problem — would offer 100*l.* Yet the just value of a chance is greater than 10*l.*, greater than 100*l.*, greater than any sum which can be named. A government, indeed, which should offer to sell these chances at say 50*l.* would most probably gain, even if many accepted the risk and bought chances, which would

be very unlikely, however. The fewer bought chances the greater would be the government's chance of gain, or rather their chance of escaping loss. But this of course is precisely the contrary to what is required in a lottery system. What is wanted is that many should be encouraged to buy chances, and that the more chances are bought the greater should be the security of those keeping the lottery. In the Petersburg plan, a high and practically prohibitory price must first be set on each chance, and even then the lottery-keepers could only escape loss by restricting the number of purchases. The scheme was therefore abandoned.

The result of the mathematical inquiry seems on the face of it absurd. It seems altogether monstrous, as De Morgan admits, to say that an infinite amount of money should in reality be given for each chance, to cover its true mathematical value. And to all intents and purposes any very great value would far exceed the probable average value of any possible number of ventures. If a million million ventures were made, first and last, 50*l.* per venture would probably bring in several millions of millions of pounds clear profit to the lottery-keepers; while 30*l.* per venture would as probably involve them in correspondingly heavy losses. 40*l.* per venture would probably bring them safe, though without any great percentage of profit. If a thousand million ventures were made, 30*l.* per venture would probably make the lottery safe, while 35*l.* would bring great gain in all probability, and 25*l.* would as probably involve serious loss. If all the human beings who have ever lived on this earth, during every day in their lives had been taking chances in such a lottery, the average price of all the sums gained would be quite unlikely to approach 100*l.* Yet still the mathematical proposition is sound, that if the number of speculators in the Petersburg lottery were absolutely unlimited, no sum, however great, would fairly represent the price of a chance. And while that unpractical result (for the number of speculators would not be unlimited) is true, the practical result is easily proved, that the larger the number of venturers the greater should be the price for each chance — a relation which absolutely forbids the employment of this method of keeping lotteries.

Let us see how this can be shown. De Morgan has given a demonstration, but it is not one to be very readily understood of the people not versed in mathematical methods of reasoning. We believe, however, that the following proof will be found

easy to understand, while at the same time satisfactory and convincing.

Suppose that eight ventures only are made, and that among the eight, four, or exactly half, toss head the first time; of the remaining four, two half-toss head at the second trial; of the remaining two, one tosses head at the third trial; while the other tosses head at the fourth trial. This may be regarded as representing what might on the average be expected from eight trials, though in reality it does not; for of course, if it did, the average price per chance inferred from eight such trials would be the true average for eight million trials, or eight million times eight million. Still it fairly represents all that could be hoped for from a single set of eight ventures. Now we see that the sums paid in prizes, in this case, would be four times 2*l.* for those who tossed "head" at the first trial; twice 4*l.* for those who tossed "head" at the second trial; 8*l.* for him who tossed "head" at the third trial; and 16*l.* for the last and most fortunate of the eight; or 40*l.* in all. This gives an average of 5*l.* for each chance.

Now suppose there are sixteen ventures, and treat this number in the same way. We get eight who receive 2*l.* each; four who receive 4*l.* each; two who receive 8*l.* each; one who receives 16*l.*; and one who receives 32*l.* The total, then, is 96*l.*, giving an average of 6*l.* for each chance.

Next take thirty-two ventures. Sixteen receive 2*l.* each; eight 4*l.* each; four 8*l.* each; two 16*l.* each; one 32*l.*; and one 64*l.*; a total of 224*l.*, giving an average of 7*l.* for each venture.

It will be noticed that the average price per venture has risen 1*l.* at each doubling of the total number of speculators. Nor is it difficult to perceive that this increase will proceed systematically. To show this we take a larger number, 1,024, which is two doubled ten times, or technically two raised to the tenth power. Treating this like our other numbers, we find that five hundred and twelve speculators are to receive 2*l.* each, making 1,024*l.* in all; thus we get as many pounds as there are ventures for this first halving. Next, two hundred and fifty-six receive 4*l.* each, or 1,024*l.* in all; that is, again we get as many pounds as there are ventures for this second halving. Next, one hundred and twenty-eight receive 8*l.*, or 1,024*l.* in all; or, again, we get as many pounds as there are ventures for this third halving. This goes on ten times, the tenth halving giving us one speculator who receives 1,024*l.*, and still leaving one who has not yet tossed

"head." Since each halving gives us 1,024*l.*, we now have ten times 1,024*l.* The last speculator tosses "head" at the next trial and wins 2,048*l.*; making a grand total of twelve times 1,024*l.*, or twelve times as many pounds as there are speculators. The average, therefore, amounts to 12*l.* per chance; and we see, by the way in which the result has been obtained, that in every such case the chance will be worth 2*l.* more than as many pounds as there are halvings. Of course the number of halvings is the number representing the power to which 2 is raised to give the number of speculators. The number of speculators need not necessarily be a power of 2. We have only supposed it so for simplicity of calculation. But the application of the method of halving can be almost as readily made with any number of speculators. It is only when we get down to small numbers, as 9, 7, 5, or 3, that any difficulty arises from fractional or half men; but the result is not materially affected where the original number is large, by taking 4 or 3 as the next halving after either 7 or 9 (for example), or 2 as the next halving after 3. But practically we need not carry out these halvings, after we have once satisfied ourselves of the validity of the general rule. Thus suppose we require to ascertain a fair value for a million chances. We find that the nearest power of 2 to the number one million is the twentieth. 22*l.* then, is a fair value.

But, of course, the whole course of our reasoning proves that while probably 22*l.* would be a fair value for a million ventures, it could not be the mathematically just value. For who is to assure the lottery-keeper that after the million ventures, another million will not be taken? Now for two million ventures the probable value according to our method would be 23*l.*, since two millions is nearly equal to 2 raised to the twenty-first power. There might be a million million ventures; and if 22*l.* were really the true price for one million, it would be the true price for each of the million ventures. But since a million million are roughly equal to 2 raised to the fortieth power, the price according to our method would be about 42*l.* per chance.

All that can be said is that among any definite number of trials it is not antecedently probable that there will be any of those very long runs of "trials" which are practically certain to occur when many times that number of trials (whatever it may be) are made.

The experiment has been actually tried, though it was not necessary to establish

the principle. So far as the relatively small average value of the chance, when a few ventures only are made, the reader can readily try the experiment for himself. Let him make, for instance, eight trials, each trial ending when he has tossed head; and according as head comes at the first, second, or third tossing in any trial, let him write down 2*l.*, 4*l.*, 8*l.*, etc. respectively. The total dividend by eight will give the average values of each trial. But Buffon and each of three correspondents of De Morgan's made 2,048 trials—an experiment which even the most enthusiastic student of chances will not greatly care to repeat. Buffon's results, the only set we shall separately quote, were as follows. In 1,061 trials, "head" showed at the first tossing; in 494, at the second; in 232, at the third; in 137, at the fourth; in 56, at the fifth; in 29, at the sixth; in 25, at the seventh, in 8, at the eighth; in 6, at the ninth. The 2,048 trials, estimated according to the Petersburg system, would have given 20,114*l.* in all, or nearly 10*l.* per game. According to our method, since 2,048 is the eleventh power of 2*l.*, the average value of each chance would be 13*l.*;* and Buffon's result is quite as near as could be expected in a single experiment on 2,048 trials.

But when we take the four experiments collectively, getting in this way the results of 8,192 trials (which De Morgan, strangely enough, does not seem to have thought of), we find the average value of each chance greatly increased as theory requires, and, as it happens, increased even beyond the value which theory assigns as probable for this number of trials. Among them there was only one in which head appeared after tail had been tossed eleven times, whereas we might expect that there

* We note that De Morgan obtains the value 11*l.* instead of 13*l.* But he strangely omits one of the last pair of trials altogether. Thus, he says, "in the long run, and on 2,048 trials, we might expect two sets in which 'heads' should not appear till the tenth throw," which is right, "and one in which no such thing should take place till the eleventh," which is also right. But it is because there will probably be four trials of which two only will probably give "heads," that we expect two to give "tails" yet once more. The two which gave "heads" are the two first mentioned by De Morgan, in which "heads" appear at the tenth throw. Of the two remaining we expect one to give "head," the other "tail." The former is the "one" next mentioned by De Morgan, in which "head" appears at the eleventh throw. The other in which "tail" may be expected to appear is the most valuable of all. Even if "head" appears at the next or twelfth tossing, this trial brings a prize worth twice as many pounds as the total number of trials—and therefore adding 2*l.* to the average value of each trial. It is quite true that Buffon's experiment chances to give a result even less than De Morgan's value, and still further therefore from mine. But, as will be seen, the other experiment gave an average result above his estimate, and even above mine. It cannot possibly be correct to omit all consideration of the most profitable trial of all.

would be four such cases; but there was one case in which head only appeared after tail had been tossed thirteen times, and there were two cases in which head only appeared after tail had been tossed fifteen times. Of course this was purely accidental. We may always be tolerably sure that in a large number of tossings, about one-half will be head and about one-half tail. But when only a few tossings are to be made, this proportion can no longer be looked for with the same high degree of probability. When, again, only four or five chances are left, we may find these all dropping off at once, on the one hand, or one or two of them may run on with five or six more successful tossings; and as at each tossing the prize, already amounting for the last trial to as many pounds as there were originally chances, is doubled, we may find the average price of each chance increased by 1*l.*, 2*l.*, 4*l.*, 8*l.*, 16*l.*, or more, by the continued success of the longest-lasting trial, or perhaps of two or three lasting equally long. This happened in the 8,192 trials whose results are recorded by De Morgan. I find that the total amount which would have been due in prizes, according to the Petersburg plan, would have been 150,830*l.*, an average of 18*l.* 8*s.* 2 1-2*d.* (almost exactly) per trial; whereas the theoretical average for 8,192 trials would be only 15*l.*

It is manifest that, though in a million trials by this method some such sum as 30*l.* per trial would probably cover all the prizes gained, it would be unsafe to put any definite price on each venture, where the number of venturers would of necessity be unlimited. And since even a price which would barely cover the probable expenses would be far more than speculators would care to give, the plan is utterly unsuited for a public lottery. It may be well to note how large a proportion of the speculators would lose by their venture, even in a case where the total ventured was just covered by the prizes. Suppose there were rather more than a million speculators (more exactly, that the numbers were the twentieth power of two, or 1,048,576), and that the average result followed, the price per venture being 22*l.* Then 524,288 persons would receive only 2*l.* and lose 20*l.* each; 262,144 would receive only 4*l.*, and lose 18*l.* each; 131,072 would receive 8*l.* and lose 14*l.* each; 65,536 would receive 16*l.* and lose 6*l.* each. All the rest would gain; 32,768 would receive 32*l.* and gain 10*l.* each; 16,384 would receive 64*l.* and gain 42*l.* each; and so on; 8,192 would receive 128*l.* each; 4,096 would receive 256*l.* each; 2,048, each 512*l.*; 1,024,

each 1,024*l.*; 512, each 2,048*l.*; 256, each 4,096*l.*; 128, each 8,192*l.*; 64, each 16,384*l.*; 32, each 32,768*l.*; 16, each 65,536*l.*; 8, each 131,072*l.*; 4, each 262,144*l.*; 2, each 524,288*l.*; 1 would receive 1,048,572*l.*; and lastly, 1 would receive 2,097,952*l.* But there would be only 65,536 out of 1,048,576 speculators who would gain, or only 1 in 16.

It is singular that whereas it would be almost impossible to persuade even one person to venture 22*l.* in such a lottery as we have described, almost any number of persons could be persuaded to join again and again in a lottery where the prizes and blanks were arranged as in the way described in the preceding paragraph as the average outcome of 1,048,576 ventures. In other words, no one puts so much faith in his luck as to venture a sum on the chance of gaining a little, if he tosses "tail" four times running (losing if "head" appears sooner), and of gaining more and more the oftener "tail" is tossed, until, should he toss tail twenty times running, he will receive more than two million pounds. But almost every person who is willing to gamble at all will be ready to venture the same sum on the practically equivalent chance of winning in a lottery where there are rather more than a million tickets, and the same prizes as in the other case. Whatever advantage there is, speaking mathematically, is in favor of the tossing risk; for the purchaser of a trial has not only the chance of winning such prizes as in a common lottery arranged to give, with prizes corresponding to the above-described average case, but he has a chance, though a small one, of winning four, eight, sixteen, or more millions of pounds for his venture of 22*l.* We see, then, that the gamblers are very poor judges of chances, rejecting absolutely risks of one kind, while accepting systematically those of another kind, though of equal mathematical value, or even greater.

In passing, we may note that the possibility of winning abnormally valuable prizes in the Petersburg lottery affords another explanation of the apparent paradox involved in the assertion that no sum, however large, fairly represents the mathematical value of each trial. To obtain the just price of a lottery-ticket, we must multiply each prize by the chance of getting it, and add the results together; this is the mathematical value of one chance or ticket. Now in the Petersburg lottery the possible prizes are 2*l.*, 4*l.*, 8*l.*, 16*l.*, and so on, doubling to infinity; the chances of getting each are, respectively, one-half, one-fourth, one-eighth, one-sixteenth, and

so on. The value of a chance, then, is the half of 2*l.*, added to the quarter of 4*l.*, to the eighth of 8*l.*, and so on to infinity, each item of the infinite series being *l.* Hence the mathematical value of a single chance is infinite. The result appears paradoxical; but it really means only that the oftener the trial is made, the greater will be the probable average value of the prizes obtained. Or as in fact the solution is, that if the number of trials were infinite, the value of each would be infinite, we only obtain a paradoxical result in an impossible case. Note also that the two kinds of infinity involved in the number of trials and in the just mathematical price of each are different. If the number of trials were two raised to an infinitely high power, the probable average value of each trial would be the infinitely high number representing that power. But two raised to that power would give an infinitely higher number. To take very large numbers instead of infinite numbers, which simply elude us: suppose the number of trials could be two raised to the millionth power; then the probable average value of each would be 1,000,002*l.*, which is a large number of pounds; but the number is a mere nothing compared with the number of trials, a number containing 301,031 *digits!* If the smallest atom, according to the estimate made by physicists, were divided into a million millions of parts, the entire volume of a sphere exceeding a million million times in radius the distance of the remotest star brought into view by Lord Rosse's mighty telescope, would not contain a million millionth of that number of these indefinitely minute subdivisions of the atom. Nay, we might write trillions or quadrillions where we have just written millions in the preceding lines, and yet not have a number reaching a quadrillionth part of the way to the inconceivable number obtained by raising two to the millionth power. Yet for this tremendous number of trials the average mathematical value of each would amount but to a poor million — absolutely nothing by comparison.

From The Economist.

THE PROJECTED LOTTERIES.

We hear with pleasure that the lord advocate in Scotland, and the Home Office in England, have interfered with decision against the huge lotteries proposed in order to meet the losses of the City of Glasgow and the West of England banks.

The lord advocate has distinctly informed the Scotch gentlemen who are about to start the gigantic Scotch scheme that, in the existing state of the law, he will have no option but to prosecute them, while the Home Office has intimated to those concerned in the Somersetshire affair that it sees no difference between their project and any other illegal lottery. As the law on the subject is unusually clear, especially when set in motion by government, we should have imagined this notice sufficient, but that we hear the projectors intend, on the ground of the great interests involved, to bring the matter before Parliament in the shape of a bill authorizing lotteries in relief of great public calamities, which will, as they fancy, be supported by many Scotch members, and perhaps by many members interested in the fate of banks. No such bill is at all likely to pass without strong government support, which this one will certainly not receive; but the confusion in the public mind appears to be so great that it may be as well to re-state the common-sense objection to all lotteries. In so doing we shall avoid the religious or moral objection, which has been pushed, perhaps, somewhat far, and confine ourselves strictly to the business view of the question.

There can be no doubt that it is the interest of the community to discourage mere speculation — that is money transactions in which no industry, no production, and no enterprise likely to increase the wealth of the community, is in any degree represented. Every such transaction, by just so far as it interests the public, diverts energy, enterprise, and capital from real work to a business, that of guessing for a stake, which, whether it succeed or fail, cannot, in the smallest degree, benefit the whole people. No State ruled by wise men would encourage the people to labor for months in counting the waves of the sea, or cutting ditches to fill them up again, or attempting to keep back the east wind. Grave rulers would hold that their people were wasting power, and, subject to the advantage derivable from allowing men to use their own judgment, would, as far as possible, restrain them from such waste. Of all forms of speculation gaming is the most objectionable, because, while it uses large sums, that is, a great deal of power, and absorbs its votaries very much, it does not pretend to produce anything, not even exercise, or happiness, or an improvement in the instruments of gaming. Apart from all moral considerations, whoever wins at a public gaming-table, the nation must always be the loser, by the waste of the whole force of the capital employed in

keeping the table going, in the stakes, and in the reserves held by the gamblers round the board. Nothing whatever is produced, the only end being the transfer of money, unimproved and unincreased, from A. to B., both B. and A. nevertheless having their energies a little worn out in the transfer. That is the first and the unanswerable economic reason against allowing gaming in any way which makes it a public or usual transaction; while there is another reason of experience which is even weightier. It is found, as a matter of experience, that public gaming above all attracts, and therefore diverts the energy of, the industrious, and especially of the industrious belonging to one important class. All industry is laborious, and all labor, unless it is strictly creative, is more or less unpleasant, so unpleasant as to make the laborer dissatisfied with his remuneration, and inclined to desire any change which shall relieve him from his toil. The patient repetition of monotonous work through a large portion of a lifetime is not acceptable to anybody, while to many it is the most disagreeable of the inevitable incidents of human life. To all such men the gaming-table, which promises fortune without labor or delay or drawback, is a temptation for which they will at once forego their useful avocations. Inasmuch as the gamblers must as a body lose, or otherwise the tables could not be kept up, this is injurious to the community, which depends on the industry of its members, while it is most injurious to one special class—those who are entrusted with the money of others. All experience proves that such persons, probably from feeling the contrast between the wealth in their charge and the wealth at their disposal, are especially attracted by speculation, and especially liable, when once involved in speculation, to misuse the money deposited in their hands. The gaming-table is hardly so ruinous to anybody as to clerks, cashiers, and shopmen, whose fidelity is absolutely necessary if the machinery of commerce is to go on at all. The rich do not gamble half so much as the poor, nor among the poor are any so attracted as those who have charge of money. Licensed gaming, therefore, being a direct temptation to pecuniary crime, is a direct and positive evil; and of all forms of licensed gaming the lottery is the worst. It is far the most secure, for in a decently managed lottery fraud is next to impossible. There is no publicity whatever to be feared by the player. It can be engaged in without loss of time or any exertion beyond the slight one involved in buying a

ticket, and it offers chances such as are not proffered at any gaming-table in the world. It would be possible, for example, for the holder of a ticket under the Scotch scheme to become wealthy in a moment, while he would have what he would consider an appreciable chance of winning a heavy stake. Such a chance, it has been proved by experience, disorganizes all society, begets an impatience of honest labor, increases theft among trustees of money,—to whom, indeed, as a contemporary has observed, it offers a possible reward for stealing,—and, as it necessarily disappoints the majority, increases the tendency to suicide, till the development of that form of mania weighed heavily with Parliament in abolishing lotteries. To re-establish them is to establish anew a temptation to crime, besides increasing throughout the community the natural distaste for ordinary labor, and the always existing discontent with its remuneration.

No reason whatever could justify the legislature in re-establishing lotteries, and the reasons advanced by the Scotch promoters of the scheme are of the feeblest kind. They say that the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank is a calamity so widespread in its effects as to rise to the dignity of a national misfortune, and, therefore, may justify a resort to exceptional means. That statement is, as regards the United Kingdom, a gross exaggeration, the failure of the bank being an insignificant occurrence as compared with a bad harvest, a fall in the profit on iron, or an outbreak of rinderpest; but we cannot discuss that in detail. Let us grant that the failure is a national injury,—which is, of course, true in a sense, though the nation benefits usually by the fall of traders who are wasting capital by trading at a loss,—and that any settled enterprize which replaced the deposits would be in its result desirable, where is the national benefit in this scheme? The projectors propose to give to the depositors 3,000,000*l.* sterling, and if it is carried out the depositors will be 3,000,000*l.* the richer, but how will the nation profit one penny? The money is not to be drawn from the sea, or the earth, or even from foreign countries, but from the pockets of persons in Great Britain other than the depositors. The country does not gain sixpence, any more than if the money were paid out of taxes, while it loses by the whole effect of the stimulus given to the spirit of gambling, the dishonesty always produced thereby, and the divergence of energy to unproductive channels. This stimulus would be very great, for nothing can be

more foolish than the Scotch argument that the lottery would be exceptional. If it succeeded—and we may remark, in passing, that the arithmetical conditions seem to leave no chance of success—it would be imitated whenever any great failure had involved multitudes in pecuniary misfortune. There is nothing exceptional in the failure of an unlimited bank, and nothing in the position of the City of Glasgow Bank to entitle its shareholders to the special favor of Parliament. It is not likely that any future shareholders who may be ruined will have been more careless, or have elected directors less entitled to the confidence of business men, and each fresh group will, therefore, have as much claim on Parliament. So will the shareholders in any other undertaking not a bank; and, in fact, the lottery system will be revived upon a scale hitherto unknown; for it should be remembered that the earlier lotteries were on a scale which, compared with the Scotch scheme, is positively small. We believe 600,000*l.* was the largest amount ever taken. We cannot imagine a worse result from a national burst of pity, or a more injurious misdirection of great quantities of national capital, energy, and powers of calculation. By this single Scotch scheme, six millions would be withdrawn for at least six months from circulation, and left idle in order that chance might decide that it should go into one set of Scotch or English pockets rather than another. Apart from all questions of morality, where is the national good which should induce Parliament to consent to discourage industry by sanctioning a means of suddenly acquiring fortune without labor or thrift, and without production, by a transfer of property so entirely without consideration received as almost to become a kind of theft?

From The Saturday Review.
DIDACTIC FLIRTS.

MANY readers of "Daniel Deronda" may remember—if thick-coming novels have not obliterated all recollection of the subject—their surprise at Daniel's popularity with women. Why should two charming girls bow down and worship this preaching prig? people probably said to themselves, and doubted whether the author of his being had not made a mistake. But there really was no mistake, and George Eliot only gave a proof of her knowledge of the mind of modern girls. Daniel was, to put it in two words, an edu-

cational flirt. Hence his success with the fair.

That a young gentleman who was nothing if not scientific, reflective, and didactic should win women's fancies with a word, or, even without a word, with a glance, would have seemed strange to Fielding, absurd to Scott, improbable to Thackeray. Yet so rapid a change has passed over a small minority of young women that the educational flirt, the worldly college don, has his day, like those old favorites, the officers of the army and the clergy. Perhaps there is nothing to be regretted in this. We cannot all be cornets and curates, and the heroines of fiction must sometimes come down to inferior beings, and bestow their affections otherwise than on materialists and divines. They will find educational young men less easy to fix, more volatile and faithless than their old friends. As time goes on, however, they will begin to understand their educational young man, and to gauge beforehand his lack of "satisfactoriness," as it is called. They will learn by the experience of generations that his charms are not sterling, and that he is certain to flutter off, like a learned butterfly from the full-blown flower, to aid some fresh blossom to expand.

To assist blossoms to unfold themselves is the mission of the educational flirt. It is the buds that he cares for; the mature rose can take care of herself. The buds of an intellectual turn enjoy the process while it lasts, and it is fortunate for the educational flirt that the minds of many modern girls are intent on the "things of the intellect." As maidens once used to admire manly valor and revel in the fluent talk of "the military," so maidens now pine for everything that can be called "higher"—from the higher culture to the higher curves. Yet it is often, if not always, the fate of the aspiring to be born into an essentially commonplace family. They have brothers in offices or at public schools, and sisters who potter about the parish and set their hearts on the distribution of red flannel, tracts, coal, and soup. To the girl in a family of this kind who has unawakened faculties and a dormant taste for culture the educational flirt appears like a sober specimen of the fabled fairy prince. He is not "lighter footed than the fox," but he is an examiner in many examinations, a reader of the *Esoteric Review*, and he knows a man who once met Mr. Whistler at dinner. It is the joy of his life to pose as a master in the midst of fair disciples, and he is never so happy as when he is lecturing to ladies.

What satirists have so often said in their original way about curates might be said with equal truth about the educational flirt. Like the curate of the past, he is "most interesting," and his very scepticism makes him an object of tender anxiety. He has "seen so much of the world" (from rooms in college); and here he has a pull over the old favorite, who is distanced for the moment, but may come again when culture grows a weariness and the educational flirt has sought another district. Meanwhile it will be allowed that this accomplished man, who knows all about the growth of the English Constitution and about Campanian wall-paintings, who is equally ready to look over essays on Anglo-Saxon literature or copies of Greek prose ("ladies' Greek, without the accents") is a fortunate person. He supplies a modern want; he is the guide and moralist of dozens of girls; the harmless Abelard of many "staid" Heloïsas.

The educational flirt is a kind of Admirable Crichton in a small way, and can speak instructively and impressively about almost everything of interest. He likes to guide the taste and mould the mind, and the minds of many ladies are eager for nothing so much as to be guided and moulded. It is easy to see how an educational correspondence about political economy may glide into an interchange of views about the meaning of the world and about the mission of women and men. Instruction in English composition may be illustrated on both sides by examples of original verse. The sympathy which narrow-minded sisters and brothers whose thoughts are straitened by commerce cannot give is readily imparted by the educational flirt. He is a student of humanity and of character, and character unfolds very rapidly in the sunshine of æsthetic discussion. When it has quite unfolded, when Heloïsa knows all about "sociology" and spectrum analysis, about the theory of rent and the influence of Greek art on Italian sculpture, about Biblical criticism and the origin of language, it is time for Abelard to go and plant the standard of culture in some other quarter. Heloïsa is now able to go about doing good on her own account. Poor Heloïsa! she cannot possibly carry the war into Africa, she cannot march to and fro converting young men as her Abelard converts young women. It is a very remarkable fact that men, unlike girls, do not enjoy being proselytized in this way. If the male educational flirt meets the proper sort of young lady, he can lay down the law with much acceptance. The learned and talkative lady, on

the other hand, never meets the right sort of convertible young man. If she introduces political economy, or metaphysics, or geology, or primitive man, to the youth who sits next her at dinner, or to her partner in the dance, she finds that he is not interested. If he is a stupid young man, of course his dulness needs no explanation. If he is known to be a clever young man, yet he is not responsive. If Heloïsa could see into his heart, she would find that he is grumbling at having "shop" talked to him. His college friends, Smith or Brown, will entertain him with "the Notion," with "categories," with neolithic talk, with discourse about everything that is "high" or "higher," in walks round the place called Mesopotamia or on the Trumpington Road. It is to help him to forget that kind of thing for a while that he is conversing with Heloïsa. Now this is a hard thing, and difficult to be borne. It is hard for both sides; hard for the man, who is bored; and for the woman, who thinks herself snubbed. Nay, there are some young men so lost to a sense of the respect they owe to women that they will draw their learned companion out, as they say. The worst of an education conducted on the principles we have described, the worst of the "culture" imparted by the educational flirt, is its wordiness, its shallowness. The pupils have misunderstood almost all the "tips" (as they are technically called) of their teacher. They know many things, like Margites, but they know them all wrong. To young men with more humor than courtesy it seems not unamusing to listen to a flow of pretty blunders from the lips of ladies who are happy in the belief that they are displaying an intimate acquaintance with the philosophy of Kant or the theory of Noïré. But the joke is one which soon palls, and it is difficult indeed for the modern Diotima to find a Socrates, a humble-minded man who will sit at her feet and be her pupil. Thus education by flirtation is a very one-sided game. To play at it one should be able to move about freely, and choose new partners every three months.

Cynics have asked whether the ardent desire of woman to be educated has produced that new variety of man, the educational flirt, or whether the existence of educational flirts has produced the novel wish to be educated. It is impossible to give a direct answer to this question. Flirtation and education, the study of mathematics and political economy by ladies, the study of ladies and of their "character" by men, have advanced together. They act and react on each other;

their influences cannot be disentangled. If we are very earnest believers in the higher education of women, we may look on the educational flirt as an unconscious instrument in the spread of learning. He flits about like the bee to amuse himself and gather honey; but he scatters a good deal of learned dust as he flits. He is not always a very candid person; he may not always know his own intentions very clearly; but, on the whole, his influence is not all bad. This is not a very high compliment, to be sure, for the influence of war, pestilence, and famine seems to many philosophers to be beneficial in the long run. When education has become a recognized and organized thing, when all women who care for it are instructed like men, as a matter of course, the occupation of the didactic flirt will be gone. He will no longer have the charm of rarity and mystery. He will turn out to be no wiser

than his brethren. He will cease to seem to possess strange secrets and hidden lore. No one will believe in him; he will be found out and will be reduced to the rank of other unprivileged men. While he is as dear to the fair as "the officers" were to Miss Austen's Liddy and Kitty, his fellow-men speak harshly of him, and "cannot see what women see in him." Soon he will have to discover some new way of being interesting, for the class of "dons of the world" has no permanent qualities. Meantime its members, if we may judge by ladies' novels, have temporarily succeeded to the old heroic hero, the brutally rude hero, the tenderly religious hero, and the ordinary pleasant young man. One drawback in their characters is certain to prove fatal to them with the novelist. They are too apt to shake their light wings and flit on, leaving a novel and a flirtation to end not well.

PROF. S. P. THOMPSON has reprinted his valuable address on "Technical Education," given at the Social Science Congress last October. In this time of intense depression, when trade seems to be drifting from our shores, and people are wondering how it is that other nations are outstripping us in departments that used to be considered as peculiarly British, Prof. Thompson's remarks on the ignorance of our mechanics are peculiarly appropriate. One telling instance he gives of the lamentable want of intelligent skill that prevails among workmen and manufacturers in this country: "I was recently informed by Prof. Graham Bell that he is about to return to America to resume his researches in telephony, his principal reason for quitting his native shores once more being that he found himself, in this country, unable to get his ideas carried out, unable to procure workmen capable of comprehending and carrying out new ideas, such workmen, in fact, as he was able to employ during his four years' residence in America. He pointed to the laboratory of Mr. Edison as an example of an institution to which there is no parallel in this country, though there are several in the States, a laboratory equipped with a staff of trained workmen, Americans, Germans, or Englishmen, whose business is not to work on old lines, but to carry out and put into practical form new and untried devices. No wonder inventions multiply when inventors have so powerful an aid as this to further their designs; and, mark this, Mr. Bell returns to set up a similar laboratory because he cannot find in his native country men whose technical training would qualify them for his particular work." In a note Mr.

Thompson gives the following paragraph from a letter of Prof. Graham Bell to a friend in America which has been going the round of the American press: "If you want to know why inventors are more numerous in America than they are here, come and live for six months in England. If you wish to know how it feels to be brimfull of ideas, and yet to be unable to have one of them executed, come to England. If you wish to know how it feels to have to wait for a month to have the simplest thing made, and then be charged a man's wages for two months, come to England. You will here be unable to see the interior of a workshop or to come into direct contact with your workmen, and the people seem incapable of working except in the ruts worn by their predecessors. They are absolutely incapable of calculating any new design without the most laborious oversight from the inventor, and their masters, instead of encouraging invention, do all they can to put a stop to it by refusing admission to the workshops and charging the most exorbitant prices for experimental work, avowedly because 'they don't want such kind of work,' 'it gives more trouble than it is worth;' and 'if you must have new things made you must expect to pay for them'! It is in vain that I say I am willing to pay anything to have my work done, and that what I object to is having to pay for not having it done. It is the same everywhere. Not only is your work not done, but you have to wait so long for the simplest things that your ideas cool, and you get quite exasperated at your inability to do anything." The moral of all this is obvious.

Nature.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XXV. }

No. 1812. — March 8, 1879.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXL. }

CONTENTS.

I. MENTAL PHYSIOLOGY,	<i>Edinburgh Review,</i>	579
II. SIR GIBBIE. By George MacDonald, author of "Malcolm," "The Marquis of Lossie," etc. Part XVI.,	<i>Advance Sheets,</i>	592
III. THE POLISH ALPS,	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	602
IV. WITHIN THE PRECINCTS. By Mrs. Oli- phant. Conclusion,	<i>Advance Sheets,</i>	614
V. ROBERT DICK, THE THURSO BAKER,	<i>Chambers' Journal,</i>	630
VI. MUSIC AND SCIENCE,	<i>Nature,</i>	635
VII. EBB AND FLOW,	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	638

POETRY.

A BROKEN STRING,	578	HORACE'S GHOST,	578
AT THE CONVENT GATE,	578		
MISCELLANY,			640

—•—
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.

A BROKEN STRING.

SING, and to you! No — no — with one note
jarred

The harmony of life's long chord is broken,
Your words were light and by light lips were
spoken,

And yet the music that you loved is marred.

One string, my friend, is dumb beneath your
hand,

Strike and it throbs and vibrates at your
will.

Falters upon the verge of sound, and still
Falls back as sea waves shattered on the strand.

Touch it no more, for you shall not regain
The sweet lost tone. Take what is left, or
let

Life's music sleep to death. Let us forget
The perfect melody we seek in vain:

And yet perchance, some day before we die,
As half in dreams we hear the night wind
sweep

Around our windows, when we fain would
sleep,
Laden with one long sobbing moaning cry,

One faint, far tone will waken, and will rise
Above the great wave voice of mortal pain;
Hand will touch hand and lips touch lips
again,

As in the darkness it recedes and dies;

Or lingering in the summer evening glow,
Then, when the passion of the crimson west
Burning like some great heart that cannot
rest,

Stains as with blood the waters as they flow,

Some old forgotten tones may rise and wake
Our dying youth, and set our hearts aflame
With their old sweetness, — to our lips the
name

Of love steal softly for the old love's sake.

Cornhill Magazine.

AT THE CONVENT GATE.

WISTARIA blossoms trail and fall
Above the length of barrier wall;

And softly, now and then,
The shy, staid-breasted doves will flit
From roof to gateway-top, and sit
And watch the ways of men.

The gate's ajar. If one might peep!

Ah, what a haunt of rest and sleep
The shadowy garden seems!
And note how dimly to and fro
The grave, grey-hooded sisters go,
Like figures seen in dreams.

Look, there is one that tells her beads;
And yonder one apart that reads
A tiny missal's page;
And see, beside the well, the two
That, kneeling, strive to lure anew
The magpie to its cage!

Not beautiful — not all! But each
With that mild grace, outlying speech,
Which comes of even blood;
The veil unseen that women wear
With heart-whole thought, and quiet care,
And hope of higher good.

"A placid life — a peaceful life!
What need to these the name of wife?
What gentler task (I said) —
What worthier — e'en your arts among —
Than tend the sick, and teach the young,
And give the hungry bread?"

"No worthier task!" re-echoes she,
Who (closelier clinging) turns with me
To face the road again;
And yet, in that warm heart of hers,
She means the doves', for she prefers
To "watch the ways of men."
Cornhill Magazine. AUSTIN DOBSON.

HORACE'S GHOST.

[BOOK I., ODE IX.]

HELVELLYN's height with snows is white,
The forest branches bow and splinter;
No ripple breaks the frozen lakes,
Then shut my door on cold and winter.

On my hearth-dogs pile up the logs, —
Pile high, my boy; and down your throttle
Right freely pour my "thirty-four,"
And never spare the old man's bottle.

Leave all the rest to Him who best
Knows how to still the roar of ocean;
To calm the wind in wildest mind,
And hush the leaflets lightest motion.

Fear not to stay upon the day,
And count for gain each happy pleasure;
Be not above the game of love,
And feately tread the Christmas measure.

Let blood run cold when life grows old,
Stick now to skate and tennis-racquet,
Till westward-ho the sun-wheels go,
Then join the sports of frock and jacket.

When bright eyes smile, laugh back the while,
And find the nook where beauty lingers;
Steal golden charm from rounded arm,
Half-given, half-held, by fairy fingers.
Spectator. H. C. M.

From The Edinburgh Review.

MENTAL PHYSIOLOGY.*

THE process which is adopted when an electrician transmits messages along the telegraph wire, and that which nature pursues when signals are passed through the instrumentality of nerve influence in the living animal body, are so remarkably alike that the best known of the two methods of signalling may be advantageously referred to as a first step in the explanation of the one that is less familiar and less obvious.

The electrical engineer, in his telegraph work, employs two quite distinct classes of instruments. He first stretches out long strands of iron wire for the conveyance of the message that he has to transmit, and he then contrives a battery of galvanic cells to generate the electric force that is to be sent streaming along the wires. Those stretched metal strands, as every one is aware, are kept perfectly distinct from end to end. They are either suspended in the air from insulating supports of porcelain, or they are clad in an investing sheath of electrically impervious substance, to confine the fleet messenger to its appointed path. The electric stream which travels along the wires is provided in the battery by the action upon each other of some such substances as metal, water, and acids, or salts, which produce changes of physical state amidst their own molecules when they are brought into contact, and, as a part of those changes, set free currents of force which was before employed in preserving the original state of the several constituents. The currents of the emancipated force are turned on from the battery to the wires whenever a signal or message is to be transmitted along them.

In the organized framework of the animal body, in a similar manner, isolated strands are laid down for the conveyance of

nerve influence, and batteries are provided for its production. The conveying strands are seen, when the structure of the organization is examined by curious observers, in the form of white glistening fibres or threads, which are designated "nerves." The batteries are also discoverable amidst these threads. They appear under the aspect of "tumors" or "knots" of the nerve substance, and are thence termed "ganglia." The nerve ganglia occur in considerable abundance in most parts of the body; but their favorite seats, or focal centres, are the brain, and the spinal cord which is a prolongation of the brain. The spinal cord and brain are, indeed, vast masses of nerve ganglia connected together by a tangle of threads.

The minute anatomy of this nerve-structure and brain structure of the animal body is, however, one of the most marvellous of the revelations that have been made in consequence of the discovery and employment of the microscope; the ultimate elements that are concerned are of almost inconceivable minuteness. Nerve threads may be microscopically brought within the reach of the eye which are of such exquisite fineness that fifty thousand of them can be ranged side by side within the limit of an inch. Of such fibres it would take something like one hundred and twenty millions to make up a cord of the diameter of a pencil. At the extreme ends of these minute nerve fibrils, where they are severed from each other, each fibril is moulded in the form of a round or flattened rod, which is composed of soft albuminous substance, and which is destitute in this situation of all external covering. It is simply a thread of albuminous pulp, drawn out like the threads of viscid glue which may be formed from warm gelatinous solutions. In this state it is technically called the "axis-cylinder," or core, of the nerve fibre.

When, however, several of these ultimate nerve cores are brought into close contiguity for convenience of package, they are coated over, before they are allowed to touch each other, with a mixture of albumen and fat. This coating of the nerve fibre is designated the medullary substance of Schwann, because it was first observed

* 1. *Manual of Human and Comparative Histology.* Edited by S. STRICKER. *Microscopic Anatomy of the Nervous System.* By MAX SCHULTZE. Translated by HENRY POWER, M.B. Issued by the New Sydenham Society. London: 1870.

2. *The Principles of Mental Physiology.* By WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, C.B., M.D., LL.D., F.R.S. London: 1876.

3. *The Physiology of Mind.* By HENRY MAUDSLEY, M.D. 1876.

by a distinguished German physiologist of that name. Its purpose is obviously analogous to that of the gutta-percha covering of telegraph wires destined to be buried in the earth or to be sunk in the sea. It serves to isolate each strand. After the nerve fibril has been coated by this insulating pulp, it is then further enclosed in a kind of nerve skin, or sheath, which is known as the "neurilemma." Each glistening nerve which is traced by the anatomist in the human frame is made up of a multitude of these coated and sheathed fibrils, of which every one is kept distinct and apart from the rest, from end to end. In this elaborate piece of organization, however, it must be understood that the membranous sheath and medullary coating are merely mechanical incidents of the structure; the axis-cylinder, or core, is the effective part upon which the transmission of the nerve influence depends.

The ganglionic, or force-originating portion of the apparatus, is of an altogether different character; but it is of an equally elaborate and marvellous design. It consists of globular vesicles of exquisitely filmy membrane, containing in their interior cavities a soft granular pulp of a reddish-brown tint. These vesicles are of a larger diameter than the elementary fibrils of the nerves, and, though generally of a globular outline, run out very often into angular corners or horns. At these horns the axis-cylinder, or core, of some adjacent nerve fibril is brought into close connection with the granular pulp, either by the free passage of the one into the other, or by the pressing up of the thin filmy nerve sheath of the fibril against the equally delicate membrane of the globule.

These ganglion globules of the nerve apparatus are invariably deposited within the meshes of a network of hair-fibre blood-vessels, in the midst of which they are grouped and distributed in such a way that, as the abundant blood-streams course along through the netted channels of the vessels, the globules get bathed and saturated by the streaming blood. The blood transudes through the filmy walls of its own vessels and of the ganglion globules, where these lie in close contact. The result of this drenching of the nerve glob-

ules with the blood is, that their granular pulp is continually reinvigorated and renewed. The force which they originate is extracted from the blood. The ganglion masses of the most active parts of the nervous apparatus, such as the brain, indeed receive a tenfold larger supply of blood than any other portion of the living organization of equal size; and if the flowing stream is suspended for even a passing instant, all brain power is simultaneously lost.

From all this it therefore appears that the ganglion globules of the nerve apparatus are the batteries in which nerve influence is produced, and that that nerve influence is set free as a consequence of destructive change set up in material furnished by the blood. Rich, complex food, brought to the ganglion globules by the streaming currents of the blood, is changed, in the interior of those globules, into the red granular pulp; and then the red pulp is resolved into simpler states, setting free force capable of being turned to account, and of being discharged as currents of nerve influence into the associated threads, whenever messages are required to be sent along them in the signalling service of the economy.

As in the case of the electric telegraph signalling batteries are provided at each end of the line, in order that messages may be sent in both directions, to and fro, so also there are ganglion masses at each end of the nerve threads in the animal body. Wherever impressions have to be transmitted from external regions of the body in to the central nerve masses of the frame, as in the case of the eye, the ear, and the sensitive skin which is the outer boundary of the organization, abundant ganglion globules are laid down in connection with the outer extremities of the nerve fibres. No nerve current, indeed, is possible without the presence and influence of this originating part of the apparatus. There are ganglion masses associated with the outer extremities of the nerve fibrils in all the external organs of sense. This is indicated at once by the color or tint of the nerve structure where such masses occur. The ganglionic, or originating, part is always of a grey hue on account of the pres-

ence of the red granular pulp, and of abundance of blood. The mingling of the red blood and granules with the white nerve pulp converts its whiteness into grey. The fibrous, or simply transmitting, part of the nerve structure, on the other hand, is in all cases white, and not grey, because it is destitute alike of the red blood and red granular pulp.

The nerve pulp, which is prepared out of the blood in the ganglion globules, has naturally been an object of constant curiosity to chemists. They have examined its composition very carefully in the hope that they might by that means ascertain the secret of its magical power. The result of the examination is that this pulp has been found to be composed chiefly of an albuminoid substance of a very complex nature, to which the name "protagon" has been given. So far as the analysis of this organic base of the nerve pulp has been found practicable, it has appeared that each of its molecules is built up of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, phosphorus, and oxygen. Two hundred and thirty-two atoms of carbon, two hundred and forty atoms of hydrogen, four atoms of nitrogen, twenty-two atoms of phosphorus, and twenty-two atoms of oxygen are contained in each ultimate molecule of the protagon. The large number of the elementary atoms that have been drawn upon for the construction of this molecule efficiently expresses the elaborate complexity of the substance, and in some measure accounts for the large store of potential, or latent, energy which it contains, and which it yields up as active and effective force when it is resolved back into its elements. Its special fitness to be so decomposed into its elements is manifested in the fact that of the five hundred and twenty atoms of which each protagon molecule is composed, four hundred and ninety-four are the fiercely combustible principles carbon, hydrogen, and phosphorus, which are at all times so ready to dissolve their state of union with other bodies, or amongst themselves, in order to combine with oxygen. The oxygen which effects the decomposition of the protagon molecules in the ganglion globules is supplied in abundance in the streaming blood. Each red cor-

puscle of the blood takes up a charge of oxygen from the breath as it passes through the air-cells of the lungs, and then delivers that over to the ganglion globules of the nerve apparatus, as it traverses the meshes of the capillary vessels. It is in this sense that the blood blows up the flames of the nervous activity, at the same time that it furnishes nourishment to the nerve substance. With each discharge of nerve force that occurs from the nerve batteries, atoms of carbon, hydrogen, and phosphorus are snatched out of the protagon of the nerve pulp by the oxygen conveyed to them by the blood corpuscles. The nerve-influence set free in the ganglion-masses is as essentially a product of the oxidation and burning of the nerve-pulp, as flame is the result of the burning of the combustible substance of a candle.

The energy generated in the ganglion globules of the nerve structure, has, for purposes of illustration, been likened to the electric force that is set free in the galvanic batteries of the electrician when messages are sent along the wires of the telegraph. It should, however, be understood that it is by no means intended to imply that nerve currents and electric currents are really identical in their nature. Electric currents are sometimes detected coursing along living nerves. Some delicate experiments made by an accomplished physiologist, M. du Bois-Reymond, established that fact. But the presence of the electric currents in those instances appears to have been of an incidental rather than of a necessary character. A series of considerations indicate that nerve influence is not electrical in the ordinary sense. The medullary substance of Schwann, which effects insulation in the axis-cylinder, or nerve core, is hardly of a character that would accomplish the purpose if electricity were concerned. And, again, the movement or propagation of the nerve influence along the nerve is a much more sluggish affair than the transmission of an electric current along a conducting line. The battery current moves through a copper wire at the rate of about thirty thousand miles a second. The nerve influence, on the other hand, runs along a nerve at the rate of two hundred feet per second. The in-

fluence which is propagated along a nerve is a change in the condition of the nerve pulp, passed on through its substance from molecule to molecule, perhaps as a vibration of the substance, perhaps as a decomposition of its particles. The nerve influence is only connected with electrical action in the sense, now pretty well understood, that all the great forces of material nature are but different forms of one common energy, and are transmutable into each other according to the exigency of the work that has to be done. The electrical agency is the form which is employed when distances of thousands of miles are concerned, or when a girdle is to be put round the earth in forty minutes. But, obviously, the same fleet messenger is hardly required to carry a message between the brain and the hand. An agency that can travel with a speed of two hundred feet in a second is amply sufficient for the transmission of signals within the narrow limits of the human frame; although, when a messenger is required to pass from the sun to the earth, an agency is selected which has the speed of one hundred and ninety millions of miles in a second.

As recently as the year 1833 a discovery in relation to nerve organization was made by Dr. Marshall Hall, which needs here to be brought under notice. He was engaged at the time in experimenting upon a water-newt, which had been killed by cutting its head off, and he was surprised to find that whenever he pricked the skin of the decapitated animal with a needle the skin shrank away from the prick, until he severed the nerves which connected the part with the spinal cord. The skin then ceased to shrink under any pricking that could be inflicted upon it. Dr. Hall hence inferred that the impression made upon the skin by the prick was first transmitted to the spinal cord, and that it was then *reflected back* from the cord to the skin in a form that was communicated to it as motion.

Dr. Hall's views of the nature of this action were published in the "Philosophical Transactions" almost immediately after the performance of his first experiment, and comprised the announcement of the discovery of what has been, since that time, termed the *reflex action of the nervous system*. This substantially means that the nerves of the animal body very generally contain within themselves a double series of fibres, the one set provided for the transmission of impressions from without in an inward direction, and the other

set for the return of a corresponding current of influence from within, and that as generally the responsive current is quite involuntarily but instantaneously sent back from the common termination of the double nerves within, whenever the current in the opposite direction has been caused. The reflected action thus produced is unmistakably an operation of life. But it is not an operation of conscious life, or even of sensation. The headless water-newt certainly knew nothing of the movement of which its skin was the seat. Its still nervously irritable organization was simply played upon by the pricks, as a musical instrument is played upon and made to give out tones by the touch of the musician's finger.*

The great vital fact to which this discovery of reflex nervous action points is, that every part of the body of a living animal which is furnished with nerves has its own proper centre of nervous life, receiving impressions from without, and responding to those impressions by an instant and quite unconscious and involuntary reply. In the lower forms of animal life, in many instances, the ganglia or nerve centres, which act in this way, are arranged in distinct groupings, or agglomerations, laid down along the entire length of the body, like the links in an extended chain. In articulated animals, such as centipedes and insects, whose bodies are made of distinct joints or segments, each segment has its own proper ganglion mass distinct from the rest, and only brought into communication with them by means of fine nerve threads that pass along from segment to segment. The individualizing of the nerve life of each separate part is so thoroughly carried out, in the case of the centipede, that if its head be cut off while it is in the act of moving along, the body continues to walk under the impressions communicated to the segmental nerve-centres from the feet. If the body be further divided into three or four parts, each part, in a similar way, continues its journey on its own account.

This faculty of unconscious and involuntary movement set up by the impact of

* This discovery of Marshall Hall's was, in some measure, foreshadowed thirteen years before by Sir Charles Bell, when he made out the distinction between the motor and sensory roots of the spinal nerves. But there was nothing in the conclusions of Sir Charles that trench upon reflex action as it is here described. He simply established the fact that afferent nerve fibres carry sense impressions in to the spinal cord and brain; and that efferent nerve fibres transmit motor influences out from the brain and spinal cord to external organs and parts. He knew nothing of the involuntary response to nerve stimulation made by the ganglion masses seated at the immediate terminations of the nerves.

mechanical impressions, which is now a well-understood and thoroughly accepted function of nerve organization, was received in the light of a dire heresy when it was first propounded by Dr. Hall. When, in the second memoir on the subject, which he communicated to the Royal Society, he described certain movements which tortoises can be caused to make after they are deprived of their heads, a derisive note was scrawled upon the paper by one of the pundits of the society, inquiring whether the turtle was also "alive after it had been converted into soup." It is a part of the history of this discovery that, in the year 1837, this second memoir was rejected by the council of the Royal Society as unworthy of acceptance.

The vital independence of the separate ganglion centres of the nervous system, manifested in this reflex action of Marshall Hall, applies quite as much in the case of the higher animals as in that of the lower forms of animal life that have been alluded to. Even in the highly developed organization of the human body, there are chains of distinct and separately acting nerve ganglia. The spinal marrow, which is so securely packed away in the interior cavity of the backbone, is indeed one prolonged row of such ganglion masses, pressed into close contiguity on account of their exceeding abundance, and sending out, at each vertebral joint of the spine, the double nerve cords which serve to transmit the nerve influence in the two directions. The ganglion masses of the spinal cord are completely invested by a thick outer layer of the nerve fibres provided for the accomplishment of the transmitting work. On this account the spinal cord, when cut across, is seen to be composed of grey nerve substance within, and of white nerve substance without.

Baron Cuvier was the first to draw attention to the service which the study of the lower forms of animal life is capable of rendering to physiological science, because it presents to the observation of the student the progressive steps of an ever-increasing complexity of organization. This sagacious naturalist was in the habit of speaking of the various tribes of animals as "experiments prepared by nature" for the instruction of physiologists as to the uses of particular parts in the elaborate organization. As new structural contrivances are added in the ascending scale, new actions and faculties appear as resultants of the addition, and in that way reveal the uses for which such particular species of structure have been designed.

Thus, in the perfect insects, which are distinguished, amongst the lowly tribes to which they are allied, by the power and energy of their muscular movements, the ganglion masses are largely increased in size in those segments of the body that are chiefly concerned in the work of locomotive progression. They are especially large in the thorax of such tribes as the dragon-flies, which have powerful wings, and of the grasshoppers, which are energetic leapers.

In insects there also appears a notable augmentation of the ganglion masses of the front segment of the trunk, or, in other words, of the head, because the organs of special sense, the eye and the antennæ, are developed in connection with that segment. The ganglion masses of that segment are also termed the "cephalic ganglia," which is simply a more technical way of saying "ganglia of the head." A still more important designation, that, namely, of "sense ganglia," or "sensorium," has also been given to them. This name very aptly and expressively intimates the all-important fact that these "head ganglia" are the immediate seat of the impressions made through the organs of sense. There is strong reason also for the further conclusion of physiologists in regard to them, that they are the seat of conscious as well as of sensory life. They not only react, by the reflex movements which they initiate, upon the outer boundaries of the organization, at which the external impressions have been primarily received, but they register those impressions upon the inner organization as feelings and conscious states. The movements, however, which are performed under their influence are not necessarily connected with any intentional effort of the will. They are, in no sense, voluntary acts. They are movements "*reflectively*" performed, with the addition of a conscious registration of the occurrence. The movements of this class, instigated through the organization of the sense ganglia, are termed "instinctive" or suggested impulses; they are impulses produced by impressions made through the organs of sense, but not reasoned out with a view to any recognized purpose or definite design. Insects, whose active and energetic lives are chiefly shaped out through the instrumentality of these sensorial ganglia, are supereminently creatures of instinct. Their organized structure is played upon by their impressions of sense. They are conscious of the mechanical or vibratory impulses communicated to their bodies; but they are inexorably

driven, as a consequence of those impressions, through an unvarying sequence of movements over which they have no power of direction or control.

The higher animals are also furnished with these sensory ganglia in a yet more advanced form of development. In the perfected nerve organization of the human being they are especially large and active. In man there are five distinct senses provided to minister to them — those, namely, of sight, hearing, taste, smell, and touch. All the nerve fibres which are concerned in the mechanism of those organs of sense, innumerable as they are, are carried in to the sensorium or sense ganglia, which are cephalic or head-contained, as in the insect. Those sense ganglia in man are deposited within the cavity of the bony skull, which serves as an efficient protection for their delicate organization. There is an opening, however, at the base of this ivory casket, through which the nerve ganglia of the spinal marrow are brought into structural connection with this skull-defended sensorium. The face, which is planted just beneath the skull, is virtually a framework of bone adapted for the support and convenient stowage of the organs of sense that minister to the sense ganglia. The four special organs of sense — the eyes, ears, nose, and tongue — thus lie close to the ganglion-centre, which they serve.

But the brain of the most highly endowed animals, and amongst them of man, has more in it than these large sense ganglia. In the first place there is intervening between them and the nerve ganglia of the spinal marrow, and serving as a kind of link of communication between them, a lengthened mass of nerve pulp which is termed, on account of its form, the "oblong nerve marrow," or *medulla oblongata*. This lies just within the threshold of the skull, and is properly the ganglion centre, entrusted with the charge of all movements connected with breathing and swallowing. Nerve threads come to its ganglion globules from the chest and from the gullet. The movements which it controls have, however, nothing to do with consciousness or sense. They are involuntary actions which have to be performed irrespective of any influence of will, and even during the insensibility of sleep. The *medulla oblongata* and sense ganglia are, nevertheless, nearly associated together. They lie side by side upon the irregular platform which constitutes the floor of the overarching skull. They resemble the ganglion masses of the spinal marrow in the fact that they are composed

of grey nerve substance within, and of white nerve substance without.

The white nerve fibres, which are associated with the several links of the ganglion masses that have been described as running in a continuous chain through the long interior channel of the spine quite up into the cavity of the skull, are in marvellous abundance. The more vast the ganglion masses become, with advance in the type of the organization, the more copious also becomes the apparatus of transmitting threads that are associated with them. These not only pass in from the outer limits of the organization, and return back to it to establish the links of reflex connection; they also run on from ganglion to ganglion along the stretch of the spinal cord, looping and meandering about amongst the globules by the way, until a most elaborate system and service of intercommunication is established; and this service of intercommunication is so organized that the arriving impressions can, according to the special need of the case, be either arrested and turned back as reflex movements at the early stages of their ascending inward progress, or be passed on to be dealt with by higher authority in the deeper penetralia of the organization. Dr. Maudsley illustratively suggests, in reference to this point, that the various ganglion centres may be looked upon as "stations on the track through which quick trains pass without stopping, but at which other trains stop to take in passengers, and at which any train may be stopped if necessary." It is for this reason, therefore, that the long stretch of the spinal cord is covered by continuous and unbroken layers of the white fibrous nerve substance, running strand upon strand up and down, here sending fibres of communication to the grey substance within, and here transmitting the glistening threads in the opposite direction to the outlying organs.

The sensory ganglia, which are at the inner end of this nerve chain, and which are the central seat of sensation and consciousness, are not, however, the ultimate and supreme effort of nerve organization in animals. The brain, which is lodged within the ivory casket or skull, has a much larger bulk than that which is accounted for by the presence of the sensory ganglion mass and its allied respiratory ganglia. Vast agglomerations of nerve pulp are piled up and heaped over those in the case of all the more highly endowed animals, and indeed constitute by far the larger part of the brain. On this account these

superadded masses are termed the "cerebral ganglia" or "cerebrum." The sensory and the respiratory ganglia are bound up with the larger cerebral ganglia in one common coat or investment, and are connected with them by abundant communicating fibres; but they are not essentially and structurally constituent parts of the brain. They are merely the advanced guards of the ganglion masses of the spinal cord pushed on into the skull to establish communications with the larger ganglion centres located there. The true cerebral ganglia, which are of a higher stage of development than the sensory ganglia, do not appear at all in the insects. They first present themselves, in the ascending scale of animated organization, in fishes, where they assume the form of a pair of knobs of grey nerve substance, attached like protuberances upon the sensorium. In reptiles they are a little larger than in fishes. In birds they quite cover up the ganglia connected with the nerve of smelling, and partially conceal the ganglia connected with the nerves of sight. In quadrupeds, and especially in their most sagacious families, such as the dog, they entirely cover up and hide the underlying sensorium. In man they rise in ample masses, until they fill the capacious arched dome of the skull. In the human brain they are also moulded into two lateral halves, which are divided from each other by a deep medial furrow, and on this account are spoken of as the hemispheres, or hemispherical ganglia, of the brain. Each hemisphere is also subdivided again by transverse furrows into three subordinate compartments, or "lobes." In order of progress these lobes run from before to behind. There are three pairs of ganglion masses which, on account of their very large size, are folded back over the inferior structures; the hindermost being thus also the terminal or highest pair. The posterior lobes of the brain are of a more advanced order of development than the front ones. They are not found in even such sagacious animals as elephants and dogs. These lobes are shared with man only by the monkeys.

There is one very important structural peculiarity by which the true cerebral ganglia are distinguished from all other ganglion masses, and by which they are marked out from even the sensory and respiratory ganglia, so intimately associated with them as to be contained in the same outer covering or coat. They have the grey force-originating part of their structure without, and the white fibrous

part within. When the brain is cut across, this distinctive peculiarity is immediately perceived. The core, or centre of the organ, is white; and its outer layers, or marginal part, are grey. It is as if the central fibrous parts had been lengthened out and expanded like the rays of an opened fan, and as if these expanded rays had then been thickly covered over at their ends and sides by heavy masses of ganglion globules, deposited upon them like grapes around their stalk. The object of this change in the relative position of the two distinct parts of the nerve structure is obviously to afford convenient space for the more vital and energetic elements, the ganglion globules, when they are very largely developed. In the hemispherical ganglia of the brain, the ganglion globules are clustered outside of the white fibres, for the same reason that leaves are clustered around the twigs of a tree—namely, in order that there may be ample space for a very large and abundant crop of the organs.

There is also a second reason why it is convenient that the grey nerve substance should be placed outside instead of inside in these energetic ganglia. The presence of blood is required in them in proportion to the activity of their operations. The network of capillary vessels, which furnishes the supply of blood, is therefore stretched, in the first instance, over the large outer surface of the mass, and is then thrust down in fold after fold from this broad outer surface into the interior of the substance. The widely expanded layer of the vesicular and blood-supplied pulp is, however, puckered up into sinuous convolutions, and over each convolution its own proper portion of the vascular network is spread. The immediate outer covering of the brain is thus a film of intermeshed blood-vessels, which envelopes the grey pulp everywhere, and keeps its globules saturated with permeating blood. It is by this contrivance that the very abundant and preponderant supply of blood already alluded to is secured. The blood flows into this all-embracing network by four distinct arterial trunks, which ascend into the interior of the skull through the neck. The vascular membrane itself, where it is folded round the convoluted ganglion mass, is not inappropriately termed the "kind mother," or "*pia mater*," of the brain; and it is literally and really what is implied in its name, the foster-mother of brain energy and brain strength.

The reader who has traversed the pre-

ceeding pages has now reached what may be termed the inner penetralia of the subject; for it is through the instrumentality of these hemispherical masses of blood-saturated pulp, so daintily and tenderly lodged within the safe recesses of the skull, that the mere physical impressions of sense are nursed and transmitted to the faculties of the mind. That these grey and convoluted masses of nerve structure are organs of the mind is incontrovertibly proved in various ways, but in none more strikingly and emphatically than by the fact that whatever injures the healthy integrity of the convoluted pulp effectually arrests or destroys the active consciousness of the mind. When intoxicating spirit is mingled with the blood-streams, and poured with them into the capillary vessels of the brain, all consciousness, feeling, and power of thought disappear. When the flow of blood itself is mechanically stopped, as happens in faintness produced by suspending the movements of the heart, precisely the same result ensues. In persons of strong intellectual character and of great force of will, with whom reason is supreme, the brain mass is large; whilst in those in whom instinctive emotions and passions are strong, and intellectual power weak, the brain is in the same proportion small. These great convoluted brain masses, therefore, are the centres of nerve action which have been added to the animal organization, when intelligence and reason have been commissioned to bear their part in the operations of life. It does not, however, by any means follow that the high functions which they perform are conscious operations in themselves. They have to deal with the impressions of sense which have been passed on to them from the sensorium, or centre of sense reception, and their proper work is to recognize and register what is entrusted to them in the mental storehouse so as to fit them for the operations of the higher reasoning faculties. The brain-substance which accomplishes this task of transmuting the impressions of sense into ideas, nevertheless has so little trace of consciousness in itself that it cannot even feel on its own account. Its soft pulp may be roughly handled or pinched without knowing that it is touched. Even when wounded it is not aware of the injury it has received. But when its own proper work has been performed, it signals back along the connecting nerve threads to intimate the result, and the impression becomes by some mysterious and unknown process a *conscious* idea. The sensory

ganglia thus serve a double purpose, and occupy, so to speak, a midway place. They take cognizance of sensuous impressions that are sent to them from the outside world, and also of cerebral or mental states that are signalled back to them from within, besides in the first instance passing on to the cerebral ganglia the impressions of the senses.

In speaking of the conversion of the impressions of sense into ideas, the borderland, which separates the known from the unknown, is fairly entered. Some physiologists have, indeed, conceived that an idea is substantially a sense impression stamped upon the brain pulp. Others have preferred to consider an idea as a vibration of brain molecules, called up by an impression of sense. For any practical purpose it is not of material consequence whether either of these hypothetical fancies is adopted, or whether the change is summarily spoken of as a mental state. The honest and plain truth is that nothing whatever is known of the nature of the process. At this point the investigations of exact physiological science break down. It can, however, by no means be admitted that such limitation is peculiar to this branch of research. Scientific men, in sober truth, do not know more of the forces which they term gravitation, and electricity, and heat, than they know of the operations of the mind. These designations are all names that have been devised for unknown agencies, which are recognized only through the effects that they produce. Those effects are in each instance, nevertheless, examined and reasoned about, and the conditions and laws of the several agencies inferred. The metaphysical phenomena, which psychology deals with, are, at any rate, quite as tangible realities as the imponderable fluids, invisible vibrations, infinitesimal atoms, and supersubtle polarities of the physical philosophers.

There is one consideration, however, which very plainly indicates that brain structure still plays an important part in mental work, even after ideas have been formed. After the lapse of long years the ideas which have been registered in the cerebral storehouse can be reproduced at will. Memory is simply the reproductibility of ideas. The brain pulp, upon which the registration of memory is effected, is one of the most evanescent and delicate of the structures of living organization. Its ganglion globules are in a state of unceasing change. Yet the records which are made upon that soft, frail, and fleeting

material remain, although the material itself is used up and destroyed over and over again. The explanation of this marvellous result appears to be that the impression, which is first stamped upon the ganglion globules of the brain, is retained by some faculty of the intellect which is independent of physical change, although some physical changes may temporarily affect it.

Dr. Maudsley holds that there is something in the brain vesicles, over and above the part which is unceasingly changed, which constitutes a kind of enduring framework, upon which the new globules are moulded, and that the permanence of ideas and the endurance of memories are due to these undecomposable and unchangeable portions of the structure. In some recent microscopic examinations of the brains of aged men, it was noticed that at the points where the angular corners, or horns, of the ganglion corpuscles should be in free communication with the pulp core of nerve threads, the proper connection had been destroyed by the drying and withering away of the nerve threads at those points. Such impairment of structure would very amply account for the failure of memory in advanced years, since whatever the residual contents of the globules might be, they would in such circumstances of necessity be quite inaccessible for any purpose of renewed mental work. In reference to the physical state which is concerned in the production of memory, Dr. Maudsley says:—

That which has existed with any completeness in consciousness leaves behind it, after its disappearance therefrom, in the mind or brain, a functional disposition to its reproduction or reappearance in consciousness at some future time. Of no mental act can we say that it is "writ in water." Something remains from it whereby its recurrence is facilitated. Every impression of sense upon the brain, every current of molecular activity from one to another part of the brain, every cerebral reaction which passes into movement, leaves behind it some modification of the nerve-elements concerned in its function, some after-effect, or, so to speak, memory of itself in them, which renders its reproduction an easier matter, the more easy the more often it has been repeated, and makes it impossible to say that, however trivial, it shall not in some circumstances recur. Let the excitation take place in one of two nerve-cells lying side by side, and between which there was not any original specific difference, there will be ever afterwards a difference between them. This physiological process, whatever be its nature, is the physical basis of memory, and it is the foundation of the development of our mental functions.

The difficulty of apportioning out the cerebral ganglia into parts charged with the performance of particular operations of the mind has been one that has pressed heavily upon physiologists. That the brain is subdivided into subordinate organs which are distinct from each other both in structure and function, is probable in the highest degree. In some recent experiments, performed upon the lower animals whilst under the influence of anæsthetics, Dr. Ferrier was able to produce particular actions at will by passing gentle currents of electricity through different parts of the cerebral ganglia. Thus, for instance, when one definite spot in the brain convolution of a dog was acted upon, the animal wagged its tail, and when another part of the brain-mass was stimulated, it twitched its left ear, held up its head, opened its eyes, and assumed the familiar expression of fawning. In a similar way a cat was made to start up, throw back its head, open its eyes, and lash angrily with its tail. There can be no doubt that in these experiments ideas were excited in the brains of the insensible animals by the physical agency of electrical currents. The brain convolutions in reality consist of a number of distinct mind centres, spread out in a kind of vault over the subordinate centres of nerve action which have the charge of consciousness, and are arranged in layer above layer. Dr. Lockhart Clarke, as a first step towards the mapping out of the brain substance into distinguishable parts, has shown that there are at least seven concentric layers of nerve substance in the convolutions, which are alternately of darker and lighter tints; and Dr. Maudsley suggests in reference to these observations of Lockhart Clarke's that, in all probability, the superimposed strata correspond with operations of increasing complexity, the lowest layer being mainly concerned with the simpler acts of perception and memory, while the higher layers are employed in the more complicated task of converting those first rude impressions into more abstract ideas and the more finished conceptions of intellectual activity. The structure of the brain is, however, of such surpassing delicacy and such exquisite minuteness, that very little progress has yet been made in the direction of this branch of investigation, even by the highest skill of the observer and the utmost perfection of microscopes. A fragment of the grey substance of the brain, not larger than the head of a very small pin, contains parts of many thousands

of commingled globules and fibres. Of ganglion globules alone, according to the estimate of the physiologist Meynert, there cannot be less than six hundred millions in the convolutions of a human brain. They are, indeed, in such infinite numbers that possibly only a small portion of the globules provided are ever turned to account in even the most energetic brains. In one particular passage of his book Dr. Maudsley finds occasion to contrast the fifteen thousand words which Shakespeare employs for the expression of his ideas with the hundreds of millions of brain globules that must have been concerned in the production of this intellectual harvest.

Since both impressions of sense and impressions of memory are brought up to the bar of the sensorium to be dealt with upon their merits, it may very well happen that sometimes the great centre of consciousness gets sorely puzzled to discriminate between the two different classes of ideas. Many of the operations of the mind are so essentially the reproductions of impressions of sense, that in some circumstances it must be very easy to mistake them for the things which they represent. In the general work of life the power of discriminating between fancies and facts implies a complex mental act, which is only matured and perfected by long-continued training. There must consequently at all times be many people with whom this training is not complete, and who do not efficiently distinguish between sensory impressions and ideas. Such persons, accordingly, are prone to accept ideas as facts, and so receive as real whatever their imaginations suggest. They reflect their own inner life upon the outside world. Many of the motives under which people ordinarily act are, undoubtedly, of this mistaken and illusory character. In such circumstances the actions are what the physiologist terms *ideo-motor* — actions involuntarily performed under the direction of ideas. They are, indeed, essentially "*reflex actions of the brain*" — movements as involuntarily performed under the stimulation of ideas, as sneezing is involuntarily performed under a special sense impression applied through the nose. Dr. Carpenter ascribes many of the extraordinary phenomena that are met with amongst mesmerists, electro-biologists, table-turners, table-talkers, and spiritualists, to this class of involuntary cerebral actions; and the passages in which he has developed his views upon this matter are amongst the most interesting and able portions of his book. In very many instances effects of

this character are produced in persons who are intellectually weak, and who have not enough strength of character and force of purpose to retain the full command of their own mental operations. But these results are not exclusively found amongst weak people. Nothing is of more frequent occurrence in life than to meet men of highly cultivated and powerful intellects, who are misled as much as the weakest victims of mental fatuity — men who dwell in the retirement of their studies, amidst their own reveries and thoughts, and who only come out from such retirement into the world, to see there the images which have been fabricated in their own brains. With such people the unbiassed investigation of facts becomes almost an impossible process. They can see nothing but what they have already determined is to be seen.

The involuntary reflex action of the brain, and the consequent tyranny of ideas, is a very real and prominent feature in the mental and intellectual existence of man. It goes, indeed, very much further in its operation than is generally conceived. It sufficiently accounts for the vast number of individuals who claim superior and infallible insight for themselves in a sphere of existence where, nevertheless, no two are altogether agreed in their views and opinions. It is the secret of the wide sway of dogmatism. Each man, with entire conscientiousness, believes in the strength of his own position, and is as honest as he is uncompromising in his faith. He is none the less the thrall of his own ideas, and the victim of a cerebral tyranny from which there is no escape. The same influence can be traced, with scarcely less force, into the region of mental pathology. Its application to the phenomena of insanity is obvious to every one. But it is not so generally understood that much of what is familiarly termed "temper" is really to be referred to the same instrumentality. Few persons, who have intelligently observed this form of mental aberration, can have failed to notice how terribly real the illusory fancies of bad-tempered people are. They honestly believe that they are the most ill-used persons on the earth, when they are surrounded only by kindly regard and forbearing indulgence. The true explanation of this pitiable state simply is that such people are the victims of the involuntary ideo-motor operations of their own too active brains.

There is another side, however, of this question of reflex cerebral action, which it is more pleasant to contemplate, and in

which material amends are made for the unamiable phase of its agency. It is that which is now very expressively recognized as "unconscious cerebration." This designation refers to a remarkable faculty of the mind, which was recognized by German physiologists more promptly and readily than it was by Englishmen, although it had been in some measure noticed by Sir William Hamilton. Dr. Carpenter appears to have arrived at a knowledge of this matter by an independent line of thought, and as a consequence of the perception that the sensorium was the effective centre of consciousness for the internal senses, or ideas, as well as for the external impressions of sense. His views on the subject were distinctly expressed in the fourth edition of his book on "Human Physiology" as long back as 1852, and it certainly must be admitted that he has done more than any other English physiologist to make this particular region of mental physiology his own, and to render its doctrines intelligible to the multitude.

The unconscious cerebration of Dr. Carpenter means simply that the human brain is capable of carrying on long trains of mental operations on its own account, when it is once fairly started on the track, and of finally arriving at conclusions which can be received as conscious ideas, although there has been no consciousness whatever of the process by which the operation has been conducted. The physiological explanation of this curious power is that the convoluted ganglion masses of the brain continue their activity in working upon ideas when the functions of the sensorium, which is the seat of consciousness, are entirely suspended and in abeyance, as they are in profound sleep; or when they are exclusively occupied with other trains of impressions, and, on that account, incapable of taking sensorial note of what is passing in the brain. Dr. Carpenter's own statement of his views upon this point is contained in the following brief sentence: "Mental changes, of whose *results we subsequently* become conscious, may go on *below the plane* of consciousness, either during profound sleep or while the attention is wholly engrossed by some entirely different train of thought."

Dr. Maudsley remarks in reference to the same matter:—

Whatever the organic process in the brain, it takes place, like the action of other elements of the body, quite out of the reach of consciousness. We are not aware how our general and abstract ideas are formed; the due

material is consciously supplied, and there is an unconscious elaboration of the result. Mental development thus represents a sort of nutrition and organization; or, as Milton aptly says of the opinions of good men, that they are truth in the making, so we may truly say of the formation of our general and complex ideas that it is mind in the making. When the individual brain is a well-constituted one and has been duly cultivated, the results of its latent activity, rising into consciousness suddenly, sometimes seem like intuitions; they are strange and startling as the products of a dream oftentimes are, to the person who has actually produced them. Hence it was no extravagant fancy in Plato to look upon them as reminiscences of a previous higher existence. His brain was a brain of the highest order, and the results of its unconscious activity, as they flashed into consciousness, would show like revelations, and might well seem intuitions of a higher life quite beyond the reach of present will.

Whilst alluding to this remarkable power of independent and unconscious action of the brain, it should, perhaps, be observed that in reality there is no culture more rare than the one which gives men absolute control of the operations of their own minds, and the power not only of directing their trains of thought to a definite end, but also of estimating correctly the value of the conclusions that are ultimately arrived at. It is a difficult and delicate task, even for scientifically trained men, to distinguish at all times between imaginations and facts; and this difficulty is materially increased by the circumstance that so much of the results of thought lies in a debatable region where hypotheses are unavoidably mingled with facts in the most complicated and perplexing way. The practical escape from this difficulty is the habit which sound reasoners acquire of classifying their own conclusions according to the inherent and intrinsic weight of each, so that some are held loosely as mere approximations to truth, whilst others are regarded as quite settled affairs. It was this consideration, no doubt, which was present to Faraday's mind when, in one of his charming lectures at the Royal Institution, he said, "Our varying hypotheses are simply the confessions of our ignorance in a hidden form; and so it ought to be, only the ignorance should be openly acknowledged." It is a notable instance of the almost invincible power of the ideo-motor influence over the human mind that the practised philosopher, who had arrived at so clear a perception of this important truth, nevertheless had a rather large series of hypotheses, which he habit-

ually and avowedly excepted from his own wise canon. The same remark would apply to one of his most eminent successors in natural philosophy.

If the conclusion of the physiologists, that the presence of a convoluted brain mass of necessity indicates a power of dealing with ideas, be correct, it follows that all the lower animals which have convoluted brains are also endowed with ideas. Wherever there is clear evidence of the existence of memory, as is unquestionably the case with the horse and the dog, it certainly must be so. It is probable, however, that in the most sagacious of the four-footed and four-handed types of the animated kingdom, these mental functions are altogether of the ideo-motor class, and that their succession is not directed or controlled by conscious purpose and will. If this be the correct statement of the fact, the mental lives of the lower animals must be somewhat of the nature of a long reverie or dream, chequered with episodic promptings of instinct.

A noteworthy instance of a dream-life of this character, in which the reveries appeared to have taken a very mathematical line in a canine brain, was but recently familiar in the scientific circles of London. The well-known spectroscopist and astronomer, Dr. Huggins, had a four-footed friend dwelling with him for many years as a regular member of his household, who was a mastiff of very noble proportions by descent, and who bore the great name of "Kepler." This dog possessed many rare gifts, which had secured for him the admiration and regard of a large number of scientific acquaintances, and amongst these was one which he was always ready to exercise for the entertainment of visitors. At the close of luncheon or dinner, Kepler used to march gravely and sedately into the room, and set himself down at his master's feet. Dr. Huggins then propounded to him a series of arithmetical questions, which the dog invariably solved without a mistake. Square roots were extracted off-hand with the utmost readiness and promptness. If asked what was the square root of nine, Kepler replied by three barks; or, if the question were the square root of sixteen, by four. Then various questions followed, in which much more complicated processes were involved — such, for instance, as "add seven to eight, divide the sum by three, and multiply by two." To such a question as that Kepler gave more consideration, and sometimes hesitated in making up his mind as to where his barks

ought finally to stop. Still, in the end, his decision was always right. The reward for each correct answer was a piece of cake, which was held before him during the exercise; but until the solution was arrived at, Kepler never moved his eye from his master's face. The instant the last bark was given he transferred his attention to the cake.

This notable case of canine sagacity, however, in no way militates against the remarks which have recently been made in reference to the ideo-motor character of the quadrupedal mind. Dr. Huggins was perfectly unconscious of suggesting the proper answer to the dog, but it is beyond all question that he did so. The wonderful fact is that Kepler had acquired the habit of reading in his master's eye or countenance some indication that was not known to Dr. Huggins himself. The case was one of the class which is distinguished by physiologists as that of expectant attention. Dr. Huggins was himself engaged in working out mentally the various stages of his arithmetical processes as he propounded the numbers to Kepler, and being, therefore, aware of what the answer should be, *expected* the dog to cease barking when that number was reached; and that expectation suggested to his own brain the unconscious signal which was caught by the quick eye of the dog. The instance is strictly analogous to the well-known case in which a button, suspended from a thread and held by a finger near to the rim of a glass, strikes the hour of the day as it swings, and then stops — that is, provided the person who holds the button himself knows the hour! The explanation of this occurrence is that the hand which holds the button trembles in consequence of its constrained position, and in that way sets the button swinging; and as the attention of the experimenter is fixed upon the oscillation, in the expectation that a definite number of strokes upon the glass will occur, his own brain convolutions take care that the movements of the finger shall be in accordance with that expectation.

The mathematical training of poor Kepler has unfortunately come to an untimely end. The interesting arithmetician died of an attack of typhus fever, to the great sorrow of his large circle of friends, at the beginning of last year, and he now sleeps under the shadow of the telescopes at Tulse Hill. The memory of his high attainments and of the distinguished success with which he upheld the reputation of his name, however, remains. His most inti-

mate friends also enjoy the consolation of an excellent portrait of his thoughtful face, lit up with the exact expression which it bore when he was engaged with his arithmetical problems.

As has been already stated in an earlier paragraph, the sudden stoppage of the circulation of blood through the brain simultaneously and summarily puts an end to all manifestations of mind. This is so absolutely the case that firm mechanical pressure upon the arteries of supply instantaneously suspends all thought, feeling, and consciousness. Nature itself has, however, a more gentle way of exhibiting this crucial experiment. If the circulation of the blood through the brain is gradually reduced, instead of being summarily stopped, the same state of insensibility slowly supervenes. In other words, the animal goes to sleep. Observations made upon the lower animals show that during sleep the brain pulp becomes contracted and pale in consequence of the diminution of its current of blood; and that, with the return of the waking and conscious state, the brain pulp is again swollen out to its original dimensions, in consequence of its re-engorgement with blood. The vital current during sleep is sufficiently maintained to furnish nourishment for the repair of the exhausted brain, but it is not in sufficient force to keep up its functional activity. During any energetic exertion of the attention or will, on the other hand, exactly the opposite condition is brought about. A strong current of blood is then turned on upon the pulp of the cerebral ganglia, and is directed towards those particular parts of the structure whose functions it is intended to quicken. Physiologists conceive that the physical state upon which attention depends is simply increased force of blood thrown upon certain definite portions of the brain organization. There is, indeed, a special arrangement in the living mechanism by which diminished or increased flow can be brought about in reference to any part. The vessels which carry the supply of blood are actually diminished or enlarged according to the effect which is to be brought about. There are a series of fine nerve threads and delicate muscular bands supplied to the blood-vessels themselves to manage the proper adjustment of their dimensions according to the effect which is desired. When sleep is to be produced, the blood-vessels which proceed to the brain are narrowed by the contraction of their walls; and when the mind operations are to be aroused and set

to work the same blood-vessels are relaxed and enlarged, so that more of the blood sent out under the stroke of the heart may find its way through their channels.*

In two of the books which have been named at the head of this article, the authors have travelled over very much the same ground. In both the object has avowedly been to explain how far physiological science has advanced towards an explanation of the nature and action of mind. In both instances the task has been honestly and well performed, so well, indeed, that it quite justifies this somewhat late notice of the books. The chief difference between them, perhaps, is that the "Mental Physiology" is the more easy to read, and the more abundant and rich in its passages of illustration; whilst "The Physiology of Mind" is more technical and more physiologically profound, although not so technical or so profound as to require more effort of attention than is readily given by persons of good culture and average intelligence. Both books are the natural outgrowths of larger works conceived in earlier years, but it is one reason for the great value of the result that has been secured in both cases, that it has been reached by two entirely different lines of investigation. The authors have arrived at common ground by quite opposite routes. The "Mental Physiology" has separated itself, by the mere force of its own accumulating weight, from Dr. Carpenter's larger work upon human physiology, which still ranks as an established text-book of the subject. "The Physiology of Mind" is an offset from a book called "The Physiology and Pathology of Mind," which was also first published many years ago, and which was at that time a bold attempt to investigate some of the more obscure portions of the science of mind by means of the phenomena of insanity. The physiological branch of this treatise has, however, now grown so ripe that it has broken asunder from its pathological stem, and taken root for itself in the form in which it has recently appeared. For both books, it is not too much to say that their purpose has been amply and ably worked out. In both, clear forcible language is used in the con-

* The contraction of the smaller arterial vessels is effected through the influence of nerves supplied from the distinct sympathetic nerve system of organic life, which has its chief centres in the visceral plexuses, and not in the spinal cord and brain. But their *dilatation* is produced by the operation of other nerve threads derived from the system of the spinal cord. The power of mental action over the dilatation of the small blood-vessels is manifested in the familiar occurrence of blushing under emotion.

struction of the argument, and in both a very complete impression is ultimately given of the existing state of this branch of physiological knowledge.

The great facts relating to the physiology of mind, which have been definitely established by the recent progress of scientific discovery, may be briefly expressed in the following condensed propositions.

With every expression of a mental state, and with every action of the mind, some structural change occurs in the substance of the brain. It is in that sense that the brain is the organ of the mind.

The change which occurs in the brain is of a destructive character. A complex unstable substance, formed out of the blood and deposited in the brain globules, is decomposed and destroyed by the agency of oxygen. The nerve influence and mind action are energies evolved as a consequence of that decomposition. The brain pulp is burned for the production of brain force.

The combustible brain pulp is deposited in minute membranous sacs, or globules, to which an abundant network of blood-vessels is distributed. Through these blood-vessels both the oxygen, which is the agent effecting the corrosive decomposition of the pulp, and the nourishment which repairs the corrosive destruction, are conveyed to the brain. The blood circulation both wastes and sustains the brain, and in that way promotes its mental functions.

The globules of the brain are produced in quite incalculable numbers, and are in a state of continuous reproduction, growth, maturation, and decay. The cerebral globules are essentially living organs, which build up the structure of the brain by the multiplication of their own minute forms. The transmission of nerve influence and mind-force between the several aggregations of globules, and between globule and globule, is effected by means of a destructive decomposition of the pulp of the nerve threads which meander about amongst them in all conceivable directions. With every effective current of nerve influence there is a concomitant consumption of nerve pulp. Nerve substance is destroyed by the transmission of nerve influence, as well as by the origination of mental activity.

Different kinds of globules, and different methods of distribution and grouping of their clusters, are distinguished in the brain. But on account of the surpassing minuteness and delicacy of the structure, and the intricacy of its arrangement, it has not yet been possible to map out the dif-

ferent parts of the convolutions of the brain into subordinate divisions corresponding with the different faculties of the mind.

Such are the results which science has attained in this recondite province of intellectual inquiry, but with these results the achievements of physiological investigation end. There is no glimmering yet of the way in which the energy evolved from the destruction of the sensory track of the brain pulp is changed into the phenomena of consciousness. There is no hint of the plan by which the action of the unstable and combustible base of the brain convolutions is transmuted into the functions of the intellect. There is no explanation of the process by which pulp vibration is transformed into reason and feeling. There is no demonstration of the structural difference between pleasure and pain. An unfathomed abyss still stretches out beyond the most advanced ground won by the adventurous explorations of physiologists. Dr. Maudsley, as the expositor of the latest progress in mental physiology, honestly and unreservedly admits that this is the case when he says:—

Of what may happen in a world into which human senses have not yet found a means of entering, we are no better entitled to speak than the blind man is to talk of the appearance of objects. In such matter it would be more wise to adopt Tertullian's maxim, "*Credo quia impossibile est,*" than that too much favored by human ignorance which affirms "that a thing is impossible because it appears to be inconceivable."

Here, then, we reach the limits to which physical science has attained. The moral and intellectual faculties of man belong to a region for which physical science has no language and no explanation. To investigate them is the task of a higher branch of philosophy, for we still say with the old schoolmen, "*Nihil est in intellectu quod non fuerit in sensu — nisi intellectus ipse.*"

SIR GIBBIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

AUTHOR OF "MALCOLM," "THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE,"
ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

THE HOUSELESS.

THE minister kept Gibbie hard at work, and by the time Donal's last winter came, Gibbie was ready for college also. To

please Mr. Sclater he *competed* for a bursary, and gained a tolerably good one, but declined accepting it. His guardian was annoyed, he could not see why he should refuse what he had "earned." Gibbie asked him whether it was the design of the founders of those bursaries that rich boys should have them. Were they not for the like of Donal? Whereupon Mr. Sclater could not help remembering what a difference it would have made to him in his early struggles, if some rich bursar above him had yielded a place — and held his peace.

Daur Street being too far from Elphinstone College for a student to live there, Mr. Sclater consented to Gibbie's lodging with Donal, but would have insisted on their taking rooms in some part of the town — more suitable to the young baronet's position, he said; but as there was another room to be had at Mistress Murkison's, Gibbie insisted that one who had shown them so much kindness must not be forsaken; and by this time he seldom found difficulty in having his way with his guardian. Both he and his wife had come to understand him better, and nobody could understand Gibbie better without also understanding better all that was good and true and right: although they hardly knew the fact themselves, the standard of both of them had been heightened by not a few degrees since Gibbie came to them; and although he soon ceased to take direct notice of what in their conduct distressed him, I cannot help thinking it was not amiss that he uttered himself as he did at the first; knowing a little his ways of thinking, they came to feel his judgment unexpressed. For Mrs. Sclater, when she bethought herself that she had said or done something he must count worldly, the very silence of the dumb boy was a reproof to her.

One night the youths had been out for a long walk, and came back to the city late, after the shops were shut. Only here and there a light glimmered in some low-browed little place, probably used in part by the family. Not a soul was visible in the dingy region through which they now approached their lodging, when round a corner, moving like a shadow, came, soft-pacing, a ghostly woman in rags, with a white, worn face, and the largest black eyes, it seemed to the youths, that they had ever seen — an apparition of awe and grief and wonder. To compare a great thing to a small, she was to their eyes as a ruined, desecrated shrine to the eyes of the saint's own peculiar worshipper. I may compare

LIVING AGE. VOL. XXV. 1286

her to what I please, great or small — to a sapphire set in tin, to an angel with dragged feathers; for far beyond all comparison is that temple of the holy ghost in the desert — a woman in wretchedness and rags. She carried her puny baby rolled hard in the corner of her scrap of black shawl. To the youths a sea of trouble looked out of those wild eyes. As she drew near them, she hesitated, half stopped, and put out a hand from under the shawl — stretched out no arm, held out only a hand from the wrist, white against the night. Donal had no money. Gibbie had a shilling. The hand closed upon it, a gleam crossed the sad face, and a murmur of thanks fluttered from the thin lips as she walked on her way. The youths breathed deep, and felt a little relieved, but only a little. The thought of the woman wandering in the dark and the fog and the night, was a sickness at their hearts. Was it impossible to gather such under the wings of any night-brooding hen? That Gibbie had gone through so much of the same kind of thing himself, and had found it endurable enough, did not make her case a whit the less pitiful in his eyes, and indeed it was widely, sadly different from his. Along the deserted street, which looked to Donal like a waterless canal banked by mounds of death, and lighted by phosphorescent grave-damps, they followed her with their eyes, the one living thing, fading away from lamp to lamp; and when they could see her no farther, followed her with their feet; they could not bear to lose sight of her. But they kept just on the verge of vision, for they did not want her to know the espial of their love. Suddenly she disappeared, and keeping their eyes on the spot as well as they could, they found when they reached it a little shop, with a red curtain, half torn down, across the glass door of it. A dim oil lamp was burning within. It looked like a rag-shop, dirty and dreadful. There she stood, while a woman with a bloated face, looking to Donal like a feeder of hell-swine, took from some secret hole underneath, a bottle which seemed to Gibbie the very one his father used to drink from. He would have rushed in and dashed it from her hand, but Donal withheld him.

"Hoots!" he said, "we canna follow her a' nicht; an' gien we did, what better wad she be i' the mornin'? Lat her be, puir thing!"

She received the whisky in a broken teacup, swallowed some of it eagerly, then, to the horror of the youths, put some of

it into the mouth of her child from her own. Draining the last drops from the cup, she set it quietly down, turned, and without a word spoken, for she had paid beforehand, came out, her face looking just as white and thin as before, but having another expression in the eyes of it. At the sight, Donal's wisdom forsook him.

"Eh, wuman," he cried, "yon wasna what ye hed the shillin' for!"

"Ye said naething," answered the poor creature humbly, and walked on, hanging her head, and pressing her baby to her bosom.

The boys looked at each other.

"That wasna the gait yer shillin' sud hae gane, Gibbie," said Donal. "It's clear it winna dee to gie shillin's to sic like as her. Wha kens but the henger an' the caul', an' the want o' whisky may be the wuman's evil things here, 'at she may 'scape the hell fire o' the Rich Man hereafter?"

He stopped, for Gibbie was weeping. The woman and her child he would have taken to his very heart, and could do nothing for them. Love seemed helpless, for money was useless. It set him thinking much, and the result appeared. From that hour the case of the homeless haunted his heart and brain and imagination; and as his natural affections found themselves repelled and chilled in what is called Society, they took refuge more and more with the houseless and hungry and shivering. Through them, also, he now, for the first time, began to find grave and troubling questions mingling with his faith and hope; so that already he began to be rewarded for his love: to the true heart every doubt is a door. I will not follow and describe the opening of these doors to Gibbie, but, as what he discovered found always its first utterance in action, wait until I can show the result.

For the time the youths were again a little relieved about the woman: following her still, to a yet more wretched part of the city, they saw her knock at a door, pay something, and be admitted. It looked a dreadful refuge, but she was at least under cover, and shelter, in such a climate as ours in winter, must be the first rudimentary notion of salvation. No longer haunted with the idea of her wandering all night about the comfortless streets, "like a ghost awake in Memphis," Donal said, they went home. But it was long before they got to sleep, and in the morning their first words were about the woman.

"Gien only we hed my mither here!" said Donal.

"Mightn't you try Mr. Sclater?" suggested Gibbie.

Donal answered with a great roar of laughter.

"He wad tell her she oucht to tak shame till hersel'," he said, "an I'm thinkin' she's lang brunt a' her stock o' that firin'. He wad tell her she sud work for her livin', an maybe there isna ae turn the puir thing can dee 'at onybody wad gie her a bawbee for a day o'? — But what say ye to takin' advice o' Miss Galbraith?"

It was strange how, with the marked distinctions between them, Donal and Gibbie would every now and then, like the daughters of the Vicar of Wakefield, seem to change places and parts.

"God can make praise-pipes of babes and sucklings," answered Gibbie; "but it does not follow that they can give advice. Don't you remember your mother saying that the stripling David was enough to kill a braggart giant, but a sore-tried man was wanted to rule the people?"

It ended in their going to Mistress Croale. They did not lay bare to her their perplexities, but they asked her to find out who the woman was, and see if anything could be done for her. They said to themselves she would know the condition of such a woman, and what would be moving in her mind, after the experience she had herself had, better at least than the minister or his lady-wife. Nor were they disappointed. To be thus taken into counsel revived for Mistress Croale the time of her dignity while yet she shepherded her little flock of drunkards. She undertook the task with hearty good will, and carried it out with some success. Its reaction on herself to her own good was remarkable. There can be no better auxiliary against our own sins than to help our neighbor in the encounter with his. Merely to contemplate our neighbor will recoil upon us in quite another way: we shall see his faults so black, that we will not consent to believe ours so bad, and will immediately begin to excuse, which is the same as to cherish them, instead of casting them from us with abhorrence.

One day early in the session, as the youths were approaching the gate of Miss Kimble's school, a thin, care-worn man, in shabby clothes, came out, and walked along meeting them. Every now and then he bowed his shoulders, as if something invisible had leaped upon them from behind, and as often seemed to throw it off and with effort walk erect. It was the laird. They lifted their caps, but in return he only stared, or rather tried to stare, for his

eyes seemed able to fix themselves on nothing. He was now at length a thoroughly ruined man, and had come to the city to end his days in a cottage belonging to his daughter. Already Mr. Sclater, who was unweariedly on the watch over the material interests of his ward, had, through his lawyer, and without permitting his name to appear, purchased the whole of the Glashruach property. For the present, however, he kept Sir Gilbert in ignorance of the fact.

CHAPTER XII.

A WALK.

THE cottage to which Mr. Galbraith had taken Ginevra, stood in a suburban street — one of those small, well-built stone houses common, I fancy, throughout Scotland, with three rooms and a kitchen on its one floor, and a large attic with dormer windows. It was low and wide-roofed and had a tiny garden between it and the quiet street. This garden was full of flowers in summer and autumn, but the tops of a few gaunt stems of hollyhocks, and the wiry straggling creepers of the honeysuckle about the eaves, was all that now showed from the pavement. It had a dwarf wall of granite, with an iron railing on the top, through which, in the season, its glorious colors used to attract many eyes, but Mr. Galbraith had had the railing and the gate lined to the very spikes with boards: the first day of his abode he had discovered that the passers-by — not to say those who stood to stare admiringly at the flowers, came much too near his faded but none the less conscious dignity. He had also put a lock on the gate, and so made of the garden a sort of propylon to the house. For he had of late developed a tendency towards taking to earth, like the creatures that seem to have been created ashamed of themselves, and are always burrowing. But it was not that the late laird was ashamed of himself in any proper sense. Of the dishonesty of his doings he was as yet scarcely half conscious, for the proud man shrinks from repentance, regarding it as disgrace. To wash is to acknowledge the need of washing. He avoided the eyes of men for the mean reason that he could no longer appear in dignity as laird of Glashruach and chairman of a grand company; while he felt as if something must have gone wrong with the laws of nature that it had become possible for Thomas Galbraith, of Glashruach, Esq. to live in a dumpy cottage. He had thought seriously of resuming his patronymic of

Durrant, but reflected that he was too well known to don that cloak of transparent darkness without giving currency to the idea that he had soiled the other past longer wearing. It would be imagined, he said, picking out one dishonesty of which he had not been guilty, that he had settled money on his wife, and retired to enjoy it.

His condition was far more pitiful than his situation. Having no faculty for mental occupation except with affairs, finding nothing to do but cleave, like a spent sailor, with hands and feet to the slippery rock of what was once his rectitude, such as it was, trying to hold it still his own, he would sit for hours without moving — a perfect creature, temple, god, and worshipper, all in one — only that the worshipper was hardly content with his god, and that a worm was gnawing on at the foundation of the temple. Nearly as motionless, her hands excepted, would Ginevra sit opposite to him, not quieter but more peaceful than when a girl, partly because now she was less afraid of him. He called her, in his thoughts as he sat there, heartless and cold, but not only was she not so, but it was his fault that she appeared to him such. In his moral stupidity he would rather have seen her manifest concern at the poverty to which he had reduced her, than show the stillness of a contented mind. She was not much given to books, but what she read was worth reading, and such as turned into thought while she sat. They are not the best students who are most dependent on books. What can be got out of them is at best only material: a man must build his house for himself. She would have read more, but with her father beside her doing nothing, she felt that to take a book would be like going into a warm house, and leaving him out in the cold. It was very sad to her to see him thus shrunk and withered, and lost in thought that plainly was not thinking. Nothing interested him; he never looked at the papers, never cared to hear a word of news. His eyes more unsteady, his lips looser, his neck thinner and longer, he looked more than ever like a puppet whose strings hung slack. How often would Ginevra have cast herself on his bosom if she could have even hoped he would not repel her! Now and then his eyes did wander to her in a dazed sort of animal-like appeal, but the moment she attempted response, he turned into a corpse. Still, when it came, that look was a comfort, for it seemed to witness some bond between them after all. And another comfort was,

that now, in his misery, she was able, if not to forget those painful thoughts about him which had all these years haunted her, at least to dismiss them when they came, in the hope that, as already such a change had passed upon him, further and better change might follow.

She was still the same brown bird as of old — a bird of the twilight, or rather a twilight itself, with a whole night of stars behind it, of whose existence she scarcely knew, having but just started on the voyage of discovery which life is. She had the sweetest, rarest smile — not frequent and flashing like Gibbie's, but stealing up from below, like the shadowy reflection of a greater light, gently deepening, permeating her countenance until it reached her eyes, thence issuing in soft flame. Always, however, as soon as her eyes began to glow duskily, down went their lids, and down dropt her head like the frond of a sensitive plant. Her atmosphere was an embodied stillness; she made a quiet wherever she entered; she was not beautiful, but she was lovely; and her presence at once made a place such as one would desire to be in.

The most pleasant of her thoughts were of necessity those with which the two youths were associated. How dreary but for them and theirs would the retrospect of her life have been! Several times every winter they had met at the minister's, and every summer she had again and again seen Gibbie with Mrs. Sclater, and once or twice had had a walk with them, and every time Gibbie had something of Donal's to give her. Twice Gibbie had gone to see her at the school, but the second time she asked him not to come again, as Miss Kimble did not like it. He gave a big stare of wonder, and thought of Angus and the laird; but followed the stare with a swift smile, for he saw she was troubled, and asked no question, but waited for the understanding of all things that must come. But now, when or where was she ever to see them more? Gibbie was no longer at the minister's and perhaps she would never be invited to meet them there again. She dared not ask Donal to call: her father would be indignant; and for her father's sake she would not ask Gibbie: it might give him pain; while the thought that he would of a certainty behave so differently to him now that he was well-dressed, and mannered like a gentleman, was almost more unendurable to her than the memory of his past treatment of him.

Mr. and Mrs. Sclater had called upon them the moment they were settled in the

cottage; but Mr. Galbraith would see nobody. When the gate-bell rang, he always looked out, and if a visitor appeared, withdrew to his bedroom.

One brilliant Saturday morning, the second in the session, the ground hard with an early frost, the filmy ice making fairy caverns and grottos in the cart-ruts, and the air so condensed with cold that every breath, to those who ate and slept well, had the life of two, Mrs. Sclater rang the said bell. Mr. Galbraith peeping from the window, saw a lady's bonnet, and went. She walked in, followed by Gibbie, and would have Ginevra go with them for a long walk. Pleased enough with the proposal, for the outsides of life had been dull as well as painful of late, she went and asked her father. If she did not tell him that Sir Gilbert was with Mrs. Sclater, perhaps she ought to have told him; but I am not sure, and therefore am not going to blame her. When parents are not fathers and mothers, but something that has no name in the kingdom of heaven, they place the purest and most honest of daughters in the midst of perplexities.

"Why do you ask me?" returned her father. "My wishes are nothing to any one now; to you they never were anything."

"I will stay at home, if you wish it, papa, — with pleasure," she replied, as cheerfully as she could after such a reproach.

"By no means. If you do, I shall go and dine at the Red Hart," he answered — not having money enough in his possession to pay for a dinner there.

I fancy he meant to be kind, but, like not a few, alas! took no pains to look as kind as he was. There are many, however, who seem to delight in planting a sting where conscience or heart will not let them deny. It made her miserable for a while of course, but she had got so used to his way of breaking a gift as he handed it, that she answered only with a sigh. When she was a child, his ungraciousness had power to darken the sunlight, but by repetition it had lost force. In haste she put on her little brown-ribboned bonnet, took the moth-eaten muff that had been her mother's, and rejoined Mrs. Sclater and Gibbie, beaming with troubled pleasure. Life in her was strong, and their society soon enabled her to forget, not her father's sadness, but his treatment of her.

At the end of the street, they found Donal waiting them — without greatcoat or muffler, the picture of such health as

suffices to its own warmth, not a mark of the midnight student about him, and looking very different, in town-made clothes, from the Donal of the mirror. He approached and saluted her with such an air of homely grace as one might imagine that of the Red Cross Knight, when, having just put on the armor of a Christian man, from a clownish fellow he straightway appeared the goodliest knight in the company. Away they walked together westward, then turned southward. Mrs. Sclater and Gibbie led, and Ginevra followed with Donal. And they had not walked far, before something of the delight of old times on Glashruach began to revive in the bosom of the too sober girl. In vain she reminded herself that her father sat miserable at home, thinking of her probably as the most heartless of girls; the sun, and the bright air like wine in her veins, were too much for her, Donal had soon made her cheerful, and now and then she answered his talk with even a little flash of merriment. They crossed the bridge, high-hung over the Daur, by which on that black morning Gibbie fled; and here for the first time, with his three friends about him, he told on his fingers the dire deed of the night, and heard from Mrs. Sclater that the murderers had been hanged. Ginevra grew white and faint as she read his fingers and gestures, but it was more at the thought of what the child had come through, than from the horror of his narrative. They then turned eastward to the sea, and came to the top of the rock-border of the coast, with its cliffs rent into gullies, eerie places to look down into, ending in caverns into which the waves rushed with bellow and boom. Although so nigh the city, this was always a solitary place, yet, rounding a rock, they came upon a young man, who hurried a book into his pocket, and would have gone by the other side, but perceiving himself recognized, came to meet them, and saluted Mrs. Sclater, who presented him to Ginevra as the Rev. Mr. Duff.

"I have not had the pleasure of seeing you since you were quite a little girl, Miss Galbraith," said Fergus.

Ginevra said coldly she did not remember him. The youths greeted him in careless student fashion: they had met now and then for a moment about the college; and a little meaningless talk followed.

He was to preach the next day — and for several Sundays following — at a certain large church in the city, at the time without a minister; and when they came upon him he was studying his sermon — I

do not mean the truths he intended to press upon his audience — those he had mastered long ago — but his manuscript, *studying* it in the sense in which actors use the word, learning it, that is, by heart laboriously, that the words might come from his lips an extemporaneous utterance, much like what they were not as possible, consistently with not being mistaken for one, which, were it true as the Bible, would have no merit in the ears of those who counted themselves judges of the craft. The kind of thing suited Fergus, whose highest idea of life was *seeming*. Naturally capable, he had already made of himself rather a dull fellow; for when a man spends his energy on appearing to have, he is all the time destroying what he has, and therein the very means of becoming what he desires to seem. If he gains his end his success is his punishment.

Fergus never forgot that he was a clergyman, always carrying himself according to his idea of the calling; therefore when the interchange of commonplaces flagged, he began to look about him for some remark sufficiently tinged with his profession to be suitable for him to make, and for the ladies to hear as his. The wind was a thoroughly wintry one from the northeast, and had been blowing all night, so that the waves were shouldering the rocks with huge assault. Now Fergus's sermon, which he meant to use as a spade for the casting of the first turf of the first parallel in the siege of the pulpit of the North parish, was upon the vanity of human ambition, his text being the grand verse — *And so I saw the wicked buried, who had come and gone from the place of the holy*; there was no small amount of fine writing in the manuscript he had thrust into his pocket; and his sermon was in his head when he remarked, with the wafture of a neatly gloved hand seawards —

"I was watching these waves when you found me: they seem to me such a picture of the vanity of human endeavor! But just as little as those waves would mind me, if I told them they were wasting their labor on these rocks, will men mind me, when I tell them to-morrow of the emptiness of their ambitions."

"A present enstance o' the vanity o' human endeavour!" said Donal. "What for sud ye, in that case, gang on preachin', settin' them an ill exmple?"

Duff gave him a high-lidded glance, vouchsafing no reply.

"Just as those waves," he continued, "waste themselves in effort, as often foiled as renewed, to tear down these rocks,

so do the men of this world go on and on, spending their strength for nought."

"Hoots, Fergus!" said Donal again, in broadest speech, as if with its bray he would rebuke not the madness but the silliness of the prophet, "ye dinna mean to tell me yon jaws (*billows*) disna ken their business better nor imaigne they hae to caw doon the rocks?"

Duff cast a second glance of scorn at what he took for the prosaic stupidity or poverty-stricken logomachy of Donal, while Ginevra opened on him big brown eyes, as much as to say, "Donal, who was it set me down for saying a man couldn't be a burn?" But Gibbie's face was expectant: he knew Donal. Mrs. Sclater also looked interested: she did not much like Duff, and by this time she suspected Donal of genius. Donal turned to Ginevra with a smile, and said, in the best English he could command —

"Bear with me a moment, Miss Galbraith. If Mr. Duff will oblige me by answering my question, I trust I shall satisfy you I am no turncoat."

Fergus stared. What did his father's herd-boy mean by talking such English to the ladies, and such vulgar Scotch to him? Although now a magistrand — that is, one about to take his degree of Master of Arts — Donal was still to Fergus the cleaner-out of his father's byres — an upstart, whose former position was his real one — towards him at least, who knew him. And did the fellow challenge him to a discussion? Or did he presume on the familiarity of their boyhood, and wish to sport his acquaintance with the popular preacher? On either supposition, he was impertinent.

"I spoke poetically," he said with cold dignity.

"Ye'll excuse me, Fergus," replied Donal, "— for the sake o' auld langsyne, whan I was, as I ever will be, sair obligatit till ye — but i' that ye say noo, ye're sair wrang: ye wasna speykin' poetically, though I ken weel ye think it, or ye wadna say 't; an' that's what garred me tak ye up. For the verra essence o' poetry is trowth, an' as sune's a word's no true, it's no poetry, though it may hae on the cast claes o' 't. It's nane but them 'at kens na what poetry is, 'at bletcher aboot poetic license, an' that kin' o' hen-scraich, as gien a poet was sic a gowk 'at naebody heedit hoo he lee'd, or whether he gaed wi' 's cwite (*coat*) hin' side afore or no."

"I am at a loss to understand you — Donal? — yes, Donal Grant. I remember you very well; and from the trouble I used to take with you to make you distinguish

between the work of the poet and that of the rhymester, I should have thought by this time you would have known a little more about the nature of poetry. Personification is a figure of speech in constant use by all poets."

"Ow ay! but there's true and there's fause personification: an' it's no ilka poet 'at kens the differ. Ow, I ken! ye'll be doon upo' me wi' yer Byron," — Fergus shook his head as at a false impeachment, but Donal went on — "but even a poet canna mak lees poetry. An' a man 'at in ane o' his gran'est verses cud haiver aboot the birth o' a yoong airthquack — losh! to think o' 't growin' an auld airthquack! — haith, to me it's no up till a deuk-quack! — sic a poet nicht weel, I grant ye, be he ever sic a guid poet whan he tuik heed to what he said, he nicht weel, I say, bletcher nonsense aboot the sea warrin' again' the rocks, an' sic stuff."

"But don't you see them?" said Fergus, pointing to a great billow that fell back at the moment, and lay churning in the gulf beneath them. "Are they not in fact wasting the rocks away by slow degrees?"

"What comes o' yer simile than, anent the vanity o' their endeavour? But that's no what I'm carin' aboot. What I maintain is, 'at though they div weir awa' the rocks, that's nae mair their design nor it's the design o' a yewky owse to kill the tree whan he rubs hit's skin an' his ain aff thegither."

"Tut! nobody ever means, when he personifies the powers of nature, that they know what they are about."

"The mair necessar' till attreebute till them naething but their rale design."

"If they don't know what they are about, how can you be so foolish as talk of their design?"

"Ilka thing has a design, — an' gien it dinna ken't itsel', that's jist whaur yer true an' lawfu' personification comes in. There's no rizon 'at a poet sudna attreebute till a thing as a conscious design that which lies at the verra heart o' 'ts bein', the design for which it's there. That an' noither sud determine the personification ye gie a thing — for that's the trowth o' the thing. Eh, man, Fergus! the jaws is fechtin' wi' nae rocks. They're jist at their pairt in a gran' cleansin' hermony. They're at their hoosemaid's wark, day an' nicht, to haud the warl' clean, an' gran' an' bonnie they sing at it. Gien I was you, I wadna tell fowk ony sic nonsense as yon; I wad tell them 'at ilk ane 'at disna dee his wark i' the warl', an' dee 't the right gait, 's no the worth o' a minnin, no to say

a whaul, for ilk ane o' thae wee craturis dis the wull o' him 'at made 'im wi' ilka whisk o' his bit tailie, fa'in wi' a' the jabble o' the jaws again' the rocks, for it's a' ae thing — an' a' to haud the muckle sea clean. An' sae whan I lie i' my bed, an' a' at ance there comes a wee soughie o' win' i' my face, an' I luik up an' see it was naething but the wings o' a flittin' flee, I think wi' mysel' hoo' a' the curses are but blessin's 'at ye dinna see intill, an' hoo ilka midge, an' flee, an' muckle dronin' thing 'at gangs about singin' bass, no to mention the doos an' the mairtins an' the craws an' the kites an' the oolets an' the muckle aigles an' the butterflees, is a' jist haudin' the air gauin' 'at ilka defilin' thing may be weel turnt ower, an' brunt clean. That's the best I got oot o' my cheemistry last session. An' fain wad I haud air an' watter in motion about me, an' sae serve my en' — whether by waggin' wi' my wings or whiskin' wi' my tail. Eh! it's jist won'erfu'. It's a' ae gran' consortit confusion o' hermony an' order; an' what maks the confusion is only jist 'at a' thing's workin' an' naething sits idle. But awa' wi' the nonsense o' ae thing worryin' an' fechtin' at anither! — no till ye come to beasts an' fowk, an' syne ye hae eneuch o' 't."

All the time Fergus had been poking the point of his stick into the ground, a smile of superiority curling his lip.

"I hope, ladies, your wits are not quite swept away in this flood of Doric," he said.

"You have a poor opinion of the stability of our brains, Mr. Duff," said Mrs. Sclater.

"I was only judging by myself," he replied, a little put out. "I can't say I understood our friend here. Did you?"

"Perfectly," answered Mrs. Sclater.

At that moment came a thunderous wave with a great *bowff* into the hollow at the end of the gully on whose edge they stood.

"There's your housemaid's broom, Donal!" said Ginevra.

They all laughed.

"Everything depends on how you look at a thing," said Fergus, and said no more — inwardly resolving, however, to omit from his sermon a certain sentence about the idle waves dashing themselves to ruin on the rocks they would destroy, and to work in something instead about the winds of the winter tossing the snow. A pause followed.

"Well, this is Saturday, and to-morrow is my work-day, you know, ladies," he

said. "If you would oblige me with your address, Miss Galbraith, I should do myself the honor of calling on Mr. Galbraith."

Ginevra told him where they lived, but added she was afraid he must not expect to see her father, for he had been out of health lately, and would see nobody.

"At all events I shall give myself the chance," he rejoined, and bidding the ladies good-bye, and nodding to the youths, turned and walked away.

For some time there was silence. At length Donal spoke.

"Poor Fergus!" he said with a little sigh. "He's a good-natured creature, and was a great help to me; but when I think of him a preacher, I seem to see an Egyptian priest standing on the threshold of the great door at Ipsambul, blowing with all his might to keep out the Libyan desert; and the four great stone gods, sitting behind the altar, far back in the gloom, laughing at him."

Then Ginevra asked him something which led to a good deal of talk about the true and false in poetry, and made Mrs. Sclater feel it was not for nothing she had befriended the lad from the hills in the strange garments. And she began to think whether her husband might not be brought to take a higher view of his calling.

On Monday Fergus went to pay his visit to Mr. Galbraith. As Ginevra had said, her father did not appear, but Fergus was far from disappointed. He had taken it into his head that Miss Galbraith sided with him when that ill-bred fellow made his rude, not to say ungrateful attack upon him, and was much pleased to have a talk with her. Ginevra thought it would not be right to cherish against him the memory of the one sin of his youth in her eyes, but she could not like him. She did not know why, but the truth was, she felt, without being able to identify, his unreality: she thought it was because, both in manners and in dress, so far as the custom of his calling would permit, he was that unpleasant phenomenon, a fine gentleman. She had never heard him preach, or she would have liked him still less; for he was an orator wilful and prepense, choice of long words, fond of climaxes, and always aware of the points at which he must wave his arm, throw forward his hands, wipe his eyes with the finest of large cambric handkerchiefs. As it was, she was heartily tired of him before he went, and when he was gone, found, as she sat with her father, that she could not recall a word he had said.

As to what had made the fellow stay so long, she was therefore positively unable to give her father an answer; the consequence of which was, that, the next time he called, Mr. Galbraith, much to her relief, stood the brunt of his approach, and received him. The ice thus broken, his ingratiating manners, and the full-blown respect he showed Mr. Galbraith, enabling the weak man to feel himself, as of old, every inch a laird, so won upon him that, when he took his leave, he gave him a cordial invitation to repeat his visit.

He did so, in the evening this time, and remembering a predilection of the laird's, begged for a game of backgammon. The result of his policy was, that, of many weeks that followed, every Monday evening at least he spent with the laird. Ginevra was so grateful to him for his attention to her father, and his efforts to draw him out of his gloom, that she came gradually to let a little light of favor shine upon him. And if the heart of Fergus Duff was drawn to her, that is not to be counted to him a fault — neither that, his heart thus drawn, he should wish to marry her. Had she been still heiress of Glashruach, he dared not have dreamed of such a thing, but, noting the humble condition to which they were reduced, the growing familiarity of the father, and the friendliness of the daughter, he grew very hopeful, and more anxious than ever to secure the presentation to the North church, which was in the gift of the city. He could easily have got a rich wife, but he was more greedy of distinction than of money, and to marry the daughter of the man to whom he had been accustomed in childhood to look up as the greatest in the known world, was in his eyes like a patent of nobility, would be a ratification of his fitness to mingle with the choice of the land.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE NORTH CHURCH.

IT was a cold night in March, cloudy and blowing. Every human body was turned into a fortress for bare defence of life. There was no snow on the ground, but it seemed as if there must be snow everywhere else. There was snow in the clouds overhead, and there was snow in the mind of man beneath. The very air felt like the quarry out of which the snow had been dug which was being ground above. The wind felt black, the sky was black, and the lamps were blowing about as if they wanted to escape for the darkness was after them. It was the Sunday fol-

lowing the induction of Fergus, and this was the meteoric condition through which Donal and Gibbie passed on their way to the North church, to hear him preach in the pulpit that was now his own.

The people had been gathering since long before the hour, and the youths could find only standing room near the door. Cold as was the weather, and keen as blew the wind into the church every time a door was opened, the instant it was shut again it was warm, for the place was crowded from the very height of the great steep-sloping galleries, at the back of which the people were standing on the window sills, down to the double swing-doors, which were constantly cracking open as if the house was literally too full to hold the congregation. The aisles also were crowded with people standing, all eager yet solemn, with granite faces and live eyes. One who did not know better might well have imagined them gathered in hunger after good tidings from the kingdom of truth and hope, whereby they might hasten the coming of that kingdom in their souls and the souls they loved. But it was hardly that; it was indeed a long way from it, and no such thing: the eagerness was, in the mass, doubtless with exceptions, to hear the new preacher, the pyrotechnist of human logic and eloquence, who was about to burn his halfpenny blue lights over the abyss of truth, and throw his yelping crackers into it.

The eyes of the young men went wandering over the crowd, looking for any of their few acquaintances, but below they mostly fell of course on the backs of heads. There was, however, no mistaking either Ginevra's bonnet or the occiput perched like a capital on the long neck of her father. They sat a good way in front, about the middle of the great church. At the sight of them Gibbie's face brightened, Donal's turned pale as death. For only the last week but one, he had heard of the frequent visits of the young preacher to the cottage, and of the favor in which he was held by both father and daughter; and his state of mind since, had not, with all his philosophy to rectify and support it, been an enviable one. That he could not for a moment regard himself as a fit husband for the lady-lass, or dream of exposing himself or her to the insult which the offer of himself as a son-in-law would bring on them both from the laird, was not a reflection to render the thought of such a bag of wind as Fergus Duff marrying her one whit the less horribly unendurable. Had the laird been in the same social position

as before, Donal would have had no fear of his accepting Fergus; but misfortune alters many relations. Fergus's father was a man of considerable property, Fergus himself almost a man of influence, and already in possession of a comfortable income: it was possible to imagine that the impoverished Thomas Galbraith, late of Glashruach, Esq., might contrive to swallow what annoyance there could not but in any case be in wedding his daughter to the son of John Duff, late his own tenant of the Mains. Altogether Donal's thoughts were not of the kind to put him in fit mood — I do not say to gather benefit from the prophesying of Fergus, but to give fair play to the peddler who now rose to display his loaded calico and beggarly shoddy over the book-board of the pulpit. But the congregation listened rapt. I dare not say there was no divine reality concerned in his utterance, for Gibbie saw many a glimmer through the rents in his logic, and the thin-worn patches of his philosophy; but it was not such glimmers that fettered the regards of the audience, but the noisy flow and false eloquence of the preacher. In proportion to the falsehood in us are we exposed to the falsehood in others. The false plays upon the false without discord; comes to the false, and is welcomed as the true; there is no jar, for the false to the false looks the true; darkness takes darkness for light, and great is the darkness. I will not attempt an account of the sermon; even admirably rendered, it would be worthless as the best of copies of a bad wall-paper. There was in it, to be sure, such a glowing description of the city of God as might have served to attract thither all the diamond-merchants of Amsterdam; but why a Christian should care to go to such a place, let him tell who knows; while, on the other hand, the audience appeared equally interested in his equiponderating description of the place of misery. Not once did he give, or attempt to give, or indeed could have given, the feeblest idea, to a single soul present, of the one terror of the universe — the peril of being cast from the arms of essential Love and Life into the bosom of living Death. For this teacher of men knew nothing whatever but by hearsay, had not in himself experienced one of the joys or one of the horrors he endeavored to embody.

Gibbie was not at home listening to such a sermon; he was distressed, and said afterwards to Donal he would far rather be subjected to Mr. Sclater's *isms* than Fergus's *attoms*. It caused him pain too to see Donal look so scornful, so contemp-

tuous even; while it added to Donal's unrest, and swelled his evil mood, to see Mr. Galbraith absorbed. For Ginevra's bonnet, it did not once move — but then it was not set at an angle to indicate either eyes upturned in listening, or cast down in emotion. Donal would have sacrificed not a few songs, the only wealth he possessed, for one peep round the corner of that bonnet. He had become painfully aware, that, much as he had seen of Ginevra, he knew scarcely anything of her thoughts; he had always talked so much more to her than she to him, that now, when he longed to know, he could not even guess what she might be thinking, or what effect such "an arrangement" of red and yellow would have upon her imagination and judgment. She could not think or receive what was not true, he felt sure, but she might easily enough attribute truth where it did not exist.

At length the rockets, Roman candles, and squibs were all burnt out, the would-be "eternal blazon" was over, and the preacher sunk back exhausted in his seat. The people sang; a prayer, fit pendant to such a sermon, followed, and the congregation was dismissed — it could not be with much additional strength to meet the sorrows, temptations, sophisms, commonplaces, disappointments, dullnesses, stupidities, and general devilries of the week, although not a few paid the preacher welcome compliments on his "gran' discourse."

The young men were out among the first, and going round to another door, in the churchyard, by which they judged Ginevra and her father must issue, there stood waiting. The night was utterly changed. The wind had gone about, and the vapors were high in heaven, broken all into cloud-masses of sombre grandeur. Now from behind, now upon their sides, they were made glorious by the full moon, while through their rents appeared the sky and the ever marvellous stars. Gibbie's eyes went climbing up the spire that shot skyward over their heads. Around its point the clouds and the moon seemed to gather, grouping themselves in grand carelessness; and he thought of the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven: to us mere heaps of watery vapor, ever ready to fall, drowning the earth in rain, or burying it in snow, to angel-feet they might be solid masses whereon to tread attendant upon him, who, although with his word he ruled winds and seas, loved to be waited on by the multitude of his own! He was yet gazing, forgetful of the human tide about

him, watching the glory dominant over storm, when his companion pinched his arm: he looked, and was aware that Fergus, muffled to the eyes, was standing beside them. He seemed not to see them, and they were nowise inclined to attract his attention, but gazed motionless on the church door, an unsealed fountain of souls. What a curious thing it is to watch an issuing crowd of faces for one loved one — all so unattractive, provoking, blamable, as they come rolling round corners, dividing, and flowing away — not one of them the right one! But at last out she did come — Ginevra, like a daisy among mown grass! It was really she! — but with her father. She saw Donal, glanced from him to Gibbie, cast down her sweet eyes, and made no sign. Fergus had already advanced and addressed the laird.

"Ah, Mr. Duff!" said Mr. Galbraith; "— excuse me, but would you oblige me by giving your arm to my daughter? I see a friend waiting to speak to me. I shall overtake you in a moment."

Fergus murmured his pleasure, and Ginevra and he moved away together. The youths for a moment watched the father. He dawdled — evidently wanted to speak to no one. They then followed the two, walking some yards behind them. Every other moment Fergus would bend his head towards Ginevra; once or twice they saw the little bonnet turn upwards in response or question. Poor Donal was burning with lawless and foolish indignation: why should the minister muffle himself up like an old woman in the crowd, and take off the great handkerchief when walking with the lady? When the youths reached the street where the cottage stood, they turned the corner after them, and walked quickly up to them, where they stood at the gate waiting for it to be opened.

"Sic a gran' nicht!" said Donal, after the usual greetings. "Sir Gibbie an' me's haein' a dauner wi' the mune. Ye wad think she had licht eneuch to haud the clouds aff o' her, wad ye no, mem? But na! they'll be upon her, an' I'm feart there's ae unco black ane yon'er — dinna ye see 't — wi' a straik o' white aboot the thrapple o' 't? — There — dinna ye see 't?" he went on, pointing to the clouds about the moon, "— that ane, I'm doobtin', 'ill hae the better o' her or lang — tak her in-till 'ts airms, an' bray a' the licht oot o' her. Guid nicht, mem. — Guid nicht, Fergus. You ministers sudna mak yersels sae like clouds. Ye sud be cled in white an' gowd, an' a' colours o' stanes. like the new Jerooslem ye tell sic tales aboot, an,

syne naebody wad mistak the news ye bring."

Therewith Donal walked on, doubtless for the moment a little relieved. But before they had walked far, he broke down altogether.

"Gibbie," he said, "yon rascal's gauin' to merry the leddy-lass! an' it drives me mad to think it. Gien I cud but ance see an' speyk till her — ance — jist ance! Lord! what 'll come o' a' the gowans upo' the Mains, an' the heather upo' Glashgar!"

He burst out crying, but instantly dashed away his tears with indignation at his weakness.

"I maun dree my weird (*undergo my doom*)," he said, and said no more.

Gibbie's face had grown white in the moon-gleams, and his lips trembled. He put his arm through Donal's and clung to him, and in silence they went home. When they reached Donal's room, Donal entering shut the door behind him and shut out Gibbie. He stood for a moment like one dazed, then suddenly coming to himself, turned away, left the house, and ran straight to Daur Street.

When the minister's door was opened to him, he went to that of the dining-room, knowing Mr. and Mrs. Sclater would then be at supper. Happily for his intent, the minister was at the moment having his tumbler of toddy after the labors of the day, an indulgence which, so long as Gibbie was in the house, he had, ever since that first dinner-party, taken in private, out of regard, as he pretended to himself, for the boy's painful associations with it, but in reality, to his credit be it told if it may, from a little shame of the thing itself; and his wife therefore, when she saw Gibbie, rose, and, meeting him, took him with her to her own little sitting-room, where they had a long talk, of which the result appeared the next night in a note from Mrs. Sclater to Gibbie, asking him and Donal to spend the evening of Tuesday with her.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
THE POLISH ALPS.

POLAND is about the last country to which one thinks of going for mountain scenery. Prussia is flat enough; but Prussia has got the Hartz. Russia is worse; yet Russia, as we have learned to know, is bounded by the Caucasus, which exceeds in height and scarcely yields in beauty to the Swiss Alps. But Poland suggests only boundless plains and mo-

notonous forests, muddy rivers winding slowly through long tracts of marsh into a shallow sea. Such romance as the country has to most of us it derives from its sufferings, and from the vision of bands of insurgents eluding the pursuit of Russian columns in the depths of those pathless woods.

Nevertheless, Poland has a mountain region, and a very noble and beautiful region it is. Only let it be remembered that to the geographer Poland does not mean merely the Poland of this century, which has now been made politically a part of Russia, but old Poland as it stood before the partition; or, to be more exact, that country in which the Polish race dwells, and over which the Polish tongue is still spoken. That is to say, Poland includes Galicia, now a province of the Austrian empire; but in tongue, religion, habits, history, and sentiment just as representative of old Poland as Warsaw itself. And it is in Galicia that these Polish Alps lie, of which I am going to give some short description. Some seventy miles to the S.S.W. of Krakow, the hills which lie on the borders of Galicia and Hungary rise into a group or ridge of bold and lofty mountains, which the Germans generally call the central Carpathians, but which the natives know by the Slavonic name of Tatra. This mountain mass — which contains in a small area a great variety of scenery, and an extraordinary number of interesting peaks, lakes, and valleys — is most easily reached from the south, where a railway skirts it. But a much more interesting approach is from the north or Polish side, through the grand old city of Krakow.

Krakow is so little visited by Englishmen — so very little that when an unmistakable stranger is seen in the streets, conjecture can assign him no origin more distant than Berlin — that some account of it may not be unwelcome. It belongs to that melancholy but interesting class of cities of which Edinburgh, Dublin, Toledo, Venice, Trondhjem, and Kiev are examples — cities that have once been, but are no longer, capitals of independent States. Such cities have about them a twofold attraction. They have that air of having seen better days, of having enjoyed a pomp and power that have departed, which lends dignity even to commonplace externals, and gives an interest to what might otherwise be mean. The fragrance of autumn, the subtle charm of decay, hangs round them. And then the very fact that their growth has usually been

checked when or soon after they reached their meridian, has enabled them to preserve many traces of antiquity, which, in more prosperous towns, where old buildings are destroyed to make way for new, would have long since perished. In a city like Milan or Cologne every fourth or fifth generation pulls down the dwellings, the warehouses, even often the churches of its forefathers, to erect bigger or more commodious ones in their stead. London is the most conspicuous example of such ruin. But Krakow, like most of those sister cities just referred to, lost her great position as a capital quite suddenly, and has since then been nothing more than a provincial town, a sort of magnified county town, with few industries and only a moderate trade. Hence the old things have stood; and though, to be sure, private houses have been modernized, still the antique character of the place has suffered very little.

Krakow is the most distinctively Polish city in all the region which once was Poland. Warsaw is a recent and upstart place by comparison. It did not become the seat of government till the seventeenth century, and of late years it has been to some extent Russified. But the older city is still thoroughly national. The Polish language is the official speech, the traditions of the departed monarchy cling round the cathedral where the national heroes lie buried, and the castle, where the kings of the older dynasties held their barbaric feasts.

Krakow lies near the southern edge of a vast plain — that vast plain that stretches all the way northward to the Baltic, and eastward to the Ural Mountains. On the south the country, at first gently undulating, rises by degrees into high hills, whose tops, some twenty or thirty miles distant, give a blue background to the landscape. It is a well-cultivated country, with patches of forest here and there, but, in the main, of open arable and pasture land, dotted over with frequent villages. Across the plain, and just washing the city, flows the broad and sluggish Vistula, too muddy for beauty, too shallow for much navigation, but still with an air of dignity about it not unworthy of the national river of Poland. Within, the aspect of the city is curiously different from that of the German towns which the traveller has lately left. The streets are wider and more straight, and in the centre there is a great open square somewhat like the *meidan* of the East, where fairs are held, and round which the best shops and the chief *cafés* are planted.

The houses are tall and solid; some of them look as if they had been, and indeed probably were, the palaces of that turbulent old nobility whose descendants have now been reduced to poverty, or cherish in a hopeless exile their memories of departed greatness. The hotel in which we stayed was one of these—a tall pile with walls thick enough for a mediæval castle, broad stone staircases, a great gallery running on each floor round a courtyard, and lofty chambers in which one felt lost at night. The churches, whose bells clang without ceasing, have the same air of grand but somewhat ponderous gloom. Architecturally they are not very striking, and more interesting from the beautiful glass and the wood-carvings which one or two of them contain than from any peculiarities of their style, which is that of east Germany. One has frequent occasion to remark in these countries for how much more the influence of religion may count than does the influence of race. As Catholics who had got their Christianity from the West, the Slavonic Poles, like the Slavonic Bohemians, looked always towards the West, and were in intimate ecclesiastical as well as political relations with Germany and Hungary. They were, indeed, for a long time dependent on the Germanic empire. Their churches, therefore, are of a German Gothic, and were probably designed by German builders; while their kinsfolk, the Russians, having been converted by missionaries of the Orthodox Eastern Church, belonged to an utterly different sphere, and followed the models of Constantinople in architecture and art as well as in discipline and ritual. The cathedral of Krakow (which has been the seat of an archbishop for many centuries) stands on the only height in the city—a steep bluff overlooking the Vistula, and commanding a splendid prospect to the north and east along its winding shores. This bluff was probably the first inhabited part of the city, and very likely the fortified kernel round which it grew up. It is in fact an acropolis, well placed both for defence and to command the navigation of the river. The top of the hill is covered by the palace of the kings, a huge but rather ugly mass of buildings, no part of which looks older than the sixteenth century, while most of it is evidently later. It has now been turned into a barrack, and its dull stuccoed courts and interminable galleries are full of white-coated soldiers lounging about and chattering in all the tongues which an Austrian army speaks. Close to the palace, and squeezed in be-

tween it and the edge of the abrupt hill-slope, is the cathedral. It is a small church, which would go inside the nave of York Minster, and its exterior is ungainly. But its historical associations more than make up for any want of visible majesty. It teems with monuments that call up the greatest names, the most striking incidents, in the long story of Poland's greatness and decay. It is the Westminster Abbey of the Polish people. The high altar is adorned by a sumptuous silver shrine under which rest the bones of St. Stanislas, the martyred patron saint of the nation, who was bishop of Krakow, and slain by a ferocious king in the eleventh century. The chapels on both sides were most of them erected by one or other of the great families, and contain busts of them and pictures representing famous scenes in Polish history. One has a superb "Christ" by Thorwaldsen. In the crypt beneath, to which you descend down a staircase whose top is covered by a brazen trap-door, are the tombs of the kings, their wives and children. You are led with flickering candles through a labyrinth of chilly vaults, and faintly discern amid the gloom the huge sarcophagi within which lie the bones of forgotten potentates—potentates whose very names the Western traveller has scarcely heard, but who ruled a kingdom larger than France, a kingdom that stretched from the Oder to the Dnieper. The earlier tombs, beginning from the twelfth century, are very rude, and all are plain and massive. Only two uncrowned heroes have been admitted into this royal sepulchre, the last two heroes of the nation—and are they to be its last?—Kosciuszko and Poniatowski. They lie in the central vault, on either side of the coffin of John Sobieski. But the spot in the church which speaks most of ail to a Polish heart is the main chapel of the choir immediately behind the altar of St. Stanislas. Here Polish sovereigns were crowned from the first building of the cathedral down till the melancholy end. Here are set, facing each other, two chairs of state. The one is the archiepiscopal chair of Krakow; the other is the throne of the king of Poland, the throne that has so long stood empty, and is never to be filled again. Its gilding is tarnished; and the dust lies thick upon the faded red silk that covers it. In this bare and silent chapel, which once echoed to the shouts of the assembled nobles, it is the most pathetic emblem of the extinction of a powerful kingdom and the enslavement of a gifted people.

There are not many sights in Krakow; and if there were, I should not attempt to describe them, since nothing is duller than the guidebook-like enumeration of details, into which one slides in trying to be exhaustive. Still the Jewish town ought to be mentioned, for the Jews are the most striking feature in the population of the city. They were, as old writers say, brought hither by King Casimir the Great in the fourteenth century, and settled in the suburb, which they still inhabit, and which is called from him the Casimir city. It is altogether unlike the inner city, with streets wider, houses comparatively low and mean, and an indescribable air of dirt and squalor pervading everything. There is an immense bustle of buying and selling going on — a sort of perpetual Rag Fair — chiefly in wearing-apparel, but also in all sorts of articles of domestic utility, furniture, pots and pans, shovels and gridirons, pottery (all cheap and ugly), and small groceries. The dealers are mostly outside their doors, where indeed the greater part of the wares are displayed, and solicit the passer-by in Polish, Hebrew, or, more rarely, German. There are altogether in Krakow, whose total population amounts to forty thousand, over twelve thousand Jews. The great majority are Orthodox or Rabbinical, and are distinguishable by their long straight coats of cloth or alpaca, coming almost to the ankles, tall and narrow-brimmed hats, and little wispy curls on either side of the face. Such a hideous dress creates a prejudice against them, which is in large measure unjust, for they are a valuable element in the population of Poland, and get on better with the Christians than is the case further east, or even in Germany. A few have begun to drop the peculiar dress, with the strict observance of the law, and may before long be absorbed in the body of the people. Though the race would seem to have kept pretty much to itself all these centuries, there is a great diversity of complexion among these Polish Jews. Many are fair in face; some have sandy hair; but the characteristic features are seldom absent. In Poland, as elsewhere, they are town-folk, never settling down to till the soil; and their bustling activity makes them seem even more numerous in Krakow than they really are, so that a stranger might fancy it a Jewish city. It is by no means stagnant or decaying; for the converging railways and its position in a fertile country make it a place of considerable trade. But this hardly qualifies the air of melancholy that broods over it. The Poles are

by nature, like their nearest relations the Bohemians, a bright and vivacious people. Those who know the Slavonic race best generally agree in holding them to be its most highly gifted branch. And here in Galicia they do not seem to have much misgovernment to complain of, nor perhaps anything more than the pedantry, formalism, and backwardness which characterize Austrian rule everywhere. The Polish tongue reigns, and Poles are freely admitted to the best posts under government which industry and talent can win. Nevertheless, the sense of the past, of the downfall of their monarchy, and the apparently destined extinction of their nationality, seems to lie like a load upon their souls. Krakow, with its grand old houses, its picturesque crowds, its pleasant gardens engirdling the houses, its bells chiming ceaselessly in the clear summer air, is withal a place of sadness.

There are two excursions which every visitor is expected to take, on pain of being regarded as contemptuous of national feeling. The first is to the Hill of Kosciuszko, and it has the merit of being short and easy. Three steep mounds or hills rise from the plain near the city: one is called the Krakus Hill, from a mythical Krakus who slew dragons and gave his name to the town; another is named from some female heroine of legend; and the third, which lies about two miles off, has received its name from a lofty mound of earth, which was heaped up on the top of it in honor of the patriot after his death. Nobles, burghers, ladies, labored with their own hands in piling it up; bags and baskets filled with earth were brought from every part of the dominions of the ancient Polish kingdom to be added to the heap; and thus it was raised in a steep, grass-covered cone to a height of about eighty feet above the top of the hill. You approach it through the strong walls of the fort which crowns the hill — one of several that protect Krakow — and ascend the conical mound by spiral paths. On the summit is a huge boulder of gneiss, with the single word "Kosciuszkow" carved upon it. The prospect is magnificent; and most so at sunset, when we saw it, blue ridges rising one behind another to the south, the towers and spires of the city glittering under the dying light, and the smooth stream winding through gardens and hamlets and happy autumn fields till it is lost beyond the Russian frontier in the boundless plain. Looking over that plain, looking from the stone inscribed with Kosciuszko's name, over the country

for which he and so many others bled in vain, one is reminded of the Greek saying that the whole earth is the tomb of famous men, and understands the feeling which planted on this commanding height so noble and so simple a monument to the last hero of the nation.

The other expedition that must be made from Krakow is to those enormous salt-mines, stretching over, or rather under, many miles of land, by which it is chiefly known to the world at large. They are at a place called Wieliczka, about seven miles from the city. Having seen many salt-mines before, having been heartily bored by them, and being moreover of an indolent turn of mind, I at first refused to go. However, I was blessed with the company of two energetic friends; one of whom has seen most things in Europe and Asia, and is not satisfied yet. He represented that it is a piece of presumption for an individual traveller to attempt to be wiser than the rest of the world, who have agreed that certain sights must be seen, and clinched his arguments by declaring that anyhow he would go himself. Knowing how defenceless is the position of a man who has not seen what his companions have, I submitted forthwith. And he was quite right, for the mines are well worth visiting. Not that there is anything of special interest either in the geological or mineralogical way, or in the science of mining; at least, if there is, we were not shown it. But some of the effects are wonderfully fine. You are admitted on two days in each week, and then in a large party, thirty or forty at least, a pretty heavy charge being made for the illuminations. After descending some four hundred feet, you are led through long dark passages from one huge vaulted hall to another; sometimes looking up from beneath to a roof almost lost in gloom, again looking down from an aperture near the top of one of these chambers upon lamps glittering faintly far below. In several of the largest halls Bengal lights are burnt and rockets let off — a cockneyfied sort of thing, one may say; but when one of these vast caverns suddenly starts into full light, and its countless crystals flash upon you from walls and roof, the imagination is touched in no common way. You think of the Hall of Eblis in "Vathek;" or those subterranean palaces of the "Arabian Nights" where the treasures of the jinn lie concealed; or Virgil's vaguely grand descriptions of the lower world. At one point the low dark corridor emerges on the edge of a deep pool, where a

barge lies which takes some of the visitors, and moves silently with them across the black water and under an arch of rock into a second pool, till the lights and voices are almost lost in the distance. It was Charon and the Styx to the life — if one can talk of life in such a connection.

He who would reach the Polish Alps from Krakow has two courses open to him. He may go by railway, making a circuit of a whole day's journey by way of Oderberg to reach their southern foot; or he may hire a vehicle, and, after driving for a long day and a half, find himself at their northern base. Wishing to see something of Galician country, we chose the latter plan, sending round our baggage by the train, and retaining only such light things as could be carried over the mountains. The vehicle we procured was the usual peasant's wagon of central Europe. It is a long, low, narrow, springless cart, with low wattled sides and four small wheels, having a kind of framework over it, by which you can cover the top and sides with canvas, and so obtain some protection against both sun and rain. The inside is filled with hay, reclining upon which you suffer less than might be expected from the bumping and jolting. One of us sat beside the driver on a board fixed across the cart; the other two ensconced themselves behind in the hay; while at the tail-end of all was placed the baggage. Two horses are harnessed to this contrivance with some bits of rotten rope, which require mending every hour or two; and with much noise and shaking, one accomplishes, on level ground, about four or five miles an hour. It must be rather trying to the vertebræ on a long journey; but is quite endurable for a day and a half, and has, withal, so much of "local color" about it that one feels bound not to complain of the discomfort. However, I don't recommend it for invalids or ladies.

We set off at half past five A.M., in a fog so dense that we narrowly escaped several collisions with other wagons which were coming in to market in a long string; nor did the sun shine out till, about half past seven o'clock, we reached the first halting-place, a village nine miles from Krakow. As the same horses are taken all the way, frequent stoppages to give them rest and food are necessary: nor is the traveller sorry to stretch his legs and ramble through the peasants' houses. We were then in a wholly different country — a country of steep though not high hills, bright pastures interspersed with woods and frequent vil-

lages. It reminded us of the lower parts of the Yorkshire fells, or the outskirts of the Scottish highlands, with grass just as green, and a profusion, even in August, of ferns and wild-flowers. The roads were almost covered with gaily-dressed peasants wending their way to church or market; some in wagons like our own, but the greater number in long processions, thirty or forty strong, which moved slowly along in loose array, generally preceded by a priest or two with attendants carrying banners. Many of them were singing; and the sound of the hymns rising through the still air, and often heard before the companies came in sight, lent an additional charm to the scene. Towards noon we rattled into the market-place of the town, where our driver meant to take his midday halt. It is called Myslenica — a straggling place of perhaps two thousand souls, built, like all Polish villages, round a big, irregular, open space, which seems the larger because the houses are so low. The whole population of the district seemed to have poured in. The large church was crowded to suffocation; and in the walled enclosure which surrounded it hundreds were sitting on the grass, the men on one side, the women and children on another, waiting till their turn should come to enter; some praying or reading their books of devotion, and all perfectly still and silent. Such a picture of devotion we had never seen; and I doubt if even Ireland is so profoundly and earnestly Catholic as Galicia. The shrines and crosses along the roads are more numerous than anywhere else in Europe — certainly more so than in Spain, France, or even Tyrol — and nobody passes the smallest of them without taking off his hat. It was pleasant to notice how well these simple peasants were dressed, how happy and cheerful they looked. Though their houses are rough enough, they are not squalid; there is a general air of primitive comfort. The impression of melancholy one gets in Krakow is not felt in the country parts of Galicia, where the peasantry are as well off as they have ever been, and far better than in the not very distant days of serfdom. Now they have fixity of tenure and immunity from forced labor. Politics they never knew or cared about, for all the Polish risings were the work of the nobles and the townsfolk. Even in Russian Poland the peasants took but little part in the last two struggles; and, as everybody knows, they were sometimes actually hostile to the insurgents. They are a good-looking people, these Galicians, the men tall and well-made; the

women with plenty of color and fine eyes, though the hard toil of the field soon tells upon them; and their looks are set off by a picturesque costume, gaily striped petticoats, and bright red or blue handkerchiefs tied over the head. We wondered to see no Jewish faces, and fancied there might be none; but, stumbling upon a school full of Jewish boys, perceived that here, too, the Jewish element was present, though of course it did not figure in the crowd of churchgoers.

The road southward from Myslenica ran through a country of higher hills and narrower dales, following the course of a rapid mountain stream till at last it began to mount, and after a long, slow ascent brought us about four o'clock to the top of a ridge nearly three thousand feet above the sea, from which the main range of the Polish Alps — or, to call them by their proper name, the Tatra — revealed itself in all its grandeur. Some twenty miles off, as the crow flies, beyond lower hills and a wide valley, rose a line of steep, rocky peaks, their lower slopes covered with dense forest, their upper zone flecked with patches of snow, and showing against the sky a crest of jagged rock-teeth, which now and then towered up into some great pinnacle. This mass is the Tatra, which we had come so many hundred miles to explore. Even less eager mountaineers might have rejoiced at such a tempting prospect of glens, crags, *arêtes*, and soaring summits, everything, in fact, except glaciers. There are lakes too, and plenty of them — lakes of exquisitely bright colors, lying under the shadow of great granite precipices; but these do not appear in a distant view, so deeply sunk are they in the upper hollows of the vales. Following the mountain line to the west, we saw it decline into mountains still of considerable height, but far less rocky and savage in their character than the mass in front, which trended away as far as the eye could follow. Eastward there were clouds, and we could make out nothing.

From this "specular mount" we descended over many lesser ridges, which the road climbed straight up and down, into the valley of the river Dunajec, and long after dark reached the town of Nowy Targ (New Market). Though one pair of horses had done over fifty miles in the day, and climbed many thousands of feet in these tremendous hills, they had a good trot left in them at the last, and wanted no whipping. Like nearly all the inns in Poland, the inn at Newmarket is kept by a Jew. Good it was not, but the wonder

rather is that in such an out-of-the-way place there should be a passable inn at all. It was certainly better than one would have found in a town of the same size in Russia, of which we were reminded when, on being asked for tea, they brought an enormous brazen urn, the well-known Russian *samovar*.

Newmarket is a good sample of the Polish country town. It has a great, open, ragged-looking space in the middle, called the Rynek, where rubbish is thrown, and wagons stand, and booths are set up. Round this stand houses of one or two stories high, built of brick and white-washed, mostly taverns and general stores kept by Jews, as one could tell from the names over them, which are usually German and refer in some way to the precious metals — Goldenberg, Silbermann, Goldhammer, and so forth. All the other houses in the place were of wood, and many of them little better than shanties, built quite irregularly outside the square, and rambling off into the country. We were not sorry to leave such an uninteresting place, where even the church, a big, ugly modern building, had nothing to show, and to press on to the mountains that rose like a wall to the south. The way leads over a stretch of level land cultivated in long narrow strips which are separated by neither wall nor hedge nor fence, and belong, as far as we could make out, to the peasants who hold them on a sort of communal system, having the pastures in common and these patches in severalty. The commonest crops are oats, rye, hemp, flax, buckwheat, beetroot, and potatoes. An odd result of the absence of fences is that when a cow or sheep is turned out to graze on a bit of grass land, it has to be watched to keep it from browsing on the crops. So every here and there you see a man or a boy holding the end of a rope to which is fastened a grazing cow — pretty strong evidence that wages must be low and labor plentiful in a land where a man's time is of no more value than a cow's feeding. Up here the population seems as large as in the country round Krakow, but the villages are rougher. All the houses are of unhewn logs, with the interstices stuffed with moss or mud. Even in a large hamlet, they are not built in regular lanes, but stand all nohow, each dwelling having its hay-house and its cow-house beside it, and sometimes a tiny garden, two or three yards of ground walled in with a rowan bush, a tansy, and a poppy growing inside. The people are better-looking than round Krakow, but the

men handsomer than the women. The former have good bold features, and especially well-formed noses; the women have little to attract except a freshness of color and a simple frank expression. As one usually finds among hard-worked rustics, the children are prettier than their elders. Both hair and eyes are oftener light than dark. Everybody wears a white or grey woollen coat or tunic, and over it a short sleeveless sheepskin jacket; it is rare to see the big sheepskin overall in which the Russian peasant passes his whole life. Many were the questions we longed to ask as to the circumstances of peasant life; but unluckily we were quite cut off from communication not only with the villagers, but even with our driver, who knew not a word of German or of anything but his native Polish. He was a strange, wild creature, tall, stalwart, and handsome, with bold features, dark hair hanging in long locks round his cheeks, and an expression like that of a startled fawn. Not that I have ever seen a startled fawn; however, his expression was just that which the startled fawn is supposed to wear. Like a true child of nature, he could not be got to comprehend that we did not understand his Polish; and whenever we motioned to him to stop or go on, or pointed to the hay and made signs that we wanted it shaken up again to make a comfortable seat, he went off in a flood of words, and, when he saw, after explaining everything, that no impression had been made, gazed at us more wildly than ever out of his fine eyes, tossed his head with a kind of sigh, shook his reins, and called to the horses, which, at any rate, understood him. It is odd how hard it is for any but the most civilized people to realize that what is so easy to them as speaking their own language, should be impossible to others. The last trace of the phenomenon may be found in the disposition a man has to raise his voice in talking his own tongue to a native, which one remarks so often in the English or American tourist on the Continent. He cannot rid himself of the notion that it is the hearing ear and not the understanding mind that is at fault. This poor driver of ours was withal a sensitive creature. One of us had, while filling a pipe, given him some tobacco, and, liking it better than his own, he every time thereafter held out his pipe to us for a further supply. When this had gone on all day, another of the party, getting tired of it, demurred to the repeated request. The Pole's face darkened; he turned away in high dudgeon; and we had to press tobacco on him for

ten minutes before he would be appeased and accept it.

After driving four or five hours from Newmarket over the nearly level floor of the valley, we came in the afternoon to the foot of the hills and the edge of the great pine forest that clothes them. Turning up a narrow road, black with cinders, which led through the pines, we entered a glen, passed several iron forges, and came at no great distance to the little village of Zakopane, where our journey ended, and which, as the tourist's best headquarters in the Polish Alps, merits a more particular description.

Zakopane is the general name of a village or commune, which consists of several hamlets lying scattered over a large area, and resorted to for the mineral springs which rise out of the limestone rock. The best-placed of these, and the one to which we had therefore come, is called the Ironwork, or sometimes the Hammer. It stands near the mouth of a glen, some five or six miles long, which runs due north from the axis of the range dividing Galicia from Hungary. On each side are steep mountains, covered below with forest, and at the top breaking into picturesque crags of limestone. Down the middle runs a foaming stream of exquisitely clear green water, and behind, at the head of the valley, great peaks rise up against the brilliant southern sky. The hamlet consists of a row of iron forges, with some cabins for the workers beside them; a miniature bathing-house; an inn, a few primitive lodging-houses, and the residence of the Prussian baron who has lately bought this property, and is now working the forges. His *Schloss*, as it is somewhat grandly called, is a large villa cottage, more like an Indian bungalow than a castle, with a pleasant flower-garden in front, which the baron, who is a genial, active, practical man, throws open to the use of the visitors. He lives here himself all the summer months, makes the acquaintance of travellers, and has done a good deal for the neighborhood in more ways than one. Capital is sorely wanted in Galicia; and, unpopular though the Germans generally are among their Slavonic neighbors, a Berlin capitalist who spends money in local improvements, and is a good fellow to boot, does not fail to be appreciated.

The inn is the centre of this odd little backwoods settlement. It is a one-storied building of stone, and, indeed, of very solid stone, standing on a high bank above the river, whose babble mingles with the thud

of the forge-hammers all night long. The bedrooms, six or eight in number, are all but absolutely bare of furniture; and the public one, where people "meal" (as the Americans say), and smoke, and talk, and play cards all the evening, is about sixteen feet square, and therefore a trifle small for the whole visiting population of the place, which resorts to it for dinner and gossip every evening. For a wonder, it is not kept by a Jew. The landlord, a whimsical old fellow with blue spectacles, of which one glass was twice as blue as the other, was never tired of telling us that he was a Pole and no Jew, and dilating on the consequent superiority of his house to the Israelitish establishments in the other hamlets of Zakopane. He flitted about in zigzags like a dragon-fly, buzzing away in his talk, and continually summoning the overworked waiter to do this or that for the lordships from Berlin. (Any German-speaking stranger is put down to Berlin; and as we had not ourselves started the notion, so neither did we feel called on to destroy it.) One of us mildly hinted a hope that the beds were clean. "Clean!" he screamed; "do you take me for a Jew? I cannot so much as endure a flea; no, not a flea: a single flea has before now driven me mad and kept me awake all night. Hasn't it driven me mad, quite mad?" apostrophizing the scurrying waiter and the maid in the adjoining kitchen. Notwithstanding which assurance, some of the party had anything but good nights under this Christian roof.

Towards sunset the guests, some of whom were bathing in the cold-water establishment, while others had merely come for an autumn holiday, used to gather from the little boxes in which they sleep to the dining-room of the inn; and here eating and talking and cards went on through half the night. Most of the visitors are Poles, either from Galicia or Russian Poland; a few Russians, a few more Germans from Silesia or the Baltic provinces of Russia. Nearly every educated Pole talks some German, so the Western traveller is not ill off for conversation. We had, however, more talk with the Germans, and amused ourselves by getting at their views of Polish men and things. I asked one of them, who had lived both in Hungary and Poland, and who, among other pieces of information, told me that the Hungarian language was Semitic, and greatly resembled Hebrew, how he liked the two nations. "I don't take to the Magyars much," he answered; "they are hard to get on with, thinking so highly of

themselves and their country; but I like the Poles still less. It is a false people, a treacherous people, a people you cannot trust." It amused us to remember that this is the one reproach which every nation, whatever else it says, is sure to bring against its neighbors. The Romans talked of *fides Punica*; the French talk of *perfidie Albion*; the Turks say, "He lies like a Persian;" the Germans seldom speak of their dealings with Frenchmen or Italians without a sneer at "Welsh falsehood" (*Wälsche Untreue*). Each people, I suppose, does not understand how the mind of its neighbors works, and can account for the discrepancy between the sense in which it understands a promise and the way in which the promise is interpreted or performed by the other party only by supposing intentional fraud. Or is it that men are really so much less scrupulous in dealing with foreign nations or individual foreigners than with their own country-folk?

Society might grow monotonous to a Berliner or an Englishman in this little community; for, after all, one soon exhausts the topics of conversation with people of another country. But fortunately there are plenty of charming excursions close by, and the glen itself is so pretty that even to stroll round the village is a pleasure in fine weather. Fine weather is essential, for the sitting-room is so small, and the bedrooms so damp—rain dripping through most of the ceilings—that the greatest lover of solitude and the picturesque could not hold out long against continued rain. It would be tedious to describe the drives and the more numerous walks which may be taken from this central spot; but a general idea may be given of the sort of scenery. The main axis of the mountains runs nearly east and west, and forms the boundary between Galicia and Poland. From it there are thrown off a number of spurs or transverse ridges, running generally north, and separated by deep, narrow glens from four to eight miles in length, opening out into that wide valley plain which I have already described. The glens and the hillsides for a considerable height are clothed with thick pine woods. Above the pines are stretches of bright green pasture; and, highest of all, picturesque crags of limestone rise from these pastures into peaks some six or seven thousand feet above sea-level. As the whole country lies high—Zakopane itself in the valley is over three thousand feet above the sea—these heights are not great enough to make the scenery very imposing. But nothing

can in its way be more beautiful. The white cliffs contrast finely with the dark green woods; the valleys are made vocal by rushing, foaming brooks; the woods themselves are full of a lovely undergrowth of ferns and shrubs; and here and there, where some great mural precipice towers over the upper basin of a valley, the landscape rises to grandeur. It is a lovable sort of country—a country not on too vast a scale to be enjoyed in an easy fashion. The summits are not too lofty or too distant to be scaled in an afternoon by an active climber; the glens not too long to be thoroughly explored by a lady. Any one with something of an eye for country, and Professor Kolbenheyer's capital little handbook in his pocket, needs no guide. There are chamois among the rocks (though there are also game-laws to protect them), trout in the streams, and plenty of scarce plants. The botanist who clambers among the cliffs, will find places difficult enough to test his head and the toughness of his fingers. One glen deserves a few words of special mention. It is the Strazyska dale, running parallel to the dale of Zakopane, and only some three miles west from the Ironwork village. You follow a path along the northern foot of the hills, and turn south up this narrow glen, where a rough track winds along the bank of the stream, crossing and recrossing it by stepping-stones. Soon the dell grows narrower, till there is only room for stream and path. A long row of towers of white rock, forty to sixty feet high, rise on the right out of the dense wood, while opposite the hillside rises so steeply that the pines can but just hold on to it. Still farther up the vale widens, and a soft slope of rich green pasture appears, with three or four chalets standing upon it, where cheese is made during the summer, and the cowherds live. Through the forest which encircles this glade one sees waterfalls flashing out; and behind, closing in the glen, is a mighty wall of rock, its smooth grey front colored by streaks of blue and black, where some tiny rill trickles out from a crevice or drips along the face. You halt for milk or whey, which the friendly herdsmen have usually at hand, and may then climb to the top of the precipice by a circuitous path and enjoy a noble prospect over the plains of Poland and Hungary. Or you turn eastward over an easy col which divides this glen from the next, and return down it, through scenery scarcely less lovely, mossy woods, and miniature cliffs draped with tufts of *Edelweiss*, to your humble quarters at Zakopane. It is

not exciting, like a great snow expedition in the Alps or Pyrenees; but it is hardly less beautiful; and the quiet sylvan solitude of these mountains gives them a charm of their own, a distinctive sentiment which is wanting where one is oppressed by the proximity of tremendous peaks.

This is the character of the country immediately round Zakopane, which I have described first because it is the best centre — indeed, almost the only spot from which the Polish Alps can be comfortably explored. But a little farther to the east — in fact, as soon as one crosses a low pass into the next valley — it changes completely. For here one leaves the limestone hills and comes upon the far more stern and thrilling scenery of the central mass of granite. The simplest way in which I can give some idea of this region is by describing an expedition which we made from Zakopane to the summit of the principal, indeed almost the only, pass over the main chain from Hungary to Poland, and which goes by the name of the Polnischer Kamm. It is a two days' walk; one day over the Zavrát pass to the Fish Lake (Halas tó); and another from the Fish Lake to Schmek, the great watering-place of northern Hungary. We set out from Zakopane at eight o'clock on a threatening morning in August. It was no easy matter to get off; for at the last moment one of the guides, or rather porters, who had been engaged for us, demanded exactly twice the regulation pay; and we were obliged to replace him, since it would never have done to break through the tariff which the local authorities have established. That tariff is certainly low enough, according to Swiss notions, being one and a half gulden (less than three shillings) per diem. When this difficulty had been settled, another arose. The landlady presented a bill three folio pages long, written in very cramped and undecipherable German handwriting — a bill which by dint of enumerating everything supplied to us during two days, down to sheets for the beds (charged separately from the rooms and the beds), and mustard at dinner, brought out so absurdly large a total that we could not in common fairness pay it. It was provoking to find that even primitive Zakopane is not wholly unspoiled, and that the rule, the less you get the more you pay, holds true here as elsewhere. A party of Polish gentlemen, including the rector of the University of Krakow, had started an hour before us; but our quicker English pace brought us abreast of them by the time that we got into the next val-

ley, where a general halt was called to drink milk at a cluster of huts. One usually finds a chalet or two in every glen; but far fewer than in the Alps, and never at such great elevations. While the lowlands of Galicia are fully as populous as France or south Germany, the mountain districts are much less so. One may travel for miles up the bottom of a glen without meeting a soul; indeed, there are no villages at all fairly within the mountain region; they all lie just outside, where the valleys open into the plain. Perhaps the reason is that there is so much less pasture land, the ground that is not covered with forest being mostly steep and rocky. From the chalets we turned off the track up the glen to visit a little lake which is notable as being the only one in the district whose waters have a light green tint. All the rest are either dark green or dark blue. It lay about two miles off at the foot of the magnificent granite peak of Swinnica, one of the highest and boldest of the whole group (7,574 feet above the sea). Unfortunately, the clouds were so thick that no color was discernible: the lake was simply murky, like all its brethren. Regaining the main path and mounting another glen through a wilderness of loose rocks, we came to the Czarny Staw, or Black Lake, a large sheet of water which lies in a deep hollow surrounded by magnificent black precipices, their tops riven into fantastic teeth of rock, miniature aiguilles, most of which looked hopelessly inaccessible. Indeed, it was hard to say how any exit could be found from the amphitheatre of crags, so steep were the acclivities towards the south, where our route lay. Clambering up a gully, and passing several little fields of snow, we emerged on a second and higher hollow, in whose centre lay another but much smaller lake, half of which was covered with a sheet of ice, and on whose margin we discovered quite a garden of scarce Alpine plants studding the patches of herbage where a tiny rill descended from the melting snows. From this it was a stiff pull of an hour, first upon solid rock and then over loose stones lying at a high angle, up to the crest of the Zavrát pass, which we reached soon after noon. Here we were greeted by a blast of wind so violent that we could not sit on the top, but had to crouch down behind and peer over. The crest is a positive knife-edge — you may almost anywhere sit astride of it — and this is the rule all through the granite mountains; it is one of their most striking features.

We were now immediately below the

noble peak of Swinnica, whose central position gives it one of the finest views in the whole Tatra. But after mounting some three hundred feet, the wind, coming with thick showers, blew with such force that it was impossible to keep one's feet, and even to return to the rest of the party at the col was not easy. There would indeed have been little use in going on, for the mist allowed nothing to be seen. Below us lay a profound valley, full of cloud, through which a bare dreary lake surrounded by loose masses of rock could just be discerned, and beyond the lake another lofty ridge, the frontier of Hungary. A more lamentable landscape could not be imagined; and at this moment the showers settled into a fierce pelting rain, which drove us down into the valley in the hope of shelter behind some of the vast blocks which strew its floor. It was rather an object not to get drenched; for we had no change of clothes, and one of the party was far from well. Huddling behind the blocks while the rain was heaviest, and running on ahead when it abated, we gradually made our way down this valley, which bears the name (I forbear to give the Polish) of the Valley of Five Lakes, and reached the biggest of the five, which in any other weather would have been beautiful, and even now had a certain dismal majesty about it. At its lower end the stream which it discharges from it thunders down a precipice in two magnificent leaps, making a fall that would be fine anywhere, but which was specially striking from the dazzling purity of the water. Even finer than the cascade was the view. Beyond the deep glen into which the river plunged, rose a savage ridge — the Zavrát, from which the pass we had crossed takes its name — its top showing a long sky line of serrated crags and spires, its face seamed with gullies, and clothed, where not too steep for vegetation, with dense masses of dwarf pine, whose dark green gave an indescribably sombre hue to the scene. One even grander view, however, still awaited us. Leaving the main valley, and keeping along the mountain-side till the path began to turn again southwards towards Hungary (for all this time we had been still in Poland, on the north side of the main ridge), we came, about six in the evening, to a point from which a new landscape opened before us. Standing at a height of about five thousand feet, we saw immediately beneath us, towards the southeast, a valley full of deep black pine forest. Its upper end is filled by a large and nearly circular lake, and above the lake towers a

range of granite cliffs, worthy of the Alps or the Caucasus. At every point but one, they rise with terrible steepness from its still waters; and at that one point a sort of recess has been carved out of the mountain, in which there lies upon a shelf (so to speak) a second and smaller lake, girt in by precipices even more terrible. It is a perfect cirque, rivalling the cirque at Gavarni, or that other in the bosom of the Sorapis, behind Cortina d'Ampezzo, which lovers of the dolomite mountains know so well. Indeed, it is in one respect grander than either of these more famous spots. For in both of them the rocks are limestone, while here the solid strength of the granite gives a wilder, grimmer, more majestic character to the scene. The weather, from which we had suffered so much during the day, was now all that could have been desired. A huge blue-black cloud stood up into heaven behind the great peaks, and threw over them, and the abyss in which the lakes lay, a more than common gloom. One wandering mass of mist had got caught between the main precipice and a noble aiguille that projects from it; and made this bastion of rock stand out much as the Aiguille de Dru hangs over the Mer de Glace. Here there was no ice, only patches of snow in the hollows of the crags. But the contrast of woods below and savage rock above was sufficient, and the glassy surface of the lake was beautiful as any ice-field.

In admiring the blue-black cloud we had forgotten what it was laden with. Suddenly the rain came down heavier than ever, and we were wet through before, descending swiftly through the woods, we could reach our night's quarters on the banks of the lake. The Galician Tatra-Union, one of the numerous Alpine clubs which have sprung up on the Continent during the last fifteen years, has erected a wooden hut to afford shelter to travellers in this the central and most striking point of the Polish mountain land. The society's funds being limited, the hut is small and rude, and the man who takes charge of it has seldom anything but eggs, bread, and rum to place before his visitors. We found that the best room, itself a poor one, had been bespoke for the Krakow party, which we had thrice passed on the way; they, like most Continental walkers, moving scarcely half as fast as Englishmen naturally do. But any shelter was welcome on such a night and in such a lonely, hungry spot; and as one of our guides, who could speak a little German, told us that he had brought a young English lady

and her father here two years before, when the hut-keeper was away, and no food to be had, and that she had enjoyed it, we could in no case have dared to murmur. Fortunately, our knapsacks contained some excellent tea, and we were able to return the kindness of two Polish tourists, whom we found already installed, by exchanging a share of our strong brew for their sugar and cold mutton. Soon the rectorial party arrived, and occupied, to the number of eight, the inner room, while we and the Poles stretched ourselves on the floor of the outer one, wrapped in plaids which had been kept passably dry, and sought to make the room and ourselves cheerful with rum toddy and fragrant smoke. There were some guides, porters, and miscellaneous people about, so the tiny hut must have covered more than twenty people that night. The Poles who had been astonished to hear that we were English — what should bring Englishmen here? — plied us with questions about politics. England has again become an object of interest to the quidnuncs, and, of course, all Polish ideas and feelings begin and end with hatred of Russia. They were specially curious about the British prime minister, whose nationality and literary antecedents distinguish him in their eyes from all other European statesmen. We indicated an unfavorable opinion. "But is he not, then, a great man?" they asked. One of the party gave a still more vigorous expression to his view of the premier's character. "Ach! you are Gladstonists," they replied; "that is why you don't like him." Then we told them that, of course, all Englishmen loved Poland, even the party which had always refused her a good word and a helping hand in past days, and presently we went to sleep in amity.

The lake, which the Poles call Rybie Staw and the Hungarians Halas tó (both names mean Fish Lake), is one of the largest in the Tatra, though it is really rather a tarn, being no bigger than Grasmere. The smaller one, lying on the shelf above, is Tengersizem (Polish, Morskiôko; German, Meerauge), meaning the Eye of the Sea, from an odd fancy which the people have that it communicates with the ocean. You are gravely told by the peasants that, when the air is calm, waves rise on its surface, a phenomenon which must be caused by there being at that moment a storm raging in the Atlantic or the Baltic. I can only account for such a whimsical notion (which is entertained as regards some of the other Tatra lakes) by supposing that it is due to the depth of

the lake, which the people believe to be bottomless, and that it comes down from a time when the world was supposed to float on as well as in the circumambient ocean. Homer says somewhere that all rivers and springs and long watercourses issue from deep-flowing ocean; and this local belief may be a last trace of the oldest cosmogonies.

Next morning, a bright but nipping morning, after a plunge into the clear keen waters of Halas tó — to the amazement of the other travellers, who could not imagine why, when the air was so cold already, we should seek an even colder element — we set off to cross the main chain into Hungary. The first part of the way is through a valley of wild and wonderful loveliness. It is richly wooded, with sunny glades of pasture scattered here and there among the pines and birches, and the bright river flashing out from between the trees in long runs of foam and pools of quivering green. On each side inaccessible rock walls soar into the sky; and now and then, up some deep gully, one catches sight of a snow-field hidden far up under the highest tops. The outskirts of the Alps have nothing more beautiful. And indeed there is nothing in the Alps quite like this. For there the granite mountains lie in the middle of the chain, starting up from among glaciers and snow-fields. Here the aiguilles rise immediately out of pasture and forest. It is rather as if one should combine a foreground from the Bavarian Alps, with their exquisite woods and lawns, with a background of Norwegian rock. At one place we had to cross the river, and found the wooden bridge gone. The guides seized their axes — in this country every one carries an axe — and hewed down two trees long enough to span the stream, which they made firm by felling a third and laying it across the end, and so we safely crossed.

Out of these soft landscapes we mounted at length into the upper rock-land. Every valley in the Tatra has several successive floors or stages; each nearly level, and each separated from that above it by a steep ascent. In the highest floor of this glen lies a lakelet, the Frozen Lake, of singular beauty. All round are bare rocks, bearing neither a shrub nor a blade of grass. It is a scene of utter desolation, with no color save the grey or black of the mouldering granite. But the surface of the lake itself is covered by countless bergs and ice-floes, and among them the water sparkles with a blue brighter than that of the sky above. The sound of

waterfalls comes faintly up out of the glen below; the scream of the eagle from the crags, the shrill piping of the marmots close at hand, are heard in the stillness; white clouds sail through the air, and when a breeze stirs the lake, the tiny icebergs kiss one another and then float softly away. Just above this Frozen Lake the path climbs to the summit of the pass. It is a steep and rugged path, not dangerous, except from the risk of stones rolled down from above, but so difficult that we did not wonder at our guides' admiration for the spirit of the young English lady who had followed them across it "like a chamois." The top of the Polnischer Kamm ("comb" is a good name for these narrow crests), 7,208 feet above the sea, is a mere edge; and from it, standing with one foot in Hungary and the other in Galicia, and close under the loftiest and most savage of all the Tatra summits, you look through noble portals of rock far away into the lowland of both countries. It is but four hours' descent to Schmecks, the capital of the Hungarian Switzerland. But Schmecks, that quaint little oasis in the forest, with its own circle of lakes and valleys and excursions, its pleasant primitive ways, its baths and balls and politics — is a place of too much consequence in Hungarian eyes to be dealt with at the end of an article.

WITHIN THE PRECINCTS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XLIII.

OLD Captain Temple was an old soldier, whose habit it was to get up very early in the morning. He said afterwards that he had never got up so early as on that morning, feeling a certain pride in it, as showing the magical power of sympathy and tenderness. He woke before it was light. It had been raining in the night, and the morning was veiled with showers. When it did come it was white and misty. He was ready to go out before any one was stirring. Not a soul, not even the milkman, was astir in the Dean's Walk. The blinds were still down over his neighbors' windows. The only one drawn up he noticed in passing was Lottie's. Was she too early, like himself? The question went through his mind as he passed. Poor child! her life was not a happy one. How different, he could not help feeling, how different his own girl would have been

had she but been spared to them! He shook his white head, though he was all alone, wailing, almost remonstrating, with Providence. How strange that the blessing should be with those who did not know how to prize it, while those who did were left desolate! The captain's step rang through the silent place. There was no one about; the Abbey stood up grey and still with the morning mists softly bursting from about it, and here and there, behind and around, smoke rose from some homely roof, betraying the first signs of waking life. Captain Temple walked briskly to the slopes. There was his favorite walk. He made one or two turns up and down all the length of the level promenade, thinking about her — how often she had come with him here, but lately she had avoided him. He paused when he had made two or three turns, and leaned over the low parapet wall, looking down upon the misty landscape. The river ran swiftly at the foot of the hill, showing in a pale gleam here and there. The bare branches of the trees were all jewelled coldly with drops of rain. It began to drizzle again as he stood gazing over the misty wet champaign in the stillness of the early morning. He was the only conscious tenant of this wide world of earth and sky. Smoke was rising from the houses in the town, and a faint stir was beginning, but here on the hill there was no stir or waking movement, save only his own.

What was that? A sound. He turned round quickly — he could not tell what it was; was there some one about, some one else as early as himself? But he could see nobody. There was not a step nor a movement visible, but there was a sense of a human presence, a feeling of somebody near him. He turned round with an anxiety which he could not explain to himself. Why should he be anxious? but it pleased him afterwards to remember that all his sensations this morning were strange, un-called-for, beyond his own control. He peered anxiously about among the bushes and bare stems of the trees. At last it seemed to him that he saw something in the corner of the bank under the elm-tree. He turned that way, now with his old heart beating, but altogether unprepared for the piteous sight that met his eyes. She was so slim, so slight, her dress so heavy and clinging with the rain, that a careless passer-by might never have seen her. He hurried to the place with a little cry. Her head drooped upon the rough wooden back of the seat, her hands were wrapped in her cloak, nothing visible of her but a face as

white as death, and wet — was it with rain or with tears? Her eyes were closed, her long dark eyelashes drooping over her cheek. But for her frightful paleness she would have been like a child who had lost its way, and cried itself to sleep. "Lottie," cried the old man; "Lottie!" but she made no response. She did not even open her eyes. Was she sleeping, or, good God — He put his hand on her shoulder. "Lottie, Lottie, my dear child," he cried into her ear. When after a while a deep sigh came from her breast, the old man could have wept for joy. She was living then. He thought for a moment what was to be done; some help seemed indispensable to him; then rushed away down through the cloisters to the house of Mr. Ashford, which was one of the nearest. The minor canon was coming downstairs; he had something to do which called him out early. He paused in some surprise at the sight of his visitor, but Captain Temple stopped the question on his lips. "Will you come with me?" he cried; "come with me — I want you," and caught him by the sleeve in his eagerness. Mr. Ashford felt that there was that in the old man's haggard face which would not bear questioning. He followed him, scarcely able in the fulness of his strength to keep up with the nervous steps of his guide. "God knows if she has been there all night," the captain said. "I cannot get her to move. And now the whole place will be astir. If I could get her home before anybody knows! They have driven her out of her sweet senses," he said, gasping for breath as he hurried along. "I came for you because you are her friend, and I could trust you. Oh, why is a jewel like that given to those who do not prize it, Mr. Ashford, and taken from those that do? Why is it? why is it? they have broken her heart." The minor canon asked no questions; he felt that he too knew by instinct what it was. The rain had come on more heavily, small and soft, without any appearance of storm, but penetrating and continuous. The captain hurried on to the corner where he had left her. Lottie had moved her head; she had been roused by his first appeal from the stupor into which she had fallen; her eyes were open, her mind slowly coming, if not to itself, at least to some consciousness of the external world and her place in it. The instinct that so seldom abandons a woman, that of concealing her misery, had begun to dawn in her mind — the first sign of returning life.

"Lottie, Lottie, my dear child, you must

not sit here in the rain. Come, my pet, come. We have come to fetch you. Come to your mother, or at least to one who will be like a mother. Come, my poor dear, come home with me." The old man was almost sobbing as he took into his her cold hands.

Lottie did her best to respond. She attempted to smile, she attempted to speak mechanically. "Yes," she said hoarsely; "I will come — directly. It is — raining." Her voice was almost gone; it was all they could do to make out what she said.

"And here is a kind friend who will give you his arm, who will help you along," said Captain Temple. He stopped short — frightened by the change that came over her face; an awful look of hope, of wonder, woke in her eyes, which looked preternaturally large, luminous, and drowsy. She stirred in her seat, moving with a little moan of pain, and attempted to turn round to look behind her.

"Who is it?" she whispered. "Who is it? is it — you?"

Who did she expect it to be? Mr. Ashford, greatly moved, stepped forward quickly and raised her from her seat. It was no time for politeness. He drew her arm within his, not looking at her. "Support her," he said quickly to Captain Temple, on the other side. The minor canon never looked at Lottie as he half carried her along that familiar way. He did not dare to spy into her secret, he guessed at it. The hand which he drew through his arm held just a letter. He knew none of the steps which had led to this, but he thought he knew what had happened. As for Captain Temple, he did not do much of his share of the work; he held her elbow with his trembling hand, and looked pitifully into her face, knowing nothing at all. "My poor dear," he said, "you shall not go back — you shall not be made miserable. You are mine now. I have found you, and I shall keep you, Lottie. It is not like a stepmother that my Mary will be. My love, we will say nothing about it, we will not blame any one; but now you belong to me." What he said was as the babbling of a child to Lottie, and to the other who divined her; but they let him talk, and the old man seemed to himself to understand the position entirely. "They have driven her out of her senses," he said to his wife; "as far as I can see she has been out on the slopes all night, sitting on that bank. She will be ill, she must be ill — she is drenched to the skin. Think if it had been our own girl! But I

will never let her go into the hands of those wretches again."

No one of the principal actors in this strange incident ever told the story, yet it was known all through the Abbey precincts in a few hours — with additions — that Captain Despard's new wife had driven her stepdaughter out of the house by her ill-usage; turned her to the door, some said; and that the poor girl, distracted and solitary, had spent the night on the slopes, in the cold, in the rain, and had been found there by Captain Temple. "When we were all in our comfortable beds," the good people cried with angry tears, and an indignation beyond words. Captain Despard came in from matins in a state of alarm indescribable, and besought his wife to keep indoors, not to allow herself to be seen. No one in the house had known of Lottie's absence during the night. She was supposed to be "sulky," as Polly called it, and shut up in her own room. When she did not appear at breakfast, indeed, there had been some surprise, and a slight consternation, but even then no very lively alarm. "She's gone off, as she said she would," Polly said, tossing her head; and the captain had, though with some remorse and compunction, satisfied himself that it was only some escapade on Lottie's part, which would be explained by the post, or which Law would know about, or Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. Law had gone out early before breakfast. It was natural to suppose he would know, or still more likely that his sister had gone with him on some foolish walk, or other expedition. "I don't mean to hurt your feelings," Polly cried, "but I shouldn't break my heart, Henry, if they'd gone for good, and left us the house to ourselves." When Captain Despard came in from matins, however, the case was very different; he came in pale with shame and consternation, and ready to blame his wife for everything. "This is what has come of your impudence, and your low habits," he said; and Polly flew to arms, as was natural, and there was a hot and dangerous encounter. The captain went out, swearing and fuming, recommending her if she prized her own safety not to show herself out of doors. "You will be mobbed," he said; "and you well deserve it."

"I'm going to put my hat on," said Polly, "and let them all see what a coward you are, as won't stand up for your wife." But when he had slammed the door emphatically after him, Polly sat down and had a good cry and did not put on her hat. Oh, what a foolish thing it is,

she repeated, to marry a man with grown-up children! It was *nature*, and not anything she had done that was in fault.

Lottie made no resistance when she found herself in Mrs. Temple's care. To have her wet things taken off, to have a hundred cares lavished upon her, as she lay aching and miserable in the bed that had been prepared for her, soothed her at least, if they did nothing more. Chilled in every bit of her body, chilled to her heart, the sensation of warmth, when at last it stole over her, broke a little the stony front of her wretchedness. She never knew how she had passed that miserable night. The fabric of her happiness had fallen down on every side, and crushed her. Her heart had been so confident, her hopes so certain. She had not doubted, as other girls so often do, or even thought it within the compass of possibility that Rollo could fail her. How could she suppose it? and, when it came, she was crushed to the ground. The earth seemed to have opened under her feet; everything failed her when that one thing in which all her faith was placed failed. She had sat through the darkness, not able to think, conscious of nothing but misery, not aware how the time was passing, taking no note of the coming of the evening or the night, the bewildering chimes from the Abbey of hour after hour and quarter after quarter. Quarter or hour, what did it matter to her? what did she know of the hurrying, flying time, or its stupefying measures? It began to rain, and she did not care. She cared for nothing — not the cold, nor the dark, nor the whispering of the night wind among the bare branches, the mysterious noises of the night. The pillars of the earth, the arch of the sweet sky had fallen. There was nothing in all the world but dismal failure and heart-break to Lottie. In the long vigil it seemed to fade out of her mind even what the cause was of this horrible downfall. The pain in her heart, the oppression of her brain, the failing of all things — hope, courage, faith — was all she was aware of. Rollo — her thoughts avoided his name, as a man who is wounded shrinks from any touch, and at last every thing had fallen into one stupor of misery. That it was the night which she was spending there, under the dark sky, just light enough to show the darker branches waving over it, the rain falling from it, Lottie was unconscious. She had nowhere to go, she had no wish to go anywhere; shelter was indifferent, and one place no more miserable than another. When Captain Temple roused her, there came

vaguely to her mind a sense that her feelings must be hid, that she must try to be as other people, not betraying her own desolation; and this was the feeling that woke feebly in her when Mrs. Temple took her place by the bedside where Lottie was lying. She tried to make some feeble excuse, an excuse which in the desperation of her mind did not sound so artificial as it was. "I give you a great deal of trouble," she faltered.

"Oh, my dear," said Mrs. Temple, with tears, "do not say so; let me do what I can for you — only trust in me, trust in me."

Lottie could not trust in any one. She tried to smile. She was past all confidences, past all revelation of herself or her trouble. And thus she lay for days, every limb aching with the exposure, her breathing difficult, her breast throbbing, her heart beating, her voice gone.

Down-stairs there was many an anxious talk over her between the three most intimately concerned. The old captain held by his single idea that she had been driven from home by her stepmother, that idea which all the Abbey had adopted. The minor canon was not of that opinion. He came every day to ask for the patient, and would sit and listen to all they could tell him, and to the captain's tirades against Polly. "I think there was something more than that," he would say. And Mrs. Temple looked at him with a look of understanding. "I think so too," she said. Mrs. Temple had disengaged out of Lottie's cold hand the letter which she had been grasping unawares. She had not been able to resist looking at it, telling herself that she ought to know what was the cause. These two alone had any idea of it, and no one spoke to Lottie, nor did she speak to any one of the cause of her vigil. She lay in a silent paradise of warmth and rest, cared for and watched at every turn she made, as she had never been in her life before. And by degrees the pain stole out of her limbs, her cough was got under, and the fever in her veins subdued. Of two things only Lottie did not mend. Her heart seemed dead in her bosom, and her voice was gone. She could neither sing any more, nor be happy any more. These are things which neither doctor nor nurse can touch, but for all the rest her natural health and strength soon triumphed. Her brain, which had tottered for a moment, righted itself and regained its force. She had no fear, though everybody expected it. She did not fall into "a decline," as was universally thought.

She got better, but she did not get happy, nor did she recover her voice. When she was able to be brought down-stairs, the good people who had taken her up made a little fête of her recovery. Mr. Ashford was asked to dinner, and the room was filled with flowers, rare hot-house flowers, on which the old captain had spent a great deal more than he could afford to spend. "To please the poor child, my dear," he said apologetically; and Mrs. Temple had not a word to say. She winced still when in his simple way he would speak of "our own girl," but in her heart she made a kind of religion of Lottie, feeling sometimes, poor soul, as if she was thus heaping coals of fire, whatever they may be, upon the head — though it might be blasphemy to put it into words — of Him who had bereaved her. He had taken her child from her, and she had been angry, and perhaps had sinned in the bitterness of her grief; but now here was a child who was his — for are not all the helpless his? whom she would not cast from her, whom she would take to her bosom and cherish, to show him (was it?) that she was more tender than even the Father of all. "Thou hast taken mine from me, but I have not closed my heart to thine," was what all unawares the woman's heart said, for she was angry still, being a mother, and unable to see why she should have been bereaved.

A few days after Lottie had begun to be brought down-stairs (for this was done without any will of hers), a visit was paid to her which had no small effect upon her life. She was seated in the invalid's place near the fire, a little table by her side with flowers on it, and a new book, and *Punch*, and the illustrated papers, all the little innocent *gâteries* of which the old captain could think, the trifles which make the days of a happy convalescent sweet, and which Lottie tried hard to look as if she cared for; and with Mrs. Temple near her, watching her to see lest she should be too warm or too cold, lest she should want anything, with the anxious care of a mother. There was a prancing of horses outside the door, a tremendous knock, a rustle of silk, and wafting of perfume, and the door was opened and Mrs. Daventry announced. Augusta came in with a swoop which filled Mrs. Temple's little drawing-room. There did not seem room for its legitimate inmates in that redundant presence. Mrs. Temple ran to her patient, thinking Lottie was about to faint, but she moved herself enough to smile faintly at Augusta when she spoke, which was as much as she did to any one. Augusta seated herself oppo-

site the pale convalescent, her train falling round her in heavy masses — the one all wealth and commotion and importance, the other so pale, so slight in her weakness, her brown merino dress hanging loosely upon her. Mrs. Temple was not made much account of by the fine lady, who made her a slight salutation, half bow, half curtsy, and took no further notice of "the people of the house."

"Well," she said, "how are you, and what has been the matter? There are the most extraordinary stories told about you. I have come to find out what is really the matter, Lottie. Mamma wishes to know, too. You know you were always a kind of favorite with mamma."

"I will tell you about her illness," said Mrs. Temple. "She is scarcely well enough yet to enter into details."

"Oh," said Augusta, gazing blankly upon the "person of the house," — then she returned to Lottie again. "I don't want you to enter into details, but they say the most extraordinary things; they say you were turned out of doors, and stayed all night on the slopes — that, of course, can't be true — but I wish you would tell me what is true, that I may give the right version of the story. Mamma is quite anxious to know."

"Lottie, my dear, I will tell Mrs. Daventry," said Mrs. Temple, "it is too much for you;" and she held her point and recounted her little story with a primness which suited her voice and manner. Many were the demonstrations of impatience which the fine lady made, but it was not in her power to struggle against Mrs. Temple's determination. She turned to Lottie again as soon as the tale was told.

"Is that true? Only a very bad cold and influenza from getting wet? Oh, we heard a great deal more than that; and your voice — we heard you had quite lost your voice. I promised the signor to inquire. He is quite anxious, he always thought so much of your voice. He is an odd man," said Augusta, giving a blow in pausing; "he thinks so differently from other people about many things. I promised to find out for him all about your voice. Have you really, really lost your voice, as everybody says?"

It was curious that Lottie, who had never been concerned about her voice, who had never cared anything about it, who had not wanted to be a singer at all, or to give her talent any powerful part in her life, should feel, even in the midst of the greater and deeper unhappiness that possessed her, a distinct sting of pain as she

heard this question. Her paleness was flushed with a sudden painful color. She looked at Mrs. Temple wistfully again.

"You can hear that she is hoarse," said Mrs. Temple; "a very common consequence of a cold. She has lost her voice for the moment, but we hope to find it again."

"I think she must be dumb altogether, as she never answers me," said Augusta fretfully. Then she tried another subject, with a triumphant certainty of success. "I don't know if you have heard of our trouble," she said, looking at her black dress. "You remember, Lottie, my cousin, Mr. Ridsdale. Oh, yes; you knew him a little, I think."

Once more Lottie's pale face flushed with painful, overwhelming color. She looked up with alarmed and troubled eyes.

"Oh, I see you remember him; he was such a great flirt, he was always making himself agreeable to women. It did not matter who they were," said Augusta, fixing her eyes on her victim's face, "or what class of people, so long as they were at all nice-looking, or could sing, or draw, or anything. I remember I sent him out to try whether he could not hear you singing, the very day I was married. He was another of the people who believed in you, Lottie. He did not hear you then, so he made mamma ask you, you remember. He had something to do with a new opera company, and he was always on the lookout for a new voice."

Once more Lottie turned her eyes upon Mrs. Temple, eyes full of anguish and wonder. Who else could she turn to? — not to the cruel executioner who sat opposite to her, with a lurking smile about her heartless mouth. How cruel a woman can be with a fair face, and no signs of the savage in her! Augusta saw that her arrow had struck home, and was encouraged to do more.

"Oh, yes; he was in a great state about your voice. He said it would make his fortune and yours too. He was always ridiculously sanguine. You know how he used to flatter you, Lottie, and go to all your lessons. Oh, you must not tell me that you don't remember, for I could see you liked it. Well," said Augusta, who did not lose a single change of color, no quiver of her victim's lips, or flutter of her bosom, "that sort of thing is all over now. Oh, I daresay he will continue to take a great interest as an amateur, but his position is now entirely changed. My poor cousin Ridsdale, Rollo's eldest brother, was killed in the hunting-field about a fort-

night ago. Such a shock for us all! but it has made a great change for Rollo. He is Lord Ridsdale now, and my uncle Courtland's heir. His servant came last Friday week to fetch some things he had left at the Deanery, for he had gone away for the day only, not knowing what had happened. Poor fellow! and yet, of course, though he was truly grieved and all that, it is great good fortune for him. We are not likely *now*," Augusta added with a faint smile, "to see much of him here."

Lottie did not say a word. She sat, no longer changing color, perfectly pale, with the great blue eyes, that had so expanded and dilated during her illness, fixed upon the vacant air. To hear him named was still something, and filled her with a sick excitement, an anguish of interest and agitation. After the long silence, after the cutting of all ties, after his cruel desertion of her, after the blow which had all but killed her, to hear of him had been something. Pain—yet a pain she was more eager to undergo than to meet any pleasure. But Lottie had not calculated upon the cruel, treacherous, yet careless blow which fell upon her now, upon her quivering wounds. To hear her voice, was that what it was? not to see her because he loved her, but to hear her singing. Till now she had at least had her part. He was false, and had forsaken her, she knew, but sure he had loved her; the Rollo who gazed up in the moonlight at her window had still been hers, though another Rollo had betrayed her trust and broken her heart. But now! the blood ebbed away from her face, and seemed to fail from her heart; the beating of it grew confused and muffled in her ears. She gazed with her great eyes, all strained and pained with gazing, at nothing. To hear her sing, not seeking her, but only running after a new voice! She sat with her hands clasped upon her lap in a kind of piteous appeal, and sometimes would look at the one and then the other, asking them—was it true, could it be true?

"I must go," said Augusta, having fired her shot; "and I am glad to hear such a good account of you. Only a bad cold, and a hoarseness, such as is quite common. Mamma will be pleased to hear, and so will the signor. I can't tell anything about your voice, because you have not let me hear it, Lottie. Oh, quite prudent—much the best thing not to use it at all, though with an old friend, to be sure. You look rather ill, I am bound to say."

Lottie sat still in the same attitude after this cruel visitor was gone, all her

thoughts going back upon that time, which after all was only a few months, yet which seemed her life. She had given him up, or rather she had accepted her abandonment without a struggle, without a hope; it had been to her as a dream out of heaven. She had not even blamed him. It had killed her, she thought. She had not resisted, but it had killed her. Now, however, she could not submit. In her heart she fought wildly against this last most cruel blow. He was not hers, he was cut off from her, by his own murderous hand; but to give up the lover who had loved her before he knew her, who had watched under her window and wiled her heart away, that she could not do. She fought against it passionately in her soul. The afternoon went on without a sound, nothing but the ashes softly falling from the fire, the soft movement of Mrs. Temple's arm as she worked; but the silence tingled all the time with the echo of Augusta's words, and with the hot conflict of recollections in her own heart opposing and denying it. Mrs. Temple worked quietly by, and watched, divining something of the struggle, though she did not know what it was. At last all at once in the stillness the girl broke forth passionately: "Oh, no, no," she cried, "not that. I will not believe it. Not that; it is not true."

"What is not true, dear, tell me?" her companion said, laying down her work, and coming to her with tender hands outstretched, and pity in her eyes.

"You heard her," Lottie said, "you heard her. That it was to hear me singing—that it was all for my voice. No, no, not that. It could not be—that was not true. You could not believe *that* was true."

And Lottie looked at her piteously clasping her hands, entreating her with those pathetic eyes for a little comfort. "Not that, not that," she said. "My singing, was it likely? Oh, you cannot think *that!*" she cried.

Mrs. Temple did all she could to soothe her. "My poor child, it is all over, it is indeed—what does it matter now?"

"It matters all the world to me," Lottie cried. Kind as her new guardian was, she could not understand that even when her happiness and her hopes were all crushed, it was a bitterness more exquisite, a sting the girl could not bear, to believe that her foundations had been sand, that she had been deluded from the beginning, that the love she trusted in had never been. This sting was so keen and sharp that it woke her from the apathy of despair that was

creeping over. She was roused to struggle, to a passion of resistance and denial. "How can any one but me know how it was? It all came from that, without that I should never have thought, we should never have met. It was the beginning. How can any one know but me?" she cried, contending as against some adversary. When the first strain of this conflict was over, she turned faltering to her kind guardian. "I had a letter," she said; "it was the letter. I cannot find it." She gave her a look of entreaty which went to Mrs. Temple's heart.

"I have got your letter, Lottie. I have it in my desk put away. No one has seen it. Let me put it into the fire."

"Ah, no! perhaps there may be something in it, different from what I thought."

She held out her hands supplicating, and Mrs. Temple went to her desk and took out an envelope. Within was something all stained and blurred. The rain had half washed the cruel words away. Once for all, as Rolio's last act and deed, and suicidal exit from this history, this letter shall be copied here. Imagine how Lottie had been sitting, all happiness and soft agitation and excitement, waiting for him when his curt epistle came:—

"MY DEAR LOTTIE,—An extraordinary change has happened in my life—not my doing, but that of Providence. It gives me new duties, and a new existence altogether. What we have been thinking of cannot be. It is impossible in every way. For me to do what I promised to you was when we parted a sacrifice which I was willing to make, but now is an impossibility. I am afraid you will feel this very much, and don't think I don't feel it; but it is an impossibility. I have things to do and a life to lead that makes it impossible. I hope soon some one will be raised up for you when you want it most, to give you the help and assistance I would so gladly have given. Could I but know that you assented to this, that you saw this reason for my conduct, I should be as happy as I now can ever be, and I hope that you will do so when you can look at it calmly. Farewell, dear Lottie, think of me with as little anger as you can, for it is not I but Providence. Your voice will soon make you independent of me. It is only a momentary disappointment I know, and I cannot help it. To do what we settled to do is now an impossibility—an impossibility. Dear Lottie, farewell!

R. R."

Underneath, *forgive me* was scrawled hastily as if by an afterthought.

In the calm warm room, in the dull afternoon, under the eyes of her tender nurse, Lottie read over again this letter, which she had read with incredulous wonder, with stupefying misery, by the dim light of the evening under the black waving branches of the leafless trees. She gave a cry of anguish, of horror, of indignation and shame, and with trembling hands folded it up, and put it within its cover and thrust it back to Mrs. Temple's keeping. "Oh, take it, take it," she cried wildly—"keep it, it has killed me. Perhaps—perhaps! the other is true too."

CHAPTER XLIV.

LAW had been living a busy life at the time of that crisis and climax of his sister's existence. He had spent day after day in London, lost in that dangerous and unaccustomed delight of spending money, which is only tasted in its full flavor by those who are little accustomed to have any money to spend. Law was tempted by a hundred things which would have been no temptation at all to more experienced travellers—miracles of convenience and cheapness, calculated to smooth the path of the emigrant, but which were apt on being bought to turn out both worthless and expensive—and many a day the young fellow came home penitent and troubled, though he started every morning with an ever-renewed confidence in his own wisdom. Lottie's sudden illness had checked these preparations in mid-career. He had lost the ship in which he meant to have made his voyage, and though he bore the delay with Christian resignation, it was hard to keep from thinking sometimes that Lottie could not have chosen a worse moment for being ill—a little later, or a little earlier, neither would have mattered half so much—but at the very moment when he was about to sail! However, he allowed impartially that it was not his sister's fault, and did not deny her his sympathy. Law, however, had never been satisfied about the cause of her illness. He did not know why she should have sat out on the slopes all night. Polly—he refused the idea that it was Polly. Mrs. Despard was bad enough, but not so bad as that; nor did Lottie care enough for the intruder to allow herself to be driven out in this way. But Law kept this conviction to himself, and outwardly accepted the story, not even asking any explanation from his sister. Whatever was the real reason, it was no doubt the same cause which kept

her from listening to him when he had tried to tell her of the new step in his own career, and the unexpected liberality of the minor canon. "If it had but been her!" Law said to himself — for indeed he, who knew the value of money, never entertained any doubt as to Mr. Ashford's meaning in befriending him; he was a great deal more clear about this than Mr. Ashford himself.

He lost his passage by the ship with which he had originally intended to go. It was a great disappointment, but what could he do? He could not start off for the antipodes when his sister might be dying. And as for his own affairs, they had not come to any satisfactory settlement. Instead of saying yes or no to his question to her, Emma, when he had seen her, had done everything a girl could do to make him change his intention. To make *him* change his intention! — the very idea of this filled him with fierce scorn. It was quite simple that she should make up her mind to leave everything she cared for — for love of him; but that he should change his purpose for love of her was an idea so absurd that Law laughed at the simplicity of it. As well expect the Abbey tower to turn round with the wind as the weathercock did. But yet Law did not object to stroll down to the River Lane in the evenings, when he had nothing else to do, sometimes finding admission to the work-room when the mother was out of the way, demanding to know what was Emma's decision, and smiling at her entreaties. She cried, clasping her hands with much natural eloquence, while she tried to persuade him. But Law laughed.

"Are you coming with me?" he said — he gave no answer to the other suggestion — and by this time he had fully made up his mind that she did not mean to come, and was not very sorry. He had done his duty by her — he had not been false, nor separated himself from old friends when prosperity came. No one could say that of him. But still he was not sorry to make his start alone — to go out to the new world unencumbered. Nevertheless, though they both knew this was how it would end, it still amused Law in his unoccupied evenings to do his little love-making at the corner of the River Lane, by the light of the dull lamp, and it pleased Emma to be made love to. They availed themselves of this diversion of the moment, though it often led to trouble, and sometimes to tears; and Emma for her part suffered many scoldings in consequence. The game, it is to be supposed,

was worth the candle, though it was nothing but a game after all.

On the day after Mrs. Daventry's visit, Lottie sent for her brother. He found her no longer a languid invalid, but with a fire of fervid energy in her eyes.

"Law," she said, "I want you to tell me what you are going to do. You told me once, and I did not pay any attention. I had other — other things in my mind. Tell me now, Law."

Then he told her all that had happened, and all he had been doing. "It was all your sense, Lottie, after all," he said. "You were always the one that had the sense. Who would have thought when I went to old Ashford to be coached, that he would come forward like this, and set me up for life? nor he wouldn't have done that much either," Law added, with a laugh, "but for you."

"Law," cried Lottie, with that fire in her eyes, "this was what we wanted all the time, though we did not know it. It was always an office I was thinking of — and that I would be your housekeeper — your servant if we were too poor to keep a servant; but this is far better. Now we are free — we have only each other in the world. When must we go?"

"We!" cried Law, completely taken aback. He looked at her with dismay. "You don't mean you are coming? You don't suppose I — can take you."

"Yes," she cried, "yes," with strange vehemence. "Were we not always to be together? I never thought otherwise — that was always what I meant — until —"

"Ah," said Law, "that is just it — until! When you're very young," he continued, with great seriousness, "you think like that — yes, you think like that. A sister comes natural — you've always been used to her; but then, Lottie, you know as well as I do that don't last."

"Oh, yes — it lasts," cried Lottie, "other things come and go. You suppose you want something more — and then trouble comes, and you remember that there is nobody so near. Who could be so near? I know all you like and what is best for you, and we have always been together. Law, I have had things to make me unhappy — and I have no home, no place to live in."

"I thought," said Law severely, "that they were very kind to you here."

"Kind! it is more than that," cried Lottie, her hot eyes moistening. "They are like — I do not know what they are like — like nothing but themselves; but I do not belong to them. What right have I to be

here? and oh, Law, you don't know — To walk about here again — to live, where one has almost died — to see the same things — the place — where it all happened —”

Lottie was stopped by the gasp of weeping that came into her throat. She ended with a low cry of passionate pain. “I must go somewhere. I cannot stay here. We will go together, and work together; and some time, perhaps — sometime — we shall not be unhappy, Law.”

“I am not unhappy now,” said the young man. “I don't know why you should be so dismal. Many a fellow would give his ears to be in my place. But you — that's quite a different thing. A man can go to many a place where he can't drag his sister after him. Besides, you've got no outfit,” cried Law, delighted to find so simple a reason, “and no money to get one. Old Ashford has been awfully kind; but I don't think it would be nice to draw him for an outfit for you. It wouldn't be kind,” said Law, with a grin, “it would be like the engineer fellow in Shakespeare — burst with his own boiler. You know that would never do.”

“A woman does not need an outfit, as a man does,” said Lottie; “a woman can put up with anything. If you go away, what is to become of me? When you are young, whatever you may have had to make you unhappy, you cannot die when you please. That would be the easiest way of all — but it is not possible; you cannot die when you please.”

“Die — who wants to die?” said Law. “Don't you know it's wicked to talk so? Why, there's your singing. You'll be able to make a great deal more money than I ever shall; and of course you may come over starring to Australia when you're a great singer, but it would be ruin to you now to go there. Don't be carried away by it because I'm lucky just now, because it's my turn,” he said; “everybody wants to hold on by a fellow when he's in luck — but it is really you who are the lucky one of the family.”

“My voice is gone,” said Lottie, “my home is gone. I have nothing in the world but you. All I used to have a little hope in is over. There are only two of us in the world, brother and sister. What can I do but go with you? I have nobody but you.”

“Oh, that's bosh,” said Law, getting up from his seat in impatience. “I don't believe a word they say about your voice. You'll see it'll soon come back if you give it a chance; and as for having nobody but

me, I never knew a girl that had so many friends — there's these old Temples, and heaps of people; and it seems to me you may marry whoever you like all round. A girl has no right to turn up her nose at that. Besides, what made old Ashford so kind to me? You don't find men doing that sort of thing for nothing in this world. I always think it's kindest to speak out plain,” said Law, reddening, however, with a sense of cruelty, “not to take you in with pretending. Look here, Lottie. I can't take you with me. I have got no more than I shall want for myself, and I may have to knock about a great deal there before I get anything. And to tell the truth,” said Law, reddening still more, “if I was to take a woman with me, it would be more natural to take — some one else. A fellow expects to marry, to make himself comfortable when he gets out there. Now you can't do that if you have a sister always dragging after you. I've told you this before, Lottie — you know I have. I don't want to hurt your feelings when you've been ill — but what can a fellow do? To say what you mean once for all, that is the best for both you and me.”

Law made his exit abruptly when he had given forth this confession. He could say what was necessary boldly enough, but he did not like to face his sister's disappointment. It was a comfort to him to meet Mr. Ashford at the door.

“Lottie is up-stairs,” he said. “She wants me to take her with me, but I have told her I can't take her with me. I wish you would say a word to her.”

Law rushed away with a secret chuckle when he had sent to his sister a new suitor to console her. If one lover proves unsatisfactory, what can be better than to replace him by another? Law felt himself bound in gratitude and honor to do all that he could for Mr. Ashford, who had been so kind to him; and was it not evidently the best thing — far the best thing for Lottie too?

The minor canon went up-stairs with a little quickening of his pulse. He had been a great deal about Captain Temple's little house since the morning when he had brought Lottie there, and her name and the thought of her had been in his mind constantly. He had not defended himself against this preoccupation, for would it not have been churlish to put the poor girl out of his mind when she was so desolate, and had no other place belonging to her? Rather he had thrown open all his doors and taken in her poor pale image, and made a throne for her, deserted, helpless,

abandoned as she was. A generous soul cannot take care of itself when a friend is in trouble. Mr. Ashford, who had been on the edge of the precipice half consciously for some time, holding himself back as he could, thinking as little about her as he could, now let himself go. He felt as the Quixotes of humanity are apt to feel, that nothing he could give her should be withheld now. If it did not do her any good, still it would be something — it was all he could do. He let himself go. He thought of her morning and night, cherishing her name in his heart. Poor Lottie — life and love had alike been traitors to her. “Though all men forsake thee, yet will not I,” he said, as once was said rashly to a greater than man. What could he ever be to her, wrung as her heart was by another? but that did not matter. If it was any compensation to her, she should have his heart to do what she liked with. This was the sentiment in the mind of the minor canon, who ought, you will say, to have known better, but who never had been practical, as the reader knows. He went up-stairs with his heart beating. How gladly he would have said a hundred words to her, and offered her all he had, to make up for the loss of that which she could not have! But what his generosity would have thrown at her feet, his delicacy forbade him to offer. Lottie, in her disappointment and desertion (which he only divined, yet was certain of), was secured to him. Mrs. Temple was absent about her household concerns, and there was nobody in the drawing-room up-stairs except Lottie, who in her excitement and despair did not hear his step, nor think that any one might be coming. She was walking about the room, with her hands clasped and strained against her breast, her rather weak steps full of feverish energy, her eyes glowing with a fire of despair. “What shall I do? what shall I do?” she was moaning in the anguish of her heart.

When Ernest Ashford opened the door, her back was turned to it, so that he heard this moan, and saw the passionate misery of her struggle, before she knew that he was there. When she saw him a momentary gleam of anger came over her face; then she put force upon herself, and dropped her hands by her side like a culprit, and tried to receive him as she ought. As she ought — for was not he her brother’s benefactor, whom all this time she had been neglecting, not thanking him as he had a right to be thanked? The change from that anguish and despair which she

had been indulging when alone, to the sudden softening of courtesy and compunction and gratitude which, after a pathetic momentary interval of struggling with herself, came over her face, was one of those which had transported Rollo in the beginning of their acquaintance by its power of expression. But this change, which would have pleased the other, went to the heart of the minor canon, to whom Lottie had never appeared in the light of an actress or singer, but only as herself.

“Mr. Ashford,” she said faintly. “I wanted to see you — to thank you —”

She was trembling, and he came up to her tenderly — but with a tenderness that never betrayed its own character — grave and calm; for all that his heart was beating — and took her hand and arm into his, and led her to her chair. “You must not thank me for anything,” he said.

“For Law —”

“No; not for Law. If it would give you any ease or any comfort, you should have everything I have. That is not saying much. You should have all I can do or think,” he said, with a thrill in his voice, which was all that betrayed his emotion. “The misery of human things is that all I can do is not what you want, Lottie — and that what you want is out of my power.”

He asked no permission to call her by her name; he was not aware he did it — nor was she.

“I want nothing,” she said, with a passionate cry. “Oh, do not think I am so miserable and weak. I want nothing. Only, if Law could take me with him — take me away — to a new place — to a new life.”

He sat down beside her, and softly pressed the hand which he held in his own. Yes, this was the misery of human things, as he said — he did not repeat the words, but they were in his face. That which she wanted was not for her, nor was his desire for him; other gifts might be thrown at their feet, and lie there unheeded, but not that for which they wished.

“Do you think it must not be?” she said. Lottie was willing to make him the judge of her fate — to decide for her how it was to be. Yes, but only in that way in which he was powerless. He smiled, with a sense of this irony, which is more tragic than any solemn utterances of fate.

“I do not think it could be,” he said, “except with perfect consent and harmony, and Law — does not wish it. He is like the rest of us. He does not care for what he can have, though another man

might give his life for it. It is the way of the world."

"I am used to it," said Lottie, bowing her head; "you need not say it is the way of the world to break it to me, Mr. Ashford. Oh, how well I ought to do! I am used to being rejected. Papa, and Law, and ——"

She put her hand over her hot eyes, but she did not mean to drop into self-pity. "Nobody cares to have me," she said, after a moment, with the quiver of a smile on her lips. "I must make up my mind to it — and when you are young you cannot die whenever you please. I must do something for myself."

"That is it," said the minor canon bitterly — "always the same; between those you love and those that love you there is a great gulf; therefore you must do something for yourself."

She looked at him wondering, with sad eyes. He was angry, but not with her — with life and fate; and Lottie did not blush as she divined his secret. It was too serious for that. It was not her fault or his fault; neither of them had done it or could mend it. Had she but known! had he but known! Now there was nothing to be done but to unite what little wisdom they had over the emergency, and decide what she was to do — for herself. Her father had no place for her in his house. Law could not have her with him; her lover had forsaken her; and to those who would have had her, who would have cherished her, there was no response in Lottie's heart. Yet here she stood with her problem of existence in her hands, to be solved somehow. She looked piteously at the man who loved her, but was her friend above all, silently asking that counsel of which she stood so much in need. What was she to do?

Just then the door opened, and Mrs. Temple came in with Dr. Enderby, who had been kind to Lottie, as they all were, and also regulated everybody's health within the precincts, from Lady Caroline downward. The good doctor, who had daughters of his own, looked with kind eyes upon the girl, who was so much less happy than they. He took her slender wrist into his hand, and looked into her luminous, over-clear eyes, wet with involuntary tears.

"She is looking a great deal better. She will soon be quite herself," he said cheerfully, but winked his own eyelids quickly, to throw off something which was involuntary too.

"Yes, yes," said Captain Temple, who had come in after him. "She will soon

be quite herself; but you must give her her orders to stay with us, doctor. We want to be paid for nursing her — and now she will be able to run about all our errands, and save us a great deal of trouble, and keep us happy with her pretty voice and her singing. Did you ever hear her singing, doctor? The signor is very anxious about her. We must begin our lessons again, my pretty Lottie, as soon as ever the doctor gives leave."

Dr. Enderby looked very grave. "There is no hurry about that," he said, "let her have a little more time. The signor must be content to wait."

Now Lottie had said, and they all had said, that her voice was gone; but when the doctor's face grew so grave, a cold chill struck to their hearts. She gave him a startled look of alarmed inquiry, she who had suddenly realized, now that all dreams were over, that question of existence which is the primitive question in this world. Before happiness, before love, before everything that makes life lovely, this mere ignoble foundation of existing must come. When one is young, as Lottie said, one cannot die at one's own pleasure — and suddenly, just as she had got to realize that necessity, was it possible that this other loss was really coming too? She looked at him with anxious eyes, but he would not look at her, to give her any satisfaction; then she laid her hand softly on his arm.

"Doctor," she said, "tell me true — tell me the worst there is to tell. Shall I never have my voice again? is it gone, gone?"

"We must not ask such searching questions," said the doctor, with a smile. "We don't know anything about never in our profession. We know to-day, and perhaps to-morrow — something about them — but no more."

He tried to smile, feeling her gaze upon him, and made light of her question. But Lottie was not to be evaded. All the little color there was ebbed out of her face.

"Shall I never sing again?" she said. "No — that is not what I mean; shall I never be able to sing as I did once? Is it over? Oh, doctor, tell me the truth, is that over too?"

They were all surrounding him with anxious faces. The doctor got up hurriedly and told them he had an appointment. "Do not try to sing," he said, "my dear," patting her on the shoulder. "It will be better for you, for a long time, if you do not even try;" and before any one could speak again he had escaped, and was hurrying away.

When he was gone, Lottie sat still, half stupefied, yet quivering with pain and the horror of a new discovery. She could not speak at first. She looked round upon them with quivering lips, and great tears in her eyes. Then all at once she slid down upon her knees at Mrs. Temple's feet.

"Now all is gone," she said, "all is gone — not even that is left. Take me for your servant instead of the one that is going away. I can work — I am not afraid to work. I know all the work of a house. Let me be your servant instead of the one who is going away."

"Oh, Lottie, hush, hush! are you not my child?" said Mrs. Temple, with a great outcry of weeping, clasping her shoulders, and drawing the upturned face to her breast. But Lottie insisted gently, and kept her position. In this thing at least she was not to be balked.

"Your servant," she said, "instead of the one that is going away. I am an honest girl, though they all cast me off. I cannot sing, but I can work — your servant, or else I cannot be your child."

CHAPTER XLV.

CONCLUSION.

IF this history had proposed to settle and bring to a dramatic conclusion even one single human life, the writer would falter here, feeling her task all unfulfilled, for what have we been able to do more than to bring our poor Lottie at the end of all things to a kind of dead-lock of all the possibilities of life? Such stoppages in the course of human affairs are, however, at least as common as the more natural climax or catastrophe. For one girl or boy whose life lies all fair before them after the first effort, how many are there who have to leave the chapter incomplete, and, turning their back upon it, to try a second beginning, perhaps with less satisfaction, and certainly with a somewhat disturbed and broken hope! Lottie Despard had arrived at this point. Her love had not ended as happy loves end. It had been cut short by a cruel hand; her fabric of happiness had fallen to the ground; her visionary shelter, the house of her dreams, had crumbled about her, leaving nothing but bare walls and broken rafters. Her misery and dismay, the consternation of her young soul when, instead of that fair and pleasant future which was to be her resting-place forever, she found around her a miserable ruin, we have not attempted to say. What words can tell such a convulsion and

LIVING AGE. VOL. XXV. 1288

rending of earth and sky? She had believed in her lover, and in her love as something above the weakness of ordinary humanity. She had believed herself at last to have found in him the ideal after which she had sighed all her life. His generous ardor to help her whenever he found her in want of help, the enthusiasm of a love which she believed had been given at first sight, like the love the poets tell of, had filled Lottie's heart with all the sweetness of a perfect faith. Impossible to say how she had trusted in him, with what pure and perfect delight and approbation her soul had given itself up to him, glad beyond all expression not only to find him hers, but to have found him at all, the one man known to her for whom no excuse had to be made. The discovery that he was in turn never but a traitor killed her morally — at least it seemed so to the poor girl when, all crushed and bleeding from a hundred wounds, she was taken to the house of her friends. But even that was scarcely a more horrible blow than the stroke administered delicately by Augusta while still the injured soul had not staunched its own bleeding or recovered from the first mortal overthrow. The earth that had been so solid opened round her in yawning mouths of hell, leaving no ground to stand upon. There was nothing that was not changed. She had not only lost her future, which was all happiness, and in which she had believed like a child, but she had lost her past. She had been deceived; or, worse still, she had deceived herself, seeking her own downfall. The knowledge that it had not been love that brought Rollo under her window first, that it was altogether another sentiment, becoming even for his own interests, seemed to throw upon herself the blame of all that came after. Soul and heart, the girl writhed under the consciousness of having thus anticipated and brought on her fate. So vain, so foolish, so easily deceived, who was in fault but herself? Those thoughts gave her a false strength, or feverish impassioned power for a time. It was her own doing. She had been the deceiver of herself.

And who would deliver her from the dying pangs of love in her heart, those longings which are unquenchable, those protestations of nature against love, those dreams of excuses that might still be made, and gusts of impossible explanation which in her mind she knew to be impossible even while her fancy framed them? Sometimes Lottie would find her-

self dreaming unawares that some one else, not Rollo, had written that cruel letter; that it was not by his will he had left her to bear the brunt of her disappointment under the elm-tree; that *it* was a forgery, and he detained by some act of cruel treachery and deceit. Sometimes a flood of passionate longing and yearning would sweep over her — a longing only to see him, to hear his voice, to ask why, why he could have been so cruel. Love does not die in a moment, nor does love come to a violent end when the object is unworthy, as some people think. With Lottie it was a lingering and painful conclusion, full of memories, full of relents; the ground that had been gained by days of painful self-suppression being lost by one sudden burst of remembrance, the sight of something that brought up before her one of the scenes that were past.

While this process was going on wistful looks were directed to Lottie's lonely path by more than one spectator. The household of the signor was deeply moved by this demonstration of the helpless fate of the young lady for whom young Purcell sighed with unavailing faithfulness. He could not be made to see that it was unavailing, and the signor blinded by his partiality for his pupil, did not or would not see it; and, as was natural, Mrs. Purcell could not understand the possibility of any girl being indifferent to John's devotion. She thought Lottie's troubles would indeed be at an end, and her future happiness secured, if her eyes were but opened to his excellence. So strong was this feeling in the mind of the family that the signor himself took the matter in hand, and sallied forth with the anxious sympathy of all the household to put the case before Captain Temple, who seemed to be Lottie's guardian. "In every country but England," the signor said, "the friends arrange such matters. Surely it is much more judicious than the other way. There is some guarantee at least that it is not mere youthful folly. Now here is a young lady who is in very unfortunate circumstances, who has been obliged to leave her father's house."

"I beg your pardon, signor," said the captain, trying hard to keep his temper, "but I do not think my house is a very bad exchange for Captain Despard's."

"Nobody who knows Captain Temple will have any doubt of that," the signor said with a wave of his hand, "but what can her situation be in your house? You are not her relative. She has no claim, she has no right, nothing to depend upon,

and if anything were to happen to you —"

"To be sure," said Captain Temple, with profound gravity, not untinctured with offence, "there is much to be said on that point. We are mortal like everybody else."

Explanations were not the signor's strong point; he was wanting in tact, everybody said. "I am making a mess of it," he said, "as I always do. Captain Temple, you are a man of sense, you know that marriage is something more than a matter of sentiment. John Purcell is a very rising musician, there is nothing in our profession he may not hope for; he loves Miss Despard, and he would give her a home. Will you not recommend her to consider his suit, and be favorable to him? His origin perhaps is an objection, but he is a very good fellow, and he could provide for her."

Captain Temple kept his temper; he was always very proud of this afterwards. He bowed the signor out, then came fuming up-stairs to his wife. "Young Purcell!" he cried, "the housekeeper's son, as if all that was wanted was somebody to provide for her; but when a man has that taint of foreign notions," said the old captain gravely, "nothing will wear it out."

Mrs. Temple did not respond as her husband would have wished. Indeed this was very often the case. She had not his man's impulses nor his wordy speech. She said with a sigh, "I almost think the signor was right. I wish we could do what he says. I know a man who is very fond of her, who would be very suitable, who would be sure to make her happy. I think if I could marry her to him I would take the responsibility, but she will not see it in the same light."

"Who is it? who is it?" Captain Temple said with lively curiosity. But when Mr. Ashford's name was mentioned to him, after some protestations of incredulity, he could find nothing to say but a fretful "Do you want to be rid of Lottie?" He for his part did not want to be rid of her. She was delightful to the old man. She walked with him and sat with him, and though she had not sufficiently recovered to talk much to him, yet she listened to him while he talked, which did almost as well. The old chevalier was more happy than he had been since his own child married and went away from him. Why should Lottie be married and carried away from him too, for no better reason than that a man could provide for her? This indeed was the weak point in

Captain Temple's armor. He could not provide for his adopted daughter, but he was angry when this was suggested to him. He had got a new interest, a new pleasure in life, and he did not like the idea of dying and losing it. Why should not he live for years and keep the shelter of a father's roof over this girl, who was like his own?

As for the minor canon, it had only been when he took the girl home from her vigil on the slopes that he allowed himself fully to confess the state of his feelings towards her. When he had drawn her hand within his arm and felt her light weight upon him, holding up by that clasping of his own, the soft arm which he held the floodgates had opened. He knew very well by instinct and by observation that Lottie loved, not him, but another man. He felt very sure that what had happened had little to do with her step-mother but a great deal to do with her lover; and yet at that very moment, the most discouraging and hopeless, those gates opened and the stream flowed forth, and he no longer attempted any disguise either with himself or with Mrs. Temple, who saw through and through him. Law, whom nobody supposed to have any discrimination, had seen through and through him long ago. Law felt that it was not at all likely that any man would sacrifice so much money and trouble on *his* account; and indeed even before that he had read in "old Ashford's" eye an expression of weakness of which the astute youth was very willing to take advantage. When, however, Mr. Ashford himself gained this point of making no further resistance, and attempting no further concealment, the acknowledgment to himself of the new sentiment, little hopeful as it was, had brought him a sense of happiness and freedom. Love in his heart was sweet, even though it had no return. It made life other than it had ever been. It opened possibilities which to the middle-aged minor canon had all been closed before. Handel may be a consolation and now and then a delight, and pupils, though neither consolatory nor delightful, at least keep a man from the sense that his life is useless; but neither of these things make up the source of human requirements, nor do they help to reveal the *fin mot* of that mortal enigma which is more hard to solve than all the knots of philosophy. It seemed to Mr. Ashford when he gave up all resistance, and let this flood of tenderness for one creature take possession of his heart, that a sudden illuminator had been given to him, a light that cleared up

many difficult matters, and made the whole world more clear. With this lantern in his hand he thought he would go back to tread the darker ways of the world with more fortitude and calm. The miseries of the poor would seem to him more bearable, the burdens of humanity less overwhelming. Why? but he could not have told why. Perhaps because life itself was more worth having, more beautiful, more divine with love in it. A poor man, though he was starving, could not be so poor with that to keep him alive. He remembered in his early experiences when he had fled from the horrible mystery of want and pain, to have seen that other presence which then he took no note of in the poorest places — gleaming in the eyes of a woman, in a man's rough face, which knew no other enlightenment. This, then, was what it was. In the sweetness of the heavenly discovery perhaps he went too far, and felt in it the interpretation and compensation of all. Naturally, a man who has found a new happiness does exalt it above the dimensions of any human possession. It made the minor canon feel his own life too shattered and peaceful, it made of him a man among other men. It seemed to him that he wanted to go and help his brothers who were suffering, whose suffering had appalled him, from whom he had fled in excess of pity.

But he did not say any word of his love to Lottie, except those vague words which have been recorded. What was the use? She knew it as he knew it, and what could it be to her? After the first impulse of speech, which was for her sake rather than his — to comfort her wounded pride, her sense of humiliation, if nothing else, by the knowledge that she was priceless to another if rejected by one — no desire to speak was in his mind. He surrounded her with every care he was permitted to give, with a thousand unexpressed tenderesses, with a kind of ideal worship such as was most likely to soothe her wounds and to please her, at least, with a sense that she was beloved. In this way the winter went slowly on. Law did not sail till the early spring, being detained by the minor canon as he would, if he could, have detained a ray of sunshine that warmed her. And thus Lottie was surrounded by all the fairest semblances of life.

The fairest semblances! How often they collect about those who can derive no advantage from them! A good man loved her, but Lottie could not take his love; the kindest domestic shelter was about her, but she had no right to it — she was not

the daughter of these kind people, and they would not make her their servant as she had asked them to do. Musing in her own mind over all that lay about her, this seemed the only true standing-ground that she could perceive. Now that she wanted a way of living, a real occupation, her voice had failed her and she could not sing; now that she had doors of marriage opened before her, her heart was too sick even to contemplate that possibility; now that she had a home where she was beloved, it was not her home but the house of a stranger. To all this she had no right. If they would let her be their servant, that would be true; if Mr. Ashford would see that she was not worth loving, that would be true; if she could take up the trade she had despised, in that there would be an honest refuge. All these things were out of her reach. She said nothing about the thoughts in her heart, but they burned within her; and nobody understood them, except perhaps Mr. Ashford, to whom she never confided them. Law thought her very well off indeed, and declared frankly that he left England with an easy mind: "You are one that will always fall on your feet," he said, with perfect satisfaction. Captain Despard even, who had at first resented the new arrangement of affairs, came at last in his finest manner and made very pretty speeches to Captain Temple and his wife. "If, as I understand, my daughter's society is a real pleasure to you," he said, "I am always glad when I or mine can be of use to my neighbors, and certainly, my dear madam, she shall stay. Indeed, in the present state of my domestic circumstances," he added, with a wave of his hand, not perceiving Captain Temple's angry eagerness to speak, which his wife subdued with a supplicating gesture, "I will not conceal from you that it is an ease to my mind to know that Lottie is among the friends of her own choice. My wife and she," Captain Despard said, with a little shrug of his shoulders — "we all know what ladies are, and that occasionally unpleasantnesses will occur — my wife and she have not got on." Thus Lottie was left by those who belonged to her. And when she retired to the room that was her own in the new home, which was so like the little room in the old but so much more dainty, with everything in it that the old people could think of to make her comfortable, and all the little decorations which a mother thinks of for her child, Lottie would stand in the midst of all these evidences of love and kindness, and ask herself what she could do — she had never

been so well off in her life, what could she do? She had "no claim" upon the Temples, as the signor said, "no right" to their kindness. The captain's niece, who lived in St. Michael's, had looked at the interloper as the relative of a foolish old couple who were wasting their means upon a stranger might be excused for looking. What was she doing more than living on their charity? What could she do? Oh, that she had now the voice which she had cared so little for when she had it! How strange, how strange it all seemed to her now! She had, she said to herself, a trade, an honest trade in her hands, and she had not cared for it, had struggled against its exercise, had not wished to qualify herself for it; and now it was lost to her. This was all that was Lottie's fault; the other strange paradoxes about her had come without any doing of hers. But the result of all was that, with love and kindness on every side, she had no place that belonged to her, no right to anything. After the kind people who were so good to her had gone to their rest, the girl would sit and think over this problem. What was she to do? To be obliged to turn to this did her good; it took her mind away from the wounds of her heart, it brought in new objects — new thoughts. She could not dwell forever, as a disengaged mind might have done, amid the ruined temples and palaces of her love; she could not sink to the ground and conclude, as in happier circumstances a broken-hearted girl might have done, that all was over. On the contrary, life not being over, nor any end procurable by means of hers, an entire world of new difficulties and troubles was brought in which Lottie had to meet, and, as she might, find a solution for.

On the day before Law's departure, which had been so often delayed, she went back to her father's house, under her brother's guardianship, to take away the few little possessions which remained there. Law had been a very faithful guardian of Lottie's little belongings. There was nothing that Polly would have liked better than to enter and rummage through her stepdaughter's things, searching for secrets through all the little drawers and boxes which Lottie had taken a girlish pleasure in keeping in good order. But Law had stood up like a dragon for his sister's property; and Captain Despard, who sometimes put himself on Lottie's side, by a certain *esprit de famille* against the wife, who, after all, was an alien and not one of them, supported Law. Thus

the men of her family, though they had not hesitated to treat her carelessly and even harshly themselves, yet made a certain stand against the interference of any other. It was a day in early April when Lottie reluctantly went into her father's house on this errand. Polly was out; the house was vacant and quiet as when it had been her own, and it is not to be described with what a yearning the girl looked at the shabby furniture, the old piano, the faded rooms in which she had spent many a troubled and many a dull day, and beat her wings against the bars of her cage, and wished for a hundred things which were never to be hers. The reader knows how far Lottie had been from being happy, but yet she thought she had been happy, and that nothing better could have been desired than to be the household providence, and "take care," as she called it, of her father and brother. All that was over. She could not bear to go into the little drawing-room, where *he* had visited her, where she had been so happy and unhappy. Her heart beat as she went up the old stairs. She was far better off with the Temples, who could not pet or serve her enough; yet with what a yearning she came into the house which had once been hers, but in which now there was no place for her! In her own room, thanks to Law's care, she found everything as she had left it, and it is not to be told what anguish filled Lottie's breast as she looked at her little white dress, all carefully prepared for the event which was never to happen, and the little box with the bonnet which she had made with such sweet agitation and tumult of heart. There was the pearl locket upon its white ribbon, her sole ornament. She gathered these things together and carried them, not letting even Law touch them, to her new home. She could not speak as she went up and shut herself in her new room. A little fire was burning there, a luxury unknown to Lottie in the days when she was her own mistress, and no one cared how chilly she might be. Then with old pains, "choking sorrow" in her throat, she undid the little bit of maidenly finery for which she had so much wanted a bit of orange blossom. It was a nothing, a little knot of tulle and ribbon — a piece of vanity not worthy a grave thought, so any moralist would have said who had seen Lottie stand speechless, tearless, a great sob in her throat, with the poor little bonnet in her hand. A bonnet, there is nothing tragic in that. She put it upon her fire and watched the light stuff flame and fall into sudden ashes. It was the affair of a

moment; but those hopes, those prospects of which it had been the token, her life itself, with all that was beautiful in it, ended too.

Then she sat down for the hundredth time and confronted the waste of darkness that was her life. What was she to do? Perhaps it was the final ending of her dream which had been symbolized by the destruction of that bit of tulle and ribbons which moved her. For the first time her dreamy self-questions took a different tone. She asked herself, not what am I to do? but something more definite. Law was going away the next day, the only being except her father to whom she had any right, on whom she had any claim — going away in comfort, in high hope, as much as she could have desired for him. By whose doing? She had given up the case of Law, selfishly absorbed in her own hopes, and who was it who had taken her place and done the thing which Lottie had only wished and longed to do? She seemed to see him standing before her, with tenderness beyond words in her eyes. Always her good angel — how often he had interposed to help her! — from that early time at the Deanery when she had sung false in her agitation, and he had covered the error and beguiled her into that divine song which at that very moment she could hear thrilling all the air pealing from the Abbey. Was it because this happened to be the afternoon anthem that she thought of that simple beginning of the minor canon's benefits? Never since had he failed her, though of all the people upon whom Lottie had no claim, he it was on whom she had the least claim. He had saved Law from his aimless idleness, and he it was who had awakened her out of the miserable dream that had almost cost her her life. How could she repay him for all he had done for her? In one way, an only way. She shuddered, then stilled herself, and faced the thought with all the courage she had left. Marry him! If he would have her, if he wanted her, why should not she marry him? She trembled as the words came into her mind. It was not she that said them; something seemed to say them in her mind, without any will of hers, So good a man, so kind. Did it matter so much whether she liked it, whether she did not like it, so long as it pleased him? Perhaps this was not the right way in which a calculation ought to be made, but Lottie did not know anything against it. At all times it had been easier for her to think of others than of herself. Only once had she pleased herself, and no good had come of

that. Her heart began to beat with an heroic impulse. She was not worth his having, she whom every one had cast off. But if he thought so? She shuddered, yet her heart rose high in her bosom. She would do her best, she would be a good wife, that would be within her power. She would serve him humbly, that he might forgive her for not loving him. She rose up to her feet unconsciously as this great resolution burst upon her mind.

"Lottie," said Law at her door, "the service is over, and the signor is practising. Come over to the Abbey with me. I'd like to wander about the old place a little the last night I am here. Come, it'll be something to think of," said Law, more moved than he liked to show, "when we're thousands of miles separate over the sea."

Lottie did not wait to be asked again. She hurried to him, glad to be thus delivered from the thoughts that were getting too much for her. Long, long months had passed since the brother and sister had gone to church together. The close vicinity to the Abbey and its frequent services had broken up the old childish Sunday habits. And it was not going to church now, only to the silent beautiful place all deserted, with the organ pealing through its silence. Law's heart was touched, though he was too successful and prosperous now to be easily moved. He strayed about the majestic stillness of the nave with tears in his eyes, thinking — this time to-morrow! This time to-morrow he would be prosaically ill or prosaically comfortable, and thinking little of what he left. But for the moment it seemed to Law that when he once was gone his heart would turn like that of any poet to the sweet friends to whom that day he had said farewell.

The Abbey was altogether still except for the music. No one was about; the last ray of the westerly sun had got in among the canopy work over the stalls, and tangled itself there. Underneath the shadows of the evening were creeping dimly, and through the great vault the organ pealed. What bursts of wonderful sound, what glories in the highest, what quiverings of praise unspeakable! Lottie raised her face unawares to the gallery from which that music came. How her life had gone along with it, shaping itself to that high accompaniment! It had run through everything, delight and misery alike, good and evil. Her heart was moved already, and trembling under the touch of new impulses, resolutions, emotions. She

stood still unawares, with her face turned that way, a new light coming upon it; once more the music got into her soul. With her head raised, her arms falling by her sides, her heart going upwards in an ecstasy of sudden feeling, she stood spell-bound. She did not hear — how should she? — a whisper in the organ-loft, a noiseless change of music, nor see the anxious faces looking out upon her from among the fretwork of the carved screen. The torrent of sound changed; it breathed into a celestial softness of sorrow and hope; tears dropped liquid like a falling of rain; a counter-stream of melody burst forth. Lottie did not know what she was doing, the spell upon her was broken. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," she lifted up her voice and sang.

In the organ-loft there was a group which clustered together, scarcely venturing to breathe. The signor was the one who had most command of himself. "I always knew it would come back," he said in sharp staccato syllables, as he played on. Young Purcell, who loved her, sat down in the shadow and laughed and cried, blubbering not with dignity. The minor canon, who did not once take his eyes from her, waiting the moment that she might falter or want succor, watched, looking over the carved rail with a face lighted up like her own.

Thus was Lottie restored to art, and was it to love too?

From Chambers' Journal.

ROBERT DICK THE THURSO BAKER.

THROUGH the indefatigable and genial labors of Dr. Smiles, we are favored with an account of a self-reliant genius, whose biography will be a suitable companion to that of Thomas Edwards the Banffshire naturalist, and which we doubt not will be equally popular. While Edwards still lives in deserved esteem as a man of science, unfortunately Robert Dick died twelve years ago, and is beyond the reach of either praise or succor which the world might have been pleased to bestow. The circumstance imparts a certain mournfulness to Dr. Smiles's narrative; but for general interest it comes up to any of his previous productions. As an incitement to a perusal of the work, "Robert Dick, Baker of Thurso, Geologist and Botanist" (Murray, 1878), we offer the following condensed sketch — premising that the book abounds in beautifully executed wood-en-

gravings illustrative of the picturesque scenery on the northern coast of Caithness.

Robert Dick was born in 1811, at Tullibody, a village situated at the foot of the Ochil Hills, Clackmannanshire. He had a brother and two sisters. His father was an officer of excise, and noted as an attentive and able man. Robert had a good plain education, which included a little Latin. His schooling, however, was abruptly cut short by a family calamity. His mother died, his father married again, and the second wife minding only her own children, treated her stepsons and stepdaughters badly. Robert was taken from school, and bound an apprentice to a baker, when he was thirteen years old. At once he was plunged into a routine of severe and ill-requited labor. He got up at three in the morning to light the oven fire, and worked and drudged until seven or eight, and sometimes nine at night. As he grew older, he was sent out with a load on his head, to deliver the bread in the neighboring villages. Though toilsome, these excursions imparted much pleasure to the boy, for they gave him an opportunity of observing nature, which had charms for him in all its moods. He was fond of examining plants, and watching their character and development. In this way he acquired a practical knowledge of botany, while other boys only spent their time in mischief or idleness. At the age of seventeen, his apprenticeship expired, and he went to be a journeyman baker in Leith. From this place he went to Glasgow, and afterwards to Greenock.

His father meanwhile had removed to Thurso, in the county of Caithness, and by his recommendation Robert went to that town to commence business on his own account. He arrived in Thurso in the summer of 1830, when he was about twenty years of age, and set up as a baker in a house in Wilson's Lane. In trying to begin the battle of life in so small and remote a town, he made a mistake, which was repented of when too late. Thurso is the farthest north town in Great Britain. It is situated at the head of an inlet from the Pentland Firth, which divides Scotland from the Orkney Islands. The country around is for the most part bare and desolate, and exposed to fierce, driving winds. Hedges will not grow. The arable fields are inclosed with flagstones set up on end. The seashore consists of tall precipitous cliffs of red sandstone, worn into fantastic shapes by the incessant dashing of the waves, which come rolling in impetuously from the Atlantic.

No place could be seemingly less favorable than Thurso, either for beginning business or for pursuing researches into botanical science. But from the force of circumstances, Dick had no choice. With his small means, he opened shop as a baker of bread and biscuits, he doing all the operative work himself, and trusting by diligence to succeed. It was so far in his favor that there was only another baker in the town, and there was a hope of being able to supply ship-biscuits to the mariners and herring-fishers who frequented, and at times took refuge in the Bay of Thurso. Usually a Scotch baker starts with very little capital, and he needs no hired assistance. All he has to do is to buy a bag of flour, and make a young woman his wife. He bakes the bread; and the wife, installed in a small room in which by a single pane of glass she can command a view of the counter, takes charge of the shop. It is a cheap and convenient arrangement, and answers until better times. Dick had at first a notion of marrying; but not being successful in his wooing, he for a time was assisted by his sister Jane; and when she and other members of the family quitted Thurso, he was fortunate in securing the services of a steady young Highland woman, named Annie Mackay, who became his housekeeper and attended to sales in the shop for the long period of three-and-thirty years. Never was there a more honest or simple-minded being than Annie. When Dick was in the bakehouse, or away for hours on his rambles in search of plants or fossils, Annie took charge of affairs. She was not troubled with book-keeping. It was all cash down. When any wandering beggars petitioned for a morsel of bread, she told them "the bread's no mine to gie;" and so got rid of their importunities. A good hint this to servants.

The maltreatment which Robert Dick endured in his youth had somewhat soured him, and this unhappy feeling clung to him through life. Driven in upon himself, he made no companions, visited no one, and invited no one to his house. Living in the most economical manner, and strictly temperate in his habits, he devoted himself entirely to his daily labor as a baker, and to scientific inquiry. At first, he had no books to assist him, and no one to advise with concerning the nature of plants and geological theories. On this account he became an original inquirer; and by dint of perseverance and the few books he was at length able to purchase, he acquired an amount of knowledge far beyond that of

ordinary amateurs in science. By rising and going to work at three o'clock in the morning, he had his batch early out of the oven, and ready to be disposed of by Annie to his limited number of customers. Then off he set on his rambles across the moors or along the seashore; and with no other sustenance than one or two biscuits and a drink of water from a brook, he would spend hours and hours in his investigations. People thought him crazy. They could not understand what he was seeking for among the mosses or the rocky precipices. In these pursuits, which were scarcely interrupted by bad weather, he derived the greatest enjoyment. Shy in his general intercourse, he was happy in himself. Often his feelings broke out in singing, for he was fond of the lyrics of Burns; and with a literary turn, he composed some clever pieces in verse for his own amusement.

Nothing that was interesting in nature escaped him. Besides plants and flowers, insects, such as beetles and moths, were his delight. The smallest creature lifted up his mind to the great Creator of all. "He collected," says Dr. Smiles, "no less than two hundred and fifty-six specimens of beetles in nine months — in fact all that could be collected in Caithness. He collected two hundred and twenty specimens of bees, and two hundred and forty specimens of butterflies and moths. The boys soon found out the strange baker and his goings. He said to them: 'Whenever you find a rare butterfly, bring it to me, and I will give you something for it.' When an unusual butterfly was brought to him, he took great care of it, saw its various transformations, and noted the results." He would take nothing for granted, because it was said in books. He tested everything by acute and patient investigation. This is the true way to discover the workings of nature. It was nevertheless necessary, for the sake of knowing the names and classification of objects, that he should have certain books. These he procured from the merchant in Leith who supplied him with flour. The books were packed in paper and placed in the flour-bags. In the same manner he procured a powerful microscope. All came safely packed in the flour. By means of the microscope he vastly added to his botanical knowledge; and in fact mastered the entire subject of botany as exhibited in northern parts. "It was a long and arduous work, but he successfully carried out his purpose. At length the plants of Caithness from one end of the county to the

other — from the Morven Hills in the south to Dunnet Head in the north — from Noss Head in the east to Halladale Head in the west — became as familiar to him as the faces of familiar friends."

In one of his night excursions, he was taken for a poacher in quest of salmon. A watcher kept him in sight for several hours, sometimes creeping on his hands and knees, sometimes hiding behind bushes. At length the man thought he saw Dick lifting what seemed a fish. He rushed upon him with the exclamation: "Now I have caught you poaching!" Dick "turned round in a composed manner and said: 'No, sir; I am not poaching; I am only gathering some specimens of plants!' He then opened his handkerchief, which contained some herbs, plants, and flowers. The watcher was disappointed and disgusted. He had been crouching for two hours on his hands and knees, coming up with his man, and finding in his possession, not a salmon, but a lot of things, which in his estimation were worse than useless. . . . Many people about Thurso who saw Dick coming into the town with his feet bedabbled with dirt, and his jean trousers wet up to the knees, said that he would be much better attending to his baking than wandering about the country in search of beetles, bumbees, ferns, and wild plants." Invectives of this kind, so like the petty detractions which prevail in small country towns, did not discompose the baker. He never neglected his business, though it may be admitted he took no means to extend it.

Dick was not in the least particular about his dress. He for many years wore an old-fashioned swallow-tailed blue coat with metal buttons; and his hat would be thought hardly worth picking up. On his feet he wore a pair of strong hobnailed shoes. In his long journeys in quest of plants, he always dipped his feet, stockings and all, in a basin of water, then tied on his shoes, and set off. He was now prepared for wading through rivers and burns, and the more his feet were wet he walked the better. He derided the idea of walking any great distance with dry feet. He cared nothing for walking for an hour up to the ankles in salt-water, when looking about for a plant along the shore. These feats did not seem to have any immediately bad effect. Possibly they contributed to undermine his constitution.

Having mastered the entomology and botany of Caithness, and formed a large collection of specimens in these departments of science, he next took to geology,

for which the bold coast scenery offered favorable scope. A casual glance at the Pentland Firth demonstrates that it is an inburst of the Atlantic, which in some long-past age had severed the mainland on the south from the Orkney Islands on the north. The coast of both is of the same old red sandstone, worn into precipitous cliffs, also isolated stacks, one of which, on the Orkney side, called the Old Man of Hoy, is seen standing weirdly out like the presiding genius of the waters. All along the rocky shores, one may spend days and years in excavating fossiliferous remains of fish and plants, that by some convulsion of nature had been imbedded in clay or sand, which are now transformed into stone. Here, with hammer or chisel in hand, Dick was in his element. Going down to the shore one morning after a terrific storm, "he found a piece of old land strewed here and there with prostrate hazel stems, and picked out of the clay five nuts; but how long it was since they grew, no one knows, but it must have been ages ago."

At Holborn Head on the west and Dunnet Head on the east of the Bay of Thurso, the scene is the grandest on the coast of Great Britain, and singularly wealthy in fossils. In relation to a fossil fish, the holoptychius, which Dick discovered, he opened a correspondence with Hugh Miller, in 1840. Miller was delighted with the discovery, and by it was able to make an important correction in one of his geological works. Not the least selfish, Robert Dick from this time forward sent numerous new fossils that he found to Miller, accompanied by letters that are partly incorporated in the work before us. The discovery of such vast numbers of fossilized fish in the clay-slate strata led to interesting speculations. The fish had been submerged in their clay, which layer above layer was changed by pressure into flagstones. In fact, the commercial value of Caithness flags consists in the amount of dead fish they contain; for the bitumen of the fish has imparted prodigious hardness to the stone. "Thurso is built of dead fish," said Robert Dick; "and the capitalists and laborers are also maintained by the same article."

Hugh Miller visited Thurso, and spent a few days with Dick, who hospitably gave up his bed to him. The two had some interesting wanderings in the neighborhood. After Miller went away, Dick continued to send him fossils, but keeping duplicates for his own collection. One day in a long ramble he was at a loss to

know the proper route, and seeing a farmhouse, he went to inquire his way. Finding an old man thrashing barley in a barn, he addressed him. We give the account of the interview. "Please," said I, "how far is it to Dalemore, and which is the best road?" "Eh? Are ye gaun to Dalemore?" "Yes." "And where cam ye frae?" "Dunbeath." "Did ye come from Dunbeath the day?" "Yes." "An' where are ye gaun to?" "Thurso." "Are ye gaun to Thurso?" "Yes." "And did ye wade the river?" "Yes." "An' are ye gaun to wade it again?" "Please tell me the road to Dalemore." "Hae ye snuff?" "No; I am sorry I have no snuff." "Oo ay. Haud doon the strath; doon by the river; strecht doon!" "How many miles is it to Dalemore?" "Four miles; ay, just four miles." Dick went as directed, and after a long and weary march found that he had been deceived. The old fellow had taken him for an exciseman, and purposely sent him wrong. After a toilsome journey, Dick thankfully got home.

Obscure and unpretentious as were the labors of Robert Dick, he gradually became known as an earnest, practical worker in geological science. After the death of Hugh Miller, he was visited by Mr. Charles W. Peach, a person of congenial tastes, who in the humble position of a coast-guardsmen in Cornwall had acquired general respect from his diligent investigations into the nature of zoophytes. Having been promoted in the service, he removed to Peterhead, and thence he made a pilgrimage to converse with Dick and see his collection of specimens. A much more eminent individual was anxious to be acquainted with the Thurso baker. This was Sir Roderick Murchison, director-general of the Geographical Society. In the course of a journey through the northern counties, he called upon Dick, who was so busy with his batch at the time that he could pay no attention to his visitor. When he visited Thurso on a subsequent occasion, he was accompanied by Mr. Peach, and was fortunate in finding the baker disengaged. "Dick was in the bakehouse, and still in his working-clothes. A conversation took place about the dip of certain rocks in Caithness. Sir Roderick complained of the want of any sufficient map of the county. Dick agreed with him, but said: 'I will endeavor to shew you a map of the county.' Taking up a few handfuls of flour, and spreading it out on the baking-board, Dick proceeded to mould a model in relief of the geolog-

ical structure of Caithness. He shewed all the principal features of the county—the hills and dales, the rocks and cliffs, the dislocations and fractures, the watersheds and the drainage; and in fact an outline of the entire geography of the county." Sir Roderick was surprised and delighted; and in a letter before his departure from Thurso, he thanked Robert Dick for the valuable information he had received. At the meeting of the British Association held at Leeds in 1858, Sir Roderick took occasion to make the following remarks on the Thurso baker.

"In pursuing my researches in the Highlands, and going beyond Sutherland into Caithness, it was my gratification a second time to meet with a remarkable man in the town of Thurso, named Robert Dick, a baker by trade. I am proud to call him my distinguished friend. When I went to see him, he spread out before me a map of Caithness, and pointed out its imperfections. Mr. Dick had travelled over the whole county in his leisure hours, and was thoroughly acquainted with its features. He delineated to me, by means of some flour which he spread out on his baking-board, not only its geographical features, but certain geological phenomena which he desired to impress on my attention. Here is a man who is earning his daily bread by hard work, and yet who is able to instruct the director-general of the Geographical Society. But this is not the half of what I have to tell you of Robert Dick. When I became better acquainted with this distinguished man, and was admitted into his sanctum—which few were permitted to enter—I found there busts of Byron, of Sir Walter Scott, and other great poets. I also found there books, carefully and beautifully bound, which this man had been able to purchase out of the savings of his single bakery. I also found that Robert Dick was a profound botanist. I found, to my humiliation, that this baker knew infinitely more of botanical science—ay, ten times more—than I did; and that there were only some twenty or thirty plants that he had not collected—the whole of his specimens being arranged in most beautiful order."

This eulogium pronounced by Sir Roderick Murchison at Leeds made the name of Robert Dick known far and wide. "He was," says Dr. Smiles, "spoken of as one of the most extraordinary instances of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. Even the Thurso people began to look upon him in a different light. . . . The lion-hunters came upon him. Point out a

man who has done something out of the ordinary way, and immediately a tribe of nobodies flock to see him. If they cannot get introduced to him, they will look at him through his window, and try to see the lion through the bars of his cage. Dick hated all this nonsense. He would not be lionized." Only a few individuals brought by Sir George Sinclair were admitted. Among these were Mr. Thomas Carlyle and the Baroness Burdett Coutts.

With all his diligence, Dick's business fell off owing to competition, and this caused some bitterness in his feelings. At length, a great misfortune overtook him. Twenty-three bags of flour on their way from Leith were lost in the wreck of the steamer at Aberdeen, and were not insured. It was a loss of £45. 13s. 6d., and Dick had not the money at command. In despair he was obliged to sell his magnificent collection of fossils which he had gathered with so much assiduity over a period of thirty years. A gentleman in London bought the fossils for forty-six pounds. The collection should have been secured for Thurso. Latterly, Dick returned to the study of botany, chiefly in connection with mosses, which though commonly despised, are most interesting in their variety and character. Linnæus considered that a small quantity of moss that could be covered by the hand might be the study of a lifetime. "Every one remembers how Mungo Park, when lost in the desert, was delighted with the sight of a tuft of moss. The little living jewel growing amongst endless wastes and arid rocks, melted the traveller's heart. 'If God cares for the moss,' he said, 'surely he cares for me;' and Park went on his way with an uplifted heart."

Dick had numerous eager applications for specimens of one kind or other from persons in London and elsewhere; and he was liberal in his donations. No one appears to have thought that he should be requited in some shape for his generosity. Everything was taken for nothing. Dreadfully disheartened by the loss of his fossils, and also the falling away of his business, he still struggled on. He would not be beat, he said, while he was able to work. It was some consolation that his sister Jane survived, at Haddington, and that she corresponded with him in a sympathizing spirit. In 1865, he was still baking his small batch, and rambling along the shore in his favorite pursuit. But his health was giving way. The ceaseless, pitiless, pelting rain, he said, was killing him. He took his last journey on the 29th August

1866. It was too much for him. He staggered home — to die. Pious and noble-minded, he declared he was ready to depart. "He was wearied of life. It was better he should die. He had been oppressed with poverty, and now he was oppressed with agony. Why should he remain a little longer? He had done his appointed work, and was now more than resigned to leave it. He longed to be at rest. In the morning of the 24th December, Robert Dick's spirit returned to Him who gave it. He died quietly and peacefully."

Thus was terminated the life of one of the most remarkable men of our time. Every one must appreciate the resolute independence and simplicity of his character, his persevering industry, frugality, and modesty as regards his own services to science. His whole life presented a striking instance of self-sacrifice for entirely unselfish ends. Fortunately, by the sale of his books and other effects, sufficient was realized to pay all his debts, which amounted to only seventy-two pounds. His nephew, as nearest relative, presented his herbarium to the Scientific Society of Thurso; and we regret to learn that through neglect it is fast sinking to decay. It is sorrowful to think how Dick had been misunderstood, and sometimes cruelly misrepresented, by those immediately about him. Only when he had passed away did the people of Thurso realize and acknowledge that a distinguished man, an honor to Caithness, had been amongst them. As if to atone for their error, they conferred on him the dignity of a public funeral, and set up a costly monument to his memory. Perhaps the only sincere mourner for the deceased was poor Annie Mackay, who still lives to praise, amidst tears, her kind and good "maister," ROBERT DICK, THE BAKER OF THURSO.

From Nature.

MUSIC AND SCIENCE.*

THE question, In what way does science enter into the subject of music? is one that by no means admits of an easy answer. If we were to put it to various persons interested in music in different ways we should find their opinions most vague

* Proceedings of the Musical Association for the Investigation and Discussion of the Subjects connected with the Art and Science of Music. Vols. I. to IV. First Session, 1874-5; Second Session, 1875-6; Third Session, 1876-7; Fourth Session, 1877-8.

and contradictory. A university scholar, or a physical lecturer, would make the science of music consist entirely in the doctrines of acoustics; while, on the other hand, we should find some of the most eminent musical professors telling us that these had nothing to do with music at all, but that science meant the study and application of the rules of musical composition. Or possibly it might even be held that a skilful manipulation of the violin, or an appropriate management of the voice in singing, or an intelligent phrasing of piano-forte passages, or other refinements of execution constituted all the science that musicians need aspire to.

A quarter of a century ago such a question would have excited no interest. People in general were satisfied to take the art as they practically found it, and troubled themselves but little as to the principles on which it was based. But the march of knowledge has changed the aspect of the matter. Modern philosophical investigation has included music in the universality of its aims, and the musician, however conservative, must submit to a searching inquiry as to the real nature of the stuff in which he deals.

The great work of Helmholtz, published in 1863, gave the first real stimulus to scientific musical inquiry; and although many years passed before it became much known in this country it at length aroused attention, and some of the most intelligent students of the art began to see that there was really something to be inquired into — the first step towards accurate knowledge of any kind. They observed the beneficial operation of the learned societies, where papers on the subjects they embraced were brought forward; and the idea occurred to them that an association of a similar character for music would not only enable the scientific questions connected with it to be publicly discussed, but might also be made conducive to the welfare of the art in a practical point of view. The idea was mentioned to one of the most eminent men of science (now president of the Royal Society), who, warmly approving it, issued the following circular: —

50 Grosvenor Place, April 8, 1874.

DEAR SIR, — It has been suggested by several leading persons interested both in the theory and practice of music, that the formation of a society similar in the main features of its organization to existing learned societies would be a great public benefit. Such a musical society might comprise among its members the foremost musicians, theoretical

as well as practical, of the day, the principal patrons of art, and also those scientific men whose researches have been directed to the science of acoustics and to kindred inquiries. Its periodical meetings might be devoted partly to the reading of papers upon the history, the principles, and the criticism of music, partly to the illustration of such papers by actual performance, and partly to the exhibition and discussion of experiments relating to theory and construction of musical instruments, or to the principles and combinations of musical sounds.

With a view to ascertain the opinions of persons interested in these subjects, and to attempt a more precise definition of the objects and constitution of such a society, it is proposed to hold a meeting here, at which your presence is requested on Thursday, April 16, at 2.30 P.M.

I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,
(Signed) W. SPORTISWOODE.

This led to the formation of the association whose proceedings are mentioned at the head of this article. The rules were judiciously framed, so as to avoid the rocks on which former musical societies had been shipwrecked; and the society has now gone successfully through four sessions. We learn from the report just issued, at the commencement of the fifth year, that the finances are prosperous, that the meetings are well attended, that the officers are zealous and efficient, and that a series of good papers are forthcoming for the future; from all which it may be fairly inferred that the institution has taken a permanent position.

The character of the society is, of course, best displayed by the contents of its "Transactions." We cannot pretend to review the thirty-six papers (some of them very elaborate) contained in the four volumes before us; it will be an easier course to indicate briefly, in the first instance, what are the "subjects connected with the art and science of music" which more especially deserve "investigation and discussion," and then to see how far the papers actually presented to the association have fulfilled the object aimed at in its title.

Giving precedence to science, one may conceive that the "principles and phenomena of acoustics" would claim attention. It is true, as has already been hinted, that some eminent practical musicians repudiate the relevancy of these inquiries, and discourage their study, on the ground that a knowledge of acoustics is unnecessary to the practical musician, whether composer or performer.*

* It is a remarkable example of this view that in a new elaborate and voluminous English "Dictionary of

But fortunately the general spread of education sufficiently disposes of arguments of this kind. There are, and no doubt always will be, persons who are satisfied with the minimum amount of knowledge to enable them to earn their daily bread, but it is to be hoped the number is decreasing every day. A man who lives by an art will, if his mind be properly constituted, be in no wise reluctant to learn all he can about it, even though the knowledge may not be immediately convertible into money. Musicians must, in spite of the disparaging opinion of some of their leaders, be treated as intelligent beings, who have minds capable of enlightenment and instruction, and surely there is nothing unreasonable in assuming that the philosophical principles on which their art depends must present some interest to them, if laid before them in an intelligible form. The doctrine that such knowledge should be confined to cultivated amateurs, and forbidden to professional musicians, is simply a libel on the intelligence of those to whom we owe enjoyment of so high an order. If, then, these principles are to be studied, the science of acoustics must necessarily form the basis of the study. The splendid investigations of Helmholtz as to the nature of musical sounds and musical sensations form a fund of knowledge of the most interesting and instructive kind, and illustration and discussion of such topics would be by no means out of place before the society. We believe that the great fundamental fact of the compound nature of musical sounds, which now has become as firmly established as any physical fact can be, is hardly yet understood, or its great significance appreciated by the great mass of the persons who have to do with its effects every day of their lives.

It happens, however (no doubt for good and sufficient reasons), that the more abstract principles of acoustics have received but little attention in the society. We only notice three papers which come within this category, and these on quite subsidiary points, namely, "On our Perception of the Direction of a Source of Sound," by Lord Rayleigh; "On the Sensitiveness of the Ear to Pitch and Change of Pitch," by Mr. A. J. Ellis; and "On the Musical Inventions and Discoveries of the late Sir C. Wheatstone," by Prof. W. G. Adams.

But the science of acoustics is a very different thing from the theory of music.

Music," now in course of publication, the word *acoustics* finds no place.

There is much misunderstanding on this point; many people confuse the two, whereas the former is in reality only the introduction to the latter. A student may be well acquainted with all the scientific facts and theories relating to the production and transmission of musical sounds, and yet know nothing of the mode in which these data bear on music itself. Helmholtz, who, with wonderful knowledge and sagacity, appears to have anticipated almost every possible view of the subject, has fully expressed this distinction not only in the substance of his great work, but in its very title-page. He calls it "Die Lehre von den Tonempfindungen als *physiologische Grundlage* für die Theorie der Musik," thereby declaring that the acoustical doctrines he so admirably lays down are not to be considered as forming of themselves a theory of music, but are merely intended to *serve as a basis* for such a theory. Starting from these data, it becomes necessary to consider the influence they have on the varied and complicated forms and rules which guide the structure of musical composition, as, for example, the construction of the ordinary scale, the nature of chromatic notes, tonality, the combinations and progressions of harmony, the rules of melodial counterpoint, musical form, and so on. A crowd of most interesting questions arise as to how far all these practical matters have been influenced by the physical properties of musical sounds, or how far they are the result of free artistic invention. Helmholtz devotes the second part of his work to the discussion of these and kindred questions, on which, aided by a competent knowledge of music, his great reasoning powers have enabled him to throw much new light. But this part of his labors has been hitherto almost a sealed book to musicians; it is difficult, often elaborate, and sometimes obscure, and the interpreters who have so ably popularized his acoustical researches have stopped short before venturing on what was to physicists a less familiar region. Yet this is by far the most important section of the work, from a musical point of view; it is, in fact, the real "theory of music," the true musical philosophy, in which the proper application of science to music is to be found; moreover, unlike abstract acoustics, it touches closely on the practice of the musical art, and the habits of thought of its professors. There are few teachers of musical composition who do not to some extent attempt to found their instruction on natural principles, or what they think to be

such; but the theories thus propounded are for the most part crude, vague, and founded on merely empirical fancies, having no philosophical origin, and such as will not stand the test of scientific investigation or strict logical reasoning; and hence we can hardly wonder at the fact that they rather obstruct than aid the efficiency of musical instruction.

This subject, therefore, the "Application of Scientific Data and Scientific Reasoning to the Theory of Music," is one which offers every inducement for the higher order of musical study, and its discussion is eminently in place in such a society as that before us. The results of the modern investigations are so new, and in many respects so antagonistic to the ideas hitherto prevailing among musicians, that it is not to be expected they will be at once fully understood or favorably received. Already a considerable amount of opposition has been manifested to them; it is reasonable and proper that they should be fairly considered, and it is in the highest degree desirable that they should be clearly explained. The subject has not been neglected at the meetings of the association, for, although no systematic treatment of it has yet been attempted, we find no less than eight papers on various points of theoretical detail. Four of these are on intonation and temperament (a favorite theme with musical mathematicians, but somewhat unpalatable to practical men, who consider the out-of-tune equal division of the octave "good enough for them"); a fifth aims at exposing the fallacies and inconsistencies of certain of the old theoretical systems; another treats of the philosophical nature of intervals and of the construction of the scale; another expounds some elementary views on harmony; and the eighth exhibits various numerical calculations on musical ratios, etc.

Another point that furnishes a most profitable topic of study is *musical history*. It is impossible to look far into music without becoming aware how largely modern form and structure are derived from what has gone before, and the careful examination of this clears up many points of theory for which no other sufficient explanation can be found. Nothing could be more in place for a "musical association" than historical papers, not as mere matters of antiquarian curiosity, but as bearing on the various changes of musical form. We only, however, find two historical papers, one, an instructive essay, by Sir Frederick Ouseley, on the "History of Ecclesiastical

Music in Western Europe," the other an interesting monograph, by Mr. Cummings, on "Purcell."

The *construction of musical instruments* offers a large and varied source of interest, combining the laws of acoustics, the application of mechanical skill and invention, and the adaptation to practical musical use. There are six papers on this, relating to stringed and brass instruments, drums, and the voice.

Finally, there are abundance of topics connected with *the practice of the musical art* which admit of discussion in such a society; for although, in a scientific journal, it is our chief province to point to the subjects in which science takes part, yet it would be a misuse of the society to let these predominate to the prejudice of the more practical matters which come home more directly to professional men, and we consider it a good evidence of the flourishing condition and prospects of the society that these practical points have received so large a share of attention. By far the larger number of the papers have been of this practical kind, relating to musical notations and nomenclature, criticism, practical standards of pitch, the analysis of great musical works, pianoforte playing, the cultivation of sacred music, the connection of music with language, the laws of expression, modes of tuition, and musical libraries. A paper on the last-named subject led to a memorial to the British Museum, and elicited an answer explaining the facilities which that institution affords for musical reference and study.

The association deserves the support and co-operation of every one interested in the cultivation of music either theoretically or practically, and we cordially wish it the permanent success it seems in a fair way to attain.

W. POLE.

From The Saturday Review.
EBB AND FLOW.

WE have all been taught from our cradles that there is a tide in our affairs, and that it is our wisdom to take it at the flow. But we are not, in our youth at least, encouraged to look equally for the flowing of the tide in ourselves, or to take advantage of it. Doing things by fits and starts is severely discouraged by teachers. And very naturally; for it would be exceedingly inconvenient to them to have to wait for the rising tides of their pupils' inclinations, the laws of which would be

harder to calculate than those by which any of the earth's waters rise and fall. But when we have become our own governors we are soon forced to recognize the fact that our nature is subject in almost all directions to fluctuations, more or less periodical, and not by any means easily controlled by the will. What we cannot control we must study, and make allowance for.

Temperaments seem to differ very widely in the degree in which they require intervals of intermission from labor. Not to speak of the familiar varieties of constitution with regard to sleep, there is no doubt a similar variety with regard to the power of continuing any one kind of effort for months or years. We have all heard accounts, which sound almost fabulous to ordinary minds, of writers of fiction who, as one novel is ended, begin another with no more ceremony than their neighbors make of taking a fresh sheet of paper. We see constantly before our eyes the manufacture of some kinds of intellectual tissue which proceeds as uninterruptedly as if by machinery. If the product in such cases is not generally of the very highest type, the facility of unintermitting production is almost as wonderful a thing in its way as the power of occasional soaring which belongs to a different order of minds. The minds which produce great works at long intervals may, however, possess, for aught we know, as great a power of continuous labor as those which turn out mental shoddy by the yard. Only the power is more complex; and if we may hazard a guess about such matters, we should suppose that its flow even when steadiest was likely to be composed, as it were, of many currents, which so give place to each other as to afford intervals of relaxation for each. In any great work of imagination, for instance, the creative effort must be much more rapid and transient than the labor of working out details, so that the imagination may fold its wings for a long rest while the hand is carrying out its orders. A highly-organized mind is like a great ship which pursues its appointed course without pause, though the officers sleep by turns. Smaller craft may have to lie to altogether while the fishermen take their rest.

Without attempting to judge how far the highest powers are likely to be intermittent, we will be content with the safer and more practical statement that powers which are naturally intermittent will not yield their best fruit if urged to too continuous exertion. There are few more delicate points

to be observed in cultivating our own or our children's minds than the right allowance to be made for fluctuations of energy. We are right in discouraging capricious intermissions, but no sensible parent fails to provide sufficient intermissions of a regular kind. Later in life the question of how to deal with fluctuations becomes much more difficult, and not less important. Our powers fluctuate, and our feelings fluctuate, and not only in our affairs, but in our relations with each other, there are tides of which the ebb often fills us with unnecessary dismay. Much discouragement and misunderstanding might be prevented if the laws of these tides of the moral and intellectual world were better understood. A familiar instance, though some of us are loth to recognize its existence, is the fluctuating nature of most friendships. Such is the crudeness of our idea of constancy that many people fancy themselves guilty of some degree of unkindness if they find their appetite for some dear friend's society occasionally failing them. As reasonably might we blame our digestions for a similar failure of appetite recurring daily after dinner. The trouble is that in friendship the ebb-tides do not generally keep time on both shores; nor do they even occur with sufficient regularity to be announced beforehand. All that can be done by people whose disposition is markedly tidal is to recognize once for all the fact that their feelings will vary, and that such variations need not in the slightest degree depend upon any change in the source from which they spring, or even in their permanent average amount. Mere ebb and flow is a phenomenon which depends upon complicated relations with a system in which our own individual life, and therefore *a fortiori* our affection for any one person, is but a minute feature. Some people are much more open to these influences from the universe than others. It is idle to attempt to treat such susceptibility as matter for either praise or blame, though all susceptibilities doubtless call for the exercise of firm self-control, and call too often in vain.

People whose feelings are liable to wide and rapid oscillations have a troublesome task, not only in regulating them, but in giving any account of themselves. Those who are naturally given, not only to oscillation, but to introspection and self-expression, probably find much amusement in framing their reports of their experiences and laying them before the outer world. They may occasionally be troubled with twinges of misgiving as to the perfect com-

patibility of the various "sides of truth" which at different times they are called upon to exhibit. They are thus furnished with a key to many of the apparent inconsistencies of others, who, not being perhaps blessed with any great self-registering faculties, can do justice to their variations of feeling only by a series of contradictory utterances. Nothing is more comfortable in a fit of reaction against one's most cherished ties than to fall in with a friend who not only knows what it is to blow hot and cold, but has a cheerful conviction that an occasional change of partners in the dance of life brings refreshment to all concerned, and rather helps than hinders fidelity in the long run. In truth, it is for the sake of steadiness, of constancy, of perseverance in everything good, that we would encourage the giving free play to those variations of feeling which, like the tides, are really subject to laws as constant, and doubtless as beneficent, as those which produce cohesion. The mere use of these obvious metaphors reminds us that it is the same force of attraction which keeps the stone in its place and draws the waters upwards in their season. It would be the height of presumption for us to fix the degree of fluidity which is allowable or desirable in human character. But to attempt to restrain a naturally fluid and fluctuating nature within the limits proper to a more rigid one is a mistake so easily made, so common, and so disastrous that we wonder that it is not more distinctly recognized by moralists. Somebody said it was a pity the devil should have all the best tunes, and surely it is a pity that the path down-should have all the variety.

If our mental changes were, like the ebb and flow of the sea, only a perpetual alternation of different phases of almost equal beauty and interest, there would perhaps be little need to plead for their acceptance as inevitable. But our fluctuations distress and discourage us because unfortunately they are too often more like those of a tidal river, leaving bare unsightly margins on either side of the shrunken stream. Too often the stream of life and of activity seems not to change its place, but to contract its volume. We long not for a change of society, but for solitude. Our pleasure not only in one particular friend, but in friendship, seems to fail us. The objects of our endeavor and hope seem to dwindle in size or to move further off, and their hold upon us relaxes accordingly, leaving the burden of progress to press too heavily for our strength. It would be idle to pretend that there are not real, as well as

apparent, failures of the very springs of life. The dwindling of our stream may be caused, not by a mere tidal fluctuation, but by the ebbing away of the fountain itself. All that can be said is that we ought never to be hasty, and that we are continually tempted to be hasty, in concluding that this is so. A mere lessening of power or of pleasure in any pursuit ought not to discourage us until we have given ourselves abundance of time for the ebb and flow to take place. It is one of the great advantages of experience that it enables us confidently to look for the return of the tide.

It may not be the case that steady powers are always, or even generally, of a lower order than those which are comparatively intermittent; but it must, we think, almost necessarily be the case that the most intense feeling comes only in waves. Human nature could not bear the strain of feeling at once very highly wrought and quite continuous. Most of us are familiar with the unexpected intervals of insensibility which come to relieve the pressure of acute sorrow. Grief which retained its hold of the mind without any such intermissions would, if severe, partake of the nature of madness; or, at any rate, would soon produce it. And either grief or joy, if intense, tends in most minds to bring about some degree of reaction. Religious biography abundantly shows how inevitably those natures which are capable of rising to heights of rapture sink back at intervals into corresponding depths of gloom. A moderate amount of self-knowledge leads people of this temperament to tremble at any unusual elevation of spirit, knowing well that it is the prelude to days of darkness. And the days of darkness are apt to last longer than the bright visions which usher them in. Perhaps also a certain natural instinct of self-preserva-

tion warns people of very emotional temperament to be on their guard against any violent fluctuations of feeling. Some degree of variation and intermission may be natural and wholesome, but instinctively we all feel that equanimity is a great good. It is only in so far as feeling can be made to yield a steady light that we can trust it as a guide for action. If it persists in fluctuating we must learn to strike an average for practical purposes.

Perhaps no human being is quite without tidal fluctuations of some kind, however they may be hidden under a uniform crust of manner and habits. We all admire the stubborn determination which pursues its course without regard to any failure of inclination; but some admiration is also due to the skill which makes every fluctuation serve its turn. Self-command is a fine thing, and so is versatility. It is useless to ignore the forces which we cannot control. And if there is danger and inconvenience in the fluctuations of feeling which belong to certain temperaments, it is undeniable that much of the picturesqueness of human nature depends upon its ebb and flow. People so self-controlled or so evenly balanced by nature that they always appear to be at a uniform level of feeling lose as much in impressiveness as does the Mediterranean Sea for want of tides. They never rise to the pitch of eloquence either in words or action which belongs to the more impulsive type; and their even tenor leaves no room for the witchery of uncertain expectation by which some natures hold us spell-bound. As the dropping of water will wear away stones, so the rising and falling of spirits tends, up to a certain point, to deepen sympathy by repeated impressions. Beyond that point, it is true, it may wear it out.

LEAF-ABSORPTION IN PLANTS.—The earlier experimenters on this subject, M. Perault, to wit, and Hales (1731), were persuaded that leaves absorbed dew and rain. For over a century the investigations of others supported this view, until M. Duchartre, in 1857, from his experiments, advanced a contrary opinion — that now held by most vegetable physiologists, and commonly taught in our schools. But, strange to say, gardeners, in their everyday operations, adopt a different notion from that prevailing in science. The subject has recently received the attention of the Rev. G. Henslow, who, in a paper read before the Lin-

nean Society (November 7), shows that, while it may be true that, as Duchartre has said, dew is not absorbed by saturated tissues at night; yet, on the contrary, his (Henslow's) experiments go to prove that absorption *does take place* at and after sunrise, when transpiration recommences, and an indraught is caused by the moisture, wherever lingering on the leaves. He further corroborates M. Boussingault's late assertion, that, when leaves are purposely or naturally killed by excessive drought, they then do absorb water, as proved by the balance, or otherwise.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XXV. }

No. 1813.—March 15, 1879.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXL.

CONTENTS.

I. VIRGIL. By Frederick W. H. Myers, . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i> . . .	643
II. A DOUBTING HEART. By Miss Keary, author of "Castle Daly," "Oldbury," etc. Part XIII.,	<i>Advance Sheets,</i>	663
III. ON THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS. By August Weissman,	<i>Contemporary Review,</i>	673
IV. SIR GIBBIE. By George MacDonald, author of "Malcolm," "The Marquis of Lossie," etc. Part XVII.,	<i>Advance Sheets,</i>	686
V. ETNA,	<i>Spectator,</i>	701
VI. A DIARY OF MILTON'S AGE,	<i>Athenæum,</i>	704

POETRY.

SKATING,	642	MORTALITY,	642
A FLOWER,	642	A REPROACH, AND ITS ANSWER,	642
"MORE SWEET THAN SMILES,"	642		

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.

SKATING.

A REMINISCENCE.

WHERE gleamed the ice-bound river, smooth
and wide,
I led her, o'er the crisp and sparkling snow.
Then, while the frost-elves kissed a richer
glow
To maiden cheeks, we floated, side by side,
Free as the winds, and swift as shadows glide,
Down, down the broad, bright pathway.
Borne on so,
It were a joyous fate, it seemed, to go
Forever with her down that charmed tide.
But now the western clouds were fringed with
flame;
Above the pale hills hung the crescent
moon;
Stars through the deep-blue burned; and,
as the day
To dusky twilight yielded, back we came,
Across the numb and drowsy land, till soon
We saw the home lights twinkling far
away.

Transcript. HENRY TERRELL.

A FLOWER.

FAIR Maid of February! — drop of snow
Enchanted to a flow'r, and therewithin
A dream of April green, — who without sin
Conceived wast, but how no man may know;
I would thou mightest, being of heavenly
kin,
Pray for us all (thy lips are pure, altho'
The soil be soak'd with tears and blood), to win
Some pity somewhere for man's grievous woe.

A foolish phantasy and fond conceit!
Yet mark this little white-green bell, three-
cleft,
And muse upon it. Earth is not bereft
Of miracles; lo, here is one complete:
And after this the whole new springtime
left,
And all the roses that make summer sweet.

Fraser's Magazine.

MORE sweet than smiles are tears which rise
unbidden
When some fair scene first dawns upon our
eyes,

A gift of joy, by nature long kept hidden,
That thrills us with the rapture of surprise.

But dearer yet and deeper is our feeling
When some fair deed by one we love is
wrought,
Some unexpected grace of soul revealing,
The lovely blossom of some secret thought.

Oh! in those moments of divine emotion
The darkening veil of doubt is rent apart;
More near us seems the God of our devotion,
The heaven we hope for dwells within our
heart.

Spectator. LADY CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

MORTALITY.

How do the roses die?
Do their leaves fall together,
Thrown down and scattered by the sky
Of angry weather?
No, the sad thunderstroke
O'ersweeps their lowly bower;
The storm that tramples on the oak
Relents above the flower.

No violence makes them grieve,
No wrath hath done them wrong,
When with sad secrecy they leave
The branch to which they clung.
They yield them, one by one,
To the light breeze and shower,
To the soft dew, cool shade, bright sun,
Time and the hour.

Spectator. J. S. D.

A REPROACH, AND ITS ANSWER.

THE Sun cried to the laughing Sea,
"Leave thy sweet wiling!
Hast thou no depths of love in thee,
Too deep for smiling?"
But ever, till the day was done,
The Sea turned laughing to the Sun.

But in the darkness and the storm,
Could he discover
What terrors toss, what fears deform
His laughing lover?
Oh! vainly love prays love be sad,
When his mere presence makes her glad.

Spectator. F. W. B.

From The Fortnightly Review.
VIRGIL.

"E Virgilio mi disse: Figliuol mio,
Qui puote esser tormento, ma non morte;
Ricordati, ricordati. . . ." — DANTE.

IN literature, as in life, affection and reverence may reach a point which disposes to silence rather than to praise. The same ardor of worship which prompts to missions or to martyrdom when a saving knowledge of the beloved object can be communicated so, will shrink from all public expression when the beauty which it reveres is such as can be made manifest to each man only from within. A sense of desecration mingles with the sense of incapacity in describing what is so mysterious, so glorious, and so dear.

Perhaps the admirer may hear the object of his reverence ignorantly misapprehended, unwisely judged. Still he will shrink from speech; he will be unwilling to seem to proffer his own poor and disputable opinion on matters which lie so far above any support which he can give. Yet, possibly, if his admiration has notoriously been shared for nineteen centuries by all whose admiration was best worth having, he may venture to attempt to prove the world right where others have attempted the bolder task of proving it mistaken; or rather, if the matter in question be one by its very nature incapable of proof, he may without presumption restate in terms adapted to modern readers the traditional judgment of sixty generations of men.*

The set which the German criticism of this century has made against Virgil is a perfectly explicable, and in one sense a

* In writing on an author who has been so constantly discussed for many centuries it is impossible to refer each fragment of criticism to its original source. Most of the sounder reflections on Virgil have occurred to many minds and long ago, and form an anonymous—almost an œcumenical—tradition. Among modern writers on Virgil, I have consulted Bernhardt, Boissier, Cantù, Comparetti, Conington, Gladstone, Heyne, Keble, Long, Nettleship, Ribbeck, Sainte-Beuve, Sellar, Teuffel, Wagner, etc.; some of them with mere dissent and surprise, others—especially Boissier and Conington—with great interest and profit. But next to Virgil's own poems, I think that the "*Divina Commedia*" is the most important aid to his right apprehension. The exquisite truth and delicacy of Dante's conception of his great master become more and more apparent if the works of the two are studied in connection.

perfectly justifiable thing. It is one among many results which have followed from the application of the historical faculty, pure and simple, to the judgment of art. Since every work of art is a historical product, it can be used to illustrate the growth of the national life from which it springs; it can be represented as the necessary result of its epoch and its environment. The several arts, however, offer very different facility to the scientific historian. Music, the most unmingledly imaginative of the arts, has baffled all efforts to correlate her growth with the general march of society. Painting bears a more intimate relation to life, and in much of the preference which has been lately shown for early *naïveté* over self-conscious excellence we may detect a mixture of the historical with the purely æsthetic instinct. The historic instinct, indeed, works in admirably with the tastes of an elaborate civilization. For the impulse of historic science is naturally towards the *origines* or sources of things; it seeks to track styles and processes to their fountain-head, and to find them exhibiting themselves without self-consciousness or foreign admixture; it would even wish to eliminate the idiosyncrasies of individual artists from its generalized estimate of the genius of a nation. And in highly cultivated societies there is a somewhat similar craving—a wish to escape from all that speaks of effort or preparation, into the refreshing simplicity of a spontaneous age. This craving was strongly felt under the Roman empire; it is potent among ourselves; it is wholly natural and innocent so long as it is not allowed to sway us in our estimate of the highest art.

But if the historical spirit can thus modify the judgments passed upon painting, much more is this the case with regard to poetry. For poetry is the most condensed and pregnant of all historical phenomena; it is a kind of crystallized deposit of the human spirit. It is most necessary that the historian and the philologist should be allowed free range over this rich domain. And there is no doubt a sense in which poems, as they become more remote from us, are fuller of the rough reality of things. There is a sense in which the song of the

Fratres Arvales is of more value than the Fourth Eclogue. And there is a sense — and this is a point on which the Germans have especially dwelt — in which the whole Latin literature of the Augustan age, whose outer form, at least, is so confessedly derived from Greek models, is of less interest than those models themselves. If we wish to understand the native type, the original essence of epic or lyric poetry, we must go to Homer and not to Virgil, to Sappho and not to Horace. Yet this test, like all sweeping and *a-priori* methods of estimating works of art, requires in practice so many limitations as to be almost valueless. It is impossible to judge a literature by its originality alone, without condemning much that is best in our modern literatures more severely than we condemn the Augustan poets. Imitation is very much a matter of chronology; it may be conscious or unconscious, — ostentatious or concealed, — but as the world goes on, it tends irresistibly to form a larger and larger element in all new productions. And yet each new production may be in essentials superior to its type or forerunner. Its relative merit can be determined by experience alone — can only be judged, for instance, in the case of poetry by the uncertain and difficult process of comparing the amount of delight and elevation received from each work by the consensus of duly qualified men. For, in the face of some recent German criticism, it is necessary to repeat that in order to judge poetry it is before all things necessary to enjoy it. We may all desire that historical and philological science should push her dominion into every recess of human action and human speech. But we must utter some protest when the very heights of Parnassus are invaded by a spirit which surely is not science, but her unmeaning shadow; a spirit which would degrade every masterpiece of human genius into the mere pabulum of hungry professors, and which values a poet's text only as a field for the rivalries of sterile pedantry and arbitrary conjecture.

It is sometimes said *à propos* of the new unction with which physical science has assumed the office of the preacher, that men of the world must be preached to

either by men of the world or by saints — not by persons, however eminent and right-minded, whose emotions have been confined to the laboratory. There is something of a similar incongruity in the attitude of a German commentator laboriously endeavoring to throw a new light on some point of delicate feeling or poetic propriety. Thus one of them objects to Dido's "auburn tress" on the ground that a widow's hair should be of a darker color. Another questions whether a broken heart can be properly termed "a fresh wound," if a lady has been suffering from it for more than a week. A third bitterly accuses Virgil of exaggerating the felicity of the Golden Age. And Ribbeck alters the text of Virgil, in defiance of all the manuscripts, because the poet's picture (A. xii. 55) of Amata, "self-doomed to die, clasping for the last time her impetuous son-in-law," seems to him tame and unsatisfactory. By the alteration of *moritura* into *monitura* he is able to represent Amata as clinging to Turnus, not "with the intention of killing herself," but "with the intention of giving advice," which he considers as the more impressive and fitting attitude for a mother-in-law.*

It seems somewhat doubtful whither this lofty *a-priori* road may lead us. And yet it is impossible to criticise any form of art without the introduction of subjective impressions of some kind. It would be in vain to attempt to give any such general exposition of poetical excellence as should carry conviction to all minds. Some obvious shortcomings may be pointed out, some obvious merits insisted on; but when a higher region is reached we find that a susceptibility to the specific power of poetry is no more communicable than an ear for music. To most readers the subtle, the unexpressed, the infinite element in poetry such as Virgil's will remain forever unacknowledged and unknown. Like the golden bough which unlocked the secrets of the underworld —

* A single instance will give an idea of Ribbeck's fitness to deal with metrical questions. In A. ix. 67, "qua temptet ratione aditus, et quæ via clausos," he reads (against all the MSS.) *et qua vi clausos*, and proves at some length the elegance of his trispondaic termination.

Itself will follow, and scarce thy touch await,
 If thou be chosen, and if this be fate ;
 Else for no force shalt thou its coming feel,
 Nor shear it from the stem with shattering
 steel.*

A few general considerations, however, may, at any rate, serve to indicate the kinds of achievement at which Virgil aimed — the kinds of merit which are or are not to be looked for in his poems.

The range of human thoughts and emotions greatly transcends the range of such symbols as man has invented to express them ; and it becomes, therefore, the business of art to use these symbols in a double way. They must be used for the direct representation of thought and feeling ; but they must also be combined by so subtle an imagination as to suggest much which there is no means of directly expressing. And this can be done ; for experience shows that it is possible so to arrange forms, colors, and sounds as to stimulate the imagination in a new and inexplicable way. This power makes the painter's art an imaginative as well as an imitative one ; and gives birth to the art of the musician, whose symbols are hardly imitative at all, but express emotions which, till music suggests them, have been not only unknown but unimaginable. Poetry is both an imitative and an imaginative art. As a choice and condensed form of emotional speech, it possesses the reality which depends on its directly recalling our previous thoughts and feelings. But as a system of rhythmical and melodi-

* A. vi. 146. The translations from Virgil which I have given in this essay, though faithful to his meaning, as I apprehend it, are not verbally exact ; while, like all my predecessors, I have failed to convey any adequate notion of his music or his dignity, and may well fear the fate of Salmoneus, "who thought to rival with flash of lamps and tramp of horses the inimitable thunderbolt and storm." But to reproduce a great poet in another language is as impossible as to reproduce nature on canvas ; and the same controversy between a literal and an impressional rendering divides landscape-painters and translators of poetry. In the case of an author so complex and profound as Virgil, every student will naturally discern a different phase of his significance, and it seems almost a necessary element in any attempt to criticise him that the critic should try to show the view which he takes of a few well-known passages. Mr. Morris's brilliant and accurate version represents a view so different from mine (though quite equally legitimate), that it would hardly have served my present purpose.

ous effects — not indebted for their potency to their associated ideas alone — it appeals also to that mysterious power by which mere arrangements of sound can convey an emotion which no one could have predicted beforehand, and which no known laws can explain.

It is true that the limits of melody within which poetry works are very narrow. Between an exquisite and a worthless line there is no difference of sound in any way noticeable to an unintelligent ear. For the mere volume of sound — the actual sonority of the passage — is a quite subordinate element in the effect, which is produced mainly by relations and sequences of vowels and consonants, too varying and delicate to be reproducible by rule, although far more widely similar, among European languages at least, than is commonly perceived.* But this limitation of the means employed, which may itself be an added source of pleasure from the sense which it may give of difficulty overcome, is by no means without analogies in other forms of art. The poet thrills us with delight by a collocation of consonants, much as the etcher suggests infinity by a scratch of the pen.

And, indeed, in poetry of the first order, almost every word (to use a mathematical metaphor) is raised to a higher power. It continues to be an articulate sound and a logical step in the argument ; but it becomes also a musical sound and a centre of emotional force. It becomes a musical sound ; that is to say its consonants and vowels are arranged to bear a relation to the consonants and vowels near it, — a relation of which accent, quantity, rhyme, assonance, and alliteration are specialized forms, but which may be of a character more subtle than any of these. And it becomes a centre of emotional force ; that is to say, the complex associations which it evokes modify the associations evoked

* An interesting confirmation of this statement may be obtained by reading some passage of Latin poetry first according to the English and then according to the Italian or the revived Latin pronunciation. The effects observed in the first case are not altered — are merely enriched — by the transference of the vowel sounds to another scale. But this natural music of language (if we may so term it) is too complex a subject to be more than touched on here.

by other words in the same passage in a way quite distinct from grammatical or logical connection. The poet, therefore, must avoid two opposite dangers. If he thinks too exclusively of the music and the coloring of his verse — of the imaginative means of suggesting thought and feeling — what he writes will lack reality and sense. But if he cares only to communicate definite thought and feeling according to the ordinary laws of eloquent speech, his verse is likely to be deficient in magical and suggestive power.

And what is meant by the vague praise so often bestowed on Virgil's unequalled style is practically this, that he has been, perhaps, more successful than any other poet in fusing together the expressed and the suggested emotion; that he has discovered the hidden music which can give to every shade of feeling its distinction, its permanence, and its charm; that his thoughts seem to come to us on the wings of melodies prepared for them from the foundation of the world. But in treating of so airy and abstract a matter it is well to have frequent recourse to concrete illustration. Before we attempt further description of Virgil's style, or his habitual mood of mind, let us clear our conceptions by a careful examination of some few passages from his poems. As we turn the leaves of the book we find it hard to know on what passages it were best to dwell. What varied memories are stirred by one line after another as we read! What associations of all dates, from Virgil's own lifetime down to the political debates of to-day! On this line* the poet's own voice faltered as he read. At this † Augustus and Octavia melted into passionate weeping. Here is the verse ‡ which Augustine quotes as typical in its majestic rhythm of all the pathos and the glory of pagan art, from which the Christian was bound to flee. This is the couplet § which Fénelon could never read without admiring tears. These are the words || which, like a trumpet-call, roused Savonarola to seek the things that are above. And this line ¶ Dante heard on the lips of the Church Triumphant, at the opening of

the Paradise of God. Here too are the long roll of prophecies, sought tremblingly in the monk's secret cell or echoing in the ears of emperors* from Apollo's shrine, which have answered the appeal made by so many an eager heart to the Virgilian lots — that strange invocation which has been addressed, I believe, to Homer, Virgil, and the Bible alone; the offspring of men's passionate desire to bring to bear on their own lives the wisdom and the beauty which they revered in the past, to make their prophets in such wise as they might —

Speak from those lips of immemorial speech,
If but one word for each.

Such references might be multiplied indefinitely. But there is not at any rate need to prove the estimation in which Virgil has been held in the past. The force of that tradition would only be weakened by specification. "The chastest poet," in Bacon's words, "and royalest, Virgilius Maro, that to the memory of man is known," has lacked in no age until our own the concordant testimony of the civilized world. No poet has lain so close to so many hearts; no words so often as his have sprung to men's lips in moments of excitement and self-revelation, from the one fierce line retained and chanted by the untamable boy who was to be emperor of Rome, † to the impassioned prophecy of the great English statesman ‡ as he pleaded till morning's light for the freedom of a continent of slaves.

And those who have followed by more secret ways the influence which these utterances have exercised on mankind, know well, perhaps themselves have shared, the mass of emotion which has slowly gathered round certain lines of Virgil's as it has round certain texts of the Bible, till they come to us charged with more than an individual passion and with a meaning wider than their own — with the cry of the despair of all generations, § with the yearning of all loves unappeased, || with the anguish of all partings, ¶ "beneath the pressure of separate eternities."

Perhaps there will be no better way of forming an intimate conception of the

* Hoc solum nomen quoniam de conjuge restat.
A. iv. 324.

† Tu Marcellus eris, etc. A. vi. 883.

‡ Infelix simulacrum atque ipsius umbra Creusæ.
A. ii. 772.

§ Aude, hospes, contemnere opes, et te quoque dignum
Finge deo, rebusque veni non asper egenis.
A. viii. 364.

|| Heu! fuge crudelis terras, fuge litus avarum.
A. iii. 44.

¶ A. vi. 884.

* Claudius, Hadrian, Severus, etc., "in templo Apollinis Cumani."

† Clodius Albinus. Arma amens capio; nec sat rationis in armis. A. ii. 314.

‡ Pitt. G. i. 250.

§ Quo res summa loca, Panthu? A. ii. 322.

|| Illum absens absentem auditque videtque.
A. iv. 83.

¶ Quem fugis? extremum fato quod te adloquor, hoc est. A. vi. 466.

poet's own nature than by analyzing his treatment of two or three of his principal characters, and especially of his hero, so often considered as forming the weakest element in his poem. Æneas, no doubt, looks at once tame and rigid beside the eager and spontaneous warriors of the Homeric epoch, and, so far as the Æneid is a poem of action and adventure, he is not a stirring or an appropriate hero. But we must not forget that there was a special difficulty in making his character at once consistent and attractive. He is a man who has survived his strongest passion, his deepest sorrow; who has seen his "Ilium settle into flame," and from "Creusa's melancholy shade," and the great ghost of Hector fallen in vain, has heard the words which sum the last disaster and close the tale of Troy. It is no fault of his that he is left alive; and the poem opens with the cry of his regret that he too has not been able to fall dead upon the Trojan plain, "where Hector lies, and huge Sarpedon, and Simois rolls so many warriors' corpses to the sea." But it is not always at a man's crowning moment that his destiny and his duty close; and for those who fain had perished with what they held most dear, fate may reserve a more tedious trial, and the sad successes of a life whose sun has set. It is to this note that all the adventures of Æneas respond. We find him when he lands at Carthage at once absorbed in the pictures which show the story of Priam and of his city's fall.

What realm of earth, he answered, doth not know,

O friend, our sad preëminence of woe?
Tears waken tears, and honor honor brings,
And mortal hearts are moved by mortal things.*

Then he himself tells that tale, with an intensity of pathos too well known to need further allusion. And when his story brings him to calmer scenes — to his meeting with "Hector's Andromache" on the Chaonian shore — those who have loved and lost will recognize in their colloquy the touches that paint the fond illusion of the heart which clings, with a half smile at its own sad persistency, to the very name and semblance of the places by love made dear, † which seeks in the eyes or movements of surviving kindred some glance or gesture of the dead. ‡ Take one more instance only — the meeting of Æneas with Deiphobus in the underworld — and

* A. i. 459.
† A. iii. 350.
‡ A. iii. 490.

note how the same cry breaks from him * as that with which he greeted the vision of Hector, † — a cry of reverence heightened by compassion — that mingling of emotions which makes the utmost ardor of worship and of love — a cry of indignation such as rends the generous heart at the sight of an exalted spirit on which villainy and treachery have been allowed to work their will. How delicately does the "*anima cortese Mantovana*" stand revealed in the lofty reverence with which Æneas addresses the maimed Deiphobus, ‡ even while he "hardly knows him, as he trembles and strives to hide his ghastly wounds"! How strangely sweet the cadence in which the living friend laments that he could not see that other, as he lay in death, § could only invoke his spirit with a threefold salutation, and rear an empty tomb! In such sad converse Æneas loses the brief time granted for his visit to the underworld, till the Sibyl warns him that it is being spent in vain.

The night is going, Trojan; shall it go
Lost in an aimless memory of woe? ||

But he does not part from his murdered friend till he has received the assurance that all that could be done has been done; that he has paid the uttermost honor and satisfied the unforgetful shade.

Yet once more: perhaps the deepest note of all is struck when the old love is encountered by a new, and yet both that memory and that fresh joy must give place to an overruling call. When Dido implores Æneas to remain in Carthage, after the messenger of Jove has bidden him depart, he answers in words whose solemn movement reveals a long-unuttered pain, and shows that neither in Carthage, nor yet in Italy, can his heart expect a home. ¶

Me had the fates allowed my woes to still, —
Take my sad life, and shape it at my will, —
First had I sought my buried home and joy,
Loves unforgotten, and the last of Troy;
Ay, Priam's palace had re-risen then,
A ghost of Ilium for heart-broken men.

It is thus that the solemn appeal evokes the unlooked-for avowal; once and for all he makes it known that the memory which to others is growing dim and half forgotten in the past, is to him ever present and ever guiding, and always and unalterably dear.

* A. vi. 502.
† A. ii. 285.
‡ A. vi. 500.
§ A. vi. 507.
|| A. vi. 539.
¶ A. iv. 340.

No doubt it is probable that Virgil would have been ill able to describe a more buoyant and adventurous hero. No doubt it is true that such a nature as that of Æneas is ill fitted to fill the leading rôle in a poem of action. But granting that we have him here in the wrong place, and should have preferred a character whom the poet could not draw, we yet surely cannot say, when we remember Æneas's story, that the picture given of him is meaningless or untrue; we cannot call it unnatural that we should find in all his conduct something predetermined, hieratic, austere; we cannot wonder if the only occasion on which he rises to passionate excitement, is where he implores the Sibyl for pity's sake to bring him to the sight and presence of the soul he holds so dear; * or if, when from that soul in Paradise he has learnt the secrets of the dead, his temper thenceforth is rather that of the Christian saint than of the pagan warrior, and he becomes the type of those mediæval heroes, those Galahads and Percivals, whose fiercest exploits are performed with a certain remoteness of spirit — who look beyond blood and victory to a sanction of unseen spectators and a sanction that is not of men.

It is, however, on another character that the personal interest of the Æneid has been generally felt to turn. The story of Dido has been said to mark the dawn of romance. It is no doubt the case, though how far this is accidental it is hard to say, that the ancients have dealt oftener with the tragedies resulting from the passion of love, than with the delineation of that passion itself. Sappho, in her early world, had written, as it were, the epigraph over love's temple door in letters of fire. Catullus had caught the laughing glory of Septimius and Acme — of amorous girl and boy; Lucretius had painted, with all the mastering force of Rome, the pangs of passion baffled by its own intensity and festering unsated in a heart at war. But once only, perhaps, do we find the joy of love's appearing, the desolation of his flight, sung of before Virgil's days with a majesty and a pathos like his own. No one who has read has forgotten how "once to Ilion's towers there seemed to come the spirit of a windless calm — a gentle darling of wealth, soft dart of answering eyes, love's soul-subduing flower." Few have heard unmoved of the "semblances of mournful dreams" which brought to that deserted husband "an empty joy; for all

* A. vi. 17.

in vain, when his delight he seemed to see, forth gliding from his arms the vision vanished far, on swift wings following the ways of sleep." In Æschylus, as in Virgil, the story derives its pathos from the severing of happy loves. In Æschylus they are separated by the woman's misdoing; in Virgil by a higher obligation which the man is bidden to fulfil, yet an obligation which the woman bitterly denies, and which we are ourselves half unwilling to allow. Neither of these plots is quite satisfactory. For in the atmosphere of noble poetry we cannot readily endure that love should either be marred by sin or unreconciled with duty; and no cause of lovers' separation is in harmony with our highest mood, unless it be the touch of death, whose power is but a momentary thing, or so high a call of honor as can give to parting death's promise and not only his pain.

The power with which Dido is drawn is unquestionable. Her transitions of feeling, her ardent soliloquies reveal a dramatic force in Virgil of a very unexpected kind — an insight into the female heart which is seldom gained by the exercise of imagination alone. But when we compare the Fourth Æneid with later poems on the same lofty level — with the "*Vita Nuova*," for instance, or with "*Laodamia*" — we feel how far our whole conception of womanhood has advanced since Virgil's day under the influence of Christianity, chivalry, civilization. A nature like Dido's will now repel as much as it attracts us. For we have learnt that a woman may be childlike as well as impassioned, and soft as well as strong; that she may glow with all love's fire and yet be delicately obedient to the lightest whisper of honor. The most characteristic factor in Dido's story is of a more external kind. It is the contrast between the queen's stately majesty and the subduing power of love, which is most effectively used to intensify the dramatic situation. And the picture suggests a few reflections as to the way in which the wealth and magnificence of Roman society affected the poets of the age.

It happens that three great Latin poets, in strikingly similar passages,* have drawn the contrast between a simple and a splendid life. Horace, here as elsewhere, shows himself the ideal poet of society; more cultivated, sensitive, affectionate than the men and women among whom he moves, yet not so far above them or aloof

* Lucr. ii. 24. Virg. G. ii. 468. Hor. Carm. iii. 1, 41.

from them but that he can delight, even more keenly than they, in their luxury and splendor—can enjoy it without envy, as he can dispense with it without regret. Lucretius is the aristocrat with a mission; to him the lamp-bearing images, and the blaze of midnight banquets, and the harp that echoes beneath the ceiling's fretted gold—all these are but a vain and bitter jest which cannot drive superstition from the soul, nor kill those fears of death which “mingle unabashed amongst kings and kesars,” awed not at all by golden glitter or by purple sheen. Virgil is the rustic of genius, well educated, of delicately refined nature, wholly free from base admirations or desires, but “reared amid the woods and copses,” and retaining to the last some touch of shyness in the presence of this world's grandeur; ever eager, like his own Philomela, to fly upward from the palace-halls into his realm of solitude and song. The well-known passage in the *Georgics* depicts, as we may well imagine, in its vein of dignified irony, his own sensations when he mixed with the society which so eagerly sought him at Rome. We have his embarrassment at the crowd of visitors coming and going as he calls on Pollio or Mæcenas at the fashionable hour of 7 A.M.;* his ennui as he accompanies over the house a party of virtuosi, open-mouthed at the æsthetic furniture; † and even his disgust at the uncomfortable magnificence of his bedchamber, and at the scented oil which is served to him with his salad at dinner. ‡ And what a soaring change when from the stately metrical roll which reflects the pomp and luxury of the imperial city, he mounts without an effort into that airy rush which blends together all “the glory of the divine country,” its caverns, and its living lakes, and haunts of wild things in the glade, its “life that never disappoints,” its lifelong affections, and its faith in God! §

Yet Virgil's familiarity with the statelier life of Rome was not unfruitful. It has given to him in his *Æneid* an added touch of dignity, as of one who has seen face to face such greatness as earth can offer, and paints without misgiving the commerce of potentates and kings. And thus it is that he has filled every scene of Dido's story with a sense of royal scope and unchartered power; as of an existence where all honors are secure already, and all else that is wished for won, only the heart demands

* G. ii. 461.
† 463.
‡ 465, 466.
§ G. ii. 473.

an inner sanctuary, and life's magnificence still lacks its crowning joy. First we have the banquet, when love is as yet unacknowledged and unknown, but the “signs of his coming and sound of his feet” have begun to raise all things to an intenser glow; when the singer's song rises more glorious, and all voices ring more full and free,* and ancestral ceremonies are kindled into life by the ungovernable gladness of the soul. † Then comes the secluded colloquy between queen and princess, ‡ as they discuss the guest who made the night so strange and new; and then the rush of Dido's gathering passion among the majestic symbols of her sway. §

With him the queen the long ways wanders
down,

And shows him Sidon's wealth and Carthage
town,

And oft would speak, but as the words begin
Fails her breath caught by mastering Love
within;

Once more in feast must she the night employ,
Must hear once more her Trojan tell of Troy,
Hang on his kingly voice, and shuddering see
The imagined scenes where every scene is he.
Then guests are gone and night and morn are
met,

Far off in heaven the solemn stars have set, —
Thro' the empty halls alone she mourns again,
Lies on the couch where hath her hero lain,
Sees in the dark his kingly face, and hears
His voice imagined in her amorous ears.

And through all the scenes that follow, the same royal accent runs till the last words that lift our imagination from the tumultuous grief around the dying Dido, to the scarce more terrible tragedy of a great nation's fall. ||

Not else than thus, when foes have forced a
way,

On Tyre or Carthage falls the fatal day;
Mid such wild woe crash down in roaring fire
Temples and towers of Carthage or of Tyre.

And assuredly the “Deeds of the Roman People,” ¶ the title which many men gave to the *Æneid* when it first appeared, would not have been complete without some such chapter as this. The prophecy of Anchises, the shield of Vulcan, record for us the imperial city's early virtue, her world-wide sway; but it is in this tale of Carthage that the poet has written in a burning parable the passion and the pomp of Rome.

* A. i. 725.
† A. i. 738.
‡ A. iv. 10.
§ A. iv. 74.
|| A. iv. 669.
¶ *Gesta Populi Romani*.

And yet in spite of all the force and splendor with which Dido is described, we feel instinctively that she is not drawn by a lover's hand. We have in her no indication of the poet's own ideal and inward dream. If that is to be sought at all, it must be sought elsewhere. And, perhaps, if the fancy be permitted, we may imagine that we discern it best in the strange and yearning beauty of the passages which speak of the glorious girlhood of Camilla, the maid unwon; Camilla, whose death a nymph avenges, and whose tale Diana tells; Camilla, whose name leapt first of all to Virgil's lips as he spoke to Dante of their Italy in the underworld.* Surely there is something more than a mere poetic fervor in the lines which describe the love which lit on the girl while yet a child, and followed her till her glorious hour; † the silent reverence which watched the footsteps of the maiden "whom so many mothers for their sons desired in vain;" ‡ the breath caught with a wistful wonder, the long and lingering gaze, § the thrill of admiration which stirs the heart with the very concord of joy and pain. Where has he more subtly mingled majesty with sweetness than in the lines which paint her happy nurture among the woodlands where her father was a banished king? her wild and supple strength enhanced by the contrasting thought of the "flowing gown and golden circlet," || which might have weighted the free limbs with royal purple or wound among the tresses that were hooded with the tiger's spoil.

Thus much, at least, we may say, that while the highest and truest form of love, as distinguished both from friendship and from passion, is the creation of the Middle Ages, and of Dante above all, passages like these reveal to us the early stirring of conceptions which were hereafter to be so dominant and so sublime — the dawning instinct of a worship which should be purer and more pervading than any personal desire — of a reverence which should have power for a season to keep Love himself at bay, and to which a girl's gladness and beauty should become a part "of something far more deeply interfused," and touch the spirit with the same sense of yearning glory which descends on us from the heaven of stars.

To dwell thus on some of the passages in Virgil whose full meaning escapes a

* Inf. i. 107.
 † A. xi. 537.
 ‡ A. xi. 581.
 § A. vii. 812.
 || A. xi. 576.

hasty perusal, may help us to realize one of his characteristic charms — his power of concentrating the strangeness and fervor of the romantic spirit within the severe and dignified limits of classical art. To this power in great measure we must ascribe his unique position as the only unbroken link between the ancient and the modern world. In literary style and treatment, just as in religious dogma and tendency, there has been something in him which has appealed in turn to ages the most discrepant and the most remote. He has been cited in different centuries as an authority on the worship of river-nymphs and on the incarnation of Christ. And similarly the poems which were accepted as soon as published as the standard of Latin classicality, became afterwards the direct or indirect original of half the Renaissance epics of adventure and love.

We feel, however, that considerations like these leave us still far from any actual realization of the means by which the poet managed to produce this singular complex of impressions. In dealing with poetry, as with the kindred arts, criticism almost necessarily ceases to be fruitful or definite at the very point where the interest of the problems becomes the greatest. We must be content with such narrower inquiries as may give us at least a clearer conception of the nature and difficulties of the achievement at which the artist has aimed. We may, for instance, discuss the capabilities of the particular language in which a poet writes, just as we may discuss the kind of effects producible on violin or pianoforte, in water-color or oil. And any estimate of the Latin, as a literary language, implies at once a comparison with the speech of that people from whose admirable productions Latin literature was avowedly derived.

No words that men can any more set side by side can ever affect the mind again like some of the great passages of Homer. For in them it seems as if all that makes life precious were in the act of being created at once and together — language itself, and the first emotions, and the inconceivable charm of song. When we hear one single sentence of Anticleia's answer,* as she begins —

ὄντ' ἔμεγ' ἐν μεγαροῖσιν εὐσκοπος λοχέαιρα —

what words can express the sense which we receive of an effortless and absolute sublimity, the feeling of morning freshness and elemental power, the delight which is

* Od. xi. 198.

to all other intellectual delights what youth is to all other joys? And what a language! which has written, as it were, of itself those last two words for the poet, which offers them as the fruit of its inmost structure and the bloom of its early day! Beside speech like this Virgil's seems elaborate, and Dante's crabbed, and Shakespeare's barbarous. There never has been, there never will be, a language like the dead Greek. For Greek had all the merits of other tongues without their accompanying defects. It had the monumental weight and brevity of the Latin without its rigid unmanageability; the copiousness and flexibility of the German without its heavy commonness and guttural superfluity; the pellucidity of the French without its jejuneness; the force and reality of the English without its structureless comminution. But it was an instrument beyond the control of any but its creators. When the great days of Greece were past, it was the language which made speeches and wrote books, and not the men. Its French brilliancy taught Isocrates to polish platitude into epigram; its German profundity enabled Lycophron to pass off nonsense as oracles; its Italian flow encouraged Apollonius Rhodius to shroud in long-drawn sweetness the inanity of his soul. There was nothing except the language left. Like the golden brocade in a king's sepulchre, its imperishable splendor was stretched stiffly across the skeleton of a life and thought which inhabited there no more.

The history of the Latin tongue was widely different. We do not meet it full-grown at the dawn of history; we see it take shape and strength beneath our eyes. We can watch, as it were, each stage in the forging of the thunderbolt; from the day when Ennius, Nævius, Pacuvius inweave their "three shafts of twisted storm,"* till Lucretius adds "the sound and terror," and Catullus "the west wind and the fire." It grows with the growth of the Roman people; its wins its words at the sword's point; and the "conquered nations in long array" pay tribute of their thought and speech as surely as of their blood and gold.

In the region of poetry this union of strenuous effort with eager receptivity is conspicuously seen. The barbarous Saturnian lines, hovering between an accentual and a quantitative system, which were the only indigenous poetical product of Latium, rudely indicated the natural ten-

dency of the Latin tongue towards a trochaic rhythm. Contact with Greece introduced Greek metres, and gradually established a definite quantitative system. Quantity and accent are equally congenial to the Latin language, and the trochaic and iambic metres of Greece bore transplantation with little injury. The adaptations of these rhythms by early Roman authors, however uncouth, are at least quite easy and unconstrained; and so soon as the prestige of the Augustan era had passed away, we find both pagans and Christians expressing in accentual iambic, and especially in accentual trochaic metres, the thoughts and feelings of the new age. Adam of S. Victor is metrically nearer to Livius Andronicus than to Virgil or Ovid; and the Litany of the Arval Brethren finds its true succession, not in the Secular Ode of Horace, but in the *Dies Iræ* or the *Veni Creator*.

For Latin poetry suffered a violent breach of continuity in the introduction from Greece of the hexameter and the elegiac couplet. The quantitative hexameter is in Latin a difficult and unnatural metre. Its prosodial structure excludes a very large proportion of Latin words from being employed at all. It narrowly limits the possible grammatical constructions, the modes of emphasis, the usages of curtailment, the forms of narration. On the other hand, when successfully managed its advantages are great. All the strength and pregnancy of Latin expression are brought out by the stately march of a metre perhaps the most compact and majestic which has ever been invented. The words take their place like the organs in a living structure — close packed but delicately adjusted and mutually supporting. And the very sense of difficulty overcome gives an additional charm to the sonorous beauty of the dactylic movement, its self-retarding pauses, its onward and overwhelming flow.

To the Greek the most elaborate poetical effects were as easy as the simplest. In his poetic, as in his glyptic art, he found all materials ready to his hand; he had but to choose between the marble and the sardonyx, between the ivory and the gold. The Roman hewed his conceptions out of the granite rock; oftenest its craggy forms were rudely piled together, yet dignified and strong; but there were hands which could give it finish too, which could commit to the centuries a work splendid as well as imperishable, polished into the basalt's shimmer and fervent with the porphyry's glow.

* A. viii. 429.

It must not, however, be supposed that even the *Æneid* has wholly overcome the difficulties inseparable from the Latin poetry of the classical age, that it is entirely free either from the frigidities of an imitation or from the constraints of a *tour de force*. In the first place, Virgil has not escaped the injury which has been done to subsequent poets by the example of the length and the subject-matter of Homer. An artificial dignity has been attached to poems in twelve or twenty-four books, and authors have been incited to tell needlessly long stories in order to take rank as epic poets. And because Homer is full of tales of personal combat — in his day an exciting and all-important thing — later poets have thought it necessary to introduce a large element of this kind of description, which, so soon as it loses reality, becomes not only frigid but disgusting. It is as if the first novel had been written by a school-boy of genius, and all succeeding novelists had felt bound to construct their plots mainly of matches at football. It is the later books of the *Æneid* that are most marred by this mistake. In the earlier books there are, no doubt, some ill-judged adaptations of Homeric incident,* some labored reproductions of Homeric formulæ, but for the most part the events are really noble and pathetic, — are such as possess permanent interest for civilized men. The three last books, on the other hand, which have come down to us in a crude and unpruned condition, contain large tracts immediately imitated from Homer, and almost devoid of independent value.†

Besides these defects in matter, the latter part of the poem illustrates the metrical dangers to which Latin hexameters succumbed almost as soon as Virgil was gone. The types on which they could be composed were limited in number and were becoming exhausted. Many of the lines in the later books are modelled upon lines in the earlier ones. Many passages show that peculiar form of bald artificiality into which this difficult metre so readily sinks; nay, some of the *tibicines*, or stop-gaps, bear a grotesque resemblance to the well-known style of the fourth-form boy.‡ Other more ambitious passages give the painful impression of just missing the effect at which they aim.§

We should, however, be much mistaken

* See especially A. v. 263-5.

† The following passages might perhaps be omitted *en bloc* with little injury to Virgil's reputation: A. x. 276-762; xi. 597-648, 868-908; xii. 266-311, 529-592.

‡ *E.g.* A. x. 526-9, 584-5.

§ *E.g.* x. 468-471, 557-560.

if we inferred that this want of finish — due to the poet's premature death — indicated any decline of power. On the contrary, nothing, perhaps, in Latin versification is more interesting than the traces of a later manner in process of formation, which are to be found in the concluding books of the *Æneid*. The later manner of a painter or poet generally differs from his earlier manner in much the same way. We observe in him a certain impatience of the rules which have guided him to excellence, a certain desire to use materials more freely, to obtain bolder and newer effects. A tendency of this kind may be discerned in the versification of the later books, especially of the twelfth book, of the *Æneid*. The innovations are individually hardly perceptible, but taken together they alter the character of the hexameter line in a way more easily felt than described. Among the more definite changes we may note that there are more full stops in the middle of lines, there are more elisions, there is a larger proportion of short words, there are more words repeated, more assonances, and a freer use of the emphasis gained by the recurrence of verbs in the same or cognate tenses. Where passages thus characterized have come down to us still in the making, the effect is forced and fragmentary.* Where they succeed they combine, as it seems to me, in a novel manner the rushing freedom of the old trochaics with the majesty which is the distinguishing feature of Virgil's style.† Art has concealed its art, and the poet's last words suggest to us possibilities in the Latin tongue which no successor has been able to realize.

It is difficult to dwell long on such technical points as these, without appearing arbitrary or pedantic. The important thing is to understand how deliberate, forceful, weighty, Virgil's diction is; what a mass of thought and feeling was needed to give to the elaborate structure of the Latin hexameter any convincing power; how markedly all those indications by which we instinctively judge the truth or the insincerity of an author's emotion are intensified by a form of composition in which "the style," not only of every paragraph but of every clause, is necessarily and indeed "the man." And when we have learned by long familiarity to read between the lines, to apportion the emphasis, to reproduce, it may be, in imagination some shadow of that "marvellous witch-

* *E.g.* A. x. 597-600.

† *E.g.* A. xii. 48, 72, 179, 429, 615-6, 632-649, 676-680, 889-893, 903-4.

ery"* with which, as tradition tells us, Virgil's own reading of his poems brought out their beauty, we shall be surprised at the amount of self-revelation discernible beneath the calm of his impersonal song. And here again we shall receive the same impression which remained with us from the examination of the hero who is thought to be in some measure the unconscious portrait of the poet himself—we shall wonder most of all at the abiding sadness of his soul.

We might have thought to find him like the steersman Palinurus, in the scene from which our great English painter has taken the cadence which is to tell of an infinite repose,† communing untroubled with some heaven-descended dream, and keeping through the night's tranquillity his eyes still fixed upon the stars. How is it that he appears to us so often, like the same Palinurus, plunged in a solitary gulf of death, while the ship of human destinies drifts away unguided—*trostlos auf weitem Meer?* How knew he that gathering horror of midnight which presages some unspeakable ruin and the end of all? ‡ Why was it left for him, above all men, to tell of the anguish of irredeemable bereavement, and Eurydice's appealing hands as she vanished backwards into the night? § What taught him the passion of those lines whose marvellous versification seems to beat with the very pulses of the heart,|| where the one soul calls upon the other in the many-peopled fields of death, and asks of all that company, "not less nor more, but even that word alone"? What is it that has given such a mystical intensity to every glimpse which he opens of the eternity of the impassioned soul?—where sometimes the wild pathetic rhythm alone suggests an indefinable regret,¶ or a single epithet will renew a world of mourning, and disclose a sorrow unassuageable in Paradise itself.** Or, for one moment, Sychæus' generous shade, appealed to in such varying accents as the storms of passion rose or fell, deemed sometimes forgetful and distant and unregarding in the grave, is seen at last in very presence and faithful to the vows of earth, filled with a love which has forgiven inconstancy as it has outlasted death.††

These short and pregnant passages will

* Lenociniis miris.
 † Turner's Datur Hora Quieti. A. v. 844.
 ‡ A. iv. 460-4.
 § G. iv. 498.
 || A. vi. 670.
 ¶ A. vi. 447.
 ** A. vi. 480.
 †† A. vi. 474.

appeal to different minds with very different power. There are some whose emotion demands a fuller expression than this, a more copious and ready flow—who choose rather, like Shelley, to pour the whole free nature into a sudden and untrammelled lay. But there are others who have learned to recognize the last height of heroism, the last depth of tenderness rather in a word than a protest, and rather in a look than a word; to whom all strong feeling comes as a purging fire, a disengagement from the labyrinth of things, whose passion takes a more concentrated dignity as it turns inwards and to the deep of the heart. And such men will recognize in Virgil a precursor, a master, and a friend; they will call him the *Magnanimo*, the *Verace Duca*; they will enrol themselves with eager loyalty among the spiritual progeny of a spirit so melancholy, august, and alone.

And some, too, there will always be to whom some touch of poetic gift has revealed the delight of self-expression, while yet their infertile instinct of melody has failed them at their need, and their scanty utterance has rather mocked than assuaged for them the incommunicable passion of the soul. Such men will be apt to think that not only would an added sanctity have been given to all sacred sorrow, an added glory to all unselfish joy, but that this earth's less ennobling emotions as well—the sting of unjust suspicions,* and the proud resentment of stealthy injuries,† and the bewilderment of life's unguided way‡—even these would have been transmuted into spiritual strength if they could in such manner have shaped themselves into song; as the noise of bear, and wolf, and angered lion came to the Trojans with a majesty that had no touch of fear or pain, as they heard them across the midnight waters, mixed with the music of Circe's echoing isle.§

How was it then with the poet himself, to whom it was given to "sweep in ever-highering eagle-circles up" till his words became the very term and limit of human utterance in song? *Quin Decios Drususque procul*; when he was summing up in those lines like bars of gold the heron-roll of the Eternal City, conferring with every word an immortality, and, like his own Æneas, bearing on his shoulders the fortune and the fame of Rome, did he feel in that great hour that he had done all that

* A. i. 529.
 † A. vi. 502.
 ‡ A. xii. 917.
 § A. vii. 10.

man can do? All that we know is, that he spoke of his attempt to write the *Æneid* as "an act almost of insanity," and that on his deathbed he urgently begged his friends to burn the unfinished poem.

O dignitosa coscienza e netta,
Come t'è picciol fallo amaro morso !

Yet we feel that Virgil's character would not have stood out complete to us without the record of that last desire. It was the culminating expression of a lifelong temper — of that yearning after perfection which can never rest satisfied with the things of earth — which carries always with it, as Plato would say, the haunting reminiscence of that perfect beauty on which the soul has looked aforetime in the true, which is the ideal world. And the very stillness and dignity of Virgil's outward existence help to make him to us an unmixed example of this mood of mind. There is no trace in him of egoistic passion, of tumult, of vanity, or of any jealous or eager love; all his emotions seem to have fused and melted into that *Welt-schmerz* — that impersonal and indefinable melancholy, the sound of which since his day has grown so familiar in our ears, which invades the sanest and the strongest spirits, and seems to yield to nothing except such a love, or such a faith, as can give or promise heaven. The so-called "modern air" in Virgil's poems is in great measure the result of the constantly felt pressure of this obscure homesickness — this infinite desire; finding vent sometimes in such appeals as forestall the sighs of Christian saints in the passion of high hopes half withdrawn, when the divinity is shrouded and afar,* — oftener perceptible only in that accent of brooding sorrow which mourns over the fate of men, and breathes a pathetic murmur into nature's peace,† and touches with a mysterious forlornness the felicity of the underworld.‡

It is the same mood which "*intenerisce il cuore*" in Dante's song, which looks from the unsatisfied eyes of Michael Angelo and of Tintoret, — a mood commoner, indeed, among the nations of the north, but felt at times by Italians who have had the power to see that all the glory round them does but add a more mysterious awfulness to the insoluble riddle of the world.

Nor is any region of Italy a fitter temple for such thoughts than the Bay of Na-

ples, which virtually was Virgil's home. For it was not Mantua, but "sweet Parthenope," which fostered his years of silent toil; his wanderings were on that southern shore where the intense and azure scene seems to carry an unknown sadness in the convergence of heaven and sea, and something of an unearthly expectancy in the still magnificence of its glow. It was there that inwardly he bled and was comforted, inwardly he suffered and was strong; it was there that what others learn in tempest he learned in calm, and became in ardent solitude the very voice and heart of Rome.

II.

THE century which elapsed between the publication of the Fourth Eclogue and of the Epistle to the Romans witnessed an immense expansion of the human mind. So far as we can attach definite dates to the gradual growth of world-wide conceptions, we may say that in this century arose the ideas of the civil and of the religious unity of all families of men. These ideas, at first apparently hostile to one another, and associated, the one with the military supremacy of Rome, the other with the spiritual supremacy of Jerusalem, gradually coalesced into the notion of a holy Roman empire, involving as that notion does in the mind, for instance, of Dante, the concentration of both spiritual and temporal power in the Eternal City. Again the conceptions have widened; and we now imagine a brotherhood of mankind, a universal Church, without localized empire or a visible vicegerent of heaven.

Throughout all the phases which these great generalizations have traversed, the authority of Virgil has been freely invoked. And when we turn from the personal to the public aspect of his poems, we are at once obliged to discuss in what sense he may be considered as the earliest and the official exponent of the world-wide empire of Rome, the last and the closest precursor of the world-wide commonwealth of Christ. The unanimous acceptance of Virgil in his lifetime — while the *Æneid* was yet unwritten — as the unique poetical representative of the Roman State is a fact quite as surprising and significant as the ready acceptance of Augustus as its single ruler. It is not, indeed, strange that a few short but lovely pieces, such as the Eclogues, should have delighted literary circles and suggested to Mæcenas that this young poet's voice would be the fittest to preach the revival of antique simplicity and rural toil. The astonishing thing is the success of the Georgics, the fact that an agri-

* *E.g.* G. iv. 324-5. A. i. 407.

† *Te nemus Anguitiæ, vitrea te Fucinus unda, Te flevire lacus.* A. vii. 760.

‡ *Solemque suum, sua sidera nôrunt.* A. vi. 641.

cultural poem not twice as long as "Comus" should at once have procured for its author reputation to which the literary history of the world affords no parallel. Petrarch was crowned on the Capitol amid the applause of the literati of Europe. Voltaire was "smothered with roses" in the crowded theatres of the Paris of his old age. But the triumph of Petrarch was the manifesto of a humanistic clique. The triumph of Voltaire was the first thunderclap of a political storm. When, on the other hand, the Romans rose to their feet in the theatre on the casual quotation of some words of Virgil's on the stage — when they saluted the poet as he entered the house with the same marks of reverence which they paid to Augustus Cæsar — it was plain that some cause was at work which was not of a partisan, which was not even of a purely literary character. Perhaps it was that the minds of men were agitated by the belief that a new era was impending, that "the great order of the ages was being born anew," and in the majestic and catholic tranquillity of Virgil's song they recognized instinctively the temper of an epoch no longer of struggle but of supremacy, the first-fruits of imperial Rome. We must at least attribute some such view to the cultivated classes of the time. That the sublime poem of Lucretius should obtain only a cold *succès d'estime*, while the Georgics, a more exquisite work, no doubt, but a work of so much smaller range, should be hailed as raising its author to an equality with Homer, is a disproportion too great to be accounted for by a mere literary preference. It was a deep-seated recognition of the truly national character of Virgil's work, of his unique fitness to reflect completely all the greatness of the advancing time, which led even rival poets to predict so strenuously that the *Æneid*, of which no one had as yet seen a paragraph, would be co-eternal with the dominion of Rome. Stranger still it is to see how tragically the event surpassed the prophecy. When we look at the intellectual state of Rome in the fourth and fifth centuries, our complaint is not that Virgil is forgotten, but that nothing else is remembered; that the last achievement of the "toga-wearing race" is to extemporize centos from the *Æneid* on any given theme; that the last heads seen to rise above the flood of advancing barbarism should be those of grammarians calling themselves Menalcas and parsing *Tityre*, or calling themselves Virgilius and parsing *Arma virum*.

There is something, too, of fate's solemn irony in the way in which, as the ancient world is re-discovered, the first words borne back to us by the muffled voice of ruin or catacomb are scattered fragments of that poem which was the last on Rome's living lips. There is something tragic in finding Virgil's line, "So great a work it was to found the race of Rome," cut in colossal characters on the monstrous ruins of the baths of Titus; Virgil's words, "Then all were silent," look strangely in a half-finished scrawl from a wall of Pompeii's hushed and solitary homes.* But the long tradition, as has been already said, has not continued unbroken to our own day. There have of late been many critics who have denied that the *Æneid* is adequately representative of the Roman commonwealth, who have been struck with the unqualified support, the absolute deification bestowed on Augustus, and have urged that the laureate who indulged in so gratuitous an adulation must be styled a court, and not a national poet.

So far as Virgil's mere support of Augustus goes, this objection, however natural to the lovers of free government, will hardly stand the test of historical inquiry. For Virgil had not to choose between Augustus and the republic, but between Augustus and Antony. The republic was gone forever; and not Hannibal himself, we may surely say, was a more dangerous foe than Antony to the Roman people. No battle which that people ever fought was more thoroughly national, more decisively important, than the battle of Actium. The name of Actium, indeed, can never waken the glory and the joy which spring to the heart at the name of Salamis. Not "Leucate's promontory afire with embattled armaments," not "Actian Apollo bending from above his bow" can stir the soul like that one trump,† that morning onset, that "small ill-harbored islet, oft-haunted of dance-loving Pan."‡ But the essence of each battle was in fact the same. Whether it were against the hosts of Susa and Ecbatana, or against "the dog Anubis" and the Egyptian queen, each battle was the triumph of Western discipline, religion, virtue, over the tide of sensuality and superstition which swept onwards from the unfathomable East.

And thus we come to the point where Virgil is, in reality, closely identified with the policy of the Augustan régime. Augustus was not himself a moral hero. But

* CONTICVEREOM.

† Aesch. Pers. 395.

‡ Psytalea. Pers. 447.

partly fortune, partly wisdom, partly a certain innate preference for order and reverence for the gods, had rendered him the only available representative, not only of the constitution and the history, but of the morals and religion of Rome. The leading preoccupation of his official life was the restoration of national virtue. It is hard to trace the success or failure of an attempt like this among a complex society's conflicting currents of good and evil. Yet it seems that to his strenuous insistence on all of morality which legislation can achieve, we may in some measure ascribe that moonlight of Roman virtue which mingles so long its chastened gentleness with the blaze of the empire's lurid splendor, the smoke of its foul decay. A reform like this, however, cannot be achieved by a single ruler. And sincere co-operation was hard to find. Papius and Poppæus might pass laws against celibacy. But Papius and Poppæus themselves (as Boissier reminds us) remained obstinately unmarried. Horace might sing of praying to the gods "with our wives and children." But no one was ever less than Horace of a church-goer or a family man. Virgil, on the other hand, was one of those men whose adherence seems to give reality to any project of ethical reform. The candid and serious poet, "than whom," as Horace says, "earth bore no whiter soul," was quickly recognized by Mæcenas as the one writer who could with sincerity sound the praises of antique and ingenuous virtue. The Georgics came to the Roman world somewhat as the writings of Rousseau came to the French; they might have little apparent influence upon conduct, but they made a new element in the mind of the age, they testified at least to the continued life of pure ideas, to the undying conception of a contented labor, of an unbought and guileless joy.

But this was not yet enough. The spirit of Roman virtue needed to be evoked by a sterner spell. In the Georgics the land of Italy had for the first time been impressively presented as a living and organic whole. And the idea of Italy's lovely primacy among all other countries was destined to subsist and grow. But it was not yet towards the name of Italy that the enthusiasm of Virgil's fellow-citizens most readily went out. However variously expressed or shrouded, the religion of the Romans was Rome. The destiny of the Eternal City is without doubt the conception which, throughout the long roll of human history, has come nearest to the unchangeable and the divine. It is an

idea majestic enough to inspire worship, and to be the guide of life and death. This religion of Rome, in its strictest sense, has formed no trifling factor in the story of the Christian Church. It appears in its strongest and most unquestioning form in the "*De Monarchia*" of Dante.* It formed a vital part of the creed of the great Italian, who in our own century has risen to closest communion in thought and deed with the heroes of his country's past. But nowhere, from Ennius to Mazzini, has this faith found such expression as in Virgil's *Æneid*. All is there. There is nothing lacking of noble reminiscence, of high exhortation, of inspiring prophecy. Roman virtue is appealed to through the channel by which alone it could be reached and could be restored; it is renewed by majestic memories and stimulated by an endless hope. The Georgics had been the psalm of Italy, the *Æneid* was the sacred book of the religion of Rome.

It appears, then, that although Virgil doubtless lent all his weight to the personal government of Augustus, he neither chose that government in preference to any attainable form of stable freedom, nor co-operated with it in an unfitting manner, nor with an unworthy aim. There remains the question of the deification of Augustus — of the impulse given by Virgil to that worship of the emperors which ultimately became so degrading and so cruel a farce. And here, no doubt, in one passage at least Virgil's language is such as modern taste must condemn. The frigid mythology with which the first Georgic opens is absolutely bad. It is bad as Callimachus is bad, and as every other imitation of Callimachus in Latin literature is bad too. It has, indeed, little meaning; and what meaning it has would need an astrologer to decipher. What are we to make of Tethys and of Proserpine, of Thule and of Elysium, or of the Scorpion who is willing to draw in his claws to make room for Augustus in heaven? It has, indeed, been ingeniously suggested that the true point of this strange passage may consist in a veiled but emphatic warning to Augustus not to assume the title of king † (a title of which, as in Caligula's case, the Romans were far more chary than of the less practical ascription of godhead); and, moreover, that the poet himself subsequently apologizes ‡ for the unreality of the flattering exordium in which this lesson is con-

* Now first translated into English in Dean Church's new volume on Dante.

† G. i. 36-7. The suggestion is Mr. Raper's.

‡ G. ii. 45-6.

cealed. Still, we must regret that any passage in Virgil should require such apology. We cannot help seeing more dignity in the tone of Lucretius, whose only feeling with regard to earthly potentates was vexation at their being too busy to allow him to explain his philosophy to them as fully as he could have wished.*

The passages in the *Æneid* in which Augustus is prospectively deified stand on a different footing. In them he is more or less closely identified with Rome herself; he is represented as we see him in the great allegorical statue of the Vatican, — “Augustus Cæsar leading the Italians on to war, with the Senate and the people and the tutelary gods of Rome,” † the creation of that early moment in the empire’s history when it seemed as if the conflicting currents of the commonwealth might run at length in a single channel, and the State be symbolized not unworthily in the man whom she had chosen as her chief. And, indeed, when we consider the proportions which the worship of “Rome and the genius of Augustus” gradually assumed, the earnestness with which it was pressed on by the people in face of what seems to have been the genuine disapproval of the cautious emperor, the speed with which it became, without formal change or definite installation, the practical religion of the Roman world,‡ we shall see reason to suppose that this strange form of worship, to which Virgil gave perhaps the earliest, though in part an unconscious expression, was not the birth of a merely meaningless servility, but represented what was in fact a religious reform and a return to the oldest instincts of the Roman people.

The Roman religion, as is well known, was originally a worship of the spiritual counterparts or correspondences of acts or existences visible here on earth. These deified abstractions were of very various magnitude and dignity, ranging from Minerva, goddess of memory, and Janus, god of opening, down to the crowd of divinities little heard of outside the *indigitamenta* or handybook of the gods, the goddess of going out and the goddess of coming in, the god of silver money and his father the god of copper money, and the god of speaking intelligibly, who

* Lucr. i. 43.

† A. viii. 678.

‡ See M. Boissier’s “*Religion Romaine*” on all this subject, and especially for an account of the colleges of Augustales, which were the earliest trade-guilds, the earliest representative bodies, the model followed in Christian ecclesiastical organization, and the first religious bodies on a large scale which admitted all men, without distinction of wealth or birth, to a full share in their privileges and in their control.

never made more than a single remark.* As the Romans came into contact with other nations, especially with Greece, foreign deities were introduced; but these were identified as far as possible with the Roman deities of similar functions, and did not overthrow the balance of the old *régime*. But as the strange Eastern gods, with their gloomy or frenzied worships, were added to the list this quiet absorption was no longer possible. The Roman Olympus came to resemble a shifting and turbulent convention, in which now one and now another member, — Dionysus, Isis, Cybele, — rises tumultuously into predominance, and is in turn eclipsed by some newer arrival. This inroad of furious and conflicting superstitions had begun in Virgil’s time, and the battle of Actium is for him the defeat of the “monstrous forms of gods of every birth” † who would have made their entry with Antony into Rome. At the same time it was hard to suggest an effective antidote for these degrading worships. The gods, so to speak, of the middle period — Jupiter and Juno and the like, with a Greek personality superadded to their more abstract significance — had not vitality enough to expel the intruders from their domain. It was necessary to fall back upon a more thoroughly national and primitive conception, and to deify once more the abstraction of the one earthly existence whose greatness was overwhelmingly evident — the power of Rome. The “Fortune of the City,” or *Roma* herself enthroned with the insignia of a goddess, was the only queen who could overrule at once the epidemic fanaticisms of Rome and the localized cults of the provinces, and be the veritable mistress of heaven.

Nor was even she enough. Through the abstractions of the old Roman religion there had always run a thread of more intimate and personal worship. Not only had each action and each object its spiritual counterpart, but each man as well. The nature of these Lares was somewhat vaguely and obscurely conceived, but the dominant idea seems to have been that they acted as the tutelary genii of men during life, and after death became identical with their immortal part. The Roman worship of ancestors was indeed of a different kind from the hero-worship of the Greeks. It dwelt less on the idea of superhuman help than on the idea of family continuity. The Romans had not the faith

* Interduca, Domiduca, Argentinus, Æsculanus, Aius Locutius.

† A. viii. 693.

which bade the Locrians leave a place always open in their battle-ranks for the Oilean Ajax to fill unseen; but they testified by daily offering and daily prayer to their conviction of an immanent and familiar presence which turned the home itself into a never-vacant shrine. They asked no oracle from "Amphiaraus beneath the earth," but the images of his curule ancestors gathered round about the dead Fabius in the marketplace, and welcomed him in silence as he joined the majority of his kin. It is this spirit of piety which the plot of the *Æneid* is designed to illustrate and to foster. *Æneas* has no wish to conquer Latium. He enters it merely because he is divinely instructed that it is in Italy, the original home of his race, that he must continue the worship of his own progenitor *Assaracus* and of the tutelary gods of Troy. This point achieved he asks for nothing more. He introduces the worship of *Assaracus*; but, it must be added, *Assaracus* is never heard of again. So remote and legendary a personage could not become the binding link of the Roman people. Nor had the Roman commonwealth ever yet stood in such a relation to any single family as to permit the identification of their private *Lares* with the *Lares Præstitæ* of the city of Rome. But the case was altered now. One family had risen to an isolated pre-eminence which no Roman had attained before. And by a singular chance this same family combined a legendary with an actual primacy. *Augustus* was at once the representative of *Assaracus* and the master of the Roman world. The *Lares* of *Augustus* were at once identical in a certain sense with *Augustus* himself, and with the public *Penates* worshipped immemorially in their chapel in the heart of the city. And if, as is no doubt the case, the worship of *Roma* and the *Lares Augusti* could claim in *Virgil* its half-unconscious prophet, we may reply that this worship, however afterwards debased, was in its origin and essence neither novel nor servile, but national and antique; and that until the rise of Christianity, towards which *Virgil* stands in a yet more singular anticipatory relation, it would have been hard to say what other form of religion could at once have satisfied the ancient instincts and bound together the remote extremities of the Roman world.

The relation of *Virgil* to Christianity, to which we now come, is an unexpectedly complex matter. To understand it clearly, we must attempt to disentangle some of

the threads of religious emotion and belief which intertwine in varying proportions throughout his successive poems.

"Reared among the woods and thickets," an Italian country child, the counterpart of Wordsworth in the union of spiritual aspiration with rustic simplicity in which his early years were spent, *Virgil*, like Wordsworth, seemed singled out as the poet and priest of nature. And directly imitated as his *Eclogues* are from *Theocritus*, a closer investigation reveals the essential differences between the nature of the two poets. The idylls of *Theocritus* are glowing descriptions of pastoral life, written by a man who lives and enjoys that life, and cares for no other ideal. The *Eclogues* of *Virgil* have less of consistency, but they have more of purpose. They are an advocacy, none the less impassioned because indirect, of the charm of scenery and simple pleasures addressed to a society leading a life as remote from nature as the life of the French court in the days of *Rousseau*. *Theocritus*, delighting in everything connected with rural life, loves to paint with vigor even its least dignified scenes. *Virgil* — whom the Neapolitans called the *Maid*, and who shrank aside when any one looked at him — is grotesquely artificial when he attempts to render the coarse *badinage* of country clowns. On the other hand, where the emotion in *Theocritus* is pure and worthy, *Virgil* is found at his side, with so delicate a reproduction of his effects, that it is sometimes hard to say whether the Greek or the Latin passage seems the more spontaneous and exquisite.* And there is a whole region of higher emotions in which the Latin poet is alone. All *Virgil's* own are those sudden touches of exalted friendship,† of exquisite tenderness,‡ of the

* Compare *E. viii. 37*, with *Theocr. xi. 25*.

† *E.g. E. vi. 64*. The whole of the tenth eclogue is an exquisite example of the half-tender, half-sportive sympathy by which one friend can best strengthen another in the heart's lesser troubles, and the blank when light loves have flown. The delicate humor of this eclogue has perplexed the German commentators, who suggest (1) either that *Virgil* meant it as a parody on the fifth eclogue, (2) or that *Gallus* was in fact dead when it was written, and that the poem, — ostensibly composed to console him for being jilted by an actress, — was, in reality intended as a sort of funeral psalm. I may notice here the improbability of the story that *Virgil* altered the end of the Fourth *Georgic*, omitting a panegyric on *Gallus* after *Gallus's* disgrace and death. The *Georgics* were published B.C. 29, and *Gallus* died B.C. 26. It is hard to believe that a long passage, constituting the conclusion and crown of the most popular and best-known poem that had ever appeared in Rome, and deriving added interest from the political scandal involved, should, after being three years before the public, have perished so utterly that not a line, not a fragment of a line, not an allusion to the passage should anywhere remain.

‡ *E.g. E. iv. 60*.

sadness and the mystery of love,* which seem to murmur amid the bright flow of his pastoral poetry of the deep source from whence it springs, as his own Eridanus had his fountain in Paradise and the underworld.† All Virgil's own, too, is the comprehending vision, the inward eye which looks back through all man's wars and tumult to the new created mountains ‡ and the primal spring,§ and that "wise passiveness" to which nature loves to offer her consolation, which fills so often the interspace between faiths decayed and faiths re-risen with a tranquillized abeyance of doubt and fear. "Pan and old Silvanus and the sister nymphs;" Silenus keeping the shepherds spell-bound till twilight with his cosmic song; Proteus uttering his unwilling oracles upon the solitary shore; Clymene singing of love in the caverned water-world amid the rivers' roaring flow; what are all these but aspects and images of that great mother who has for all her children a message which sometimes seems only the sweeter because its meaning can be so dimly known?

Peculiar to Virgil, too, is that tone of expectation which recurs again and again to the hope of some approaching union of mankind beneath a juster heaven, which bids the shepherd look no longer on the old stars with worn-out promises, but on a star new risen and more benign; which tells in that mystical poem to which scholars know no key, how the pure and stainless shepherd dies and is raised to heaven, and begins from thence a gentle sway which forbids alike the wild beast's ravin and the hunter's cruel guile.||

O great good news thro' all the woods that ran!
O psalm and praise of shepherds and of Pan!
The hills unshorn to heaven their voices fling;
Desert and wilderness rejoice and sing;
"A god he is! a god we guessed him then!
Peace on the earth he sends and joy to men."

But it is, of course, the Fourth, or Messianic Eclogue (known to the English reader in Pope's paraphrase, "Ye nymphs of Solyma, begin the song"), which has formed the principal point of union between Virgil and the new faith. In every age of Christianity, from Augustine to Abelard, from the Christmas sermon of Pope Innocent III. to the "*Prælectiones Academicæ*" of the late Mr. Keble, divines and fathers of the Church have asserted

the inspiration, and claimed the prophecies of this marvellous poem. It was on the strength of this poem that Virgil's likeness was set among the carven seers in the Cathedral of Zamora. It was on the strength of this poem that in the cathedrals of Limoges and Rheims the Christmas appeal was made: "O Maro, prophet of the Gentiles, bear thou thy witness unto Christ;" and the stately semblance of the Roman gave answer in the words which tell how "the new progeny has descended from heaven on high." The prophecy can claim ecumenical acceptance, regenerative efficacy. The poet Statius, the martyr Secundianus, were said to have been made Christians by its perusal. And at the supreme moment of the transference and reconstruction of the civil and spiritual authority of the earth, the emperor Constantine in his oration, "inscribed to the Assembly of Saints and dedicated to the Church of God," commented on this poem in a Greek version, as forming a link between the old and the new faiths, as explaining the change of form, and justifying the historical continuity, of the religion of the civilized world.

And there is nothing in this which need either surprise or shock us.* For, in reality, the link between Virgil and Christianity depended not on a misapplied prediction but on a moral sequence, a spiritual conformity. There was a time when both

* There is, no doubt, a startling antithesis between the real and the supposed object of Virgil's prophecy. For there can surely be little doubt (as Bishop Louth, Boissier, etc., have argued) that the Fourth Eclogue was written in anticipation of the birth of the child of Augustus (then Octavianus) and Scribonia — the notorious Julia, born B.C. 39, shortly after the peace of Brundisium. The words "*te consule*" applied to Pollio make it most unlikely that he was the child's father. On the other hand, it would have been quite in keeping with Virgil's stately courtesy to address to Pollio, Antony's representative and Virgil's friend, a congratulatory poem on the birth in his consulship of a child to Augustus, with whom Antony had just been reconciled. Virgil was from the first one of the most ardent supporters of Augustus, and though the young heir of Cæsar was not as yet clearly the first man in Rome, still, the prestige of the Julian family alone could make the expressions of the poem seem other than extravagant. Virgil no doubt desired to associate Pollio as closely as possible with the hopes of the Roman commonwealth. But to speak of "a world at peace through Pollio's virtue" would have been no less than absurd. Moreover, the phrase, "thy Apollo is in the ascendant now," points clearly to Augustus, whose patron Apollo was. The reason why the riddle was not explained is obvious. The expected child turned out to be a girl — and a girl who perhaps gave rise to more scandal than any other of her sex. It is singular that the embarrassing failure of the prediction at the time has been the source of its extraordinary reputation afterwards, when the horoscope composed for Julia was fulfilled in Jesus Christ. Like the arrow of Acestes (A. v. 520), the prophecy seemed to consume away in the clouds, and burn itself into empty air —

"Till days far off its mighty meaning knew,
And seers long after sang the presage true."

* E. g. E. viii. 47.

† A. vi. 658.

‡ E. vi. 40.

§ G. ii. 338.

|| E. v. 53.

the apologists and the adversaries of Christianity were disposed to ignore its connection with preceding faiths. Exaggerated pictures of its miraculous diffusion were met by the sneers of Gibbon at the contagious spread of superstitions among the ruins of a wiser world. The tone of both parties has altered as historical criticism has advanced. It is recognized that it is only "in the fulness of time" that a great religious change can come, that men's minds must be prepared for new convictions by a need which has been deeply felt, and a habit of thought which has been slowly acquired. And in Virgil's time, as has already been said, the old dogmas were tending to disappear. But while in the lower minds they were corrupting into superstition, in the higher they were evaporating into a clearer air. The spiritual element was beginning to assert itself over the ceremonial. Instincts of catholic charity were beginning to put to shame the tribal narrowness of the older faith. Philosophy was issuing from the lecture-room into the forum and the street.

And thus it is that Virgil's poems lie at the watershed of religions. Filled as they are with Roman rites and Roman traditions, they contain also another element, gentler, holier, till then almost unknown; a change has passed over them like the change which passes over a Norwegian midnight when the rose of evening becomes silently the rose of dawn.

It is strange to trace the alternate attraction and repulsion which the early Christians felt towards Virgil. Sometimes they allegorized the *Æneid* into a kind of siege of Man-soul, in which the fall, the temptations, the deliverance of man, are recorded in a figure. Sometimes they compiled Christianized centos from his poems, — works which obtained such authority that Pope Gelasius found it necessary to pronounce *ex cathedrâ* that they formed no part of the canon of Scripture. Sometimes, as in Augustine, we watch the conflict in a higher air; we see the ascetic absorption in the new faith at war with the truer instinct, which warns him that all noble emotions are in reality mutually supporting; and that we debase instead of ennobling our devotion to one supreme ideal, if we shrink from recognizing the goodness and greatness of ideals which are not to us so dear. But even in the wild legends which, in the Middle Ages cluster so thickly round the name of Virgil, even in the distorted fancies of the hamlet or the cloister, we can discern some glimmering perception of an actual truth.

It is not true, as the Spanish legend tells us, that "Virgil's eyes first saw the star of Bethlehem;" but it is true that in none more fully than in him is found that temper which offers all worldly wealth, all human learning, at the feet of purity, and for the knowledge of truth. It is not true that Virgil was a magician; that he clove the rock; that he wrought a gigantic figure which struck a note of warning at the far-seen onset of tumult or of war; but it is true that he was one of those who "*like giants stand, to sentinel enchanted land,*" whose high thoughts have caught and reflect the radiance of some mysterious and unrisen day.

Although the interest which subsequent ages have taken in the religion of Virgil has turned mainly upon his relation to Christianity, he would himself, of course, have judged in another light the growth of his inward being. A celebrated passage in the *Georgics* has revealed to us his mood of mind in a decisive hour. To understand it we must refer to the strongest influence which his youth was destined to undergo. When Virgil was on the threshold of life a poem was published which, perhaps, of all single monuments of Roman genius, conveys to us the most penetrating conception of the irresistible force of Rome. There is no need to deck Lucretius with any attributes not his own. We may grant that his poetry is often uncouth, his science confused, his conception of human existence steeped in a lurid gloom. But no voice like his has ever proclaimed the nothingness of "momentary man," no prophet so convincing has ever thundered in our ears the appalling gospel of death. Few minds, perhaps, that were not stiffly cased in foregone conclusions have ever met the storm of his passionate eloquence without bending before the blast, without doubting for an hour of their inmost instincts, and half believing that "as we felt no woe in times long gone, when from all the earth to battle the Carthaginians came," so now it may be man's best and only hope to quench in annihilation his unsated longings and his deep despair.

On Virgil's nature, disposed at once to vague sadness and to profound inquiry, the six books on the nature of things produced their maximum effect. Alike in his thought and language we see the Lucretian influence mingling with that spirit of natural religion which seems to have been his own earliest bent; and at last, in the passage above referred to,* he pauses be-

* G. ii. 490.

tween the two hypotheses, each alike incapable of proof; that which assumes that because we see in nature an impersonal order, therefore there is no more to see, and that which assumes that because we feel within us a living spirit, the universe, too, lives around us and breathes with the divine. Without fanatical blindness, but with a slow, deliberate fervor he elects to act upon the latter opinion; and from henceforth we find little trace of the influence of Lucretius in his poems, except it may be some quickening of that delight in the hidden things of nature which makes the world's creation *Iopas'*,* as it was *Silenus' †* song; some deepening of that mournful wonder with which he regards the contrast between the hopes and fates of men.

And is there, then, anything in Virgil's creed more definite than this vague spirituality? Is there any moral government of the world of which he can speak to us from the heart? If so, it is not in connection with the old gods of Rome, for they have lost their individual life. They are no longer like those gods of Homer's, who sat "on the brow of Callicorone," awful in their mingling of aloofness and reality, of terror and subduing charm. *Jove's frowns, Cytherea's caresses* in the *Æneid* assume alike an air of frigid routine. And in the unfinished later books the references to the heavenly council-board are of so curt and formal a character that they can deceive no one. It is as if the poet felt bound to say, "that the gods had taken the matter into their most serious consideration,"‡ "that it was with great regret that the gods found themselves unable to concede a longer term of existence to the Daunian hero,"§ while all the time he was well aware that the gods had never been consulted in the matter at all.

And even that more real and comprehensive religion of Rome, the inspiring belief in the destinies of the Eternal City, lacked that which is lacking to all such religions, whether their object be one city only or the whole corporate commonwealth of men. There was no place in it for individual recompense; it left unanswered the imperious demand of the moral sense that not one sentient soul shall be created to agony that others may be blest. Such faiths may inspire ceremonial, may prompt to action, but they cannot justify the ways

of God to man, nor satisfy or control the heart.

It is well known that in the central passage of the *Æneid*, the speech of the shade of Anchises to *Æneas* in Elysium,* Virgil has abruptly relinquished his efforts to revive or harmonize legendary beliefs, and has propounded an answer to the riddle of the universe in an unexpectedly definite form. It would be interesting to trace the elements of Stoic, Platonic, Pythagorean thought which combine in this remarkable passage. But such an inquiry would be beyond our present scope, and must in any case rest largely upon conjecture, for Virgil, who seems to have been working upon this exposition till the last † and who meant, as we know, to devote to philosophy the rest of his life after the completion of the *Æneid*, has given us no indication of the process by which he reached these results — results singular as contrasting so widely with the official religion of which he was in some sort the representative, yet which may surprise us less when we consider their close coincidence with the independent conclusions of many thinkers of ancient and modern times. A brief description of the passage referred to will fitly conclude the present essay.

Æneas, warned of Anchises in a vision, has penetrated the underworld to consult his father's shade. He finds Anchises surrounded by an innumerable multitude of souls, who congregate on *Lethe's* shore. His father tells him that these souls are drinking the waters of oblivion, and will then return to live again on earth. *Æneas* is astonished at this, and the form of the question which he asks ‡ is in itself highly significant. Compared, for example, with the famous contrast which the Homeric *Achilles* draws between life on earth and existence among the shades, it indicates that a change has taken place which of all speculative changes is perhaps the most important, that the ideal has been shifted from the visible to the invisible, from the material to the spiritual world.

O father, must I deem that souls can pray
Hence to turn backward to the worldly day?
Change for that weight of flesh these forms
more fair,
For that sun's sheen this paradisaal air?

The speech of Anchises in answer is in a certain sense the most Virgilian passage in Virgil. All his characteristics appear

* A. i. 743.
† E. vi. 31.
‡ A. xii. 843.
§ A. xii. 725.

* A. vi. 724-755.
† See A. vi. 743-7, as indicating that the arrangement of this passage is incomplete.
‡ A. vi. 719.

in it in their highest intensity; the pregnant allusiveness, the oracular concentration, the profound complexity, and through them all that unearthly march of song, that "Elysian beauty, melancholy grace," which made him the one fit master for that other soul whom he "*mise dentro alle segrete cose*," to whom in face of purgatory's fiercest fire* he promised the reward of constancy, and spoke of the redemptions of love.

The translator may well hesitate before such a passage as this. But as a knowledge of the theodicy here unfolded is absolutely necessary to the English reader who would understand Virgil aright, some version shall be given here.

One life through all the immense creation runs,
One spirit is the moon's, the sea's, the sun's;
All forms in the air that fly, on the earth that
creep,

And the unknown nameless monsters of the
deep, —

Each breathing thing obeys one mind's control,
And in all substance is a single soul.

First to each seed a fiery force is given,
And every creature was begot in heaven,
Only their flight must hateful flesh delay
And gross limbs moribund and cumbering clay.
So from that hindering prison and night forlorn
Thy hopes and fears, thy joys and woes are
born,

Who only seest, till death dispart thy gloom,
The true world glow through crannies of a
tomb.

Nor all at once thine ancient ills decay,
Nor quite with death thy plagues are purged
away;

In wondrous wise hath the iron entered in,
And through and through thee is a stain of sin;
Which yet again in wondrous wise must be
Cleansed of the fire, abolished in the sea;
Ay, thro' and thro' that soul unclothed must go
Such spirit-winds as where they list will blow;
O hovering many an age! for ages bare,
Void in the void and impotent in air!

Then, since his sins unshriven the sinner
wait,

And to each soul that soul herself is fate,
Few to heaven's many mansions straight are
sped,

(Past without blame that judgment of the
dead,)

The most shall mourn till tarrying time hath
wrought

The extreme deliverance of the airy thought, —
Has left unsoiled by fear or foul desire
The spirit's self, the elemental fire.

And last to Lethe's stream on the ordered
day

These all God summoneth in great array;
Who from that draught reborn, no more shall
know

Memory of past or dread of destined woe,

* Purg. xxvii. 20.

But all shall there the ancient pain forgive,
Forget their life, and will again to live.

The shade of Anchises is silent here.
But let us add some lines from the Georgics,* in which Virgil carries these souls yet further, and to the term of their wondrous way.

Then since from God those lesser lives began,
And the eager spirits entered into man,
To God again the enfranchised soul must tend,
He is her home, her author is her end;
No death is hers; when earthly eyes grow dim
Starlike she soars and Godlike melts in him.

But why must we recur to an earlier poem for the consummation which was most of all needed here? and why, at the end of the sixth book, has the poet struck that last strange note of doubt and discord, dismissing Æneas from the shades by the deluding ivory gate, proclaiming, as it were, like Plato, his theodicy as "neither false nor true," as a dream among dreams that wander and "visions unbelievable and fair"? We turn, like Dante, in hope of the wise guide's reply. But he has left us at last alone.† He has led us to the region "where of himself he can see no more;" ‡ we must expect from him no longer "either word or sign." He parts from us in the "antelucan splendor," and at the gate of heaven, at the very moment when a hundred angels sing aloud with fuller meaning his own words of solemn welcome and unforgetful love.§ To Dante all the glory of Paradise could not avail to keep his eyes from scorching tears at his "sweetest father's" sad withdrawal and uncompleted way: we too, perhaps, may feel mournfully the lot of man as we think of him on whose yearning spirit all revelation that nature, or that science, or that faith could show, fell only as day's last glory on the fading vision of the Carthaginian queen.||

For thrice she turned, and thrice had fain
dispread

Her dying arms to lift her dying head;
Thrice in high heaven, with dimmed eyes wan-
dering wide,

She sought the light, and found the light, and
sighed.

So was it with those who by themselves
should not be made perfect; they differed
from the saints of Christendom not so
much in the emotion which they offered as
in the emotion with which they were re-

* G. iv. 223.

† Purg. xxx. 49.

‡ Purg. xxvii. 129, 139.

§ Purg. xxx. 21.

|| A. iv. 690.

paid; it was elevation but it was not ecstasy; it came to them not as hope but as calm. What touch of unattainable holiness was lacking for their reception into the paradisaal rose? what ardor of love was still unknown to them which should have been their foretaste and their pledge of heaven? "Dark night enwraps their heads with hovering gloom," and from this man, their solitary rear-guard, and on the very confines of the day, we can part only in words of such sad reverence as salute in his own song that last and most divinely glorified of the inhabitants of the underworld*—

Give, give me lilies; thick the flowers be laid
To greet that mighty, melancholy shade;
With such poor gifts let me his praise maintain,
And mourn with useless tears, and crown in vain.

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

* A. vi. 883.

A DOUBTING HEART.

BY MISS KEARY,
AUTHOR OF "CASTLE DALY," "OLDBURY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.
MADAME'S FETE.

"WHAT a difference it makes in one's intimacy with a person, to have known him in two places! One has so many people and things to talk about when one meets in a fresh place, that it is impossible to keep up reserve or shyness. Did you ever happen to notice this, dear mamma?" Emmie wrote to her mother some three weeks after the events of the last chapter; "or have you wondered at all why there has been so much about Mr. Wynyard Anstice in my letters lately? I like to tell you everything just as it happens, you know; and as Madame de Florimel is always sending for me to go down to the château, or coming up with Mr. Anstice to spend a long day in walking about her property on this hill, I am a great deal with them, and they naturally come into all my letters. Aunt Rivers seems to feel as I do about being more intimate with people when one meets them in strange places. I used to think she disliked Mr. Anstice and tried to keep him away from her house in London; but here she is very much pleased when he calls to see her, and likes to talk over Frank's and Melville's prospects, and to recall anecdotes

of their school days. Mr. Anstice is very kind in humoring her, but between ourselves I don't think he likes her any better than he used to do. I am afraid he pays her this attention only because he thinks her really very ill and is sorry for her. He asked me yesterday if I thought Uncle Rivers understood how very little good she had gained by coming here. I felt ashamed of myself, for I fear I have not been watching the state of Aunt Rivers's health lately, as exactly as I should do. Ward says it is all her own fault that she does not get well, and I am puzzled because it does seem as if temper had a good deal to do with it. Whenever I hint at asking Uncle Rivers to come and see how we are getting on, my aunt is very angry, and absolutely forbids my writing. She cannot bear the thought of my uncle and Alma leaving London till the end of the season, and she has planned to make a little tour in the mountains with Madame de Florimel and Mr. Anstice when the heat is too great for us to remain here. I wonder whether this will be really good for her, and whether I ought to oppose the scheme, in spite of its sounding very delightful, as I confess it does, when we all talk about it together."

Emmie, who had been scribbling as fast as her fingers could move, here laid down her pen, intending to take a furtive look at her aunt, who was also occupied with her home letter, and then to make up her mind as to whether the scruple expressed in the last sentence need be attended to. She looked down however more quickly than she had looked up, for to her surprise Lady Rivers had also suspended her pen, and was gazing considerably at her. Lady Rivers was in the middle of a letter to Alma. What could she have found to say to Alma about her? Emmie's conscience was clear of any offence beyond a little preoccupation of late; but there was something so unusual, so sinister, in the look, that her cheeks went on tingling under its influence, all the time she was finishing her letter. Her blushes would have burned even more fiercely if she had been clairvoyant, and could have read the sentence Lady Rivers had just indited, and which she carefully covered with a piece of blotting-paper while she leaned back in her chair to rest and cough, and take the soothing drops she required now after every little exertion. It was a sentence that had cost her a good deal of consideration and planning, and it gave her some anxiety still as she sat back in her chair thinking it over: "Emmie West and your

old friend, Wynyard Anstice, have set up quite a marked flirtation since he turned up so unexpectedly here. I always told you that he was a flirt, and very easily won; but I think this last fancy of his will turn out to be the right thing for him, and that he is in earnest *this time*. Emmie will make a capital poor man's wife, and she has too little knowledge of the world or of society, poor child, to be harmed or annoyed by his eccentricities."

"What effect would these words have on Alma?" Lady Rivers questioned with herself. "Surely they would cure her of any little hesitation, any temptation to regret the past, which must be causing that unsatisfactory behavior on which even Sir Francis had been remarking lately. Alma's pride would certainly be too deeply stung to allow her to drive her present lover from her when the old one had already consoled himself. The news would be felt as a humiliation; but it would bring her to her senses, and perhaps her discontent with the brilliant lot Providence had assigned to her, deserved the slight punishment of seeing her little cousin carry off the man she would have chosen if she had been allowed her own insane way. One could not — no, even Alma ought not to expect to have everything just as she would like it in this world. She could not reasonably expect a large fortune, and — everything." Here Lady Rivers, in spite of the reasonableness on which she prided herself, heaved a fretful sigh, for strange to say, at that moment, the word "everything" represented in her mind Wynyard Anstice, weighed against Horace Kirkman as a husband and son-in-law. His pleasant manners, his gentlemanly good looks, the sympathy with which he had lately listened to her complaints about Melville's difficulties in Canada, and Gerald's college career; words dropped by him, which, even to her perceptions, revealed a higher standard of right and wrong, and stricter views of what was due from himself to other people, than quite everybody held.

These and other qualifications were summed up in Lady Rivers's mind by the word "everything;" and while she told herself that they were, to be sure, mere *bagatelles*, that one could not reasonably expect to be thrown in along with that other grave requirement, she yet sighed. They were characteristics that made life very pleasant when one's near relations had them, and perhaps one was disposed to value them unduly in times of illness like this, when the conviction would force itself upon one that one must die sooner

or later, and that one's children, however well married, could but come to die too in the end, and might, if unpleasant stories were true, be disposed in the other world to reproach the parents who had neglected *that* side of the question in their views for them in this.

These, however, were not reflections to be indulged in after one had taken one's drops. The Kirkmans went to church nearly as often as other people, if they did not entertain high-flown views about duty and unselfishness; and why should one make comparisons? It was quite time that Alma made up her mind, and the little hint, just penned, if even it ran before the fact somewhat, was wholesome for her, and might put an end to the suspense that was wearing one's life out, and effectually preventing one from getting well.

"Emmie, my dear," Lady Rivers said, rousing herself from her reverie, as the sound of approaching carriage wheels was heard through the open window, "I don't think I will see Mr. Anstice when he comes in. Neither he nor you ever take afternoon tea, I know, so I think I will go away and take mine in my room, and you can go down to the château to see the fête as soon as ever you like."

Emmie did not remonstrate or offer to give up the fête at the château to stay with her aunt, for she had discovered that obedience to all Lady Rivers's whims was not only the best policy, but the truest kindness. This new whim of sending her away for whole afternoons, whenever there was anything pleasant going at the château, was too agreeable to be quarrelled with. Indeed, except when writing to her mother, Emmie had had no time lately to take account of how the days passed. Each one had brought some fresh pleasure that filled her thoughts too full for backwards or forwards looking, and concentrated all her powers on just living in the outward and inward sunshine that had come to her. Even shyness and self-consciousness had for the time released her from their disabling spells. Wynyard's comings and goings no longer agitated her, for she had reached that dangerous deceptive stage of intimacy when the atmosphere of the person with whom the mind is occupied is as much felt in absence as in presence. She even congratulated herself that she could look forward to the end of this pleasant intercourse with scarcely any regret. There would always be the golden time to remember, and she believed that it would be as good to her after a year's interval as after an hour's.

The *charrette* stopped before the house as Aunt Rivers closed the sitting-room door behind her, and Emmie turned from her unfinished letter to the long mirror between the windows, just to get a furtive glance at herself before any one came in, in order to ascertain that she was in good looks for the fête at the château that was to celebrate Madame de Florimel's birthday. She had on a white piqué dress, one of Constance's last year's travelling-costumes which Alma had considerably packed up for her in the box of summer clothing sent out for Lady Rivers since the weather grew hot suddenly. It might have looked a little out of date in London, but no one was likely to find that fault with it at madame's fête, and even Ward had condescended to pronounce that it could not have fitted Miss West better if it had been made for her; and that though to be sure Lady Forest's figure was "cemetery itself," there was not a quarter of an inch anywhere between her and Miss Emmie. A broad straw hat, freshly trimmed with the very same rose-colored ribbons that had once given rise to a talk about the Kirkmans at Eccleston Square lay on the table. Emmie had placed near it a bunch of half-opened May roses — Mary's roses, the loveliest and most richly-scented flower of the flowery neighborhood, which all the country girls sought for in sunny spots to wear on that particular day. Madelon had taken care that Emmie should have the finest blooms to be found on her own particular bush by the river, and Emmie, after fastening the fullest-blown rose at her throat, was disposing of a bunch of pink buds and green leaves among her braids under her hat, when Wynyard entered.

He smiled when he saw what she was doing, but not the least cynically; the notion of vanity or coquetry would not have connected itself in his mind with Emmie West if he had surprised her at the glass a dozen times in a day, and he would as little have thought of paying her a compliment, or making the smallest remark to her about her looks, as he would to a child. Her simple, fresh-hearted enjoyment of her sunshiny holiday was, day after day, as he watched it, a delightful surprise, a sort of acted poem to him which he would not have run the risk of disturbing for the world.

"That's right," he said, when she turned round from the glass and showed her fair face, as softly-colored and sweet as her roses, and her clear happy eyes, looking up from the deep rim of her hat. "That's

right, I'm glad you are equipped to set forth at once on our enterprise, 'the discomforture of the grocer.' It is time that you and I were on the scene of action, for the adverse forces are gathering already. I met the redoubtable blue *charrette* bringing M. Bouchillon in a Paris coat and hat, and yellow kid gloves, and with, I am afraid, an immense box of bonbons by his side, just as I left the village; while Antoine, poor boy, has been sheepishly hanging about the *place* in his blouse all the morning, making himself quite common. What is to be done?"

"A coat!" cried Emmie; "how ridiculous it will look among the blouses!"

"That is your opinion too, is it? I have been longing to change costumes with Joseph Marie all the morning; he has made himself sublime in a new blouse, and a bright red handkerchief hanging down from under his cap. I think I should have proposed the exchange to him, but I was afraid of loosing my prestige as madame's cousin, which I mean to turn to account to-day in backing up Antoine against the *épiciers*. I have fought *épiciers* a good deal at different times in my life, but it's a new thing to be reckoning on a black coat and kid gloves as one's most effective weapons. In fact, Miss West, it strikes me that you and I are coming out in new characters expressly for madame's fête — 'glasses of fashion' at which 'everybody will be looking. We have sat neglected in corners together, have we not? and now we are going to shine forth."

"Do you know," said Emmie, smiling, "I remember that you talked to me about La Roquette, and the dancing under the chestnuts that very evening. Shall I tell you the truth now? I was wishing that you would go away all the time. I was afraid Aunt Rivers might not like even you to waste so much time upon me at her dance."

"Even me! She has grown much kinder to me now, you see, for she lets me have the honor of taking care of you to the village. I am to bring Madelon too, am I not? the beauty for whose favor these rivals in hat and blouse are to contend to-night. I have only had a passing glimpse of her as yet, and I am curious. Antoine is very confidential with me, but he confines his praises to her courage in digging, and her good soup and nature. I don't believe he knows whether she is pretty or not. When shall I see her?"

"She is not coming with us; she turned shy at the last, and is walking to the village with her mother; but we shall have plenty of company in the *charrette*. *La fermi-*

ère and all her boys are to sit with me in the back seat."

"We will see about that in a minute. Cannot the boys drive? I will warrant Bibi not to run away with us, or be more than an hour and a half in getting us to the château. You and I meanwhile will lay out our plans for this afternoon's campaign, when the triumph of true love, backed by such distinguished patronage as we two can give, is to be enacted before the whole village."

"Do you think madame will be vexed at what we are doing?" said Emmie, anxiously, when the *charrette*, packed to suit Wynyard's views, was well under way, and the boys were keeping up such a perpetual "Yip, yip," to Bibi, that there was no danger of names being overheard. "I feel guilty for having told you about Madelon and Antoine. I am afraid Madame de Florimel may be hurt at your taking the opposite side to herself. We have no right to interfere, have we?"

"The right of the young to back up true feeling against worldly prudence all the world over," said Wynyard quickly. "I don't say anything about you, but I at least have a right to protest against interested marriages, and to hate the tyranny that imposes them. I mean to look out for each chance of putting a spoke in the wheel of such arrangements as come across me through my life."

His pleasant face darkened as he spoke with a sudden flush of anger and pain, and he paused, vexed with himself. He had thought it was all over — this passionate pain at least. He had been congratulating himself on the wisdom of his flight from London, where passing visions of Alma riding with Horace Kirkman in the park, were apt to undo at a stroke the effect of a week's struggle. He had assured himself that the last angry regret had died out of his heart at the sight of the illness and suffering on his old enemy Lady Rivers's face. He had even thought sometimes that if he were a poet he would celebrate the time of escape from an unhappy love into newly conquered content and freedom as the most beautiful victory of a life. Now here again in a moment came a poisoned arrow from the old trouble, striking with as deadly a sting as ever, and testifying that it was living and unconquered still, and that it was influencing his present thoughts and actions in a way he had not suspected. The angry suffering was gone in a moment, however, as quickly as it came; he caught sight of a grieved expression on Emmie's tender face, and remorse

for having even for a moment, even by a look, clouded her perfect pleasure, swept other thoughts from his mind for the time. He brought himself back from the abstract view towards which his anger had carried him to a more direct answer to her question.

"No," he said, "I don't think Madame de Florimel will be disappointed when her scheme falls to the ground. She is more or less prepared; her allies in the village have gradually deserted her, and I even think she will be glad of a move that will force her *protégé* to retire of his own accord. I shall represent to her that she has the merit of having raised Madelon's value in the eyes of the villagers by bringing such a distinguished wooer as M. Bouchillon to her feet, and that this skilful manœuvre has brought Antoine's parents to wish for the match they previously had despised, and so secured her favorite an advantageous settlement. She will be easily brought to think that all was her own contriving, and I venture to prophesy that before another week is over, Antoine and Madelon will be walking together through all the neighboring valleys and villages, as is the custom here, to invite all the world to the wedding. You and I shall have to go with them on that occasion, I expect, in the character of best friends. I only hope they will make haste and have it before we leave for our mountain tour."

"But it is rather hard on M. Bouchillon to have been brought here only to be made to look so foolish as he will to-night, when Madelon refuses to dance with him."

"Not at all; he will in five seconds choose some one else, Jeannette, or Louison, or Baptista. He only wants a healthy village girl for a wife, who goes to mass regularly, and has good principles and makes good soup. The gold chain he has brought with him — of which the whole village is talking — was merely intended for the *some one* who would have him. He will be just as well pleased to see it round Baptista's neck as if Madelon wore it. He loves in the abstract, without troubling himself about particulars. Happy man to be so easily satisfied! It is the only safe way of loving, if one is to love at all, you may depend."

"Oh, no!" said Emmie, shrinking, and Wynyard was angry with himself again. A cynical word spoken to her sounded so incongruous that it was almost an insult.

To secure that he should not offend again he turned to a different subject.

"Have you ever," he asked, "noticed particularly this bit of the hillside we are

passing now, with the pomegranate hedge, and a clump of cactuses in a hollow below? It has the curious effect upon me of taking me back to my childhood in India. I can't say whether because there was a hedge of cactus in my father's compound, or, as I hope, because one of the pictures my mother used to lift me up to look at was a sketch of this spot done by herself when she stayed here. I incline to the last supposition, the association with my mother is so strong. The first time I came here when I was a boy of eight, walking up the hill with my uncle and Madame de Florimel, I remember feeling bewildered like a person in a dream at coming suddenly on such a familiar scene. It seemed to start out of my past life, and bring back all sorts of half-forgotten remembrances, and it awoke such a desperate longing for a sight of my mother's face again, that I remember it was hard work to march straight on without letting any one see anything."

"But could you not have told them?"

"Boys don't know how to talk of mysteries like that; and besides, I think I knew my uncle well enough even then to understand that I could not commit a more deadly offence than to let him know I very much wanted anything he could not give me, least of all, my father and mother. I hardly know how the sense of guilt I had when a child for regretting them first came to me, but I remember the misery of it."

"Your uncle must have cared very much for you then. I don't think I should mind any sort of behavior that came from too much caring for one."

"*You*, I dare say not, but unfortunately for my uncle I am not made up of such selfless materials, and as I grew older I resented the notion of being made a holocaust to old resentments, burnt up utterly in the fire of his disappointed egoism. I suppose you never happened to read anything of Jacob Boehme?"

"I! I never heard of him," said Emmie, a little disappointed, as she often was in conversations with Wynyard, when just in the middle of a personal anecdote or recollection he would start aside and hunt a thought or an allusion back to some author she had never heard of.

"Of course not: it is not likely that the old mystic should have come in your way; but he has long been a great friend of mine, and a discourse of his on the four temperaments was in my mind when I spoke about my uncle. I was thinking that he belonged to what Boehme calls the order of people whose natures are

grounded in elemental fire. A hungry yearning for power, or it may be for love, possesses them, and they feed their desires by drawing other's wills and hearts to theirs and absorbing them so utterly that their victims become mere fuel without any individuality left. These are the ambitious ruling spirits of the world, successful, but seldom or never happy."

"I hope I am not a fire-spirit then?" asked Emmie.

"You!" said Wynyard, looking at her with a smile, "no; I don't think there is the compelling power about you. You would not be so much afraid of Aunt Rivers if you were a fire-spirit. Yours is a much gentler attraction than the fierce rush of the fire. Your cousin Alma is more akin to the bright element that draws us poor wind-spirits into its neighborhood to consume and destroy the life in us, and leave us exhausted and worthless. Luckily, however, the air-temperament has its power of escape and revenge. Sometimes we blow out the fire and get free, and then we are very happy in our freedom, and heal ourselves marvellously, finding the whole universe open to air, and in fact boundless. Look back at the range of mountains behind us; are not the colors about the Chevre d'Or fine? The dark blues on his cavernous left side softening up into the lilac of his head, which melts again into the dazzling whiteness of the snow-peaks behind. To think that all that beauty is due to *air* — bare rocks, as hard and barren as our worst troubles, and air to see them through. I think we may be very thankful to be grounded in the yielding temperament, don't you?"

"Am I the air-spirit too, then?"

"Unless there is something of the earth-element in your nature — I am not sure."

"Is it something bad?" asked Emmie anxiously.

"Boehme gives it the highest possibilities of all, and says that the noblest spirits are enclosed in the earth-element during their sojourn in time, but it is something of a prison to them, they yearn upwards from it to God, and can only receive the good of life through love, divine or human. Without that they are dark and melancholy, but when love delivers them they are capable of the utmost self-devotion — giving out from their dark ground the most beautiful gifts without asking anything for themselves but the fostering warmth of love — as the earth turns sunshine into food and verdure and flowers."

"Yes, I think I understand," said Emmie; "but what are the water-people like?"

"They poorly imitate the qualities of the fire type, but with them all is illusion, for though like the fire-people their nature is to absorb instead of to give out, they, after the manner of water, hold shifting reflections and images only in their hearts — notions, not realities, which they enclose coldly and easily let go. They have, however, the persistence which water has in undermining and subtly finding its way, and they divide will-power pretty evenly perhaps with their fire opposites, though they gain their ends slowly and with much less show and noise. There are lots of water-people in the world, you may depend upon it. Would it be impertinent to put down your Aunt Rivers, and perhaps Lady Forest, among, let us say, the more estimable of the Naiads? It needs all the four elements, you see (according to Boehme) to make up human nature, and we must not quarrel with what comes to us."

"For all that, I should not like to be a water-person. What do you make out Madame de Florimel to be?"

"Look at her," cried Wynyard, for by this time they had entered the village and were drawing up in front of the chestnut-shaded *place*, where Madame de Florimel always received her birthday guests, there being no level space in the château garden for dancing. "Look at her as she stands there with her little court round her, stately and smiling, moving as lightly and laughing as merrily as that little girl whose cheek she is stooping to pinch just now. Look, and say if anything but air could clothe a defeated life and a lonely old age with such colors, blotting out its regrets and sorrows in sympathetic reflected happiness, as the Chèvre d'Or hides its crags and chasms in purple glory. Hurrah, for the air-people's power of escape from themselves, I say! It is a great gift. But here comes Joseph Marie to take the *charrette*. Does he not look triumphant? Madame's fête is the crowning season of the year to him. All the old men of the neighborhood are already drinking and praising his wine down there at the bottom of the *place*, and by-and-by the girls will be invited to eat some watery strawberries which he and madame between them have coaxed to grow in the château gardens, and of which he is as proud as if he had created them himself. He is not sure that he has not something to do with the fact that the chestnuts are in fuller flower this year than usual. Let me help you to get down, we must clear our head of mysticism and turn to the business of the evening. Ah! there is M. Bouchillon himself coming up

to madame to present his box of bonbons before the whole village. They will be won over in a body by the grace with which he is making his felicitations, unless we hasten to interpose a counter-attraction. Madame, who hates presents, is smiling, I am afraid, on that bonbon box. Let us go forward and distract her attention before every one in the commune has discovered that the giver is her favorite."

The *place* was a square level piece of ground that lay just below the château, fronting the principal village street, and overlooked by the church on a rising ground beyond the little river. The tall magnolias at the end of the château garden flanked one side, and just now cast a pleasant shadow, in which madame's *fauteuil* and two or three rows of seats for special friends had been set out by Joseph Marie. The benches at the upper end of the square among the chestnut-trees were however still the most popular places of resort. Old women with their knitting, women with babies, had established themselves there an hour or two before, and now groups of young men in clean blouses and girls in white caps or shady hats were gathering and waiting for the music to strike up.

This was a long-established village fête-day, or, even in honor of madame, the thrifty villagers would not have been tempted from work in their fields so early in the afternoon; but as the fête fell on Madame de Florimel's birthday it had become a custom with her to make herself the patroness of the occasion, so far as providing a cask of her own wine went, paying the musicians, and coming out to sit under the magnolias and chat with everybody who liked to claim her notice. Madame's conduct in this matter of the fête was felt by all her neighbors to be manifestly English; for what was the sense of giving away good wine in a promiscuous indiscriminating manner which did not provoke individual gratitude or necessitate return? And when the custom was first instituted there had not been wanting captious spirits, headed by the landlords of the two *cabarets*, who insisted that such a slighting of sound wine had something anti-national and unpatriotic about it, and was designed to cast a doubt on the supremacy of the French people.

As years went on, however, and madame's peculiarities, English or otherwise, were found invariably to conduce to the advantage of those who dealt with her, a greater sense of confidence sprang up, and among the young people of the neighbor-

hood at least madame's fête came to be looked upon as the happiest day of the year. Her presence, her gaiety, her pleasant notice of one and another, gave it an interest that was wanting to other fêtes. The strictest of the mothers were apt to relax their surveillance somewhat when madame was sitting by to encourage the young people in enjoying themselves, and if, as many people averred, there were a greater number of love-matches made in La Roquette than most French villages, it was perhaps owing to the fact that madame, the greatest match-maker of the neighborhood, had always a weakness towards aiding a preference that could be traced back to a lingering walk under the chestnut-trees on her own fête-day.

To sit by Madame la Comtesse on the château chairs was a distinction capriciously meted out by the owner of them to special favorites on her birthday. She had a habit of gathering the best, and it must be confessed also the prettiest, of the young girls about her by "nods and becks," and gracious little compliments, remembered and repeated among themselves for all the rest of the year. Once seated under the magnolias the girls' chances for good partners were secured for the evening, as no young man of any pretensions to merit could condescend to take a partner from the throng by the chestnuts when a magnolia bud still remained to be secured.

"Now you know what a great deal of dancing you will have to go through," Wynyard said, when he had explained all this to Emmie, and placed her on a chair between Madame de Florimel and Madelon. "I know you can dance, for did we not once perform the Lancers together in Eccleston Square, when almost everybody else had gone in to supper?—and to-day, instead of being ciphers, we have an important part to play in a village drama. We have to prevent Madelon from proclaiming herself the grocer's bride by dancing in the first dance with him, and encourage her to distinguish her old lover so decidedly as to pique M. Bouchillon into making another choice. Our work begins at once, for see here comes M. Bouchillon, intent on joining himself on to Madelon and her mother; intercept him if you can, and keep him in conversation while I hunt Antoine out of the sulky shyness he is indulging among the bowl-players down there. He is ruining himself by such conduct. I expressly forbade him to touch a bowl to-day; it stamps him as a jilted suitor before the whole world."

Emmie's power of keeping up a conversation in French was put to a severe test during the next ten minutes. M. Bouchillon's politeness and secret interest in *la belle Anglaise*, of whom every one was talking, prevented her being made aware of her deficiencies too plainly, and she managed to be still asking questions about the road to Clelles, which she and her aunt would probably be following in about ten days from now, when the music struck up. Then she felt rather than saw — for her back was turned to the magnolias — that Wynyard had reappeared, walking side by side with the young farmer in his blouse, and that both were standing before Madelon and her mother. She eagerly brought out another question, professing great anxiety for an answer; and though M. Bouchillon betrayed some uneasiness, he made her fully comprehend his reply before he turned round. Then it was too late. Madame Claire had yielded to her daughter's pleading eyes, or to something that this amiable relation of madame's had contrived to insinuate in Antoine's favor; and there, in sight of all the village, on this important day, was Antoine leading Madelon before madame's nose to the first place in the dance, precisely as it had been last year, and as if no scheme for Madelon's advancement to city life had been on the tapis.

Baptista's color heightened, and Louison felt under her cap to assure herself that her new ear-rings were properly in sight. Something must have taken a wrong turn in the marriage negotiations at the orange-tree house, and M. Bouchillon and his blue *charrette* were still in the market.

"Now," cried Wynyard, turning to Emmie, "it is for us to follow their lead, and dance *vis-à-vis* to that shamefaced pair, to give them courage. It must be seen that Madelon's choice is sanctioned by madame's English friends, or our object is only half done. Won't you come?"

That was an idyllic dance to Emmie, often thought of in after days, but never equalled. The sunshine, the simple music, the laughter of the village children playing under the chestnuts, the broadly smiling faces all round, a subtle sense of the pleasure with which so many admiring eyes followed her own and her partner's movements; but beyond all, the *aura* of friendship and sympathetic sharing in a mystery of love which the four dancers interchanged by look and smile and finger-touch, as often as they passed and repassed each other in the complicated figure of the dance, made it something never to be for-

gotten or repeated in after life. Wynyard experienced something of the same feeling, and to him it came consciously and translated itself into thoughts. His gaiety, which had been somewhat forced since his allusion to Alma on the drive, grew natural and hearty again, and his triumph over M. Bouchillon was untinted by personal bitter recollections. The sweet summer sunshine, the simple happiness that pervaded the very air, was bringing more than healing, it was bringing new life, opening springs of emotion and joy that he had believed sealed forever. "If one could but live always in Arcadia, if one could but escape from the rush of ambition, from the overwhelming stress and responsibility of more complex forms of life, and go back to nature among friendly people like these, with a tender face like Emmie West's at one's side, a gentle, sympathetic heart and mind in one's keeping, responsive as a pure mirror to every thought, breathing out soothing, instead of unrest,—if one could forget the past and live so ——" And then the music stopped, the dance was over, and Wynyard found himself strolling slowly back towards the magnolias at Emmie's side.

"You don't want to sit down again just yet, do you?" he said. "If you will come to the other side of the square we shall get a new view of the mountains, and I can point out the road we shall all be mounting next week, when Madame de Florimel takes us to her eyrie in the mountains near Clelles. I heard you cross-questioning M. Bouchillon just now. You can trace miles of the road from the high ground beyond the chestnuts.

The lower end of the *place* was almost deserted when they reached it, for a game at bowls had just ended, and the players were gathering round a shed where Joseph Marie presided over the distribution of madame's wine. The ground rose steeply here to a high bank, and when she had mounted it Emmie commanded a view of the whole range of mountains that sheltered La Roquette from the north wind.

"There," said Wynyard, "do you see something hanging on to the top of that peak up in the sky, a long way off? If you have good eyes you can make out lines and spires that are too regular to be natural projections of the rock. That is St. Valière, our first night's resting-place on our journey; and now look lower down the mountain-side and you will see shadowy lines rising one above the other—that is the winding road, and a splendid road it is we shall follow to get there."

"Shall we be able to see this valley and the village when we are up there?"

"We shall have a magnificent view of the whole country spread out like a map below us, but whether this particular valley and village will be distinguishable from others I can't say."

"I shall make it out, I think," said Emmie, "for we shall have left it forever then, you know."

"Let us climb the hill to the church, and I will show you something else."

The *angelus* sounded while they were crossing the *place*, and when they came out on the road they met a few old women and girls who had slipped away from the crowd under the trees, to kneel for a few moments in the church. Candles were lighted and altars decked for the fête, and Wynyard and Emmie went to the open door to peep in; just then Antoine and Madelon passed them, and entering went to an altar and knelt down side by side. Involuntarily Emmie glanced back at Wynyard, and they exchanged a congratulatory smile.

"Madame Claire must have given them leave," said Emmie in a whisper, "or Madelon would not have come."

"Fortunate people!" answered Wynyard. "*They* are in earnest enough one sees, and have early come to the end of their story. Well, we have done a good day's work, have we not? If we come back here twenty years hence, how those two will talk to us about to-day."

The plural pronouns slipped out quite involuntarily, but directly they were spoken Wynyard was aware of the significant sound the sentence had, and saw too that the surprise which had first come into Emmie's eyes had changed into something else before she lowered them. Was it reproof, or rather was it not overpowering consciousness, for the soft line of her cheek and the curve of her white neck, which was all he could see as she turned from him, were dyed crimson? He had had no business to say it, and he would not offend her for the world, but he could not at the moment feel as sorry for his thoughtlessness as he ought. He felt as if he had got out of his ordinary self this evening into a new world, with new possibilities that had often been near him, but never recognized till just now. His voice had a tone that Emmie had never heard in it before when he spoke to her again, though the words had nothing in them and were merely spoken to break the silence that was growing too long.

"Madame is lucky in the season on

which her birthday falls, since so many anniversaries of it were fated to be celebrated here. She would have been puzzled how to manage an out-door fête in England, now, but here it is the crowning time of the year. It would be impossible to crowd more beauty into a day than this one has given us. I could fancy it a meeting-day between spring and summer, when they have brought their perfections together to make a day of Paradise. Yesterday there was hardly such a rich flush of green over the vineyards and hillsides, and to-morrow its first freshness will have faded a little."

"Oh, no!" cried Emmie quickly. "It will get more beautiful every day *here*. I am only sorry that you showed me the road to London to-day, for I can't help looking at it, and remembering that when we are on it we shall have left all this behind us."

"Let us call it the road to St. Valière till we get there," said Wynyard. "I don't mean to cheat myself out of a day of my holiday by thinking about what is to come at the end. I am drawing largely on the future by taking such a long one this year, and it ought to have stores of strength and rest in it to go upon till — I can't say when. Don't you think that when you and I meet in Saville Street, say on some such foggy day as that one when my cousin and I brought Miss Moore home with a broken head, we shall get a great deal of sunshine out of imagining ourselves back again at the church door of La Roquette while the *angelus* was ringing, and Madelon and Antoine were strolling up the hill between the quince-trees, with the afternoon light on their faces? Don't you think we can manage to make a sufficiently strong spell from that to keep the fog out of our thoughts at least?"

"Yes, I do," said Emmie softly.

And Wynyard's conscience pricked him again, but more feebly this time, for he thought he meant, and more than meant, all that his words implied. And why should he not do his best to go back cured, and better than cured, safe forever from the regrets and angers that he had found so miserably disabling and useless? Why force himself to believe that there were no real jewels in the world because the one he had coveted first had proved a mere bit of tinsel?

"The women are coming out of church," he said a moment later. "Their fête-day *chapelet* has been duly said, and they are ready for their dancing and their gossip again. We had better go back to the

magnolias, or madame will think we are setting the villagers a bad example. You must dance with Antoine next time to complete his glorification, and I will ask Madelon to be your *vis-à-vis*, and then we shall have given the villagers enough to talk about."

Emmie was relieved, and perhaps a little surprised, to be received quite cordially by madame, and welcomed back to the coveted seat at her right hand. There were no cold looks to mar her pleasure that day, though Wynyard danced again with her twice. Everybody smiled upon her; even M. Bouchillon requested the honor of her hand from madame, and performed the last quadrille with her in a style which was considered by Baptista and her mother to eclipse by a long way Wynyard's characterless dancing.

By the time this last dance was over, and cups of English tea dispensed under the magnolias, and swallowed with heroic determination by madame's favorites, *la fermière* and her boys had packed themselves into the *charrette*, and were waiting impatiently for Emmie to join them. Even on fête-days at La Roquette the heads of families insisted on early hours, for to-morrow's work must not be trenched upon.

Madame had a little word for Emmie when she came up to say good-night, that made her cheeks once more that day out-color her May roses.

"So, so, thou hast a will of thine own, little one. One guesses how it is that thy heart is set on advocating the English way; but I will wait to write to thy mother till I can send her a little message that I have made in my head already. I do not think *now* that she has neglected to think of thy future, however English her way of acting may be;" and then madame stooped down and kissed Emmie on both cheeks, looking into her eyes between times with a meaning smile that quite took away Emmie's breath, and put an end to all chance of her getting said the birthday congratulations she had reserved to this last minute.

Joseph Marie was to drive the *charrette* up the hill, and the boys, a little excited and noisy, had secured the places near the driver for themselves, leaving room for Emmie near the door. Wynyard came out into the road to help her in, and to wrap a shawl of madame's round her, for the air had turned chilly after the sunset.

"Well," he said, as they were starting, "it has been a splendid day, and it is over; but we are not going to regret it, are we? It's the *first* day of summer, not the *last* day of spring, remember, and things are to

go on getting better and better, you settled that."

Two hours later, when the *place* was quite deserted, and the twinkling lights in the village street and in the houses on the distant hills were disappearing one after the other, till the whole scene was left to a garment of moonlight, Wynyard came through the side garden door again, and paced up and down under the magnolias. He had been having rather a sharp argument with Madame de Florimel — one of those word battles which generally began and ended in playful teasing, but which were apt to have a belt of earnestness between, when a word or two was sometimes said that left a sting, or at least matter for thought and self-questioning behind it. To-night a good deal of the talk had been in earnest, and Wynyard had said and heard much that he wanted to look at over again under the calming influence of the moonlight. He had grown a little hot perhaps in defending his meddling in Antoine's affairs, and he had said some bitter things which he was obliged to acknowledge to himself were still so persistently in his mind that they would rush out whenever they were challenged. Yet *that*, after all, was not the point which occupied him most. Some quiet words of Madame de Florimel's, at the end of all the heat while they were making friends, caused the disturbance that had sent him into the fresh air to cool his head. Words that took for granted the mutual attraction between himself and Emmie, and represented it as a fact too transparent for any looker-on during the last three weeks to be in any doubt about it, unless — and in this lay the sting — unless there were indeed some deeper likeness between himself and his mother, than that eagerness of speech and vivacity of manner which Madame de Florimel was fond of commenting on. Wynyard's idea of himself was that he was even too persistent in all his likings and prejudices. Was it so? or was his consistency in this one matter, which eminently to one of his affectionate nature was the making or marring of a life, slipping away from him? If so, was it a matter for self-disgust or for intense rejoicing? Should he open his arms to let in the possible new love, or sternly order it away to cling to — what? A bitter recollection of the woman who had chosen Horace Kirkman instead of himself, after playing with his love for years.

Wynyard had left the *château* garden and come out into the *place*, because he could not think out this question in a place

that had an association which Madame de Florimel's words had made a little disturbing to-night — the picture, namely, which she had often drawn for him of his mother and his uncle on the day when they had come up the marble steps from the lower garden, hand in hand, to tell her of the engagement that was never to be fulfilled. The suggestion that there might be an inherited taint of fickleness, or at least of the hasty impulsive yielding that had made his mother a traitor, was not welcome just now, when the matter in hand seemed to be a conquest over a too persistent longing for what was beyond his reach. What virtue could there be in holding on to an angry pain, felt to be a clog and hindrance to the best part of his life, if by right and healthful means it could be effectually exorcised? If, as Madame de Florimel hinted, he had inadvertently won that fresh, sweet, simple heart — Wynyard checked his rapid pace as this thought presented itself, and his eye fell suddenly on a May rosebud that lay in his path, where his next step would have crushed it into the dust.

He stooped, picked it up, and laid it on his hand. It must have fallen from Emmie West's hat when she stood just here wishing Madame de Florimel good-night an hour or two ago. Wynyard remembered that he had noticed the flower touching her fair flushed cheek and her delicate ear when she turned from him after the look they had exchanged by the church door. Then he smiled rather bitterly at himself as the remembrance came back to his mind of a time long ago when he had picked up a faded flower from the ground — a camellia, dropped from Alma's dress on to the dusty floor of a London ball-room, which he had secured as a priceless treasure and kept for weeks. One could not without some self-contempt be as foolish as that for more than one woman, he thought, and he made a hasty movement to toss the rosebud into the path again. No, he could not, it was too like Emmie West for that — too beautiful, and fresh, and pure to lie in the dust. He compromised the matter by slipping it somewhat carelessly into his buttonhole, and when he resumed his walk, and his thoughts calmed down and gradually assumed the shape of plans, he was aware every now and then of the subtle, arrowy perfume of the flower breathed up into his face, and claiming a recognition in an under-current of consciousness that kept crossing his soberer reflections with tender fancies and golden gleams of hope. He would not be

hasty — there was no need for haste ; and yet there was equally no need for withdrawal in any degree from the intimacy which he felt had somewhat changed its character to-night. He resolved that the holiday up to the end of that journey to Clelles of which they had spoken, should be a complete holiday, one of those rare times for living in, and enjoying the present, without backward or forward glances such as come into busy earnest lives like oases of greenness and refreshment good to look back upon. Decisive questions might be left to settle themselves leisurely in Saville Street when work-days had begun again. The May rose — his May rose — Wynyard said to himself, with a quiet content stealing into his heart, was not as he well knew a fine-weather flower only, but might be trusted to breathe its delicate fragrance in dark as well as in sunny days.

From The Contemporary Review.
ON THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

THE ancients were wont to study the flight of birds for purposes widely different from ours of to-day. To the old augurs the course of the eagle from left to right, or from right to left, was an omen in the one case of good, in the other of evil fortune.

We of the modern world are more modest. We do not demand that the flight of birds shall be regulated according to our interests, nor seek in their winged wanderings a sign from the gods.

The flight of birds is still a subject of interest to us, not because we expect to find in it a key to the enigma of our own lives, but because we venture to hope it may yield us some clue to the great enigma of nature, and that, by a careful investigation of the causes which determine the migration of birds, we may get a deeper insight into the workings of nature, not only in relation to this isolated phenomenon, but to the existence and meaning of marvellous appearances which organic life presents in every direction.

It is not of the flight of birds generally that I intend to speak here, but only of that particular and regularly recurring form of it known as the passage or migration of birds.

The phenomenon itself is a perfectly familiar one, and can scarcely have escaped the observation even of a child. Who has not seen the dark cloud of starlings circling in mid-air around his head, then sud-

denly dropping down upon the fields ; or the flocks of snow geese soaring so high in the heavens that only a keen eye can detect them, and they might pass unnoticed but for the distant cackling that falls upon the ear ?

Few of us may have had the opportunity of ourselves seeing how the storks at the end of July gather by hundreds on a marshy meadow, in order to set out, all together and in regular order, for the journey to their winter quarters ; but this curious scene is very familiar to us by description, and we all have a general idea whither it is that the storks wend their flight. They take a long journey, going far into the interior of Africa, at least as far as the equator. It is not yet positively known in what districts of Africa they winter. Brehm observed them in eastern Sudan, in September, still on the wing, and in such numbers that they "literally covered the broad level lands by the river-side, and, when they rose, filled the whole horizon." The stork does not winter in the south of Europe, so that the north German stork, for example, must make an extraordinarily long journey to reach his winter quarters, and this journey he accomplishes in a few days. He never halts except to take necessary food, but wings on steadily his unbroken flight.

While, however, the migration of birds is thus familiar to us in its outward aspect, it is quite otherwise when we come to investigate the causes of the phenomenon. To the popular mind this is a complete mystery, and even science is far from having reached a satisfactory solution of it. Important advances have, however, been made in this direction during late years, partly through the accumulation of careful observations, but chiefly through the adoption of new methods of investigation ; and we may now say, that though some information as to details is still wanting, yet in its general principles the phenomenon of the migration of birds is now capable of explanation.

The first question which arises in relation to this curious natural fact of course is : why do the birds migrate ?

Have they an innate restlessness which will not allow them to settle long on one spot, but compels them to wander hither and thither over the surface of the earth ? In many even scientific books of natural history, this restless impulse, this wandering instinct, is assigned as the cause of the migration of birds. In a certain sense, as we shall presently see, this is quite true ; but this answer to the question gives really

no explanation of the phenomenon, it merely removes it a step further; for we immediately ask, whence comes, then, this wandering instinct? Why do we find it in some birds and not in others? Is it of any use to those which possess it? Is it, indeed, a necessity of their very existence?

Let us fix our attention first upon this last question, and endeavor to answer it by another. What would become of the birds which make their home with us in summer, but in the winter go "flying, flying south," if we could take away from them the wandering instinct, and so compel them to winter in our climes?

The answer is, they would perish, not from cold, but from want of food. How could the storks live in our countries in winter, when their chief supplies — frogs, lizards, and blind-worms — lie buried in their winter sleep? when they could not, in default of these dainty bits, make a snap at bees, humblebees, or grasshoppers, or find a meal of young birds as they so often do in summer? And even if in a mild winter, a single stork could — as it has been known to do — pick up a meagre subsistence, just enough to sustain life, how would this scanty supply suffice for the multitude of birds that inhabit the same district in summer?

Still worse would it fare with our numerous insect-eating birds, the nightingale and whitethroat, the redbreast and the swallow. The cuckoo, too, would inevitably die of hunger if he were to attempt to stay through our winter, for his food consists almost entirely of caterpillars, especially the large hairy kind, of which he devours great quantities. These, however, enter the pupa stage in July or August, in places where the cuckoo cannot get at them, or they bury themselves in the earth for the winter. The cuckoo therefore leaves us in August, while the small insect-eaters, such as the whitethroat, the redstarts, and the siskin, stay until September, as they can still find among the garden shrubs, and in hedges, and the fields, worms and insects enough to live upon.

There are, indeed, insect-eating birds which remain for the winter, but these, like the blackbird and the thrushes, either feed upon berries, or if they are purely insectivorous, like the woodpeckers, they possess particular natural appliances, by which they can gain access to their food even in winter.

Thus the woodpeckers feed chiefly on insects which perforate trees. And as these are tolerably abundant, and within

the stems are completely sheltered from the cold, they are to be found in winter as in summer. The woodpecker is indeed a real carpenter. With his hard and strong beak he works away at any unsound spot in the trunk of the tree, till he reaches the fresh wood. The largest of our species, the black woodpecker, has been known to split off chips six inches in length, and under a tree in which a bird of this kind has made itself, with all the precision of a carpenter, a home in the trunk, the chips lie scattered about in such numbers that they alone indicate the presence of the nest. Although even for the woodpecker food is much more abundant in summer, since he consumes all the insects that live under the bark of the tree, still his winter supply never entirely fails; he always finds in the wood the fat larvæ of the wood-wasp and wood-beetle, so that he is under no necessity to change his abode. Hence he abides and is not a migratory but a resident bird.

We see then that only those birds have the migratory instinct which in winter could not sustain life without it in the countries where they pass the summer.

The next question that naturally presents itself is: why should they do this? why should they come to us in summer if they are obliged to leave again in winter? why do they not rather remain in those southern lands which would yield them an abundant supply of food even in winter?

The answer to this is not so easy as it might seem; at any rate it is not so simple as that to the previous question: why do they leave us in winter?

I shall confine myself for the present to two leading considerations.

The first is that no possibility of life in nature remains unused. Wherever the outward conditions for the existence of a living being are favorable, there for the most part we find life. Every species strives to multiply itself indefinitely; hundreds of thousands are born every year, but far more than half of these perish early because there is not room for all. So long as any country remains unpeopled with bird life, in which such life might be generally maintained, so surely will the unoccupied ground be quickly taken into possession.

It would be a great mistake moreover to suppose that northerly lands, especially the Arctic regions, offer their winged summer guests but scanty supplies. On the contrary, when the flocks of geese, swans, gulls, sandpipers, etc., which breed there, return in the autumn, they are in remark-

ably good condition, and have a thick layer of fat under their skin, to the annoyance of the collector, who finds the skinning of his booty perceptibly harder on that account. The Arctic Sea is prolific in the lower animals of every description, as is shown by the extraordinary number of birds which breed on the shores of the frozen sea. We can understand then how even these regions have their bird colonists.

There is a second consideration which accounts also for the northerly flight of the birds in summer.

It is generally imagined that tropical countries have all the year round an abundant supply of food of all sorts, both for animal and vegetable life. This is true, however, only of certain regions; for the most part it is altogether a mistake. In the interior of Africa whole districts of country are completely dried up; all standing waters and most running streams disappear; frogs, newts, lizards, and snakes, as well as many fishes, bury themselves in the mud, and there take their summer sleep; and even the insects disappear as a body, when the green of the plants is parched by the burning heat, and all verdure withers.

At such seasons even birds cannot exist. Food fails for all which, like the little warblers and the cuckoo, live entirely on insects, or, like most of the waders and water birds, feed only on aquatic animals, snails, mussels, and worms.

We may go further, and say that even for many herbivorous birds existence would be impossible, as for example for the crane. This large, handsome, graceful bird lives for the most part on grain and fresh plants. In eastern Africa, where it winters in large numbers, it plunders the fields of millet on the plains. But in summer these plains, like most of the southern edge of the Desert of Sahara, are completely dried up. Hence there is here again an obvious necessity for the birds to seek other climes.

It appears then plain that the migrations of birds are not capricious, or prompted by mere restless impulse; they migrate because they are obliged to do so in order to maintain life; they migrate that they may not starve.

We do not of course mean by this that the individual bird, as we see him to-day, is driven away by the fear of hunger in the autumn; nor do we mean that the bird would wait till all supplies failed, and he began to feel the pinchings of want. What we mean is that there is an impulse within him which constrains him at the right time

to migrate; and if we wish to understand the whole philosophy of this phenomenon, we must seek an answer to the further question: whence comes this wandering instinct in the birds? what is its origin, and what are the stages of its development?

As we have seen that only those birds have this impulse which are liable to a periodical dearth of food, we may naturally suppose that the wandering instinct may have been developed by the periodically recurring scarcity. This is indeed the fact, as the following considerations will show.

We must turn our attention first to those birds which are not strictly migratory, for if we began with the swallow and the crane, we should be driven back on the first question: how did these birds know that at a distance of hundreds of miles lay a country where they could meet with plentiful sustenance, when for the first time they found their food growing scarce at the beginning of winter? and why did they fly such an immense distance, without breaking the journey at any of the many halting-places where they might have found, at least for the time, abundance of food?

The whole question would thus be prejudiced; for in inquiring into the cause of a phenomenon, it is not fair to begin with the investigation of extreme cases, but, on the contrary, with those which approach most nearly to ordinary and familiar facts. We must not therefore, in endeavoring to ascertain the origin of the migration of birds, take as examples the enormous flights of the crane and stork, but must rather ask whether the habit of migration does not show itself in other species in a less marked degree, so that we might be in a position to regard these extreme forms as merely fuller developments of the same instinct, and thus rise from simple and familiar instances to an intelligent appreciation of the whole phenomenon.

This we find to be quite feasible practically.

With respect to the varying fixity of their habitat, birds have been somewhat roughly arranged under three grand divisions, as resident, wandering, and migratory.

The first class comprehends the wood and black grouse, pheasant, sparrows, and titmice, and all those birds whose habit it is not to leave the place where they have once found a home. To the residents belongs also, as I said before, the black woodpecker. This bird inhabits in summer and winter the same forest track. But even he shows the first tendency towards the wan-

dering instinct, for in winter he extends his flight through the dark pine forest much further than in summer, and for the simple reason that his food is more scarce, and that he has to take a wider range to find it. In summer every tree-trunk yields him an abundant supply; in winter he has to go hither and thither tapping the hollow wood, till he finds his food. Here, however, we have clearly the first rudiment of the migratory instinct. We have only to imagine such a bird inhabiting a very small and isolated woodland tract, and it is plain that at the approach of winter, he would be compelled to leave this and to fly in search of food to the nearest forest, and when this was again exhausted to seek out another; and thus from time to time the cravings of hunger would make him a wandering bird. In this sense not only the black woodpecker, but many others of his tribe, are also wandering birds.

Thus, for example, the beautiful green woodpecker with the red cap, which usually inhabits small leafy forests, only remains in one and the same place during the breeding season. As soon as the young are fledged he begins his wanderings, and takes up his temporary abode sometimes in forests, sometimes in gardens, and often, in the scarce time of winter, extends his flight to districts where he is never seen at any other time. As bearing on the question now before us, it is important to note that these wanderings are not regulated by any fixed rule; the bird is obviously guided by the necessities of the moment. When food fails him in one place, he flies on and settles somewhere else; and in very mild winters, when food is plentiful, he does not wander at all, but remains in his summer breeding-place.

One and the same species is, therefore, at one time a wandering and at another a resident bird; and there can be no doubt that the habit of wandering may be developed in the resident bird, by the mere necessity of flying in search of food, and that it must have been so developed whenever a species passed from a warmer to colonize a colder clime.

In such a case, certain individuals must first have been obliged to wander about in search of food in winter; as this necessity recurred year after year, the habit would gradually grow; and the individual would act upon it, not only under stress of bitter weather, but also in mild winters, when it might very possibly have sustained life in its summer habitat.

Now we know that habits are hereditary, no less than physical peculiarities. They

are handed down from one generation to another, and are the more certain to reappear when they are actually a condition of the maintenance of life in the individual. A green woodpecker, for instance, which should fail to adopt this habit, would in hard winters simply perish for want of food. Thus with each successive generation, the impulse to wander in winter must have become stronger, and must have grown finally into an irresistible instinct urging each bird to flight at the approach of winter.

This impulse clearly differs only in degree, not in kind, from that which urges the regular migratory birds to their more distant flight. The new feature of the phenomenon which we observe in their case is, that the flight is always in one definite direction.

To the woodpecker it is indifferent whether he flies in search of his winter sustenance; he finds his wood-worms everywhere, in north or south alike. But this is not the case with all wandering birds. If we turn our attention to those which live in winter on the berries in the forests, on bilberries or juniper berries, we shall find that a northerly flight in winter would be of little advantage to them, for deep snow, such as covers the ground in the north of Europe, would completely hide the greater part of their sustenance. Nor is it only on account of the depth of the snow, and the stunted growth of the bushes and trees, that birds like the waxwing and the fieldfare could not winter in high latitudes. The greatest obstacle of all would be the shortness of the days, which would allow so few hours for the search for food. It is clear, then, that if such birds are not to perish, they must seek their winter sustenance in a generally southerly direction.

Here it may be fairly urged that we have not yet shown how the habit of migrating southwards was first formed. The waxwing, for example, which now inhabits in summer the north of Russia, must first have wandered there. How then did the bird know that in winter it must not wend its flight north, or east, or west, but in a southerly direction in order to avoid the deepest snow? We have seen how the wanderings of the green woodpecker gradually grew into a fixed habit, but how came waxwings to learn that in winter they must fly south? how did they know that in southerly lands they would find longer days and more plentiful food? Twenty years ago we could have given no answer to this question. To-day

we are prepared with one, because we have become acquainted with a principle not previously recognized, and which has a powerful influence on all the relations of life, determining and regulating them — the principle of natural selection.

Let us suppose, for example, that the waxwing had not yet become an inhabitant of Russia, but was living winter and summer alike in Germany, slowly multiplying, and therefore gradually extending its range further north.

Now we will imagine a flock of these birds to have colonized further north. In the very first winter they would find their food becoming scarce, and would be compelled to wander about in search of it; in this way many birds would perish, all, that is to say, which had taken a wrong direction. Only those which, whether by accident or by remembering the way they had come, took a southerly course would have any prospect of outliving the winter.

In each succeeding winter, therefore, a selection would take place among the northern colonists, and only those would remain alive which had migrated southward. As these alone would remain to propagate in the next year, this habit of a southerly flight would be transmitted to their descendants, and so a race would arise predisposed by habit not to wander hither and thither in winter, like the green woodpecker, but to take one definite direction, namely, towards the south. This brings us, then, to the migratory birds proper.

Among these there are indeed various classes. Between the somewhat irregular southerly flight of the waxwing, and the rapid and perfectly regular migration of the crane or snow goose, there are many gradations. They are, however, only differences of degree which divide the regular from the irregular migratory birds; they are all steps in the same scale, and help to connect the two extremes. We can indeed see at once the causes which have produced in certain species a fuller development of the migratory habit. One such cause is to be found not only in the regularity of the migration, but in the great distance that is traversed in long stretches of unbroken flight.

Let us take, for example, a species of duck living in the south of France in ponds and marshes, and subsisting chiefly on mussels, snails, worms, and the larvæ of insects, which it finds on the water plants as well as on the surface of the pools. Such is, in fact, the mode of life of most ducks.

This duck, having found a good breeding-place, will remain there summer and winter. It will never be driven elsewhere by lack of food, for in a climate where there is only for a very short time of the year a thin covering of ice, animals can always find sufficient supplies.

But the case would be altogether different if this bird were to extend its range further north, say to any of the Baltic provinces, or in the direction of Finland. There, very early in the winter, a thick coating of ice covers all standing and most running water. There is an absolute dearth of food, and certain death must befall it if it does not make a hasty escape. In such a case it would not be possible, as in that of the waxwing, for the bird to pick up a scanty subsistence, for when once water and earth are frozen as hard as stone, there is absolutely no food for ducks. Nor is it only in the immediate neighborhood of his home that the earth thus suddenly becomes the abode of barrenness and death; wide regions of the way which the migratory bird has to travel are frozen over at the same time. So it comes that such a bird does not move leisurely from marsh to marsh, but hurries rapidly and in long stretches southward, so soon as the time of scarcity sets in. Let it be granted now that this imaginary species of duck, while spreading itself over the whole of Europe, has still remained a resident bird in its original home in the south of France, and we have before us all the stages of the development of the migratory instinct in regular succession, from the first wandering to the fixed periodical migration from the uttermost north of Europe to the extreme south.

This is not precisely true of our ordinary wild ducks, because these almost all breed in the north and only take up their winter quarters in the south of Europe, possibly because the thickly populated south does not offer them a sufficiently quiet breeding-place.

In the case of the sea-ducks, however, the analogy holds in the main, as also in that of the eider duck (*Somateria mollissima*), the bird which yields the costly eider down. This bird inhabits a very wide region, the whole northern circuit of the earth, from the west coast of Europe, the Channel, and the English and Danish coasts, as far as Norway, Iceland, Spitzbergen, and Greenland. In all this district it breeds and lines its nest with the precious down. The down might easily be secured after the bird had been allowed to breed in peace, but unhappily there has

been throughout the extreme north a complete raid upon the nests of the eider duck. In the midst of the breeding-season the feathers and eggs are taken, and as many of the old birds as possible are shot, and then it is matter of astonishment that the spoil in eider down becomes less and less every year. Such is the case, for example, in Spitzbergen. On the coasts of Germany, men act more rationally; the birds are spared, and in some cases they have even been carefully tamed, so that they will make their nests in the neighborhood of houses.

The eider duck is wholly a sea-bird; it lives only on the coast, and is entirely dependent on the sea for its food, which consists of the lower marine animals, chiefly mussels and sea-snails, which it fetches up with great skill from the bottom of the sea, often at a depth of one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet.

It can, of course, only live in Greenland, Spitzbergen, and Iceland during the summer, as in winter the sea is frozen. The eider duck is, therefore, in those regions a migratory bird. The eider ducks of Greenland collect in enormous flocks on certain places of the coast, which are especially productive of food; the sea is literally covered with them for half a square mile. They take only a short time, however, to assemble; then they rise into the air, and migrate in cloudlike masses southwards over the ocean, till they reach the British Isles, or the shores of the Channel and France, where the warm Gulf Stream keeps the water open, and here they winter.

I have already mentioned that on the German shores other eider ducks live which remain there throughout the year, and must therefore be classed as resident birds.

The eider duck, however, lives also on the shores of the Baltic; and, as here the Gulf Stream does not penetrate, wide tracts of sea often freeze. The Baltic eider ducks are, therefore, compelled to wander. They first seek the still open spaces of water, and then are driven on as far as the North Sea. The eider duck of the Baltic is thus a wandering bird; and we find, therefore, one and the same species in the Arctic zone a genuine migratory bird, on the Baltic only a wanderer, and in the North Sea resident; a conclusive proof that migration and wandering is not an essential characteristic of the species, but a habit which is adopted when the necessities of life require it, and a proof, moreover, that the regular migration has

grown out of the irregular wandering in search of food.

So far we have only attempted to answer the questions: why do birds migrate? and how did the migratory habit originate?

To both questions we have found a sufficient answer. The birds migrate because stern necessity compels them to do so, and they are not born with an inherent wandering instinct, but learn the habit gradually, and just in the degree in which the influence of climate renders it imperative.

There remains the further question: how do the birds migrate? with what means are they furnished to perform an act so wonderful? How is it possible that after going hundreds of miles, they should find their old nest again? Who shows the eider duck, which takes its flight from the misty shores of the Faroe Islands, the way to its summer home in Iceland or Greenland? By what compass do they steer their course, that, starting from one particular point of the coast, they alight on the little spot of land in mid-ocean, when the slightest deviation from the direct line would carry them hundreds of miles to the right or left of it?

It must indeed be admitted that it is a very marvellous thing to see a cloud of birds pursuing, high in the air, as straight a course, in a certain direction, as a ship piloted by the most experienced steersman with chart and compass, and even more wonderful still does it appear, when the whirring sound of wings is heard far overhead in the dark night.

For a long time it was generally believed that these birds were endowed with a certain mysterious organ of locality, a sixth sense, which we cannot describe more accurately because we do not ourselves possess it. More recently an able naturalist* has suggested the hypothesis that the birds might be endowed with some organ which makes them sensitive to the magnetism of the earth, so that their own bodies indicate to them, like a magnetic needle, the direction of the magnetic pole.

There is always something questionable in assuming the existence of certain unknown organs of sensation in the brute creation. Scientifically we have no right to do this unless the phenomena are incapable of any other explanation. We must therefore first inquire whether the known five senses may not suffice to solve the mystery.

Even before entering on this inquiry, however, we may set aside the hypothesis

* Dr. von Middendorff.

of a magnetic sense. Not that it is in itself at all absurd. Just as we and most animals possess organs of sensation which make us conscious of the waves of light and of sound, so it is quite conceivable that there might be animals endowed with an organ, which should make perceptible to them the magnetic currents which flow over the surface of the earth.

But whether there be such animals or not, birds certainly possess no such magnetic sense, for we know now that in their migrations they are not at all affected by the magnetic poles, but simply seek out certain localities. They do not steer their course like a ship, to south or north, south-east or north-west, and keep the same direction till they reach their goal; but they follow certain definite and often winding tracks, and guide themselves by mountains and valleys, rivers, seas, or coast lines.

It has been long a well-known fact in relation to migratory birds which cross the Mediterranean, that they make the transit only at certain fixed points. The first of these crossing-places from the west is the Straits of Gibraltar, the second is from Tunis to the southern point of Sardinia, Cape Spartivento, and by Sardinia and Corsica, to the coast of the Gulf of Genoa. A third track is from Tripoli by Malta and Sicily to Italy; and finally there is a fourth in the east of the Mediterranean, from Egypt by Cyprus into Asia Minor.*

Why do the migratory birds cross the sea at these precise spots? Is it because by these tracks they most quickly reach land? or because in all these directions they pass over narrow arms of the sea, or over islands which afford them welcome resting-places?

This has been hitherto supposed to be the reason, and for many birds these resting-places are indeed essential; without them some could not possibly accomplish the journey. Even on the comparatively short passage from the African coast to Malta, the smaller migratory birds often perish if they are overtaken by storms.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that the birds had chosen these crossing-places on account of the islands. If this were the case, then we should see them always taking the shortest route from the mainland to the nearest islands. But it is not so, for the distance from Tripoli to Malta is just double that from Cape Bon,

* Some less frequented tracks are not here mentioned; a description of them may be found in Palmén's excellent treatise, "*Die Zugstrassen der Vögel.*" Leipzig: 1876.

near Tunis, to the western point of Sicily, and at the time of the year when the birds migrate, this part of the sea is often agitated by heavy storms. Why then have not the birds chosen the nearer way?

In order to find an answer we must go back to an earlier time.

In the diluvial period the Mediterranean had not yet assumed its present form. It consisted at that time of two large separate inland salt-water lakes. On the one side it was cut off from the ocean by a broad strip of land, where now are the Straits of Gibraltar; on the other side the Italy of to-day, with Sicily, formed a land dyke, which was connected with the African coast, and thus divided that which is now called the Mediterranean Sea into two halves. The sea is still perceptibly shallower where this land-connection formerly existed, but there are also other and perfectly clear proofs that the lands bordering on the Mediterranean lay at that time higher than at present by nearly nine hundred metres. The birds, therefore, making their summer migration northwards at this period, would pass over these broad connecting tongues of land.

Gradually in the course of several thousand years the land sank, and tracts of water at first narrow, but gradually widening, divided Sicily and Spain from Africa. When we consider that the gradual elevation which is going on at present in Scandinavia, for instance, takes place only at the rate of two and a half feet in a century at the most, we can easily imagine that the depression was so gradual that from one year to another it was not perceptible.

The birds therefore, in their yearly migration to and fro, must have passed at first over a broad and then over a gradually narrowing belt of land, later still over marshes and lagunes, then over a small arm of the sea, and finally over broad waters; and yet no one generation may have been aware of any change.

Most probably this is the explanation of the present course of the birds. The land has been gradually withdrawn from beneath them, and imperceptibly their flight over connecting belts of land has been changed into a passage across the sea. The birds did not then fly in the first instance in a certain direction across the open sea, but simply followed the land; as the land gradually sank, however, they did not change their course, and it continues the same to this day, though it is now thousands of years since the land was submerged.

We understand now why the birds do not uniformly pursue a direct line from north to south, or from south to north, but only when this is the direction in which the land-bridges formerly lay; we understand also how it is that we so often find islands on their track, for these are nothing else than the remains of the sunken land-bridges.

This fact throws clear light upon the whole phenomenon, and we have only to reply now to the further question: why did the birds choose the land-bridges in order to cross the sea?

If we call to mind what we have already observed of the origin of the migratory instinct in the waxwing, and in our hypothetical case of the duck, we shall not be long in perplexity about the answer. For we have seen that the birds did not for the most part choose at all; they had not the remotest idea of crossing the sea when they followed the course of the belts of land northwards; they simply took the only track by which they could extend themselves towards the north. No bird can make its home upon the water; even the water-fowl have to seek the shore in the breeding season.

If then, at the time when the Mediterranean Sea still consisted of two great salt lakes, we suppose that a species of bird living to the south of it, on what would be now the north coast of Africa, increased and multiplied till its original habitat became too small for it, it would gradually spread northwards — that is, it would follow the then existing belts of land in that direction. If, however, these more northerly climates were only adapted for the maintenance of its life in summer, then in winter it must go southwards again — in other words, it would return to its old habitat. Let us suppose that in the course of centuries the climate became warmer, then it would gradually move its breeding-places further and further north, but would still return in winter by the same way, though by a gradually lengthening journey, to its original home in the north of Africa. By the same track by which this species had gradually spread itself, would its particular generations move backwards and forwards year after year.

We arrive then at the very significant conclusion that the present tracks of migratory birds are nothing else than the old ways by which they originally spread themselves out towards the north.

As we have already seen in the case of the waxwing, the gradual extension to the north of a species was the origin of the

migratory habit; but the adherence to certain definite tracks can only be explained on the supposition that the way by which it first moved northward became the habitual line of migration.

We shall now ask what ground we have for supposing that such an extension towards the north was a common and continuous phenomenon for any long period?

We must not forget that there was a time when the animal life on our hemisphere was altogether different from what it is at present.

In the glacial period central Europe had a colder climate than now, as is shown not only by the vestiges of northern or high Alpine forms of vegetable and animal life belonging to that period, but still more by the dense masses of ice which covered mountain and plain, and which must have caused a very perceptible lowering of the temperature, even if their very existence did not imply an intense degree of cold.

And not only in central Europe, but south of the Alps also, the climate was far colder in the diluvial period than now. The Atlas, as well as the Lebanon and the mountains of Armenia, had at that time enormous glaciers, of which the moraines remain to this day, and form the soil on which now grow the famous cedars of Lebanon.

We shall therefore not be wrong if we suppose that very many birds, which now inhabit the central and northern regions of Europe, were at that time wanting, because the climate was too severe for them. They must therefore have come subsequently from the south, and with the gradual raising of the temperature there must have been a corresponding steady but of course very gradual influx of birds to the north. Just in proportion as the ice retreated, would the birds push forward the bounds of their habitat, and in the course of centuries may even have advanced hundreds of miles in this way.*

Here, then, we have the first condition of the development of the migratory instinct — a gradual and steady progress of many species in a northerly direction.

* It must not, however, be said that the migration of birds dates first from the glacial period. Probably it is of much earlier origin. Many birds were already birds of passage before the glacial period, and some of their tracks point to a still more distant date. As we cannot attempt here anything like an exhaustive treatment of the phenomena of migration, nothing more, indeed, than an explanation of the manner in which it arose, we must not enter on the question at what period of the earth's history the migratory habit may have begun.

That their progress was carried on in the same lines of route which are followed to-day by the birds in their migration, has been already asserted and partially maintained. Yet further confirmation is afforded by the interesting fact that the tracks by which wandering birds now move to and fro, differ in birds of different habits, that they generally follow precisely the direction which the species must necessarily have taken in its diffusion towards the north.

For the recent discovery of this important link in the chain of evidence we are indebted to the Swedish naturalist Palmén.

It will not, of course, be supposed that we are able to mark out the exact course pursued by each species, but in reference to one small group of birds the evidence is complete, and from this we may fairly deduce the broader conclusions.

We follow, then, the distinction which Palmén makes of four different classes of birds — the coast birds, the birds inhabiting river-banks, the marsh birds, and finally the land birds.

In the first class we include all birds which find their sustenance by the seashore; this comprehends all gulls which are not wholly inhabitants of the sea, sailing about over the broad ocean, the eider and other diving ducks (*Fuligula Stelleri*), many species of geese, phalaropes, sandpipers, and swans.

A number of these birds make their nests only in the extreme north, because they are among the earliest to migrate, and some species at the present day take an extraordinary journey southward, sometimes even crossing the tropic, so that they range over a vast area. Let us first trace the course taken by one of these species, in order to get from its breeding-place to its winter quarters. I select a tolerably familiar example, the brent or barnacle goose. This bird breeds in great numbers in Spitzbergen and the north of Greenland, in Nova Zembla, and probably in still more northerly and yet unexplored regions, as we may conclude from the fact that early in the year great flocks of them are seen flying northwards from Nova Zembla.

The barnacle geese which breed in Greenland fly, like the eider ducks, first to Iceland, then over the Faroe Islands to Britain. Here they winter partly on the west coast of Ireland, partly on that of Scotland and England.

The Spitzbergen barnacle geese fly first

southward as far as the west coast of Norway; there they change their direction, and follow the Norwegian coast to the point where it bends to the south; here the flock divides, one half flies over the Shetland Isles to Scotland, the other half follows the coast for some distance further, then leaves it and takes its course straight across the North Sea to the English coast, where they winter.

A third column of the army of barnacle geese comes from Nova Zembla, and from the unknown breeding-places yet further north, and these we must follow a little more closely on their way.

At first they also keep pretty much a southerly direction, but presently they turn south-west by the shore of the Arctic Ocean, till they reach the southernmost bay of the White Sea. Here they leave the coast and fly across a whole chain of lakes till they reach the Gulf of Finland. Keeping a direct south-westerly direction they next follow the shores of the Baltic, touch the south of Sweden, and finally cross the narrow land-ridge of Schleswig. Generally they here fall in with the track of various other birds, and hence it is that in Schleswig-Holstein, at the migratory season, such an extraordinary number of birds is seen to congregate.

The particular track which we are following, now leads by the shore of the North Sea to the mouths of the Rhine. Here, in November, the barnacle geese cover the shore in vast numbers. As far as the eye can reach, the shallows or sandbanks left by the ebb tide are peopled by these geese; their cry rises above the roar of the surf. Seen from a distance, they look like one dense, wide-spreading cloud of smoke, and they are, literally, like the sands of the shore, innumerable (Brehm). Here, however, the host divides; one half remains on the coast, and follows its course as far as France or Spain, the other goes up the Rhine towards Bâle, then skirting the Alps, it gets into the Rhone valley, and thence to the Gulf of Lyons. Here it again divides, and follows either the west coast of Spain or the French-Italian shore, in order finally to cross the Mediterranean by one of the three tracks we have already described, and so winter in Africa. Some individual birds of the flock, however, stop short on the Italian coasts and winter there.

The same course is pursued on the return journey.

The food of the barnacle geese consists chiefly of mussels, sea-snails, and worms,

which they do not fetch, like the eider ducks, from the bottom of the sea, but seek along the coast, especially on the wet sand left by the retreating tide. They eat also grass and other herbaceous plants, among which they seem to prefer maritime plants, the salt grasses of the sea coast; hence, in the first dispersion they are sure to have followed the coast lines.

This supposition is borne out by the present course of their migrations. There seem, however, still difficulties in the theory that the track of the birds to-day corresponds with that by which they first spread northward. How, for example, is the enormously long sea-passage to Iceland and Greenland to be explained?

It must be at once admitted as unquestionable, that if Iceland and Greenland did not already possess migratory birds, they would never, under their present conditions, receive any from Europe; but in the diluvial period the case was quite different. Even if there was then no unbroken connection of land—a point still open—it is beyond question that at that time the Faroe Islands and Iceland were far larger than now, that the land then lay some two hundred metres higher, so that, in any case, the countries were only divided by narrow channels of water. The most recent deep-sea soundings in the Atlantic have given remarkable confirmation of this fact.*

The barnacle goose has therefore here also followed the coast-line, and has continued its ancient course notwithstanding that the former connecting lands between Iceland and Greenland have been long submerged.

With what tenacity these old tracks are retained is shown, for example, by the common white wagtail. This species has

* According to Professor Mohn, one of the scientific leaders of the Swedish Expedition to the Atlantic Ocean, "there stretches between the Faroe Isles and Iceland a continuous volcanic ridge, which divides the deeps of the Atlantic from those of the Frozen Ocean. Beneath the sea, Iceland stretches south-west to the 60th degree of latitude, and north-west to Jan Mayen. Between Iceland and Greenland the narrow seas (Dänemarksstrasse) are shallow, and the connection seems of the same nature as that between the Faroe Isles and Iceland. The southern portion of the deep frozen seas from the Faroe Islands to the Island of Jan Mayen consists of a channel more than eighteen hundred fathoms deep, which trends northwards, while the northern part, which is more than twenty-six hundred fathoms deep, forms a triangle between Greenland, Jan Mayen, Bear Island, and Spitzbergen. While the water in the Atlantic depths shows degrees of heat to the very bottom, in the depths of the Frozen Sea there are degrees of heat only to the depth of from three to four hundred feet; below this they only register degrees of cold." — *Frankfurter Zeitung*, No. 96, 6th April, 1877.

an unusually wide distribution. In winter the wagtails go far into the interior of Africa; in summer they scatter themselves all over Europe and Asia, some even go as far as Greenland. From this spot they might find much nearer winter quarters if they flew across to the east coast of America, but not one of them has ever been seen on that continent. Every year they still retrace the old track by which they must first have come to Greenland—*i.e.*, by Iceland, the Faroe Isles, and England—and take the same sea-passage as the barnacle goose.

If, however, in order to explain the migration to Greenland, we are obliged to assume the not yet fully ascertained fact that there once existed a land-connection, we find ourselves on perfectly safe ground when we come to account for the two tracks by which the barnacle goose, and many other birds of similar habits, cross the North Sea in an oblique direction. For this sea is known to have been land in the diluvial period, with the exception of one very narrow arm of the sea, which lay close to the present coast of Scandinavia. Both the tracks, therefore, by which the North Sea is now crossed, describe no doubt the old coast-lines, which, at different periods of the diluvial era, formed the boundary of the land towards the sea.

Let us take now a rapid glance at the tracks of the other birds, the marsh birds, river-side birds, and land birds proper.

To the river-side birds belong the species which choose their habitat more or less in the neighborhood of fresh-water streams—as, for example, the whooper swan, the water-hen, most of the true ducks, the woodcock, some gulls, and many others. Their tracks are very numerous, and as winding as the streams which they follow up from the shore. If our view is correct, if the present tracks of the birds perpetuate the tradition of their first wanderings, then these must sometimes have led over mountain passes. These birds can indeed for a time live well enough in the midst of mountains, if only there are lakes or rivers at hand, in and around which they may find their food. As a matter of fact, we observe many of these tracks leading over high mountains—one, for example, going up the Rhine valley and over the Splügen; another up the Inn valley over the Bernina and Maloja passes to the Italian lakes.

Perhaps the reader may know the fine collection of locally-occurring birds shown by the landlord of the Hotel Saratz at Pontresina in the Upper Engadine. It is

astonishing to see what a number of species have appeared in this small and barren district, but the marvel lessens when we know that by far the greater part of them are only birds of passage which in the transit from summer to winter quarters, or *vice versa*, have here met their fate.

With the tracks of the marsh birds we have a general, and in the case of one — the crane — a particular acquaintance. Especially interesting is it to note that these birds, so vigorous on the wing, go round the Alps, and from the Rhine follow the Rhone. They make, therefore, a wide circuit, certainly not because they are incapable of soaring over an Alpine pass, but simply because their ancestral tracks in search of food would not be over the swampland Alps, but from marsh to marsh in the lowlands.

The tracks of the land birds are as yet comparatively unfamiliar to us in detail. We know only that they are very winding and intricate. How could it indeed be otherwise, since these birds had always broad lands before them on which they might alight, not mere strips of land like the sea, river, and marsh birds? They will therefore not have advanced in single file, as it were, but in broad battle array, in one long almost unbroken phalanx. They will have pressed forward wherever they found conditions favorable to their mode of life, and so a great variety of tracks must have become traditional with them. These, however, converge on some points from all sides, as, for example, in the Alpine passes, and then branch out again.

If, then, we may consider it proved that the present tracks of the birds really correspond with the old lines of their dispersion, the following conclusions present themselves.

To the first question, how can the birds find their way for such distances? we reply, by practice, not indeed the practice of the individual bird, but of the species. This marvellous facility in finding the way has not been acquired suddenly, but very gradually in the course of many thousand generations.

The fact that birds have adhered through such long periods to the same tracks proves that they knew them very exactly, and that they directed their flight to certain localities familiar to them.

If there were an unknown something within them which showed them that the land of their desire lay in this or that direction, then they would fly straight to the

goal, over hill and vale, sea and river, to the place of their destination. But this they do not do. On the contrary, they follow all the sinuosities of coast or river; they go up a certain valley, cross a mountain pass at one exact spot, and descend on the other side into another valley, bending their course to all its windings. In other words, they know precisely all the individualities of a certain track, and never willingly deviate from one of them.

Is there, then, a special sixth sense required for this, or do the ordinary five senses suffice? I do not at all see what further is needed than a keen power of observation, above all a sharp eye, which shall allow nothing to escape it that could help to identify the way, and, in addition to this, a very exceptional memory for localities by which the travellers shall be enabled to keep in mind all the features of their long journey. The taking the right direction in each special case will then follow as a matter of course.

We have no right to take for granted the presence of these two essential properties in the migratory birds. But it is easy to show that keenness of vision, as well as knowledge and memory of localities, must have been developing and intensifying in this class for many generations. They would be quickened in the first instance by practice in the parent birds, and then the sharpened faculties would be transmitted from generation to generation with ever-accumulating force.

It is also clear that this development of the necessary faculties must have kept pace with the gradually increasing length of the journey. For as individual birds went further and further north, so the return journey became longer each year, and a greater number of local impressions needed to be carried in the memory. In other words the birds were compelled to exact heavier tasks from their memory, and thus by practice to strengthen and improve it. An increased keenness of vision must have been gained in the same way, for every organ is developed and perfected by constant use.

This is the case with ourselves. Who does not know Cooper's narratives of the seemingly marvellous faculty of the Indians for discovering their bearings — how they intuitively find the right course through forests in which European hunters, though familiar with the place, would be hopelessly lost; and how they follow the track of the fugitive foe, though to other eyes he may have left no sign?

In this case we can positively say that they possess no sense which we have not. Their eyes are sharper, their ears quicker than ours, only because long practice has taught them to observe minutely and to retain in the memory a faithful impression of things once seen. By being constantly obliged to thread untrodden ways, they have acquired the faculty of identifying any place in which they find themselves, by the help of a few well-remembered indications.

We note the reverse of this among highly cultivated nations, a progressive deterioration, namely, of the faculty of observing. In what German family of the higher class do we find at the present time thoroughly good sight? and how incapable are very many among us, if we find ourselves in a strange place, of carrying in our mind's eye such a plan of it as will enable us to guide our steps aright?

The young Indian does not possess intuitively an acquaintance with all the features of the neighboring forest, but at a very early age his naturally keen faculties of observation are exercised by his father, and thus he soon becomes an expert. So in the case of the young bird; it needs to be trained and instructed by its parents as to the track which leads back to the distant winter quarters. Among most birds the old and experienced, those who have often made the journey, lead the way. Not seldom it happens that the young birds show no desire to join the company, and then the mother-bird is seen to make ceaseless efforts to scare her young ones and to urge them forward, to save them from certain destruction. She does not always succeed however. Often the young birds will remain behind, and only begin to wander when necessity compels them. Then, generally, it is too late; a few may perhaps reach places where it is possible for them to winter, but the greater part perish. Such stray birds are by no means rare, and experience agrees with theory, in showing that they are almost always young ones.

But the majority of the young birds follow the old ones, and when they have thus been once or twice over the track they could find it alone, for they bring into the world with them, in a high degree, the organ of locality.

Just as a young Indian is born with a keen eye and talent for exact observation, which enables him quickly to appropriate the results of his father's experience; so the young bird, as soon as he cracks the

shell, possesses, not indeed geographical knowledge, but a great talent for geography, which enables him very rapidly to learn by heart his geographical lesson, the track by which his race migrates.

It must be borne in mind also, that, in the gradual development of increased powers of sight and memory, natural selection has had an important part. Individual birds of imperfect sight are more likely to lose their way, and to fall victims to some of the dangers of the journey, than those of stronger organism, so that these would for the most part become the progenitors of a keen-sighted and observant race.

The same remarks will apply exactly to the gradually increasing swiftness of flight. This would be produced both by the development of the wing muscles from constant practice, and by the repeated survival of those birds that were strongest on the wing. The necessity for this more rapid flight would also become increasingly urgent, as each year the two extremities of the journey receded further and further; and we should be prepared to maintain that the rapid flight of many birds, as we observe it to-day, arose out of the exigencies of their migratory habit. Undoubtedly they owe their strength of wing very largely to this cause. If we compare to-day the flight of a hen or even of a sparrow, with that of a swallow or a gull, a peregrine falcon or a crane, how great is the difference! The one flies with much effort, taking violent leaps from roof to roof, from tree to tree; while the other shoots through the air at a rate which leaves our express trains far behind. A falcon belonging to Henry II. flew from Fontainebleau to Malta in twenty-four hours. The distance is two hundred and ten geographical miles; thus the bird flew at the rate of nine miles an hour.

The difference between the hen and the falcon in the power of finding its way, and in all the organs, especially those of the eye associated with this faculty, is certainly at least as great as the difference in the capacity for flight.

Those who find it difficult to imagine that the perfect confidence with which migratory birds pursue their course over land and sea, arises only from a fuller development of senses and talents possessed in common by all other birds, should be reminded that in many other not properly migratory birds, the power of finding their way must exist in a remarkable degree.

I spoke, at the beginning of this article, of the great resident of our pine forests —

the black woodpecker. Let us imagine that in the midst of a thick wood some one were to show us a tree in which was the nest-hole of a woodpecker, and then, taking us to the distance of a quarter of a mile, were to ask us to find the nest again. I believe there are very few indeed who would be able to do it, and these only after long seeking. Here stand hundreds of stems, not indeed all exactly alike, but still very similar, and we are not accustomed to pay attention to the minute differences which characterize each trunk.

But the woodpecker finds its nest without any long search, and although its wanderings for food carry it much more than a quarter of a mile away. Shall we then suppose that it has a particular sixth sense? Assuredly not. The tree-stems are, as it were, its working materials; it hews them, examines them, gets to know the trees so thoroughly from crown to base, with all their knotty outgrowths, unsound places, moss and lichen mantles, that by the look of a tree it recognizes at once where it is, and in what direction it must turn in order to reach another spot.

Clearly it must be by a process precisely similar that migratory birds determine their route.

But how can this apply to their long flight over the sea? Surely the indications of the way to be taken must under such circumstances be often wanting. The smaller birds may no doubt many of them miss their way over the sea, but there is one important element of the case which must not be forgotten—the height at which they fly. Every one who is familiar with the sea knows how the identification of, say a distant island, is facilitated by an elevation of the standpoint. Thus from the seashore of Liguria, the distant peak of Corsica is not discernible; but let the traveller ascend only a hundred feet on the mountains, and in clear weather it stands out with perfect distinctness. But birds fly far higher than this, and when they are crossing the Mediterranean, at any rate, they will seldom or never lose sight of land. They fly, as it were, by the map, for to the bird-perspective land and water, mountains and valleys, must be spread out as in an embossed map below them. To what height birds can fly we have only lately been informed by an astronomer,* before whose telescope, when taking observations of the sun, certain moving black

specks suddenly appeared. They were birds soaring to the extraordinary height of twenty thousand feet above the earth!

If we now briefly sum up the results we have reached, they are as follows:—

The migration of birds arose out of the fact that they became possessed of countries which could only supply them with adequate nourishment for a certain portion of the year, mainly, therefore, from their colonizing the temperate and Arctic zones of our hemisphere.

This colonizing did not take place all at once but gradually, for, especially since the glacial period, a gradual extension of various species of birds towards the north, from Africa and the Mediterranean, has been steadily going on.

During this slow advance of the species, certain qualities essential to this mode of life, have been developed in greater and greater perfection, as for example, continuity and rapidity of flight, quickness of vision, observation and memory of places. All these capabilities are possessed also by other birds, but generally in a much less degree. The migratory birds are not endowed with any mysterious sixth sense.

We see, then, how in this case nature attains great results by what seem insignificant means. Practice and habit are the magical agencies by which, in the course of long ages, the bodily and mental capacities of birds of this species are so enhanced, that it is only after long and careful investigation we can convince ourselves that they are not endowed with some special and peculiar power.

We have thus another proof to what a remarkable degree the organic faculties may be developed, and how largely they may be influenced, both in degree and direction, by the circumstances and conditions of the life.

Let me quote in conclusion words of Goethe's, which are peculiarly applicable to our subject, and which seem to anticipate the results of science. "As the eagle by soaring in free air and among rocky heights adapted itself to soar, so the mole fits itself by habit for the loose surface earth in which it lives, and the seal for its element the sea."* And, so we may add, out of the habits and exigencies of their wandering life, have arisen the marvellous faculties of our migratory birds.

AUGUST WEISSMANN.

* Mr. Tennant, who estimated the height to be "several miles:" see *Nature*, vol. xiii. p. 44.

* "So bildete sich der Adler durch die Luft zur Luft, durch die Berghöhe zur Berghöhe, der Maulwurf bildet sich zum lockern Erdboden, die Phoke zum Wasser," u.s.w.

SIR GIBBIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

AUTHOR OF "MALCOLM," "THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE,"
ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE QUARRY.

DONAL threw everything aside, careless of possible disgrace in the class the next morning, and, trembling with hope, accompanied Gibbie: *she* would be there—surely! It was one of those clear nights in which a gleam of straw-color in the west, with light-thinned gray-green deepening into blue above it, is like the very edge of the axe of the cold—the edge that reaches the soul. But the youths were warm enough: they had health and hope. The hospitable crimson room, with its round table set out for a Scotch tea, and its fire blazing hugely, received them. And there sat Ginevra by the fire! with her pretty feet on a footstool before it: in those days ladies wore open shoes, and showed dainty stockings. Her face looked rosy, but it was from the firelight, for when she turned it towards them, it showed pale as usual. She received them, as always, with the same simple sincerity that had been hers on the bank of the Lorrie burn. But Gibbie read some trouble in her eyes, for his soul was all touch, and, like a delicate spiritual seismograph, responded at once to the least tremble of a neighboring soul. The minister was not present, and Mrs. Sclater had both to be the blazing coal, and keep blowing herself, else, however hot it might be at the smouldering heart, the little company would have sent up no flame of talk.

When tea was over, Gibbie went to the window, got within the red curtains, and peeped out. Returning presently, he spelled with fingers and signed with hands to Ginevra that it was a glorious night: would she not come for a walk? Ginevra looked to Mrs. Sclater.

"Gibbie wants me to go for a walk," she said.

"Certainly, my dear—if you are well enough to go with him," replied her friend.

"I am always well," answered Ginevra.

"I can't go with you," said Mrs. Sclater, "for I expect my husband every moment; but what occasion is there, with two such knights to protect you?"

She was straining hard on the bit of propriety: but she knew them all so well! she said to herself. Then first perceiving Gibbie's design, Donal cast him a grateful glance, while Ginevra rose hastily, and

ran to put on her outer garments. Plainly to Donal, she was pleased to go.

When they stood on the pavement, there was the moon, the very cream of light, lading it in a blue heaven. It was not all her own, but the clouds about her were white and attendant, and ever when they came near her took on her livery—the poor paled-rainbow colors, which are all her reflected light can divide into: that strange brown we see so often on her cloudy people must, I suppose, be what the red or the orange fades to. There was a majesty and peace about her airy domination, which Donal himself would have found difficult, had he known her state, to bring into harmony with her aeonian death. Strange that the light of lovers should be the coldest of all cold things within human ken—dead with cold, millions of years before our first father and mother appeared each to the other on the earth! The air was keen but dry. Nothing could fall but snow; and of anything like it there was nothing but those few frozen vapors that came softly out of the deeps to wait on the moon. Between them and behind them lay depth absolute, expressed in the perfection of nocturnal blues, deep as gentle, the very home of the dwelling stars. The steps of the youths rang on the pavements, and Donal's voice seemed to him so loud and clear that he muffled it all in gentler meaning. He spoke low, and Ginevra answered him softly. They walked close together, and Gibbie flitted to and fro, now on this side, now on that, now in front of them, now behind.

"Hoo likit ye the sermon, mem?" asked Donal.

"Papa thought it a grand sermon," answered Ginevra.

"An' yersel'?" persisted Donal.

"Papa tells me I am no judge," she replied.

"That's as muckle as to say ye didna like it sae weel as he did!" returned Donal, in a tone expressing some relief.

"Mr. Duff is very good to my father, Donal," she rejoined, "and I don't like to say anything against his sermon; but all the time I could not help thinking whether your mother would like this and that; for you know, Donal, any good there is in me I have got from her, and from Gibbie—and from you, Donal."

The youth's heart beat with a pleasure that rose to physical pain. Had he been a winged creature he would have flown straight up; but being a sober wingless animal, he stumped on with his two happy

legs. Gladly would he have shown her the unreality of Fergus — that he was a poor shallow creature, with only substance enough to carry show and seeming, but he felt, just because he had reason to fear him, that it would be unmanly to speak the truth of him behind his back, except in the absolute necessity of rectitude. He felt also that, if Ginevra owed her father's friend such delicacy he owed him at least a little silence; for was he not under more obligation to this same shallow-pated orator, than to all eternity he could wipe out, even if eternity carried in it the possibility of wiping out an obligation? Few men understand, but Donal did, that he who would cancel an obligation is a dishonest man. I cannot help it that many a good man — good, that is, because he is growing better — must then be reckoned in the list of the dishonest: he is in their number until he leaves it.

Donal remaining silent, Ginevra presently returned him his own question:

"How did *you* like the sermon, Donal?"

"Div ye want me to say, mem?" he asked.

"I do, Donal," she answered.

"Weel, I wad jist say, in a general w'y, 'at I canna think muckle o' ony sermon 'at nicht gar a body think mair o' the preacher nor o' him 'at he comes to preach aboot. I mean, 'at I dinna see hoo onybody was to lo'e God or his neebour ae jot the mair for hearin' yon sermon last nicht."

"But might not some be frightened by it, and brought to repentance, Donal?" suggested the girl.

"Ou ay; I daur say; I dinna ken. But I canna help thinkin' 'at what disna gie God onything like fair play, canna dee muckle guid to men, an' may, I doobt, dee a heap o' ill. It's a p'agan kin' o' a thing yon."

"That's just what I was feeling — I don't say thinking, you know — for you say we must not say *think* when we have taken no trouble about it. I am sorry for Mr. Duff, if he has taken to teaching where he does not understand."

They had left the city behind them, and were walking a wide open road, with a great sky above it. On its borders were small fenced fields, and a house here and there with a garden. It was a plain-featured slightly undulating country, with hardly any trees — not at all beautiful, except as every place under the heaven which man has not defiled is beautiful to him who can see what *is* there. But this night the earth was nothing: what was in them and

over them was all. Donal felt — as so many will feel, before the earth, like a hen set to hatch the eggs of a soaring bird, shall have done rearing broods for heaven — that, with this essential love and wonder by his side, to be doomed to go on walking to all eternity would be a blissful fate, were the landscape turned to a brickfield, and the sky to persistent gray.

"Wad ye no tak my airm, mem," he said at length, summoning courage. "I jist fin' mysel' like a horse wi' a reyn brocken, gaein' by mysel' throu' the air this gait."

Before he had finished the sentence, Ginevra had accepted the offer. It was the first time. His arm trembled. He thought it was her hand.

"Ye're no cauld, are ye, mem?" he said.

"Not the least," she answered.

"Eh, mem! gien fowk was but a' made oot o' the same clay, like, 'at ane nicht say till anither — 'Ye hae me as ye hae yersel'!"

"Yes, Donal," rejoined Ginevra; "I wish we were all made of the poet clay like you! What it would be to have a well inside, out of which to draw songs and ballads as I pleased! That's what you have, Donal — or, rather, you're just a draw-well of music yourself."

Donal laughed merrily. A moment more and he broke out singing:

My thoughts are like fireflies, pulsing in moonlight;

My heart is a silver cup, full of red wine;
My soul a pale gleaming horizon, whence soon light

Will flood the gold earth with a torrent divine.

"What's that, Donal?" cried Ginevra.

"Ow, naething," answered Donal. "It was only my hert lauchin'."

"Say the words," said Ginevra.

"I canna — I dinna ken them noo," replied Donal.

"Oh, Donal! are those lovely words gone — altogether — forever? Shall I *not* hear them again?"

"I'll try to min' upo' them when I gang hame," he said. "I canna the noo. I can think o' naething but ae thing."

"And what is that, Donal?"

"Yersel'," answered Donal.

Ginevra's hand lifted just a half of its weight from Donal's arm, like a bird that had thought of flying, then settled again.

"It is very pleasant to be together once more as in the old time, Donal — thought there *are* no daisies and green fields. But what place is that, Donal?"

Instinctively, almost unconsciously, she wanted to turn the conversation. The place she pointed to was an opening immediately on the roadside, through a high bank — narrow and dark, with one side half lighted by the moon. She had often passed it, walking with her school-fellows, but had never thought of asking what it was. In the shining dusk it looked strange and a little dreadful.

"It's the muckle quarry, mem," answered Donal: "div ye no ken that? That's whaur maist the haill toon cam oot o'. It's a some eerie kin' o' a place to luik at i' this licht. I won'er 'at ye never saw't."

"I have seen the opening there, but never took much notice of it before," said Ginevra.

"Come an' I'll lat ye see't," rejoined Donal. "It's weel worth luikin' intill. Ye hae nae notion sic a place as 'tis. It micht be amo' the grenite muntains o' Aigypt, though they takna freely sic fine blocks oot o' this ane as they tuik oot o' that at Syene. Ye wadna be fleyt to come an' see what the meen maks o' 't, wad ye, mem?"

"No, Donal. I would not be frightened to go anywhere with you. But —"

"Eh, mem! it makes me richt proud to hear ye say that. Come awa' than."

So saying, he turned aside, and led her into the narrow passage, cut through a friable sort of granite. Gibbie, thinking they had gone to have but a peep and return, stood in the road, looking at the clouds and the moon, and crooning to himself. By-and-by, when he found they did not return, he followed them.

When they reached the end of the cutting, Ginevra started at sight of the vast gulf, the moon showing the one wall a ghastly gray, and from the other throwing a shadow half across the bottom. But a winding road went down into it, and Donal led her on. She shrunk at first, drawing back from the profound, mysterious-looking abyss, so awfully still; but when Donal looked at her, she was ashamed to refuse to go farther, and indeed almost afraid to take her hand from his arm; so he led her down the terrace road. The side of the quarry was on one hand, and on the other she could see only into the gulf.

"Oh, Donal!" she said at length, almost in a whisper, "this is like a dream I once had, of going down and down a long roundabout road, inside the earth, down and down, to the heart of a place full of the dead — the ground black with death, and between horrible walls."

Donal looked at her; his face was in the light reflected from the opposite gray precipice: she thought it looked white and strange, and grew more frightened, but dared not speak. Presently Donal again began to sing, and this is something like what he sang: —

"Death! whaur do ye bide, auld Death?"

"I bide in ilka breath,"

Quo' Death.

"No i' the pyramids,

An' no the worms amid,

'Neth coffin-lids;

I bidena whaur life has been,

An' whaur's nae mair to be dune."

"Death! whaur do ye bide, auld Death?"

"Wi' the leevin', to dee 'at's laith,"

Quo' Death.

"Wi' the man an' the wife

'At lo'e like life,

But strife; (*without*)

Wi' the bairns 'at hing to their mither,

An' a' at lo'e ane anither."

"Death! whaur do ye bide, auld Death?"

"Abune an' aboot an' aneath,"

Quo' Death.

"But o' a' the airts,

An' o' a' the pairts,

In herts,

Whan the tane to the tither says na,

An' the north win' begins to blaw."

"What a terrible song, Donal!" said Ginevra.

He made no reply, but went on, leading her down into the pit: he had been afraid she was going to draw back, and sang the first words her words suggested, knowing she would not interrupt him. The aspect of the place grew frightful to her.

"Are you sure there are no holes — full of water, down there?" she faltered.

"Ay, there's ane or twa," replied Donal, "but we'll haud oot o' them."

Ginevra shuddered, but was determined to show no fear: Donal should not reproach her with lack of faith! They stepped at last on the level below, covered with granite chips and stones and great blocks. In the middle rose a confused heap of all sorts. To this, and round to the other side of it, Donal led her. There shone the moon on the corner of a pool, the rest of which crept away in blackness under an overhanging mass! She caught his arm with both hands. He told her to look up. Steep granite rock was above them all round, on one side dark, on the other mottled with the moon and the thousand shadows of its own roughness; over the gulf hung vaulted the blue, cloud-blotted sky, whence the moon seemed to

look straight down upon her, asking what they were about, away from their kind, in such a place of terror.

Suddenly Donal caught her hand. She looked in his face. It was not the moon that could make it so white.

"Ginevra!" he said, with trembling voice.

"Yes, Donal," she answered.

"Ye're no angry at me for ca'in' ye by yer name? I never did it afore."

"I always call you Donal," she answered.

"That's nait'ral. Ye're a gran' leddy, an' I'm naething abune a herd laddie."

"You're a great poet, Donal, and that's much more than being a lady or a gentleman."

"Ay, maybe," answered Donal listlessly, as if he were thinking of something far away; "but it winna mak up for the tither; they're no upo' the same side o' the watter, like. A puir lad like me daurna lift an ee till a gran' leddy like you, mem. A' the warl' wad but scorn him, an' lauch at the verra notion. My time's near ower at the college, an' I see naething for't but gang hame an' fee (*hire myself*). I'll be better workin' wi' my han's nor wi' my heid whan I hae nae houp left o' ever seein' yer face again. I winna lowse a day about it. Gien I lowse time I may lowse my rizon. Hae patience wi' me ae meenute, mem; I'm jist driven to tell ye the trowth. It's mony a lang sin' I hae kent mysel' wantin' you. Ye're the boady, an' I'm the shaidow. I dinna mean nae hyperbolics — that's the w'y the thing luiks to me i' my ain thoughts. Eh, mem, but ye're bonnie! Ye dinna ken yersel' hoo bonnie ye are, nor what a subversion ye mak i' my hert an' my heid. I cud jist cut my heid aff, an' lay't aneth yer feet to haud them aff o' the cauld flure."

Still she looked him in the eyes, like one bewildered, unable to withdraw her eyes from his. Her face too had grown white.

"Tell me to haud my tongue, mem, an' I'll haud it," he said.

Her lips moved, but no sound came.

"I ken weel," he went on, "ye can never luik upo' me as onything mair nor a kin' o' a human bird, 'at ye wad hing in a cage, an' gie seeds an' bits o' sugar till, an' hearken till whan he sang. I'll never trouble ye nae mair, an' whether ye grant me my prayer or no, ye'll never see me again. The only differ 'll be 'at I'll aither hing my heid or haud it up for the rest o' my days. I wad fain ken 'at I wasna despised, an' 'at maybe gien things had been different, — but na, I dinna mean that; I mean nae-

LIVING AGE. VOL. XXV. 1292

thing 'at wad fricht ye frae what I wad hae. It sudna mean a hair mair nor lies in it-sel'."

"What is it, Donal?" said Ginevra, half inaudibly, and with effort: she could scarcely speak for a fluttering in her throat.

"I cud beseech ye upo' my k-nees," he went on, as if she had not spoken, "to lat me kiss yer bonnie fut; but that ye nicht grant for bare peety, an' that wad dee me little guid; sae for anc. an' for a', till maybe efter we're a' ayont the muckle sea, I beseech at the fauvour o' yer sweet sowl, to lay upo' me, as upo' the lips o' the sowl 'at sang ye the sangs ye likit sae weel to hear whan ye was but a leddy-lassie — ae solitary kiss. It shall be holy to me as the licht; an' I sweir by the Trowth I'll think o' 't but as ye think, an' man nor wuman nor bairn, no even Gibbie himsel', sall ken —"

The last word broke the spell upon Ginevra.

"But, Donal," she said, as quietly as when years ago they talked by the Lorrie side, "would it be right? — a secret with you I could not tell to *any* one? — not even if afterwards —"

Donal's face grew so ghastly with utter despair that absolute terror seized her: she turned from him and fled, calling "Gibbie! Gibbie!"

He was not many yards off, approaching the mound as she came from behind it. He ran to meet her. She darted to him like a dove pursued by a hawk, threw herself into his arms, laid her head on his shoulder, and wept. Gibbie held her fast, and with all the ways in his poor power sought to comfort her. She raised her face at length. It was all wet with tears which glistened in the moonlight. Hurriedly Gibbie asked on his fingers:

"Was Donal not good to you?"

"He's *beautiful*," she sobbed; "but I couldn't, you know, Gibbie, I couldn't. I don't care a straw about position and all that — who would with a poet? — but I couldn't, you know, Gibbie. I couldn't let him think I might have married him — in any case: could I now, Gibbie?"

She laid her head again on his shoulder and sobbed. Gibbie did not well understand her. Donal, where he had thrown himself on a heap of granite chips, heard and understood, felt and knew and resolved all in one. The moon shone, and the clouds went fitting like ice-floe about the sky, now gray in distance, now near the moon and white, now in her very presence and adorned with her favor on their bosoms, now drifting again into the gray;

and still the two, Ginevra and Gibbie, stood motionless — Gibbie with the tears in his eyes, and Ginevra weeping as if her heart would break; and behind the granite blocks lay Donal.

Again Ginevra raised her head.

"Gibbie, you must go and look after poor Donal," she said.

Gibbie went, but Donal was nowhere to be seen. To escape the two he loved so well, and be alone as he felt, he had crept away softly into one of the many recesses of the place. Again and again Gibbie made the noise with which he was accustomed to call him, but he gave back no answer, and they understood that wherever he was he wanted to be left to himself. They climbed again the winding way out of the gulf, and left him the heart of its desolation.

"Take me home, Gibbie," said Ginevra, when they reached the high road.

As they went, not a word more passed between them. Ginevra was as dumb as Gibbie, and Gibbie was sadder than he had ever been in his life — not only for Donal's sake, but because, in his inexperienced heart, he feared that Ginevra would not listen to Donal because she could not — because she had already promised herself to Fergus Duff; and with all his love to his kind, he could not think it well that Fergus should be made happy at such a price. He left her at her own door, and went home, hoping to find Donal there before him.

He was not there. Hour after hour passed, and he did not appear. At eleven o'clock, Gibbie set out to look for him, but with little hope of finding him. He went all the way back to the quarry, thinking it possible he might be waiting there, expecting him to return without Ginevra. The moon was now low, and her light reached but a little way into it, so that the look of the place was quite altered, and the bottom of it almost dark. But Gibbie had no fear. He went down to the spot, almost feeling his way, where they had stood, got upon the heap, and called and whistled many times. But no answer came. Donal was away, he did not himself know where, wandering wherever the spirit in his feet led him. Gibbie went home again, and sat up all night, keeping the kettle boiling, ready to make tea for him the moment he should come in. But even in the morning Donal did not appear. Gibbie was anxious — for Donal was unhappy.

He might hear of him at the college he thought, and went at the usual hour. Sure enough, as he entered the quadrangle,

there was Donal going in at the door leading to the moral philosophy class-room. For hours, neglecting his own classes, he watched about the court, but Donal never showed himself. Gibbie concluded he had watched to avoid him, and had gone home by Crown Street, and himself returned the usual and shorter way, sure almost of now finding him in his room — although probably with the door locked. The room was empty, and Mistress Murkison had not seen him.

Donal's final examination, upon which alone his degree now depended, came on the next day: Gibbie watched at a certain corner, and unseen saw him pass — with a face pale but strong, eyes that seemed not to have slept, and lips that looked the inexorable warders of many sighs. After that he did not see him once till the last day of the session arrived. Then in the public room he saw him go up to receive his degree. Never before had he seen him look grand; and Gibbie knew that there was not *any* evil in the world, except wrong. But it had been the dreariest week he had ever passed. As they came from the public room, he lay in wait for him once more, but again in vain: he must have gone through the sacristan's garden behind.

When he reached his lodging, he found a note from Donal waiting him, in which he bade him good-bye, said he was gone to his mother, and asked him to pack up his things for him: he would write to Mistress Murkison and tell her what to do with the chest.

CHAPTER XV.

A NIGHTWATCH.

A SENSE of loneliness, such as in all his forsaken times he had never felt, overshadowed Gibbie when he read this letter. He was altogether perplexed by Donal's persistent avoidance of him. He had done nothing to hurt him, and knew himself his friend in his sorrow as well as in his joy. He sat down in the room that had been his, and wrote to him. As often as he raised his eyes — for he had not shut the door — he saw the dusty sunshine on the old furniture. It was a bright day, one of the poursuivants of the yet distant summer, but how dreary everything looked! how miserable and heartless now Donal was gone, and would never regard those things any more! When he had ended his letter, almost for the first time in his life, he sat thinking what he should do next. It was as if he were suddenly be-

calmed on the high seas; one wind had ceased to blow, and another had not begun. It troubled him a little that he must now return to Mr. Sclater, and once more feel the pressure of a nature not homogeneous with his own. But it would not be for long.

Mr. Sclater had thought of making a movement towards gaining an extension of his tutelage beyond the ordinary legal period, on the ground of unfitness in his ward for the management of his property; but Gibbie's character and scholarship, and the opinion of the world which would follow failure, had deterred him from the attempt. In the month of May, therefore, when, according to the registry of his birth in the parish-book, he would be of age, he would also be, as he expected, his own master, so far as other mortals were concerned. As to what he would then do, he had thought much, and had plans, but no one knew anything of them except Donal — who had forsaken him.

He was in no haste to return to Daur Street. He packed Donal's things, with all the books they had bought together, and committed the chest to Mistress Murkison. He then told her he would rather not give up his room just yet, but would like to keep it on for a while, and come and go as he pleased; to which the old woman replied,

"As ye wull, Sir Gibbie. Come an' gang as free as the win'. Mak o' my hoose as gien it war yer ain."

He told her he would sleep there that night, and she got him his dinner as usual; after which, putting a Greek book in his pocket, he went out, thinking to go to the end of the pier and sit there a while. He would gladly have gone to Ginevra, but she had prevented him when she was at school, and had never asked him since she left it. But Gibbie was not *ennuyé*: the pleasure of his life came from the very roots of his being, and would therefore run into any channel of his consciousness; neither was he greatly troubled; nothing could "put rancors in the vessel of" his "peace;" he was only very hungry after the real presence of the human; and scarcely had he set his foot on the pavement, when he resolved to go and see Mistress Croale. The sun, still bright, was sinking towards the west, and a cold wind was blowing. He walked to the market, up to the gallery of it, and on to the farther end, greeting one and another of the keepers of the little shops, until he reached that of Mistress Croale. She was overjoyed at sight of him, and proud the

neighbors saw the terms they were on. She understood his signs and finger-speech tolerably, and held her part of the conversation in audible utterance. She told him that for the week past Donal had occupied her garret — she did not know why, she said, and hoped nothing had gone wrong between them. Gibbie signed that he could not tell her about it there, but would go and take tea with her in the evening.

"I'm sorry I canna be hame sae ear'," she replied. "I promised to tak my dish o' tay wi' auld Mistress Green — the kail-wife, ye ken, Sir Gibbie." — Gibbie nodded and she resumed. — "But gien ye wad tak a lug o' a Fin'on haddie wi' me at nine o'clock, I wad be prood."

Gibbie nodded again, and left her.

All this time he had not happened to discover that the lady who stood at the next counter, not more than a couple of yards from him, was Miss Kimble — which was the less surprising in that the lady took some trouble to hide the fact. She extended her purchasing when she saw who was shaking hands with the next stall-keeper, but kept her face turned from him, heard all Mrs. Croale said to him, and went away asking herself what possible relations except objectionable ones could exist between such a pair. She knew little or nothing of Gibbie's early history, for she had not been a dweller in the city when Gibbie was known as well as the town-cross to almost every man, woman, and child in it, else perhaps she might, but I doubt it, have modified her conclusion. Her instinct was in the right, she said with self-gratulation; he was a lad of low character and tastes, just what she had taken him for the first moment she saw him: his friends could not know what he was; she was bound to acquaint them with his conduct; and first of all, in duty to her old pupil, she must let Mr. Galbraith know what sort of friendships this Sir Gilbert, his nephew, cultivated. She went therefore straight to the cottage.

Fergus was there when she rang the bell. Mr. Galbraith looked out, and seeing who it was, retreated — the more hurriedly that he owed her money, and imagined she had come to dun him. But when she found, to her disappointment, that she could not see him, Miss Kimble did not therefore attempt to restrain a little longer the pent-up waters of her secret. Mr. Duff was a minister, and the intimate friend of the family: she would say what she had seen and heard. Having then first abjured all love of gossip, she told her tale, appealing to the minister whether

she had not been right in desiring to let Sir Gilbert's uncle know how he was going on.

"I was not aware that Sir Gilbert was a cousin of yours, Miss Galbraith," said Fergus.

Ginevra's face was rosy red, but it was now dusk, and the firelight had friendly retainer-shadows about it.

"He is not my cousin," she answered.

"Why, Ginevra! you told me he was your cousin," said Miss Kimble, with keen moral reproach.

"I beg your pardon; I never did," said Ginevra.

"I must see your father instantly," cried Miss Kimble, rising in anger. "He must be informed at once how much he is mistaken in the young gentleman he permits to be on such friendly terms with his daughter."

"My father does not know him," rejoined Ginevra; "and I should prefer they were not brought together just at present."

Her words sounded strange even in her own ears, but she knew no way but the straight one.

"You quite shock me, Ginevra!" said the schoolmistress, resuming her seat; "you cannot mean to say you cherish acquaintance with a young man of whom your father knows nothing, and whom you dare not introduce to him?"

To explain would have been to expose her father to blame.

"I have known Sir Gilbert from my childhood," she said.

"Is it possible your duplicity reaches back so far?" cried Miss Kimble, assured in her own mind that Ginevra had said he was her cousin.

Fergus thought it was time to interfere.

"I know something of the circumstances that led to the acquaintance of Miss Galbraith with Sir Gilbert," he said, "and I am sure it would only annoy her father to have any allusion made to it by one — excuse me, Miss Kimble — who is comparatively a stranger. I beg you will leave the matter to me."

Fergus regarded Gibbie as a half-witted fellow, and had no fear of him. He knew nothing of the commencement of his acquaintance with Ginevra, but imagined it had come about through Donal; for, studiously as Mr. Galbraith had avoided mention of his quarrel with Ginevra because of the lads, something of it had crept out, and reached the Mains; and in now venturing allusion to that old story, Fergus was feeling after a nerve whose

vibration, he thought, might afford him some influence over Ginevra.

He spoke authoritatively, and Miss Kimble, though convinced it was a mere pretence of her graceless pupil that her father would not see her, had to yield, and rose. Mr. Duff rose also, saying he would walk with her. He returned to the cottage, dined with them, and left about eight o'clock.

Already well enough acquainted in the city to learn without difficulty where Mistress Croale lived, and having nothing very particular to do, he strolled in the direction of her lodging, and saw Gibbie go into the house. Having seen him in, he was next seized with the desire to see him out again: having lain in wait for him as a beneficent brownie, he must now watch him as a profligate baronet forsooth! To haunt the low street until he should issue was a dreary prospect — in the east wind of a March night, which some giant up above seemed sowing with great handfuls of rain-seed; but having made up his mind, he stood his ground. For two hours he walked, vaguely cherishing an idea that he was fulfilling a duty of his calling, as a moral policeman.

When at length Gibbie appeared, he had some difficulty in keeping him in sight, for the sky was dark, the moon was not yet up, and Gibbie walked like a swift shadow before him. Suddenly, as if some old association had waked the old habit, he started off at a quick trot. Fergus did his best to follow. As he ran, Gibbie caught sight of a woman seated on a doorstep, almost under a lamp, a few paces up a narrow passage, stopped, stepped within the passage, and stood in a shadow watching her. She had turned the pocket of her dress inside out, and seemed unable to satisfy herself that there was nothing there but the hole which she examined again and again, as if for the last news of her last coin. Too thoroughly satisfied at length, she put back the pocket, and laid her head on her hands. Gibbie had not a farthing. Oh, how cold it was! and there sat his own flesh and blood shivering in it! He went up to her. The same moment Fergus passed the end of the court. Gibbie took her by the hand. She started in terror, but his smile reassured her. He drew her, and she rose. He laid her hand on his arm, and she went with him. He had not yet begun to think about prudence, and perhaps, if some of us thought more about right, we should have less occasion to cultivate the inferior virtue. Perhaps also we should have more belief

that there is One to care that things do not go wrong.

Fergus had given up the chase, and having met a policeman, was talking to him, when Gibbie came up with the woman on his arm, and passed them. Fergus again followed, sure of him now. Had not fear of being recognized prevented him from passing them and looking, he would have seen only a poor old thing, somewhere about sixty; but if she had been beautiful as the morning, of course Gibbie would have taken her all the same. He was the Gibbie that used to see the drunk people home: Gibbies like him do not change; they grow.

After following them through several streets, Fergus saw them stop at a door. Gibbie opened it with a key which his spy imagined the woman gave him. They entered, and shut it almost in Fergus's face, as he hurried up determined to speak. Gibbie led the poor shivering creature up the stair, across the chaos of furniture, and into his room, in the other corner next to Donal's. To his joy he found the fire was not out. He set her in the easiest chair he had, put the kettle on, blew the fire to a blaze, made coffee, cut bread and butter, got out a pot of marmalade, and ate and drank with his guest. She seemed quite bewildered, and altogether unsure. I believe she took him at last, finding he never spoke, for half-crazy, as not a few had done, and as many would yet do. She smelt of drink, but was sober, and ready enough to eat. When she had taken as much as she would, Gibbie turned down the bedclothes, made sign to her she was to sleep there, took the key from the outside of the door, and put it in the lock on the inside, nodded a good-night, and left her, closing the door softly, which he heard her lock behind him, and going to Donal's room, where he slept.

In the morning he knocked at her door, but there was no answer, and opening it, he found she was gone.

When he told Mistress Murkison what he had done, he was considerably astonished at the wrath and indignation which instantly developed themselves in the good creature's atmosphere. That her respectable house should be made a hiding place from the wind and a covert from the tempest, was infuriating. Without a moment's delay, she began a sweeping and scrubbing, and general cleansing of the room, as if all the devils had spent the night in it. And then for the first time Gibbie reflected, that, when he ran about the streets, he had never been taken home — except

once, to be put under the rod and staff of the old woman. If Janet had been like the rest of them, he would have died upon Glashgar, or be now wandering about the country, doing odd jobs for halfpence! He must not do like other people — would not, could not, dared not be like them! He had had such a thorough schooling in humanity as nobody else had had! He had been to school in the streets, in dark places of revelry and crime, and in the very house of light!

When Mistress Murkison told him that if ever he did the like again, she would give him notice to quit, he looked in her face: she stared a moment in return, then threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him.

"Ye're the bonniest cratur o' a muckle idiot 'at ever man saw!" she cried; "an' gien ye dinna tak the better care, ye'll be soopit aff to haiven afore ye ken whaur ye are or what ye're about."

Her feelings, if not her sentiments, experienced a relapse when she discovered that one of her few silver tea-spoons was gone — which, beyond a doubt, the woman had taken: she abused her, and again scolded Gibbie, with much vigor. But Gibbie said to himself, "The woman is not bad, for there were two more silver spoons on the table." Even in the matter of stealing we must think of our own beam before our neighbor's mote. It is not easy to be honest. There is many a thief who is less of a thief than many a respectable member of society. The thief must be punished, and assuredly the other shall not come out until he have paid the uttermost farthing. Gibbie, who would have died rather than cast a shadow of injustice, was not shocked at the woman's depravity like Mistress Murkison. I am afraid he smiled. He took no notice either of her scoldings or her lamentations; but the first week after he came of age, he carried her a present of a dozen spoons.

Fergus could not tell Ginevra what he had seen; and if he told her father, she would learn that he had been playing the spy. To go to Mr. Sclater would have compromised him similarly. And what great occasion was there? He was not Sir Gilbert's keeper!

That same day Gibbie went back to his guardians. At his request Mrs. Sclater asked Ginevra to spend the following evening with them: he wanted to tell her about Donal. She accepted the invitation. But in a village near the foot of Glashgar, Donal had that morning done what was destined to prevent her from keeping her

engagement: he had posted a letter to her. In an interval of comparative quiet, he had recalled the verses he sang to her as they walked that evening, and now sent them — completed in a very different tone. Not a word accompanied them.

My thoughts are like fire-flies pulsing in moonlight;

My heart like a silver cup full of red wine;
My soul a pale gleaming horizon, whence soon
light

Will flood the gold earth with a torrent divine.

My thoughts are like worms in a starless gloamin' ;

My heart like a sponge that's fillit wi' gall;
My soul like a bodiless ghaist sent a roamin',
To bide i' the mirk till the great trumpet call.

But peace be upo' ye, as deep as ye're loesome!

Brak na an hoor o' yer fair-dreamy sleep,
To think o' the lad wi' a weicht in his bosom,
'At ance sent a cry till ye oot o' the deep.

Some sharp rocky heicht, to catch a far mornin'

Ayont a' the nichts o' this warld, he'll clim' ;
For nane shall say, Luik ! he sank doon at her
scornin',

Wha rase by the han' she hield frank oot to him.

The letter was handed, with one or two more, to Mr. Galbraith, at the breakfast table. He did not receive many letters now, and could afford time to one that was for his daughter. He laid it with the rest by his side, and after breakfast took it to his room and read it. He could no more understand it than Fergus could the Epistle to the Romans, and therefore the little he did understand of it was too much. But he had begun to be afraid of his daughter: her still dignity had begun to tell upon him in his humiliation. He laid the letter aside, said nothing, and waited, inwardly angry and contemptuous. After a while he began to flatter himself with the hope that perhaps it was but a sort of impertinent valentine, the writer of which was unknown to Ginevra. From the moment of its arrival, however, he kept a stricter watch upon her, and that night prevented her from going to Mrs. Sclater's. Gibbie, aware that Fergus continued his visits, doubted less and less that she had given herself to "The Bledder," as Donal called the popular preacher.

CHAPTER XVI.

OF AGE.

THERE were no rejoicings upon Gibbie's attainment of his twenty-first year. His

guardian, believing he alone had acquainted himself with the date, and desiring in his wisdom to avoid giving him a feeling of importance, made no allusion to the fact, as would have been most natural, when they met at breakfast on the morning of the day. But, urged thereto by Donal, Gibbie had learned the date for himself, and finding nothing was said, fingered to Mrs. Sclater, "This is my birthday."

"I wish you many happy returns," she answered, with kind *empressement*. "How old are you to-day?"

"Twenty-one," he answered — by holding up all his fingers twice and then a forefinger.

She looked struck and glanced at her husband, who thereupon, in his turn, gave utterance to the usual formula of good-will, and said no more. Seeing he was about to leave the table, Gibbie, claiming his attention, spelled on his fingers, very slowly, for Mr. Sclater was slow at following this mode of communication:

"If you please, sir, I want to be put in possession of my property as soon as possible."

"All in good time, Sir Gilbert," answered the minister, with a superior smile, for he clung with hard reluctance to the last vestige of his power.

"But what is good time?" spelled Gibbie with a smile, which, none the less that it was of genuine friendliness, indicated there might be difference of opinion on the point.

"Oh! we shall see," returned the minister coolly. "These are not things to be done in a hurry," he added, as if he had been guardian to twenty wards in chancery before. "We'll see in a few days what Mr. Torrie proposes."

"But I want my money at once," insisted Gibbie. "I have been waiting for it, and now it is time, and why should I wait still?"

"To learn patience, if for no other reason, Sir Gilbert," answered the minister, with a hard laugh, meant to be jocular. "But indeed such affairs cannot be managed in a moment. You will have plenty of time to make a good use of your money, if you should have to wait another year or two."

So saying he pushed back his plate and cup, a trick he had, and rose from the table.

"When will you see Mr. Torrie?" asked Gibbie, rising too and working his telegraph with greater rapidity than before.

"By and by," answered Mr. Sclater, and walked towards the door. But Gibbie got between him and it.

"Will you go with me to Mr. Torrie to-day?" he asked.

The minister shook his head. Gibbie withdrew, seeming a little disappointed. Mr. Sclater left the room.

"You don't understand business, Gilbert," said Mrs. Sclater.

Gibbie smiled, got his writing-case, and sitting down at the table, wrote as follows:—

"Dear Mr. Sclater,—As you have never failed in your part, how can you wish me to fail in mine? I am now the one accountable for this money, which surely has been idle long enough, and if I leave it still unused, I shall be doing wrong, and there are things I have to do with it which ought to be set about immediately. I am sorry to seem importunate, but if by twelve o'clock you have not gone with me to Mr. Torrie, I will go to Messrs. Hope & Waver, who will tell me what I ought to do next, in order to be put in possession. It makes me unhappy to write like this, but I am not a child any longer, and having a man's work to do, I cannot consent to be treated as a child. I will do as I say. I am, dear Mr. Sclater, your affectionate ward, Gilbert Galbraith."

He took the letter to the study, and having given it to Mr. Sclater, withdrew. The minister might have known by this time with what sort of a youth he had to deal! He came down instantly, put the best face on it he could, said that if Sir Gilbert was so eager to take up the burden, he was ready enough to cast it off, and they would go at once to Mr. Torrie.

With the lawyer, Gibbie insisted on understanding everything, and that all should be legally arranged as speedily as possible. Mr. Torrie saw that, if he did not make things plain, or gave the least cause for doubt, the youth would most likely apply elsewhere for advice, and therefore took trouble to set the various points, both as to the property and the proceedings necessary, before him in the clearest manner.

"Thank you," said Gibbie, through Mr. Sclater. "Please remember I am more accountable for this money than you, and am compelled to understand."—Janet's repeated exhortations on the necessity of sending for the serpent to take care of the dove, had not been lost upon him.

The lawyer being then quite ready to make him an advance of money, they went with him to the bank, where he wrote his name, and received a cheque

book. As they left the bank, he asked the minister whether he would allow him to keep his place in his house, till the next session, and was almost startled at finding how his manner to him was changed. He assured Sir Gilbert, with a deference and respect both painful and amusing, that he hoped he would always regard his house as one home, however many besides he might now choose to have.

So now at last Gibbie was free to set about realizing a long cherished scheme.

The repairs upon the Auld Hoose o' Galbraith were now nearly finished. In consequence of them some of the tenants had had to leave, and Gibbie now gave them all notice to quit at their earliest convenience, taking care, however, to see them provided with fresh quarters, towards which he could himself do not a little, for several of the houses in the neighborhood had been bought for him at the same time with the old mansion. As soon as it was empty he set more men to work, and as its internal arrangements had never been altered, speedily, out of squalid neglect, caused not a little of old stateliness to reappear. He next proceeded to furnish at his leisure certain of the rooms, chiefly from the accumulations of his friend Mistress Murkison. By the time he had finished, his usual day for going home had arrived: while Janet lived, the cottage on Glashgar was home. Just as he was leaving, the minister told him that Glashruach was his. Mrs. Sclater was present, and read in his eyes what induced her instantly to make the remark: "How could that man deprive his daughter of the property he had to take her mother's name to get!"

"He had misfortunes," indicated Gibbie, "and could not help it, I suppose."

"Yes indeed!" she returned, "—misfortunes so great that they amounted to little less than swindling. I wonder how many he has brought to grief besides himself! If he had Glashruach once more he would begin it all over again."

"Then I'll give it to Ginevra," said Gibbie.

"And let her father coax her out of it, and do another world of mischief with it!" she rejoined.

Gibbie was silent. Mrs. Sclater was right! To give is not always to bless. He must think of some way. With plenty to occupy his powers of devising he set out.

He would gladly have seen Ginevra before he left, but had no chance. He had gone to the North church every Sunday for a long time now, neither for love of Fergus,

nor dislike to Mr. Sclater, but for the sake of seeing his lost friend: had he not lost her when she turned from Donal to Fergus? Did she not forsake him too when she forsook his Donal? His heart would rise into his throat at the thought, but only for a moment: he never pitied himself. Now and then he had from her a sweet sad smile, but no sign that he might go and see her. Whether he was to see Donal when he reached Daurside, he could not tell; he had heard nothing of him since he went: his mother never wrote letters.

"Na, na; I canna," she would say. "It wad tak a' the pith oot o' me to vreet letters. A' 'at I hae to say I sen' the up-road; it's sure to win hame ear' or late.

Notwithstanding his new power, it was hardly, therefore, with his usual elation, that he took his seat on the coach. But his reception was the same as ever. At his mother's persuasion, Donal, he found, instead of betaking himself again to bodily labors as he had purposed, had accepted a situation as tutor offered him by one of the professors. He had told his mother all his trouble.

"He'll be a' the better for 't i' the en'," she said, with a smile of the deepest sympathy, "though, bein' my ain, I canna help bein' wae for 'im. But the Lord was i' the airthquack, an' the fire, an' the win' that rane the rocks, though the prophet couldna see 'im. Donal 'ill come oot o' this wi' mair room in's hert an' mair licht in's speerit."

Gibbie took his slate from the *crap o' the wa'*, and wrote, "If money could do anything for him, I have plenty now."

"I ken yer hert, my bairn," replied Janet; "but na; siller's but a deid horse for onything 'at smacks o' salvation. Na; the puir fallow maun warstle oot o' the thicket o' deid roses as best he can — sair scattit, nae doobt. Eh! it's a fearfu' an' won'erfu' thing that drawin' o' hert to hert, an' syne a great snap, an' a stert back, an' there's miles atween them! The Lord alane kens the boddom o' 't; but I'm thinkin' there's mair intill't, an' a heap mair to come oot o' 't ere a' be dune, than we hae ony guiss at."

Gibbie told her that Glashruach was his. Then first the extent of his wealth seemed to strike his old mother.

"Eh! ye'll be the laird, wull ye, than? Eh, sirs! To think o' this hoose an' a' bein' wee Gibbie's! Weel, it dings a'. The w'ys o' the Lord are to be thought upon! He made Dawvid the king, an' Gibbie he's made the laird! Blest be his name."

"They tell me the mountain is mine," Gibbie wrote: "your husband shall be laird of Glashgar if he likes."

"Na, na," said Janet, with a loving lock. "He's ower auld for that. He mich na dee sae easy for't. — Eh! please the Lord, I wad fain gang wi' him. — An' what better wad Robert be to be laird? We pey nae rent as 'tis, an' he has as mony sheep to lo'e as he can weel ken ane frae the ither, noo 'at he's growin' auld. I ken naething 'at he lacks, but Gibbie to gang wi' 'im about the hill. A neebour's laddie comes an' gangs, to help him, but, eh, says Robert, he's no Gibbie! — But gien Glashruach be yer ain, my bonnie man, ye maun gang doon there this verra nicht, and gie a luik to the burn; for the last time I was there, I thocht it was creepin' in aneth the bank some fearsome like for what's left o' the auld hoose, an' the suner it's luikit efter maybe the better. Eh, Sir Gibbie, but ye sud merry the bonnie leddy, an' tak her back till her ain hoose."

Gibbie gave a great sigh to think of the girl that loved the hill and the heather and the burns, shut up in the city, and every Sunday going to the great church — with which in Gibbie's mind was associated no sound of glad tidings. To him Glashgar was full of God; the North church or Mr. Sclater's church — well, he had tried hard, but had not succeeded in discovering temple-signs about either.

The next day he sent to the city for an architect; and within a week masons and quarrymen were at work, some on the hill blasting blue boulders and red granite, others roughly shaping the stones, and others laying the foundation of a huge facing and buttressing wall, which was to slope up from the bed of the Glashburn fifty feet to the foot of the castle, there to culminate in a narrow terrace with a parapet. Others again were clearing away what of the ruins stuck to the old house, in order to leave it, as much as might be, in its original form. There was no space left for rebuilding, neither was there any between the two burns for adding afresh. The channel of the second remained dry, the landslip continuing to choke it, and the stream to fall into the Glashburn. But Gibbie would not consent that the burn Ginevra had loved should sing no more as she had heard it sing. Her chamber was gone, and could not be restored, but another chamber should be built for her, beneath whose window it should again run: when she was married to Fergus, and her father could not touch it, the place should be hers. More masons were gath-

ered, and foundations blasted in the steep rock that formed the other bank of the burn. The main point in the building was to be a room for Ginevra. He planned it himself — with a windowed turret projecting from the wall, making a recess in the room, and overhanging the stream. The turret he carried a story higher than the wall, and in the wall placed a stair leading to its top, whence, over the roof of the ancient part of the house, might be seen the great Glashgar, and its streams coming down from heaven, and singing as they came. Then from the middle of the first stair in the old house, the wall, a yard and a half thick, having been cut through, a solid stone bridge, with a pointed arch, was to lead across the burn to a like landing in the new house — a close passage, with an oriel window on each side, looking up and down the stream, and a steep roof. And while these works were going on below, two masons, high on the mountain, were adding to the cottage a warm bedroom for Janet and Robert.

The architect was an honest man, and kept Gibbie's secret, so that, although he was constantly about the place, nothing disturbed the general belief that Glashruach had been bought, and was being made habitable, by a certain magnate of the county adjoining.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE AULD HOOSE O' GALBRAITH.

ONE cold afternoon in the end of October, when Mistress Croale was shutting up her shop in the market, and a tumbler of something hot was haunting her imagination, Gibbie came walking up the long gallery with the light hillstep which he never lost, and startled her with a hand on her shoulder, making signs that she must come with him. She made haste to lock her door, and they walked side by side to the Widdiehill. As they crossed the end of it she cast a look down Jink Lane, and thought of her altered condition with a sigh. Then the memory of the awful time amongst the sailors, in which poor Sambo's frightful death was ever prominent, came back like a fog from hell. But so far gone were those times now, that, seeing their events more as they really were, she looked upon them with incredulous horror, as things in which she could hardly have had any part or lot. Then returned her wanderings and homeless miseries, when often a haystack or a heap of straw in a shed was her only joy — whisky always accepted. Last of all came the dread perils,

the hairbreadth escapes of her too adventurous voyage on the brander; — and after all these things, here she was, walking in peace by the side of wee Sir Gibbie, a friend as strong now as he had always been true! She asked herself, or some power within asked her, whence came the troubles that had haunted her life. Why had she been marked out for such misfortunes? Her conscience answered — from her persistence in living by the sale of drink after she had begun to feel it was wrong. Thence it was that she had learned to drink, and that she was even now liable, if not to be found drunk in the streets, yet to go to bed drunk as any of her former customers. The cold crept into her bones; the air seemed full of blue points and clear edges of cold, that stung and cut her. She was a wretched, a low creature! What would her late aunt think to see her now! What if this cold in her bones were the cold of coming death? To lie for ages in her coffin, with her mouth full of earth, longing for whisky! A verse from the end of the New Testament with "*nor drunkards*" in it, came to her mind. She had always had faith, she said to herself; but let them preach what they liked about salvation by faith, she knew there was nothing but hell for her if she were to die that night. There was Mistress Murkison looking out of her shop-door! She was respected as much as ever! Would Mistress Murkison be saved if she died that night? At least nobody would want her damned; whereas not a few, and Mr. Sclater in particular, would think it no fair play if Mistress Croale were not damned!

They turned into the close of the Auld Hoose o' Galbraith.

"Wee Gibbie's plottin' to lead me to repentance!" she said to herself. "He's gaein' to shaw me whaur his father dee'd, an' whaur they leevit in sic meesery — a' throu' the drink I gae 'im, an' the respectable hoose I keepit to 'tice him till't! He wad hae me persuaudit to lea' aff the drink! Weel, I'm a heap better nor ance I was, an' gie't up I wull a'thegither — afore it comes to the last wi' me."

By this time Gibbie was leading her up the dark stair. At the top, on a wide hall-like landing, he opened a door. She drew back with shy amaze. Her first thought was — "That prood madam, the minister's wife, 'ill be there!" Was affront lying in wait for her again? She looked round angrily at her conductor. But his smile re-assured her, and she stepped in.

It was almost a grand room, rich and

sombre in color, old-fashioned in its somewhat stately furniture. A glorious fire was blazing and candles were burning. The table was covered with a white cloth, and laid for two. Gibbie shut the door, placed a chair for Mistress Croale by the fire, seated himself, took out his tablets, wrote "Will you be my housekeeper? I will give you one hundred pounds a year," and handed them to her.

"Lord, Sir Gibbie!" she cried, jumping to her feet, "hae ye tint yer wuts? Hoo wad an auld wife like me luik in sic a place—an' in sic duds as this? It wad gar Sawtan lauch, an' that he can but seldom."

Gibbie rose, and taking her by the hand, led her to the door of an adjoining room. It was a bedroom, as grand as the room they had left, and if Mistress Croale was surprised before, she was astonished now. A fire was burning here too, candles were alight on the dressing-table, a hot bath stood ready, on the bed lay a dress of rich black satin, with linen and everything down, or up, to collar, cuffs, mittens, cap, and shoes. All these things Gibbie had bought himself, using the knowledge he had gathered in shopping with Mrs. Sclater, and the advice of her dressmaker, whom he had taken into his confidence, and who had entered heartily into his plan. He made signs to Mistress Croale that everything there was at her service, and left her.

Like one in a dream she yielded to the rush of events, not too much bewildered to dress with care, and neither too old nor too wicked nor too ugly to find pleasure in it. She might have been a born lady just restored to the habits of her youth, to judge by her delight over the ivory brushes and tortoise-shell comb, and great mirror. In an hour or so she made her appearance—I can hardly say re-appeared, she was so altered. She entered the room neither blushing nor smiling, but wiping the tears from her eyes like a too blessed child. What Mrs. Sclater would have felt, I dare hardly think; for there was "the horrid woman" arrayed as nearly after her fashion as Gibbie had been able to get her up! A very good "get-up" nevertheless it was, and satisfactory to both concerned. Mistress Croale went out a decent-looking poor body, and entered a not uncomely matron of the housekeeper class, rather agreeable to look upon, who had just stood a nerve-shaking but not unpleasant surprise, and was recovering. Gibbie was so satisfied with her appearance that, come of age as he was, and vagrant no more, he first danced round her several times with

a candle in his hand, much to the danger but nowise to the detriment of her finery, then set it down, and executed his old *volta* of delight, which, as always, he finished by standing on one leg.

Then they sat down to a nice nondescript meal, also of Gibbie's own providing.

When their meal was ended, he went to a bureau, and brought thence a paper, plainly written to this effect:

"I agree to do whatever Sir Gilbert Galbraith may require of me, so long as it shall not be against my conscience; and consent that, if I taste whisky once, he shall send me away immediately, without further reason given."

He handed it to Mistress Croale; she read, and instantly looked about for pen and ink: she dreaded seeming for a moment to hesitate. He brought them to her, she signed, and they shook hands.

He then conducted her all over the house—first to the rooms prepared for his study and bedroom, and next to the room in the garret, which he had left just as it was when his father died in it. There he gave her a look by which he meant to say, "See what whisky brings people to!" but which her conscience interpreted, "See what you brought my father to!" Next, on the floor between, he showed her a number of bedrooms, all newly repaired and fresh-painted,—with double windows, the inside ones filled with frosted glass. These rooms, he gave her to understand, he wished her to furnish, getting as many things as she could from Mistress Murkison. Going back then to the sitting-room, he proceeded to explain his plans, telling her he had furnished the house that he might not any longer be himself such a stranger as to have no place to take a stranger to. Then he got a Bible there was in the room, and showed her those words in the book of Exodus—"Also, thou shalt not oppress a stranger; for ye know the heart of a stranger, seeing ye were strangers in the land of Egypt;" and while she thought again of her wanderings through the country, and her nights in the open air, made her understand that whomsoever he should at any time bring home she was to treat as his guest. She might get a servant to wait upon herself, he said, but she must herself help him to wait upon his guests, in the name of the Son of Man.

She expressed hearty acquiescence, but would not hear of a servant: the more work the better for her! she said. She would to-morrow arrange for giving up her shop and disposing of her stock and the

furniture in her garret. But Gibbie requested the keys of both those places. Next, he insisted that she should never utter a word as to the use he intended making of his house; if the thing came out, it would ruin his plans, and he must give them up altogether — and thereupon he took her to the ground floor and showed her a door in communication with a poor little house behind, by which he intended to introduce and dismiss his guests, that they should not know where they had spent the night. Then he made her read to him the hundredth and seventh Psalm; after which he left her, saying he would come to the house as soon as the session began, which would be in a week; until then he should be at Mr. Sclater's.

Left alone in the great house — like one with whom the most beneficent of fairies had been busy, the first thing Mistress Croale did was to go and have a good look at herself — from head to foot — in the same mirror that had enlightened Donal as to his outermost man. Very different was the re-reflection it caused in Mistress Croale: she was satisfied with everything she saw there, except her complexion, and that she resolved should improve. She was almost painfully happy. Out there was the Widdiehill, dark and dismal and cold, through which she had come, sad and shivering and haunted with miserable thoughts, into warmth and splendor and luxury and bliss! Wee Sir Gibbie had made a lady of her! If only poor Sir George were alive to see and share! — There was but one thing wanted to make it Paradise indeed — a good tumbler of toddy by the fire before she went to bed!

Then first she thought of the vow she had made as she signed the paper, and shuddered — not at the thought of breaking it, but at the thought of having to keep it, and no help. — No help! it was the easiest thing in the world to get a bottle of whisky. She had but to run to Jink Lane at the farthest, to her own old house, which, for all Mr. Sclater, was a whisky shop yet! She had emptied her till, and had money in her pocket. Who was there to tell? She would not have a chance when Sir Gibbie came home to her. She must make use of what time was left her. She was safe now from going too far, because she *must* give it up; and why not then have one farewell night of pleasure, to bid a last good-bye to her old friend Whisky? — what should she have done without him, lying in the cold wind by a dykeside, or going down the Daur like a

shot on her brander? — Thus the tempting passion; thus, for aught I know, a tempting devil at the ear of her mind as well. — But with that came the face of Gibbie; she thought how troubled that face would look if she failed him. What a lost, irredeemable wretch was she about to make of herself after all he had done for her! No! if whisky *was* heaven, and the want of it *was* hell, she *would* not do it! She ran to the door, locked it, brought away the key, and laid it under the Bible from which she had been reading to Sir Gibbie. Perhaps she might have done better than betake herself again to her finery, but it did help her through the rest of the evening, and she went to her grand bed not only sober, but undefiled of the enemy. When Gibbie came to her a week after, he came to a true woman, one who had kept faith with him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LAIRD AND THE PREACHER.

SINCE he came to town, Gibbie had seen Ginevra but once — that was in the North church. She looked so sad and white that his heart was very heavy for her. Could it be that she repented? — She must have done it to please her father! If she would marry Donal, he would engage to give her Glashruach. She should have Glashruach all the same whatever she did, only it might influence her father. He paced up and down before the cottage once for a whole night, but no good came of that. He paced before it from dusk to bedtime again and again, in the poor hope of a chance of speaking to Ginevra, but he never saw even her shadow on the white blind. He went up to the door once, but in the dread of displeasing her lost his courage, and paced the street the whole morning instead, but saw no one come out.

Fergus had gradually become essential to the small remaining happiness of which the laird was capable. He had gained his favor chiefly through the respect and kindly attention he showed him. The young preacher knew little of the laird's career, and looked upon him as an unfortunate man, towards whom loyalty now required even a greater show of respect than while he owned his father's farm. The impulse transmitted to him from the devotion of ancestors to the patriarchal head of the clan, had found blind vent in the direction of the mere feudal superior, and both the impulse and its object remained. He felt honored, even now that he had reached

the goal of his lofty desires and was a popular preacher, in being permitted to play backgammon with the great man, or to carve a chicken, when the now trembling hands, enfeebled far more through anxiety and disappointment than from age, found themselves unequal to the task: the laird had begun to tell long stories, and drank twice as much as he did a year ago; he was sinking in more ways than one.

Fergus at length summoned courage to ask him if he might *pay his addresses* to Miss Galbraith. The old man started, cast on him a withering look, murmured "The heiress of Glashruach!" remembered, threw himself back in his chair, and closed his eyes. Fergus, on the other side of the table, sat erect, a dice-box in his hand, waiting a reply. The father reflected that if he declined what he could not call an honor, he must lose what was unquestionably a comfort: how was he to pass *all* the evenings of the week without the preacher? On the other hand, if he accepted him, he might leave the miserable cottage, and go to the manse: from a moral point of view — that was, from the point of other people's judgment of him — it would be of consequence to have a clergyman for a son-in-law. Slowly he raised himself in his chair, opened his unsteady eyes, which rolled and pitched like boats on a choppy sea, and said solemnly,

"You have my permission, Mr. Duff."

The young preacher hastened to find Ginevra, but only to meet a refusal, gentle and sorrowful. He pleaded for permission to repeat his request after an interval, but she distinctly refused. She did not, however, succeed in making a man with such a large opinion of himself hopeless. Disappointed and annoyed he was, but he sought and fancied he found reasons for her decision which were not unfavorable to himself, and continued to visit her father as before, saying to him he had not quite succeeded in drawing from her a favorable answer, but hoped to prevail. He nowise acted the despairing lover, but made grander sermons than ever, and, as he came to feel at home in his pulpit, delivered them with growing force. But delay wrought desire in the laird; and at length, one evening, having by cross-questioning satisfied himself that Fergus made no progress, he rose, and going to his desk, handed him Donal's verses. Fergus read them, and remarked he had read better, but the first stanza had a slight flavor of Shelley.

"I don't care a straw about their merit

or demerit," said Mr. Galbraith; "poetry is nothing but spoilt prose. What I want to know is, whether they do not suggest a reason for your want of success with Jenny. Do you know the writing?"

"I cannot say I do. But I think it is very likely that of Donal Grant; he sets up for the Burns of Daurside."

"Insolent scoundrel!" cried the laird, bringing down his fist on the table, and fluttering the wineglasses. "Next to superstition I hate romance — with my whole heart I do!" And something like a flash of cold moonlight on wintred water gleamed over, rather than shot from, his poor focusless eyes.

"But, my dear sir," said Fergus, "if I am to understand these lines —"

"Yes! if you are to understand where there is no sense whatever!"

"I think I understand them — if you will excuse me for venturing to say so; and what I read in them is, that, whoever the writer may be, the lady, whoever she may be, had refused him."

"You cannot believe that the wretch had the impudence to make my daughter — the heiress of — at least — What! make *my* daughter an offer! She would at once have acquainted me with the fact, that he might receive suitable chastisement. Let me look at the stuff again."

"It is quite possible," said Fergus, "it may be only a poem some friend has copied for her from a newspaper."

While he spoke, the laird was reading the lines, and persuading himself he understood them. With sudden resolve, the paper held torch-like in front of him, he strode into the next room, where Ginevra sat.

"Do you tell me," he said fiercely, "that you have so far forgotten all dignity and propriety as to give a dirty cow-boy the encouragement to make you an offer of marriage? The very notion sets my blood boiling. You will make me *hate* you, you — you — unworthy creature!"

Ginevra had turned white, but looking him straight in the face, she answered,

"If that is a letter for me, you know I have not read it."

"There! see for yourself. — Poetry!" He uttered the word with contempt inexpressible.

She took the verses from his hand and read them. Even with her father standing there, watching her like an inquisitor, she could not help the tears coming in her eyes as she read.

"There is no such thing here, papa,"

she said. "They are only verses — bidding me good-bye."

"And what right has any such fellow to bid *my* daughter good-bye? Explain that to me, if you please. Of course I have been for many years aware of your love of low company, but I had hoped as you grew older you would learn manners: modesty would have been too much to look for. — If you had nothing to be ashamed of, why did you not tell me of the unpleasant affair? Is not your father your best friend?"

"Why should I make both him and you uncomfortable, papa — when there was not going to be anything more of it?"

"Why then do you go hankering after him still, and refusing Mr. Duff? It is true he is not exactly a gentleman by birth, but he is such by education, by manners, by position, by influence."

"Papa, I have already told Mr. Duff, as plainly as I could without being rude, that I would never let him talk to me so. What lady would refuse Donal Grant and listen to him!"

"You are a bold, insolent hussey!" cried her father in fresh rage, and leaving the room, rejoined Fergus.

They sat silent both for a while — then the preacher spoke.

"Other communications may have since reached her from the same quarter," he said.

"That is impossible," rejoined the laird.

"I don't know that," insisted Fergus.

"There is a foolish — a half-silly companion of his about the town. They call him Sir Gibbie Galbraith."

"Jenny knows no such person."

"Indeed she does. I have seen them together."

"Oh! you mean the lad the minister adopted! the urchin he took off the streets — Sir Gibbie Galbraith!" he repeated sneeringly, but as one reflecting. "— I do vaguely recall a slanderous rumor in which a certain female connection of the family was hinted at. — Yes! that's where the nickname comes from. — And you think she keeps up a communication with the clown through him?"

"I don't say that, sir. I merely think it possible she may see this Gibbie occasionally; and I know he worships the cow-boy: it is a positive feature of his foolishness, and I wish it were the worst."

Therewith he told what he heard from Miss Kimble and what he had seen for himself on the night when he watched Gibbie.

"Her very blood must be tainted!" said her father to himself, but added, "— from her mother's side;" and his attacks upon her after this were at least diurnal. It was a relief to his feeling of having wronged her, to abuse her with justice. For a while she tried hard to convince him now that that notion of her conduct, or of Gibbie's or Donal's, was mistaken: he would listen to nothing she said, continually insisting that the only amends for her past was to marry according to his wishes; to give up superstition, and poetry, and cow-boys, and dumb rascals, and settle down into a respectable matron, a comfort to the gray hairs she was now bringing with sorrow to the grave. Then Ginevra became absolutely silent; he had taught her that any reply was but a new start for his objurgation, a knife wherewith to puncture a fresh gall-bladder of abuse. He stormed at her for her sullenness, but she persisted in her silence, sorely distressed to find how dead her heart seemed growing under his treatment of her: what would at one time have made her utterly miserable, now passed over her as one of the billows of a trouble that had to be borne, as one of the throbs of a headache, drawing from her scarcely a sigh. She did not understand that, her heaven being dark, she could see no individual cloud against it; that, her emotional nature untuned, discord itself had ceased to jar.

From The Spectator.

ETNA.

VESUVIUS is a fashionable volcano. People went "to see the eruption" this winter, just as they went "to see the Exhibition" last summer; and yet, if bigness be anything, and it surely ought to be in a mountain, Etna has far greater claims than Vesuvius, which might be hidden away in the Val del Bove, that sterile valley which forms only a portion of the eastern side of the vast volcano, and is itself bounded on three sides by vertical precipices, between three and four thousand feet high. Perhaps its quiescence is against it, as the first duty of a volcano is surely to be eruptive, and Etna has been as dull and silent as a theatre by daylight since 1874, the most recent occasion on which, with a mighty roaring and great shocks of earthquake, "that dragon-thing (Typhon) made issue from beneath the terrible, fiery flood." Much visited by scientific per-

sonages, rarely by travellers for pleasure only, with a history of twenty-four hundred years, the "Mongibello" of formal Sicilian appellation, "Il Monte," as it is proudly, yet familiarly, called in the peninsula, had not even one English book wholly written in its honor — though many writers describe it in Italian tours — until now, when Mr. Rodwell takes up, in the home of the old myths, that theme of the great ancients, seriously descriptive or gloriously poetic, the one-eyed giant Polyphemus, who was Etna itself, with its one great crater, and the Cyclops, its numerous minor cones.

To get a notion of the size of the most famous of volcanoes, as it rises solitary in grandeur, with the great sweep of the Alcantara and Simeto valleys between it and the mountain ranges of the Sicilian coast on either side, the unscientific mind, to which measurement is meaningless, will resort to the aid of Professor Jukes, who tells us, "If we were to put Snowdon, the highest mountain in Wales, on the top of Ben Nevis, the highest in Scotland, and Carrantuohill, the highest in Ireland, on the summit of both, we should make a mountain but a very little higher than Etna; and we should require to heap up a great number of other mountains round the flanks of our new one, in order to build a gentle, sloping pile, which should equal Etna in bulk." Its majestic height is, however, less imposing to the imagination than its vast extent, for "Il Monte" has an area of four hundred and sixty-two square miles, "rather larger than that of Bedfordshire," and a population more than double that of the English county. Two cities, Catania and Aci Reale, and sixty-two small towns, cluster upon the slopes of the awful mountain, whose entrails are fire, and whose breath is flame and lightning. Nine miles beneath the crater, which is one thousand feet in depth, three miles in width (it was rent anew into great fissures by the last eruption), the habitable zone commences, and is tenanted by three hundred thousand souls. Only the Val del Bove, commencing two miles from the summit, where Sir Charles Lyell believes there formerly existed a centre of permanent eruption, is altogether sterile now; the other sides of the mountain are clothed with trees at the same level. And such trees! Fourteen separate forests form the Regione Selvosa, and they abound with the oak, beech, pine, and poplar, with the chestnut, the ilex, and the cork-tree. Mariposa and Calaveras cannot beat the "Castagna di Cento Cavalli," in the forest of

Carpinetto, on the east side of the mountain, in whose trunk, through which the public road now passes, a queen of Arragon once took shelter, with a suite of one hundred horsemen. The Regione Coltivata, whose soil consists of decomposed lava, is lavishly fruitful; of the three regions, of which the Deserta has the most powerful charm for the imagination, Brydone says: "Besides the corn, the wine, the oil, the silk, the spice, and delicious fruits of its lower region; the beautiful forests, the flocks, the game, the tar, the cork, the honey of its second; the snow and ice of its third, — it affords from its caverns a variety of minerals and other productions, cinnabar, mercury, sulphur, alum, nitre, and vitriol; so that this wonderful mountain, at the same time, produces every necessary and every luxury of life."

The story of the ascent of the mountain, from whose summit Plato, in his serene and thoughtful time, and Mr. Gladstone, in our troublous days, have, among many great men, in great wonder, watched the sunrise, has a strong fascination, because of its wide contrast, its stern exaction of strength and endurance, and its supreme, awe-inspiring reward, — the realization of that which inspired the ancients and the poets of the Middle Ages. From the banana and the orange groves, from the vineyards and the palms, through the seven botanical regions into which the botanists have divided the realm protected of Persephone — because "amid the billowy cornfields of her mother, Demeter, and the meadow-flowers she loved in girlhood, are ever found sulphurous ravines, and chasms breathing vapor from the pit of Hades" — to the snow-capped crust that spreads for ten square miles between the awful depth of unquenchable fire, and the blue heaven that suddenly seems to be brought near, the traveller mounts, with an ever-increasing sense of the vastness beyond and around him. When twelve miles of the ascent from Catania have been accomplished, the summit looks as far off as ever. When Mr. Rodwell made the ascent, in August, 1877, no rain had fallen in Sicily for three months, and along the eastern sea-base of the mountain the mean temperature was 82° Fahr. His starting-point was Catania; his first halt at Nicolosi, a little town, consisting of one long street, bordered by one-storied cottages of lava. Nicolosi has more than once been shaken to the ground by earthquakes. From thence begins the journey,

on mule-back, by no defined path, over a vast tract covered with lava and ashes, with here and there patches of broom. The mules know all about it, and wise travellers trust them as they deserve. While his mule bore him unguided up the steep slope of the trackless waste, Mr. Rodwell wrote his notes, and at the time of the setting sun used his pocket spectroscope. Around the district of lava and ashes lie forests of small trees, and at a height of four thousand two hundred and sixteen feet is the Casa del Bosco, where men in charge of the woods live, and whence the start for quite the upper regions of the mountain — where cold surpassing that of the higher Alps has to be encountered — is made. There, Mr. Rodwell records, "the air was so extraordinarily still, that the flame of a candle placed near the open door of the house did not flicker." At sixty-three hundred feet, the Regione Deserta is entered; lifelessness is all around; silence broods over the waste of black sand, ashes, and lava; ants are the only living creatures in the crater region. A little lower down, Spallanzani found jays, thrushes, ravens, kites, and a few partridges. There was no moon on the night on which Mr. Rodwell made the ascent; but as the desolation deepened, and the earth became more arid, and more void and mute, the heavens took up the wondrous tale. "The stars," he says, "shone with extraordinary brilliancy, and sparkled like particles of white-hot steel. I had never before seen the heavens studded with such myriads of stars. The Milky Way shone like a path of fire, and meteors flashed across the sky in such numbers that I soon gave up any attempt to count them. The vault of heaven seemed to be much nearer than when seen from the earth, and more flat, as if only a short distance above our heads, and some of the brighter stars appeared to be hanging down from the sky."

A hundred years ago, Brydone, beholding this same wondrous spectacle of "awful majesty and splendor," records how he and his companion were "more struck with veneration than below;" how they exclaimed together, "What a glorious situation for an observatory! had Empedocles had the eyes of Galileo, what discoveries must he not have made!" and how they regretted that Jupiter was not visible, as he was persuaded they might have discovered some of his satellites with the naked eye, or at least with a small glass which he had in his pocket. There is every proba-

bility that next year will see an observatory at the Casa Inglese, a small lava-house near the base of the cone of the great crater, built by the English officers stationed in Sicily in 1811.

At 1.30 A.M., with the temperature at 4° Fahr., Mr. Rodwell reached the welcome shelter of the Casa Inglese, and rested there until 3 A.M., when, the brighter stars having disappeared, he started for the summit of the great crater, twelve hundred feet above him, in order to witness what Brydone calls "the most wonderful and most sublime sight in nature." There was no strong wind, the traveller did not suffer from the sickness of which travellers constantly complain in the rarefied air of the summit. He reached the highest point at 4.40, and cautiously choosing a coolish place among the cinders, sat down on the ground, whence steam and sulphurous acid gas were issuing, to wait for the sunrise: "Above the place where the sun would presently appear there was a brilliant red, shading off in the direction of the zenith to orange and yellow; this was succeeded by pale green, then a long stretch of pale blue, darker blue, dark grey, ending opposite the rising sun with black. This effect was quite distinct; it lasted some minutes, and it was very remarkable. This was succeeded by the usual rayed appearance, and at ten minutes to five the upper limb of the sun was seen over the mountains of Calabria." So simply does Mr. Rodwell record the guerdon of his toil, for as he says truly, no one would have the hardihood to attempt to describe the impressions which are made upon the mind while the eyes are beholding the sunrise from the summit of Etna. How greatly the isolation of the awful mountain adds to the incommunicable effect Brydone implies, when he dwells upon "the immense elevation from the surface of the earth, drawn, as it were, to a single point, without any neighboring mountains for the senses and imagination to rest upon and recover from their astonishment, in their way down to the world." It must be a wonderful experience to turn from such a contemplation to gaze into the vast, precipitous abyss of the great crater, even when it is quiet, as on this occasion. In 1838, when Mr. Gladstone made the ascent, the fire-forces were in activity, and he witnessed a "slight" eruption, involving such trifles as lava-masses two hundred pounds in weight being thrown a distance of a mile and a half, and a black column of ashes being shot from time to time out of

the uttermost depths of the crater far above its edge.

The minor craters look small in comparison with the great mass of the mountain, but in reality some of them are of great size — as, for instance, the double mountain, called "Monti Rossi," from the red cinders that compose it — and are richly covered with vegetation. Seventy-eight eruptions are recorded since Etna has had a history, the earliest in the time of Pythagoras, the most recent in 1874; of these Mr. Rodwell remarks that not more than nineteen have been of extreme violence, while the majority have been of a slight and comparatively harmless character. The ancient, immortal, one-eyed giant keeps up the character of the race for good-nature.

From The Athenæum.

A DIARY OF MILTON'S AGE.

AMONG the Additional Manuscripts in the British Museum I have lately come across an interesting and, in some respects, an important volume. It is a very tiny little book, only measuring five and a half inches in height by three inches in breadth, and numbered on the back 23,146. It is described as the Autograph Diary of the Rev. Thomas Dugard, Incumbent of Hartlebury, co. Worcester, and the entries extend over a period of exactly ten years, from the 25th of March, 1632, to the 24th of March, 1641-2. The handwriting is very cramped, and the memoranda are all in Latin, and many of the words are contracted. It is consequently a difficult work to make out the sense in every instance, and very trying to the eyesight. Small portions of it are in cipher. The two circumstances which give to it its greatest value are its connection with the life of John Milton, and its connection with the history of the "Eikon Basilike." The entries begin with the writer's career at Cambridge in March, 1632, at which university he was a contemporary for a brief period of Milton, who left college in July, 1632, and as Dugard gives us a very full account of his own studies, the names of the books he read every day, and the daily routine of his college life, we gain even a clearer and better idea of the poet's academical studies than Prof. Masson has given us from the earlier diary of Sir Symonds Dewes. But more than this. Dugard tells us that one of his

own intimate companions was Edward King, fellow of Christ College, who we know from other sources was Milton's dearest college friend, and on whose untimely death, in 1637, he composed his most exquisite elegy of "Lycidas." Dugard pays King a farewell visit on the latter's leaving Cambridge, and at a later part of his diary peruses the verses written to his memory. Visits to Hobson, the Cambridge carrier (not the subject of Milton's well-known epitaph, but his successor in the business), occur more than once. He reads, among a host of miscellaneous books, Greene's "Groat's Worth of Wit," that work so often quoted for its early contemporary notice of Shakespeare. On leaving college he seems to have become head master of Warwick Grammar School and domestic chaplain to the famous Parliamentarian general, Lord Brooke, who was afterwards killed at the siege of Lichfield, and of whom Milton speaks so highly in his "Areopagitica."

But the most curious fact in connection with the diary is its elucidation of an obscure point in the literary history of the "Eikon Basilike." Thomas Dugard was the younger brother of William Dugard, head master of St. Paul's Grammar School, who in 1649 lost his post for printing the "Eikon." Now at the foot of the frontispiece of that book are the initials "G. D.," which are said by the opponents of Charles I.'s title to the authorship to stand for G[auden] D[esigned] or G[auden] D[ean of Bocking]. Dr. Wordsworth, however, in 1824, pointed out that these initials evidently mean G[ulielmus] D[ugard], the printer, and this suggestion is proved beyond all possibility of doubt by his brother's diary. Thomas Dugard uses throughout his memoranda, but especially in the pedigree of his family at the end, a very peculiar and striking capital D, so quaint that one would hardly take it for a capital D at first sight. Now, in the earliest edition of the "Eikon" printed by William Dugard (a copy of which is in the hands of the Rev. Thomas Ford Fenn, head master of Trent College, near Nottingham) this very letter is printed at the foot of the frontispiece, and was evidently used to show who was so intended by these initials "G. D." I cannot help thinking that a careful perusal and a consequent edition of this diary by the Camden Society would form a valuable addition to our knowledge of the most interesting period of the great civil war.

EDWARD SCOTT.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XXV. }

No. 1814.—March 22, 1879.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXL. }

CONTENTS.

I. FELIX ANTOINE DUPANLOUP, BISHOP OF ORLEANS. By C. de Warmont,	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i>	707
II. SIR GIBBIE. By George MacDonald, author of "Malcolm," "The Marquis of Lossie," etc. Conclusion,	<i>Advance Sheets,</i>	723
III. MAGAZINE-WRITERS,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	739
IV. THE BRIDE'S PASS. By Sarah Tytler, author of "What She Came Through," "Lady Bell," etc. Part VI.,	<i>Advance Sheets,</i>	747
V. WILLIAM ETTY,	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	757
VI. AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE. By Thos. Hughes,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	763
VII. THE FRENCH EXPEDITION IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA,	<i>Pall Mall Gazette,</i>	767
VIII. THE ARCHIMANDRITE PALLADIUS,	<i>Academy,</i>	768

POETRY.

CATHEDRAL BELLS AND NEW-YEAR'S EVE,	NIGHT,	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.

CATHEDRAL BELLS AND NEW-YEAR'S
EVE.

ONLY a year ago —
 And do you remember how
 We sat as we're sitting now,
 And the fire was low ?
 And all the room was dark
 Behind us, table and chair,
 Save when a restless spark
 Leapt from the embers there ;
 And the tick of the clock on the stair,
 Or a creak in the oaken floor,
 Was all we heard—no more.

For the bells in the minster-tower
 Had ended their muffled chime ;
 And we watched through the solemn time
 Before the strike of the hour.
 How long it seemed, as with breath
 Bated, and straining ear,
 We sat as still as death —
 So still we seemed to hear
 The wings of the flying year
 Beat, as it sped apace
 Above, through the night and space !

How fast the years go by !
 We are sitting here again
 As we sat together then
 To see the old year die.
 Hark ! how the wind outside
 In the garden among the trees
 Sighs with the sound of a rising tide
 In far-off seas ;
 And blown on the fitful breeze
 The roll of muffled bells
 Swells and sinks and swells.

There — they have stopped at last :
 And all the air is dumb,
 And wizard memories come
 To conjure up the past.
 The ghost of days gone by
 In well-known shape begins
 To rise before my eye.
 Old sorrows, joys, and sins,
 Dead triumphs and chagrins,
 Long-buried hope and pain —
 I see them all again.

These moments leave one space
 To slip aside from the crowd,
 Where the race runs hot and loud,
 And meet self face to face.
 They give us time to whet
 Our wills, and rear a heap
 Of aims we soon upset,
 And vows we cannot keep,
 And know we cannot keep.
 How eagerly we weave
 This hollow make-believe !

Yet, if it were not thus,
 We should almost die of despair ;
 So let the illusion fair
 Stay and encourage us.
 Whenever we will what is good
 We are better because we willed ;
 And there's worth in an honest would,

Although it be not fulfilled.
 For 'tis not with success that we build
 Our life, but with noble endeavor.
 Full success is a prize won never.

But, listen ! the bells ring out
 To usher in the year.
 Farewell to every fear !
 Farewell to every doubt !
 It seems so easy now
 (Bells touch one's blood with flame)
 To compass every vow,
 And realize each aim ;
 But will it be the same
 By to-morrow morning's light ?
 Oh, ask not that — good-night.

EDMUND WHYTEHEAD HOWSON.

Good Words.

NIGHT.

SLOWLY the sunset fades ;
 Night's shadows fall ;
 The pale moon glimmers thro' the shades
 About the poplars tall ;
 The river's waves amid the reeds
 Like wan grey serpents crawl.

A hushing wind doth go
 In secret, where
 The rushes bend with the waves' flow,
 And the reeds twist like hair —
 Slow stealing, till it takes the ashen boughs
 With sudden gusts of air.

Somewhere, a too-late bird
 Makes shrilly sound ;
 Close by, the marish frogs are heard
 Upon the weedy ground ;
 A white owl flits on ghostly wing,
 And the bats swarm around.

The quivering planets shine
 Through the black night ;
 They seem to hang like fireflies on
 The tree-tops all alight :
 The rustling topmost leaves all gleam
 With silvery white.

The pale moon grows apace
 A warmer hue ;
 It draws a veil across the face
 Of night, which looketh through ;
 It floods the hills and hidden dells
 With misty, yellow dew.

Like pale gold dew it lies
 On half-seen trees ;
 With broad and yellow sheets it clads
 The sloping flowery leas ;
 Its misty smile in the far skies
 Lights up the restless seas.

A hushing wind doth go
 In secret, where
 The reeds within the river's flow
 Wave like long twisted hair,
 And dies in silence on the lips
 Of lilies lying there.

Good Words.

WILLIAM SHARP.

From The Nineteenth Century.

FELIX ANTOINE DUPANLOUP, BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

ON the 17th of May, 1838, the last scene was acted in the life of a man, who, all must acknowledge, played his part with a skill all the more perfect, in that he was undisturbed either by the movements of conscience, or the passionate emotions of more candid natures. Talleyrand was dying. For some months past the decay of his physical strength warned him of this moment, for which he had long prepared himself in his own fashion. His official departure from the world which he had helped to govern, and whose attention he had still longer engaged, followed the speech which he delivered on the 3rd of March, 1838, in memory of Count Reinhardt. From that time forward he was anxiously occupied with another matter. His object was to find a link, across so many years, with that first part of his public life which found its final expression on that memorable day, when he, as Bishop of Autun, celebrated high mass in the Champ de Mars to commemorate the first anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, and afterwards with a daring hand blessed the banner of revolutionary France. Since then he had lived the life we know, and in which the marriage contracted in America was not the greatest difficulty which stood in the way of his reconciliation with the Catholic Church. That, however, and, as its consequence, the honors of ecclesiastical burial, was the desire of the grand seigneur, to whom nothing seemed so ungentlemanlike as a display of unbelief, and who used to say during the last years of his life, "*Je n'ai qu'une peur, c'est celle des inconvenances.*" The family of the prince also on their part pressed for this reconciliation.

The Duchess de Dino, his niece, had given her daughter, whom Talleyrand used to call "*l'idole de sa vieillesse,*" a teacher of religion in the person of Abbé Dupanloup, who, although still young, had attracted attention by the zeal and talent which he displayed.

One day in the spring of 1838, Talleyrand invited him to dine. The priest excused himself, saying he was not a man of

the world, a subterfuge which drew upon him from the prince the complimentary remark, "*Cet homme ne sait pas son métier.*" In the mean time, Talleyrand drew up several forms of submission, and consulted Dupanloup on the subject. These were, however, rejected, and at last the proposition was made to the prince that he should simply sign a declaration which was drawn up specially for him. Whether or not Dupanloup was its author is unknown, but it was deemed sufficient in Rome. When, however, it was again presented to this singular penitent, he locked it up in his writing-table and met all remarks with the characteristic words *pas encore*. On the morning of his death, whilst the illustrious and great of the political and aristocratic world thronged the door at the entrance of his bed-chamber, the young pupil of Dupanloup asked the blessing of her teacher, went to the bedside of her grand-uncle, and, with a last earnest prayer, besought him to make his peace with God. Talleyrand granted to her tears his signature to the retractation which was once more read aloud, and then he received the consolations of his Church. Royer-Collard, who was present, said to Dupanloup, "*M. l'Abbé, vous êtes un prêtre.*" In consequence of this scene, the name of Dupanloup became more widely known, and was never again, with the exception of some insignificant intervals, withdrawn from publicity.

Félix Antoine Dupanloup was born a French subject at St. Félix in Savoy, on the 3rd of January, 1802, in what was then the department of Mont Blanc, although the French did not take solemn possession of the country until the month of July following. The most different and most contradictory stories have been spread as regards his birth. He considered himself to be the child of poor country people, and kept up friendly relations with the members of his family whenever he visited his birthplace. He showed himself a true son of the mountains in his ardent affection for his native country, and it was well known in Orleans that the bishop never met a little Savoyard without giving him a friendly greeting, a little present, and his blessing.

His uncle, a parish priest in the neighborhood of his birthplace, gave him the rudiments of education, and sent the high-spirited and talented boy to Paris in 1815, where he first of all studied for the space of three years in a half ecclesiastical, half secular school, in the Rue du Regard, then from 1818 in the seminary of St. Nicolas, till finally in 1820, he entered St. Sulpice. Some characteristic stories are told of this youthful period. When he exchanged his first school for the second, he left it as the best scholar in his class. Notwithstanding this, they wished at St. Nicolas to make him go through this class again, on the pretext that their standard was far higher. The boy begged and prayed of his teachers to give him at least a chance, but in vain. He declared at last that he would not offer further opposition, but that he would do no more work. The professors, who could press out of him neither an answer nor a task, had to give way, and the boy became again the first, and attained at the end of the year the distinctions of his class.

As a seminarist at St. Sulpice, he made acquaintance with a man still young, whose resolution to become a priest had made a very intelligible sensation. This was the Duc de Rohan, whom a frightful catastrophe induced to take this step. His wife's dress had caught fire as she was standing near a chimneypiece, and she died in consequence. Some years afterwards, in 1819, he entered the seminary, and there became such a friend of young Dupanloup's, that he was in the habit of asking him for the vacation to his château at La Roche Guyon. It was there in the autumn of 1826 that he made the acquaintance of Montalembert, then sixteen years old, and both firmly preserved the impressions of their first meeting. Looking back upon these days Dupanloup wrote in 1861: "Shortly before, Montalembert had left college, where he had taken the first prize in French literature. Already at that time he was a conscientious Christian, a sincere Catholic, zealously applying himself to study, and full of pugnacity. One felt already that, as he said himself, he was ready for war, and that a defender

of freedom and of right had arisen in him."*

Montalembert on his part expressed himself not less favorably in regard to the young priest, whose extraordinary gifts had not escaped him, but then he adds, "A half-hour's talk with the duc and his friend, showed me that on no point did we agree. No matter, I must master myself. I have known how to preserve my religion in the midst of one hundred and twenty infidels at college, and I hope that God will give me the grace to preserve my opinions on liberty and independence in spite of a dozen absolutists." And once more, coming back to the subject of his noble host, whose piety and charity he highly respected, he added, "I can't, however, give my inmost soul to a priest and a Frenchman, for whom freedom and constitutional equality are chimeras. Thoughts must agree, if hearts are to beat in unison."†

During the last twenty years of their lives, Dupanloup and Montalembert became warm and true friends, but the words just quoted indicate the reasons, and to some extent the prejudices, which caused their roads so long to run parallel before they joined. A prejudice it certainly was, to assume Dupanloup's agreement with the ultra-royalism of Rohan, but the true differences between him and Montalembert, which revealed and accentuated themselves in the course of the following years, were of such moment, that they played a great and important part, not only in their individual histories but in that of the French Church. They were partly of a political and partly of a personal character.

The men who surrounded Dupanloup in the days of his youth were the director of the seminary of St. Sulpice, M. Hamon, the Duc de Rohan, Mgr. de Quélen, Archbishop of Paris, Feutrier, curé of the Madeleine, and afterwards minister of education and Bishop of Beauvais, and above all, Frayssinous.

All these were royalists and true to the

* Dupanloup, "*Les Moines d'Occident*," *Correspondant*, Jan. 1861.

† Montalembert, "*Lettres à Léon Cornudet*."

traditions of the French monarchy and Church as these existed before 1789. The life of Dupanloup was influenced by them to the very last. After he was ordained priest in 1825, he was entrusted with a work which he always considered as his first and most important one. This friend of children and of youth commenced his experience in the field of education by teaching children their catechism, and this with such zeal, and in so interesting a fashion, that many parents whose attention had been drawn to him by the remarks of their children formed part of his audience. Placed by Feutrier, who had founded it, at the head of the Académie St. Hyacinthe, he worked for ten years as teacher of religion in a manner which brought him into continual intellectual intercourse with the rising generation, and the results of this are still living in the grateful remembrance of many, and are, to some extent at least, preserved in the notes of one of his hearers.* The further consequence of this was, that he was appointed in 1827 confessor to the little Duc de Bordeaux, and in 1828, teacher of religion to the Princes of Orleans, a position from whose double responsibility he was promptly relieved by the Revolution of 1830.

This event brought to the front a group of men whose increasing influence soon threw Dupanloup's friends into the shade, and from whom he was divided not so much by external circumstances and personal relations as by his intellectual disposition.

He took holy orders at an exceptionally memorable time. His first year in St. Sulpice, 1821, was the death-year of Count Joseph de Maistre. The latter was completely disappointed in the expectations which he associated in his mind with the idea of a monarchical restoration, and thought that, as Europe would perish along with him, "*C'était s'en aller en bonne compagnie.*" We cannot here allow ourselves to notice at length this extraordinary man. His importance, however, may be perceived by a comparison between the state of affairs in 1796, when he wrote his first

* "*La Chapelle St. Hyacinthe, Souvenirs des Cathéchismes de la Madeleine.*" *Par un ancien disciple de Mgr. l'Evêque d'Orléans*, 1825-35.

work, "*Les Considérations sur la France,*" and in 1819 when he published his last one, "*Le Livre du Pape.*"

The Gallican Church which perished in the Revolution numbered, on the eve of 1789, 18 archbishops, 113 bishops, 1,922 abbés, and 28 religious communities in 24,089 convents. The number of the regulars was about sixty thousand, the secular clergy were reckoned at seventy thousand, so that about one hundred and thirty thousand persons may be counted as belonging to the clerical order. A property of nearly four milliards in value with an income of two hundred millions of francs corresponded to this numerical strength.* This property had outlived the political importance of the order to whom, in the course of centuries, it had been confided, and besides, was divided very disproportionately among the clergy. While many high dignitaries of the Church united numerous benefices in one hand, the parish clergy were obliged to extract a barely sufficient income from their congregations, who were often not less poor and needy than they were themselves, and the two hundred and eight parish priests who found themselves among the three hundred deputies of the clerical order in 1789, by the opposition which they offered to the formation of a second chamber contributed their full share to the final result.

By the suppression of the religious communities, and the proposition of Mirabeau that the property of the Church should be placed at the disposal of the nation, the whole organization of the French Church was destroyed from its foundation. The attempt made by the *constitution civile du clergé* to bring the ecclesiastical organization in harmony with the political, failed by reason of the impossibility of reforming an ecclesiastical society like the Catholic Church by interference from without. With few exceptions the bishops and the clergy preferred persecution and exile to swearing fidelity to the constitution; and when ten years later the first consul resolved to re-establish the hierarchy, the position was such, that any proposition, in

* Compare Taine, "*L'ancien Régime*;" Delbos, "*L'Eglise de France*;" and Guettée, "*Histoire de l'Eglise de France.*"

the very smallest degree acceptable, was sure of a favorable reception in Rome. The work of Napoleon was worthy of its author. In spite of the protests against their forcible deposition, of thirty-six bishops of the old Gallican Church, he handed over to Pius the Seventh a completely centralized ecclesiastical organization, with the well-premeditated resolution to wield himself, by means of the pope, so excellent an instrument of power. The pecuniary position assigned to the clergy will not bear comparison with the past. The French bishops now could not meet the responsibilities and charges of their official position, were it not for the generosity of the French people. The situation of the parish priest, on the other hand, was hardly altered by the new state of things. Instead of the seven hundred livres, average stipend under the *ancien régime*, he gets now nine hundred francs, and in a speech in the Senate in 1876, Bishop Dupanloup attributed in so many words the early death of many priests to the circumstance that they often wanted the bare necessities of life. Moreover, the clergy lost through the new Concordat the last remnant of its independence in its relation with the bishops.

The ecclesiastical tribunals to whose decisions in ecclesiastical questions the priest could formerly appeal against the despotism of his superior, were suppressed, and the maintenance in the organic articles of *appels comme d'abus* which should be brought before the Conseil d'Etat, was too often illusory, because parishes were not given to parish priests in the ordinary sense of the word, but were conferred upon so-called *prêtres desservants*, so that an act of independence of authority on the part of the majority of the French priests, without consequent loss of position, is no longer to be thought of. It was the second time since 1516 that overpowering political reasons determined the very conditions of existence for the Gallican Church, without an ear being given to what she herself might have to say.*

To these internal changes the external difficulties have to be added, which the Church had to encounter after her restoration. All relations between the clergy and the nation were broken, their educational establishments destroyed, their institutions ruined, and theological education exiled to the episcopal seminaries, which had neither

* The influence of Napoleon as one of the chief authors of Ultramontanism in France, is exceedingly well explained by M. de Meaux, "*La Question religieuse au Sénat*," *Correspondant*, Mars 1865, p. 457.

the intellectual nor the material means to fulfil their task. In the mean time, the generation which had grown up since the Revolution was estranged from religion, if not hostile to it. Under such circumstances it was most important, and in some respects even decisive, for the French Church, that the impulse to a change of opinion was given not by clergymen, but by laymen.

Chateaubriand was the first who stepped into the lists, and with the "*Génie du Christianisme*" undertook the artistic and literary rehabilitation of Christianity, and especially of Catholic Christianity. It remains his undisputed merit that he risked his literary reputation at a moment when nothing justified the hope that he would succeed in turning the prejudices of the world in favor of the ideas he defended. As an apology for Christianity the work of Chateaubriand was never of great value, and has long been open to every kind of objection. As a poetical illustration it has not yet lost its charm. It won for it youth, which was filled with enthusiasm for the poetical figures which he had surrounded with a religious halo. It propitiated the cultivated, and was the foundation of a religious revival, which was true to the master in these respects, that practice did not keep pace with theory, that the intelligence was more excited than the heart, and that it was often more a question of æsthetical enjoyment than of internal regeneration. Overshadowed by Chateaubriand, and, from the nature of his mind, active in a much narrower circle, Vicomte de Bonald opposed to the revolutionary theory the inflexible doctrine of absolute power in Church and State, and endeavored, by word and example, in private and in public, to convince society once more of the necessity of reverence and of rigid morality. Honorable and inflexible, he influenced men, not less by the respect accorded to his character, than by writings in which Count Joseph de Maistre welcomed the conclusions of a kindred spirit. It was reserved, however, for the latter, to stamp his personality upon the entire direction of, and to give an impulse to, the religious movement in France, which on the whole it follows to this hour. This Catholic Voltaire, as he has often been called, was above all things a passionate, restless, irconcilable adversary of Rousseau, and his opposition to him acquired the acrimonious character of a personal quarrel. De Maistre opposed the doctrine of original sin, and the radical depravity of all flesh, to the belief in the original goodness and

the indefinite perfectibility of human nature, which was the basis of the whole theory of Rousseau. He delighted in contrasting, with an irony which recalls Pascal, the bitter reality with the Utopias of the eighteenth century, and concludes, alluding to his own life: "*Je ne sais ce qu'est la vie d'un coquin, je ne l'ai jamais été, mais la vie d'un honnête homme est abominable.*"*

De Maistre saw no salvation for fallen human nature out of Christianity, which seemed to him to exist in original purity only in the Catholic Church, because there alone all things were reduced to the principle of authority. In his definition of this principle of authority he concurs with Bonald. "There is no human society," he says, "without government, no government without sovereignty, no sovereignty without infallibility, and the last privilege is so indispensable that it is necessary to assume it where it does not exist — viz. in temporal sovereignties, because otherwise society would be disintegrated." † "If we wish to express ourselves correctly," says De Maistre in another place, "we must not talk about limited sovereignties; they are all unlimited and infallible, because it was never and nowhere permitted to say to them that they have erred, for herewith the right would follow to renounce allegiance to them." ‡ Though different in their spheres of action, the nature and substance of power is the same in the spiritual as in the temporal authority, only, the former possesses those prerogatives in a far higher measure; for there infallibility is of divine origin, and hence the final decision rests with it. "Perhaps," wrote De Maistre in 1815, "we laymen may be able to place means of defence at the disposition of the pope, which may prove all the more useful, that they have been forged in the camp of the enemy." § He did not know then that it would be a priest who would become his intellectual heir, for it was some time later that he made the acquaintance of Abbé de Lamennais. "What is truth, M. l'Abbé?" he wrote to him shortly before his death, with that singular mixture of worldly and prophet so peculiar to him. "The one person who could have answered this question did not choose to do so." . . . "Do not misuse your talent; nature has given you material for bombshells, don't make shot of it to shoot

sparrows; gather up your strength, give us something great."* His wish was gratified. It was De Maistre who presented to the pope the first volume of the "*Essai sur l'Indifférence.*" The days, when it might have been believed that Christianity need no longer be taken into account, seemed over. The book came almost as a portent, and shook for a long time the minds of men from their repose.

Lamennais attributed the sources of indifferentism to the contempt of authority, and the supremacy of individual reason. In opposition to Descartes, he founded certainty upon the authority of the universal human race, and undertook to prove the accord between mere historical tradition and the teaching of the Catholic Church. All conclusions of reason, said Lamennais, are subject to error. In the mass of existing theories, in the perpetual conflict of opinions, it is impossible to distinguish truth from error; science furnishes no certain results; evidence itself gives no certainty; we must, however, have truth, and consequently an infallible source of truth. No such source is in the individual himself, therefore he must seek it without himself — in the *sensus communis*, that is to say, in those root ideas upon which all are agreed; the greater the number of such witnesses, which a doctrine or an idea can produce in its favor, the nearer truth it is. But all truths, necessary for mankind, have originally been revealed by God, preserved by tradition, and also surrounded by the authority which this general consent of mankind furnishes. Finally, they have developed themselves in Christianity, and in the Catholic Church, and embodied themselves in the pope, its head, who therefore is, as it were, the divine intelligence become objective. To him, as the infallible bearer and guardian of the universal knowledge, this itself witnesses, and from him alone the reason of the individual receives truth. All authority and sovereignty are in the last instance founded upon his. He decides upon the problems of science and over the destinies of nations, and is the living tradition of mankind.

The older generation among the French clergy — which at the time when the first volumes appeared still reckoned amongst its members two of its brightest ornaments, Cardinals Bausset and De la Luzerne — was at first so little suspicious, that Fraysinious himself recommended the book,

* De Maistre, "*Lettres et Opuscules*," vol. i., p. 407. Paris, 1851.

† "*Du Pape*," livre i., p. 93.

‡ Ibid. livre ii., p. 165.

§ De Maistre, "*Lettres et Opuscules*," vol. i., p. 296.

* De Maistre, "*Lettres inédites*," Paris, 1851, p. 500.

and made use of the expression, "that a dead man would be raised again by it." Scruples began first to arise when Lamennais came forward with his entire system. Already, however, in 1820, Joubert wrote to his old friend Chateaubriand: "Lamennais is very much blamed in St. Sulpice, where they rightly think that as he shakes the foundations of all human knowledge in order to let authority stand alone, authority itself will in the end be destroyed." * These opinions were shared by a great number of bishops. It was Lamennais, however, who commenced hostilities, when in 1823 he attacked the University in the *Drapeau Blanc*. He did this in a letter to Frayssinous, in which he described the whole institution as godless, and demanded its suppression, and that the entire education of the country should be given over to the clergy. A year later, 1824, he went to Rome, in order to appeal directly to the pope against the hostile dispositions of the French episcopate in his regard. The pope offered him the purple, and greeted him as "the last of the Fathers." When he returned to France, he broke at the same time with both Legitimists and Liberals, began an open war against the government, which neither could nor would adopt his extreme ideas, and by his attacks provoked the episcopate to the declaration of the 7th of April, 1826, in which for the last time eighty-four French bishops adopted as their own, in a more or less precise form, the principles of the Gallican Church. The prosecution of theological war against Lamennais was principally carried on from St. Sulpice, whence Frayssinous, who, since 1825, was created grand master of the University, made a last effort by means of his book, "*Les vrais principes de l'Eglise Gallicane sur la puissance ecclésiastique*," to mediate between the parties. When in 1830 the monarchy of Charles the Tenth was overturned, in no slight degree because its position, as regards the Church, seemed to endanger the liberties of the nation, Lamennais descended into the arena with a programme, which for years had been ripening in his mind. The sympathies of the majority of the young clergy were enlisted by the names of the priests Lacordaire, Combalot, Gerbet, De Salinis, and Rohrbacher, who helped to edit his newspaper *L'Avenir*. The daring programme of Lamennais; the abolition of the Concordat and of the *Budget du Culte*, administrative decentralization, the freedom of

conscience and of the press, and the unlimited right of association, seemed to contain the promise of a new future. Young aspiring intellects could not withstand that strong mind, which had a command of diction, capable of passing with equal facility from the most tender of pathetic tones to the highest expression of passion, and which for its clear beauty or tempestuous power will live as long as French prose. It is most important to remember, that with the exception of Ravignan, who, being a Jesuit, did not come in his way, Gratry and Dupanloup were almost the only remarkable priests of that generation, whom we miss in the circle of the disciples of Lamennais. And here we cannot omit to observe, that it has become a habit to regard Dupanloup as the personification of the militant element of the Church, and, because he struggled much, to conclude that he loved strife. This judgment takes only into account the years during which the responsibilities of his position determined his entrance on the scene, and not those early years when he, from free choice, passed by the man, who was called the "prince of invective," and of whom it was said that he carried a sword in his mouth. Dupanloup's name is wanting in the controversies of the *Avenir*. Yet two short years, and the tempestuous part of this journal was played out, and, in his inmost soul, Lamennais had as completely broken with the papacy, as he had with the monarchy in 1825. It is the inevitable consequence of his system that it, in the last resort, must do homage to the sovereign people, as a true bearer of that unlimited authority, which Gregory the Sixteenth refused with alarm to accept. At an audience in the Vatican, which Montalembert had in the year 1836, Gregory the Sixteenth, speaking of Lamennais, said: "*Questo abbate voleva darmi un potere*," and lifting up both his hands continued, "*un potere col quale io non avrei saputo che fare*." What subsequently took place, and how the intellectual heir of De Maistre has become an authority for social democrats in Germany, is not here the question, but it cannot be enough insisted upon, that long after he lost Christianity with the Church, and our Saviour with the pope, the spirit of the Lamennais of 1830 remained with those whom he repelled, and who now, on their part, denied him. The ground which he prepared has been cultivated beyond expectation, the arms which he threw away have been again brightly polished, and the spirits which he evoked have not yet been laid.

* Joubert, "*Pensées et Correspondance*," vol. ii.

In the completeness of the victory he would, indeed, now see his hardest punishment. To hinder or stem the tide of this victory was the endeavor of Dupanloup during the thirty years of his episcopate, and at last he sank under it. This struggle is the real history of his life. But in the mean time, a peaceful period was granted him, upon which he always looked back with predilection.

After the revolution of 1830, he changed the position of almoner to Mme. la Dauphine, which he had hardly entered upon, for that of a prefect of studies in a Parisian *petit séminaire*, and became besides, in 1835, curate in the parish of Saint Roch, where he preached the Lents of 1836 and 1837, and founded his reputation as an orator. During these years he lived with his mother, whom he loved with exceptional fondness, and devoted himself to the study of the fathers of the Church, of Bossuet, and particularly of Fénelon, who was his favorite author, and from whose works he published a series of writings.*

He was obliged to accept, in 1837, the position of superior of the seminary which he had formerly declined, and at the same time Mgr. de Quélen appointed him his vicar-general. He did not, however, hold this position long, for De Quélen died in 1839. The choice of his successor was most important for the government, who had never been able to reconcile the Legitimist archbishop. There were two candidates: one was the Archbishop Mathieu of Besançon, who was supported by Dupanloup with all his might, in the name of the Legitimists; the other, a former vicar-general of Quélen, Abbé Denis Affre, was favored by Montalembert, who introduced him to the minister, M. Thiers. When Affre became archbishop, he wished to retain Dupanloup, whom he highly respected, as his vicar-general. The latter, however, retained only the title, and in 1845 resigned all his positions, except an honorary canonry of Notre Dame. Many of his writings on education date from this time, among which the most remarkable, his book "*De l'Education*," was his literary title to enter the Académie. If everything was collected which Dupanloup wrote upon education up to the day of his death, these writings would form not less than twenty-five volumes; and yet he is distinguished from so many others in this, that his books did not originate in the closet, but in lively

intercourse with youth and with the world in general. It was his special characteristic as a teacher, as it was his privilege as a priest, that he addressed his advice not less to the great than to the small, in harmony with the words of Goethe, —

Man könnte erzogene Kinder gebären
Wenn nur die Eltern selber erzogen wären.

His model and countryman, Francis of Sales, once ordered Madame de Chantal, when he called upon her to enter a convent, to walk over the body of her son, who had fallen at her feet in order by his supplications to hinder her project. Whether Dupanloup would have called for a similar sacrifice we know not, but it expresses the demands upon others of a peculiar and energetic nature, which would tolerate in its neighborhood no comfortable dilettantism. He required from men definite work and strong discipline in life. He directed that women, even married women, should earnestly employ themselves for several hours a day, and whoever followed his advice ran no danger of wasting time in empty dissipation. What he required was work, no matter whether the success was proportionate to the labor, for he rightly deemed the negative result of the exclusion of idleness a gain in life. Dupanloup had quite exceptional success with his youth at St. Nicolas. M. Thiers and others pronounced the education there given a model one, and it was considered a distinction to be received there. The superior was indefatigable, he overlooked nothing, and was accustomed to say that the educator must look after everything, "*depuis l'âme de l'enfant jusqu'aux cordons de ses souliers*." The system which he followed rested principally on exciting the ambition. He rewarded much, and seldom punished. The sober-minded and sedate Archbishop Affre had other ideas. The method of Port Royal floated before his eyes. What he desired was not excitement, but severe simplicity, so that, above all, the love of truth should be strengthened in the children. This difference in their views induced Dupanloup to resign, but yet he did not in consequence cease to work at the side of the archbishop, whom he earnestly revered. Later, when he became a bishop himself, he was able, in one of those educational establishments founded by him — La Chapelle Saint Mesmin, on the Loire — to carry out his plans unhindered. Under the direction of a German, M. Hetsch, formerly a physician, who had become a Catholic and a priest, the youth were edu-

* Amongst others, "*Le Christianisme présenté aux hommes du Monde*;" "*La vraie et solide piété sacerdotale*," 1837; "*La vraie et solide piété recueillie de Fénelon*," 1845.

cated as much as possible on the English system, and here also particular importance was attached to classical studies. Representations of Greek dramas, which even Parisian authorities came to see, were given in Saint Mesmin; and the still more singular spectacle was afforded of aquatic sports on the Loire, and games after the English fashion. It was also a question of education and instruction which at last brought Dupanloup into the political arena which he had so long avoided.

The revised charter of 1830 admitted, in article sixty-nine, the necessity of a speedy reform in the educational system. This question occupied all the cabinets formed under Louis Philippe, and every minister of education — Guizot, Thiers, Broglie, Cousin, Villemain, Salvandy — who succeeded each other during his reign. Each of these men saw that the monopoly of instruction which Napoleon had bestowed upon his own creation, the *Université de France*, must give way to competition. Their activity in the way of reform, however, was limited to the primary schools, and intermediate education in the lyceums and colleges. Guizot's law of June 28, 1833, left indeed the primary schools under the supreme direction of the University, but, with this restriction, the communes had the power of handing them over to religious orders, the local clergyman became a member of the school council, whose privileges were extended, and whenever local means were insufficient, the State gave material aid. Catholics, like other people, acknowledged the just and equitable spirit of this legislation.* It was Guizot's intention to bring forward similar proposals for intermediate education, and to establish open competition between clergy and laity, individuals and corporations. The same idea was destined to lead to an understanding in 1850, but years of contest and of the most embittered passions lay between, — one ministerial measure after another was sacrificed to them, and from 1842 this question acquired the significance of a political programme, and led to the formation of the Catholic party.

It was under this banner, again brought forth from the armory of the *Avenir*, that Count Montalembert, now thirty-three years old, began his parliamentary career. Carrying the bishops along with him in the contest, he got up a perfect storm of petitions throughout France, obtained for his

purpose the *Correspondant* as a monthly periodical, and as a newspaper *L'Univers*, and for the space of ten years, in the Chamber of Peers, devoted to the furtherance of his cause an eloquence often vehement and not always just, but never ignoble or devoid of dignity. The demand for freedom of education was intimately connected with the desire for liberty of association, because by this means alone the Jesuits — an order that was really only tolerated — the Dominicans — who just at that time were being adorned by Lacordaire — and with them so many other religious communities, could be utilized for the purposes of education.

It seemed the more imperative that the ecclesiastical champions should proceed with moderation, because, by the mere fact of the Church obtaining those equal rights to which she was entitled, such enormous advantages would accrue to her from resources, of which she alone had the power to dispose. Unfortunately these expectations were not fulfilled. After a few years, the cry for open competition was drowned in invectives against the whole University, to which Quinet and Michelet replied by most violent attacks upon the Jesuits. Louis Veuillot, who had shortly before been converted from a disciple of Voltaire into a Catholic, wrote in the *Univers*, addressing himself to the government: "You fear the Church, but you will be forced to will what she wills, for the fact is, you only exist because she permits it." The episcopate was already divided: at Lyons that was supported which at Paris was condemned. But still, a large majority of the bishops were on the side of moderation and fairness. The two best works written in this spirit were, the one by the Jesuit Ravignan,* the other by the Abbé Dupanloup.† Sainte-Beuve, who never bore the last-named author much good-will, said in the *Chroniques parisiennes*, when the impression of Dupanloup's book was fresh upon him, that it was "*très-honorable et d'un ton parfait.*"

"What is it," Dupanloup wrote, "that is really meant when we speak of the spirit of the French Revolution? Are our free institutions meant by it, or liberty of conscience, or political, civil, individual liberty, liberty of opinion, of education, and of the family, equality before the law and in the distribution of offices and taxes? We likewise desire all these things; and demand them for ourselves and others."

* See, amongst others, Carné, in the *Correspondant*, 1843, p. 297.

* Ravignan: "*De l'existence et de l'institut des Jésuites.*"

† Dupanloup, "*De la pacification religieuse.*"

In the same work Dupanloup declared most explicitly that he was entirely for Guizot's bill. "His measure," he says, "is the only liberal and truly political one, and worthy of the charter. It satisfies every demand, and is the only one capable of effecting that great and desirable work, the re-establishment in France of religious peace."* Guizot, on his part, declared from the tribune "that the University was infringing rights, and not taking sufficiently into account religious convictions." This was in the year 1847, and Catholics were under no illusion in describing the turn affairs had taken in public opinion, as well as in Parliament, as one beyond all expectation favorable to them. They were certain of success as far as the government was concerned. But whether this success did not cost them excessive sacrifices in their own camp, is a question on which it is worth while to listen to those who were best acquainted with all the circumstances, and took the clearest view of them. At the head of these is Archbishop Affre. He lifted up a voice of warning as early as 1844, saying: "A most offensive tone has been chosen and a very unchristian manner has been adopted for the defence of Christianity." Dubourg, Archbishop of Besançon, expressed himself equally plainly when he said: "Catholic journalism is ruining us." F. Ozanam, who, being himself a professor of the University, was able, better than most, to distinguish just reproaches from unjust demands, and who could not be suspected of lukewarmness, for he was a real apostle among the poor, and an example to teachers, thought it most important that strife should be avoided, that a Catholic party should not be formed, and men alien to the faith transformed into enemies of the Church.† De Tocqueville judged in like manner, although he was a decided partisan of free competition. He said: "I have in vain tried to promote moderation; but now I can do nothing more, and like so many great affairs in this world, this also is left to the chapter of accidents."‡

This chapter was opened in the tempest of 1848. After the election of Louis Napoleon as president of the republic, the portfolio of education was given by him to Falloux, a friend of Montalembert, as a

* Dupanloup, "*Défense de la liberté de l'Eglise*," vol. i., p. 408.

† Ozanam, "*Œuvres complètes*," vol. xi., pp. 44-47, 58-59. At p. 84 there are these remarkable words: "I do not desire to see a Catholic party, for then there would no longer be a Catholic nation."

‡ De Tocqueville, "*Nouvelle correspondance inédite*," pp. 212 and 215.

pledge to the Conservative and Catholic party. It was Falloux who, soon after his appointment, summoned a commission, in 1848, to work out the draft of a new education bill. It consisted of twenty-four members. The editors of the *Ami de la Religion* and *Union* (Riancey and Laurentie), Montalembert, Abbé Dupanloup, and Abbé Sibour, Corcelles, Melun and Augustine Cochin, represented Catholic interests; the University sent Cousin, Saint-Marc, Girardin, Dubois, professors from all parts of France, among them a Protestant clergyman. Falloux was president, Thiers vice-president, whom also the Legislative Assembly had elected to bring up the report. The bill was in its essential features a compromise between the two contending parties. It touched but slightly upon academical studies properly so called, it modified Guizot's law, principally by rendering all schoolmasters liable to be removed, but it changed considerably the condition of intermediate education. The University remained as it was, and retained the right of granting degrees, and of nominating two-thirds of the inspectors for the whole of France. But besides the State institutions, free schools under certain fixed conditions might be established. But the great difficulty for the commission was the question of religious orders. Thiers was quite ready to accept the principle of liberty of education, but with the exclusion of the Jesuits; it was his opinion that they were unnecessary, and that public opinion was against them. Dupanloup replied, in eloquent terms, that certainly the Jesuits were by no means indispensable to the Church, but all the more indispensable to her were justice and protection for the innocent. On his way from the sitting of the commission to the Assembly, Thiers said to his companion Montalembert: "*Le diable d'abbé, il a joliment parlé, la justice et l'innocence!*" and shaking his head, repeated several times, "*la justice et l'innocence!*" He then proposed to Montalembert that he should undertake in his stead the defence of the religious orders. "You will produce no impression," said Thiers to him, "but I shall." When he came in his speech to the passage: "*Maintenant, passons aux Jésuites*," he was interrupted by a cry from the left: "*Oui, vous êtes passé aux Jésuites*." Thiers, however, did not allow himself to be put out, and replied that liberty of education and of association were written in the constitution.* Subsequently, in

* The above anecdote was told by Montalembert to a friend who noted it down.

March 1850, the so-called Falloux law was carried by about four hundred, as against two hundred and fifty votes, all the Conservatives, including the Orleanists, voting for it.

This was the solution of the conflict which had lasted for more than twenty years. All just and reasonable people considered it as the best that could have been obtained under the circumstances; it wounded conflicting interests as little as possible, it gave an open field to individual activity. But, for this very reason, it did not seem acceptable to extreme parties. Nothing less was to be expected from the left, but that they should stigmatise and reject it, as a "*loi de sacristie*:" on the other hand, the revolt of the *Univers* was quite unexpected by the public at large; it tried to bring about the miscarriage of the bill, and on the evening before the last great debate upon it in the Assembly, the 13th of January 1850, this journal openly uttered the word "treason." In that debate, Montalembert again spoke: "After this bill is carried," he said, "Catholics will no longer be in want of liberty, but rather liberty will stand in want of Catholics."* Veuillot retorted: "The ministry of education is still the ministry of the University; we hold that one of our party must enter this fortress of monopoly only through the breach, and in order to level it forever with the ground."

With the instinct of self-preservation, Veuillot recognized, from the first, his real adversary in Count Falloux. In 1848 a provincial journal published an article, which said: "Is it advisable to maintain the position, strategy, and organization, which hitherto has been called the Catholic party? After a strict investigation, and not without a certain reluctance, we answer this question in the negative. We repeat daily that parties exist no longer. Well, then, we make no exception in favor of the Catholic party!" † This article was written by Falloux. Veuillot never forgot it, and when Falloux's education bill was laid before him, he rejected it in these words: "Every compromise contains in itself the germ of future dissension, which must prematurely break up the Catholic party; far better continue the contest." ‡ When the education bill became law, Falloux was no longer a minister, but after, as before, Veuillot protested against it.

* Montalembert, "*Œuvres complètes*," vol. iii., p. 366.

† Veuillot, "*Le Parti Catholique, réponse à M. de Falloux*," p. 37.

‡ Ibid. pp. 46-61.

In the columns of the *Univers*, priests began to assail their bishops. Ravignan, a truly noble-minded and pious man, was denounced to the general of the Jesuits, and obliged to exculpate himself for having acknowledged the gratitude he owed to his friends, Montalembert and Dupanloup.* "Our own troops have mutinied," was the lament of the deeply wounded Montalembert. "Que voulez-vous?" replied Dupanloup; "vous avez formé un corps de lansquenets: à présent, que vous prononcez le mot de paix, ils se révoltent contre vous, eux qui ne vivent que de pillage!"

Two years later, in 1853, the emperor Napoleon thought proper to subject the education law to a revision, which diminished the influence of the Church. In those days Veuillot was his ally. The members of the commission of 1849 were either his adversaries or his victims, but the *Univers* showed itself more conciliatory towards him than towards those former friends, and on the 31st of December, 1855, wrote as follows: "Honneur à vous, homme que Dieu a choisi — marchez fièrement, Sire, au milieu de votre peuple, dont les acclamations vous saluent."

Falloux was able to look back with undisturbed satisfaction upon one episode of his ministry of ten months' duration. It was upon his proposal, that on the 6th of April, 1849, the government nominated Abbé Dupanloup for the bishopric of Orleans, and he was consecrated on the 9th of December of the same year. There followed now several years of comparative repose and of prosperous and successful work. Dupanloup left behind him in Paris many warm friends, among whom the principal were M. Thiers and Falloux, whereas his relations with Montalembert, no doubt on account of political differences, did not assume, until some years later, that intimate character which, once formed, remained uninterrupted to the end. He unwillingly exchanged from time to time the quiet residence at Orleans for the restless busy life of the metropolis, taking up his abode whenever he came back there with the priests of the *missions étrangères*, in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, not far from his friend Gratry. But he was really only at home when staying with some devoted friends in the mountains of Savoy, or in his own house, in the ancient city to which he loved to apply the line of Racine: —

Et de Jérusalem l'herbe couvre les murs.

* R. P. de Ponlevoy: "*Vie du R. P. de Ravignan*," vol. ii., p. 186.

Even his enemies have done justice to the noble activity and dignity of his life as priest and bishop. He lived most simply, and strictly according to rule. He rose early, prayed for a considerable time, said mass at seven o'clock, and then worked uninterruptedly till noon, when he breakfasted with the priests of his household, and any guests who might be stopping with him. He then generally took a long walk or found relaxation in a drive to the College of Saint Mesmin. On his return he resumed work or received necessary visits. Dinner was served at seven o'clock, after which he remained with those who were present till nine, at which hour he regularly retired. It was during those evening hours that his friends, men and women, not only from Orleans, but from all parts of the world, used to gather round him in the only *salon* in the episcopal residence, decorated with the portraits of his predecessors, and where he, generally walking up and down, would, in his lively way, express his views on every possible subject. Those who preserve personal recollections of those hours, look back on them with gratitude. There it was still understood that social intercourse is recreation, not merely duty, and that conversation should be relaxation as well as incitement to the mind, neither a compensation for neglected study, nor a fatiguing loss of time. There the traditions were to be found still living, of that refined and cheerful social intercourse, the recollection of which once caused Talleyrand to exclaim, that he who had not known it "*n'a pas connu le plaisir de vivre.*" Dupanloup's head was silver white, when one of Feuillet's novels chanced to fall into his hands. We shall not mention its name, but it was not "*Sibylle.*" To witness the delight he took in the book, was an enjoyment to others as well, and he spoke much and long about it. All who knew him can bear witness that up to his death his heart remained warm and young, and the keen sympathy he preserved with all that is noble and good, and especially for his fellow-men, is the secret of that influence which he exercised upon high and low with almost unexampled power. People of all sorts and conditions, men of high position and renown, ladies of rank, souls in trouble and needing help, all were anxious for the favor of his hospitality, which was given generously and indefatigably, because he considered the house of a bishop as in part belonging to all who entered it. In those small and modest rooms, whose whitewashed walls gave

them the appearance of monastic cells, many an inward struggle has been fought out, many a vocation decided. We know of not a few who date from that spot a new epoch in life. To the poor, Dupanloup gave royally; when he had nothing left of his own, he would ask others, but he never failed to relieve real want. In his pastoral office he was indefatigable, and demanded from his clergy the greatest sacrifices. Not all, however, could keep pace with him, or accommodate themselves to his inflexible will, and in this respect he had to encounter many difficulties. "*Quel homme! il mettrait le feu à la mer,*" exclaimed one day a poor parish priest, upon whom he had come like a whirlwind; on his part, however, the bishop was quite ready to reply as Arnauld did, when rest was ordered him: "I rest? I have eternity for that." In 1854, the Academy elected him one of its members, not as author, or orator, but, faithful to its traditions, as a man of high and general distinction. This was the only honor he received under the empire. He never became reconciled to Bonapartism. The first pastoral he issued after the *coup d'état*, spoke with praiseworthy courage of the first empire as having wished to set up the Church without liberty and ending by persecuting her. His various official utterances are models of dignified reserve. The imperial officials, on their side, were directed to avoid him, and of Napoleon the Third he once remarked to a friend that he had "*un peu de superstition et beaucoup d'hypocrisie.*"

It is not only as bishop that future generations will think of Dupanloup as connected with Orleans. He will be remembered as having with true patriotic enthusiasm constituted himself the guardian of the abiding memory of Joan of Arc. When he came to Orleans that memory had faded, and nothing was to be seen in places of public resort to recall it to mind, except a comical little statue, which still exists, in the hat and plume of the days of the Directory. The town is now a perfect museum in her honor, and in the Place du Martrois, where the Germans kindled their watch-fires, there stands an equestrian statue of the most poetical of all the heroic figures in Christian history. In its obituary article on Dupanloup, the best-written paper in France pointed to his panegyric on Joan of Arc, and to his discourse in memory of Lamoricière, as showing that he ranked among the greatest orators of his time: "*Il arrivait souvent à produire les effets de la grande éloquence,*"

said the *Journal des Débats*; “. . . il y a dans ses discours de magnifiques pages, qui seront rangées parmi les modèles.”

When the future biographer of Dupanloup considers the history of this remarkable episcopate of thirty years' duration, he will not be able to shut his eyes to the fact, that it is part of the general history of our time. A short sketch like this must confine itself to indicating the very extraordinary activity displayed during it, by alluding to the twofold struggle against the extreme party in his own camp, as well as against the efforts made on the opposite side, which the bishop regarded as directed against Christianity; upon his defence of the papacy, and upon the part he took in the Council.

The beginning of the contest with Veillot must be dated back to the truly incredible campaign which a certain Abbé Gaume opened against the use of the classics in schools, and which was continued by the *Univers* in the most passionate manner. The abbé maintained that the study of the classics undermined Christianity, and perverted the religious sense.* The bishop was less shocked by this ridiculous proposition than by the attempt to abuse liberty of education. When his arguments remained ineffectual, and when a number of journals adopted the tone of the *Univers*, the bishop, who had been himself personally attacked, issued a prohibition to the clergy of his diocese to take in that paper. He did not yet stand alone. His views that the *Univers* was endangering religion were shared by the Paris provincial synod of 1850, by Archbishop Sibour, who declared “that bishops and priests were being insulted under the pretext of avenging the Holy See,” and by a considerable number of the French bishops. The position of the extreme party was one of danger. Abbé Gerbet, one of its most determined champions and formerly joint-editor of the *Avenir*, pointed this out in February 1853, in a most remarkable document. This future Bishop of Perpignan and joint-author of the Syllabus added further:—

At Rome it must best of all be known, that just at this very moment the Holy See is all-powerful against Gallicanism; that no French bishop dare venture, without instantly being annihilated by the public opinion of the clergy, to defend himself; and that, from reasons easily understood, the government would not wish to run counter to the Holy See. The

* See Abbé Gaume, “*Du Paganisme dans l'Éducation.*”

Univers is the only religious paper of importance favorable to the new government. Rome can do anything now: later on things may change.*

On the 21st of March 1853, a fortnight only after the arrival of his letter at Rome, a Papal encyclical recommended the French bishops to take the Catholic press under their protection. Louis Veillot had once more repeated his tactics of appealing direct to Rome over the heads of the bishops, and this time successfully. Sibour was obliged to retract his condemnation, and at the express wish of the Pope, the *Univers* continued its existence.† This moment was chosen by Montalembert for making a last attempt to obtain again the leadership of the Catholic party by publishing “*Les intérêts Catholiques au XIXme Siècle.*”

In this work such extreme concessions were made to the absolutist party in Church and State that De Tocqueville, speaking of Veillot and Montalembert remarked, “*Ce sont les nuances qui se querellent, non les couleurs.*”‡ This was nowhere so clear as in the attack on the Gallican Church.

Let any one go back to the views of the most pious of thirty years ago (a passage runs) when De Maistre's book on the pope appeared, and let him judge the distance travelled from that time till now, when his ideas are the common property of the young Catholic generation. Gallicanism was not destined to end in indifference and in silence; it had to be stifled by the contempt of the faithful, and, thanks to those who last defended it, to be numbered amongst the worst attempts made against the Church.

The *Univers*, however, felt strong enough to say similar things unaided, and the peace-offering of Montalembert was rejected. This was his last concession; the decided change in the latter part of his life dates from that time.

Meanwhile the net was drawn over the whole of France. The Roman ritual gradually took the place of the native, and often very ancient, liturgies. In all the seminaries the hitherto approved textbooks were replaced by such books as Gousset's “*Moral Theology,*” Gaume's “*Catechism,*” and the “*History of the Church*” by Rohrbacher! Dom Guéran-

* See “*Vie de Monseigneur Gerbet,*” par l'Abbé de la Doue, a letter dated February 23, 1853, to Monseigneur de Salinis, his bishop, who was then at Rome.

† See L. Veillot, “*Le parti Catholique,*” pp. 140-144.

‡ See Senior's “*Journal and Conversations with De Tocqueville,*” vol. ii., p. 177.

ger, the Benedictine abbot of Solesmes, revised the breviary, the devotional books of Nicolas or Ségur supplanted the writings of Bossuet and Fénelon. Dupanloup's ecclesiastical home, St. Sulpice, underwent, under Archbishop Morlot, in spite of his protest, a complete transformation in accordance with express orders from Rome.* Archbishop Darboy, soon after his nomination, was taken severely to task by Rome for not conducting the simplest of his official duties in a manner corresponding to the predominant tendency. Religious liberty and toleration were daily declared to be the worst of evils, and the most exorbitant pretensions were revived. As early as 1856, Montalembert, Cochin, Falloux, the Prince de Broglie, and Dupanloup felt it their duty to erect a bulwark against this growing deluge of frantic fanaticism. With this view they undertook the direction of the *Correspondant*, which up to 1870 represented in politics the ideas of the so-called Liberal Catholics. Although their position was extremely difficult from the very outset, the danger of failure arose far less from opposition to the Ultramontane school than from those questions upon which they stood on more or less common ground with it. Of these the most important were the controversies regarding the temporal power. Dupanloup alone published during their course, beginning from the Roman expedition in 1849 down to the taking of Rome by the Italians, more than twenty-four different publications, pamphlets, and speeches. Montalembert and all his friends cast the weight of their influence into the scale, and yet they did not succeed in hiding the fact, that all this time they were faithless to their own principles.

Catholic Italy, which crowded round the liberal pope of 1847-48, and fully shared with Gioberti, Balbo, Rosmini, Rossi, Azeglio, and even Manzoni, in the enthusiasm for reform and confederation; politicians, who, agreeing with Thiers and De Tocqueville, saw in the maintenance of the papal rule a guarantee for European law and the balance of power; Napoleon the Third himself, who wished to give a pledge to the Conservatives by the Roman expedition; the Catholics who accepted that pledge, — all and every one of these held firm to the view, that the government of the States of the Church needed reform, and that no crime on the part of the mob, no excesses of the Revolution, could re-

lease the pope from his obligation to carry out this reform.

In the same degree, however, that the mere maintenance of the temporal power became the chief object of papal policy, the point of view from which they started faded from the sight of the Liberal Catholics, and they sacrificed to this darling idea of Pius the Ninth one position after another. They approved, or at least passed over in silence at Rome, what they condemned at Naples, and refused to the Romans what they demanded for the Poles. With the exception of a single man, Lacordaire, who remained true to himself to the end, they forgot that, in 1849 and in 1850, it was only under certain conditions, that they desired the restoration of the temporal power. They forgot that, by the mouth of Cochin and others, they declared an appeal of the pope to arms to be totally beyond the range of possibility, and they instituted collections for the purchase of fire-arms for him, and thereby strengthened his delusion that soldiers could help him. It was the faithlessness of the French government, and the Italian Revolution, which provided occasions for noble and indignant protests against the gross violation of international law and the perfidy of the emperor Napoleon. A still stronger incentive to these protests, however, was internal discord.

The Liberal Catholics were quite as anxious as their Ultramontane adversaries to preserve the approbation of the pope, who had ceased to be accustomed to the language of independence. As their feelings for Pius the Ninth animated them with the desire to be surpassed by no one in their devotion to his cause, so they were forced to sacrifice their better convictions on the Roman question, in order to save the last remnant of their independence as Catholics. But the weakness of such compromises, injuring truth in the interest of utility, gives strength to the adversary. In a very different way, self-conscious and consistent, did the Ultramontane party, with the *Civiltà Cattolica* at its head, move on to the goal for which it was striving, and showed to the world, in 1864, how nearly it had reached it. The Encyclical appeared. Montalembert wrote to one of his oldest friends: —

I was at Paris when the Encyclical appeared, and I can only compare the general consternation of honest men to that which reigned among them on the morrow of the catastrophe of February. . . . C — was my consolation during the first days which followed the Encyclical, but I was less in want of it then than

* See Rouland's speech in the Senate, *Moniteur* of March 11, 1865.

now, for reflection and solitude have only served to aggravate my sorrows.*

A Curtius was ready to sacrifice himself for the ill-advised pope, and this Curtius was Dupanloup. Down to the very last the Nessus shirt of temporal power was to remain inseparable from all the great and vital questions of this pontificate, and Dupanloup, in his new work, masked his interpretation of the Encyclical by an attack upon the convention of the 15th of September.† "L'évêque a fait un tour de force," Montalembert again wrote, "mais ce n'est que cela; c'est le chef d'œuvre du subterfuge éloquent. Il a voulu nous sauver, et il a fait pour cela un effort surhumain, sans compter qu'il y a dans son écrit des pages vraiment pathétiques et généreuses."‡

In England, Germany, and even America, the sincerely liberal-minded part of the Catholic writers and journalists did not fail to see the uselessness of making any further efforts under these circumstances. In France alone they shut their eyes to a fact evident to every one, and the *Correspondant* continued to appear, just as if no change had taken place in the mental atmosphere of the Catholic world.

The struggles, fears, and dangers endured in common by Montalembert and Dupanloup tended to knit them together in the most intimate friendship. In the years 1863 and 1865 they succeeded by their united strength, at the Catholic Congress at Malines, in winning their last battle, and once more shed the lustre of their brilliant talents on the union of liberty and the Church. Soon afterwards, Montalembert was struck down by mortal illness, but his friend continued the combat against the excesses of fanatics, the reform of education of the imperial government, the Christology of his former pupil Renan, the positivism of Littré, the result of the policy of Cavour, and not less eagerly against the want of all policy on the part of the emperor.

As soon as one organ in the press was used up for his object, for instance the *Ami de la Religion*, which he had taken up in 1848, he seized upon another; when the empire was trying the effect of liberal reforms in 1869, he started the *Français*, and subsequently, after the catastrophes of 1870-71, made for himself a more pliable instrument in the *Défense Sociale et Religieuse*.

* Letter dated La Roche-en-Breny, January 30, 1865.

† Dupanloup, "*La Convention du 15 septembre et l'Encyclique du 8 décembre*, 1864."

‡ Montalembert, letter of January 30, 1865.

In the wear and tear of so active a life, which was sacrificed daily and hourly to the pressing wants of the moment, there was no time for serious study or continuous scientific work. The bishop was always hastening from one threatened point to another, and was constantly in the breach, and in this way powers however great could not but finally be dissipated. Thus he had grown sixty-seven years old, when the greatest and most difficult task of his life came upon him. The council was summoned. Undoubtedly Dupanloup wished and recommended the meeting of a general council. His frequent private journeys to Rome, where he had a number of friends, as well as the solemn occasions on which Pius the Ninth assembled the episcopate, led him into intimate intercourse with the pope. The pontiff always received the most brilliant of his defenders in the most affectionate manner. But whether he ever took him into his confidence may well be doubted from the fact, that Dupanloup looked above all to the council, to reconcile those differences which he still designated as "misunderstandings" on the eve of its assembling. Notwithstanding this, however, since 1867 he could scarcely have remained in doubt as to the object of this council. The personal infallibility of the pope, claimed in the first encyclical of Pius the Ninth,* practically tested by the dogmatic definition of 1854, and taught in the new catechisms, was already in 1867 on the very point of obtaining its recognition from the bishops then present in Rome. The Archbishop of Kalocza and the Bishop of Orleans were amongst those who frustrated this attempt, by inserting the definition of the Council of Florence into the address to Pius the Ninth.† On the 6th of February, 1869, the *Civiltà Cattolica* published a correspondence from France, in which it was pointed out that the task of the council would be, to raise into dogmas the doctrines of papal infallibility and of the Syllabus. The *Univers*, which had been suppressed by the emperor in 1861, but had revived in 1867, was daily agitating in the same sense. No time, therefore, was to be lost in giving expression to a contrary opinion. Maret, Bishop *in partibus* of Sura, the ablest theologian of the Sorbonne, published the book, "*Du Concile général et de la paix religieuse*," after "Janus" had appeared in Germany, and "The Reform of the Church in its

* Of November 9, 1846.

† Friedberg; "*Aktenstücke zum Concil*," pp. 64, 217.

Head and its Members" in Austria. While Maret's book was still occupying theologians, Montalembert, from his sick-bed, sent to the editors of the *Correspondant* an article "*L'Espagne et la liberté.*" Quite terrified, they refused its insertion. "On the very eve of the council," Montalembert himself remarks: "I have been found too liberal and compromising. Perhaps in consequence of my illness and loneliness, I stand no longer at that political height which inspires a silence so heroic."* And again: "Nous sommes au bord de l'abîme, plus béant que jamais, mais défense expresse de dire un mot *vrai* sur le moyen de n'y pas tomber ou d'en sortir après la chute."† Deeply hurt and bitterly disappointed, he found consolation and encouragement once more in the conduct of the German Catholics, as he gratefully acknowledges in a letter to the authors of the "Coblentz Lay Address." Henceforth the thought was always present to him, that his friend Dupanloup might be steeled for resistance by contact with Germany. This wish was so far realized that Dupanloup made a short visit to that country in the autumn of 1869, and then passed from the Rhine into Burgundy, to see Montalembert. After this last touching meeting, he went back to Orleans, where he published in quick succession three pamphlets,‡ of which the first is the most important. He declares his determination not to discuss the dogma of infallibility, but admits the value of the objections raised against its definition, objections which in their bearings tell, at least in part, against the dogma itself. However, his last words were those of hopeful trust.

Vous admirez l'Evêque d'Orléans [Montalembert wrote to a friend, on the 7th of November, 1869], vous l'admiriez bien plus encore, si vous pouviez vous figurer l'abîme d'idolâtrie où est tombé le clergé français. Cela dépasse tout ce qu'on aurait jamais pu s'imaginer aux jours de ma jeunesse, aux temps de Frayssinous et de Lamennais. Le pauvre Mgr. Maret, pour avoir exposé des idées très-modérées dans un langage plein d'urbanité et de charité, est traité publiquement dans les journaux soi-disant religieux d'hérésiarque et d'apostat par les derniers de nos curés! De tous les mystères que présente en si grand

* "*Hommage à la mémoire de Montalembert,*" par R. Oheix, Nantes, 1870, p. 34.

† Montalembert, letter written January 28, 1869.

‡ These are: "*Lettre au Clergé de son diocèse, relativement à la définition de l'Infaillibilité;*" (2) "*Lettre au Clergé et aux fidèles de son diocèse avant son départ pour Rome;*" (3) "*Lettre aux prêtres de son diocèse pour leur donner communication de son avertissement à M. Louis Veuillot.*"

nombre l'histoire de l'Eglise, je n'en connais pas un qui dépasse ou qui égale cette transformation si complète et si prompte de la France Catholique dans une basse-cour de l'anti-camera du Vatican.*

His urgent desire that Döllinger should go to Rome, and Newman resolve to accompany thither the Bishop of Orleans, was not fulfilled. Dupanloup crossed the Alps alone, to fight a battle that was lost before it began. Those only, who passed through that time with the bishop, are aware how late this conviction dawned upon him, and could perceive how daily, nay, hourly, his eyes were being opened to the true state of affairs. Nothing speaks louder for his devotion to, and his trust and confidence in, the holy see, than that it was only after his arrival in Rome, that he acquired the clear conviction that he had been summoned thither, not to examine a dogma, but to sanction it, and to add the weight of his name to a ready-made system. Expressions which those who heard them will never forget, showed the bitterness of his disappointment, although it was not in his gallant nature to give up resistance to the very last. The great arsenal of German theology and learning furnished him with weapons, his friend Gratry supported him from Paris. By his pamphlets against Archbishop De-champs of Malines, through the newspapers, by means of his friends, he strove to rouse public opinion from its lethargic state. When he was refused the *imprimatur* at Rome, he had his writings printed at Naples. When the opposition saw itself hampered on all sides by the rules for the conduct of business, he appealed to his friend Count Daru, then minister for foreign affairs in the cabinet of Ollivier, to take up again the old tradition and send an ambassador to represent the first Catholic power at the council. He recommended M. Thiers with the characteristic addition: "*Il les charmerait tous!*" and when this proved impossible, he suggested the Duc de Broglie. But all was in vain. His finest-tempered blades were shivered to pieces against the firm rampart his adversaries had erected against every possible attack, with persistent tenacity and most admirable skill. Already, in February, the *Français* began to rebel. "Cette diplomatie de trembleurs et de muets," as Montalembert called them, no longer ventured to convey the bishop's words to the French Catholics.

Le voilà maintenant sans défense devant le

* Montalembert, letter dated November 7, 1869.

public français et au milieu de ses ennemis à Rome [Montalembert wrote.] Les prédictions de Mgr. de Nevers* ne se sont que trop vérifiées. Quelque sinistres qu'aient été mes prévisions sur le Concile, je n'aurais jamais cru que l'Episcopat réuni eût osé exclure de la commission décisive du Concile l'Evêque le plus illustre de la Chrétienté. . . . Cet affront inouï ne doit que nous le rendre plus cher : pour moi, je sens que je l'aime et que je l'admire cent fois plus qu'auparavant. Le voilà qui couronne sa glorieuse vieillesse, non plus par une victoire de plus ajoutée à tant d'autres, mais par ce *je ne sais quoi d'achevé* que la disgrâce et l'impopularité ajoutent à la gloire, surtout quand elles sont encourues par le plus noble dévouement à la justice et à la vérité.†

On the 13th of March, 1870, the bishop lost this friend, who welcomed death as a deliverer. From the funeral oration, which Pius the Ninth made upon this loyal champion, Dupanloup could see what he had to expect. "A Catholic is dead," said the pope, "who has done service to the Church. He was a Liberal Catholic, that means half a Catholic. Verily, the Liberal Catholics are only half Catholics." ‡

It was about this time that Louis Veuil- lot, now master of the situation, in a new attack in the *Univers* taunted the bishop with the doubtful circumstances of his birth, which alone could have been used as a sufficient reason for excluding him from the cardinalate. He had not read De Maistre in vain, and had noted this passage, "On n'a rien fait contre les opinions, tant qu'on n'a pas attaqué les personnes." In this art the Bishop of Orleans had no doubt much to learn, he who at the beginning of the council, when a question arose as to the publication of a controversial treatise, hesitatingly observed, "Cela déshonorerait les Jésuites . . . mais on ne peut plus l'éviter!" § After those days of March the history of the opposition is the record of one defeat after another. When several of its most prominent men, such as Haynald and Darboy, proposed to leave Rome, Dupanloup was one of those who rejected this proposal. It was on this occasion that Darboy exclaimed, "Nous partirons, et nous emporterons le concile dans la semelle de nos souliers." Of the many reasons which caused the

* Abbé de la Doue, author of the "Life of Monseigneur Gerbet."

† Letter of Montalembert, dated December 31, 1869.

‡ Spoken at an audience in the Vatican in March 1870.

§ While this article has been going through the press, M. de Falloux has described the character of the bishop in these true and happy words: "Il avait, au même degré, toutes les véhémences de la conviction, et toutes les délicatesses de la charité."

defeat of the opposition, their blunders in tactics, however, played only a subordinate part.

After his return from Rome, Dupanloup made his submission like nearly all the bishops of the opposition. At a later period, he saw Pius the Ninth again, but the undercurrent of antipathy that had always existed in Roman circles towards him, held now the upper hand. Montalembert remarked it as early as 1865: "Grâce à l'Evêque d'Orléans, nous sommes restés maître du terrain à Malines. On en sera fort mécontent à Rome, où ce prélat est *odieux*, comme ils disent."* Dupanloup was well aware of this, and when, after the murder of Darboy, the French government intended to appoint him his successor in the archiepiscopal chair of Paris, he decidedly refused, giving as his reason the feelings of personal animosity, which Pius the Ninth entertained against him. The painful events that awaited him in France in 1870, are still fresh in the memory of all. No one shared more deeply the patriotic sorrows of those days, or suffered more deeply than Dupanloup, who was a genuine French character in his virtues as in his faults. When Orleans fell the first time into the enemy's hands he was indefatigable, nursed the sick and wounded, Germans and French alike, like a true Christian priest, and was able to obtain milder conditions for the town, from the Bavarian general. At the second occupation of Orleans, things fell out less favorably for the city. The bishop was guarded in his house and accused by General von der Tann of having contributed to the defeat of the Bavarians at Coulmiers by the information he had given to the French general, D'Aurelles de Paladine. For such things, men are shot in times of war, in times of peace they are judged differently.

It would be premature now, even if space permitted it, to give an account of the part the bishop played in the *Assemblée*, as the zealous champion of the efforts made to restore the monarchy. These events are too recent to be judged from an objective point of view. This much, however, can be clearly seen, that he allowed himself to be deceived by partial successes; too great attention to party calculations and questions of detail caused him to lose sight of the large lines of politics. Dupanloup lost the game twice, the first time when he appealed to the Comte de Chambord to accept the tricolor with the

* Montalembert, letter dated November 17, 1865.

crown, and then again as one of those who formed the state of mind which led to the 16th of May. The king rejected all conditions, and the marshal renounced every attempt at resistance. It remains to be seen whether in France it will be the republic to which the future belongs, according to the aphorism of M. Thiers: "L'avenir appartiendra au parti le plus sage." It is only necessary to allude to Renan's "Caliban," to remind our readers how very little of a reactionary a man may be to doubt it. The *Débats* was right when it said: "Dans la patrie comme dans l'Eglise Dupanloup n'a jamais été de la majorité." On his way to Rome, to his old friend, J. Pecci, who had become Pope Leo the Thirteenth, having been for some time indisposed, he was overtaken by death at Laincey in Loiret. There, on the 11th of October, 1878, fully resigned and in the act of prayer, after a short agony, he breathed his last in the arms of a friend.

Throughout Christendom his death was felt to be a heavy loss. Leo the Thirteenth, with tears in his eyes, extolled the greatness and nobility of his heart. His enemies bowed before the purity of his priestly career. One voice alone was heard to utter, "Il fut un de ces passants remarquables qui n'arrivent pas." In his last will the bishop had expressed a wish that no funeral oration should be pronounced upon his memory, but he was buried with regal pomp. No place on earth could be more suitable for him than the Cathedral of Sainte Croix, where the banner of the Maid of Orleans guards his rest.

With Dupanloup has passed away not only the greatest and most sympathetic member of the present French episcopate, but a whole school of thought. Count Falloux could recently convince himself of this, when his earnest and eloquent call of warning met no longer with any response.* Disowned by Pius the Ninth, abandoned by its own followers, overtaken by the events of the time, that whole school has ceased to exist; and if the present generation are reminded of it, it is only by the insolence of its enemies. But that which once had life can never be utterly destroyed, and truth remains forever. The Liberal Catholics perished, not because they had chosen a lofty ideal, but because, under the pressure of circumstances, they also lowered their standard. It is as impossible for the Liberal Catholic

* See *Journal des Débats*, October 23 and 30, 1878.

party as it hitherto existed to come to life again, as it is for the present Ultramontane party to endure forever; and the noble and amiable A. Cochin, who was one in mind with Dupanloup, was right in saying, "Parti Catholique, déplorable mot: Catholiques de tous les partis." And yet the future belongs to the main doctrines of the Liberal Catholics; to their guiding principle of equal rights for all, and to their faith in the union of the Church with liberty. They themselves will not be forgotten, when the children shall have accomplished that which the fathers strove for. They can claim the humble merit that even through their errors they have been of use; and looking back on them, future generations may remember the words of Joan of Arc: "They had their share in the struggle, they shall also have their share in the triumph."

C. DE WARMONT.

SIR GIBBIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

AUTHOR OF "MALCOLM," "THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE,"
ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

A HIDING PLACE FROM THE WIND.

GIBBIE found everything at the Auld Hoose in complete order for his reception: Mistress Croale had been very diligent, and promised well for a housekeeper—looked well too in her black satin and lace, with her complexion, she justly flattered herself, not a little improved. She had a good meal ready for him, with every adjunct in proper style, during the preparation of which she had revelled in the thought that some day, when she had quite established her fitness for her new position, Sir Gibbie would certainly invite the minister and his lady to dine with him, when she, whom they were too proud to ask to partake of their cockyleekie, would show them she knew both what a dinner ought to be, and how to preside at it; and the soup it should be cockyleekie.

Everything went comfortably. Gibbie was so well up in mathematics, thanks to Mr. Sclater, that, doing all requisite for honorable studentship, but having no desire to distinguish himself, he had plenty of time for more important duty. Now that he was by himself, as if old habit had returned in the shape of new passion, he roamed the streets every night. His cus-

tom was this: after dinner, which he had when he came from college, about half past four, he lay down, fell asleep in a moment, as he always did, and slept till half past six; then he had tea, and after that, studied — not dawdled over his books, till ten o'clock, when he took his Greek Testament. At eleven he went out, seldom finally returning before half past one, sometimes not for an hour longer — during which time Mistress Croale was in readiness to receive any guest he might bring home.

The history of the special endeavor he had now commenced does not belong to my narrative. Some nights, many nights together, he would not meet a single wanderer; occasionally he would meet two or three in the same night. When he found one, he would stand regarding him until he spoke. If the man was drunk he would leave him: such were not those for whom he could now do most. If he was sober, he made him signs of invitation. If he would not go with him, he left him, but kept him in view, and tried him again. If still he would not, he gave him a piece of bread, and left him. If he called, he stopped, and by circuitous ways brought him to the little house at the back. It was purposely quite dark. If the man was too apprehensive to enter, he left him; if he followed, he led him to Mistress Croale. If anything suggested the possibility of helping farther, a possibility turning entirely on the person's self, the attempt was set on foot; but in general, after a good breakfast, Gibbie led him through a dark passage into the darkened house, and dismissed him from the door by which he had entered. He never gave money, and never sought such guests except in the winter. Indeed, he was never in the city in the summer. Before the session was over, they had one woman and one girl in a fair way of honest livelihood, and one small child, whose mother had an infant besides and was evidently dying, he had sent "in a present" to Janet, by the hand of Mistress Murkison. Altogether it was a tolerable beginning, and during the time not a word reached him indicating knowledge of his proceedings, although within a week or two a rumor was rife in the lower parts of the city, of a mysterious being who went about doing this and that for poor folk, but, notwithstanding his gifts, was far from canny.

Mr. and Mrs. Sclater could not fail to be much annoyed when they found he was no longer lodging with Mistress Murkison, but occupying the Auld Hoose, with "that

horrible woman" for a housekeeper; they knew, however, that expostulation with one possessed by such a headstrong sense of duty was utterly useless, and contented themselves with predicting to each other some terrible check, the result of his ridiculous theory concerning what was required of a Christian — namely, that the disciple should be as his Master. At the same time Mrs. Sclater had a sacred suspicion that no real ill would ever befall God's innocent, Gilbert Galbraith.

Fergus had now with his father's help established himself in the manse of the North church, and thither he invited Mr. and Miss Galbraith, to dine with him on a certain evening. Her father's absolute desire compelled Ginevra's assent; she could not, while with him, rebel absolutely. Fergus did his best to make the evening a pleasant one, and had special satisfaction in showing the laird that he could provide both a good dinner and a good bottle of port. Two of his congregation, a young lawyer and his wife, were the only other guests. The laird found the lawyer an agreeable companion, chiefly from his readiness to listen to his old law stories, and Fergus laid himself out to please the two ladies: secure of the admiration of one, he hoped it might help to draw the favor of the other. He had conceived the notion that Ginevra probably disliked his profession, and took pains therefore to show how much he was a man of the world — talked about Shakspeare, and flaunted rags of quotation in elocutionary style; got books from his study, and read passages from Byron, Shelley, and Moore — chiefly from "The Loves of the Angels" of the last, ecstasizing the lawyer's lady, and interesting Ginevra, though all he read taken together seemed to her unworthy of comparison with one of poor Donal's songs.

It grew late. The dinner had been at a fashionable hour; they had stayed an unfashionable time: it was nearly twelve o'clock when guests and host left the house in company. The lawyer and his wife went one way, and Fergus went the other with the laird and Ginevra.

Hearing the pitiful wailing of a child and the cough of a woman, as they went along a street bridge, they peeped over the parapet, and saw, upon the stair leading to the lower street, a woman, with a child asleep in her lap, trying to eat a piece of bread, and coughing as if in the last stage of consumption. On the next step below sat a man hushing in his bosom the baby whose cry they had heard. They stood

for a moment, the minister pondering whether his profession required of him action, and Ginevra's gaze fixed on the head and shoulders of the foreshortened figure of the man, who vainly as patiently sought to soothe the child by gently rocking it to and fro. But when he began a strange humming song to it, which brought all Glashgar before her eyes, Ginevra knew beyond a doubt that it was Gibbie. At the sound the child ceased to wail, and presently the woman with difficulty rose, laying a hand for help on Gibbie's shoulder. Then Gibbie rose also, cradling the infant on his left arm, and making signs to the mother to place the child on his right. She did so, and turning, went feebly up the stair. Gibbie followed with the two children, one lying on his arm, the other with his head on his shoulder, both wretched and pining, with gray cheeks, and dark hollows under their eyes. From the top of the stair they went slowly up the street, the poor woman coughing, and Gibbie crooning to the baby, who cried no more, but now and then moaned. Then Fergus said to the laird:

"Did you see that young man, sir? That is the so-called Sir Gilbert Galbraith we were talking of the other night. They say he has come in to a good property, but you may judge for yourself whether he seems fit to manage it!"

Ginevra withdrew her hand from his arm.

"Good God, Jenny!" exclaimed the laird, "you do not mean to tell *me* you have ever spoken to a young man like that?"

"I know him very well, papa," replied Ginevra collectedly.

"You are incomprehensible, Jenny! If you know him, why do I not know him? If you had not known good reason to be ashamed of him, you would, one time or other, have mentioned his name in my hearing.—I ask you, and I demand an answer,"—here he stopped, and fronted her—"why have you concealed from me your acquaintance with this—this—person?"

"Because I thought it might be painful to you, papa," she answered, looking in his face.

"Painful to me! Why should it be painful to me—except indeed that it breaks my heart as often as I see you betray your invincible fondness for low company?"

"Do you desire me to tell you, papa, why I thought it might be painful to you to make that young man's acquaintance?"

"I do distinctly. I command you."

"Then I will: that young man, Sir Gilbert Galbraith,—"

"Nonsense, girl! there is no such Galbraith. It is the merest of scoffs."

Ginevra did not care to argue with him this point. In truth she knew little more about it than he.

"Many years ago," she recommenced, "when I was a child,—Excuse me, Mr. Duff, but it is quite time I told my father what has been weighing upon my mind for so many years."

"Sir Gilbert!" muttered her father contemptuously.

"One day," again she began, "Mr. Fergus Duff brought a ragged little boy to Glashruach—the most innocent and loving of creatures, who had committed no crime but that of doing good in secret. I saw Mr. Duff box his ears on the bridge; and you, papa, gave him over to that wretch, Angus MacPholp, to whip him—so at least Angus told me, after he had whipped him till he dropped senseless. I can hardly keep from screaming now when I think of it."

"All this, Jenny, is nothing less than cursed folly. Do you mean to tell me you have all these years been cherishing resentment against your own father, for the sake of a little thieving rascal, whom it was a good deed to fright from the error of his ways? I have no doubt Angus gave him merely what he deserved."

"You must remember, Miss Galbraith, we did not know he was dumb," said Fergus humbly.

"If you had had any heart," said Ginevra, "you would have seen in his face that he was a perfectly angelic child. He ran to the mountain, without a rag to cover his bleeding body, and would have died of cold and hunger, had not the Grants, the parents of your father's herdboy, Mr. Duff, taken him to their hearts, and been father and mother to him."—Ginevra's mouth was opened at last.—"After that," she went on, "Angus, that bad man, shot him like a wild beast, when he was quietly herding Robert Grant's sheep. In return Sir Gilbert saved his life in the flood. And just before the house of Glashruach fell—the part in which my room was, he caught me up, because he could not speak, and carried me out of it; and when I told you that he had saved my life, you ordered him out of the house, and when he was afraid to leave me alone with you, dashed him against the wall, and sent for Angus to whip him again. But I should have liked to see Angus try it *then!*"

"I do remember an insolent fellow tak-

ing advantage of the ruinous state the house was in, to make his way into my study," said the laird.

"And now," Ginevra continued, "Mr. Duff makes question of his wits because he finds him carrying a poor woman's children, going to get them a bed somewhere! If Mr. Duff had run about the streets when he was a child, like Sir Gilbert, he might not, perhaps, think it so strange he should care about a houseless woman and her brats!"

Therewith Ginevra burst into tears.

"Abominably disagreeable!" muttered the laird. "I always thought she was an idiot!—Hold your tongue, Jenny; you will wake the street. All you say may or may not be quite true; I do not say you are telling lies, or even exaggerating; but I see nothing in it to prove the lad a fit companion for a young lady. Very much to the contrary. I suppose he told you he was your injured, neglected, ill-used cousin? He may be your cousin; you may have any number of such cousins, if half the low tales concerning your mother's family be true."

Ginevra did not answer him—did not speak another word. When Fergus left them at their own door, she neither shook hands with him nor bade him good night.

"Jenny," said her father, the moment he was gone, "if I hear of your once speaking again to that low vagabond,—and now I think of it," he cried, interrupting himself with a sudden recollection, "there was a cobbler-fellow in the town here they used to call Sir Somebody Galbraith!—that must be his father! Whether the *Sir* was title or nickname, I neither know nor care. A title without money is as bad as a saintship without grace. But this I tell you, that if I hear of your speaking one word, good or bad, to the fellow again, I will, I swear to Almighty God, I will turn you out of the house."

To Ginevra's accumulated misery, she carried with her to her room a feeling of contempt for her father, with which she lay struggling in vain half the night.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CONFESSION.

ALTHOUGH Gibbie had taken no notice of the laird's party, he had recognized each of the three as he came up the stair, and in Ginevra's face read an appeal for deliverance. It seemed to say, "You help everybody but me! Why do you not come and help me too? Am I to have no pity

because I am neither hungry nor cold?" He did not however lie awake the most of the night, or indeed a single hour of it, thinking what he should do; long before the poor woman and her children were in bed, he had made up his mind.

As soon as he came home from college the next day and had hastily eaten his dinner, going upon his vague knowledge of law business lately acquired, he bought a stamped paper, wrote upon it, and put it in his pocket; then he took a card and wrote on it: *Sir Gilbert Galbraith, Baronet, of Glashruach*, and put that in his pocket also. Thus provided, and having said to Mistress Croale that he should not be home that night—for he expected to set off almost immediately in search of Donal, and had bespoken horses, he walked deliberately along Pearl Street out into the suburb, and turning to the right, rang the bell at the garden gate of the laird's cottage. When the girl came, he gave her his card, and followed her into the house. She carried it into the room where, dinner over, the laird and the preacher were sitting, with a bottle of the same port which had pleased the laird at the manse between them. Giving time, as he judged, and no more, to read the card, Gibbie entered the room: he would not risk a refusal to see him.

It was a small room with a round table. The laird sat sidewise to the door; the preacher sat between the table and the fire.

"What the devil does this mean? A vengeance take him!" cried the laird.

His big tumbling eyes had required more time than Gibbie had allowed, so that, when with this exclamation he lifted them from the card, they fell upon the object of his imprecation standing in the middle of the room between him and the open door. The preacher, sung behind the table, scarcely endeavored to conceal the smile with which he took no notice of Sir Gilbert. The laird rose in the perturbation of mingled anger and unpreparedness.

"Ah!" he said, but it was only a sound, not a word, "to what—may I ask—have I—I have not the honor of your acquaintance, Mr.—Mr.—" Here he looked again at the card he held, fumbled for and opened a double eyeglass, then with deliberation examined the name upon it, thus gaining time by rudeness, and gathering his force for more, while Gibbie remained as unembarrassed as if he had been standing to his tailor for his measure. "Mr.—ah, I see!—Galbraith, you say.—To what, Mr., Mr."—another look at the

card — “Galbraith, do I owe the honor of this unexpected — and — I must say — un — looked for visit — and at such an unusual hour for making a business call — for business, I presume, it must be that brings you, seeing I have not the honor of the slightest acquaintance with you?”

He dropped his eyeglass with a clatter against his waistcoat, threw the card into his finger-glass, raised his pale eyes and stared at Sir Gilbert with all the fixedness they were capable of. He had already drunk a good deal of wine, and it was plain he had, although he was far from being overcome by it. Gibbie answered by drawing from the breast-pocket of his coat the paper he had written, and presenting it like a petition. Mr. Galbraith sneered, and would not have touched it had not his eye caught the stamp, which from old habit at once drew his hand. From similar habit, or perhaps to get it nearer the light, he sat down. Gibbie stood and Fergus stared at him with insolent composure. The laird read, but not aloud; I, Gilbert Galbraith, baronet, hereby promise and undertake to transfer to Miss Galbraith, only daughter of Thomas Galbraith, Esq., on the day when she shall be married to Donal Grant, Master of Arts, the whole of the title deeds of the house and lands of Glashruach, to have and to hold as hers, with absolute power to dispose of the same as she may see fit. Gilbert Galbraith. Old House of Galbraith, Widdiehill, March, etc., etc.

The laird stretched his neck like a turkey-cock, and gobbled inarticulately, threw the paper to Fergus, and turning on his chair, glowered at Gibbie. Then suddenly starting to his feet, he cried,

“What do you mean, you rascal, by daring to insult me in my own house? Damn your insolent foolery!”

“A trick! a most palpable trick! and an exceedingly silly one!” pronounced Fergus, who had now read the paper; “quite as foolish as unjustifiable! Everybody knows Glashruach is the property of Colonel Culsalmon!” — Here the laird sought the relief of another oath or two. — “I entreat you to moderate your anger, my dear sir,” Fergus resumed. “The thing is hardly worth so much indignation. Some animal has been playing the poor fellow an ill-natured trick — putting him up to it for the sake of a vile practical joke. It is exceedingly provoking, but you must forgive him. He is hardly to blame, scarcely accountable under the natural circumstances. — Get away with you,”

he added, addressing Gibbie across the table. “Make haste before worse comes of it. You have been made a fool of.”

When Fergus began to speak, the laird turned, and while he spoke stared at him with lack-lustre yet gleaming eyes, until he addressed Gibbie, when he turned on him again as fiercely as before. Poor Gibbie stood shaking his head, smiling, and making eager signs with hands and arms; but in the laird’s condition of both heart and brain he might well forget and fail to be reminded that Gibbie was dumb.

“Why don’t you speak, you fool?” he cried. “Get out and don’t stand making faces there. Be off with you, or I will knock you down with a decanter.”

Gibbie pointed to the paper, which lay before Fergus, and placed a hand first on his lips, then on his heart.

“Damn your mummery!” said the laird, choking with rage. “Go away, or, by God! I will break your head.”

Fergus at this rose and came round the table to get between them. But the laird caught up a pair of nutcrackers, and threw it at Gibbie. It struck him on the forehead, and the blood spirted from the wound. He staggered backwards. Fergus seized the laird’s arm, and sought to pacify him.

Her father’s loud tones had reached Ginevra in her room; she ran down, and that instant entered: Gibbie all but fell into her arms. The moment’s support she gave him, and the look of loving terror she cast in his face, restored him; and he was again firm on his feet, pressing her handkerchief to his forehead, when Fergus, leaving the laird, advanced with the pacific intention of getting him safe from the house. Ginevra stepped between them. Her father’s rage thereupon broke loose quite, and was madness. He seized hold of her with violence, and dragged her from the room. Fergus laid hands upon Gibbie more gently, and half would have forced, half persuaded him to go. A cry came from Ginevra: refusing to be sent to her room before Gibbie was in safety, her father struck her. Gibbie would have darted to her help. Fergus held him fast, but knew nothing of Gibbie’s strength, and the next moment found himself on his back upon the table, amidst the crash of wineglasses and china. Having locked the door, Gibbie sprung to the laird, who was trying to drag his daughter, now hardly resisting, up the first steps of the stair, took him round the waist from behind, swept him to the other room, and there locked him up also. He then re-

turned to where she lay motionless on the stair, lifted her in his arms, and carried her out of the house, nor stopped until, having reached the farther end of the street, he turned the corner of it into another equally quiet.

The laird and Fergus, when they were released by the girl from their respective prisons and found that the enemy was gone, imagined that Ginevra had retired again to her room; and what they did after is not interesting.

Under a dull smoky oil lamp, Gibbie stopped. He knew by the tightening of her arms that Ginevra was coming to herself.

"Let me down," she said feebly.

He did so, but kept his arm round her. She gave a deep sigh, and gazed bewildered. When she saw him, she smiled.

"With *you*, Gibbie!" she murmured.

"— But they will be after us!"

"They shall not touch you," signified Gibbie.

"What was it all about?" she asked.

Gibbie spelled on his fingers,

"Because I offered to give you Glashruach, if your father would let you marry Donal."

"Gibbie! how could you?" she cried almost in a scream, and pushing away his arm, turned from him and tried to run, but after two steps, tottered to the lamp-post, and leaned against it — with such a scared look!

"Then come with me and be my sister, Ginevra, and I will take care of you," spelled Gibbie. "I can do nothing to take care of you while I can't get near you."

"Oh, Gibbie! nobody does like that," returned Ginevra "— else I should be so glad!"

"There is no other way then that I know. You won't marry anybody, you see."

"Won't I, Gibbie? What makes you think that?"

"Because of course you would never refuse Donal and marry anybody else; that is not possible."

"Oh! don't tease me, Gibbie."

"Ginevra, you don't mean you would?"

In the dull light, and with the imperfect means of Gibbie for the embodiment of his thoughts, Ginevra misunderstood him.

"Yes, Gibbie," she said, "I would. I thought it was understood between us, ever since that day you found me on Glashgar. In my thoughts I have been yours all the time."

She turned her face to the lamp-post. But Gibbie made her look.

"You do not mean," he spelled very hurriedly, "that you would marry *me*? — *Me*? I never dreamed of such a thing!"

"*You* didn't mean it then!" cried Ginevra with a cry — bitter but feeble with despair and ending in a stifled shriek. "What *have* I been saying then! I thought I belonged to you! I thought you meant to take me all the time!" She burst into an agony of sobbing. "Oh me! me! I have been alone all the time, and did not know it!"

She sank on the pavement at the foot of the lamp-post, weeping sorely, and shaken with her sobs. Gibbie was in sad perplexity. Heaven had opened before his gaze; its colors filled his eyes; its sounds filled his ears and heart and brain; but the portress was busy crying and would not open the door. Neither could he get at her to comfort her, for, her eyes being wanted to cry with, his poor signs were of no use. Dumbness is a drawback to the gift of consolation.

It was a calm night early in March, clear overhead, and the heaven full of stars. The first faint think-odor of spring was in the air. A crescent moon hung half-way between the zenith and the horizon, clear as silver in firelight, and peaceful in the consciousness that not much was required of her yet. Both bareheaded, the one stood under the lamp, the other had fallen in a heap at its foot; the one was in the seventh paradise, and knew it; the other was weeping her heart out, yet was in the same paradise, if she would but have opened her eyes. Gibbie held one of her hands and stroked it. Then he pulled off his coat and laid it softly upon her. She grew a little quieter.

"Take me home, Gibbie," she said, in a gentle voice. All was over; there was no use in crying or even in thinking any more.

Gibbie put his arms round her, and helped her to her feet. She looked at him, and saw a face glorious with bliss. Never, not even on Glashgar, in the skin-coat of the beast-boy, had she seen him so like an angel. And in his eyes was that which triumphed, not over dumbness, but over speech. It brought the rose-fire rushing into her wan cheeks; she hid her face on his bosom; and, under the dingy red flame of the lamp in the stony street, they held each other, as blessed as if they had been under an orange tree haunted with fire-flies. For they knew each the heart of the other, and God is infinite.

How long they stood thus, neither of them knew. The lady would not have spoken if she could, and the youth could

not if he would. But the lady shivered and because she shivered, she would have the youth take his coat. He mocked at cold, made her put her arms in the sleeves, and buttoned it round her: both laughed to see how wide it was. Then he took her by the hand, and led her away, obedient as when first he found her and her heart upon Glashgar. Like two children, holding each other fast, they hurried along, in dread of pursuit. He brought her to Daur Street, and gave her into Mrs. Sclater's arms. Ginevra told her everything, except that her father had struck her, and Gibbie begged her to keep his wife for him till they could be married. Mrs. Sclater behaved like a mother to them, sent Gibbie away, and Ginevra to a hot bath and to bed.

CHAPTER XXI.

C A T A S T R O P H E.

GIBBIE went home as if Pearl Street had been the stairs of Glashgar, and the Auld Hoose a mansion in the heavens. He seemed to float along the way as one floats in a happy dream, where motion is born at once of the will, without the intermediating mechanics of nerve, muscle, and fulcrum. Love had been gathering and ever storing itself in his heart so many years for this brown dove! now at last the rock was smitten, and its treasure rushed forth to her service. In nothing was it changed as it issued, save as the dark, silent, motionless water of the cavern changes into the sparkling, singing, dancing rivulet. Gibbie's was love simple, unselfish, undemanding — not merely asking for no return, but asking for no recognition, requiring not even that its existence should be known. He was a rare one, who did not make the common miserable blunder of taking the shadow cast by love — the desire, namely, to be loved — for love itself; his love was a vertical sun, and his own shadow was under his feet. Silly youths and maidens count themselves martyrs of love, when they are but the pining witnesses to a delicious and entrancing selfishness. But do not mistake me through confounding, on the other hand, the desire to be loved — which is neither wrong nor noble, any more than hunger is either wrong or noble — and the delight in being loved, to be devoid of which a man must be lost in an immeasurably deeper, in an evil, ruinous, yea, a fiendish selfishness. Not to care for love is the still worse reaction from the self-foiled and outworn greed of love. Gibbie's love was a diamond among gem-loves.

There are men whose love to a friend is less selfish than their love to the dearest woman; but Gibbie's was not a love to be less divine towards a woman than towards a man. One man's love is as different from another's as the one is himself different from the other. The love that dwells in one man is an angel, the love in another is a bird, that in another a hog. Some would count worthless the love of a man who loved everybody. There would be no distinction in being loved by such a man! — and distinction, as a guarantee of their own great worth, is what such seek. There are women who desire to be the *sole* object of a man's affection, and are all their lives devoured by unlawful jealousies. A love that had never gone forth upon human being but themselves, would be to them the treasure to sell all that they might buy. And the man who brought such a love might in truth be all-absorbed therein himself: the poorest of creatures may well be absorbed in the poorest of loves. A heart has to be taught to love, and its first lesson, however well learnt, no more makes it perfect in love, than the A B C makes a *savant*. The man who loves most will love best. The man who thoroughly loves God and his neighbor is the only man who will love a woman ideally — who can love her with the love God thought of between them when he made man male and female. The man, I repeat, who loves God with his very life, and his neighbor as Christ loves him, is the man who alone is capable of grand, perfect, glorious love to any woman. Because Gibbie's love was towards everything human, he was able to love Ginevra as Donal, poet and prophet, was not yet grown able to love her. To that of the most passionate of unbelieving lovers, Gibbie's love was as the fire of a sun to that of a forest. The fulness of a world of love-ways and love-thoughts was Gibbie's. In sweet affairs of loving-kindness, he was in his own kingdom, and sat upon its throne. And it was this essential love, acknowledging and embracing, as a necessity of its being, everything that could be loved, which now centred its rays on the individual's individual. His love to Ginevra stood like a growing thicket of aromatic shrubs, until her confession set the fire of heaven to it, and the flame that consumes not, but gives life, arose and shot homeward. He had never imagined, never hoped, never desired she should love him like that. She had refused his friend, the strong, the noble, the beautiful, Donal the poet, and it never could but from her own lips have found way to his belief that she

had turned her regard upon wee Sir Gibbie, a nobody, who to himself was a mere burning heart running about in tattered garments. His devotion to her had forestalled every pain with its antidote of perfect love, had negated every lack, had precluded every desire, had shut all avenues of entrance against self. Even if "a little thought unsound" should have chanced upon an entrance, it would have found no soil to root and grow in: the soil for the harvest of pain is that brought down from the peaks of pride by the torrents of desire. Immeasurably the greater therefore was his delight, when the warmth and odor of the love that had been from time to time immemorial passing out from him in virtue of consolation and healing, came back upon him in the softest and sweetest of flower-waking spring-winds. Then indeed was his heart a bliss worth God's making. The sum of happiness in the city, if gathered that night into one wave, could not have reached half-way to the crest of the mighty billow tossing itself heavenward as it rushed along the ocean of Gibbie's spirit.

He entered the close of the Auld Hoose. But the excess of his joy had not yet turned to light, was not yet passing from him in physical flame: whence then the glow that illumined the court? He looked up. The windows of Mistress Croale's bedroom were glaring with light! He opened the door hurriedly and darted up. On the stair he was met by the smell of burning, which grew stronger as he ascended. He opened Mistress Croale's door. The chintz curtains of her bed were flaming to the ceiling. He darted to it. Mistress Croale was not in it. He jumped upon it, and tore down the curtains and tester, trampling them under his feet upon the blankets. He had almost finished, and, at the bottom of the bed, was reaching up and pulling at the last of the flaming rags, when a groan came to his ears. He looked down: there at the foot of the bed, on her back upon the floor, lay Mistress Croale in her satin gown, with red swollen face, wide-open mouth, and half-open eyes, dead drunk, a heap of ruin. A bit of glowing tinder fell on her forehead. She opened her eyes, looked up, uttered a terrified cry, closed them, and was again motionless, except for her breathing. On one side of her lay a bottle, on the other a chamber-candlestick upset, with the candle guttered into a mass.

With the help of the water-jugs, and the bath which stood ready in his room, he succeeded at last in putting out the fire,

and then turned his attention to Mistress Croale. Her breathing had grown so stertorous that he was alarmed, and getting more water, bathed her head, and laid a wet handkerchief on it, after which he sat down and watched her. It would have made a strange picture: the middle of the night, the fire-blasted bed, the painful, ugly carcase on the floor, and the sad yet — I had almost said *radiant* youth, watching near. The slow night passed.

The gray of the morning came, chill and cheerless. Mistress Croale stirred, moved, crept up rather than rose to a sitting position, and stretched herself yawning. Gibbie had risen and stood over her. She caught sight of him; absolute terror distorted her sodden face; she stared at him, then stared about her, like one who had suddenly waked in hell. He took her by the arm. She obeyed, rose, and stood, fear conquering the remnants of drunkenness, with her whisky-scorched eyes following his every movement, as he got her cloak and bonnet. He put them on her. She submitted like a child caught in wickedness, and cowed by the capture. He led her from the house, out into the dark morning, made her take his arm, and away they walked together, down to the riverside. She gave a reel now and then, and sometimes her knees would double under her; but Gibbie was no novice at the task, and brought her safe to the door of her lodging — of which, in view of such a possibility, he had been paying the rent all the time. He opened the door with her pass-key, led her up the stair, unlocked the door of her garret, placed her in a chair, and left her, closing the doors gently behind him. Instinctively she sought her bed, fell upon it, and slept again.

When she woke, her dim mind was haunted by a terrible vision of resurrection and damnation, of which the only point she could plainly recall, was an angel, as like Sir Gibbie as he could look, hanging in the air above her, and sending out flames on all sides of him, which burned her up, inside and out, shrivelling soul and body together. As she lay thinking over it, with her eyes closed, suddenly she remembered, with a pang of dismay, that she had got drunk and broken her vow — that was the origin of the bad dream, and the dreadful headache, and the burning at her heart! She must have water! Painfully lifting herself upon one elbow, she opened her eyes. Then what a bewilderment, and what a discovery, slow unfolding itself, were hers! Like her first parents she had fallen; her paradise was gone; she lay

outside among the thorns and thistles before the gate. From being the virtual mistress of a great house, she was back in her dreary lonely garret! Re-exiled in shame from her briefly regained respectability, from friendship and honorable life and the holding forth of help to the world, she lay there a sow that had been washed, and washed in vain! What a sight of disgrace was her grand satin gown — wet, and scorched, and smeared with candle! and, ugh! how it smelt of smoke and burning and the dregs of whisky! And her lace! — She gazed at her finery as an angel might on his feathers which the enemy had burned while he slept on his watch.

She must have water! She got out of bed with difficulty, then for a whole hour sat on the edge of it motionless, unsure that she was not in hell. At last she wept — acrid tears, for very misery. She rose, took off her satin and lace, put on a cotton gown, and was once more a decent-looking poor body — except as to her glowing face and burning eyes, which to bathe she had nothing but tears. Again she sat down, and for a space did nothing, only suffered in ignominy. At last life began to revive a little. She rose and moved about the room, staring at the things in it as a ghost might stare at the grave-clothes on its abandoned body. There on the table lay her keys; and what was that under them? — A letter addressed to her. She opened it, and found five pound-notes, with these words: "I promise to pay to Mrs. Croale five pounds monthly, for nine months to come. Gilbert Galbraith." She wept again. He would never speak to her more! She had lost him at last — her only friend! — her sole link to God and goodness and the kingdom of heaven! — lost him forever!

The day went on, cold and foggy without, colder and drearier within. Sick and faint and disgusted, the poor heart had no atmosphere to beat in save an infinite sense of failure and lost opportunity. She had fuel enough in the room to make a little fire, and at length had summoned resolve sufficient for the fetching of water from the street pump. She went to the cupboard to get a jug: she could not carry a pailful. There in the corner stood her demon-friend! her own old familiar, the black bottle! as if he had been patiently waiting for her all the long dreary time she had been away! With a flash of fierce joy she remembered she had left it half-full. She caught it up, and held it between her and the fading light of the misty window;

it was half-full still! — One glass — a hair of the dog — would set her free from faintness and sickness, disgust and misery! There was no one to find fault with her now! She could do as she liked — there was no one to care! — nothing to take fire! — She set the bottle on the table, because her hand shook, and went again to the cupboard to get a glass. On the way — borne upward on some heavenly current from the deeps of her soul, the face of Gibbie, sorrowful because loving, like the face of the Son of Man, met her. She turned, seized the bottle, and would have dashed it on the hearthstone, but that a sudden resolve arrested her lifted arm: Gibbie should see! She would be strong! That bottle should stand on that shelf until the hour when she could show it him and say, "See the proof of my victory!" She drove the cork fiercely in. When its top was level with the neck, she set the bottle back in its place, and from that hour it stood there, a temptation, a ceaseless warning, the monument of a broken but reparable vow, a pledge of hope. It may not have been a prudent measure. To a weak nature it would have involved certain ruin. But there are natures that do better under difficulty; there are many such. And with that fiend-like shape in her cupboard the one ambition of Mistress Croale's life was henceforth inextricably bound up: she would turn that bottle into a witness for her against the judgment she had deserved. Close by the cupboard door, like a kite or an owl nailed up against a barn, she hung her soiled and dishonored satin gown; and the dusk having now gathered, took the jug, and fetched herself water. Then, having set her kettle on the fire, she went out with her basket and bought bread, and butter. After a good cup of tea and some nice toast, she went to bed again, much easier both in mind and body, and slept.

In the morning she went to the market, opened her shop, and waited for customers. Pleasure and surprise at her reappearance brought the old ones quickly back. She was friendly and helpful to them as before; but the slightest approach to inquiry as to where she had been or what she had been doing, she met with simple obstinate silence. Gibbie's bounty, and her faithful abstinence enabled her to add to her stock and extend her trade. By-and-by she had the command of a little money; and when in the late autumn there came a time of scarcity and disease, she went about among the poor like a disciple of Sir Gibbie. Some said that, from her

knowledge of their ways, from her judgment, and by her personal ministrations of what, for her means, she gave more bountifully than any, she did more to hearten their endurance, than all the ladies together who administered money subscribed. It came to Sir Gibbie's ears, and rejoiced his heart: his old friend was on the King's highway still! In the mean time she saw nothing of him. Not once did he pass her shop, where often her mental, and not unfrequently her bodily attitude was that of a watching lover. The second day, indeed, she saw him at a little distance, and sorely her heart smote her, for one of his hands was in a sling; but he crossed to the other side, plainly to avoid her. She was none the less sure, however, that when she asked him he would forgive her; and ask him she would, as soon as she had satisfactory proof of repentance to show him.

CHAPTER XXII.

ARRANGEMENT AND PREPARATION.

THE next morning, the first thing after breakfast, Mr. Sclater, having reflected that Ginevra was under age and they must be careful, resumed for the nonce, with considerable satisfaction, his office of guardian, and holding no previous consultation with Gibbie, walked to the cottage, and sought an interview with Mr. Galbraith, which the latter accorded with a formality suitable to his idea of his own inborn grandeur. But his assumption had no effect on nut-headed Mr. Sclater, who, in this matter at all events, was at peace with his conscience.

"I have to inform you, Mr. Galbraith," he began, "that Miss Galbraith —"

"Oh!" said the laird, "I beg your pardon; I was not aware it was my daughter you wished to see."

He rose and rang the bell. Mr. Sclater, annoyed at his manner, held his peace.

"Tell your mistress," said the laird, "that the Rev. Mr. Sclater wishes to see her."

The girl returned with a scared face, and the news that her mistress was not in her room. The laird's loose mouth dropped looser.

"Miss Galbraith did us the honor to sleep at our house last night," said Mr. Sclater deliberately.

"The devil!" cried the laird, relieved. "Why! — What! — Are you aware of what you are saying, sir?"

"Perfectly; and of what I saw too. A blow looks bad on a lady's face."

"Good heavens! the little hussey dared to say I struck her?"

"She did not say so; but no one could fail to see some one had. If you do not know who did it, I do."

"Send her home instantly, or I will come and fetch her," cried the laird.

"Come and dine with us if you want to see her. For the present she remains where she is. You want her to marry Fergus Duff; she prefers my ward, Gilbert Galbraith, and I shall do my best for them."

"She is under age," said the laird.

"That fault will rectify itself as fast in my house as in yours," returned the minister. "If you invite the publicity of a legal action, I will employ counsel, and wait the result."

Mr. Sclater was not at all anxious to hasten the marriage; he would much rather, in fact, have it put off, at least until Gibbie should have taken his degree. The laird started up in a rage, but the room was so small that he sat down again. The minister leaned back in his chair. He was too much displeased with the laird's behavior to lighten the matter for him by setting forth the advantages of having Sir Gibbie for a son-in-law.

"Mr. Sclater," said the laird at length, "I am shocked, unspeakably shocked, at my daughter's conduct. To leave the shelter of her father's roof, in the middle of the night, and —"

"About seven o'clock in the evening," interjected Mr. Sclater.

"— and take refuge with strangers!" continued the laird.

"By no means strangers, Mr. Galbraith!" said the minister. "You drive your daughter from your house, and are then shocked to find she has taken refuge with friends!"

"She is an unnatural child. She knows well enough what I think of her, and what reason she has given me so to think."

"When a man happens to be alone in any opinion," remarked the minister, "even if the opinion should be of his own daughter, the probabilities are he is wrong. Every one but yourself has the deepest regard for Miss Galbraith."

"She has always cultivated strangely objectionable friendships," said the laird.

"For my own part," said the minister, as if heedless of the laird's last remark, "although I believe she has no dowry, and there are reasons besides why the connection should not be desirable, I do not know a lady I should prefer for a wife to my ward."

The minister's plain speaking was not without effect upon the laird. It made him uncomfortable. It is only when the conscience is wide awake and regnant that it can be appealed to without giving a cry for response. Again he sat silent a while. Then gathering all the pomp and stiffness at his command,

"Oblige me by informing my daughter," he said, "that I request her, for the sake of avoiding scandal, to return to her father's house until she is of age."

"And in the mean time you undertake —"

"I undertake nothing," shouted the laird, in his feeble, woolly, yet harsh voice.

"Then I refuse to carry your message. I will be no bearer of that from which, as soon as delivered, I should dissuade."

"Allow me to ask, are you a minister of the gospel, and stir up a child against her own father?"

"I am not here to bandy words with you, Mr. Galbraith. It is nothing to me what you think of me. If you will engage not to urge your choice upon Miss Galbraith, I think it probable she will at once return to you. If not, —"

"I will not force her inclinations," said the laird. "She knows my wish, and she ought to know the duty of a daughter."

"I will tell her what you say," answered the minister, and took his departure.

When Gibbie heard, he was not at all satisfied with Mr. Sclater's interference to such result. He wished to marry Ginevra at once, in order to take her from under the tyranny of her father. But he was readily convinced it would be better, now things were understood, that she should go back to him, and try once more to gain him. The same day she did go back, and Gibbie took up his quarters at the minister's.

Ginevra soon found that her father had not yielded the idea of having his own way with her, but her spirits and courage were now so good, that she was able not only to endure with less suffering, but to carry herself quite differently. Much less afraid of him, she was the more watchful to minister to his wants, dared a loving liberty now and then in spite of his coldness, took his objurgations with something of the gaiety of one who did not or would not believe he meant them, and when he abused Gibbie, did not answer a word, knowing events alone could set him right in his idea of him. Rejoiced that he had not laid hold of the fact that Glashruach was Gibbie's, she never mentioned the

place to him; for she shrunk with the sharpest recoil from the humiliation of seeing him, upon conviction, turn from Fergus to Gibbie: the kindest thing they could do for him would be to marry against his will, and save him from open tergiversation; for no one could then blame him, he would be thoroughly pleased, and not having the opportunity of self-degradation, would be saved the cause for self-contempt.

For some time Fergus kept on hoping. The laird, blinded by his own wishes, and expecting Gibbie would soon do something to bring public disgrace upon himself, did not tell him of his daughter's determination and self-engagement, while, for her part, Ginevra believed she fulfilled her duty towards him in the endeavor to convince him by her conduct that nothing could ever induce her to marry him. So the remainder of the session passed — the laird urging his objections against Gibbie, and growing extravagant in his praises of Fergus, while Ginevra kept taking fresh courage and being of good cheer. Gibbie went to the cottage once or twice, but the laird made it so uncomfortable for them, and Fergus was so rude, that they agreed it would be better to content themselves with meeting when they had the chance.

At the end of the month Gibbie went home as usual, telling Ginevra he must be present to superintend what was going on at Glashruach to get the house ready for her, but saying nothing of what he was building there. By the beginning of the winter, they had got the buttress-wall finished and the coping on it, also the shell of the new house roofed in, so that the carpenters had been at work all through the frost and snow, and things had made great progress without any hurry; and now, since the first day the weather had permitted, the masons were at work again. The bridge was built, the wall of the old house broken through, the turret carried aloft. The channel of the little burn they had found completely blocked by a great stone at the farther edge of the landslip; up to this stone they opened the channel, protecting it by masonry against further slip, and by Gibbie's directions left it so — after boring the stone, which still turned every drop of the water aside into the Glashburn, for a good charge of gunpowder. All the hollow where the latter burn had carried away pinewood and shrubbery, gravel drive and lawn, had been planted, mostly with fir trees; and a weir of strong masonry, a little way below the house, kept the water back, so that it rose and spread,

and formed a still pool just under the house, reflecting it far beneath. If Ginevra pleased, Gibbie meant to raise the weir, and have quite a little lake in the hollow. A new approach had been contrived, and was nearly finished before Gibbie returned to college.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE WEDDING.

IN the mean time Fergus, dull as he was to doubt his own importance and success — for did not the public acknowledge both? — yet by degrees lost heart and hope so far as concerned Ginevra, and at length told the laird that, much as he valued his society, and was indebted for his kindness, he must deny himself the pleasure of visiting any more at the cottage — so plainly was his presence unacceptable to Miss Galbraith. The laird blustered against his daughter, and expostulated with the preacher, not forgetting to hint at the ingratitude of forsaking him, after all he had done and borne in the furthering of his interests: Jenny must at length come to see what reason and good sense required of her! But Fergus had at last learned his lesson, and was no longer to be blinded. Besides, there had lately come to his church a certain shopkeeper, retired rich, with one daughter; and as his hope of the dignity of being married to Ginevra faded, he had come to feel the enticement of Miss Lapraik's money and good looks — which gained in force considerably when he began to understand the serious off-sets there were to the honor of being son-in-law to Mr. Galbraith: a nobody as was old Lapraik in himself and his position, he was at least looked upon with respect, argued Fergus; and indeed the man was as honest as it is possible for any worshipper of Mammon to be. Fergus therefore received the laird's expostulations and encouragements with composure, but when at length, in his growing acidity, Mr. Galbraith reflected on his birth, and his own condescension in showing him friendship, Fergus left the house, never to go near it again. Within three months, for a second protracted courtship was not to be thought of, he married Miss Lapraik, and lived respectable ever after — took to writing hymns, became popular afresh through his poetry, and exercised a double influence for the humiliation of Christianity. But what matter, while he counted himself fortunate, and thought himself happy! his fame spread; he had good health; his wife worshipped him; and

if he had had a valet, I have no doubt he would have been a hero to him, thus climbing the topmost untrodden peak of the world's greatness.

When the next evening came, and Fergus did not appear, the laird fidgeted, then stormed, then sank into a moody silence. When the second night came, and Fergus did not come, the sequence was the same, with exasperated symptoms. Night after night passed thus, and Ginevra began to fear for her father's reason. She challenged him to play backgammon with her, but he scorned the proposal. She begged him to teach her chess, but he scouted the notion of her having wit enough to learn. She offered to read to him, entreated him to let her do something with him, but he repelled her every advance with contempt and surliness, which now and then broke into rage and vituperation.

As soon as Gibbie returned, Ginevra let him know how badly things were going with her father. They met, consulted, agreed that the best thing was to be married at once, made their preparations, and confident that, if asked, he would refuse his permission, proceeded, for his sake, as if they had had it.

One morning, as he sat at breakfast, Mr. Galbraith received from Mr. Torrie, whom he knew as the agent in the purchase of Glashruach, and whom he supposed to have bought it for Major Culsalmon, a letter, more than respectful, stating that matters had come to light regarding the property which rendered his presence on the spot indispensable for their solution, especially as there might be papers of consequence in view of the points in question, in some drawer or cabinet of those he had left locked behind him. The present owner, therefore, through Mr. Torrie, begged most respectfully that Mr. Galbraith would sacrifice two days of his valuable time, and visit Glashruach. The result, he did not doubt, would be to the advantage of both parties. If Mr. Galbraith would kindly signify to Mr. Torrie his assent, a carriage and four, with postillions, that he might make the journey in all possible comfort, should be at his house the next morning, at ten o'clock, if that hour would be convenient.

For weeks the laird had been an unmitigated bore to himself, and the invitation laid upon him by the most projecting handle of his being, namely, his self-importance. He wrote at once to signify his gracious assent; and in the evening told his daughter he was going to Glashruach

on business, and had arranged for Miss Kimble to come and stay with her till his return.

At nine o'clock the schoolmistress came to breakfast, and at ten a travelling carriage with four horses drew up at the door, looking nearly as big as the cottage. With monstrous stateliness, and a fur-coat on his arm, the laird descended to his garden gate, and got into the carriage, which instantly dashed away for the western road, restoring Mr. Galbraith to the full consciousness of his inherent grandeur: if he was not exactly laird of Glashruach again, he was something quite as important. His carriage was just out of the street, when a second, also with four horses, drew up, to the astonishment of Miss Kimble, at the garden gate. Out of it stepped Mr. and Mrs. Sclater! then a young gentleman, whom she thought very graceful until she discovered it was that low-lived Sir Gilbert! and Mr. Torrie, the lawyer! They came trooping into the little drawing-room, shook hands with them both, and sat down, Sir Gilbert beside Ginevra, — but nobody spoke. What could it mean! A morning call? It was too early. And four horses to a morning call! A pastoral visitation? Four horses and a lawyer to a pastoral visitation! A business call? There was Mrs. Sclater! and that Sir Gilbert! — It must after all be a pastoral visitation, for there was the minister commencing a religious service! — during which however it suddenly revealed itself to the horrified spinster that she was part and parcel of a clandestine wedding! An anxious father had placed her in charge of his daughter, and this was how she was fulfilling her trust! There was Ginevra being married in a brown dress! — and to that horrid lad, who called himself a baronet, and hobbled with a low market-woman! But, alas! just as she was recovering her presence of mind, Mr. Sclater pronounced them husband and wife! She gave a shriek, and cried out, "I forbid the bans," at which the company, bride and bridegroom included, broke into "a loud smile." The ceremony over, Ginevra glided from the room, and returned almost immediately in her little brown bonnet. Sir Gilbert caught up his hat, and Ginevra held out her hand to Miss Kimble. Then at length the abashed and aggrieved lady found words of her own.

"Ginevra!" she cried, "you are never going to leave me alone in the house! — after inviting me to stay with you till your father returned!"

But the minister answered her.

"It was her father who invited you, I believe, not Lady Galbraith," he said; "and you understood perfectly that the invitation was not meant to give her pleasure. You would doubtless have her postpone her wedding journey on your account, but my lady is under no obligation to think of you." — He had heard of her tattle against Sir Gilbert, and thus rudely showed his resentment.

Miss Kimble burst into tears. Ginevra kissed her, and said,

"Never mind, dear Miss Kimble. You could not help it. The whole thing was arranged. We are going after my father, and we have the best horses."

Mr. Torrie laughed outright.

"A new kind of runaway marriage!" he cried. "The happy couple pursuing the obstinate parent with four horses! Ha! ha! ha!"

"But after the ceremony!" said Mr. Sclater.

Here the servant ran down the steps with a carpet-bag, and opened the gate for her mistress. Lady Galbraith got into the carriage; Sir Gilbert followed; there was kissing and tears at the door of it; Mrs. Sclater drew back; the postilions spurred their horses; off went the second carriage faster than the first; and the minister's party walked quietly away, leaving Miss Kimble to declaim to the maid of all work, who cried so that she did not hear a word she said. The school mistress put on her bonnet, and full of indignation carried her news of the treatment to which she had been subjected to the Rev. Fergus Duff, who remarked to himself that it was sad to see youth and beauty turn away from genius and influence to wed money and idiocy, gave a sigh, and went to see Miss Lapraik.

Between the second stage and the third Gibbie and Ginevra came in sight of their father's carriage. Having arranged with the postilions that the two carriages should not change horses at the same places, they easily passed unseen by him, while, thinking of nothing so little as their proximity, he sat in state before the door of a village-inn.

Just as Mr. Galbraith was beginning to hope the major had contrived a new approach to the place, the carriage took an unexpected turn, and he found presently they were climbing, by a zig-zag road, the height over the Lorrie burn; but the place was no longer his, and to avoid a sense of humiliation, he avoided taking any interest in the change.

A young woman — it was Donal's eldest

sister, but he knew nothing of her — opened the door to him, and showed him up the stair to his old study. There a great fire was burning; but beyond that, everything, even to the trifles on his writing table, was just as when last he left the house. His chair stood in its usual position by the fire, and wine and biscuits were on a little table near.

“Very considerate!” he said to himself. “I trust the major does not mean to keep me waiting, though. Deuced hard to have to leave a place like this!”

Weary with his journey he fell into a doze, dreamed of his dead wife, woke suddenly, and heard the door of the room open. There was Major Culsalmon entering with outstretched hand! and there was a lady — his wife doubtless! But how young the major was! he had imagined him a man in middle age at least! — Bless his soul! was he never to get rid of this impostor fellow! it was not the major! it was the rascal calling himself Sir Gilbert Galbraith! — the half-witted wretch his fool of a daughter insisted on marrying! Here he was, ubiquitous as Satan! And — bless his soul again! there was the minx, Jenny! looking as if the place was her own! The silly tears in her eyes too! — It was all too absurd! He had just been dreaming of his dead wife, and clearly that was it! he was not awake yet!

He tried hard to wake, but the dream mastered him.

“Jenny!” he said, as the two stood for a moment regarding him, a little doubtfully, but with smiles of welcome, “what is the meaning of this? I did not know Major Culsalmon had invited *you*! And what is this person doing here?”

“Papa,” replied Ginevra with a curious smile, half merry, half tearful, “this person is my husband, Sir Gilbert Galbraith of Glashruach; and you are at home in your own study again.”

“Will you never have done masquerading, Jenny?” he returned. “Inform Major Culsalmon that I request to see him immediately.”

He turned towards the fire, and took up a newspaper. They thought it better to leave him. As he sat, by degrees the truth grew plain to him. But not one other word on the matter did the man utter to the day of his death. When dinner was announced, he walked straight from the dining-room door to his former place at the foot of the table. But Robina Grant was equal to the occasion. She caught up the dish before him, and set it at the side. There Gibbie seated himself; and, after

a moment's hesitation, Ginevra placed herself opposite her husband.

The next day Gibbie provided him with something to do. He had the chest of papers found in the Auld Hoose o' Galbraith carried into his study, and the lawyer found both employment and interest for weeks in deciphering and arranging them. Amongst many others concerning the property, its tenures, and boundaries, appeared some papers which, associated and compared, threw considerable doubt on the way in which portions of it had changed hands, and passed from those of Gibbie's ancestors into those of Ginevra's — who were lawyers as well as Galbraiths; and the laird was keen of scent as any nose-hound after dishonesty in other people. In the course of a fortnight he found himself so much at home in his old quarters, and so much interested in those papers and his books, that when Sir Gilbert informed him Ginevra and he were going back to the city, he pronounced it decidedly the better plan, seeing he was there *himself* to look after affairs.

For the rest of the winter therefore, Mr. Galbraith played the *grand seigneur* as before among the tenants of Glashruach.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BURN.

THE moment they were settled in the Auld Hoose, Gibbie resumed the habits of the former winter, which Mistress Croale's failure had interrupted. And what a change it was to Ginevra — from imprisonment to ministration! She found difficulties at first, as may readily be believed. But presently came help. As soon as Mistress Croale heard of their return, she went immediately to Lady Galbraith, one morning while Sir Gibbie was at college, literally knelt at her feet, and with tears told her the whole tale, beseeching her intercession with Sir Gibbie.

“I want naething,” she insisted, “but his fawvour, an' the licht o' his bonnie coontenance.”

The end of course was that she was gladly received again into the house, where once more she attended to all the principal at least of her former duties. Before she died, there was a great change and growth in her: she was none of those before whom pearls must not be cast.

Every winter, for many years, Sir Gilbert and Lady Galbraith occupied the Auld Hoose; which by degrees came at length to be known as the refuge of all that were in honest distress, the salvation of all in

themselves such as could be helped, and a covert for the night to all the houseless, of whatever sort, except those drunk at the time. Caution had to be exercised, and judgment used; the caution was tender and the judgment stern. The next year they built a house in a sheltered spot on Glashgar, and thither from the city they brought many invalids to spend the summer months under the care of Janet and her daughter Robina, whereby not a few were restored sufficiently to earn their bread for a time thereafter.

The very day the session was over, they returned to Glashruach, where they were received by the laird, as he was still called, as if they had been guests. They found Joseph, the old butler, reinstated, and Angus again acting as gamekeeper. Ginevra welcomed Joseph, but took the first opportunity of telling Angus that for her father's sake Sir Gilbert allowed him to remain, but on the first act of violence, he should at once be dismissed, and probably prosecuted as well. Donal's eldest brother was made bailiff. Before long Gibbie got the other two also about him, and as soon as, with justice, he was able, settled them together upon one of his farms. Every Saturday, so long as Janet lived, they met as in the old times, at the cottage — only with Ginevra in the place of the absent Donal. More to her own satisfaction, after all, than Robert's, Janet went home first, — “to be at han’,” she said, “to open the door till him whan he chaps.” Then Robert went to his son's below on their farm, where he was well taken care of; but happily he did not remain long behind his wife. That first summer, Nicie returned to Glashruach to wait on Lady Galbraith, was more her friend than her servant, and when she married, was settled on the estate.

For some little time Ginevra was fully occupied in getting her house in order, and furnishing the new part of it. When that was done, Sir Gilbert gave an entertainment to his tenants. The laird preferred a trip to the city, “on business,” to the humiliation of being present as other than the greatest; though perhaps he would have minded it less had he ever himself given a dinner to his tenants.

Robert and Janet declined the invitation. “We're ower auld for makin' merry 'cep' in oor ain herts,” said Janet. “But bide ye, my bonny Sir Gibbie, till we're a' up yon'er, an' syne we'll see.”

The place of honor was therefore given to Jean Mavor, who was beside herself with joy to see her broonie lord of the

land, and be seated beside him in respect and friendship. But her brother said it was “clean ridic'lous;” and not to the last would consent to regard the new laird as other than half-witted, insisting that everything was done by his wife, and that the talk on his fingers was a mere pretence.

When the main part of the dinner was over, Sir Gilbert and his lady stood at the head of the table, and, he speaking by signs and she interpreting, made a little speech together. In the course of it Sir Gibbie took occasion to apologize for having once disturbed the peace of the country-side by acting the supposed part of a *broonie*, and in relating his adventures of the time, accompanied his wife's text with such graphic illustration of gesture, that his audience laughed at the merry tale till the tears ran down their cheeks. Then with a few allusions to his strange childhood, he thanked the God who led him through thorny ways into the very arms of love and peace in the cottage of Robert and Janet Grant, whence, and not from the fortune he had since inherited, came all his peace.

“He desires me to tell you,” said Lady Galbraith, “that he was a stranger, and you folk of Daurside took him in, and if ever he can do a kindness to you or yours, he will. — He desires me also to say, that you ought not to be left ignorant that you have a poet of your own, born and bred among you — Donal Grant, the son of Robert and Janet, the friend of Sir Gilbert's heart, and one of the noblest of men. And he begs you to allow me to read you a poem he had from him this very morning — probably just written. It is called *The Laverock*. I will read it as well as I can. If any of you do not like poetry, he says — I mean Sir Gilbert says — you can go to the kitchen and light your pipes, and he will send your wine there to you.”

She ceased. Not one stirred, and she read the verses — which, for the sake of having Donal in at the last of my book, I will print. Those who do not care for verse, may — metaphorically, I would not be rude — go and smoke their pipes in the kitchen.

THE LAVEROCK. (*lark*)

THE MAN SAYS:

Laverock i' the lift (*sky*)
Hae ye nae sang-thrift,
'At ye scatter't sae heigh, an' lat it a' drift?
Wasterfu' laverock!

Dinna ye ken
'At ye hing ower men
Wha haena a sang or a penny to spen'?
Hertless laverock!

But up there, you,
I' the bow o' the blue,
Haud skirlin' on as gien a' war new! (*keep
shrilling*)
Toom-heidit laverock! (*emp-
ty-headed*)

Haith! ye're ower blythe:
I see a great scythe
Swing whaur yer nestie lies, doon i' the lythe
(*shelter*)
Liltin' laverock!

Eh, sic a soon'!
Birdie, come doon —
Ye're fey to sing sic a merry tune, (*death-
doomed*)
Gowkit laverock! (*silly*)

Come to yer nest;
Yer wife's sair prest;
She's clean worn oot wi' duin' her best,
Rovin' laverock!

Winna ye haud?
Ye're surely mad!
Is there naebody there to gie ye a daud? (*blow*)
Menseless laverock!

Come doon an' conform;
Pyke an honest worm,
An' hap yer bairns frae the muckle storm,
Spendrife laverock!

THE BIRD SINGS:

My nestie it lieth
I' the how o' a han'; (*hollow*)
The swing o' the scythe
'Ill miss't by a span.

The lift it's sae cheerie!
The win' it's sae free!
I hing ower my dearie,
An' sing cause I see.

My wifie's wee breistie
Grows warm wi' my sang,
An' ilk crumpled-up beastie
Kens no to think lang.

Up here the sun sings, but
He only shines there!
Ye haena na wings, but
Come up on a prayer.

THE MAN SINGS:

Ye wee daurin' cratur,
Ye rant an' ye sing
Like an oye o' auld Natur' (*grandchild*)
Ta'en hame by the King!

Ye wee feathert priestie,
Yer bells i' yer thro't,
Yer altar yer breistie,
Yer mitre forgot —

Offerin' an' Aaron,
Ye burn hert an' brain;
An' dertin' an' daurin'
Flee back to yer ain!

Ye wee minor prophet,
It's 'maist my belief
'At I'm doon i' Tophet,
An' you abune grief!

Ye've deavt me an' daudit, (*deafened
buffeted*)
An' ca'd me a fule:
I'm nearhan' persuaudit
To gang to your schule!

For, birdie, I'm thinkin'
Ye ken mair nor me —
Gien ye haena been drinkin',
An' sing as ye see.

Ye maun hae a sicht 'at
Sees geyan far ben; (*considerably
inwards*)
An' a hert for the nicht o' 't
Wad sair for nine men! (*serve*)

Somebody's been till
Roun to ye wha (*whisper*)
Said birdies war seen till
E'en whan they fa'!

After the reading of the poem, Sir Gilbert and Lady Galbraith withdrew, and went towards the new part of the house, where they had their rooms. On the bridge, over which Ginevra scarcely ever passed without stopping to look both up and down the dry channel in the rock, she lingered as usual, and gazed from its windows. Below, the waterless bed of the burn opened out on the great valley of the Daur; above was the landslip, and beyond it the stream rushing down the mountain. Gibbie pointed up to it. She gazed a while, and gave a great sigh. He asked her — their communication was now more like that between two spirits: even signs had become almost unnecessary — what she wanted or missed. She looked in his face and said, "Naething but the sang o' my burnie, Gibbie." He took a small pistol from his pocket, and put it in her hand; then, opening the window, signed to her to fire it. She had never fired a pistol, and was a little frightened, but would have been utterly ashamed to shrink from anything Gibbie would have her do. She held it out. Her hand trembled. He laid his upon it, and it grew steady. She pulled the trigger, and dropped the pistol with a little cry. He signed to her to listen. A moment passed, and then, like a hugely magnified echo, came a roar that rolled from mountain to mountain, like a thunder drum. The next instant, the landslip seemed to come hurrying down the channel, roaring and leaping: it was the mud-brown waters of the burn, careering along as if mad with joy at having regained

their ancient course. Ginevra stared with parted lips, delight growing to apprehension as the live thing momentarily neared the bridge. With tossing mane of foam, the brown courser came rushing on, and shot thundering under. They turned, and from the other window saw it tumbling headlong down the steep descent to the Lorrie. By quick gradations, even as they gazed, the mud melted away; the water grew clearer and clearer, and in a few minutes a small mountain-river, of a lovely lucid brown, transparent as a smoke-crystal, was dancing along under the bridge. It had ceased its roar and was sweetly singing.

"Let us see it from my room, Gibbie," said Ginevra.

They went up, and from the turret window looked down upon the water. They gazed until, like the live germ of the gathered twilight, it was scarce to be distinguished but by abstract motion.

"It's my ain burnie," said Ginevra, "an' its ain auld sang! I'll warran' it hasna forgotten a note o' 't! Eh Gibbie, ye gie me a' thing!"

"*Gien I was a burnie, wadna I rin!*" sang Gibbie, and Ginevra heard the words, though Gibbie could utter only the air he had found for them so long ago. She threw herself into his arms, and hiding her face on his shoulder, clung silent to her silent husband. Over her lovely bowed head, he gazed into the cool spring night, sparkling with stars, and shadowy with mountains. His eyes climbed the stairs of Glashgar to the lonely peak dwelling among the lights of God; and if upon their way up the rocks they met no visible sentinels of heaven, he needed neither ascending stairs nor descending angels, for a better than the angels was with them.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
MAGAZINE-WRITERS.

THE simplest autobiographical sketch is always a delicate matter, since enemies and charitable friends alike are sure to find something to take exception to. They are severe on the score of good taste, and receive with suspicion and distrust anything that sounds like self-laudation. At the same time a piece of frank autobiography must in any case possess exceptional interest. There are personal confidences which can hardly come within the reach of the most intelligent and indefatigable author of memoirs; while the public are always in

the kindly expectation that vanity and excessive self-esteem may get the better of you, and gratify their legitimate curiosity in a fashion you never contemplated. But in writing of magazines and magazine-contributors, it is an absolute necessity that we should become autobiographical — may we add, that it is a pride and a pleasure as well? For "Maga" was beyond dispute the parent and the model of the modern magazine; and the idea then originated has proved so happily successful that she has had a most miscellaneous family of promising imitators, and has founded a school of extraordinary popular literature. We have no wish to indulge in self-glorification, and we may leave the contents of the one hundred and twenty-four volumes to speak for themselves. But we may say that the form which the magazine quickly assumed has never been improved upon or materially altered; and it seems to us that there could hardly be a more conclusive tribute to the intelligence and experience which planned it. In modestly taking credit for the position the magazine has made for itself, and for the volumes it has contributed to contemporary literature, we need make the panegyric of no individual in particular. We merely pass in review the corps of writers which has invariably found its recruits among the brilliant talent of the day — talent which in very many instances we can congratulate ourselves on having been the first to recognize. On a dispassionate retrospect, we see little reason to believe that there have been visible fluctuations in the quality of the magazine, although it necessarily gained in vigor and repute in its riper maturity with extending connections. And we can show at least that its pages have always been the reflection of the literary genius and lustre of the times.

The magazine found the field free when it was planted, and circumstances were eminently propitious. In 1817 there had been a general revival, or rather a genesis, of taste — a stirring of literary intelligence and activity. The newly-born quarterlies were no doubt the precursors of the magazine; but from the first it asserted its individuality, striking out a line of its own. Its monthly publication gave an advantage in many ways. It threw itself as earnestly into party fight, and expressed itself equally on the gravest questions of political and social importance. But it could touch them more quickly and lightly, though none the less forcibly. In political warfare, as in the fencing-room or on the ground, flexibility of attack and defence

goes for much. When the strife is animated and the blood is hot, it is everything to recover yourself rapidly for point or for parry. The political contributors to "Maga" came to the front at once, and if they thrust home and hard, they fought fairly. They seemed to have hit off the happy mean between those articles of the newspaper press that were inevitably more or less hastily conceived, and the elaborately-reasoned lucubrations of the quarterly periodicals, which took more or less the form of the pamphlet. Or to change the metaphor, those flying field-batteries of theirs did excellent execution between the heavy guns of position and the rolling musketry-fire of the rank and file; and *Blackwood* from the first won the political influence which it has since been its purpose and ambition to maintain.

But it is not exclusively or even chiefly on its political articles that it has the right to rest its reputation. Perhaps its most cherished traditions are more closely associated with the belles-lettres. In 1817 the public taste had been educated with marvellous rapidity to the consciousness of new wants and to longings for intellectual luxuries. Never had name been more happily bestowed than that of the "Wizard of the North" on Sir Walter Scott. His genius, and the fresh *vraisemblance* of his romance — intensely patriotic yet most catholic and cosmopolitan — had been working like spells on the intelligence of his countrymen. Thenceforth there were to be open markets for the delicate productions of the brain; and men of culture and fancy, if they satisfied the popular taste, could count upon admirers and on generous appreciation. There were currents of simpler and more natural feeling; everybody had unconsciously become something of a critic — knowing, at all events, what pleased themselves. Writers were *en rapport* with a very different class of readers from those who had gone into modulated raptures over the polished formality of "Sir Charles Grandison," and had been charmed with the philosophical melody of Pope. The springs of the new impulse were in Scotland. Scott had familiarized his countrymen with those graphic pictures of homely scenery, with those vivid sketches of local character, of which everybody acknowledged the truth and the feeling. Their instincts, with the training he had given them, had come to reject the artificial for the real. People who had been welcomed to the hospitality of the baronial tower of Tullyveolan; who had been brought face to face with the

smugglers of the Solway and the stalwart sheep-farmers of Liddesdale; who had laughed with the learned Pleydell in his "high-jinks" at Clerihugh's, and looked in on the rough plenty of the cottage interior of the Mucklebaskets, — could no longer be contented with false or fantastic pictures of habits of existence which lay beyond their spheres. There was a demand, we repeat, for the subordination of the ideal to the actual — a demand which must gain in strength with its gratification — and the originators of the magazine proposed to satisfy it.

In one sense, as we have already remarked, the contributions were lighter than those in the quarterlies. The latter asserted their *raison d'être*, as against the more ephemeral productions of the press, on the ground of their more deliberate thought, and the elaboration and polish of their workmanship. Nor let it be supposed for a moment that we dream of undervaluing that. All we mean to point out is, that the predominating and distinctive idea of the new undertaking was the assuring its contributors chances of fame, for which its predecessors could offer no similar opportunities. If we persist in referring to the quarterlies, it is for purposes of illustration — certainly not for the sake of invidious comparison. Essayists and reviewers like Jeffrey and Sydney Smith, and subsequently, like Southey and Hayward, might collect and reprint their articles; but it was in the shape of a miscellany of the fragmentary and fugitive pieces that were rescued from unmerited and unfortunate neglect. Each individual article had to stand on its merits; it was a stone cast at random, as it were, on the cairn which was to serve as a monument to the memory of the writer. By inserting the publication of works in serial form, *Blackwood* passed volumes and libraries of volumes through his pages. A book that might have been ignored had it been brought out anonymously, or merely introduced by some slightly-known name, was there sure of extensive perusal and something more than dispassionate consideration. The subscribers to the magazine had come to feel something of self-pride in the growing success and popularity they contributed to. At all events, they were predisposed to look kindly on the *protégés* whom "Maga" vouched for as worth an introduction. It was for the more general public afterwards to confirm or reverse the verdict. The *débutant* had the encouragement of knowing that he addressed himself in the first place to a friendly audi-

ence; and those who know anything of the finer and more sensitive literary temperament, will understand that a consciousness of this kind goes far towards promoting inspiration.

The new magazine was fortunate in having begun as it hoped to go on. At that time the name of "the Modern Athens" was by no means a misnomer for the Scottish capital, for there was a brilliant constellation of northern lights. The men who had grouped themselves round the founder, and thrown themselves heart and soul into his enterprise, were Wilson, Lockhart and Hogg, Galt and Gleig, Moir and Hamilton ("Delta" and "Cyril Thornton"), Alison (the historian), Dr. Maginn, and others, who, at that time, were less of notorieties. And we may observe that, from the first, the strength of the new venture was very much in the close union of its supporters. The directing mind was bound to the working brains by the ties of personal intimacy and friendship. It is now more than forty years since the death of Mr. William Blackwood, and the generation of his colleagues and friends has been gradually following him. But our notice of his magazine would be manifestly incomplete, if it did not comprehend a passing notice of a really remarkable man. Nor can we do better than quote some paragraphs from the obituary remarks which appeared in the number for October 1834, — the rather that they were written by one who knew him well, and who had every opportunity of appreciating his qualities, whether from personal intimacy or in business relations. Next to Professor Wilson, there was no one to whom the magazine in its early days was more indebted than to John Gibson Lockhart; and previous to his leaving for London in 1826, to undertake the direction of the *Quarterly*, no man contributed more regularly or more brilliantly to its pages. Mr. Lockhart thus wrote: —

In April 1817 he put forth the first number of this journal — the most important feature of his professional career. He had long before contemplated the possibility of once more raising magazine literature to a point not altogether unworthy of the great names which had been enlisted in its service in a preceding age. It was no sudden or fortuitous suggestion which prompted him to take up the enterprise, in which he was afterwards so pre-eminently successful as to command many honorable imitators. From an early period of its progress his magazine engrossed a very large share of his time; and though he scarcely ever wrote for its pages himself, the general management and arrangement of it, with the very extensive

literary correspondence which this involved and the constant superintendence of the press, would have been more than enough to occupy entirely any man but one of first-rate energies.

No man ever conducted business of all sorts in a more direct and manly manner. His opinion was on all occasions distinctly expressed — his questions were ever explicit — his answers conclusive. His sincerity might sometimes be considered as rough, but no human being ever accused him either of flattering or shuffling; and those men of letters who were in frequent communication with him soon conceived a respect and confidence for him, which, save in a very few instances, ripened into cordial regard and friendship.

Mr. Blackwood's sons inherited their father's friendships; and for sixty years the editorship of the magazine has been continued in the family with the same unvarying good fortune and ever-increasing influence. To the warm personal regard, to the perfect confidence existing between the Blackwoods and their contributors, we believe that the consistent character and continuous success of the magazine are mainly to be attributed. Then, as since, the writers have not only, for the most part, held the same general political views, but have been united in something like a common brotherhood by common tastes and mutual sympathies. There is a good deal in the "daffing" of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" that is, of course, dramatically exaggerated. As the fun in the Blue Parlor sometimes grew fast and furious — as when North stripped for his "set-to" with the Shepherd, and when those jovial worthies made a race of it with Tickler in their wheeled chairs from one apartment to another — as the eating and drinking was always Garagantuan when these men of "not only good, but great appetites," "foregathered," — so the arguments and declamation often became brilliantly hyperbolic, and are seldom to be taken absolutely *au sérieux*. But in these inimitable "Noctes" we have the actual reflection of the standing relationship of the contributors; of men who belong, by virtue of unspoken vows, by some community of labor, opinions, and feeling, to an order of which they are reasonably proud, and for whose associations and traditions they have an affectionate veneration; of men who are happy to meet, when they have the opportunity, on a common ground, renewing and refreshing the old acquaintanceship, which may have been formed, after all, at second hand, and only by hearsay — and who, we may add, have no sort of objection to indulge in the discreet conviviality of such "flows of soul"

as, in our more degenerate times, has replaced the boisterous hospitality of "Am-brose's."

From the first, the new serial that had taken the thistle for its badge, and was to show the features of old George Buchanan on the cover, struck a key-note that was at once patriotic and popular. Even now, amid much that has long gone out of date, there seems to us to be delightful reading in those early numbers. There was metal most attractive in those gossiping papers on the gipsies, inspired, if not dictated, by Sir Walter Scott — as full of *esprit* as of knowledge of the subject. The race of vagabonds and "sorners" and masterful thieves had become the objects of most romantic interest since the novel-reader had been taken to the ruined roof trees of Dorncleugh, — had been introduced to "Tod" Gabriel on the hills of the Liddell, and the randy beggar-wife, faithful to the death, had died by Dirk Hatteraick's pistol in the cavern. To our fancy, there is no finer passage in all Scott's poetry than Meg Merrilies's prose apostrophe to the weak laird of Ellangowan, when he was brought face to face with the vagrants his bailiffs had driven from their hearths; nothing more touching than her regretful reference to the good old easy times, and her allusion to the wild devotion of her people. Then came "Mansie Wauch," by Delta, and some of the very best of Galt's Scottish novels, claiming precedence in that perennial series of fiction which has been streaming ever since through our columns; to be followed, no long time afterwards, by that charming military story, "The Subaltern," from the pen of the ex-chaplain-general of the forces, who, we are glad to say, is still alive, the father of the contributors to "Maga." From that time forward, with neither stint nor check, the magazine has been standing sponsor to English classics. For many years it may be said to have owed the lion's share of its attractions to the vigorous versatility of Wilson and Lockhart. Besides the long and lively course of the "Noctes," what an infinite variety of tales and essays, poems and *critiques*, Christopher scattered broadcast! The flow of wit and scholarship, of pathos and keen critical humor, was inexhaustible. With Professor Wilson as with Sir Walter Scott, to appreciate the author, one should know something of the man. With a redundancy of bodily health that reacted on his mental activity, never was there a more large-minded or great-hearted gentleman. We recognize the gentle strength of his

nature, when he stood bareheaded of a winter day at the funeral of his old comrade in literature, the Ettrick Shepherd — the solitary mourner of his class. He was too earnest not to be sometimes severe, but his hardest hitting was straightforward and above-board; and though his bite might be savage, there was no venom in it. We know very few essayists who have made their individuality so vivid to us, and hence the home-like and inexpressible charm of his writing. Had his lines been cast in a different lot of life, he might have been such a humble genius and genial vagabond as old Edie Ochiltree. The "callant" who was lost in the moorland parish, where "little Kit" had been sent to be educated by the worthy minister — who risked his life in shooting sparrows with the rusty gun that had to be supported on the shoulders of two or three of his school-fellows — grew up into the accomplished sportsman of "Christopher in his Sporting Jacket." No wonder that the stalwart professor of moral philosophy, who loved the shores of Windermere and the solitary tarns of the lake country; who dropped his red-deer in the "forests of the Thane," and the grouse on the wild moors of Dalnacardoch; who was such a "fell hand" with the "flee" in the Tweed and its tributaries, and was only beaten by the neck, *teste* the Shepherd, by the Flying Tailor of Ettrick "himself," — should have kept the kindly freshness of his spirits unimpaired, and had a somewhat supercilious contempt for those he sweepingly designated as Cockneys. Wilson, in his manly frankness, detested false sentiment and fine-spun theories, with all that was affected and artificial in social conventionalities: he held to those old-fashioned ideas of fast party fidelity and public patriotism which it became the fashion to decry as the signs of narrow-mindedness by those who might envy his logic and his eloquence. Were his writings less universally known, we would willingly linger over his memory, for he has left his mark on the magazine. What the author of the Waverley Novels was to fiction, Christopher North was to magazine-writing: and he must have sensibly influenced the tone of many a man of talent, who may fairly put forward pretensions to originality.

From Wilson we pass by a natural succession to Professor Aytoun, a kindred spirit in many respects. Aytoun, while thoroughly cosmopolitan — witness his "Bon Gaultier" ballads, executed in partnership with Mr. Theodore Martin — was at the same time characteristically Scot-

tish; and much of what we have said of his prototype applies to him. All the lays that elicited from southern reviewers the admission that Scotland could still boast of a poet, appeared originally in the pages of "Maga." So did an instalment of the germ of that admirable parody "Firmilian," which agreeably tickled the subjects it scarified—see the lately published memoir of Sydney Dobell. A fragment of "Firmilian" was published as a review of a poem of the spasmodic school. It was done so cleverly, and was so exceedingly natural, that it completely took in one of the devotees of the "spasmodics," who had been in the habit of denouncing the injustice of "Maga." Whereupon Aytoun finished and published the extravaganza, which surpassed alike the beauties and eccentricities of the gentlemen he so ingeniously satirized. And *apropos* to Aytoun, we may refer to the collections of "Tales from Blackwood," literally so voluminous, which have proved by their very wide circulation the charity that suggested the idea of reprinting them. For perhaps there is no happier story-satire in the language than his "How we got up the Glenmutchkin Railway;" not to speak of others of his contributions, such as the "Emerald Studs," "How we got into the Tuileries"—a veritable foreshadowing of the follies and frenzy of the Commune—and "How I became a Yeoman."

The piquancy of a dressed salad or a *mayonnaise* lies in the conflicting ingredients that are artistically blended. So De Quincey was a welcome guest at the imaginary symposia in Gabriel's Road, as he was an honored member of the fraternity of the magazine. Yet there could hardly have been a greater contrast to Christopher, the hero of "the sporting jacket," than the dreamy philosopher, who, in spite of diligent searching, had never discovered a bird's nest, because he always took his rambles in the country between sunset and sunrise. The "Confessions of an Opium-Eater" excepted, all De Quincey's most striking works were given to the world in the magazine. And there is one aspect in which the conjunction of Wilson and De Quincey in its pages is especially worth noting. For they may be said unquestionably to have given contemporary criticism its present form and spirit, when they asserted the supremacy of nature as a standard over the affectation and morbid sentiment of the Cockney school of their day.

In as different a vein as can be imagined, yet no less likely to live, are the sea-tales of "Tom Cringle." The "Log" and the

"Cruise of the Midge" are simply inimitable in their way. They had never been anticipated by anything in similar style, and they have never since been even tolerably copied. It was so strange that they should have been written by a landsman, that people were slow to believe it. We have heard it reported that professional critics can hit off a flaw here and there, when "Tom" sends his seamen aloft among the spars and the rigging, or is handling his craft in a gale on a lee-shore. We defy the uninitiated even to doubt, so admirable is the *vraisemblance*, if not the omniscience. But the grand triumph of Michael Scott's genius is in the apparent absence of anything approaching to art. He is the hearty sailor, full of life and animal spirits, recalling his adventures with the enthusiasm that comes of reviving pleasant associations. We see him back again in the midshipman's berth with the reefers as he sits behind the Madeira decanter sparkling to the wax-lights. "Poor as I am," he observes, in his bluff nautical lingo, "to me mutton-fats are damnable." Or, luxuriating in the crisp biscuits and salt-junk, which he prefers to rarer delicacies—"Ay! you may turn up your nose, my fine fellow, but better men than you have agreed with me." And then how his pen runs on, as memories crowd upon him in actual inspiration! And how lightly and naturally he can change the vein, passing from gay to grave, and from the picturesque to the familiar! Now you are among a knot of jovial spirits in the ward-room, in a running fire of wit, anecdote, and repartee, pleasantly flavored by a whiff of the brine and the powder. Now a sail is sighted, and there is the excitement of a stern-chase before all hands are piped away to quarters. What can be more animating than the "action with the slaver," when the lumbering Spaniard, jammed up against the Cuban coast, has been laid aboard by the "tidy little 'Wave' "? or the involuntary cruise in that "tiny 'Hooker,'" when, paying the penalty of his indiscreet curiosity, Lieutenant Cringle is walked past the windows of the comfortable sleeping-room he has quitted, to be carried into captivity by Obed under the very guns of the "Gleam" and the "Firebrand." The incidents crowded upon incidents in all the impressive intensity of this illusive realism, might have made the fortunes of a score of sensational sea-novels. But what we admire even more are the masterly descriptions. Unfamiliar scenery takes form and shape; strange and barbarous races change to familiar acquaint.

ances; the glow and glories of the tropics are borne into our very souls. We know not how it may be with other people, but since we used to wrap ourselves up in "Tom Cringle" in the days of our boyhood, we have always had an affectionate longing for the West Indies: nay, we have even had a kindly feeling for the plague-stricken coasts of west Africa, since we went up "the noble river" among the slaving gentry and the mephitic exhalations in the company of Brail and Lanyard and old "Davie Doublepipe." For that reason we own to having been disappointed in everything we have since read on those countries, — even in Kingsley's "At Last," — though we had hoped that the rector of Eversley was the very man to do them justice, as he had fully shared our anticipations and impressions. If we set foot on the wharves of Kingston to-morrow, we are persuaded that we should feel ourselves thoroughly at home, though we might be sadly impressed by the changes of time, — by the ruin of those hospitable merchants and planters, — even — tell it not in Gath — by the results of the emancipation, which turned whole households of attached and industrious slaves into a listless, indolent, good-for-nothing peasantry. We should recall those rides in merry company, through morning mists or noon-day sunshine, where the tropical luxuriance of the landscape, the magnificent shapes of the cloud-capped mountains, and the commanding views through the limpid air, over hill, and dale, and azure ocean, were unrolled before our enraptured eyes in the most picturesque of all Turner-esque panoramas.

And like every born humorist, Michael Scott had a dash of almost melancholy seriousness in his nature. He is never more eloquent than among those scenes of beauty that are either gloomy or even oppressively melancholy, — witness the moonlight "nocturne" on the broad bosom of the west African river, rolling its torrent onwards to the broken bar, between the pestilential mangrove copses on its muddy banks; or the break of the morning there, when the mists are melting before the fiery splendors of the ascending sun; or the reverie on the translucent waters of the Cuban creek, when the "Firebrand" is threading the narrow passage that winds under the batteries of the Moro Castle; or the interview with "the pirate's leman" on her deathbed, when the hurricane is bursting over the house and the hills are gliding down into the valleys. His impulses towards the pathetic became

occasionally uncontrollable, and when his feelings were stirred he wrote as they moved him. We are persuaded of that because he shows so evidently a horror of "boring" his readers, or becoming mawkishly sentimental. Like Byron in "Don Juan," or his own Aaron Bang, who had been betrayed for once into solemn talk over the duckweed-covered waters of the mountain pool in Hayti, he always hastens to pass from the one extreme to the other. Thus he breaks away at the Moro, when the steward is made to announce that dinner is waiting; and he hastens to dive into the captain's cabin, where they have a merry night, "and some wine, and some fun, and there an end." And we may be sure indeed, when he has been exceptionally grave or pathetic, that his melancholy is the prelude to some "excellent fooling." In short, he never stales in his infinite variety of mood; and if we are conscious that we have been betrayed into an undue digression on him, it is because we owe him profound gratitude as one of the writers whom we delight to dip into again and again, though we have pretty nearly got him by heart. We fear, besides, that he is not nearly so well known nowadays as he deserves to be; and how we envy those who may have hitherto been strangers to him, should they make his acquaintance upon our introduction!

Looking at him in that point of view, we may plead forgiveness for writing of "Tom," as we love to call him, and giving him a relatively long notice. Many of the contributors who succeeded him have become household words and classics wherever the English tongue is spoken or English literature held in regard. There is Warren, with his "Diary of a late Physician" and his "Ten Thousand a Year." He passed medicine, law, and divinity successively through his hands in three successive romances; and it was but natural that the lawyer and active politician should have made his legal and political romance the most masterly of the three. "Ten Thousand a Year" will always be a historical memoir *pour servir* those who care to study the political situation in England after the passing of the Reform Bill. Bulwer and George Eliot, Thackeray, Dickens, and Trollope, and most novelists of mark, have since described the humors of the canvassing committees and the hustings. But without indulging in any comparisons, we may safely say that no one of them has surpassed the humorous excitement of the neck-and-neck contest for Yatton. And then the dramatic romance

of the great Yatton case! Surely never were musty legal documents and shrivelled parchments handled so freshly: the fluctuations in the grand trial at the York assizes remind you of "the gentle passage of arms" in "Ivanhoe," in the lists of the neighboring Ashby-de-la-Zouch. You listen breathlessly, and throw yourself into the speeches, as champion faces champion, and Mr. Subtle breaks a lance with the attorney-general. As certain *dilettanti* students are in the habit of going to Dumas as an agreeable authority on the French history of the League and the Fronde, so we believe there are many of us who have learned our English law, and taken our notions of the forensic powers of Lords Abinger, Brougham, etc., from the great suit of "Doe *dem.* Titmouse, *versus* Jolter and others," and from such portraits by Warren as Subtle and Quick-silver.

George Eliot's "Scenes of Clerical Life" were written for the magazine; and with all our admiration for the extraordinary power which has ripened so wonderfully with experience and maturity, in our opinion she has scarcely surpassed them. The intuitive perception of character; the profound intelligence of the human heart, and the intense sensibility to human moods and feelings; the subdued drollery and the ready sympathy, were all naturally *rehaussé* by a freshness that must almost inevitably fade more or less. Then look at the late Lord Lytton. First comes the Caxton series, culminating in "My Novel;" and perhaps in the whole range of English literature, in its comprehensive grasp of the motley life of England, there is nothing to rival that remarkable book. The statesman and the refined man of fashion, the country gentleman, the artist, the student, and the practical philosopher, have embodied all their multifarious experiences in it. Seldom has there been so striking a group of more noble portraits, so set off by their surroundings or more graphically reproduced. If anything, Bulwer was in the habit of going to extremes in idealizing the characters he held up for admiration; and the loftiest of them were stately almost to formality, in their habits of thought as in their forms of speech. But in days when we fear humanity tends to degenerate, that was the safe side to err upon; and we can never take up one of Bulwer's late novels without rising a better and a wiser man for the reading of it; while such manly or exalted conceptions as Squire Hazeldean and Egerton, Lord L'Estrange, Riccabocca, and Parson Dale,

were thrown into higher relief by the knowledge displayed of the shady side of our nature in such finished scoundrels as Randal and Peschiera and Baron Levy. And it is to be remarked that "The Caxtons," with its successors, were conceived in an entirely novel style by a writer who stands almost alone for the varied originality of his resources. They rank now incontestably as the first of his fictions; and we may take some credit for having given them to our readers on their merits, when we might have been tempted to give them a sensational introduction, with all the advantages of the author's name. In his essays of the Caxtoniana set were embodied the teachings of a most practical familiarity with life, by a man of the world who had a supreme contempt for all that was false, base, and ignoble. Gay young men about town, would-be aspirants to fashionable notoriety, who laughed at the morality of recluses and held lectures from the pulpit in horror, might be content to profit by the high-minded teachings that were replete with wit and worldly wisdom. It is a melancholy satisfaction that our connection with Lord Lytton was being drawn closer year after year, till his death cut short that last of his novels which had excited so much critical curiosity. It was a proof the more of his inexhaustible versatility, that in bringing out his "Parisians," he was still able to shelter himself to a great extent under the mask of the anonymous. We do not say, that when the secret was made public, there were not suggestive touches that might have betrayed the authorship. But it is almost unprecedented that so thoughtful and prolific a writer should have retained his inventive variety, as well as the vigor of his execution, entirely unimpaired to the last.

Talking of prolific novelists and such pregnant essays as the "Caxtoniana," reminds us of another valued and lamented friend. For many a year "Cornelius O'Dowd" was one of the mainstays of the magazine. For many a year, in unstinted profusion, he lavished those manifold literary gifts that, with him as with Lord Lytton, appeared practically inexhaustible. Time had toned down the rollicking joviality of the author of "Charles O'Malley" and the scapegrace heroes of the mess. But the mirthful humor flowed freely as ever, and the intuitive knowledge of life had deepened and widened. Like other distinguished literary men, Lever had consented to banish himself in the consular service. Possibly, the seclusion of exile was not unfavorable to his unflagging

powers of production. At least he was less exposed to those social seductions which must have proved a snare at home to one who was so great a favorite of society. It is certain that Lever to the last would always answer to the call; and that he could be safely counted upon at the shortest notice for a story that would show slight traces of haste. While the distance from which he looked on seemed to tend to give breadth and quickness to his political vision without dimming the penetrating sagacity of his insight, there was no lighter or more lively pen than that of the work-worn veteran. He had always much of the French *verve* and *esprit*, and he lost far less than he gained by living with men more than with blue-books and daily newspapers. Seldom has any one had a more happy faculty of treating the gravest questions with a playful earnestness which compelled attention, while it carried his readers along with him; of mingling wit and drollery with sound sense and satire, and making ridicule and good-humored *badinage* do the work of irritating invective. He had learned to know, like the great Swedish statesman, with how little wisdom the world may be governed; and having ceased to be scandalized by the blunders he exposed, he treated them with the benevolent tolerance of resignation.

By a not unnatural chain of associations, we are carried back from Lever to another of our contributors, who translated the adventures of sensational fiction into action. George Ruxton's adventures were even more romantic and spirit-stirring than those of "Con Cregan," the Irish "Gil Blas." There have been few more extraordinary men—no more daring explorer; and had his career not been cut prematurely short, England would have heard a great deal more of him. With winning manners and highly cultivated tastes, Ruxton had a passion for the existence of the primitive savage; toil and hardship were positive enjoyment to him; and he was never happier than when he had taken his life in his hand, with the chance of having his "hair lifted" at any moment. His self-reliance was indomitable; his spirits rose in his own society, away among the wolves and the *coyotes* of the wilderness; and yet he could make himself so much at home among the trappers and the mountain-men, that those rude specimens of half-savage society had learned to look on him as one of themselves. Born hunter and vagabond as he seemed, he wrote with a grace and easy

dramatic power which many an eminent professional *littérateur* might have envied. The "Life in the Far West," which *Blackwood* brought out in a series of articles, may still be regarded as a standard authority on countries which have changed but little, and races that, in the course of extermination, had hardly changed at all. As for the narrative of the long ride through New Mexico to the upper waters of the Divide, where, like Con Cregan, he "struck the Chihuahua trail," it is impossible not to follow it with the most intense interest. How the adventurer passed by sacked villages and jealously guarded *presidios* through a country that was raided by roving Indians—how he escaped assassination by his solitary follower—how he saved himself from snowdrifts, and starvation, and death from exposure to the bitter cold—how he ran the gauntlet of war-parties and lurking savages, and managed to forage in winter for himself and his beasts, so as to keep body and soul together,—all that is told with a vigorous simplicity which, almost incredible as the story often sounds, carries irresistible conviction of its truth. George Ruxton was among the foremost of that race of accomplished explorers, who came home from experiences of privation and peril to write books which must have been literary successes independently of their intrinsic interest.

From Indian fighting on the Mexican frontier to the Carlist wars of old Spain is an easy transition, and Ruxton and his writings remind us of Hardman. Before betaking himself to letters, which seemed his natural vocation, Hardman had tried his hand at arms, and in these he might have attained equal distinction. He came back from serving in the Spanish Legion to embody his adventures and observations in some of the most exciting stories that have ever enlivened our pages. In spite of constitutional experiments and the introduction of Liberal rule, Spain and the genuine Spanish people have changed almost as little as Mexico and the Mexicans; and in Hardman's novel, "The Student of Salamanca," we have pictures of Spanish life that might be reproduced in some *pronunciamento* of to-morrow. Nothing can be more inspiring than the exploits of the dashing Christino captain, who had been driven to choose his side by the cruelty of the Carlist partisans. Nothing more telling or more characteristic than the story of the love-affair; the Carlist attack on the house of old Herrera; the glimpses of the match at ball;

of the soldiers carousing in the *ventas*; of the gipsy shaving the poodle by the watch-fires in camp; of the *Mochuelo* and his band out "on the rampage;" of the confinement and escapes of Don Luis and Don Baltasar; of the veteran sergeant extricating himself from the ambush where all his comrades had fallen, — all these are actual photographs of incidents of partisan warfare. Hardman had not only travelled and fought in the Peninsula, but he had lived in close companionship with Cervantes and Le Sage; and in his vivid pages he has caught the very spirit of the genius of those masters of Spanish romance.

THE BRIDE'S PASS.

BY SARAH TYTLER,

AUTHOR OF

"WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

(continued.)

"PAPA, what has become of Frank Tempest?" said Lady Jean, suddenly accosting her father in one of his visits to the ladies sitting on the heaped-up plaids and cloaks on the knock. "I thought the games would have just suited him. I hope he has not fallen headforemost into one of the 'lochans' he is so mad upon, or that a stag has not turned at bay as it has not turned since the days of 'Lord Ronald' in the ballad."

"There is the young man," said the earl, indicating a distant pair of grey shoulders thrust into the inner ring which encircled the players.

"Oh, he is here!" exclaimed Lady Jean. "Then pray send him up presently to have some luncheon, and to apologize for forgetting us."

Five minutes after, Unah, who had heard and drawn her inference from the colloquy, and from a bird's-eye view of the pertinacious and prominent shoulders, stood very still and stared right before her. All the time she had a quick consciousness in the back of her neck, where her bag of auburn hair hung, that the close-cut hair, the well-opened blue eyes, the blunt nose, and the downy beard which she had encountered in the pass had approached and joined Lady Jean.

"What kind of behavior do you call this, Mr. Frank?" demanded Lady Jean in tones of easy intimacy.

"I don't call it anything bad, since I did

not think you could want me. I was late in arriving, and I wished to see how the beggars would get on," answered an independent voice.

"You forget we're all 'a bootless host of high-born beggars,' and that if you fast till you faint mamma will never forgive me."

"I should like to see me fainting," said the cheery voice a little languidly, as at too absurd a joke; and then, in a different and slightly aggrieved tone, "I wished to try a cast of the hammer, and they would not let me."

"I dare say not! Would you let any amateur 'cut in' — as papa says at whist — in a boat-race, or a cricket-match on the most miserable village green? We, too, have our code of rules and regulations, and our closed lists, days beforehand. No, no, Frank; you may have been reading 'The Lady of the Lake' to your profit, till you propose to be an English Douglas, who is suddenly to come across the sward and carry all before him. But remember this is not Stirling, and times are changed."

"I did not propose anything of the kind," denied the young man stoutly. "I never threw a hammer in my life, and I am not such an ass as to suppose that in these circumstances I should not have made a mess of the process; still I could have liked just to get my hand in by a first attempt. Failure in that light would have been no disgrace, you know."

"The vanity of men!" said Lady Jean abstractedly.

"But, Mr. Tempest, would you really have liked," Laura Hopkins, who knew the stranger, could not resist remonstrating gently, "to go and play among these common men?"

"There is nobody common in Fearnavoil," said Lady Jean boldly; "and don't you know, Miss Hopkins, that here we are all cousins more or less distant?"

Laura looked puzzled, and half put out. The gentleman came to her aid.

"We are all men in the cricket-field as well as in the battle-field," he said gaily; "that is the gain of playing and fighting, or at least one of the gains; and I think the defect in those games is that no man rides his own horse. I mean no squire — though I have mistaken more than one fellow for his laird — enters the breach. Why do the judges set men to do what is above or below their own doing? Oh! I say, Lady Jean" — he broke off and made an earnest request in an under tone to the young lady. His eyes had been roving about while he was speaking, and had fallen

on and recognized Unah Macdonald. He could have recognized the girlish figure and the loose rolls of auburn hair anywhere.

Unah knew it all as well as if she had seen it, though she was still standing immovable with her back to the speaker, and would not have stirred or looked round for the world. She was prepared for the next act of the little drama, though she met it with an overpowering rush of red to her face and the exceeding stiffness of mingled shyness and consciousness.

Lady Jean came round in front of Unah, followed by her ally. "Mr. Frank Tempest begs to be introduced to you, Miss Macdonald. If I understand him rightly, you have come across each other in some of the delightful adventures by flood and field, which are always befalling us happy people in the Highlands. I hope Frank saved you from wetting your boots, Unah, if he was not so fortunate as to draw you bodily out of the water."

"It was rather the other way," said Frank Tempest, accomplishing successfully a laugh against himself, "and I am afraid Miss Macdonald found me awfully cocky and ungrateful."

"She will consent to postpone your apology till you have ate your luncheon," Lady Jean interposed, in order to send him off to his neglected meal, and to deliver Unah from the ordeal which a public explanation was sure to be to so sensitive and shy a girl. "Boys have even less tact than men," Lady Jean reflected when he was forced to go, in that assumption of venerable age and wisdom which is apt to beset a lively girl not long out of her teens.

But though Frank Tempest did not appease his hearty appetite and repair his supposed exhaustion by more than a long draught and a dozen morsels bolted standing, when he returned to the post Unah had occupied it was vacant. She was gone, carried off with her own will by her mother, in the earliest retreat from the gathering.

Malise Gow had been at the Ford games, not in the minister's cast clothes as a douce kirk officer, but for one day in the year in a totally different character, wearing the old proud garb in which, when a young man, he had been one of the competitors. However well preserved his tartans, and granting that they waved inspiritingly in the breeze, Malise, with his lean shanks and his wrinkled, careworn face, remained a scarecrow, only with less resemblance to a "bogle" than in his ordinary attire. But could it be wondered at

that the susceptible soul of the man, as he strutted along to the meeting-place, was influenced by his clothing — that he forgot the present in the past, and old glories, old weaknesses, took possession of him once more? If he had been wise he would have abstained from that reinvestment in the trappings of the days of his vanity. But this was an amount of magnanimity to which no son of Conn, of Malise's degree, had yet attained in Fearn-avoil.

On this anniversary of the Ford games Malise was able to restrain himself within bounds. He could not be said to escape contagion; but he took the disease, for an inflammable man, mildly. Even the members of the Kirk session, if they had come across him as he strutted and swaggered, would have made allowance for him. But Mrs. Macdonald was more unrelenting than any member of the session; she made searching investigation, and discovered that Malise had not been above suspicion, and she held justly that a man of his professions ought, like Cæsar's wife, to defy inquiry. She summoned Malise to what was to him a terrible private interview, from which he came out hanging his bald head.

"Hout, man!" said Jenny Reach, taking pity on him; "why do you go about like a whipped dog? What were the odds but that a poor old lad like you, with no body to speak of, and no greater support than a nip of oat cake and a crumb of kebbock, since you went away in too great a hurry in the morning to sup your drop porridge, would not get uplifted over a single glass of as bad whisky as ever came out of a still? For everybody knows the whisky is getting worse year after year — the more shame to the distillers."

Malise could take little solace either from Jenny's half-contemptuous commiseration or from her easy latitudinarianism. "I've not such a poor body, lass," he protested, stung by the humiliating excuse. "There's plenty of the ould mettle left in me yet." And then, as his conscience smote him with the absence of any right to boast, he returned to his chronic trouble on account of Jenny's spiritual state. "I misdoubt me, Jenny," he groaned, "that you're no better than an Erastian Sadducee."

"I ken nothing about your Erastian," retorted Jenny; "and as to your Sadducee, would you rather have me a Pharisee? — was there much to choose between them? Eh, but it was like the Pharisee not to keep a civil word on his tongue for the friend that was seeking to cheer him."

Malise needed a long day alone with his master among the hills to recover his equanimity.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE KETTLE OF FISH.

THE Kettle of Fish was a local name given to a picnic in the Bride's Pass. The origin of the name lay in the fact that a salmon fresh caught from the river or one of the lochs which served as its feeders, boiled or grilled over a gipsy fire on the spot, always played a prominent part at the company's meal. They were right; Gunter might have provided an infinitely superior breakfast for the aristocratic Cockneydom of Richmond. Gunter could have furnished lobster sauce *ad libitum*, but it would not have been to such a salmon; Gunter himself must have succumbed in despair before the superiority of the noble fish, cold drawn from its native waters, and cooked at the moment of perfection.

Lady Moydart's picnic was held, if possible, the day after the Ford games. It was not quite so open and wide a festivity as that on the knock, and her ladyship herself presided over it, which, seeing that she was lazy as well as good-natured, and had a southernish fear of the climate, was an amiable condescension.

But all the responsibility and fatigue of the entertainment were taken willingly by Lady Jean, and, to Laura Hopkins's bewilderment, it was very real responsibility and fatigue. Lady Jean was not a person who would shirk her duty or turn it over to servants. To her a gipsy meal meant what it said—a refecton in which she was to play the part of a gipsy. To be sure she yielded so far that the fare should be more extensive and varied than soup *à la* Meg Merrilies, while it did not include a roast hedgehog. In fact, it was brought for the most part from Castle Moydart.

But when the materials had arrived on the ground, Lady Jean would have no more extraneous help or mockery of camping out; she and her friends among the young people present must gather the sticks, kindle the fire, roast the potatoes, and boil the salmon, as well as lay the cloth—making it fast by a large stone at each corner—and set out the viands. As for the servants, they grinned or looked imperturbable, according to the amount of their training, waiting in compulsory idleness till a hitch or a grand *contretemps* in the programme should call for their prompt, successful interference. The elders of the party, whose years exempted them from

toil, were the only other persons present to whom Lady Jean was inclined to grant permission to sit still and be served.

She herself had ridden over, prepared for work, in a riding-habit which could receive no injury. When Laura Hopkins came on the scene, in one of those chintzes warranted to wash, yet which were of such delicate beauty that any woman—not a washerwoman—might have grudged their exposure to soap and water, Lady Jean's first words were, "My dear child! what are you thinking of? How are you to pick up sticks and beat up eggs in such a dress? We are to make a fire, and we are to have custards as well as a salad. Unah Macdonald's white gown is nothing. She might walk into the Fearn and come out again, without receiving any lasting harm, and I don't think she would mind doing it if it were not for the risk of drowning. But your old Chelsea blues and buffs, apple-greens and cherry colors—why, I guard mine more tenderly than any old point I ever possessed—and lace is the next thing I care for. I wore my chintz yesterday; but it was looped up, and my water-proof was at hand. Now you may thank me that I have had the foresight to bring a few aprons." And Lady Jean rummaged briskly in her special basket, and produced in triumph, not an amateur apron composed of muslin and bows of ribands, fit to be worn at a fancy fair, but an uncompromising article made of linen, long and wide, and tied with tape strings round the waist. Lady Jean contemplated it with strong approval. "It is a thing fit to be called an apron, one of the scullery maid's real aprons, which she has been good enough to lend me. Put it on instantly"—she charged Laura in a tone that admitted of no question—"and do not let me have the destruction of your chintz lie at my door. If I could have guessed that you would have been so shockingly foolish and wasteful, I should have warned you in time. I have more aprons for those who wish them. I have even borrowed one from the pantry-boy for Frank Tempest, since he pretends that he can get up genuine "damper," after the example of a man from Australia, who was in his college, and who used to go fishing and pitching tents with him by the banks of the Thames and the Severn, when the two might have had a choice of rustic inns."

It was no pleasure for Laura to find herself metamorphosed by being enveloped in that hideous apron; neither could she imagine any enjoyment in poking about

collecting sticks and setting them to burn by the aid of lucifers, since Lady Jean was sufficiently reasonable to consider the dampness of the climate, and not insist on the feat of striking a light with flints. The thick, bluish-grey smoke which the bunglers raised, and in which Lady Jean revelled, was bad enough, without their being forced to bring fire from stones before they had the most distant prospect of eating.

Though Laura Hopkins had been accustomed to consider that connoisseurship in cooking, and even a certain amount of gourmandism, was required of a girl in her position, to propose to do cooking in the lowest details, with regard to which she had never dreamt of being anything save profoundly ignorant, and to do it with her own white, scrupulously cared-for hands, proved a shock to Laura's nerves. When she and her sisters had attended picnics among their own set, the pride of the whole party had lain in having everything done for them by their staff of much exercised servants in a style as near perfection as what was required in their fathers' well-appointed houses. All the difference arose from the circumstance that the pleasure-seekers ate whatever was in season, and still more, whatever was extravagantly out of season in lamb and strawberries, out of doors instead of in sumptuous dining-rooms. But here in Fearnavoil, Lady Jean was lifting up raw potatoes with hands not always gloved, and Mr. Tempest was going to knead dough like any baker.

At the same time Laura could not protest — since this might be the aristocratic mode of conducting a picnic. She had not only to feel very uncomfortable and half miserable in a servant's horrid apron, she had to keep out of her mother's sight, lest Mrs. Hopkins should raise an indignant outcry at what was Lady Jean's doing.

Unah Macdonald was as efficient as Laura Hopkins was helpless. Lady Jean had judged correctly that Unah did not care nearly so much as she should have done, through what straits the white gown passed. Soon it was gathered together, out of the way, in a more wisp-like fashion than the wearer's hair, as well as adorned with sundry smears of all colors.

Jenny Reach would have laughed to scorn any ability of Unah to act as her coadjutor; nevertheless the girl, in accompanying her father and mother in their cottage "visitations," had not only nursed every baby she could get her hands upon,

she had done what she could to help the sick and aged men and women in their housekeeping. Her mother, who guarded Unah so jealously, had never interfered with the girl's attempts at usefulness. She could kindle a fire, she could fetch water from such a spout well as that with which she was well acquainted in the Bride's Pass. She could boil or roast potatoes, roll out or toast cakes, skim milk — nay, if need were, she could have churned butter before she made it up into pats.

Unah was thoroughly happy, and forgot her shamefacedness in such avocations. To her even the assumption of them was the glory of a picnic. While she ran about acting as Lady Jean's most valuable *aide*, Donald Drumchatt strolled after her, admiring her expertness, helping her when she would allow him, protesting laughingly against her prohibitions even while he yielded to them with good grace — he was so accustomed to being made much of and taken care of — as when she declined to let him wet his boots to procure water-cresses, or overheat himself by climbing the bank as far as she went in search of late wild strawberries, and early blackberries.

Frank Tempest, who had basely broken his pledge of furnishing *bond-fide* damper to the feast, after greeting Unah from a distance early in the day, was continually loitering hankeringly in the vicinity of the couple, not yet knowing — to do him justice — that he was invading the privacy of declared lovers. They were a youthful-looking pair, she especially appeared the most girlish figure on the ground; and he was very much of a boy himself, without being one of those precocious boys who aspire to the friendship of women older than themselves. He longed for the two to take him into their fellowship.

At last Donald Drumchatt noticed the young English fellow's inclination, was flattered by it, and invited him to make a third in the group. Donald, at this time, was destitute of any prejudice of exclusiveness with regard to the enjoyment of Unah's company. He was free from the lover's desire to monopolize her society or her attractions. He had been introduced to Frank Tempest at the Ford games, and had treated him with the courtesy and dash of affability of the man who was the host and master of the ground, and so accountable for the stranger's feeling at home. Donald was not vexed when he discovered that Unah had known something of Frank Tempest before, and had

not told him of it. The young laird did not draw an unfavorable inference from his mistress's reticence, or experience a spark of jealousy because of it. Secure as he was in his lairdship of Drumchatt, and his importance and preciousness to Unah Macdonald still more than to the rest of the inhabitants of Fearnavoil, it would require great provocation to render him suspicious of her entire devotion to him. There was this good in his self-satisfaction that it brought no evil where his relations to others were concerned. Donald might be an absolute monarch, but he was not carping and exacting in his sovereignty. He was ready to admit Frank Tempest, with the greatest good-humor and without a doubt, into the privileged association with Unah this day. He was willing not only to admit, but to welcome him. For Donald in his independence and fidelity to Fearnavoil still craved, on occasions, intercourse with the world without, when it was brought to his doors, by young men of his own rank. And he was proud with a Highlander's unreasoning pride of the homage which the young men paid to the country, *par excellence*, by making it the favorite haunt of their leisure, the field of those sports in which poor Donald could rarely join, but for which he could grant permission and afford facility with a power which was a little consolation for his enforced inaction.

Frank Tempest accepted, as cordially as it was offered, the friendly overture to join the two, who were straying about like brother and sister in a place which half belonged to them, and in point of fact the pass was partly the property of Donald, partly of Lord Moydart. Unah showed a little contradictory reluctance to fraternize freely with a comparative stranger; but the task of purveying for the wants of the company, like work in common, broke down all barriers more effectually and speedily than weeks of ceremonious intercourse in other circumstances could have effected.

The young people — certainly the youngest at the picnic, for Lady Jean had been out for several seasons and was decidedly older in mind than in years, and Laura Hopkins was as old as Donald, the senior of the trio — grew fast friends over their joint efforts, especially over a cracked jug which somebody had given Unah because she could find the well most easily, and with which she was to bring a final supplement of water to what might be termed by courtesy the festal board. Frank Tempest insisted on carrying the jug for her, but

carry it as he might, it never contained more than a few drops when he arrived at his destination, while his person in the course of repeated progresses to and fro acquired the refreshingly dripping appearance of a cabman without his oil cloth in rainy weather.

Frank shook off the drops as though he had been a spaniel to the manner born. He was ready to go as many more times to the well with the impracticable jug, as Unah in consternation at the deficiency of the means to the end, and Donald Drumchatt, shrugging his shoulders and enjoying the joke — dry so far as he was concerned — would bear him company.

"Did you ever see an old engraving called the 'Broken Pitcher;' ain't it an interesting example of a pathetic subject?" called Frank, and the other two were young and light-hearted enough to laugh at the small piece of wit. "No," said Frank, correcting himself. "I have it now. We are getting up *tableaux vivants* to lighten our labors, and it is an incident in the 'Arabian Nights,' or it is a version of the trial of Sisyphus. How can you be so cruel a taskmistress, Miss Macdonald?"

"It is a bit of an old Scotch fairy-tale. Don't you remember it, Donald?" said Unah. "It is the Scotch Cinderella who was condemned to do all the hard dirty work of the house, while her haughty, selfish sisters sat in fine clothes entertaining gay visitors. She was forced to carry water from the well in a pitcher with holes in the bottom, and when her heart was about to fail her, there came the friendly fairy bidding her —

Stap it wi' fug and clag it wi' clay,
And then you'll carry the water away.

"But I am not a little girl, worse luck to me, and the clay is the only part of the charm I comprehend," said Frank; "but never mind, my heart has not begun to fail me yet."

When there was a breathing-space — just before the salmon and the potatoes were boiled and roasted to a wish — while everything else was arranged, the three new friends still kept together among the groups that hovered in the vicinity, and who began to look about them and praise with hackneyed praises the grandeur and the beauty of the Bride's Pass, and to congratulate themselves on the weather, which, though it was Lammas, did not threaten an impartial shower-bath or propose to drive the whole company precipitately to the carriages.

Then Frank Tempest found, to his wonder and unqualified admiration, that Unah Macdonald, still more than the young laird of Drumchatt, knew not only every mountain and corrie but every tree and flower, bird and insect. She spoke in her girlish way like King Solomon when he would discourse, doubtless of Libanus and Hermon, no less than of the cedar and the hyssop, and of every animal great and small. Frank could never have imagined a girl with such knowledge, and it alone would have raised her to the dignity of a queen in his estimation. For no other knowledge was so intensely captivating to the lad, who in spite of his passion for sport and for all open-air life, had not been country bred, and had only vague and superficial information in comparison. Frank Tempest had been the son of a barrister high in his profession, whose practice and inclination alike rendered him a resident for most of the year in London; and though he had taken care to give his boy the advantage of a great public school education, Frank's passion for the world of nature had yet retained in it a good deal of the tantalized hunger which was never satisfied. Now as he strolled with Unah and the delicate fellow to whom she was so kind, but who could not in his own strength have made many discoveries worth recording, he heard her identify a water ouzel, and call their attention to the lowliest patch of brilliantly faded, delicately-cut leaves that ever braided a stone.

"It is only common cranesbill," she said half apologetically, "but I don't think there is anything equal to it except the faded leaves of the silver-weed, which luckily is as common a little thing; of course I am only speaking of little things, not of the heather on the hillsides, or a blaze of broom against a dark fir wood. But, Donald, if Mr. Tempest likes this blood-red, should he not see the gean-trees and the rowan berries in autumn and the first oak shoots in spring?" She was speaking eagerly now, and as she spoke she stooped and plucked some spikes of what Frank, leaping at a conclusion, took to be heather.

"Is not that very blue heather?" he suggested briskly.

"It is not heather," she answered, but, without ridicule of his ignorance, with a certain gracious forbearance; "it is only liverwort. This is the blue kind. There are lilac and white varieties which I will find for you if I can." She was not patronizing him, but she guessed by intuition his craving after her field learning, and

she was as guilelessly ready to help him as Wordsworth's Highland girl could have been.

He hung his head a little under a sense of his inferiority, shameful as he felt it in a man and a sportsman. He blurted out, since he was not already cured of his propensity to feel mortified and take offence, something about English botany, though he knew or ought to have known that he had often seen liverwort on English heaths. Then he took his stand on briony, happening to have heard that it did not flourish in Scotch hedgerows. "I believe you have no briony here," he said with a defiant air, for which the next moment he was rebuked, since he had the grace to be sensible of an unconscious rebuke.

For she was converted into a humble learner at the word. "No," she answered regretfully, "and I have often read of it and should like so much to see it. Are the berries so much larger and finer than our rowan berries?"

It was Donald who was slightly annoyed at any berries being supposed to be finer than those of Fearnavoil, and at Unah's being made to appear at fault in her own province. "Miss Macdonald is an authority on all the native fauna and flora," he said with sudden pomposity; "even her father, the minister of the parish, asks her advice on difficult points. Isn't that true, Unah?" he ended more naturally.

"Oh, Donald, you are speaking nonsense," protested Unah with an access of modesty, and then she proceeded involuntarily to exalt her own ideal of a naturalist. "My father is not often puzzled either by leaf or feather; if he were he would certainly seek a worthier guide."

"How I should like to know your father!" sighed Frank Tempest with perfect single-heartedness. "I suppose it is presumption to expect that he would bestow his acquaintance on a fellow like me, though I were to attend the kirk ever so regularly, and listen all through his sermons?"

"To bribe my father for your own profit!" said Unah, shaking her clerical young head, and then stopping short in horror at the notion of beginning to lecture a stranger as she sometimes lectured Donald.

"Come and dine with me at Drumchatt, and I'll ask my cousin, Mr. Macdonald, to meet you, since he is too busy and reverent a man to be found at picnics," suggested Donald, still with the suspicion of affability to be expected in a young man who could claim a Drumchatt, give dinners,

and promise a cousin, a benefited clergyman, to take the other end of the table and say grace.

Before Frank Tempest could do more than express his gratitude, the stragglers were summoned to lunch.

Lady Jean now yielded precedence to her father and mother, who looked to the servants for all manner of subsidies to the salmon and potatoes; but everybody allowed that the last were unapproachable, while they glanced round in vain, till they attracted the attention of some regular attendant, for salt or vinegar or bread; and Lord Moydart betrayed at the last moment that if it had not been for him the wine would never have been "drowned" in that convenient eddy of the Fearn unknown to the wisest gipsy who ever frequented the pass.

Still Lady Jean said that a load was lifted off her mind, and that now she was ready to be refreshed and amused by any grateful soul who would undertake the office.

Lord Moydart gave toasts in Gaelic, and volunteered to lead off the drinking of them in Highland style till Benvoil and the Tuaidh rang with the three times three, and hawks, if not eagles, were driven from their eyries.

Lady Moydart bore it all without doing more than putting her hands over her ears. She was installed on the most comfortable cushion, having a foundation of moss well built round by other cushions, and plaids without number. She was supported on the one hand by Mrs. Hopkins, and on the other by Mrs. Macdonald. The one talked to her, the other looked at her. Upon the whole the countess preferred the latter. True, Mrs. Hopkins was a woman of no breeding, but she knew her place, and when she did betray an unfathomable depth of ignorance or misapprehension she was amusing. The woman of some breeding, who had no more to back it than a lairdship so infinitesimal that it was swallowed up in a Highland manse, was not really rated so high by the great lady, though fortunately Mrs. Macdonald, in spite of her cleverness, was too prepossessed with a different conviction of her claims, to measure the degree in which she was esteemed in this instance. Lady Moydart knew nothing and cared less for those old alliances of Stewarts and Macdonalds on which the earl and Lady Jean set some store. Born aristocrat, as my lady was, her pride was yet no mate for Mrs. Macdonald's. Lady Moydart was a woman of no imagination. Under her social impor-

tance she saw things very nearly as they were, and valued them almost as much for their money's worth as did Mr. Hopkins up at the Fearn. But withal she was too easy-tempered and indolent to go out of her way to contradict Lord Moydart or Lady Jean, especially in the Highlands, which formed their territory. She would even indulge their whims when it did not cost her too great a sacrifice, as in this presiding over the Kettle of Fish in the Bride's Pass, that she might be at liberty to exercise the greater influence when she was back in her own England. She did not trouble herself to say a great deal, but she smiled not too superciliously on all alike, only she did prefer good, quiet Mrs. Hopkins to prosing, pretentious Mrs. Macdonald.

The luncheon had been laid out in a bend of the pass, under the shelter of an overhanging and striking mass of rock — from whose hoary clefts sprang slender birch-trees — and which hung threateningly over the level piece of ground beneath. But the mass had remained suspended there ever since man had chronicled it, and it was viewed with well-warranted dependence on its stability. It was a prominent feature among the still huger landmarks around — too distinct and individual a rock not to have a story attached to it, in a land which bore a greater crop of legend than of any description of grain or roots. Somebody alluded to the particular legend in the after-dinner hour of the picnic. There were more strangers present than Frank Tempest to whom the tale was new; one of them desired to hear the details, which a certain bluff Sir Duncan prepared to supply. Lord Moydart questioned the first part of Sir Duncan's narrative, and referred to Donald Drumchatt. "It was your ancestor who was the offender, Drumchatt; you ought to know the true account."

Donald did know the tradition by heart, and if he had not known it Unah Macdonald was at his elbow to prompt him. "You are both wrong," he said complacently. "Evan Macdonald did not come down the face of the rock, he got into the pass by the Beal-nam-bo. He was supposed to be in another part of the country, you know, and Macgregor had stolen a march upon him with the marriage, but tidings had reached my ancestor in time. He was accompanied by a tail of stout fellows, and Macgregor too had taken the precaution to double the wedding-train. He and Fionaghal Macdonald, his bride, had met at St. Mairi, where the knot was

ried. The husband was bringing home his newly-made wife in triumph. They had just reached this rock, which was known as Craig Crottach in those days, because a poor humpbacked wretch had once fled from his kind, built a hut in the hollow and occupied it, calling upon the hills to fall upon him and bury the deformity which separated him from his fellows. But it has been called the Rock of the Challenge ever since old Drumchatt summoned the enemy, who had won his Fionaghal, to stop and answer to him for the deed. The Seannachie, who saw it all, says the *miri-cath*, the fury of battle, came on the people, the wedding guests as well as the intruders, and they fell on each other after the first word and did not spare. Not a man left the pass alive and unwounded. Fionaghal was a widow the same day that she became a wife, and she handed down her bridal state and tragic story as a legacy to the pass in its name forever."

Donald was at his best when he repeated one of the stories of his house. Withal there was a pathetic enough anticlimax in it, as it came with befitting spirit from the lips of the young man with the girl's complexion, the hollow chest, and the long, thin hands.

The talk became general on the different versions of the encounter, but Frank Tempest, who was sitting on the other side of Donald, looked bewildered.

"What are you talking of?" he asked doubtfully. "Are you chaffing us? When did this bloodthirsty affair happen?"

"Neither to-day, nor yesterday," said Donald laughing. "But I am afraid it is too well authenticated for my forefathers to set up a claim to magnanimity. The date is not earlier than Anne's reign, I believe, somewhere about the time of the union."

"The days of Pope and Bolingbroke, and highly polished English literature," exclaimed Frank.

Donald regarded the irresistible comparison in the light of a compliment. "Yes, indeed," he said, "we were utter savages even so lately. There are traces of the feud among us yet which corroborate the facts I have been repeating. Why, you are lodging with the lineal descendant of Gillies Macgregor," referring to Frank, in his rage for liberty, making his headquarters at the Ford Inn, and not among his friends at Castle Moydart. "Gillies Macgregor's people have come down in the world, but no one in the country questions their gentle descent. Macgregor, your

landlord, is very canny, and suits himself to his business; but he has two brothers, lounging fellows—you must have seen them hanging about—who though they have descended to being head-boatmen and head-ghillies to the guests at the inn, would not soil their fingers by any other trade. And I can tell you the Macgregors, excepting the innkeeper, who minds his profits, bear a grudge against us Macdonalds to this day. All the force that can be put on them is required to prevent the bad blood coming out at trysts and harvest-homes."

The episode of wild passion owning no law, sounded as if it belonged to the annals of another world, fiercer, more vivid in its simplicity.

Already Donald and Unah, happy as children in the opportunity, had been enlightening Frank Tempest on many of the customs in which the Highlands differed from the Lowlands. They had explained to him that drinking a toast with Highland honors, which was a simple enough matter there on the green sward, when celebrated by men seated under a roof, round a table, meant each man's springing on his chair, placing one foot—if it were a boot with freuchans (shod with nails), all the better—on the mahogany; the carousers waving their glasses above their heads and shouting like madmen till the rafters rang.

The enthusiastic chroniclers described the singing of Gaelic songs, accompanied by the rhythmic movement in which women gently waved their aprons, or a whole company stood holding each a bit of a handkerchief extended between them, and shook it in time to the measure.

Donald and Unah went on to cram Frank Tempest with questions of tartans and badges. The joint historians laid before the highly favored Frank that pretty old puzzle in which the Jacobites described the Stewart tartan under the figure of a moor-hen,—

My bonnie moor-hen has feathers eneuch,
She's a' fine colors, but nane o' them blue;
She's red and she's white, she's green and
she's grey;
My bonnie moor-hen, come hither away.

As to badges, the Macdonalds' was the bell-heather, while the Moydart Stewarts' was the oak. Lady Jean wore oak-leaves and acorns on all occasions; she had a bunch in the breast of her riding-habit at this moment. It was only the royal Stewarts who were privileged to assume the thistle.

Wherever you met Camerons you were sure to find an Evan; if it were Mackays there would be a Hugh; if it were Macleans a Hector; if it were Gordons, strange to say, a Cosmo.

After the two unpremeditated conspirators had stuffed the English lad's head, not yet steady on his shoulders, with the jumble of slightly stagey, undeniably picturesque accessories, they came down upon him, stirring his young blood and causing his nerves to tingle, with the wild tale of the place. It had for its commentary the gloomy scowl of Benvoil already passing into shadow, where it reared its high head far in the rarefied blue air above them, and looked obdurate and grim even in the warmth of the summer weather, with the syren song of the cool Fearn bickering among the alders at their feet. Seeing the effect they produced, like relentless persecutors, Donald and Unah continued to fool the lad to the top of his and their bent. They plied him with still wilder and wilder stories. They spoke to him of the Stone of Slaughter and the Tarn of the Corpses. They introduced him to the piteous woes of Fair Janet. Then coming down with a bound to comparatively modern incidents, still not altogether unworthy of what had gone before them, they clinched their performances by setting forth in plain words, becoming an eighteenth century record, the edifying end of stout Keppoch at Cul-loden.

Frank Tempest's head was turned. He had begun by yielding to Unah's wonderful knowledge, extending, as she had said of her father's attainments, to every leaf and feather which he longed to know. Everything else about her was too much for him, from the look of the girl in her girlish simplicity — the soft pale face lit up as by the soul within — to the perfect unconsciousness which lurked in the very carelessness that made nothing of the wealth of hair of the hue of red gold or some glorious vintage of southern wine — to the thoughts and dreams which dwelt in the dusky gray eyes. To cap all, he was taken off his guard, and made a willing captive to those romances of the Gaelic "Morte d'Arthur" and "*Nibelungen-lied*" poured out upon him at once, and without stint. He felt as if he were on enchanted ground, as if he were himself bewitched and should not for many a day recover his identity — his honest, slightly hectoring, "no humbug" identity, which was that of an emancipated schoolboy and raw student. It was an individuality not only thoroughly manly and generous, but under its ostentatious show

of prosaicness, dangerously imaginative in its own way.

That conversation bore fruits with a vengeance. But there was another conversation which took place at Lady Moydart's Kettle of Fish in the Bride's Pass which was also destined to play a prominent part in the fortunes of some of the company present.

Unah had been led to get the better of her shyness with Frank Tempest; the awkwardness of their introduction to each other was forgotten. The priority of their acquaintance was now altogether in his favor; so was his youth. Unah had her own views of youth; she looked upon it as a phase of insignificance which reduced Frank Tempest to her level, and helped her, after an untoward obstacle had ceased to exist, to be at ease with him. The equality of their years made their association, even without Donald Drumchatt's presence, the most natural arrangement in the world. She had no idea of danger in the association; neither had she learned, in spite of what she knew of Donald's position, to calculate that the youth of some men may render them of more importance than the mature years of others.

Lady Jean and Laura Hopkins had another definition of youth. Sitting opposite to Unah and Frank Tempest, the two girls, better instructed, farther advanced in knowledge of the world, made their own comments on the sudden growth of intimacy between the daughter of the manse and the young Englishman.

Lady Jean speculated whether Unah Macdonald could be so single-hearted a girl as she — Lady Jean — had always believed her. Whether if a great bait were offered her, Unah might not open and display qualities equal to the occasion, by throwing over poor Drumchatt, and making a desperate effort to win Frank Tempest, who in his green youth was evidently smitten by the wild Highland girl.

Laura Hopkins, freed from the incubus of the scullery-maid's apron, began to sigh anew and feel more disposed to pout than her amiable temper generally inclined her to do. Was this unformed chit of a minister's daughter, in her old-fashioned, ill-used white gown, to monopolize everybody and everything? She had already secured Drumchatt, and perhaps she had some right to him; but was she to go on, and by the mere perversity of human nature, attract Mr. Tempest, an Englishman, so perfectly gentlemanlike a young fellow, who was like one of the family at Castle Moydart?

Poor Laura in her ultra cultivation had still, as has been said, the housemaid's necessity for a fresh young man in her suite, to match with every fresh situation, whether the young man's homage were earnest or frivolous. She had the essential vulgarity of failing to comprehend the most casual alliance between a young man and a young woman, which had not real or pretended love-making for its basis. Indeed, both the Hopkinses — mother and daughter alike — were impressed with the conviction that idle love-making was the most agreeable recreation, as love-making with a serious intent ought to be the most profitable business, of a girl's life.

No doubt there were other eligibles that day in the Bride's Pass, and some of them were not disinclined to make themselves agreeable to the pretty superfine daughter of the soft-goods man, who could give her a share of the tin. But Frank Tempest was English, he was one of the Castle Moydart set, he was handsome and winning, and Laura was a little disposed to set her simple heart on him.

"I think Frank Tempest has lost his heart to the Highlands," said Lady Jean with a little emphasis. She was quite impartial herself, but in her outspoken, careless way she was not averse to teasing that goose, Laura Hopkins; and neither did Lady Jean mind much that Mrs. Macdonald, in her seat by Lady Moydart, was within hearing of the girls' conversation.

"Frank Tempest is a nice boy," Lady Jean pursued the conversation with her grandmother air; "nice-looking too, isn't he? Though for my part I don't care for boys, I like a man I can reverence" — reverence being the quality of which Lady Jean was most destitute — "but he is all the more a charge to us. Mr. Frank is somebody, and so it becomes of consequence that his devices don't lead him into mischief."

"I thought," said Laura, with a faint deprecation, "that his father was only a barrister, and that he did not leave his son more than sixty thousand pounds" ("a beggarly sixty thousand," she had heard her father sum it up slightly at the Frean).

"Your information is correct, Laura," said Lady Jean with a smile; "the late justice did not care so much for money as for reputation in his profession. He was one of the Tempests of Oakhampton, and they say he aimed at the woosack — not that he was so silly as to undervalue money — and we poor people call sixty thousand pounds a very fair fortune. Just

think of sixty thousand pounds made, not out of solid material, mind you, like iron or sugar — the last is solid in my sense — but of good legal advice, the judicious breath of a man's mouth! I am rather proud of the lord chief justice, though he was no relation of ours, only he married Lady Charlotte Delavel, mamma's dearest friend. But it is not through the justice that Frank has his title to be a delusion and a snare, a burden and a worry, silly fellow! sitting there drinking in for the first time the charms of Highland scenery and life, and of Unah Macdonald, who belongs to them, as if he did not cost any mortal a thought or a care."

Lady Jean was running on without any particular motive, when, as ill luck would have it, she became conscious that Mrs. Macdonald, in a pause of the conversation with Lady Moydart, which the minister's wife kept up with so little trouble to the countess, was becoming weary of her ill-requited task. In spite of her strong will and indomitable pride, a perception of Lady Moydart's yawning indifference and slighting consideration of her had penetrated Mrs. Macdonald's mind. She would not allow herself to give entire credence to such utter stupidity and mercenariness on the part of a woman of Lady Moydart's rank. Mrs. Macdonald struggled violently and with some success against the evidence of her senses. She was accustomed to blind herself. She had trained herself to gag her reason, and in some degree her moral sense also. Still she was glad to afford her ruffled feelings a little distraction by turning suavely to attend to Lady Jean's talk. She listened quite openly, but she stiffened as she listened.

Lady Jean bore no malice against Mrs. Macdonald. She was quite sincere in paying some heed to Mrs. Macdonald's gentle birth and breeding, and in holding her in far higher appreciation than the countess held the minister's ambitious wife. The earl's daughter had a real liking for Unah Macdonald. But beyond the inclination to amaze and entrance Laura, and fill that susceptible young lady with vain longings, some wicked impulse — the presence of which at the picnic ought to have announced itself to Mrs. Macdonald by the pricking of her thumbs — took possession of the idle girl, and prompted her, at the very moment when the minister's wife was wincing in the half-confessed consciousness of undeserved mortification, to expatiate on certain unsuspected points in Frank Tempest's history and prospects. "Don't you know,

Laura, what Debrett has taken care not to leave a secret — but you are too sensible a girl to make a second Bible out of the peerage, even out of Sir Bernard Burke, who does sometimes read like a delightful fairy-tale or Highland legend — that Lady Charlotte Tempest was the only Delaval of the last generation who left an heir, and that the southern Delavals are the representatives of the old Dukes of Wiltshire?

Young Frank is chief of Errington
And lord of Langley-dale.

In the future, yes. Frank comes in for all the great Wiltshire estates, which are now held by his uncle in right of his wife, Lady Charlotte's elder sister. Frank has no claim either to his grandfather's earldom or to his great-great-grandfather's dukedom, neither of which goes by heirs female, the more's the pity; but I dare say, as the heir is so goodly in every respect, one or both may be revived. Only think of Frank's having the strawberry leaves to bestow — and the remotest chance of his throwing them away! Oh, I can assure you he is a great charge — a positive affliction to mamma and me. But all his own people — his father and mother I mean — are dead, and we are fond of the wild boy." Lady Jean was talking very much at random, but there was sufficient foundation for the extravagant statements which were causing Laura Hopkins to open wide her round black eyes, and compress her rosebud of a mouth.

Mrs. Macdonald guessed the truth, and she glanced at Frank Tempest bending over her daughter, and hanging breathless on every word Unah said — the very *tableau* which had provoked Lady Jean's explanations. Mrs. Macdonald's gaze took it all in, at the same moment that she confessed bitterly to herself she was writhing under Lady Moydart's insolent neglect. Then Mrs. Macdonald's dark eyes flashed, her grey ringlets quivered for an instant, and her heart began to beat violently, while her whole bearing stiffened indefinitely.

From Temple Bar.

WILLIAM ETTY.

WILLIAM ETTY is the only master of the English school who has made flesh-painting his especial study. Others, of course, have painted the nude from time to time, and occasionally with even greater

skill, but none have ever made it, like Etty, the sole object of their devotion.

It was a strange choice for a quiet English artist, who, moving in a strictly conventional and domestic sphere, received none of those impulses which wrought upon the Venetian painters of the sixteenth century and produced that gorgeous sunset of art which we know as the Venetian school. For subtle beauty of color Etty's paintings cannot, it is true, be compared for a moment with those of the great masters of Venice, but he, like them, felt the attractive power of the human body, and made it the central motive of his art. At first, indeed, he tells us, he was somewhat drawn towards landscape: "The sky was so beautiful and the effects of light and cloud," but very soon finding "that all the great painters of antiquity had become thus great through painting great actions, and the human form, I resolved," he says, "to paint nothing else," and seeing, moreover, "God's most glorious work to be WOMAN, that all human beauty had been concentrated in her, I resolved to dedicate myself to painting — not the draper's or milliner's work — but God's most glorious work, more finely than ever had been done."

The painter with these tastes more fitting the character of a Titian or Paris Bordone than a simple-minded cheery old bachelor in the nineteenth century, was born on March 10, 1787, in the ancient city of York, before that city had submitted to modern improvements, and while its magnificent minster was not yet marred by restoration. But although born, as it were, under the shadow of the great minster, a building for which he retained the deepest affection all his life, the immediate surroundings of Etty's birth were prosaic enough.

His father was a miller and gingerbread-maker, and kept a small shop in a street in York, called the Feasegate, which was managed by his mother, a notable woman of business, although she held a somewhat higher family position than her husband, and had received a better education. William was the seventh of ten children who were born to this worthy pair, the greater number of whom, however, died in infancy. The future painter was named after an elder brother who had lived to be twelve, and who, strange to say, had also shown an inclination towards art. This inclination very soon became apparent also in the second William of this large family, who used, it is said, when a mere baby to get possession of a

bit of chalk, or stray coal, or stick charred in the fire, and scrawl with it over every bare board in shop or mill that he could reach. His ecstatic delight when his mother first gave him permission to use some colors mixed with gum-water is described by himself, and an elder brother's gift of a box of water-colors was never forgotten. He could scarcely sleep that night for joy.

This artistic bent could not, however, be encouraged. Though the gingerbread trade appears to have been profitable, and the "Etty gilding" especially famous, his parents were not rich enough to give their children much advantage in the way of schooling, and William, coming late in the family, probably fared worse than his elder brothers. He was, however, sent to two or three inferior schools, employing his time out of hours not only in the congenial occupation of copying whatever came in his way in the line of art, but also it would seem in taking out the paternal gingerbread, for in after years the celebrated painter was still remembered in York as the "shock-haired boy who brought round the baker's basket."

But before he had attained the age of twelve, both school and home life were over for this poor little lad, who is described by one of his schoolfellows as having been singularly shy and timid, more like a girl or an old man than a boy. Such a nature, added to the sensitive artistic temperament, was ill calculated to bear the rough treatment of a printer's office; nevertheless, an opportunity offering, he was at this early age sentenced to "seven years' captivity," as he always called it, and was apprenticed by his parents to a compositor at Hull, in whose service he had to perform many "harassing and servile duties, late and early, frost and snow, sometimes till twelve at night, and up again at five." He did not even rest on Sunday, for the *Hull Packet*, printed by his master, was published on a Monday, and thus involved Sunday work. This youthful term of servitude was always looked back upon by Etty, in after life, with the bitterest recollection. Not that his master or mistress were purposely unkind to him, but that his position in their house, and his whole occupation in the office, were utterly uncongenial to an aspiring boy who still secretly cherished the hope of one day becoming a painter.

It is to his credit that under these circumstances he performed his duties strictly, and was noted as a steady, industrious apprentice. Very little time could he have had

for cultivating his taste for art, but such miscellaneous reading as came in his way was eagerly devoured and helped greatly in the knowledge that the printer's boy, even under all these difficulties, was gradually acquiring. Several of his artistic attempts at this time have been preserved, one being a rough etching made upon a bad shilling, and another, his earliest oil-picture—a country church painted on a piece of tin about six inches square.

But the seven years' servitude was at length passed, and the "golden hour of twelve on October 23, 1805, struck at last." This was the hour, long watched for on the dial of Hull Church, that released Etty from his apprenticeship, and its date was ever remembered by him down to the last few months of his life as "the anniversary of my emancipation from slavery."

One sees that the iron must have entered deeply into the poor boy's soul, but happily it did not permanently sadden his cheerful spirit nor shake the tenacity of his purpose. From the moment of leaving the office at Hull he cast off the printer's apron and determined to be henceforth not a printer but a painter, "though he should get but threepence a day at it." An uncle who was a gold-lace merchant of some position in London afforded him the desired start by inviting him up to London on a visit for a few months to see what he was capable of.

His artistic powers could not at this time have been very remarkable, but they fortunately satisfied his uncle, who was delighted with the drawing of a favorite cat which his nephew accomplished with such facility and truth to nature, that when the drawing was placed against the fender in the corner pussy loved, "no one," he tells us, "would have taken it for a drawing." His elder brother Walter also, of whom he had not hitherto known much, now took him in charge, and from henceforth we have a beautiful example of fraternal affection in these two brothers, the one helping, and the other being helped, with unembarrassed readiness. Walter, however, at this time was probably not rich enough to afford to establish his young brother, and it was the uncle, William Etty, a worthy British merchant, of whom Etty always spoke in the most grateful terms, who generously paid a hundred guineas to Sir Thomas Lawrence to receive the young student into his house. "Behold me, then," writes Etty in the autobiography * from which these details of his

* Published, in the shape of letters addressed to a relative, in the *Art Journal* in 1849.

early life are chiefly drawn, "in the house of Sir Thomas, in an attic, the window of which you can yet see in Greek Street, Soho Square. I was left to struggle with the difficulties of art and execution; for Lawrence's execution was *perfect, playful yet precise, elegant yet free*. I tried, vainly enough, for a length of time, till *despair* almost overwhelmed me; I was ready to run away; my despondency increased. I was almost beside myself; here was the turn of my fate. I felt I could not get on; the incessant occupation of my master left him but little time to assist me; *despair* of success in copying his works had well-nigh swamped me; but here again is a lesson for the young; a voice within said, '*Persevere*.' I did so, and at last triumphed; but I was nearly beaten."

One can well understand that the fashionable Sir Thomas Lawrence, with his "playful," "precise," and "elegant" mannerism, was scarcely the master to stimulate original genius, but Etty got on no better at first at "dear Somerset House," where he was admitted, as probationer in the Academy Schools, in 1807, when he was nearly twenty years of age. Beginning thus late as a pupil, Etty diligently endeavored by earnest application to make up for the years he had lost; but his efforts for a long time seemed unavailing, and he was constantly spoken of by his fellow-students as "poor Etty," and pitied as one not likely to rise to fame.

Among these fellow-students were several whose names were even then beginning to be known. Wilkie, who had entered one year before, was steadily pursuing his own course, and was already engaged upon his "Blind Fiddler." Haydon, Jackson, Hilton, Mulready, Leslie, Constable, and Collins, the latter of whom entered in the same week as himself, were also there, a band of rising young artists. But Etty was by no means one of them, and might perhaps have given up his aspirations had it not been for Haydon, who always encouraged him to persevere in his efforts in high art. Slowly but surely, or, as he himself writes, "silently and secretly," he was indeed making his way by daily and nightly study over the dangers and difficulties of his art. For a long time, however, every picture he sent in was refused both by the Royal Academy and the British Institution, and all the many medals he competed for were won by others, to his infinite disappointment and "despair" at the time, but possibly to his ultimate advantage; for "I began to think,"

he writes, "I was not half the clever fellow I had imagined, and indeed I even began to suspect I was no clever fellow at all" (a great lesson learned, at all events). "I thought," he continues, "there must be some radical defect; my master told me the truth in no flattering terms; he said I had a very good eye for color, but that I was lamentably deficient in all other respects. I believed him. I girded up my loins and set to work to cure these defects. I lit the lamp at both ends of the day. I studied the skeleton, the origin and insertion of the muscles. I sketched from Albinus, I drew in the morning, I painted in the evening, and after the Royal Academy went and drew from the prints of the antique statues of the Capitolini, the Clementina, Florentine, and other galleries, finishing the extremities in black-lead pencil with great care. This I did at the London Institution in Moorfields. I returned home, kept up my fire all night, to the great dismay of my landlord, that I might get up early next morning before daylight to draw; in short, I worked with such energy and perseverance to conquer my radical defects, that at last a better state of things began to dawn, like the sun through a November fog, and though I did not get a medal, from an informality on my part, I gained it in point of fact, for my picture was esteemed the best, and Mr. West said of it, it would one day be sold for a Titian."

This better state of things was inaugurated by a small painting of "Sappho" being accepted at the British Institution, and getting itself sold for twenty-five guineas. In the same year also—1811—a painting of "Telemachus rescuing the Princess from the Wild Boar" was hung in the Royal Academy, but failed to attract notice.

From this time to the end of his life Etty never missed a year in exhibiting either at the British Institution or Royal Academy, and generally several works at both. He had still some years to wait, however, before he achieved anything like reputation, but he persevered undauntingly, making in 1816 a short tour on the Continent by way of improving himself. This trip was not at all satisfactory. Etty, a thorough Englishman, could not relish foreign ways. His beloved teapot was interdicted and finally broken. The *douaniers* annoyed him "like mosquitoes in a swamp." "Nothing can be got," he writes, "but omelettes, cheese, and sour wine," and everywhere, according to this homesick traveller, "rain, banditti, bad

roads," and miserable fare prevailed. At Florence he got so miserable that he decided to return home, and writes to his brother Walter, who paid the expenses of this journey, "If you have formed high hopes of me they shall not be disappointed; but I must dwell among my own people."

All his complaints vanish, however, even the love-sickness which, as well as sea-sickness, had been one of his maladies abroad, when he reaches his old little room in Surrey Street, Strand, where he once more sets to work with his accustomed diligence, inscribing "EARLY RISING! EARLY RISING!" as the motto in his sketch-books.

At last, in 1820, when he was already thirty-three, the slowly ripened fruit of his talent began to find favor with the public. In this year he exhibited at the British Institution a finished sketch for a painting of "Pandora," which attracted the notice of critics, and in the same year he sent to the Academy his "Coral-Finders," which made, as he puts it, "a still greater noise." These were followed up by the "Cleopatra," commissioned by Sir Francis Freeling, of which Sir Thomas Lawrence said to the intensely flattered artist, "They" (the public) "leave Mark Antony" (meaning himself) "whistling in the marketplace and go to gaze on your 'Cleopatra.'" After this and a notice in the *Times* "I drove on," writes Etty, "like another Jehu."

In 1822 Etty again went abroad, and this time managed to endure foreign life for nearly two years. He has given us an interesting, even amusing account of all his doings and adventures in his journal, and in the numerous letters he wrote home to his brother and other friends. As usual he was suffering from the pangs of disappointed love when he went away, and his enjoyment is occasionally clouded by the remembrance of a fair cousin whose portrait he had painted, and whom, in spite of her refusal, he could not quite make up his mind to resign. His love-sorrows, which are freely narrated in his journal, have a somewhat comic aspect. One cannot feel much sympathy, though his feeling seems to have been sincere enough, with a lover who can write thus: "*One of my prevailing weaknesses was a propensity to fall in love.* Perhaps, however, it is a weakness I would not wish to be incapable of, but what a miserable madness it is — though not without *ces délices*. When I ascended Vesuvius, and when in the horrors of the French Revolution, I was deeply, desperately, almost hopelessly in love. My heart

within was a volcano of itself." This of course was written long after the volcanic period had been passed, but even in old age the susceptible artist seems to have had slight, perhaps not altogether painful, returns of the malady.

In 1824, on coming back to England with years rolling over his head, he determines that something must be done, and so after sending a finished picture of "Pandora crowned by the Seasons," to the Academy, a work of eight or nine figures, he sets to work on his first large canvas and paints the "Combat, or Woman interceding for the Vanquished," exhibited in 1825. This brought him considerable praise from his brother artists, one of whom, John Martin, showed his appreciation by buying this colossal picture at the end of the exhibition for £300, the modest price Etty had himself set upon it. Sir Thomas Lawrence also purchased his "Pandora;" but still the general public and the usual patrons of art held aloof, although Lord Darnley commissioned another big picture, namely, the "Judgment of Paris," exhibited the next year.

His next and greatest attempt at the historic was his noble picture of "Judith," "first conceived," he tells us, "in York Minster, when the solemn tones of the organ were rolling through the aisles." This picture was not sold either at the Academy Exhibition in 1827, or at the British Institution, where it was sent in 1828; but the Scottish Academy, then an infant institution, recognized its merits and desired to become possessed of it. Etty, however, wanted £500, a small price enough, but one too big for the Scottish Academy to pay. After much negotiation, however, he agreed to accept three hundred guineas from the Scottish Academy on condition that he should be allowed to paint two pendants to the "Judith" at a hundred guineas each. This offer the canny Scotch council promptly accepted, and ever since the "Judith" and its pendants have been the boast of their institution. In 1849, indeed, when these pictures were lent to the Society of Arts, they showed their appreciation of their bargain by insuring the centre picture for £2,000, and the two pendants together for the same sum. It is said that they have refused to sell them for that sum, recognizing them, as a Scotch academician has remarked, "as a source of power, progress, and prosperity."

It was not until after the painting of the "Judith," namely, in 1828, when he was forty-one years of age, that he at last

received the long-desired distinction of election to the Royal Academy. All the clever young artists who began their artistic career with him in the Academy Schools had long ago been made academicians, and the fame of many of them was now setting instead of rising. Poor Haydon was in the thickest of his struggle, just released from the bench; Wilkie, newly returned from the long stay abroad which so materially affected his style of painting, was still at the height of his fame; Mulready and Leslie had painted some of their most popular works; and Hilton was keeper of the Royal Academy.

To all these the satisfaction of adding R. A. to their name had now become stale, but to Etty it was a subject of intense gratification, all the more, perhaps, from its having been so long delayed. He expresses his delight in his usual naïve, almost childish, manner, but no added dignity could make him give up his long practice of painting in the life-school. He had always been the most regular of students there, and he would rather, he declares, give up his membership than the life-school. "It fills up a couple of hours in the evening," he adds, "I should be at a loss how else to employ;" so he continued to attend the Academy schools almost to the end of his life.

In 1830 he had an exciting experience of a revolution during a short visit to Paris — three days of horrible street-fighting and lamp-smashing, during which our English artist quietly went on working in the Louvre, to an accompaniment of "the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry in the distance. But I put on a bit more color," he adds, "and worked till about one." The next day the Louvre was attacked.

Etty's enthusiastic feeling for the splendid old minster of his native town has already been mentioned; his grief, therefore, may be imagined when that minster was nearly destroyed by an incendiary fire in 1829. "My heart," he writes, "has been almost broken with this sad intelligence of our dear cathedral," and for some time most of his letters and vehement protestations are concerned with the preservation of the rood screen and other relics of antiquity which reckless innovators proposed to destroy. In this same year also he lost his dear mother, and his simple, affectionate heart is well seen in the letters he writes about her death to his brother and niece. It seems a pity that a heart so gentle and kind should always have been rejected by the fair ladies to whom he was

constantly offering it; but probably by this time he was too fixed in his old bachelor habits, and too devoted to life-schools, etc., to have settled to married life. Besides, he had been now for some years comfortably settled in a house in Buckingham Street Strand, where his young niece, who suited him probably far better than any wife would have done, was his considerate companion, housekeeper, and "right hand." Here, under her care, the crotchety old bachelor was made thoroughly happy, and here some of his most important works were accomplished, besides his great and last epic, the "Joan of Arc," a colossal effort, which cost the painter, who was now getting an old man, worn with asthma and constant cough, more struggle and difficulty than could well be imagined. He bore up, however, inspired by his heroine, through "weather, asthma, and cough, all in triple league against him," until at length the three colossal subjects left his studio to take their chance in the world, and the painter went to Westminster Abbey to return thanks for their completion.

The "Joan of Arc" series was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1847, and was bought by Messrs. Colls, Wethered, and Wass for £2,500 *paid down*, an astounding price for a picture at that time. The work was exhibited afterwards in the provinces, with a short description of the subject written by Etty.

This triumph, greater than any he had imagined in his youth, came to him, however, only when his constitution was too shaken to enjoy it. Etty seems to have felt that his work as a painter of historic themes was over, and for the two remaining years of his life he only occupied himself with slight and fanciful sketches. At the same time, also, he determined to put into execution a long-meditated plan of retiring to his beloved York for the rest of his days. He therefore gave up, not without regret, his position of visitor of the Academy schools, resigned his place at the council board of the School of Design, where he had served, he says, "as many years as Jacob served to obtain a wife," and bought a comfortable, old-fashioned house in Coney Street, in the centre of York, looking on the Ouse as his house in London had looked on the Thames. Here, in June 1848, he removed from London with his niece and all his household goods and some thousands of pictures, studies, copies, casts, books, old armor, and all the paraphernalia of an artist, and settled down in the old city just half a century after he

had left it to begin his battle with the world in a printer's office at Hull.

But the battle and the victory were now well-nigh over. One other recognition, however, awaited him which must have given him great pleasure. In June 1849 a loan exhibition of as many of his works as could be collected was opened at the rooms of the Society of Arts in the Adelphi, and the result was a great success. "This exhibition," writes his biographer, "at once established Etty's fame on a footing it had never before attained, and left his enduring claims no longer doubtful. For mere fame it did more than twenty years of silent labor had effected." He himself says, "The effect astonished all. Nobody seemed to expect what there awaited them. It was triumphant. I am thankful to Almighty God that he has spared me to see that day."

It is pleasant to think of the kind old painter, who had struggled so perseveringly in his early days against difficulty, discouragement, and want of means, going to his rest in this bright halo of success and self-satisfaction. How different to his first encourager, Haydon, for whom the struggle had eventually proved too hard, and who had shortly before, "beaten but not conquered," as he phrases it, died by his own hand!

Death came gently to Etty soon after he returned to York from this exciting exhibition in London. He died on the 13th of November 1849, in his sixty-third year, after but a few days' serious illness, though for many years his health had been failing, and his symptoms gradually growing worse. His wish was to have been buried in York Minster, but as he had failed to set aside the necessary fees for this in his will, this last honor was not accorded him. He had amassed a considerable fortune by the time of his death, the bulk of which he left to his beloved brother Walter, who had aided him so generously in his early days; but he, who was ten years older than Etty, only survived him for three months. His niece inherited his house in York and £200 a year. It is rarely that a painter by his own unaided exertions has been able to leave so much property behind him.

Of Etty's art it is difficult to speak. His coloring is crude, glaring, and often vulgar; his flesh-tones have none of the rich warmth of the Venetian masters, who seemed to see the blood pulsing beneath

the skin, and his drawing is constantly defective. Indeed, Etty was scarcely more than a clever and diligent Academy student, who made the drawing from the live model the end and not the means of his art.

His love of the nude was, indeed, a passion, and this from no tendency to sensuality either in his life or art, but simply because he devoted himself to art for art's sake. He achieved, it must be confessed, a greater knowledge of the nude human body than any other painter of his time, but his grandest efforts appear weak and tawdry if we once come to compare them with the works of any of the great masters of old who made flesh-painting their especial study. Take, for instance, a painting by Paris Bordone or Palma Vecchio, not to speak of Titian and Correggio, and set it beside one by Etty, and the difference not only in coloring but in the whole understanding of the subject will at once become apparent. It was, indeed, mere painting of surface with Etty, with no subtlety of life and movement. He gives himself his method of proceeding: "Resolution. First night, correctly draw and outline the figure only. Second night, carefully paint in the figure with black and white and Indian red, for instance. The next, having secured with copal, glaze, and then scumble in the bloom, glaze into shadows, and touch on the lights carefully, and it is done."

It is to be feared that Etty trusted too much to such recipes for producing his pictures. He had a facile execution and great skill of hand, an intense admiration rather than perception of color, but he wanted the brain to be a truly great painter.

In person, according to Redgrave, Etty was "short and thick-set, with somewhat massive features, deeply scarred with small pox, a face expressive of great benevolence, and a head large — disproportionately large indeed — but tending to a look of power. Slow in speech, and slow and measured in action, rather increased in late years by an asthmatic affection, of a kindly and gentle nature, and of extreme simplicity of character." Add to this that he was a thorough Conservative in politics, classing the Reform Bill and the cholera together as the "two great evils of the day," and we have a tolerably correct likeness of the painter William Etty.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.*

If there chance to be any reader of this magazine who has reached years of discretion and read without having learned to love Waterton's "Wanderings,"

High though his title, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish may claim,

don't let him trouble himself to peruse another line of this paper, but just go down

To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

For him and his congeners no minstrel raptures swell in these pages or elsewhere. Like Peter Bell, to him the primrose by the river's brim will still be a yellow primrose — and nothing more — and this exquisite green and gold octavo which lies before us scintillating with a halo of glorious and many-colored rays, will remain a green and gold octavo, a mere "furniture book," to be stuck up possibly on a prominent place on his shelves, "because no gentleman's library should be without it" — only this and nothing more.

But come hither — or rather, come to this book — all you good fellows whose beards are gray, and who in the remote ages when one Charles Lamb was the chief friend and adviser of a maiden queen, and your chins were smooth, lay by the side of shining stream, or on the soft couch shed from pine-boughs in which the basking west wind was purring overhead in the sunny summer air — or in winter on the hearthrug before crackling yule logs — and read and re-read, and devoured, and absorbed, till they became part of your own very selves, the stories of how the mighty cayman was caught and ridden, how the young boa-constrictor was vanquished and carried home, a subdued and harmless snake, twined round the person of the enchanter who was making you too his thrall. And come hither all you brave youngsters (and for England's sake I hope there are many of you) who, with the sure instinct which goes somehow straight to that which it longs for, have in these latter days found out and revelled in the "Wanderings," amongst the half-forgotten books on the paternal shelves — come one and all and enjoy the rare treat which has been spread for us this anxious Christmas time

* *Wanderings in South America*, etc. By Charles Waterton, Esq. New Edition, with Biographical Introduction and Explanatory Index, by Rev. J. G. Wood, with 100 illustrations. Macmillan and Co., 1879.

by a worthy disciple and friend of Charles Waterton, prince of naturalists, and one of the most simple, brave, humorous, and sagacious of English gentlemen.

Mr. Wood tells us in his short preface how he was fascinated by the book as a boy, read it till he knew it nearly by heart, and looked upon the author "much as the pagans of old regarded their demigods, till not even Sindbad the Sailor was so interesting a personage to me as Waterton the wanderer." In this he is only speaking for hundreds of us who could say the same; but his worship has been more fruitful and practical than that of the rest of us. We were all of us puzzled by the wondrous and uncanny names of beasts, birds, and trees, which abounded in the "Wanderings," and elsewhere could be found in no book accessible to ordinary mortals. I fear there were even some of us who rejoiced in this, and were rather glad than otherwise to remain plunged in the glorious wonderland, with no guide but their hero's descriptions and their own imaginations. Not so Mr. Wood. He felt the need of an interpreter, and resolved to supply it himself, and with the true scientific instinct he has lovingly labored at his editorial task, and has given us an absolutely perfect index in which every living creature and tree mentioned in the "Wanderings" is carefully labelled and characterized, and ranged under its proper scientific name. The least scientific lover of the "Wanderings," however, need not be alarmed. The old squire's prejudices have been religiously respected, and not a word has been altered in our well-loved text, the scientific nomenclature and explanations being kept for the explanatory index. This, though designated by the modest term "index," is indeed a catalogue *raisonné*, one hundred and forty pages in extent, largely illustrated, and full of the knowledge and enthusiasm of one who in these points hardly yields to Waterton himself. Even if it stood by itself, it would be interesting and entirely readable, to the unscientific; moreover, be it observed, no one need read it who shares "the squire's" prejudices, and prefers to know nothing more than what he told them. The *remedium non legendi* has been almost suggested by the form the index takes, but readers should be slow to adopt it, and will soon find that they may enjoy the marvellous description of the effect of the note of the campanero sounding through the silent forests like the tolling of a minster bell, not a bit the less for

knowing that the orthodox ornithologist's name for that bird is *Arapunga alba*, and that it belongs to the family of the chatters, or that the cayman is called *Champea nigra* by experts. But Mr. Wood has laid the ordinary Watertonian under a deeper obligation than any which his explanatory index may have imposed on the scientific, by his short biographical notice, which fills up charmingly the racy outlines we had all been able to trace long ago for ourselves from the autobiographical passages in the "Wanderings" and the "Essays." It abundantly proves that for the distinguished ornithologist, as for the rest of us, it is after all the man, not the bird-lover and taxidermist who has carried him away captive, and whom he delights to honor.

And what a man it was! The figure grows in breadth, and power, and tenderness, the more we look at it and know about it, till it is scarcely possible to rise from this book without ranking the hero of it amongst the foremost of British worthies of this century. Hundreds of good books of travel and sojourn in the wilderness have appeared, and had their day and disappeared, since Waterton's was published, but the "Wanderings" still stand alone, supreme in interest and character, the work of a man of genius, and destined to remain one of the classics of English literature for many generations.

One of its main negative charms is the entire absence of the lust of slaying, which makes so many of our English sporting travels so offensive. Waterton loves "all things both great and small," and enjoys their company and the study of their wonderful ways, too well to take any pleasure in their slaughter. Unless it be the cayman (as to which disagreeable brute even there may be a doubt) there is only one living creature with which he is in open war, and that is the rat. Here his religious and patriotic instincts come in, for he was of an old Roman Catholic stock, the lords of Walton, which had suffered grievously for its staunch adherence to the old faith. So the Hanoverian rat, which he stoutly maintained had come over in William of Orange's ship, and which "always contrives to thrust its nose into every man's house when there is anything to be got," found in him a relentless enemy. At Stonyhurst, where he was one of the first pupils of the English Jesuits, the war began. The place was infested by rats, and the good fathers, with a tact and insight uncommon in educators even nowa

days, recognized and utilized the ability which he showed in curtailing the career of this voracious intruder, and, without excusing his school-work, allowed him to become the "recognized rat-catcher, fox-taker, and fowm-art-killer to the establishment." "Moreover," he adds, "I fulfilled the duties of organ-blower and football-maker with entire satisfaction to the public. I was now at the height of my ambition. I followed up my calling with great success. The vermin disappeared by the dozen, the books were moderately well thumbed, and according to my notions all went on perfectly right."

Mr. Wood tells us of another good deed which the Jesuits did to their pupil. One of them, towards the end of his career at Stonyhurst, which he left at eighteen, called the boy into his room, and, after telling him that his roving disposition would carry him into distant countries, asked him to promise that from that time he would never touch wine or spirits. The boy did so, and kept his promise till his death, sixty years afterwards. The roving disposition detected by the Jesuit soon showed itself. After a short stay at home, where he became one of the best riders in Lord Darlington's hunt, taking advantage of the peace of Amiens, he started for Spain, where he saw flamingoes, apes, and vultures at liberty, nearly died of an attack of yellow fever at Malaga, and escaped from the plague-stricken town in a merchantman, whose captain consented to break the embargo. Forty-four years later, Waterton, happening to be in Hull, sought out the captain to whom he probably owed his life, and renewed the acquaintance so happily begun.

Yorkshire, with all its attractions for a young sportsman, could not keep him long, and his next start was for Demerara, to manage the estates of his father and uncle there. It was at this time that he made his first expedition into the interior, being appointed in 1808 as bearer of despatches to the governor of Orinoco, the first commission any member of his family had held since the reign of Queen Mary. Mr. Wood gives a bright sketch of this expedition, full of humor and adventures, but it is not included in the canonical wanderings. It was during this stay in Demerara that he became friends with Mr. Edmonstone, whose daughter he married in 1829. It was only after the death of his father, when he had been home to take possession of his Yorkshire estate, and set it in order, that he at last, in 1812, at the age of thirty,

fairly gave himself up to follow his star, and started for the wilds of Demerara and Essequibo. The object of his first journey was twofold — to collect the wourali poison, and reach the inland frontier of Portuguese Guiana. So he thought and wrote, but we take it the instinct which drew him into tropical forests would have as surely prevailed, had neither the poison nor the frontier ever existed. Here is his costume for work. "A thin flannel waistcoat, under a check shirt, a pair of trousers, and a hat, were all my wardrobe; shoes and stockings I seldom had on." They irritated his feet, and hindered him in the chase. His abstemiousness and splendid constitution made it easy for him to live anywhere, and carried him through many attacks of fever and ague brought on by exposure and unwholesome food, in spite of all his efforts to cut short his own career. For it is astounding to think that he should have survived his own doctoring for so many years. "Shouldst thou ever wander through these remote and dreary wilds, gentle reader," he says, in his third journey, "forget not to carry with thee bark, laudanum, calomel, and jalap, and the lancet." He not only carried them, but used them on himself to such purpose, that the vampire bats would never touch him, though he was eager for the experience, and used to leave his foot outside his hammock to tempt them. (One of the most delicious touches of humor in the book is connected with vampires, the scene up the River Paumaron, where the Scotchman in the next hammock to Waterton begins "letting fall an imprecation or two just about the time he ought to have been saying his morning prayers." "What is the matter, sir," said I softly, "is there anything amiss?" etc., p. 227.) He told Mr. Wood that he had bled himself upwards of a hundred and fifty times; and he would often take as much as twenty or twenty-five ounces from his emaciated but vigorous body, and follow up the bleeding with twenty grains of jalap, mixed with ten of calomel!"

The first three wanderings occupied about ten years, and ended with an adventure at the Liverpool custom-house, which seems to have kept him at home three years in disgust. In 1824, however, he came across Wilson's "Ornithology of the United States," which roused the old passion, and he was soon on his way to New York. After spending a few weeks in the States and Canada, in which he discovered that the people were most hospitable and

charming, but that he had come to "the wrong place to look for bugs, bears, brutes, and buffaloes," he returned to his old tropical haunts and pursuits, and gathered the materials of his last discourse to the gentle readers whom he had been "tu-toi-ing," bantering, instructing, and delighting in his three former wanderings. The reception of these by the public was encouraging enough, but the critics declared his natural history to be romance, and his stories impossible. Characteristically enough he made no reply, unless it were by the production of the famous "nondescript" on his title-page, which he referred to as a specimen of the new method he had hit upon after much study of making the skins of quadrupeds retain their exact form and features, even to the pouting lips, dimples, warts, and wrinkles on the faces. He invites his readers to go out and look for another specimen, assuring them that there are yet innumerable discoveries to be made in these remote wilds. Over the "nondescript" he tells us that learned persons might "argue at considerable length, and perhaps after all produce little more than prolix pedantry" (p. 225). As a man of science, perhaps Mr. Wood was justified in suppressing this famous work of art, and giving us the cold-blooded description of our lamented "nondescript" in the index, showing that he was nothing after all but a "howling monkey," wonderfully manipulated by Waterton. Still, we are inclined to take this single objection to the editor's exercise of discretion. If he felt it his duty to explain the nondescript, and to deprive us of the satisfaction of believing that (as Sydney Smith suggested) it was the head of a master in Chancery, he might at least have reproduced for us a better engraving of the original, which is apparently still in existence in the museum of Ushant College.

The fourth, however, is the least valuable of the journeys, the palm lying between the first and third, and on the whole we think remaining with the latter, in which, while the descriptions are still as delightful as the earlier ones, the presence of Daddy Quashi, Mr. Edmonstone's negro, a sort of Sancho Panza, with "a brave stomach for heterogeneous food," who could "digest, and relish too, cayman, monkeys, hawks, and grubs," introduces a new and humorous feature in the narrative. The scene at the taking of the cayman (pp. 272, 3), when, after chasing Daddy Quashi on the sandbank, Waterton returns to the Indians, and finds them squatted on their

hams, refusing wholly to be parties to drawing the dangerous beast out of the water and securing him, and walks up and down, revolving how it is to be managed, is delightfully comic, as is Waterton's own appreciation of it. "Here, then, we stood in silence, like the calm before a thunderstorm, '*Hoc res summa loco. Scinditur in contraria vulgus.*' They wanted to kill him, and I wanted to take him alive." The transparent honesty which savors all the humor, quaintness, and sentiment of the "Wanderings" will remain their chief attraction for the general reader; but, besides all this, their intrinsic value and the rank of their author in his favorite pursuit, have been vindicated so completely, that Mr. Wood can now write: "Whether at home or abroad, his investigations were so close and careful, and his conclusions so just, that he is now acknowledged to be a guide absolutely safe in any department of natural history which came within his scope. No one would think of disputing Waterton's word. If he denied, or even doubted the statements of others, his doubts would have great weight, and would lead to a closer investigation of the subject. But if he asserted anything to be a fact, his assertion would be accepted without scruple."

In 1829 he was married to Ann Edmonstone, daughter of his old friend, she being seventeen and he forty-eight. His wife died in the next year, leaving him with an only son. From this time he gave up wandering, and devoted himself to his child in his Yorkshire home, to which came his two sisters-in-law, and remained there till his death. Of his wife he never could bear to speak.

His life at Walton Hall during those thirty-four years, has always been better known than the "Wanderings," but is most freshly reproduced by Mr. Wood, and a number of invaluable touches added. A more suggestive contrast to ordinary English country-house life would be difficult to imagine. The squire lived in a room at the top of his house, which had neither bed nor carpet; he slept on the floor in a blanket, with an oak log for a pillow. He rose at three, and was clean shaven, and in his private chapel by four, at his books (chiefly Latin and Spanish) and his accounts till eight, when breakfast was served on the stroke of the staircase clock, once the property of Sir Thomas More, one of his famous ancestry, amongst whom were also no less than six saints of the Roman Catholic calendar (p. 3). From

that time till dinner he was amongst his birds and trees, turning his ugly Yorkshire valley into a veritable wonderland, and at the stroke of eight he retired to his room. He built a wall all round his park of two hundred and fifty acres, ranging from eight to sixteen feet in height, and "modified all within it to the use of birds, caring much more for their comfort than his own" (p. 39). His trees he watched and loved as much as his birds, and doctored them with far greater success than he had achieved in physicking mankind. It was a favorite habit of his to sit amongst their highest branches, watching birds, and reading Horace or Virgil, even after he was eighty; and he often astonished visitors at the Hall by inviting them in perfect good faith to accompany him. He had himself, in his early manhood, twice climbed to the top of the cross on St. Peter's — once to leave his glove on the top of the lightning conductor, and again at the pope's desire (no workman in Rome being willing to risk his neck in the operation) to take it off again — so could not understand losing one's head in tree-climbing. And his humor played about his trees and birds and buildings, and the groups in the park were known as the Twelve Apostles, the Eight Beatitudes, the Seven Deadly Sins, and an oak and Scotch fir twined together going by the name of Church and State. But as to all these matters, and his "dodges" for tempting birds to build, for enticing poachers to fire at wooden birds, and the blue and gold-buttoned raiment in which he lived, and his hospitalities, and his treatment of his estates and neighbors, we must refer readers to Mr. Wood, who combines the enthusiasm of a disciple with the loving reticence of a friend and a well-bred gentleman.

There is one authentic anecdote of the squire, not given by him, but characteristic enough to deserve a place in the memoir. When he had succeeded in closing the bridle-road through his park, which interfered so grievously with the comfort of the birds and beasts to whom it was devoted, there were still persons who persisted in using it, amongst whom a butcher of Wakefield was conspicuous, a sturdy Protestant tradesman, who had ridden along it ever since he could remember, and openly avowed his intention of continuing to do so. One evening after sunset, he turned his horse's head as usual along the accustomed path, and jogged comfortably along, defying squire and pope in his mind, until he came under the dark

shadow of some trees which overhung the roadway. Suddenly a whoop, which made his heart leap, sounded in his ear, and, dropping from a tree or springing from the ground — which of the two he could never rightly tell — a something alighted on his horse's quarters, just behind the saddle. The next moment his arms were pinioned to his side by an embrace which made him powerless, and his frightened steed broke into a wild gallop which soon brought him to the park boundary. The gate was open, and, as he passed through it, his arms were suddenly released, and he was again alone on his horse, while another whoop rang in his ears as he galloped on towards Wakefield. He reached home safely, a feeble and repentant Protestant butcher, and from that day the bridle-road through Walton Park saw him no more.

At the age of eighty-three, while still able to climb his trees, and cut his jokes, and as full of pleasant wisdom as in his best days, Waterton caught his foot in a bramble at the end of the park, where he had gone to give orders to carpenters, and felt heavily with his side on a stump. He knew at once the extent of his hurt, got to his boat, and to the house, changed his clothes as usual, and walked to the first floor on his way to his own room without help. There he yielded to the entreaties of his sisters-in-law, and lay down in their sitting-room, where he died next morning, the 27th May, 1865, just as dawn was breaking. He had chosen his own burial-place in a secluded part of the park, where he was laid by the Bishop of Beverley and fourteen priests, in the presence of many friends, and eighty-three aged poor (that being the number of his years), who received a dole in bread and money. He had already put up a plain stone cross at the spot, on the base of which was now engraved the inscription written by himself: —

Orate pro animâ
CAROLI WATERTON,
Cujus fessa,
Juxta hanc crucem,
Natus 1782. Sepeliuntur Ossa. Obit 1865.

To the shame, be it spoken, of the younger generation which saw his end, the "Wanderings" were actually allowed to go out of print, and we can speak for the exceeding difficulty of obtaining a copy in late years. We trust that Mr. Wood's delightful volume is a proof that this evil state of things is over. At any rate, we know of no volume better turned out in all

respects than this, or more needed at this present time. For, if there be one figure and example which it may possibly be of use to hold up before the eyes of our many-wanted, much-spending, little-enjoying *jeunesse dorée*, it is that of Charles Waterton. THOS. HUGHES.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

THE FRENCH EXPEDITION IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

THE French Geographical Society will shortly hold a special meeting at the Sorbonne to welcome Lieutenant Savorgnan de Brazza and Dr. Bellay, who have just returned to France from their three years' expedition in equatorial Africa. The expedition was undertaken for the purpose of tracing the course of the River Ogôwâi in the French settlement of Gaboon; and at the end of 1874 Lieutenant Savorgnan de Brazza and Dr. Bellay landed upon the west coast, accompanied by M. Marche, who had been the companion of the late Marquis de Compiègne in more than one of his journeys, but who did not go very far with them. Both the lieutenant and the doctor were laid up with fever for some time; and it was not until August, 1875, that they left the last of the European factories at Lambaréné, the real starting-point of their expedition, with an escort of twelve laptots (native Senegal troops in the French service) under the command of Quartermaster Hamon. The course of the River Ogôwâi may be divided into three sections of about equal length — the upper, the middle, and the lower. The middle section follows the equatorial line, the two others bending about one degree southward, the one towards its source, the other towards its mouth. The goods and the baggage had to be conveyed in canoes and upon the backs of natives; but throughout the whole of their journey MM. de Brazza and Bellay had great difficulty in obtaining any assistance from the blacks; and towards the end they encountered open hostility. Halting at Lopé, a large village situated on the Ogôwâi, about half-way between its source and the Atlantic, the travellers made a journey into the territory of the Fans, who seemed very friendly; and from thence to Doumé, much higher up the river. Here M. de Brazza was struck down by illness, and the expedition remained at Doumé till the spring of 1877. Above the falls of Poubara the

Ogôwái becomes a very insignificant stream; and the expedition might have ended there, for the question as to whether the Ogôwái communicated with large inland lakes was settled in the negative; but the leaders determined to explore the country beyond the source of the river. In March, 1878, they were compelled to renounce the services of the free natives and to secure forty slaves, who were far more docile, and who were well rewarded for their work. After leaving the basin of the Ogôwái, the expedition suffered a good deal from want of food and water, the country being devastated by famine; but matters mended when they reached the N'yambo, a stream flowing eastward, which brought them to a large river, the Alima, not indicated upon any map. This river, which is nearly two hundred yards broad at many points and about sixteen feet deep, is, as they believe, one of the tributaries of the Congo. They followed the Alima for some distance, partly on foot, partly in canoes; but they were attacked at various points by the natives; and after three of the escort had been wounded they felt it necessary to return their fire. Anxious to avoid a night attack on the river, M. de Brazza and Dr. Bellay disembarked their men, and threw up some entrenchments, which were attacked the next day by the natives, whom they succeeded in repulsing. Having only fifteen guns, and with their ammunition running short, they resolved, however, to abandon the course of the stream, which continued to run eastward; and, making towards the north, they found the natives less hostile, but they could not obtain any provisions. After crossing several streams, all of which flowed eastward, the expedition was obliged to separate; M. de Brazza pursuing his journey beyond the equatorial line, while Dr. Bellay and Quartermaster Hamon awaited him at the falls of Poubara. M. de Brazza made some progress in this direction; but, the rainy season setting in and barring his further progress, he rejoined his companions in September, the expedition getting back to Gaboon at the end of November. The expedition had lasted three years, during fifteen months of which its members were cut off from all communication with the civilized world; while for the last five months they had to march barefooted, their legs covered with sores, and half-starved. But they can set against this the fact that eight hundred miles of grounds were covered, more than half on foot, and that the area of ground hitherto unexplored which has

been brought within the domain of geography is equal to that of Belgium.

From The Academy.

THE ARCHIMANDRITE PALLADIUS.

WE regret to announce the death of the archimandrite Palladius, the head of the Russian ecclesiastical mission at Peking. Only a few weeks since the archimandrite returned to Europe in the hope of enjoying the repose to which his long residence in China had entitled him. Scarcely, however, had he landed at Marseilles when his health, which had been failing, gave way, and he gradually sank. During the many years he resided at Peking he devoted his leisure hours to the study of the literature of the country, and thus gained a more extensive knowledge of the history, philosophy, and religions of China than that possessed by any European scholar. Although Palladius never published any separate work, he was a large contributor to the periodical published by the mission at Peking, entitled *Trudui chlenor Rossiiskoi Dukhovnoi Missii V Pekinye* (1852-1866, 4 vols., 8vo). In the first volume appeared his "Life of Buddha;" in the second his "Historical Studies on Ancient Buddhism;" in the third "The Navigation between Tientsin and Shanghai;" and in the fourth "An Ancient Mongol Account of the Life of Jenghiz Khan;" *Si you ki*, "the description of a journey to Western countries;" and "The Mohammedans in China." To the *Recueil Oriental* he contributed two valuable articles: (1) "Ancient Traces of Christianity in China;" and (2) "An Ancient Chinese Account of the Life of Jenghiz Khan." In the Proceedings of the Geographical Society of St. Petersburg, 1871, there appeared an article by him on a "Journey from Peking to Blagoveshtchensk through Manchuria;" and to the Proceedings of the Geographical Society of Siberia he contributed in 1867 "The Translation of the Journal of Ching Chin, 1248," and in 1874 "The Journey of Chang Te-hui from Peking to the Summer Residence of Khubilai Khan in Western Mongolia in 1248." It is said that at the time of his death Palladius was preparing to publish a Chinese-Russian dictionary which already existed in manuscript. Such a work by so ripe a scholar would be of inestimable value to students of Chinese, and it is earnestly to be hoped that—not like Mayers's Korean grammar—it will yet be given to the public.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XXV. }

No. 1815.— March 29, 1879.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXL.

CONTENTS.

I. NEW GUINEA AND ITS INHABITANTS. By Alfred R. Wallace,	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ,	771
II. THE BRIDE'S PASS. By Sarah Tytler, author of "What She Came Through," "Lady Bell," etc. Part VII.,	<i>Advance Sheets</i> ,	783
III. MAGAZINE-WRITERS,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> ,	797
IV. A MEDIUM OF LAST CENTURY,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> ,	806
V. A QUIET DAY AT HOME,	<i>Saturday Review</i> ,	820
VI. THE IDEAL MEMORY,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	823

* * * Title and Index to Volume CXL.

POETRY.

IN THE CATHEDRAL CLOSE,	770	FROM THE SOUTH,	770
THE TASK,	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.

IN THE CATHEDRAL CLOSE.

IN the dean's porch a nest of clay
 With five small tenants may be seen,
 Five solemn faces, each as wise
 As though its owner were a dean.

Five downy fledglings in a row,
 Packed close as in an antique pew
 The schoolgirls are, whose foreheads clear
 At the *Venite* shine on you.

Day after day the swallows sit
 With scarce a stir, with scarce a sound ;
 But dreaming and digesting much,
 They grow thus wise and soft and round.

They watch the canons come to dine,
 And hear the mullion-bars across,
 Over the fragrant fruit and wine,
 Deep talk about the reredos.

Her hands with field-flowers drenched, a child
 Leaps past in wind-blown dress and hair,
 The swallows turn their heads askew, —
 Five judges deem that she is fair.

Prelusive touches sound within,
 Straightway they recognize the sign,
 And, blandly nodding, they approve
 The minuet of Rubenstein.

They mark the cousins' schoolboy talk,
 (Male birds flown wide from minster bell,)
 And blink at each broad term of art,
 Binomial or bicycle.

Ah ! downy young ones, soft and warm,
 Doth such a stillness mask from sight
 Such swiftness ? can such peace conceal
 Passion and ecstasy of flight ?

Yet somewhere 'mid your Eastern suns,
 Under a white Greek architrave
 At morn, or when the shaft of fire
 Lies large upon the Indian wave,

A sense of something dear gone by
 Will stir, strange longings thrill the heart
 For a small world embowered and close,
 Of which ye sometime were a part.

The dew-drenched flowers, the child's glad
 eyes,
 Your joy unhuman shall control,
 And in your wings a light and wind
 Shall move from the Maestro's soul.

From Poems by Edward Dowden.

THE TASK.

LIFE's school has many tasks we all must
 learn,
 Lessons of faith and patience, hope and love ;
 Knowledge of bitter taste, and wisdom stern
 Of fires, the temper of our steel to prove ;

Much of forbearance gathering years must
 teach,
 And charity, with her angelic face,
 Gentling the judgment, softening the speech,
 Gives time its surest aid, and grief its grace.

Hardest of all the masters we must hear,
 Experience, with cold eyes and measured
 voice,
 Bids us, who hold young lives supremely dear,
 Beware, ere moulding them to suit our choice ;
 Warning : "The sky smiles blue, smooth
 shows the path,
 Promise no sunshine, guide no wavering foot ;
 The loveliest valley hides the seeds of death,
 The poison lurks deep in the fairest fruit."

Leave the young hearts to nature and to God.
 Leave the young tendrils where they will to
 twine ;

Where violets blossom, and white snowdrops
 nod,
 Fall April dews where April's sunlights shine ;
 Gather the ripened corn, if yet some ears
 Are left for faltering hand and patient care ;
 But for the darlings of decaying years,
 Leave them alone, in all save love and prayer.
 All The Year Round.

FROM THE SOUTH.

OH, swallow ! I have longed for thee
 Through all the burning summer days,
 For thou dost fly each year to me
 And sing to me my fair love's praise.

Now vine-leaves redden in the sun,
 And fruits and corn are garnered now ;
 So is the sweetest time begun,
 Though yellow is the maple bough.

For this day from the pale calm skies
 Of the clear north, thy swift wing brings
 Joy to my heart, so full of sighs
 All summer through thy wanderings.

Oh, swallow ! say that thou hast been
 To dwell beneath the hanging eaves
 Of my love's home, where ivy green
 Around her lattice trails fresh leaves.

She saw thee, and she said to thee,
 "Oh, swallow ! say the years are long,
 And bid him come again to me
 Ere thou return with the spring's song."

To her I go when winter hear
 Shall pass and bring the coming year,
 To lead me swiftly to her door —
 To welcome love and banish fear !

Cassell's Magazine.

From The Contemporary Review.

NEW GUINEA AND ITS INHABITANTS.

IMMEDIATELY north of Australia, and separated from it at Torres Straits by less than a hundred miles of sea, is the largest island on the globe—New Guinea, a country of surpassing interest, whether as regards its natural productions or its human inhabitants, but which remains to this day less known than any accessible portion of the earth's surface. Within the last few years considerable attention has been attracted towards it, by surveys which have completed our knowledge of its outline and dimensions, by the settlement of English missionaries on its southern coasts, by the explorations of several European naturalists, and by the visits of Australian miners attracted by the alleged discovery of gold in the sands of its rivers. From these various sources there has resulted a somewhat sudden increase in our still scanty knowledge of this hitherto unknown land; and we therefore propose to give a general sketch of the island and of the peculiar forms of life that inhabit it, and to discuss briefly some of the interesting problems connected with its indigenous races.

It has hitherto been the custom of geographers to give the palm to Borneo, as the largest island in the world, but this is decidedly an error. A careful estimate, founded on the most recent maps, shows that New Guinea is considerably the larger, and must for the future be accorded the first place. In shape this island differs greatly from Borneo, being irregular and much extended in a N.N.W. and S.S.E. direction, so that its greatest length is little short of fifteen hundred miles, a distance as great as the whole width of Australia from Adelaide to Port Darwin, or of Europe from London to Constantinople. Its greatest width is four hundred and ten miles; and, omitting the great peninsulas which form its two extremities, the central mass is about seven hundred miles long, with an average width of three hundred and twenty miles, a country about the size of the Austrian empire, and, with the exception of the course of one large river, an absolute blank upon our maps.

This almost total ignorance is the more remarkable, when we consider how long the country has been known, and how frequently its shores have been visited. It was discovered in 1511, even earlier than Australia, and from that time Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, French and English vessels have continually passed along its coasts. Most of our early navigators—Forrest, Dampier and Cook—visited New Guinea, and have given us some account of its inhabitants; while, more recently, many exploring and surveying ships—the “Coquille” and “Astrolabe,” under French; the “Rattlesnake,” “Fly,” and “Basilisk,” under English; the “Triton” and “Etna,” under Dutch commanders, have added to our store of information. Among private naturalists and explorers, the present writer was the first to reside some months in New Guinea in 1858; since which time Dr. Miklucho Maclay, a Russian; Dr. Beccari and Signor D'Albertis, Italians; Dr. A. B. Meyer, a German; Mr. Octavius C. Stone, and several English missionaries, have all made important explorations and added much to our knowledge of the natural productions of the island and of the tribes residing on or near its coasts.

From these various sources we have obtained a tolerable knowledge of the outside margin of the country, but never extending more than twenty miles inland, except in the case of the Fly River, which Signor D'Albertis ascended for nearly five hundred miles, reaching a point somewhat beyond the centre of the island. The north-western and south-western peninsulas of New Guinea are the best-known portions, and both seem to be mountainous throughout. In the north, Mount Arfak, a little beyond Dorey Harbor, is from eight thousand to ten thousand feet high, while in the south-east the Owen Stanley range has several peaks which reach elevations of from ten thousand to thirteen thousand feet. The Charles Louis Mountains, commencing near the south coast, east of Triton Bay, appear to run far in a south-easterly direction, and their summits are believed to be snow-clad, and are probably at least eighteen thousand feet high. If they continue eastward in the

same general direction, they would pass about one hundred miles to the north of D'Albertis' furthest point on the Fly River, and perhaps form a great curve till they merge in the Owen Stanley range in the south-east. This, however, is mere conjecture, for throughout the whole course of the Fly River the land was low, and only on one occasion were high mountains seen to the north-west. Combining this with the fact that for a length of nearly seven hundred miles the south coast of New Guinea is low and swampy with no high land anywhere visible, we are led to conclude that there is probably a continuous range of lofty mountains towards the north, while the south consists of wide alluvial tracts and of slightly elevated inland plains. This part of the island would thus somewhat resemble Sumatra turned round, but with higher mountains, which are probably not volcanic, and with a considerably greater width of land.

Although the Fly River penetrates so far into the interior, its size and depth in its upper portion are by no means what we should expect in a stream fed by a lofty mountain range close to the equator. It is therefore almost certain that large rivers exist further west; while another large river certainly flows northward, having its mouth in a delta at the eastern extremity of Geelvink Bay. Until these rivers are explored, and at least the lower slopes of the hills ascended, we cannot be said to have much real knowledge of the interior of New Guinea.

Situated close to the equator, and extending only eleven degrees south of it, the climate of New Guinea is hot and uniform, and the rains abundant; leading here, as elsewhere in similar situations, to the growth of a luxuriant forest vegetation, which clothes hill and valley with an eververdant mantle. Only on the coasts nearest to Australia, and probably influenced by the dry winds from that continent, are there any open or thinly wooded spaces, and here alone do we find some approach to the Australian type of vegetation in the occurrence of numerous eucalypti and acacias. Everywhere else, however, even in the extreme south-east peninsula and adjacent islands, the vegetation is essen-

tially Malayan; but Dr. Beccari, who collected plants extensively in the north-western peninsula and its islands, was disappointed, both as regards its variety and novelty. On the Arfak Mountains, however, he found a very interesting subalpine or temperate flora, consisting of araucarias, rhododendrons, vacciniums, umbelliferæ, and the Antarctic genus *Drimys*. The forests of New Guinea are everywhere grand and luxuriant, rivalling those of Borneo and of Brazil in the beauty of their forms of vegetable life; and we cannot consider the collections yet made as affording more than very imperfect samples of the treasures they contain.

The animal life of this great island is better known, and is perhaps more interesting. Its terrestrial mammalia are, however, singularly few, and with the exception of a peculiar kind of wild pig, all belong to the marsupial tribe or the still lower monotremes of Australia. The tigers, apes, and buffaloes, described in the fictitious travels of Captain Lawson, are here as much out of their real place as they would be in the Highlands of Scotland; while the tracks of large animals, supposed to be rhinoceros or wild cattle, actually discovered by recent travellers, are now ascertained to be those of the cassowary, which, so far as we yet know, is the largest land animal of New Guinea. Large birds were also seen and heard, whose spread of wing was estimated at sixteen or twenty feet, and which beat the air with a sound compared to the puff of a locomotive; but these are found to be only a well-known hornbill of very moderate dimensions. In place of these myths, however, we have some very interesting realities, the most remarkable, perhaps, being the tree-climbing kangaroos of rather large size, which, although but slightly different in external form from the jumping ground kangaroos of Australia, hop about among the larger branches of trees, on the leaves of which they feed. They have a bushy tail, with somewhat shorter hind legs and more curved claws than their allies; and they afford a curious example of the adaptation of an animal to new conditions of life very different from those for which its general form and structure seem to fit it. Such a

modification may, perhaps, be traced to a somewhat recent separation of Australia and New Guinea, when the kangaroos which remained in the latter country, not finding a sufficiency of herbage for their support in the dense forests, began to feed upon leaves, and ultimately became adapted, with as little change as possible, to a truly arboreal life. The entire absence of beasts of prey would favor this adaptation, as the coincident acquisition of swiftness of motion or powers of concealment are thus rendered unnecessary: and the tree kangaroo accordingly remains a slow-moving creature, just able to get its own living, but in all probability quite unable to cope either with enemies or competitors.

The birds, like the mammalia, are mostly of Australian types, but nevertheless present many peculiarities. Most celebrated of all are the birds of paradise, forming a distinct family, containing more than twenty-five different species, all confined to this island and the immediately surrounding lands. These singular birds are really allied to our crows and magpies, but are remarkable for their special and varied developments of plumage. In most cases tufts of feathers spring from the sides of the body or breast, forming fans, or shields, or trains of extreme beauty. Others have glossy mantles or arched plumes over the back, strange crests on the head, or long and wire-like tail feathers. These varied appendages exhibit corresponding varieties of color. The long trains of waving plumes are golden yellow or rich crimson, the breast-shields, mantles, and crests are often of the most intense metallic blue or green, while the general body plumage is either a rich chocolate brown or deep velvety black. All these birds are exceedingly active and vivacious, the males meeting together in rivalry to display their gorgeous plumage, while in every case the female birds are unornamented and are usually plain or positively dingy in their coloring. From an unknown antiquity the natives of New Guinea have been accustomed to preserve the skins of these beautiful birds, and barter them with the Malay traders, by whom they are universally known as *burong mati*, or dead birds, because they had never seen

them alive. As the natives used always to cut off the feet in order to preserve them more easily, the Malay and Chinese traders concluded that they had none; and all sorts of stories were told about their living continually on the wing, and being in fact birds of heaven, whence originated the names of "birds of paradise" and "birds of the sun" given them by the early Portuguese and Dutch writers. Down to 1760 the skins of these birds never reached Europe with feet attached to them, and the great Linnæus recorded the fact by naming the largest kind *Paradisea apoda*, or footless bird of paradise, a name by which it is still known among men of science. The natives also generally cut off the wings, so as to give greater prominence to the ornamental feathers; and this gives the birds an altogether different appearance from what they really possess in a living state, or when properly preserved.

By far the greater number of these birds, and those of the richest colors and most remarkable plumage, live on the mainland of New Guinea, and they are especially abundant in the mountains of the north-western peninsula, where the Italian and German naturalists already referred to obtained fine specimens of all the known kinds. In the south-east one new species has been discovered, but only two or three sorts are found there; and as they are also in little variety in the lowland districts of the north-west, it becomes pretty certain that they are more especially mountain birds. We may therefore confidently expect that, when the great ranges of the interior are visited and explored by naturalists, other and perhaps still more wonderful species will be discovered. It is interesting to note that, with the exception of one very peculiar species discovered by myself in the Moluccas, all the birds of paradise are found within the hundred fathom line around New Guinea, and therefore on lands which have probably been connected with it at a comparatively recent period.

Why such wonderful birds should have been developed here and nowhere else is a mystery we shall perhaps never completely solve; but it is probably connected

with the absence of the higher types of mammalia, and with the protection afforded by luxuriant equatorial forests. The only other country in which similar strange developments of plumage and equally superb colors are found is equatorial America, where somewhat similar conditions prevail, and where mammalia of a low grade of organization have long predominated. Whatever may be the causes at work, their action has not been restricted to the paradise-birds. Nowhere else in the world are *pigeons* and *parrots* so numerous and so beautiful as in New Guinea. The great crowned pigeons, the largest of the whole family and rivalling the largest game-birds, were first described by Dampier as "a stately land fowl about the size of the dunghill cock, sky-colored, but with a white blotch and reddish spots about the wings, and a long bunch of feathers on the crown." Many of the fruit-doves are strikingly beautiful, being adorned with vivid patches of crimson, blue, or yellow, on a pure green ground. Parrots are wonderfully varied, including the great black and the white cockatoos; the lorries varied with crimson and purple, green, yellow, and black; while there are strange little crested green parrots no larger than our blue tit — the smallest of the parrot tribe, as the great black cockatoos are the largest. Kingfishers, too, are remarkably abundant, and include several of the fine raquet-tailed species, with plumage of silvery blue, and with white or crimson breasts. Many other groups of birds are also adorned with exceptionally gay colors; and a careful comparison with the birds of other countries shows, that nowhere in the world is there so large a proportion of the whole number of species adorned with brilliant hues. Among insects the same thing occurs, though not in quite so marked a degree; yet the superior beauty of many groups of beetles over the corresponding groups in Borneo is very distinct; and the same is to some extent the case with the butterflies and moths.

Independently of the beauty and singularity, the great number of species of birds inhabiting New Guinea is very remarkable. Considering that there are no resident collectors in the island, and that our knowledge is wholly derived from travellers who have spent a few weeks or months on the extreme northern or southern coasts only, leaving the great mass of the interior wholly unexplored, the number of land birds already known (about four hundred species) is surprising. It is very much greater than the numbers inhabiting the

whole of the West Indian Islands, or Madagascar, or the large, rich, and comparatively well-explored island of Borneo. Even Australia, so much more extensive and so varied in climate and vegetation, has only four hundred and eighty-five land birds; and when we consider that the central mass of New Guinea, with its lofty mountain ranges and fine upland valleys, yet remains absolutely unexplored, it is not improbable that the birds of this wonderful island may be eventually found to be as numerous as those of its parent continent. We may therefore safely assert that in no part of the world has the naturalist such a certainty of making new and important discoveries as in the still unexplored regions of central New Guinea.

The peculiar race of mankind inhabiting this great island attracted the attention of the earliest voyagers, and the country was called New Guinea from the resemblance of its inhabitants to the negroes of Africa, removed from them by nearly one-third the circumference of the globe. The early writers, however, term the people Papuas or Papuans, a Malay term given to them on account of their woolly hair, so different from the perfectly straight hair of almost all the other eastern races. The Malay word *papuwah* or *puah-puah*, means frizzled like wool; and the Malays still call these people *orang papuwah* — woolly-haired men, and the island itself *tana papuwah* — the land of the woolly-haired.

It is a very remarkable fact that woolly-haired people should be found in two such widely separated areas, and, with very few exceptions, nowhere else in the world. In Africa they occupy the larger portion of the continent, extending over all the tropical and southern regions; while in the east they are found only in a group of islands of which New Guinea is the centre, extending westward as far as Flores and eastward to the Fijis. There are also a few outlying groups of woolly-haired people, which are of great importance as indicating that this type once had a wider extension than now. In the Pacific we have the now extinct Tasmanians; and far to the east in the midst of the brown Polynesians, we find the inhabitants of Penrhyn's Island and Mangaia, in about 158° west longitude, to be of the Melanesian or dark race. In the Philippines there is an aboriginal race of woolly-haired dwarfs — the Aëtas or Negritos; and a similar descriptive term may be applied to the Semangs of the Malay Penin-

sula, and to the natives of the Andaman Islands in the Bay of Bengal. These various eastern tribes differ among themselves quite as much as do those of Africa. Both agree, however, in being usually very dark-skinned, and examples may be found in which negroes and Papuans are in all respects very much alike. But this is exceptional, and there is almost always a characteristic difference which would cause most of the eastern negroes to appear out of place on the continent of Africa. The woolly hair, however, combined with the dark skin and almost always with a dolichocephalic or long skull, so markedly distinguishes all these people from the rest of the inhabitants of the globe, that it is impossible not to look upon them as being really related to each other, and as representing an early variation, if not the primitive type of mankind, which once spread widely over all the tropical portions of the eastern hemisphere. Successive incursions of the lighter-colored, smooth-haired races seem to have exterminated them in many of the areas they once inhabited, while in some widely scattered spots a few scanty remnants continue to exist. Two important groups, however, remain predominant in regions very far apart, but each well suited to their vigorous development. The negro of Africa has been made the servant of the more civilized races from the earliest periods of history, and is better known to us than any other uncivilized people; while the Papuan or Melanesian, inhabiting a group of tropical islands on the other side of the globe, still remains a mere shadowy name to the great majority of English readers. We proceed now to point out the chief physical and mental characteristics, habits, and customs, of this interesting race as it exists in New Guinea, with occasional references to such modifications of it as occur in the other islands.

We now possess trustworthy descriptions of the Papuans as they exist at numerous localities scattered all round the extensive island they inhabit; and the substantial agreement of these descriptions renders it pretty certain that all belong to one race, exhibiting, it is true, considerable variations, and occasionally presenting undoubted signs of intermixture with other races, but always showing a decided predominance of true Papuan characteristics. In stature they present a medium between the short Malays and tall Polynesians, the average height varying at different parts of the coast from five feet two to five feet

eight inches. Some tribes in the interior are believed to be as dwarfish as the Negritos of the Philippines, while others are nearly equal to the tall Fijians, who are often considerably over six feet high. They are strong and muscular, but rather less finely formed than many of the Malayan and Polynesian tribes. Their color is usually a chocolate-brown, sometimes almost black, at others almost as light as some of the Malays. It is, however, by their features that they are best distinguished from all other races of men, and especially by the form and size of the nose. This is always large and long, usually arched as in the Jewish type, and, when well developed, with the extremity so lengthened as to hide the nostrils and overhang the upper lip. This peculiar characteristic is found more or less developed everywhere round the coast of New Guinea, so that almost every traveller speaks of the "Jewish features" — the "aquiline" or "arched" or "very prominent" noses — or makes use of other similar expressions, clearly showing that this is the typical Papuan feature, a fact which is further demonstrated by the unmistakable, though exaggerated, manner in which it is represented in all their images and carvings. The nose is also very thick and coarse, as is the case in almost all savage races, the alæ are very oblique, and the base is much depressed between the eyes, a character which reaches its maximum in the natives of New Caledonia and the New Hebrides, though the nose itself is with them somewhat shorter. The forehead is rather flat and retreating, the mouth large, and the lips full but not excessively thick; nor is there any marked prognathism. The combination of these peculiarities in various degrees, produces faces which are sometimes ugly and savage-looking, while others have so much the character of the Jew or Arab as to be really handsome. Comparing Papuans with typical negroes of equatorial Africa we find a radical difference in the small flat nose and very prominent jaws of the latter. In the south African races this difference is less pronounced. The Bechuanas and Natal Kaffirs have less prognathism and a straighter, better-formed nose, but this organ is always shorter and less arched than in the Papuan. The Hottentots have often well-formed features and sometimes have a considerable resemblance to the less typical Melanesians. The greatest resemblance, however, is to be found between the Negritos of the Philippines — who have short flat noses and somewhat

projecting jaws — and some of the dwarfish tribes of central Africa.

The Papuan contrasts strongly with Malays and Polynesians in being hairy-bodied and tolerably well bearded, but still more so by the wonderfully luxuriant growth of the hair of the head, which forms a dense mop often projecting six or eight inches from the skull. It is crisp, glossy, and very elastic, and each separate hair naturally curls itself up into a spiral of small diameter. The degree of twist and consequent woolliness of the hair seems to be dependent on its being oval or flattened instead of cylindrical. In the straight-haired races and in most Europeans the hair has a circular section which becomes slightly oval where it is naturally curly; but in the negro and Papuan it is much flattened, and has besides irregular, wavy margins, which seem to produce the strong, spiral twist. Those who possess a large mop of hair are very proud of it, keeping it continually combed out with a kind of bamboo fork, and using a narrow wooden pillow on which to rest the nape of the neck, so as to preserve the hair from being squeezed out of shape. It was long thought that the hair of these people possessed a peculiar character in growing in separate small tufts scattered uniformly over the scalp; but more accurate examination shows that it grows evenly over the surface of the head, and that the tufted appearance probably arises from the tendency of the spirally twisted hairs to mat together in small curly locks. The hair on the body and limbs, though very short, has the same appearance and a similar structure.

The dress of these people is very scanty, the men wearing the usual T bandage of bark-cloth, but in some cases only a shell, or even going absolutely naked; while the women always wear some kind of girdle from which is suspended a small apron of bark or a fringe of leaves. As with most savages, ornament is more attended to than dress, and is more used by the men than by the women. They often pierce the sides of the nose, sticking in them pieces of bone, feathers, or tusks of the wild pig. The ears are also pierced, and either shell earrings are worn, or sticks ornamented with feathers are stuck through the lobes. Necklaces of teeth or shells are common, and heavy rings of white shell or plaited bands of grass, or palm-leaf are worn on the arms. The hair of the men is always carefully attended to. It is combed with a kind of bamboo fork with four or five prongs, and this is usually

kept stuck in it both for convenience and ornament. Some tribes cut and trim, or plait the mop of hair into various helmet-like or other fantastic shapes, and all adorn it with combs, sticks, or feather ornaments. Suspended from the neck they often wear a small carved wooden figure with the Papuan features greatly exaggerated. As they freely part with these, they are probably mere ornaments or charms rather than idols or fetishes. Regular tattooing is unknown, except on the south-eastern peninsula where there is an infusion of Polynesian blood, but most of the men have raised marks produced artificially. These generally consist of a few short parallel lines on the arms or breast, and are said to be formed by gashes made with a sharp stone or bamboo, and the subsequent application of fire to make the skin swell up and leave a prominent scar. Painting the body is not generally practised, but some kind of stain producing a blue-black tinge has often been observed.

The houses of the New Guinea people are somewhat different in different localities, but the most general type is that found at Dorey Harbor. There is here a considerable village of large houses built on piles in the water in the usual Malay style, and houses similarly raised on posts (but loftier) are found on the hills some miles inland. Each of these houses is large and accommodates several families, and they are connected by continuous platforms of poles and bamboos, often so uneven and shaky that a European can with difficulty walk on them. A considerable space separates this platform from the shore, with which however it is connected by narrow bridges formed of one or two bamboos, supported on posts, and capable of being easily removed. A larger building has the posts carved into the rude forms of men and women, and is supposed to be a temple or council-house. This village is probably very like the pile villages of the stone age, whose remains have been found in the lakes of Switzerland and other countries. Similar houses are found in the Aru and Ké Islands, in Waigiou, and on the south-west coast; and they are also common on the south-east coast, sometimes standing in the water, sometimes on the beach above high-water mark. These houses are often a hundred feet long, and sometimes much more, and are occupied by ten or twenty families. On the Fly River similar large houses occur, but only raised a foot or two above the ground; while at the mouth of the Utanata River, on the south-west coast, a large, low house

was found a hundred feet long, and only six feet wide, with nineteen low doors; but this was evidently only a temporary seaside habitation of a tribe who had their permanent dwellings inland.

Finding these large houses, raised on posts or piles and common to many families, to prevail from one end of New Guinea to the other, both on the coast and inland, we are led to conclude that those described by Dr. Miklucho Maclay at Astrolabe Bay, on the northeast coast, are exceptional, and indicate the presence of some foreign element. The houses of the people among whom he lived were not raised on posts, and had very low walls, so that the somewhat arched roofs appeared to rise at once from the ground. They were of small dimensions, and seem to correspond pretty closely to those of the Admiralty Islands, New Britain, and New Ireland; so that this part of the coast of New Guinea has probably been colonized from some of the adjacent islands, a view supported by the fact that these people do not use bows and arrows, so general among all the true Papuans, and by other peculiarities. It is somewhat unfortunate that the only scientific man who has resided alone among these people for more than a year, for the express purpose of studying them exhaustively, should have hit upon a place where the natives are probably not true indigenes but an intruding colony, although perhaps long settled in the country. Dr. Miklucho Maclay will no doubt be quoted as the greatest living authority on the Papuans of New Guinea; and it is therefore very important to call attention to the fact that the people he so carefully studied are not typical of the race, and may not even be Papuans at all in the restricted sense in which it is usually applied to the main body of the aborigines of New Guinea.

The Papuans, as well as all the tribes of dark, frizzly-haired Melanesians, make pottery for cooking, thus differing from all the brown Polynesian tribes of the Pacific, none of whom are acquainted with this art. Of course the actual seat of manufacture will be dependent on the presence of suitable materials; but those who do not make it themselves obtain it by barter, so that earthenware cooking vessels appear to be in general use all over the island. Cups and spoons are made out of shells or cocoanuts, while wooden bowls of various sizes, wooden mortars for husking maize or rice, wooden stools used as pillows, and many other articles, are cut out and ornamented with great skill. A variety of

boxes are made of the split leaf-stalks of the sago palm, pegged together and covered with pandanus leaves, often neatly plaited and stained of different colors, so as to form elegant patterns. A variety of mats, bags, and cordage are made with the usual skill of savage people; and their canoes are often of large size and beautifully constructed, with high-peaked ends ornamented with carvings, and adorned with plumes of feathers.

The weapons chiefly used are spears of various kinds, wooden swords and clubs, and bows and arrows; the latter being almost universal among the true Papuans and most of the allied frizzly-haired races, while the Polynesians seem never to possess it as an indigenous weapon. It is very singular that neither the Australians, the Polynesians, nor the Malays should be acquainted with this weapon, while in all the great continents it is of unknown antiquity, and is still largely used in America, Asia, and Africa. Peschel, indeed, attempts to show that the Polynesians have only ceased to use it on account of the absence of game in their islands; but mammalia are almost equally scarce in the New Hebrides, where it is in constant use even in the smallest islands; while in Australia, where they abound, and where it would be a most useful weapon, it is totally unknown. We must therefore hold that the use of the bow and arrow by the Papuans is an important ethnological feature, distinguishing them from all the peoples by whom they are immediately surrounded and connecting them, as do their physical peculiarities, with an ancient wide-spread negroid type.

In their knowledge and practice of agriculture the Papuans show themselves to be far superior to the Australians, and fully the equals of the Polynesian races. They grow cocoanuts and breadfruit, and cultivate various kinds of yam, sweet potato, bananas, and sugarcane. Though possessing, for the most part, only stone axes, they clear the forest to make their plantations, which they carefully fence round to keep out the wild pigs. Looking at these clearings, at their houses, their canoes, their implements, weapons, and ornaments often elaborately carved, we must, as Dr. Maclay remarks, be struck with astonishment at the great patience and skill displayed by these savages. Their chief implement, the axe, consists of a hard grey, green, or white stone, made smooth and sharp by long grinding and polishing. A piece of the stem of a tree which has a branch passing off at an an-

gle, something like the figure 7, is hewn off, and upon the branch, which has been cut off short and shaven at the top, the stone is laid horizontally, and bound fast with split rattans or tough bark. Such an instrument requires to be used with great skill, only to be attained by practice, or the stone will be broken without producing any result. These savages can, however, with a stone axe having a cutting edge only two inches broad, fell a tree-trunk of twenty inches diameter, or carve really fine figures on a post or spear. Each adult man possesses one such axe, but in every village there are usually one or two larger two-handed axes, which are about three inches broad. These are considered exceedingly valuable, and are only used for cutting large trees for canoes or other important work. Fragments of flint and shells are used for finishing carved work and cutting the ornamental patterns on bamboo boxes, as well as for making combs, spoons, arrows, and other small articles. For cutting meat and vegetables a kind of chisel of bone and knives of bamboo are made use of. On the north-west and south-west coasts, where the people have long been in communication with Malay traders, they have iron tools and weapons, and cultivate also maize and a little rice and millet, and have the papaya as an additional fruit and vegetable; and they also grow tobacco, of which they make huge cigars. At Dorey they have learned to work iron, and make swords and choppers as well as iron points to their arrows and spears.

The daily food of these people consists of some of the vegetables already named, of which they have a pretty constant supply, together with fruits, fish, and occasionally the flesh of the wild pig, the cuscus, or of birds caught in snares or shot with arrows. They also eat shellfish, lizards, and almost every kind of large insect, especially beetles and their larvæ, which are eaten either raw or cooked. Having no salt, they mix sea-water with that in which they cook their food, and this is so highly esteemed that the people of the hills carry away bamboos full of salt water whenever they visit the coast.

The plantations are usually made at some distance inland for safety, and after the ground is cleared and fenced by the men, the cultivation is left almost wholly to the women, who go every day to weed and bring home some of the produce for the evening's meal. They have throughout the year a succession of fruits and vegetables either wild or cultivated, and are thus never half starved like the Aus-

traliens. On the whole the women are well treated and have much liberty, though they are considered as inferiors, and do not take their meals with the men. The children are well attended to, and the fathers seem very fond of their boys and often take them when very young on their fishing or hunting excursions.

As in the case of most other savages, we have very different and conflicting accounts of the character of the Papuans. Mr. Windsor Earl well remarks, that, whenever civilized man is brought into *friendly* communication with savages, the disgust which naturally arises from the first glance at a state of society so obnoxious to his sense of propriety, disappears before a closer acquaintance, and he learns to regard their little delinquencies as he would those of children; while their kindness of disposition and natural good qualities begin to be recognized. Thus many writers make highly favorable statements respecting the Papuan character and disposition; while those whose communications with them have been of a *hostile* nature are so impressed with their savage cunning and ferocity, and the wild-beast-like nature of their attacks, that they will not recognize in them any feelings in common with more civilized races.

Many of the early voyagers record nothing but hostility or treacherous murders on the part of the Papuans. Their visits were, however, chiefly on the north-west and south-west coasts, which the Malays have long been accustomed to visit not only for commerce but to capture slaves. This having become a regular trade, some of the more warlike coast tribes, especially those of Onin in McCluer's Inlet, have been accustomed to attack the villages of other tribes, and to capture their inhabitants, in order to sell the women and children to the Malays. It is not therefore surprising, that unknown armed visitors to these coasts should be treated as enemies to be resisted and if possible exterminated. Even Europeans have sometimes increased this feeling of enmity through ignorance of native habits and customs. Cocoanut-trees have been cut down to obtain the fruit, apparently under the impression that they grew wild and were so abundant as to be of little value; whereas every tree is considered as private property, as they supply an important article of food, and are even more valued than the choicest fruit-trees among ourselves. Thus Schouten, in 1616, sent a boat well armed to bring cocoanuts from a grove of trees near the shore, but the natives attacked the

Europeans, wounded sixteen of them, and forced them to retire. Commodore Roggewen, in 1722, cut down cocoanut-trees on the island of Moa on the north coast, which, of course, brought on an attack. At other times houses have been entered in the absence of their owners, a great offence in the eyes of all savage people and at once stamping the intruder as an enemy.

On the other hand Lieutenant Bruijn Kops, who visited the north-west coast of New Guinea in 1850, gives the following account of the inhabitants of Dorey:—

Their manners and customs are much less barbarous than might be expected. On the contrary they give evidence of a mild disposition, of an inclination to right and justice, and strong moral principles. Theft is considered by them as a grave offence, and is of very rare occurrence. They have no fastenings to their houses, yet seldom or never is anything stolen. Although they were on board our ship or alongside during whole days, we never missed anything. Yet they are distrustful of strangers until they become acquainted with them, as we experienced. This is probably less, however, a trait of their character than the result of intercourse with strangers who perhaps had frequently tried to cheat them. The men, it is true, came on board from the time of our arrival, but they were very cautious in letting any of the things they brought for sale out of their hands. The women were at first very fearful, and fled on all sides when they saw us, leaving behind what they might be carrying; but at length when they found they had no injury to dread from us they became more familiar. Finally, they approached without being invited, but remained timid. The children very soon became accustomed to us, and followed us everywhere.

Respect for the aged, love for their children, and fidelity to their wives, are traits which reflect honor on their disposition. Chastity is held in high regard, and is a virtue that is seldom transgressed by them. A man can only have one wife, and is bound to her for life. Concubinage is not permitted. Adultery is unknown among them. They are generally very fond of strong drink, but although they go to excess in this, I could not learn that they prepared any fermented liquor, not even *sago-weer* or *tuak* (palm wine). Kidnapping is general in these countries, and is followed as a branch of trade, so that there is no dishonor attached to it. The captives are treated well, are changed if there are any of theirs in the enemy's hands, or released on payment of a ransom, as was the case in Europe in the Middle Ages.

My own experience of the Papuans at Dorey, in 1858, agrees with this account; and as I lived there for four months with only four Malay servants, going daily un-

armed into the forest to collect insects, I was completely in their power had they wished to attack me. A remarkable proof of their honesty occurred to me at the island of Waigiou, where a man who had received payment in advance for red birds of paradise, brought back the money, represented by an axe, when after trying for several weeks he had failed to catch any. Another, who had received payment for six birds, brought me in the fifth two days before I was to leave the island, and immediately started off for the forest to seek another. Of course I never expected to see him again, but, when my boat was loaded, and we were just on the point of starting, he came running down to the beach holding up a bird, which he handed to me, saying with evident satisfaction,—"Now I owe you nothing." My assistant, Mr. Allen, venturing alone among the mountaineers of the north-west peninsula, found them peaceable and good-natured. Drs. Meyer and Beccari and Signor D'Albertis, penetrating inland beyond Dorey, were never attacked or seriously opposed; and Dr. Miklucho Maclay suddenly appearing at Astrolabe Bay, among people who seem never to have had any communication with Europeans, soon established friendly relations with them, although subject to great trials of temper and courage at the outset.

His experience with them is very instructive. They appeared at first distrustful and suspicious of his intentions, as well they might be. Sometimes they left him quite alone for days together, or kept him prisoner in the little hut he had had built for himself, or tried to frighten him by shooting arrows close to his head and neck, and pressing their spears against his teeth till they made him open his mouth. Finding, however, that he bore all these annoyances good-humoredly, and as a medical man took every opportunity of doing them services, they concluded he was a good spirit, a man from the moon, and thenceforth paid him great respect, and allowed him to go about pretty much as he pleased. This reminds us of the experience of the "Challenger" at Humboldt Bay, where it was decided not to stay, because some of the natives similarly drew their bows at the officers when away in boats. This was no doubt nervous work for the person threatened, but it was only a threat. Savages do not commence a real attack in that theatrical way, and if they had been met with coolness and their threats been laughed at or treated with contempt, such demonstrations would soon

have ceased. Of course it requires very exceptional courage and temper, not possessed by one man in a thousand, to do this; but the fact should be remembered that in many parts of the world such attempts to frighten Europeans have been adopted, but have never resulted in anything serious. Had the Papuans really wanted to rob and murder, they would have enticed the "Challenger" people on shore, where they would have had them completely at their mercy, whereas those who did go on shore were very civilly treated.

One of the most curious features noticed by Dr. Miklucho Maclay was the apparent absence of trade or barter among the people of Astrolabe Bay. They exchange presents, however, when different tribes visit each other, somewhat as among the New Zealanders, each party giving the other what they have to spare; but no one article seems ever to be exchanged for another of supposed equivalent value. On the whole, the Russian doctor seems to have found these people industrious, good-natured, and tolerably cleanly, living orderly lives, and conforming themselves strictly to the laws and customs which to them determine what is right.

Captain Moresby, Signor D'Albertis, Mr. O. C. Stone, and the missionaries who have recently explored the south-eastern extremity of New Guinea, have been greatly struck by the apparently quite distinct races they have found there. As far eastward as the head of the Gulf of Papua (on the east side of Torres Straits) the typical Papuans prevail, the natives of the Katow River being described as nearly black, with Jewish noses, and woolly hair, using bows and arrows, and living in houses a hundred feet long elevated on posts,—in all respects exactly agreeing with the prevalent type in the western portion of the island. But further east, about Redscar Bay and Port Moresby, and thence to East Cape, the people are lighter in color, less warlike, and more intelligent, with more regular European features, neither making bows nor (except rarely) pottery, and practising true tattooing by punctures,—all distinctly Polynesian characteristics. When to this we add that their language contains a large Polynesian element, it is not surprising that these people have been described as a totally distinct race, and have been termed Malays or Malayo-Polynesians. We fortunately possess several independent accounts of these tribes, and are thus able to form a tolerably good idea of their true characters.

Captain Moresby, speaking of the inhabitants of that large portion of the eastern peninsula of New Guinea discovered and surveyed by him, says:—

This race is distinctly Malayan; but differs from the pure Malay, being *smaller in stature*, coarser in feature, *thicker-lipped*, with *less hair on the face*, being in fact almost beardless. The hair on the head is also *more frizzled*, though this may result from a different dressing. These men have high cheek-bones like the pure Malay; their noses are inclined to be aquiline and sometimes very well formed. Amongst them are met many men with light hair, and what struck us as a peculiarly *Jewish cast of features*. They rise to a height of from five feet four inches to five feet eight inches, are sinewy though not muscular, *slight, graceful, and cat-like* in the pliability of their bodies.*

This description clearly shows that by "Malay" Captain Moresby means "Polynesian," the characters mentioned being in almost every respect directly the opposite of those of the true Malays, as indicated by the words and phrases here placed in italics. And even as compared with the typical brown Polynesians, the frizzled hair, aquiline noses, and Jewish cast of features are all Papuan characteristics.

Mr. Octavius C. Stone describes the Motu tribe who inhabit the coast districts about Redscar Bay and Port Moresby as somewhat shorter than the Papuans to the westward, and of a color varying from light brown to chocolate. The hair varies from nearly straight to woolly, often being frizzled out like that of the typical Papuan. The hair on the face is artificially eradicated, and they are thus made to appear beardless. The nose is aquiline and thick, and in a small percentage of the men the Jewish type of features appears. The adjacent tribes differ somewhat. The Koiari, Ilema, and Maiva are generally darker in color; while the Kirapuno are lighter. These last live near Hood Point, and are the handsomest people in New Guinea. Their hair is of a rich auburn, often golden in the children, growing in curls or ringlets. It is this tribe that keep their villages in such excellent order, with well-kept gardens in which they even cultivate flowers. Mr. Lawes says: "We were all amazed at the cleanliness, order, and industry, which everywhere declared themselves in this model New Guinea village. The men are physically very fine and the women good-looking. One of the belles

* Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, vol. xlv., p. 163.

of the place had no less than fifty-four tortoise-shell earrings in her two ears, and her nose pierced too."*

Speaking of all these tribes as forming essentially one race, Mr. Stone says, that they are a merry, laughter-loving people, fond of talking, and loving a joke, hot of temper, and quick to resent a supposed injury,—all of which are Polynesian or Papuan as opposed to Malayan characteristics. They are clean in their habits, and particularly so in their eating. When allowed liberties they do not fail to take advantage; and, at Port Moresby in particular, they are accomplished thieves, inveterate liars, confirmed beggars, and ungenerous to a degree, so that, even if starving, they would give you nothing without an equivalent. This condemnation, however, does not apply to the interior tribes who have not yet been demoralized by European visitors. Both sexes are vain of their outward appearance, oiling their bodies, and adorning themselves with shells, feather and bone ornaments; and on all festive occasions each tries to outvie the other in his or her toilet. Their dress is like that of the Papuans, a T bandage for the men, a fringe of leaves for the women, but the latter are more carefully made than among the more savage tribes. They practise true tattooing, the women especially being often highly ornamented with complex patterns on the body and limbs, and occasionally on the face also, but wanting the elegant curves and graceful designs which characterize Polynesian tattooing.† Their weapons are spears, shields, stone clubs, and hatchets, one tribe only — the Ilema — making bows and arrows. In like manner the Motu tribe only make pottery, which the other tribes obtain from them by barter. They use drilling machines with a spindle wheel and cord, like the Polynesians. The houses, whether on the shore or inland, are raised on piles, but are small as compared with those of the Papuans, each accommodating one or two families only.

Intellectually these people are considerably advanced. They can reckon up to a million. They use the outstretched arms as a unit to measure by. They divide the year into thirteen months, duly named, and reckoned from the new moons. The four winds and many of the stars have names, as well as every tree, shrub, flower, and even each well-marked grass and fern.

* Journal kept by Mr. Lawes, *Times*, November 27, 1876.

† See figures illustrating the Rev. W. Turner's article on "The Ethnology of the Motu," in the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, 1878, p. 480.

They prefer fair to dark people, and are thus disposed to like and admire the white races. The children are very merry, and have many toys and games. The Rev. W. Turner tells us that they make small windmills of cocoanut leaves, and are well versed in the mysteries of cat's-cradle; while spinning a button or round piece of shell on a cord, and keeping a bladder in the air by patting it with the hands, are favorite games. They also amuse themselves with miniature spears and bow and arrows, catching fish, which they cook for themselves on the shore. They are left to do what they like, and know nothing of the tasks of school, the troubles of keeping their clothes clean, or the miseries of being washed — troubles that vex the lives of almost all civilized children. According to Mr. Turner, the villages of the Motu are by no means clean, all manner of filth being left about unheeded; and as this agrees with most other descriptions, we must conclude that the model village already referred to is quite exceptional in its cleanliness and order.

Mr. Turner thinks the Motu are colonists from some other land, while he considers the Koiari of the interior to be "evidently the aborigines of this part of New Guinea." Mr. Stone, on the other hand, classes them together as slightly differing tribes of the same race, the one being a little more advanced than the other; and he considers the whole eastern peninsula of New Guinea to be peopled by a race of Polynesian blood, who, in some far distant time, found their way to the coast, intermingled with the native Papuan tribes, and gradually drove them westward. There has thus resulted a number of separate tribes, showing various degrees of intermixture, the Polynesian blood predominating on the coast, the Papuan in the interior; one small tribe alone, the Kirapuno, being more distinctly Polynesian. How complete is the intermixture, and how difficult it is to determine the limits of the two races, is shown by the opinion of Mr. S. M'Farlane, who says, that though he at first thought the people of Katow River and those of Redscar Bay to be quite distinct, the former Papuan and the latter Malayan (or more properly Polynesian), yet, after five years' acquaintance with them, he believes them to be of the same race; while he considers the tribes of the interior to be distinct, and to be true Papuans. The coast people he thinks to be the result of an intermixture of Malays, Polynesians, Arabs, Chinese, and Papuans.

Dr. Comrie (of the surveying ship "Basilisk") believes that all the tribes on the north-east coast, from East Cape to Astrolabe Bay, are Papuans; but his description of them shows that they have a slight infusion of Polynesian blood, and many Polynesian customs. One thing is very clear, that neither in physical nor mental characteristics do these people show any resemblance whatever to Malays, who are a very different race from the Polynesian. The graceful figures, the woolly or curly hair, the arched noses, the use of tattooing, the ignorance of pottery-making, the gay and laughter-loving disposition, the talkativeness of the women, the lying, thievishness, and beggary, widely separate them from the Malay; while all these peculiarities support the view of their being a race formed by a mixture of Polynesian men with Papuan or Melanesian women, the former having perhaps arrived in successive waves of immigration, thus causing the coast tribes, and those nearest the eastern end of the island, to be more distinctly Polynesian in character than those inland and towards the west.

Returning now to the dark Papuan tribes of the remainder of New Guinea, we find that here also there is some difference of opinion. Owing to the coast tribes being usually at war with those of the interior, these latter have been described by them as a different race, and have been called by the Dutch and other writers Alfuros* or Harafuras, a term applied to any wild people living in the interior of a country, as opposed to the coast tribes. This has led many writers to class the natives of New Guinea into Papuans and Harafuras, terms which are still sometimes used, but which are quite erroneous as implying any physical difference or any distinction of race. Dr. Meyer, who has seen much of the people of the north-west coast, considers that there is no difference of the slightest importance between the coast and inland tribes, but such as occur in every race. Dr. Miklucho Maclay concludes that the Papuan stock consists of numerous varieties, with no sharp lines of demarcation. Dr. Beccari, however, differs somewhat from the preceding writers; and as he explored a great range of country, and made repeated visits to the western half of New Guinea, his opinion is entitled to great weight. He thinks there are three distinct types of Papuans. One

* The term is derived from the Portuguese *fora*, out or outside; Alfuros being applied to tribes out of or beyond the settlement on the coast. (Windsor Earl's "Papuans," p. 62.)

is dwarfish, with short, woolly hair, skin almost or quite black, nose much depressed, forehead extremely narrow and slanting, and with a brachycephalous cranium; these he terms Oriental negroes or primitive Papuans. They do not now exist as a race but are scattered among the interior tribes, and their description accords very closely with that of the Negritos of the Philippines and the Semangs of the Malay Peninsula. The next are the typical Papuans, who are most widely spread, and present most of the characteristic features we have already described. The last are the Mafu or Mafor Papuans who inhabit Dorey and the shores and islands of Geelvink Bay, and are probably scattered all round the western coasts. They form the highest type, with fine Jewish or European features, a better intellect, and a somewhat more advanced civilization. These people divide the year into lunar months each with a proper name, and have names for the four cardinal points, for many stars, and for entire constellations. Dr. Beccari believes them to be the result of an intermixture (at a remote epoch) of Hindoo or Caucasian blood with the indigenes of the island, and he even traces a connection between their rude mythology and that of the Hindoos.

A curious point of physiological detail may here be noticed as lending some support to this theory. Almost all observers have remarked, that the fully developed Papuan mop of hair is not a general feature in any of the tribes, but occurs sporadically over a wide area, is highly valued by its possessors, and from its extreme conspicuousness is always noticed by travellers. No other *race* of people in the world possesses this character at all; but, strange to say, it appears very fully developed among the Cafusos of Brazil. These are a mixed race, the produce of negro and Indian parents, and their enormous wigs of frizzly hair have been described by Spix and Martius, and are known to most South American travellers. Still more interesting is the appearance of a similar peculiarity among the Arab tribes of Taku in eastern Africa, where mixtures of negro and Arab blood are very common.* It is well known that hybrid and mongrel characters are liable to great variation, and are very uncertain in their appearance or degree of development. If, therefore, the higher type of Papuans are the result of a re-

* Waitz's Anthropology. English translation, vol. i., p. 175.

mote intermixture of Hindoos or Arabs with the indigenous Papuans, we can account both for the appearance of the great mop of frizzly hair and for its extremely unequal development; and it is not improbable that the Jewish and greatly elongated nose may have a similar origin.

If we now take account of all the evidence yet obtained, we seem justified in concluding that the great mass of the inhabitants of New Guinea form one well-marked race — the Papuan — varying within comparatively narrow limits, and everywhere presenting distinctive features which separate it from all other races of mankind. The only important deviation from the type occurs in the south-eastern peninsula, where a considerable Polynesian immigration has undoubtedly taken place, and greatly modified the character of the population. At other points immigrants from some of the surrounding islands may have formed small settlements, but it is a mistake to suppose that there are any Malay colonies on the south-west coast, though some of the natives may have adopted the Malay dress and some of the outward forms of Mahometanism.

If we look over the globe for the nearest allies of the Papuans, we find them undoubtedly in equatorial and southern Africa, where alone there is an extensive and varied race of dark-colored, frizzly-haired people. The connecting links are found in the dwarfish, woolly-haired tribes of the Philippines, the Malay Peninsula, and the Andaman Islands; and, taking these altogether, we may well suppose them to represent one of the earliest, if not actually the most primitive type of man. It is customary to consider the Australians to be a lower race, and they undoubtedly are so intellectually, but this by no means proves that they are more primitive. The Australian's hair is fine and glossy like our own; and no one can look at a good series of photographs of natives without being struck with the wonderful resemblance many of them bear to countenances familiar to us at home, coarse and brutalized indeed, but still unmistakably similar.

We must also take note of the fact that the two great woolly-haired races are almost entirely confined within the tropics, and both attain their highest development near the equator. It is here that we should expect the primitive man to have appeared, and here we still find what may well be his direct descendants thriving best. We may, perhaps, even look on the

diverse types of the other great races as in part due to changes of constitution adapting them to cooler climates and changed conditions; first, the Australians and the hill tribes of central India, who once perhaps spread far over the northern hemisphere, but have been displaced by the Mongoloid type, which flourishes at this day from the equator to the pole. These, again, have been ousted from some of the fairest regions of the temperate zone by the Indo-Europeans, who seem only to have attained their full development and highest vigor when exposed to the cold winds and variable climate of the temperate regions.

If this view is correct, and the Papuans really form one branch of the most primitive type of man which still exists on the globe, we shall continue to look upon them with ever-increasing interest, and shall welcome every fact relating to them as important additions to the history of our race. The further exploration of their beautiful and luxuriant island, will, it is to be hoped, be vigorously pursued, not only to obtain the mineral, vegetable, and animal treasures that still lie hid in its great mountain ranges, but also to search for the remains of primeval man in caves or alluvial deposits, and thus throw light on the many interesting problems suggested by the physical peculiarities and insular position of the Papuan race.

ALFRED R. WALLACE.

THE BRIDE'S PASS.

BY SARAH TYTLER,

AUTHOR OF

"WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FULL MOON AND WHAT ITS LIGHT ACCOMPLISHED.

MRS. MACDONALD calmly communicated to her husband and daughter, the day after the picnic, what she had heard from Lady Jean of Frank Tempest's great expectations.

It was a matter of no importance to the family at the Manse, unless, indeed, in the interests of humanity in general. In that light Mrs. Macdonald referred to the fact repeatedly, and took to dilating — not on that day alone, but on many succeeding days — on the great responsibility which rested on a boy like Frank Tempest, or rather on his seniors, his friends and guar-

dians, for him, that he might be brought up to use worthily the influence which should one day be his.

Mrs. Macdonald was so impressed with this obligation that she began to see and admit more than she had ever done before that the Moydarts, with all their merits and friendliness, were worldly people. In proof of it one had only to take their withdrawal in a former generation from the revered Presbyterian Church of Scotland, for which, Mrs. Macdonald remarked vaguely but cuttingly, their ancestors had fought and bled. The Moydarts' profession of the Episcopal form of worship, which Lord Moydart and Lady Jean did not overturn, was a foreign element of debasement and decay in the Christian religion of the country, that had always been a personal grievance to Mrs. Macdonald, though it implied no slight to her husband's ministry, since Castle Moydart was not in his parish. Now the offence haunted and harassed her perpetually.

It was in vain for the minister to remind the inquisitor that the Moydarts for the last hundred years had been educated at English schools and universities, had married English wives, and spent the greater part of the year on their English property or in London, so that naturally their associations, notwithstanding a little Highland enthusiasm in the shooting season, were thoroughly English. Mr. Macdonald asserted, further, that the English minister up at Foulknapp, whom he was happy to call his friend, was a good man and a good Christian, though he held rather by Martin Luther and Thomas Cranmer than by John Calvin and John Knox; and certainly Lord and Lady Moydart might do a great deal worse than listen to Mr. Philpott every Sabbath—or Sunday, in their phraseology, and in that of Christendom in general. But the minister's remonstrances were to no purpose.

Mrs. Macdonald had not expected to transfer to her husband and daughter the impression made on herself by Frank Tempest's prospects, and she did not love and respect them the less for their indifference. Because this was no hardened woman of the world; this was a creature of higher aspirations and nobler aims, which at this very moment were waging so fierce a war within her as to increase tenfold the asperity which was becoming more and more prominent in her character. Mrs. Macdonald had never been so un-resting in her ministrations in the parish, so hard to please in household service, so stern in her requirements as to church

attendance and religious exercises in her followers, ay—here was a pathetic paradox—so fervent in her own devotions, as she showed herself this autumn. She conveyed a greater idea than ever of austere saintliness to her awed and admiring world.

Frank Tempest had got the introduction to Mr. Macdonald which he had desired, and had proved so modest and ardent an embryo naturalist as well as sportsman, that the minister, besides wishing that Donald of Drumchatt had the English student's thews and sinews, took a real liking to the lad, quite irrespective of his being in days to come

chief of Errington
And lord of Langley-dale.

It was a double triumph to Mrs. Macdonald when young Tempest deserted the English chapel up at Foulknapp, and appeared Sabbath after Sabbath for the English part of the service in Fearnavoil kirk. Sometimes he occupied one of the heritors' pews, for the most part given over to servants. But more frequently he was under the shadow of the pulpit, in the minister's seat, to which he had a gracious general invitation from Mrs. Macdonald. It would be hard to say what particular benefit, beyond the present imbibing of the soundest of doctrines, she intended to confer on the coming squire of broad acres by thus decoying him from the Church of his fathers. It was hardly likely that she followed out in spirit all the consequences of his announcing himself a Presbyterian and Dissenter in England. It was even doubtful whether she might not arrive at the conclusion adopted by one of her kings, that on that foreign soil Presbyterianism was not the religion for a "gentleman."

Frank Tempest had to make acquaintance with the bare kirk, the simple service, the unmistakable individual solemnity of many of the worshippers, even while they bent in what was to him the most lounging of attitudes over the high seat-backs, while the minister delivered his extempore prayers. He had to grow familiar with the unanimous and hearty, though rough and discordant, following, on the part of the congregation, of the tuneful but unsophisticated precentor, who formed the quaintest figure after that of Malise Gow. Frank had to discern the deliberate, critical attention with which the rustic listeners prepared, not only to follow, but to call back, and sit in judgment, if necessary, on the minister they trusted and loved, with

regard to his treatment of the "fundamentals" in his sermon.

In the circumstances Frank took kindly to the novelties. He put a mark in at a particular psalm which in the Scotch version was new to him (as so many other things were), and showed it to Unah one day when he had been suffered to walk with her as far as the Manse garden. "Do you know, I think what was sung this morning described the minister," he said.

The lines were, —

His heart is pure, his hands are clean,
And unto vanity
He hath not lifted up his soul,
Nor sworn deceitfully.

Her father was too much a part of herself, and the shy Scotch girl's filial feelings were too sacred, for Unah to make an audible response. As to accepting the application either coolly or cordially and beginning to praise her father to the young stranger, Unah could not do it. She would sooner have praised herself. She would almost as readily have proclaimed her religious experiences, and she would have sunk into the ground before she had divulged the last. She puzzled the English speaker by looking put out at his impetuous suggestion. Yet in her heart she was keenly touched and deeply gratified by it.

What had the moon to do with the close, short intimacy that sprang up between Frank Tempest and Unah Macdonald? A good deal that was distinct from its sentimental influence. The moon, the very stars, are a great social institution to this day in some of the remoter districts of the Highlands. One of the marvels which Unah made known to the admiring young Englishman, was that there was still a species of visiting regulated by the stars, that went on among the old women — the *cailliachs*, who travelled far for the purpose. The meetings were held with the joint object of spinning and knitting, and gossiping in company, and the programme included the crooning of certain prescribed Gaelic ditties, while the gatherings were fixed by immemorial custom to take place when certain glittering constellations hung overhead in the sky. The minister said the whole thing was as unmistakable a relic of heathen worship, as the blazing bonfires which had once shone like glowing red carbuncles on the summits of Ben Voil and the Tuaidh, on Beltane eve, had been. But the celebrators of the rite had long lost the knowledge of its original significance and kept it in innocence of any

LIVING AGE. VOL. XXV. 1297

idolatrous practice, so that he could not agree with his wife in the opinion that he was called on to interfere and put it down. The set in which Frank Tempest and Unah Macdonald moved were not so dependent on the state of the weather and the light of the moon for their festivities as were the circle of the *cailliachs* and the old men of Fearnavoil. There were carriages and coachmen at the service of the former. Still the scene was the Highlands and the time fifteen years ago. A little consideration for their horses' lives and their own caused the quarters of the moon to be taken into account even in the chief period of the intercourse of the gentry of the country in early autumn. A week of fine weather and bright moonlight had often a large amount of neighborly visiting compressed within its seven days and nights.

Even the engrossing occupations of the season in the grouse-shooting, the deer-stalking, the drawing of the salmon nets, when they were conducted on a grand and social scale, did not leave the age of the moon altogether out of count. Thus there was always a great fishing-party on Loch Moydart, ending in a dinner at the castle while it was full moon. The Hopkinses at the Frean followed suit, and had a deer-stalking day on which Mr. Hopkins could afford to hire all the disengaged ghillies and drive in the herds in his forest to afford sport for his friends. The ladies and, to tell the truth, Mr. Hopkins and some men of his standing, who had no ambition to try their wind or afford a handle to their gout by a mad first attempt, late in life, to spiel braes and wade through bogs, only saw the sport from a distance, at which the sportsmen looked like so many flies hanging on the face of a mountain. But to compensate the excluded members of the party for their deprivation, the day's toils and glories ended in a splendid tableau eagerly got up by Laura, with the aid of her æsthetic brother, and of which the idea was taken from a painting by Landseer that had its origin in the highest quarter. The living picture consisted in the return of the deer-stalkers by mingled twilight and torchlight, and the display of their spoils on the lawn, prior to the company's dressing for dinner. "It was as good as a bit of a fancy ball," before the evening party commenced, Laura declared, and indeed it was all fancy to Laura.

Even the manse had its entertainment in keeping with the practice of the times, and to vindicate its title to be regarded as a country house, among such country

houses as Castle Moydart and the Fearn. The minister's glebe was not a bad bit of country for "birds," as some of his friends among the semi-aristocratic Glasgow merchants and Edinburgh lawyers of Highland descent, and the dons of Scotch universities, knew right well, though the minister himself had long renounced the gun of the young laird of Craighdhu, and confined his sport to fishing, under protest, in the Fearn and its tributaries. Mr. Macdonald was quite willing to offer his moor to the neighborhood, as well as to the guns in his house, for a day's shooting, and to give his countenance to his wife's luncheon at the nearest point to the manse among the bracken — already offering the hectic contrast of its sere straw color and russet, to the deepening red flush of the heather. After the luncheon there was generally a little dinner to a favored few of Mrs. Macdonald's selection, sometimes an equally choice evening party given by the lady who, on her worldly side — in truth on her spiritual side also — was the most exclusive of women.

The unusual intrusion of the world with such a simultaneous burst of gaiety in the Highland parish which led so quiet a life for the rest of the year, was a little disturbing and exciting to the maturest and best-balanced natures. And if even Mrs. Macdonald declared herself unhinged by the experience, and set herself to repent in sackcloth and ashes for what she not only consented to as a class obligation, but countenanced and promoted, a girl like Unah might be forgiven for being carried away by the current. She was not fond of county society as a rule. She would have been more content to visit with her father than her mother, for there was nothing unsocial in the girl, who yet shrank from all display and pretence. But in the autumn gaieties of Fearnavoil there was a breath of the mountains and the moors. There were wilful lapses into unconventionality, as at the Kettle of Fish in the pass. There were broad contrasts and a picturesque glamor of theatricality — to one who had never been in a theatre during all the twenty-one years of her life — as in the return from deer-stalking at the Fearn, so Unah enjoyed the interlude with a girl's relish.

This year she had a double delight in the series of entertainments, though Donald Drumchatt was more than once slightly ailing and unable to form one of the party. But he was not worse than usual, and she was used to his being delicate and frequently disqualified from sharing in her

pleasures. Poor Donald! it became all the more incumbent on her to take part, as far as her foolish shyness would let her, in whatever was going on, and to carry him the liveliest accounts of the doings. His absence did not spoil her pleasure. Why should it, when Donald was philosophical, and entertained himself tolerably well with his "bailie's" accounts, his newspapers, and his music?

And in the room of Donald Drumchatt she had Frank Tempest, who was not so bent on sport — though he was a keen sportsman, as he was wild to learn all Highland fashions, in order to conduct himself like a born Highlander.

He might have been satisfied with Lord Moydart and Lady Jean for his instructors, but he showed his discrimination in recognizing them, with all their zeal, to be only half Highlanders, and in giving a delicate preference to Unah and the minister of Drumchatt, as fitter authorities to guide him in his commendable pursuit of knowledge.

Unah actually thought herself called upon to be Frank's special prompter, since her father and Donald were not always to be found, and she was proud of the progress of her pupil. It was not to say that her engagement to Donald Drumchatt served to blunt her perceptions and blind her to ulterior and quite distinct consequences, out of the sphere of any "Highland society" investigations which might be the result of her intimate association for a couple of months with Frank Tempest. Even without Donald, had he not been in the category, the absolutely sincere young woman, still childish with all her sense and intelligence, would not have seen beforehand any motive save the literal reason for their friendship.

Frank Tempest knew better. He formed the exception to the rule of lads younger in mind than girls of the same years. Frank was older in character, and much older in strength of will, than Unah Macdonald; she would have no cause to say, like Lady Jean, that she could not reverence him. He was perfectly aware of the nature of his feelings from the first moment he had seen her, he told himself; for Unah Macdonald stood apart from all other girls to him. She was as a goddess in that much-abused white frock, which served her both for morning and evening wear, and was still less varied than Petrarch's Laura's limited wardrobe — her green gown with violets, and her purple with feathers. Where was the need for change, when no dress could add to or

impair the goddess's perfections? Less perfect girls might gain by the aid of dress, but Unah was far above it. And there was an advantage in a distinguishing and lasting peculiarity of attire like this white gown, which he must always associate with summer in its prime in the glorious Scotch Highlands, as well as with the noble simplicity and spotless purity of Unah Macdonald. He had made up his mind what he should do. She was only a poor parson's daughter, and he was the heir of the old Dukes of Wiltshire — not that he was such a snob as to be always keeping his descent and expectations in mind. For that matter, she was the most perfect lady he had ever met, as well as the sweetest, loveliest, wisest, truest-hearted of mortal maidens. He was not deserving of so peerless a partner; but what man scruples on his deserts in such a question?

Frank Tempest's passion — calf-love if you will — had survived the anti-climax of the information that Unah Macdonald was engaged in marriage to her cousin, Donald Drumchatt. At first he had felt stunned and miserable under the blow. He had absented himself for days — after an open and boyish mode, at which an older person might have smiled half wistfully, half cynically — from Castle Moydart, and from any chance of an encounter with Unah. He had betaken himself to the farthest-off, most desolate lochs, and the least accessible and dreariest recesses of the deer forest. He was not sulking, as Lady Jean had been tempted to guess. He was trudging long miles in order to walk down, in the strength and fever of his youthful rebellion, the pang of his disappointment and the pitifulness of his rue for himself, in what was to the hitherto favored, fortunate lad, the blight that had suddenly fallen upon the flower of his days and fortunes.

But Frank Tempest's very youth, which made him feel so acutely the suffering, light in its sentimentality to his hardened seniors, together with the elasticity of a temperament not only full of untried pluck, but with a dash of doggedness even in its youth, made him think better of the circumstances. This engagement of Unah Macdonald's was, after all, problematical; that was the most that could be said of it. It was always spoken of in the same breath with doubtful allusions to the precarious health of the poor fellow who was the necessary pendant to Unah, and to the early deaths and settled doom of Drumchatt's house, causing a reservation in the gossips' anticipations, and apparently preventing either Drumchatt or any one else

from being particularly eager to bring the affair to a conclusion. The result was that Donald Drumchatt and Unah Macdonald were more like brother and sister than plighted lovers.

Frank Tempest made up his bold, rash young mind a second time. The engagement was a family compact, probably contemplated from the childhood of the two, and which would never come to anything. Certainly, so far as he himself was concerned, there should be no realization of the prospect. He was sorry enough for Drumchatt, or for any other poor young fellow set apart for premature decline and death. But what sort of bridegroom was he to match with a bride like Unah Macdonald? There was sacrilege in so much as thinking of such a union. Donald Drumchatt became the monster from whose fangs Frank, as Perseus, was to deliver his Andromeda. In the end, and viewed as Frank Tempest brought himself to regard it, the barrier only lent the additional zest of opposition which might otherwise have been lacking to the pursuit.

For Frank Tempest was to a great extent his own master. No wrath of the representative of the Delavals, who had a life interest in the Wiltshire estates, not the combined strategy of a host of lawyers, could virtually affect Frank's future prospects. And even if it had been otherwise, the lad had a nature which already showed a manly, no less than a wilful, inclination to grapple with and overcome rather than be repulsed by difficulties.

Nobody interfered between the couple, who were always together in these August and September days. Lady Moydart would have derided any danger, had it been hinted to her, from the minister's daughter for Frank Tempest. It was no business of Lady Jean's, though she had really given timely warning to more than one person concerned. Further, she was like a mischievous kitten in many respects, in spite of her worldly wisdom, her formed manners, and her ease in society. She had a mind to regard with more amusement and curiosity than any other feeling the drama that was being played out before her. Some allowance was to be made for her in the standards under which she had been brought up. The earl, a much older man, who ought to have had more human consideration, having acquired an inkling of what was not in his province, contented himself with the conviction, in the middle of his Highland chivalry, that Frank Tempest was getting rid rather safely of his spare juvenile susceptibility,

and that, as the Highland season would soon be over, and Miss Macdonald was engaged to Donald Drumchatt, no harm would come of a boy's folly.

Laura Hopkins, however provoked, was too gentle to open anybody's eyes.

And no eyes were more thoroughly sealed by the blindness of complete confidence, and by his own self-importance, than those of Donald Drumchatt. He was not always on the stage of events, to watch over his own interests. But when Donald was present his vanity was flattered rather than aggrieved, by young Tempest's un-concealed homage to Unah. She was so indisputably Donald's that the admiration was almost a compliment to himself. It was certainly a tribute to the excellence of his choice, and the superiority of Unah to Lady Jean and Laura Hopkins. With the gratification derived from this confirmation of his opinion, Donald could spare his cousin to inaugurate the young Englishman into the customs of the country, and to impress him still further with the unapproachable gifts and graces of a true Highland woman who had never been beyond the gates of the Highlands. Out of the Highlands there were not many girls remaining, even fifteen years ago, like Jean Macaulay, the minister's daughter, whom Mr. Babington, the young southern squire, carried off to the family mansion in which the future historian of England was born.

The minister was as guileless as the greatest baby that would play with fire, and he was still more conspicuous by his absence than by his presence where gay expeditions and dignified entertainments were concerned — though he rarely failed at a marriage supper any more than at a funeral feast, hardly ever at a family tea-drinking to which his parishioners chose to invite him.

Mrs. Macdonald was the person who could have interposed with the least awkwardness and the greatest effect; she was the mother who had guarded Unah jealously from her infancy. She was also the adopted mother and early gracious patron of Donald Drumchatt in his suit. She was the strict model of propriety; she was the rebuker of every shadow of indiscretion in the parish; she was not absent; she was not blind. But she remained quiet, clasping her hands tightly and looking with a nervous rigidity of non-notice over the heads of the actors.

It was as if she had first bound her daughter hand and foot, and then let her

stray to the verge of a precipice for the desperate chance that if she fell she might alight on a bed of roses. Possibly Mrs. Macdonald spoke peace to herself, and grew vehemently sophistical, in the keenness of the contest within her, to reconcile herself to the part she was playing. She could say that she had not interfered; she did nothing to throw the young people together; very likely they would have gone their own way and met their fate in spite of her utmost efforts. Life took a new form, and tended to another result without any help of hers. What was she that she could control destiny (or was it Providence?) thus unexpectedly, by no deed of Mrs. Macdonald's, circumventing her plans, transforming her very ideas, working out another future for Unah who might be the Lord's instrument in guiding Frank Tempest to higher ends, and helping him to dispense worthily his great inheritance. Even poor Donald was lending himself unawares to the catastrophe. Nay, Mrs. Macdonald might be driven to cry — in that strangely material superstition which she had at once scorned and condemned in her neighbors, that — if Ben Voil and the Tuaidh, in their vastness and greatness, gave no sign of interest in human affairs, though they were those of their own children — still the pitying skies, the all-seeing moon and stars in their courses fought against Donald Drumchatt, and for Frank Tempest, since there had never been finer weather in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, or a more unclouded hunters' moon than that which shed such beauty on Fearnavoil this autumn.

It is hard for a sober chronicler to tell in cool rational words how Frank Tempest was spell-bound and fast passing into a craze, what with his hot blood, his bad habit of having his own way — not that it had been a bad way hitherto — his lively imagination, and the novelty and delight of all that was bold, free, and wild in nature, and all that was strange, primitive, and daring in the life, and in the endless old legends which still made a great part of the life, around him. The whole was illustrated to him by the face which had won him more than any other face in the world — more than the dim recollection of the face of the dead mother who was little more than a sacred, tender dream of his childhood. Unah's was a face that to indifferent, even stolid people, had an untold story, and the thrill of the interest of a fate out of the common, in its lily-like freshness and fairness, in the unimpaired

simplicity which preserved the child in the woman, and in the earnestness that dwelt as largely in her gladness as in her gravity.

On Loch Moydart, a small loch that looked blue as the sky on a wintry night, and cold as a mountain well, sunk deep in its amphitheatre of hills, the Moydarts' guests ended a long, busy day's rowing, floating, fishing, and sketching, with the drawing of the salmon-nets by less amateur fishers in the most authentic of greased boots and striped jerseys. Their spoil in native livery of silver, white and pink, slate color and loveliest grey, speckled and freckled in the daintiest manner with olive and brown, was the flapping and floundering salmon-trout and perch. They were made to flash and gleam on the shaken surface of the water, and then to lie in a rich mass at the bottom of the boat, given up to the wet and scaly burden. And all was for the pleasure of the forayers of the loch.

Unah was in the same boat and on the same bench with Frank Tempest. It was she who interpreted to him the boatmen's speech among themselves as to winds and currents, when they allowed him to take an oar to exercise his muscles, and earn their cautious approbation of his Eton and Cambridge strokes. Unah bore him company here, too, in more than her ready sympathy and simple pleasure in his prowess.

The boatmen let her row in turn with much less doubt than they had expressed with regard to his attempt. They knew that Miss Macdonald, Fearnavoil, could pull fairly for a lady, and that she was well acquainted with the loch, which she often crossed in her father's company.

Unah laughed merrily at his foolish care lest she should hurt her hands, and showed them to him with an approach to boasting. Those shapely little hands were supple, strong, and rustically brown with gardening as well as rowing; though she did not add, with lending help to the helpless, with kindling, with quick fingers—as at the picnic—Lachlan Dbhu's fire, and pleasing poor, querulous Babby Ruthven (Riven) by scouring, till they were like silver, Babby's mother's antique pewter dishes which would have formed a treasure for an antiquarian.

Unah translated—also for Frank's edification—she could not have done it for the behoof of the company in general, her bashfulness alone made all her communications with Frank perilously confidential—the tenor of the monotonous Gaelic song in

one minor key which those preternaturally solemn and tolerably conceited boatmen were at last persuaded to sing for the delectation of the party.

“It is no glorification of Moydart,” said Unah mischievously, “no Roderick vich Alpine—ho—ieroe,” referring to what she had heard Lady Jean say of his preparatory study of “The Lady of the Lake” in the early days of his stay in the Highlands. “It is only the lament over the failure of a particular potato crop which prevented Hamish from marrying Aileen.”

“Is there no romance, then, about Loch Moydart?” he asked. “It looks as if it deserved a story.”

“I suppose the early frost which withered prematurely the green ‘shaws’ of the potatoes that had bloomed with such beautiful purple and white flowers a month or two before—the song says all that—makes romance enough for the singers. But I have heard my father say Lord Moydart's sister once galloped on her brown mare across the loch when it was frozen hard in a severe winter. The same season my father himself crossed it walking at midnight, in order to take a short cut from Rory's on the Brae, where he had been summoned late to pray with a dying man. My father had no creature with him except his terrier Ghillie-oe (Yellow Boy). He was in a hurry, and he never thought of the loneliness of the situation and how far he was from human help in case of an accident, till the ice in the middle of the loch began to crackle under his feet, and Ghillie, who had crept close to his master's heels, in his sagacity, whined with terror.”

The speakers were not thinking of the present hour till they were recalled to it by a sudden crimson reflection on the face of the loch, broken into ripples and what the boatmen called very pretty “shentle” waves by the breeze. Even the ruffled water at their feet became tinged for a few seconds with a wavering red, while away at the distant edges of the loch the deep blue was converted for the same brief space into a violet-purple. Looking up, Frank Tempest and Unah saw billows of rose color and gold rolling across the western sky; there was an instantaneous shimmer on the face of the water, as of the sun's last kiss before he sank below the horizon; a shadow, soft and tender at first, but growing every second clearer and colder, descended on the landscape, and a moment's instinctive hush for the death of the day passed over the whole idling, jesting pleasure-party.

CHAPTER X.

THE MOON ENTERS HER THIRD QUARTER.

WHEN the deer-stalkers returned to the Frean, Unah was, as she felt, ungratefully glad that there was not only no glare of sunshine — there was hardly sufficient light, even in the lingering twilight of the north, to mingle with the red gleam of the torches, and bring out the pompous dimensions and white meanness of stuccoed perfection in the building that, under Mr. Hopkins's auspices, had replaced the long, low, weather-stained shooting-lodge of the Frean. Not only Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins, but Laura, still looked complacently on the change, and the most of Laura's brothers did not mind it, save in its gloss, because of its reasonable increase of accommodation and comfort. But the æsthetic young soft-goods man, Mr. Gerald Hopkins, went far beyond Unah in his regret for the desecration of the place. "I would have been content with a deer-sheiling," he protested mournfully; which was saying a good deal for a young man whose rooms in college and his sanctuary in the house in Lancashire were worth a small fortune in old china and Queen Anne's spindle-legged chairs and tables, and who was rendered miserable on a journey by the person whose duty it was to care for his wardrobe forgetting to pack up his dressing-gown. But it was not of Mr. Gerald Hopkins that Unah was thinking when she wished the tableau to be perfect, even more than the brother and sister desired the same happy consummation.

No doubt deer-shooting by means of a cordon was reduced to the level of a *battue*, with the same artificial character and suspicion of butchery which Unah was forced to despise and detest. For she had been brought up in the traditions of genuine sportsmen, who regarded toil, exposure, and self-denial as the very essence of their sport, and who were often as accomplished naturalists as her father was. Neither could she think it necessary that even "a stag of ten," honorably slain, should be brought home with an excess of parade, tending to cast ridicule on old justifiable Highland rejoicings.

But Unah was compelled to put up with the world as she found it. And at least Frank Tempest, for whose sake she hoped the performance might be good, did not make the cordon. He had honestly tramped and climbed and scrambled and held on by points of rock and tufts of heather. He had stretched himself flat on the hillside and lain till he was stiff

and cramped, waiting for a shot, not moving a finger to strike a match to light a cigar, lest twenty pointed ears on the alert should hear his lightest motion, even when the wind, blowing in the opposite direction, could not bear the subtle fumes of his cigar to noses as fine of scent as the ears were keen of hearing. At the same time he had not failed to observe a single crow which croaked above a patch of rock roses that bloomed beneath him. He had complied faithfully with every obligation of the game, and he had sprung up quick as lightning, and fired with so steady and sure an aim at the single moment of action given him, that he had received his reward. For it was he who had brought down the leader of the herd with the magnificent antlers, the principal excuse for all the glorification.

And Unah did wish that he who was so interested and eager about their Highland doings should see at its best the arranged impromptu on the beautiful lawn of the Frean, where the great pine-trees and larches, which had been happily spared, took the place of the mountains — only dimly visible, in casting long shadows on the moving groups below.

What assemblage would not look picturesque in the wonderful combination of light? Even Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins acquired a kind of stateliness as master and mistress of the white castle just revealed in the background; Laura and Lady Jean were like mountain sylphs fitting here and there; and every man, whether in trows or philibeg, appeared a chief or a dhuin-niewassel at the least.

The pile of game, consisting of a yellow fox, a capercaillie, a good many grouse, a fine roe-deer, crowned with Frank Tempest's trophy, might have been a contribution to the hunting expeditions of a Mar or of a Douglas and a Percy when the *miricath* seized the hunters, causing the woe of Chevy Chase to be sung for generations.

Unah went up and looked piteously on the chief victim of the day, with dun and dappled sides, tongue between its teeth, drooping head and glazed eyes, whose white chest would no longer cleave the wave, nor its fine, small hoof beat the heather.

A hurried voice said compunctiously in her ear, "Are you sorry? I was so proud when I brought him down, and I meant to keep his head and antlers, and to have his skin dressed and to offer it to you — though I dare say you have many like it — as a remembrance, if you cared to have

it, of the first stag I had shot. But if I had guessed you would have been sorry, I almost think I would not have fired."

"I almost think you would," said Unah in a tragi-comic tone. "He has but died as a stag should die, shot by a fitting foe-man. And if he was to be shot, I am not sorry that you were the foe-man," looking up at him with her shy, bright eyes. "I shall be proud of the skin! I shall put it beneath the piano, in the room of the old skin which Mr. Macdonald, Ballyrea, gave to my mother. What horns he has! Do you know, people used to believe there was poison in stags' horns!" and she told him one of the versions of the ballad of "Lord Ronald, my son," when the hero returned from his hunting with the ominous gash on his brow, and the despairing cry, —

O mak' my bed, mither,
I fain would lie down.

Laura and her brother Gerald would not have been satisfied if the show had not ended with the dancing of reels by the best dancers among the Hopkinses' kilted ghillies, in the space cleared for them.

"How well they dance!" cried Frank Tempest in wonder and admiration; not without a rueful consciousness of his own tired young legs, and a distinct recollection that before he turned into the Freen avenue and was told to fire off his gun with the others as a note of preparation to the cook (and with what a welcome sound these cracks reverberated in the evening air!) before he knew who was awaiting him on the lawn, he too, without the ample excuse of a gore from a stag and its numbing drowsy poison, had been tempted to anticipate what he had since heard was poor Lord Ronald's last petition. But these men sprang and span, "houched," and snapped their fingers, as if their bones and sinews were iron and whip-cord, and did not know what weariness meant. "I can dance reels," said Unah with a little elation, "though I never had any lessons from a dancing-master."

"Can you?" he questioned with involuntary incredulity, and drawing in his breath with a little awe, as if she had said she could scale Ben Voil where it was a rugged precipice, or that she had leapt across the Clerk's Pool in the Fearn which she had prevented him from attempting to cross. For even as the men danced, the music of the borrowed piper — Mr. Hopkins had not yet set up a piper — played faster and faster, and the wheeling and bounding, houching and snapping of fingers, grew wilder and madder.

"Indeed I can," she said, laughing again, "and if you don't believe me, I'll let you see me do it to-night."

"And will you teach me to do it also?" he besought her, more to prevent her having another partner than to prove he was not beaten.

"If you like. If you will not be as slow in learning to dance as you were in pronouncing the name Auchnamchil."

She did stand up with him in a reel that night, flying in and out of the mazes like another Atalanta, or "setting" to him with twinkling feet in the exquisite evolutions of a choice strathspey step.

"How disgracefully Unah Macdonald is flirting with Mr. Tempest!" Laura Hopkins said to Lady Jean.

"Disgracefully!" repeated Lady Jean in her quick way; "are you sure it is not a disgrace you would like to share, Laura? Frank is such a nice boy. Besides, you are so far wrong, my dear, that I don't suppose Unah Macdonald knows the meaning of the word flirting. I don't imagine she has even read an explanation of the art; for Mrs. Macdonald is like the pope, and keeps a list of works — novels which are forbidden to her daughter."

"She knows the meaning of the act if not of the word," said Laura, with a shade of spite in her sweetness as she spread out her satin train, and put up her hand to feel that her diamond locket — her father's last birthday gift — was under her chin, and not beneath her ear.

"I am not so sure of that either," said Lady Jean critically, "for I have not attended much to the strict definition of the word. I'll tell you how it is — Frank Tempest is paying outrageous court to Drumchatt's future wife, and she is cruelly kind without intending it. What is Mrs. Macdonald about? Is she nodding at her post? Is she guilty of treachery as well as of mad ambition? I understood she was quite beyond this world. But I'll tell you something more, Laura," cried Lady Jean, coming nearer to her confidante, and with a sympathetic thrill and shiver of enthralling breathless excitement, as when one anticipates the crisis of a good ghost story. "Frank Tempest is a great deal more in earnest than some people think. He has been rather spoilt, and is wilful and obstinate in spite of his niceness. Depend upon it there will be a grand catastrophe."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Laura, shrinking back, "then why don't you prevent it? Why don't the earl and countess" — as if an earl and countess were

necessarily all powerful—"interfere and send him away, and bid her give over being always with him, and attend to Drumchatt? I do call it disgraceful of her to forget her cousin."

"What! is having two strings to one's bow so very extraordinary and wicked a course?" cried Lady Jean, turning to laugh at Laura, whose disposition to indulge in a plurality of lovers—one at every corner—was well known to the speaker. "Papa and mamma don't believe in dangers outside the pale of their experience; and of course I am only a spectator—an interested one, I confess, still a very small person with not a tittle of power," ended Lady Jean in a sudden fit of humility.

Frank Tempest was so infatuated—he had so twisted and perverted the truth, that he followed Unah Macdonald even into Donald's presence, up at the mansion-house of Drumchatt, which its unsuspecting master made hospitably free to the young Englishman. For Unah was still unavoidably taken there by her mother as well as her father, and left occasionally for part of a morning or afternoon to entertain her cousin, while her proper guardians pursued their primary objects of visiting, catechizing, and offering ghostly counsel and comfort in the immediate neighborhood.

It was at Drumchatt that Frank Tempest heard Unah sing. She was not an accomplished musician any more than she was a trained dancer, and if she accompanied her song on the piano, Donald, who was better skilled in music, besides being in his way something of a martinet, was constantly calling her back and setting her right. But even Donald acknowledged that Unah could lilt or croon sweetly, and perform that rarest feat, in these highly educated musical days, sit with her hands in her lap and sing a ballad as it ought to be sung, with perfect unconsciousness, incomparable simplicity, and full capacity of expression. This was the manner in which thoughtful, feeling, tuneful women sang ballads by their wheels, at the cows' or ewes' milking, on the hillsides, and over their infants' cradles, in the years long past.

What songs—inspiring, melting, altogether bewitching—Unah sang thus, generally in the sober peacefulness and pensiveness of autumn afternoons, in Donald Drumchatt's presence, and often by his desire, to turn still further Frank Tempest's reeling head, to wile away what remnant of reason was left to him, and to

fasten the spell that bound him with triple knots!

The grim old dining-room where Donald generally sat, and which the dilatory architect had spared to him, the view from the windows of the rank yet run-out garden, at present desecrated, as time had never injured it, by the trampling feet of masons and carpenters with their heaps of lime, blocks of stone, and piles of wood to be employed in the "biggin" of Unah's future bower, the mournful bleak hills around, all were transformed as they rang with—

Wha will mount wi' gallant Murray?
Wha will ride wi' Geordie's sel'?

or echoed to the deeds of those

Hunder pipers and a', and a',

who having swum in the van of an army, danced themselves dry on the mountain-side ere they marched to a man dauntlessly against the overwhelming numbers of the enemy.

But even the exuberant defiance and abounding mirth of some of these songs were hardly in proportion to the tender intensity of melancholy in others. There was the perfect picture in a few words, when

Booted and spurred and gallant rade he,
Toom cam' his gude horse, but never cam' he.

Out cam' his auld mither greetin' fu' sair,
Out ran his bonnie bride tearin' her hair.
Booted and spurred and gallant rade he,
Toom cam' his gude horse, but never cam' he.

His hay is to cut, his corn is unshorn,
His barn's to big, and his baby's unborn.
Booted and spurred and gallant rade he,
Toom cam' his gude horse, but never cam' he.

And there was that tragedy which matched so well with the scenery round Drumchatt,—

The stars were all out, and the tempest was
over,
Fain was the maiden, and fond was the lover;
But the wind it blew cauld, and his heart it
grew weary,
And he lay down to sleep on the moorland sae
dreary.

Saft was the bed she had made for her lover,
White were the sheets and embroidered the
cover;
But whiter the sheets and the canopy grander,
And sounder he sleeps, where the hill foxes
wander.

But all the sadness of the saddest songs was summed up in that most woeful of Gaelic laments,—

Tha' 'chil, tha' 'chil, tha' 'chil, Mhic Chruimin, Macrimmon shall never, shall never, shall never return !

which went wailing through the air in a tongue that was unknown to Frank, but with an accent of hopeless despair which no human heart, quailing before the majesty of misery, could mistake.

Yet so differently are men influenced by the same power, that at the end of Unah's songs, while Frank Tempest sat pale and dumb, far beyond uttering words of praise, Drumchatt would rise briskly — for him — stretch himself slightly, and call out, "Come along, Tempest, while I have still light to show you my 'nowt.' I suppose you will be a cattle-feeder yourself, some day! My cousin, Miss Macdonald, will excuse us in the mean time."

And Unah might have been a complete personification of the Lorelei, or of a mermaid with sea-green hair, holding a comb in one hand and a mirror in the other, instead of a worthy minister of the Kirk's modest young daughter, considering the disastrous effect of her syren songs on Frank Tempest.

At Mrs. Macdonald's luncheon on the moor, it was the minister, never dreaming of evil, who sent Unah away a quarter of a mile with Frank Tempest, to show the Englishman Highland reaping, while the rest of the party still sat round the flat stone that had turned up so opportunely for a table.

A Highland harvest-field was not very different in its details from a Lowland or English field, except for the tartan still prominent, the dress of the women, and the Glengarry caps or blue bonnets worn by the men, and in the piper sitting on the hillside waiting to celebrate the completion of the work. The chief distinction lay in the great mountain chain hemming in the meadows, and which, just brushed with purple first when Frank Tempest came to Fearnavoil, was becoming every day brighter in its bloom, and contrasting more vividly with the golden yellow of the oats.

Unah knew most of the people, and in that knowledge and in the friendly respectfulness of the greeting it implied, existed Frank Tempest's immunity from experiencing some of the rough customs of a Scotch harvest-field. If Unah had been wickedly inclined, she would only have had to raise her finger and the confidently careless young man, taken unawares, would have found himself snatched up by sinewy hands, and violently "bengied" before his mistress's eyes.

Frank Tempest held it as a matter of course that his goddess should be gracious to all her retainers — her father's parishioners — but he looked slightly aghast when a bandster, not "lyart and wrunkled and grey," but decidedly vigorous in his red-haired, freckled, muscularity, left his work, came forward, and after raising his cap, held out the hard hand with which he had been twisting straw ropes, shook hands with the young lady, and stood speaking to her for a few minutes, of the weather and the crop, on terms of equality.

"Is not that fellow presuming a little?" Frank Tempest ventured to suggest, and in his sense of offence he kicked away a mass of shorn corn-marigolds and blue-bottles which threatened to entangle their feet.

"Oh dear, no," said Unah opening her eyes wide; "that is Ludovic Macdonald, of Saonach, who is coming out for the ministry, and has gone through the greater part of his college course. He 'takes' the harvest in summer to help to pay his winter classes, because his people are very poor. But my father says that he is a good scholar, and may be moderator of the Assembly before he dies. My father does not think it any loss to him to know the habits of the people so well, and to work with them in the fields and on the moss. In spite of that, the Gaelic he has is the very best, for his mother is a lady, and claims descent from the great Dukes of Albany. She comes of the royal Stewarts, while the Moydarts only represent the subject Stewarts."

Frank refrained religiously from smiling; in fact he was inclined to accept without protest new orders of society, like other eccentricities, which ceased to be eccentric in these wonderful Highlands which he saw glorified by the light

That never shone on sea or land.

"I must tell you," said Unah confidentially, "that Mrs. Macdonald, Saonach, is a little queer in maintaining the family dignity. Poor Ludovic, who has no pride, is tried with her. His father is dead, but he had never much to say in the matter, since he was not gently born, like Mrs. Macdonald. Well, just after the father's death — the queen, in one of her excursions, came down the glen and passed the door of the Macdonalds' cottage. Of course old Ludovic, who was not in life, could not attend the muster of the clansmen to meet and greet her Majesty, and young Ludovic was then consenting to act as a tutor in a Lowland family. But Mrs. Macdonald was

determined that her house should not go unrepresented in the general homage to the sovereign of whose race she came — she alone should not fail in hailing her crowned kinswoman. She put out a rope from window to window, and slung from it old Ludovic's philibeg and boots, just as when he wore them, to represent the dead man."

"And is that another relic of a dukedom?" asked Frank, with a comical sense that here he had no reason, unless it were one of dirty acres, to take pride in being the heir of the Dukes of Wiltshire. What was a Duke of Wiltshire, created so late as Charles the First's time, compared to a royal Duke of Albany massacred in the reign of the poet King Jamie, not long after the era of Geoffrey Chaucer? While Frank spoke he pointed to an apparent ne'er-do-well, an excited, shambling lad, the sleeve of whose jacket was in tatters, and who bound in a spasmodic fashion on the "rig" next that of the "douce" expectant probationer. Unah had no idea that Frank was gently making fun of her, though she had a girl's love of fun, and was not generally slow to appreciate its existence.

"Oh, no," she said simply, "that is only poor Robin Fraser. He has a 'want,' you know, and is not fit for much. But he has not a good mother, and she is hard upon him for the very reason that should make her tender, because he is not quite like the rest of the world. She tried to have him confined in a lunatic asylum, but he was not mad enough for that, and then she turned him adrift to shift for himself. We are always so sorry for him, because of his father, the old captain, who fought at Waterloo."

"Good heavens! was that poor creature's father one of the gallant Waterloo veterans, to whom England owes so much?" Frank Tempest reflected in dismay. He felt rebuked for his idle jest. But he did not go on to find sufficient explanation of the incongruities around him in the frequent appearance among the people of the "queerness" or "want" to which Unah had twice alluded in their conversation. He said these were some of the primitive practices and strong lights and shadows of this wild Highland life which attracted him so much. He told himself also that he had received a lesson in gentle bearing from his gentle companion. Henceforth he was more carefully courteous to the proud, lounging brothers of Gillies Macgregor, his host at the Ford Inn, whom he had been tempted to regard

as decidedly useless and tolerably disreputable members of society, but whom he began to bind to him by his thoughtful consideration.

Jenny Reach and Malise Gow were both in the harvest field; the former of her free choice, that she might try the recurrence of an old experience and take her share in an important act, which partook of the character of a festival.

Of such signal moment, and so full of sedate joy were the various epochs of rustic life — sheep-shearing, lamb-speaning, hay-making, corn-cutting, potato-gathering, still considered in the Highlands, that the highest magnates, Lord Moydart and Lady Jean — in their parts as a Highland chieftain and his daughter — felt bound when they were not otherwise engaged to join in the lighter work. Lord Moydart used to insist on his whole household, excepting his English countess, her maid, and the cook, turning out into the meadows on the first day to help to toss the hay. And once Lady Jean had sought to steal a march on everybody by putting on the dress of a reaper, and repairing to the harvest-field with a hook, never doubting that she could impose on the "bailie" and her fellow-workers, and return to the castle in triumph after having shorn her "day's darg." But even before the first stroke the strange lass gave, and the first word of Gaelic she spoke, the secret of her masquerade was penetrated, and she had to go back crestfallen under the remonstrances of the "bailie" and the mingled affront and amusement which her presence created among her social inferiors.

"Humph!" ejaculated Jenny when she perceived Unah and the "Englischer" to whom she was cicerone.

Malise was naturally in Jenny's wake, exerting himself till the sweat drops gathered on his furrowed forehead to bind his best for her, while she smiled like a philosopher at what she knew were the jeers of the field at "the old lass and her joe." She looked tolerantly on his efforts, and even defended him from the taunts of the younger, abler-bodied men.

"Miss Macdonald," said Malise, but he pronounced it "Miss Mactonal'," "she is looking her very best; and that young Sassenach, he is clean confounded by her."

"Humph!" said Jenny, again more emphatically than before, "I wish there may not be more confounded before all is done."

"What do you mean by 'humph,' Jenny?" inquired Malise, hovering between

meekness and the quick resentment of his hot Highland blood at a slight offered to his remark, and, above all, to the credit of his master's family.

"I mean," said Jenny deliberately, taking care, however, that nobody was within earshot, for the philosopher was not a common gossip, and she had her own ideas of honor and fidelity, "that I wish either the lassie Unah's marriage with Donald Drumchatt had never been thought of, or that they were married out of hand, and no more to be said and done about it."

"But that could not be," remonstrated Malise. "Drumchatt and Craighbhru, let alone the minister of Fearnavoil's daughter, are not to come together without preparation like shepherd folk."

"The more fules they," answered Jenny scornfully; "and if they do not take heed, harm — harm said I? — black, burning shame will come of it."

"Jenny Reach," protested Malise solemnly, rising up from his stooping posture, and stepping back a pace, "I crave leave to ask, are you taking farewell of your seven senses?"

"And I crave leave to answer no, Malise," said Jenny with a twinkle in her eyes, "but some other persons whom I will not mention, to spare your delicate lugs, are behaving as daft Robin," meaning that most conspicuous of the Fearnavoil "naturals," "would be ashamed to behave himself. Tie a lass — that has been kept like a very bairn — to a poor sickly child like Drumchatt, and then set her free to spiel the braes, row on the lochs, dance till the sma' hours with the boldest, blithest lad out of England who is fain to lay the hair of his head beneath her feet — heard you ever such folly?"

"Jenny, do you dare to even any Sassenach lad to Drumchatt?" cried Malise wrathfully.

"Deed, then, Malise, my braw man, I can hardly tell you what I do not dare," answered Jenny with provoking candor and coolness.

"But you do not dare to even the mistress, Mrs. Macdonald, Fearnavoil, her own self, who is so clever, and so pious, and belongs to the salt of the earth, to be no better than a silly person, or a liar, false to the country?" gasped Malise furiously, as if he must break with Jenny forever on the spot.

"Well, I would not like to think worse of the mistress than she deserves," admitted Jenny considerably, in her calmness. "I would not just use the words you have employed, Malise; but what can

I think when she who was so careful a mother takes no further heed of her daughter, and that at the kittlest step in the lassie's road in life? Oh, yes, Mrs. Macdonald is forever dropping regrets for Drumchatt's great falling off in health this autumn, and the manner in which his cough is settling down on his chest, while I see with my own eyes — that have good sight to this day, though I say it, who am not so young as I have been, yet I have never had any call to put on glasses," — Jenny broke off to explain, as if the immunity were a case in point — "I have never found the bridegroom looking halier or heartier — for him. Then I hear endless stories of this foolish English laddie's great possessions and what a promising youth he is, and how, if he were brought to the truth — which it seems he has not yet got a glimmer of, for all his promise — not him alone, but many a poor man and woman would be rescued, and brought into the right way. Now I put it to you, Malise Gow, as an honest man, what am I, a simple, sinful woman, to make of such twists and hankles of reasoning?"

"Jenny, I fear you are but a traitor in the camp," groaned Malise, turning away to pursue his work, sorely exercised by what seemed to him his mistress's lack — alike of reverence, faith, and charity.

"A traitor yourself, sir," denied Jenny, slightly moved from her equanimity, and speaking with a shade of indignation. "They are the traitors who fool poor weak human nature to the top of its bent. But I have not yet discovered that the minister is carried off his feet, and there will be a debt to pay to him as well as to Drumchatt for this work. Hech! who is in at the settlin' of the lawin' will hear the other side of the question on the deafest side of his head" — a conclusion which, in prospect, at least, afforded an amount of comfort to Jenny's inquiring and analytical mind in its aggrieved righteousness.

The evening on which the little party at the Manse took place chanced to be unusually mild for an autumn gloaming in the Highlands. Everybody spoke of the heat, and made much of it, in the way of complaint; though the Moydarts, who were accustomed to breathe the no-air of London routs in the season, and Frank Tempest, who had known what it was to lie and float lazily in his punt in the sultry warmth which sometimes broods, even after sunset, over the waters of the Thames, at Eton, and the more northern Cam, smiled at the idea of this being too warm weather to do anything save protest.

Why, it was only a delightful, luxurious tempering of the mountain freshness. But the more experienced of the company among the young people were as ready as the rest to make the weather an excuse for lingering to the last in the garden, listening to the babble of the Fearn, examining the minister's last roses and geraniums, and Mrs. Macdonald's and Unah's ferns, speculating on the dappled sky, and then strolling beyond the garden gate to ascertain if Benvoil's grand brow were still serene, in the probability of a change of weather after so portentous a marvel as a warm September evening in Fearnavoil. Dawdling in the open air was preferable to Mrs. Macdonald's somewhat formal arrangements of a little music for the entertainment of the young people, since no dancing, not even with the apology of its being done domestically on a carpet, was held under Mrs. Macdonald's reign at the manse.

Donald Drumchatt was of the party. But he had grown wary, like the burnt child who dreads the fire, and proved the first of the young men to desert the twilight garden. He was alone among the elders, and he did not take the arbitrary classification so complacently as was his wont: it rendered him restless. Seeing his dissatisfaction, Mrs. Macdonald did summon Unah to return to the drawing-room, believing that her friends would follow her lead. But Unah only got as far as the glass porch, which was now as radiant and fragrant as it could be made by hanging orange nasturtiums, spreading purple petunias, crimson and white verbenas, mignonette, and heliotrope — a bright, sweet summer entrance to the old manse. It was not an unfitting background to the lad in the first flush of his manhood and the fervor of his passion, and to a lily maid like Unah. For Frank Tempest detained her there to tell him a story which she could not give in the hearing of Drumchatt.

The talk had been of the owls which haunted the pass and of their eerie screeching in the night, like the eldritch cry of something not "canny."

"But you have no ghost among all your heroes and heroines," Frank had said to Unah. "The spirits of the clansmen may be on the gale, as Ossian's dead warriors were in the winds; but I have not heard of an individual homely ghost."

"There is a ghost at Drumchatt, only we don't often speak of it," said Unah, leaving him to divine that there had been such a tendency in humanity to pass be-

times into the ghostly up there — there might have been so many more ghosts than living men and women in the old house — that naturally the subject was avoided.

"Will you tell me about it before we go in?" he begged, feigning more curiosity than he felt, to keep her with him in the porch.

"It is a very old story. A remote ancestor of Donald's paid a visit to an ancestor of Fraser of Treig's, to arrange about levying black-mail — that is, plundering the Sassenach; but a quarrel ensued between the proposed plunderers, and Drumchatt was slain at Treig. The murderer was not punished at the time, only the dead man's son, a little child of three years of age, was made by his widowed mother and the principal clansmen to swear on a bloody sword to revenge his father's death."

"After the fashion of Hannibal," suggested Frank.

"Yes," she answered the observation, "I have often thought of that; these old stories have so much in common. When little Drumchatt grew to be a man he dissembled and induced Treig to come up to Drumchatt, and there he was barbarously slain in reprisal. It is Treig's ghost that 'walks;' but neither Donald nor any of us have to fear encountering him — strange to say. He must be quite a friendly, or at least no more than a sentimental ghost — rather a refinement on ghosts, don't you think? For he only appears to Treig, or, as some say, to any foe of Drumchatt's, when he sleeps in the house, to warn him, and to reproach him with forgetting kindred blood, and hate, and the fate which has doomed Treig to wander as a ghost in Drumchatt."

"Then I should not be safe from the meeting," said Frank quickly.

"You! because you are an Englishman? I do not think so," she said, laughing. "I don't suppose Treig's ghost is so patriotic. It is strictly individual and homely, as you said, and it only concerns itself with Drumchatt's personal enemies. Remember, the original Drumchatt and Treig were fellow-countrymen. Treig's ghost's quarrel is a private one, and has nothing to do with the long-standing feud between the Saxon and the Gael."

But any one who had watched Drumchatt's face as the loitering couple, loth to tear themselves apart, and to bring to a temporary conclusion their never-ending talk, entered the drawing-room together, might have questioned Frank Tempest's certainty of escape from being remonstrated with by the sympathetic spirit of

that Treig of old, if the young Englishman were ever rash enough to sleep a night within the weather-stained walls of Drumchatt.

It had been much more lordly *insouciance* than meek patience which had caused the Drumchatt of to-day to show himself supine under the constant imprudent association of Unah with Frank Tempest.

This evening, for the first time, there were signs of the calm breaking up, and giving place to a storm in the amazed, indignant suspicion and resentment stirring in the young man's breast. And there did not fail to awake, along with these unpleasant elements, answering tokens of the old spirit of his race. No delicacy of constitution, and no fragility of body, were sufficient to quench the pride and the ire of the Highlander. The blue veins on Drumchatt's white forehead swelled and became purple as he knit his brows; the hectic color in his cheek deepened to fiery red as he set his mouth and raised his head haughtily.

He could control himself; he disdained to betray his jealousy. He even spoke lightly to Unah and civilly to Frank Tempest. But any bystander not blind might perceive that something had gone wrong with Drumchatt, and that he was repressing with difficulty a towering passion. Under its rude gloom, half veiled by the courteous dissimulation of civilized life, there lurked in the slight, spent relic of a dying-out house, his peculiar share of the savageness that had caused another ancestor still than the Drumchatt who had betrayed and assassinated Treig, to resolve that rather than have his Fionaghal live another man's wife, Gillies Macgregor and all his followers should perish on the wedding day in the shadow of Craig Crottach.

Mrs. Macdonald, daring woman though she was, trembled a little when she alone having eaten of the tree of knowledge here, recognized fully the nature of the flame beginning to kindle in Donald Drumchatt's red-brown eyes, and to cause him to pull together his lax sinews, and raise to its full height his tall, drooping figure. Mrs. Macdonald was driven to temporize and play the diplomatist for the protection of all concerned.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
MAGAZINE-WRITERS.

FROM the men who had put epics and ballads in action, we turn to the most fas-

cinating of feminine poets, and can glance back through our pages on some of the most charming of their pieces. Conspicuous among them are Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Southey, and Mrs. Barrett Browning with her "Cry of the Children;" and there are others who will come forward in the crowd, when we look back in a final retrospect. We owe not a few contributions to George Henry Lewes, and many more to William Smith, the author of "Thorndale." Smith likewise had a powerfully philosophical intellect, and his writings were invariably characterized by striking vigor and originality. Ferrier, also, the great Scotch metaphysician, and a writer who seemed to have the faculty of transmuting philosophy into poetry without the loss of its weightier elements, first gave many of his more notable papers to the world through our pages. Then there was Croly—a constant contributor—whose novel of "Salathiel," with its rapid changes of scene and remarkable variety of dramatic incident, was so widely read at the time, and well deserves to be remembered. Among the earliest of our friends was pleasant James White, author of the "Eighteen Christian Centuries," who contributed "Sir Frizzle Pumpkin," "Nights at Mess," etc.; and Sir Samuel Ferguson, whose "Father Tom and the Pope" is a gem of audacious Irish humor unsurpassed in the writings of either Lever or Maginn. The higher culture of the universities has also always had good representatives. Eagles "the Sketcher," who for long was our art-critic, excelled in his vocation, and was gifted with an extraordinary command of his pen, as the editor of *Fors Clavigera* had some reason to know. Coming to our own day, to Lucas Collins, the editor of the "Ancient Classics," we owe many charming disquisitions, many masterly criticisms. We feel it to be more delicate as we draw nearer to our own times, and are tempted to make allusion to living celebrities. But at least we may take the opportunity of barely naming a few of them, leaving the reputation they have made to the appreciation of the public. *Place aux dames*, and succeeding the bevy of poetesses we have alluded to above comes Mrs. Oliphant, whose connection with us began with "Katie Stewart." The lowly-born maiden who was welcomed only too warmly by the long-descended Erskines, is the heroine of a very perfect little Scots story, which yields in no degree to "Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside." There was much, besides, which it might be tedious to detail, before the appearance of "The

Chronicles of Carlingford," which were at once made famous by "Salem Chapel." It would be more than superfluous in this present year of grace to launch out in praise of one of our most valued friends, since happily we may hope that for many a day to come Mrs. Oliphant will speak for herself in our columns. Then there are Anthony Trollope, Charles Reade, and Robert Blackmore; John Hill Burton, Laurence Oliphant, William Story, and R. H. Patterson: while among soldiers who vary their severer professional studies with recreations in general literature and fiction, are the Hamleys, the author of "The Battle of Dorking," Colonel Lockhart, and others whom we have even more scruples in naming. And there is Andrew Wilson, whose "Abode of Snow" reminds one, *mutatis mutandis*, of Ruxton's adventures on the Mexican frontier. Let us reiterate, that of the writers we have mentioned — there are exceptions that of course will strike everybody — most had their first introduction to the literary world through "Maga," and published the works to which they first owed their fame in its pages. They were unknown to literary society when they made their first literary success with us; and we may observe, that in the system of advertising names adopted by many of the younger serials, they would never have had a similar opportunity of distinguishing themselves. We presume that there is something to be said on either side; but we fancy that, so far as the satisfying of our readers is concerned, argument, as well as experience, is decidedly in favor of our own system. We have always preferred to leave each separate article to be commended or condemned for itself, or, at all events, with the reflected prestige of the company in which it chances to find itself. We believe our practice to be a safe one, even in the case of writers of name and experience. It is hardly in human nature not to be hasty and careless in the workmanship, when you are assured that your simple name will suffice to push the sale of a magazine; and when a man takes merely to trading on his name, he is tempted to "turn" his intellectual capital too quickly. If he is versatile, emotional, and impulsive; if his peculiar genius is given to confounding fanciful speculations with soundly reasoned theories, and writing sensational-political romance on the strength of crude judgments, then the fever of flurried activity is apt to become a chronic disease. His articles want consistency and backbone; his style becomes florid, diffuse, and redun-

dant; his sentences are inextricably entangled; and there is a breakdown in the very grammar.

Authors of genius or talent must make a beginning, and though there may be the defects of inexperience in the first of their work, yet it is almost sure to have the inestimable charm of freshness. There are novel-writers and novel-writers; and some who make ample incomes by their indefatigable pens have steadily improved to a certain point with patience and practice. But it will be found, we believe, that many of our cleverest novelists have never greatly excelled their maiden production; and we can recall many an instance where they have never equalled it. They may grow more pretentious and more profound; they have developed their ingenuity and in the technicalities of their art, as they have advanced in their knowledge of men and manners; yet in becoming less simple, and naturally unaffected, they may lose at least as much as they have gained. Then, as we are glad to know, there are the ties of gratitude and friendship. The man who has received a kindly recognition of his powers, at a time when he was essaying them with natural diffidence, can hardly help retaining some lifelong regard towards those who gave him seasonable encouragement; while the directors of a magazine feel grateful in their turn to the talent that has been infusing fresh blood in their veins. Intimacies, literary and social, are founded on mutual esteem; and for ourselves, we are glad to say that these literary friendships, confirmed by constant personal intercourse, have generally only terminated with life. If such genial relations carry their inevitable penalty, it is only to say that sorrows are inseparable from existence. It is sad enough from time to time to have to deplore those losses that have fallen heavily of late on the magazine by the deaths of so many of its staunchest contributors. Time may be trusted in some shape to fill the blanks; while the works of those who are gone will remain as monuments to their memories. Yet it is sometimes difficult not to repine at the loss of the inestimable literary treasures that have been laboriously accumulated through a lifetime, and which cannot be transmitted by bequest. We must bid farewell to the ripe and gifted friend just when we feel most reluctant to spare him; and we are left to lament the invaluable store he was turning to such excellent purpose.

We can understand that there are stronger reasons than there once were for

bringing out a new periodical under the patronage of well-known names. It would seem that the ground is never so fully occupied that there is not room for a fresh success; and yet the competition is excessive, and the struggle for existence must be a hard one. Among the crowd of familiar friends and well-established favorites, untitled respectability might be put out of its pain before it had fair opportunity to assert itself. Whereas the reading world, eager for novelty like the citizens of Athens, may be induced to prick its ears to a preliminary flourish of trumpets. The prospectus ought to go for much; it should shadow out, if possible, some feature of startling originality, and, at all events, be a masterpiece of seductive promise. As a matter of fact, we can seldom conscientiously congratulate its composer either on the ingenuity of novel resource or on the ability of the literary execution. We have remarked, as a rule, and it has struck us as singular, that the *carte du pays* is apt to be commonplace. It may possibly be that the editor feels that the eyes of England and of jealous rivals are upon him; and he may be weighed down under the oppression of his literary responsibilities. We have often fancied that he might profitably take a hint from those city gentlemen, who, when they launched their magnificent schemes on the Stock Exchange, and asked their credulous countrymen for millions, used to call in the services of a professed financial artist to draw up their advertisement. Being perfectly dispassionate, and having no stake beyond a heavy commission, the charmer brought his tact and experience to bear; he did his work with an untrammelled fancy, and generally did it effectively. But if the prospectus be bald or halting, that is of the less consequence, as the promoters of the periodical have surer cards to follow. They can print, in long-drawn parallel columns, the list of their promised supporters. A very imposing catalogue it will be, and assorted with extreme liberality on the most comprehensive principles. We have been adverting to city matters, and praising Aytoun's "Glenmutchkin Railway" as a city story. Just as the Highland chiefs, when they "pit their best foot foremost," the Lowland landed gentry, and the "great Dissenting interest," were impartially represented on the Glenmutchkin Board, that they might invite the confidence of various classes of constituents; so the programme of the associated contributors should have attraction for each sub-section of the community. There

are cabinet ministers with the heaven-given mission of setting the world to rights on every conceivable point. There are reformers whom an inscrutable Providence has relegated to private stations, but who raise their voices all the more vociferously, and are the most enthusiastic converts to their own eloquence. There are financiers who come near to perfection as theorists, and statisticians who can make figures prove almost anything. There are social economists with hobbies of their own, warranted to relieve our civilization of its miseries; and educationists who are infallible in relation to school boards. There are fussy historians who mistake themselves for politicians, and poetical philanthropists who pride themselves on being practical. There are popular divines of every creed and shade of opinion, who find scarcely sufficient elbow-room in their pulpits; and there are scientific sceptics who express a condescending regard for the religion they labor indefatigably to undermine. There are strategists, and travellers, and consuls, and missionaries, with possibly a sprinkling of archbishops, and ambassadors, and law peers, — and with all these come the professional gentlemen of the pen, who are in the end the real backbone of the periodical. These eminent gentlemen lend their names, and probably promise the contingent reversion of their services; though, if they were regularly to forward contributions to the magazine, it would have to make its appearance at least twice in the week. It settles down in reality to a working staff, that does a full half of the writing; while the rest of the space is devoted to sensational articles by the brilliant celebrities that may be trusted to "draw."

We have no desire to under-estimate the possible value of these articles. Other things being equal, genius is always preferable to mere clever mediocrity; and there is a natural interest in the unreserved expression of opinion by a man who has been helping to make history, and who, by his talent for the stump or his Parliamentary prestige, has been swaying great masses of the populace. But we cannot help thinking that the thing is being overdone; and the men we would most willingly listen to, are the men we seldom or never hear. When Sir Henry Rawlinson is persuaded to give his views on central Asian politics, or Lord Stratford de Redcliffe writes on the affairs of the East, every one reads, and reads with good reason. These men are among the greatest living authorities on subjects on which most of us are pro-

foundly ignorant; and whether we give our assent to their ideas or differ from them, we know that they are the fruit of unrivalled experience. Had Mr. Gladstone's temperament been more deliberately reflective and cautious; had his mind been cast in a more philosophical mould, we should very gladly listen to him on a dozen different subjects. Few men are more nervously eloquent in speech; few men can put a doubtful argument more persuasively. Most thinkers, who in the heat of animated debate may say considerably more than they mean, become comparatively guarded when they take up the pen. But it is highly characteristic of Mr. Gladstone, that he is more reckless in writing than in speech. In the house he has acquired the practice of a certain self-control, in the conviction that any sophistry or exaggeration of statement must be promptly exposed or corrected. On the platform, before an assembly of admiring friends, — still more in the pages of a popular magazine, — he shakes himself loose from all sense of restraint, and gives himself up to the blind bent of his impulses. We can hardly misjudge him. For, in the first place, we know that, in the multiplicity of his employments, it is impossible that he can do the scantiest justice to the articles that he turns out by the bushel on the most burning questions, domestic and international. In the next place, the internal evidence as to the haste with which they are dashed off is unmistakable. We have already alluded to unmethodical arrangement, involved sentences, doubtful English, and slipshod grammar, although these become of comparatively slight importance in the glitter of Mr. Gladstone's reputation. Were the matter as weighty as the author's name ought to infer, we should resign ourselves to some additional trouble in interpreting him, or in following the entangled trains of his reasoning. But the fact is, that in many instances his articles are merely the crude fancies of an exceedingly able and gifted but excitable man, who has the dangerous knack of expressing most eloquent convictions on those questions on which he has just altered his mind, or to which he had flashed his thoughts the day before yesterday. In his case the evil begins to cure itself: for when Sir Oracle is perpetually opening his mouth, people cease to listen; and when predictions and warnings are being continually falsified, few but the most fanatical devotees to the seer will attach any serious importance to them. It is, however, a precedent which may be followed

with more dangerous results by public men of inferior eminence, but with self-control and more Machiavellian astuteness; while the habit of expecting notorieties to attach their names to their articles often leads even presumably competent judges into very ludicrous blunders, when they have not their sign-posts to guide them. We could tell a story of a most disparaging notice in a very ably conducted weekly upon a series of articles on one of our recent "little wars." The accomplished critic took occasion to expose the blunders and shortcomings of the writer, and was especially severe, not so much on the strategy of the expedition as on the writer's narrative of it. Possibly he might have seen reason to modify his remarks had he been aware that the author he criticised so cavalierly was really himself the successful leader of the expedition.

The casting about for distinguished names in all quarters has another consequence. Since these gentlemen hold most contradictory opinions, they must have an almost absolute latitude permitted them; and while the editor in great measure relieves himself from responsibility, he is proportionately deprived of control. There can be no question that his teams are powerful and showy, but they are "straggling all over the place;" and while his leaders are heading in one direction, his wheelers are backing in another. So long as such reputation as he has is likely to circulate his article, each clever monomaniac has *carte blanche* for the ventilation of his peculiar ideas. If he advocated them in a periodical that was notoriously of his own way of thinking, it would be well and good. Standing on the safe foundations of the English Constitution, we should not be sorry that even the advanced socialists had their organs; and short of preaching assassination, or actual sedition, we should leave their editors undisturbed in Leicester Square. But it seems to us that an ingenious theorist may do very considerable mischief by being permitted to pass himself into the company of calm and judicious thinkers. We fancy we know something of the mass of omnivorous readers, and we have reason to doubt how far their acumen may be trusted to distinguish between what is good and evil. At best, many of them will skim the articles superficially, and be lightly impressed by plausible speculations adroitly veiled in seductive sophistries. A paradox which they fail to comprehend, and are quite incompetent to scrutinize, has an inexpressible charm for them. While, on the other hand, there are

fanatics on certain social and political questions that must largely concern the national future, who have no scruples as to means which will be justified by the end, and who know at least as well as we the temperament of the people they are writing for. It is their immediate object to make proselytes at any price; and their personal vanity is interested besides in obtaining a respectful hearing. These shrewd apostles of some new and startling revelation have practised the art of making the worse seem the better reason; and in the easy flow of their vigorous language, can make specious fallacies pass for sterling truth. Probably the editor may have some secret sympathy with them; at all events he appreciates the talent which ought to shed a lustre on his pages; or it is possible that personally he may disagree with them entirely. In any case, he must wait till his next issue before applying to some other of his contributors for the antidote, and in the mean time the poison is diffusing itself unchecked, and may be inoculating many of his lighter-minded subscribers.

Perhaps it may be old-fashioned prejudice, but our predilection for the system which bands contributors together on common principles has been confirmed by long experience. It strikes us, moreover, that there is much to be said for it on common-sense grounds; for it should be the object of a leading magazine to influence opinion for definite purposes; and not merely to enlighten the public, but to direct them. Surely that can be best done by concentrating and disciplining its forces, and showing unmistakable colors, to which earnest contributors may rally. The editor knows his men, and may be presumed to know his business. He respects their independence far too much to interfere gratuitously on points of detail, and may consent on minor points of difference to waive his own personal opinions. But it is his to see that a certain consistency is preserved — to watch, above all, that nothing should slip in which shall essentially clash with the consistency of the magazine. The principles of the magazine may go to extremes; they may be stupidly reactionary or extravagantly radical. At all events, the reading public, being aware of their general drift, are prepared to accept them for what they are worth, according as they admit or reject the arguments; while the contributors, to all intents and purposes, are unfettered. They are in quite a different position from the leader-writers on the daily press, who are supposed to accept

standing retaining fees, to abdicate their individuality, and to argue to order; or who may work in gangs of various political complexions, so that, should the paper see reason to shift its ground, it can employ a new but conscientious set of day-laborers. The political contributors to a magazine may either write or leave it alone; there need never be a lack of willing volunteers to fight its battles on the familiar lines. Nor does that homogeneous system imply any repression of free discussion. It merely marshals combatants on either side, so as to make the most efficient use of their services; for periodicals of every shade of opinion have a general circulation, and the good old days are pretty well departed, when the magazine-subscriber was wedded to a single love, surrendering all right of private judgment. Now the staunchest party clubs must subscribe impartially to all newspapers and periodicals; and, indeed, it may be the manifestos which appear in the enemy's camp that are read with the closest interest and attention.

What between the claims of politics and fiction, with those of articles on promiscuous subjects, literary reviewing is apt to go to the wall. Nor do we believe it to be the province of the "monthlies" to undertake any methodical survey even of the representative books of the day. That ought to be left to the daily journals, which should treat current literature as current news; or to those weekly literary newspapers which make reviewing one of the chief reasons of their being. To recognize and bring forward special merit; to sit as judge in appeal on the more hasty opinions of the daily and weekly press; and to maintain the higher and more cultivated standards of literary judgment, — is the proper province of the magazine reviewer. But it must be confessed that in the monthlies authors get unequal measure; and there are rising men who may fairly complain of being ignored; while some rival of similar, though inferior, pretensions, has the honors and the profit of general notice. The fact being, that, so far as authors are concerned, it is very much matter of luck, and partly matter of fashion. The name of the lion of a London season is naturally in people's mouths; there is a run on his book at the circulating libraries; he has the art of making a thrilling narrative of adventurous travel or exploration: he has unearthed a race of anthropophagi in primeval forests, or has stumbled over a buried city or the traces of the lost tribes; or he may have broached

some new and startling revelation, social, political, or religious, and be making a host of admiring proselytes. His book, for one cause or another, recommends itself to the handling of some clever contributor, who sees in it the materials for an article which shall be vigorous or original. Several writers are struck by the idea: two or three interesting papers make their appearance simultaneously, and others follow suit in due course. The subject of their praises has cause for congratulation; and if he has been brought so conspicuously before the public, he may have deserved it by superior literary talent and the graceful charm of his style.

Yet we cannot withhold a certain sympathy from the meritorious but more matter-of-fact explorer—from the laborious scholar or the indefatigable archæologist—who sees the book comparatively neglected on which he had hoped to rest a reputation. The most enthusiastic pursuit of one's favorite researches must be sweetened by the gratification of your legitimate vanity. At the same time, these hazards of the lottery are natural, and nobody need have reasonable ground of complaint. Perhaps the fairest way to do equal justice between the readers of magazines and the writers who deserve to be specially introduced to them, is to group a cluster of representative books in a series of articles at irregular intervals. The reviewer goes to work on miscellaneous materials, that supply all the demands of novelty and variety. He can hardly betake himself to a more fascinating task than the sitting down to a well-spread library table, and picking and choosing among the volumes within reach of his hand. Here a biography, there a book of travels; and when he has fagged his brain with some thoughtful political essays, he relaxes and inspirits himself with a brilliant novel. We give him credit for cultivated and sympathetic humanity, and, as a rule, he will far rather praise than condemn. Yet every now and then he may feel irresistibly impelled to become prosecutor and executioner, as well as judge, when he dips his pen in gall, with the consciousness of an imperative duty. For there is a pretentious combination of dulness, egotism, and self-assurance, which clearly deserves exemplary chastisement; and then the most lenient and kindly-disposed of critics must have a satisfaction in laying on the knout. Nor can we deny that there is a certain temptation to it, always assuming that you have fair and honorable excuse. For a

scarifying article is sure to find admirers, and the most benevolent of mortals will enjoy it with a chuckle, if the severity is relieved by genuine wit, and if the writer has shown cause for his strictures; although rude invective and unsupported abuse, should they have passed the supervision of an incompetent editor, will infallibly miss their mark and recoil on the coarse assailant.

Magazine poetry is scarcely made so much of now as it used to be some half a century ago. Then, in the days of the "Drawing-Room Annuals," the "Literary Souvenirs," and the "Books of Beauty," these ventures were often launched by poets themselves on their promotion. Naturally they exerted their best talent, and tried to turn out a copy of verses which should be the chief attraction of each of their issues; while the jealousy that is supposed to be characteristic of the poetic temperament was kept in check by prudential considerations. When each annual was running a neck-and-neck race with its neighbor, no practical editor could possibly afford to reject the effusions of rival children of the Muses. We do not say that the verses in those annuals were pitched on a very exalted key. They were sweet rather than sublime, and neat rather than thoughtful. But they were often melodious and graceful of their kind, and fairly satisfied the taste of the times. And now and again one of the heaven-born bards might be prevailed upon to air his pinions in their pages. In the lives of Scott and Byron, Campbell, Moore, and Southey, we have repeated application for eleemosynary contributions, although, indeed, they were eleemosynary only in the sense that they were prayed for in the humblest and most flattering terms. For the proposal was generally coupled with the offer of a tempting *douceur*; and sometimes the remuneration was exceedingly handsome, even considering the reputation of the immortal who earned it. Nowadays, tastes seem to have altered; and magazine poetry is rather a drug than otherwise. Poets who look either to the main chance or to immortality, or to both, appear to aim at more ambitious work, and to prefer to publish independently. At the same time, we should certainly be the last to say that the poetry of fugitive pieces is a lost art; and from the humorous verses of the late Lord Neaves to the vigorous translations of Mr. Theodore Martin, and the inspirations of some of our anonymous friends, our pages have been graced by a succession of pieces

which have well deserved collection and republication.

Of course the modern magazine must have been developed sooner or later in its present shape, in a world of busy brains and fertile fancies. But assuredly the man who first originated it must be regarded in the light of a public benefactor, inasmuch as he took the first great strides towards perfection, and made the pleasure of generations that have since passed away. Nothing is more astonishing than the vitality of many a half-forgotten acquaintance, except, perhaps, the multiplication of new favorites in the face of most animated competition. Those who have given any thought to the matter, will be reminded at once of several of our contemporaries which continue to make their appearance under the discouragement of comparative neglect. You see them entered on the lists at the libraries. They have been falling steadily upon evil times, and we have been conscious of a growing tendency to dulness. As a rule, in point of the quantity of the contents, their friends have no reason to complain. But they are become the refuge of archæologists and antiquaries of extraordinary erudition on special topics, who, like Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck, may knock in vain at door after door in Paternoster Row. You are somewhat overdone with exhaustive essays on round towers and kitchen-middens. You have technical treatises on scientific gunnery, and elaborate lucubrations on disestablishment or on education boards. Such subjects by themselves would swamp anything. But from time to time you come upon articles that would prove attractive anywhere, or on a novel by some writer of undoubted reputation. We believe the presence of the former may frequently be attributed to that encouragement of unknown talent we have adverted to, as being the salt and salvation of judiciously-managed periodicals. As for the novels that seem somewhat misplaced, we have another theory. They are often by veterans who have been staling with familiarity, and falling out of fashion. The names of the writers are become a drug with sensational editors and their patrons, and they have lost much of their pristine freshness. But on the other hand, they have literary skill and experience; and now and then, by some happy thought or in an effort to regain the ground they have been losing, they achieve what may pass for an actual triumph. While, though the scale of pay must necessarily be regulated by the cir-

culatation, yet occasionally in the scramble for magazine publicity, an arrangement may be made with some novelist of mark who has been crushed aside in a block on the more popular serials.

If there have been occasional deaths, they have been far more than compensated by the birth-rate. We may suspect that some of these young and seemingly flourishing *débutants* are tending already towards premature dissolution; but there are others which, as we have reason to believe, are assuring their projectors a competency. There as elsewhere, those who have sown liberally are most likely to reap harvests in proportion. We should say that the birth of most of these magazines has been in this wise. A ready novel-writer has hit the public taste, and has possibly struck out something of a new idea in fiction. For a time he or she — for in many instances those writers have been ladies — has been content to look about for outlets in the older established serials. Sooner or later, however, thanks to his extraordinary productiveness, and in a measure to some marked peculiarity in his style, the author is brought to a check. Unless each of his stories is ushered in through the pages of a magazine, it seems to him that they have scarcely been creditably introduced; and, moreover, he expects a double profit. So it occurs to him that he may do better to become his own publisher, and he either risks his savings in his new speculation, or looks about for partners with capital. He may or may not have over-estimated his personal credit. But apparently the odds are in favor of his fairly floating his venture; and for a time, at least, he goes on sailing in halcyon weather. In the exhilaration of a fresh and promising start, he redoubles his feats of address and agility. One novel follows fast on another; sometimes a couple of them are being driven abreast; his brain is seething with tempting conceptions; and unless he is to sink before he has well cleared the harbor, he must have the art of keeping up a monthly sensation. In some degree he must sacrifice the whole to the parts. But by an exertion of ingenuity, each successive issue is made to contain some striking or startling scene: dramatic incident and episodes are equally distributed; and purchasers who fancy his style get full value for their shillings. He has his sect of literary craftsmen who model themselves after him, imitating his foibles as closely as his merits; and as he naturally has a liking for those who flatter him with such

unmistakable sincerity, his staff is very apt to be overcharged with them. Charles Dickens, with his followers, is a striking instance of that. With those who formed themselves upon his books, while they had little or none of his genius, the pathos which often took the form of affectation with himself, degenerated into morbid and unhealthy sentimentality. Without his sense of humor, they caught something of his trick of humorous expression; and they exaggerated his mannerisms till their own became intolerable. But as Dickens was a real and original genius, he exercised an influence which lives, and is likely to live, although it led to a violent reaction by way of protest. Thus the glorifiers of the dogma of the utopian Christmas-tide, with mistletoe and mince-pies and turkeys raining, manna-like, from heaven, with the flood-gates of mercy and philanthropy unlocked, and fountains of charity flowing from the rock, have created the school of cynics and positivists, who chiefly insist on the melancholy coincidence of Christmas bills, bankruptcies, snowstorms, and starvation. The individualities of smaller men are circumscribed by their own publications; but in these it generally continues to assert itself till there are visible signs of the public having had enough, when they slowly expire of inanition or pass into other hands.

Fiction is the staple of those most frivolous of serials; but the fiction must be freely eked out with what is commonly known as "padding." That is very much of the same general character, and is intended to combine instruction with entertainment—the entertainment largely predominating. Stage reminiscences are made a specialty in some quarters, with the stories and scandals of the green-room, and the successes of transcendent geniuses, amid thunder-showers of bouquets and hurricanes of applause. There are picturesque sketches from the byways of history, and the cabinets and back staircases of palaces. Fragments from the biographies of adventurers are much in favor,—of men of fashion, and elegant *roués*, and brilliant *causeurs* and *raconteurs*. Thanks to the scissors and paste, the scraps and cuttings, helped out here and there with a lively fancy, one might amass a second-hand literature of the Horace Walpoles, the Selwyns, the Boswells; the Mirabeaus, the Talleyrands, the Montronds—for the gay society of the golden age of the French capital presents subjects of never-failing interest. The clubs and the older gaming-houses—Crockford's,

Frascati's, and the *tribots* of the Palais Royal—have been done again and again; with the historical coffee-houses in the city, and the *chefs* and the *restaurants* of Paris. There are novel speculations on such inscrutable mysteries as the identity of Junius or the Man with the Iron Mask. Necessarily that class of article can hardly show great originality; but the papers may be tolerably readable, and they have their uses. They impart a good deal of that miscellaneous information which is serviceable to those shallow talkers and the indolent members of society, who are too apathetic to study for themselves, and who would as soon read the fathers as solid history; while, at all events, the stories and the jests which they borrow can never stale with the most constant repetition.

Then the pencil is called into requisition with the pen, and many of these magazines are profusely illustrated. We suppose there are people who admire the illustrations; but it must be confessed that in the generality of instances the quality is decidedly inferior to the quantity, and the artist comes short of the author. It always strikes us that the conceptions are stereotyped; in any case they are monotonously artificial, and the writer of the story must often be mortified and disappointed by the pictorial interpretation of his cherished ideas. A man whose character should have decided individuality, comes out as a very commonplace exquisite, in correctly-cut clothes, which remind one of those masterpieces that adorn the pamphlets of advertising tailors; while a great-souled woman who has poisoned her mother, and been the victim of a passionate attachment for her grand-nephew, blazes out in the conventional beauty of the *salons*, and wears their simpering smiles. It must be owned that the hack-artist is sorely put to it; and as he is inadequately paid for any original exercise of the imagination, we may excuse him if he falls back upon servile reproductions. Yet those illustrations may have some permanent value, and we can conceive their supplying serviceable materials for the social historians of future generations. Look back now on the very best of them, by artists who, like the late Mr. Walker, have taken the highest rank among painters in water-colors, and what chiefly impresses one is a sense of the ludicrous—thanks to the quick revolutions in the fashions. We marvel now at those costumes of the Regency, which are scarcely to be distinguished from Gilray's caricatures, with waists barely reaching to

the armpits, and their imposing superstructures of elaborately powdered hair. And so our grandchildren, when grown up to man's estate, will laugh heartily at the severity of the Grecian skirt replacing the balloon-like inflation of the crinoline; and it is to be hoped that, in the complacency of a superior morality, they will be shocked by the cut of those *décolletée* dresses which show beauty unadorned save for its jewellery.

Perhaps we might give the palm for illustrations to the so-called religious magazines. The most popular of them must have an immense circulation, and appear to have no lack of ingenious contributors. They are conducted with enterprise, and — although we should be unwilling to question the single-mindedness of their proprietors — with a conspicuous share of the wisdom of the serpent. We cannot say that we care much for the imitations of the religious art of the middle ages — for representations of Jael driving the nail into Sisera, or for groups of the homesick Hebrews in flowing vestments twanging their melancholy harps by the waters of Babylon; nor yet for the pictorial illustrations to their fiction, which are simple reproductions of most worldly life, and the too familiar style of secular contemporaries. But their views of rural nature, to use a common phrase, are very often “wonderfully good for the money;” and you may come on a series of most effective little woodcuts, illustrating some “bits” in our home landscape, or the quaint archæology of historical cities. As for the selection and arrangement of the contents, we repeat that they seem to be governed in many instances by shrewd trading principles. Our pious Scotch folks, in particular, are being educated to a latitude of Sunday reading which would have shocked the last generation of Sabbatarians. The latter might have denounced the new system as a jesuitically subtle device of the enemy. It is a perversion and almost a prostitution of the proverb of “Tell me the company you keep, and I will tell you what you are;” and many a profane narrative walks in unquestioned on the first day of the week because it comes locked arm in arm with a homily or an edifying dissertation on the parables. For there is no possibility of denying that the contents are most curiously mixed. The predominating tone has a savor of sanctity. You have a

series of papers on practical religion by some scholar and divine of unimpeachable orthodoxy. You have analytical criticism on the text of the sacred writings, with an occasional argument for their historical authority. You have hymns and sacred songs that are more or less sweet and harmonious. You have notes of philanthropical missionary labor in the rookeries and back slums of our great cities, with reports of the progress in the conversion of the Jews, and turning pagan slave-hunters in central Africa into law-abiding Christian agriculturists. All that is highly consistent and praiseworthy. But we doubt whether boys, like the “Whaup” and his brothers, in Mr. Black's novel, “A Daughter of Heth,” would welcome the Sabbath periodical as a Sabbath blessing, were it not for those fascinating pictures which unfold before their enraptured eyes a panorama of worldly possibilities that read to them like the “Arabian Nights.” We do not say that these novels are not generally unobjectionable in their tone. Their authors know their business too well not to avoid the worse than ambiguous episodes which may land their heroes and heroines in the divorce courts. They make their personages as guarded in behavior as in speech; they would shrink from depicting an elopement, and hesitate even over a stolen kiss. But after all, the writers are precisely the same people who are in the habit of contributing to *Tyburnia* or the *Holborn*. And although their principles on the whole may be trustworthy, yet we doubt whether, in the idea of the more careful parents of the rising generation, a complete edition of their works would altogether conduce to edification. We are no hyper-rigid moralists ourselves, believing that harmless fiction can seldom be unreasonable. But we are bound to call attention to the fact, that in this new propaganda, the reputation of the editor cuts both ways. He must always be a man highly considered by the religious world; often he is a divine of undoubted piety and learning, though belonging to one of the broader schools of theology. But while his name should be a guarantee for sound morality, it must serve, at the same time, as a *passe-partout* for anything to which he gives his *imprimatur*; and we suspect that it blinds many worthy people to the snares that are being spread for their strait-laced simplicity.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A MEDIUM OF LAST CENTURY.

PART I.

ONE evening last spring my friend Clifton and I found ourselves at his fireside enjoying a bottle of West India Madeira. We had had a pouring wet day with the hounds, no kill, and *such* a ride home! So, there being nothing in the day's adventures to think or talk over with pleasure, we had both been out of sorts since half-past five o'clock, had come in to dinner in anything but high spirits, and had conversed chiefly in monosyllables during the repast. But the nice cosy dinner, and the good wine (Clifton's wines are undeniable), had operated powerfully during three quarters of an hour, to bring us into something of a genial humor; and by the time the butler had retreated, and we were comfortably arranged flanking the fire, our spirits were raised a little, and our tongues loosed. The rainy day had been followed by a stormy evening. We could hear the hail driven every now and then against the windows with startling violence; the wind roared in the chimneys and howled among the trees, whose branches gave out agonized creaks in the strong gusts. The fireside was decidedly the right place to be in just then. "This is pleasanter than Moscow," said Clifton, with the first attempt at a smile that either of us had made since we sat down. "Decidedly so," I answered; "pleasanter than any other place I can think of at this moment." "Just my idea," replied he. "That row outside—I shall be sure to find some trees down in the morning, but never mind—that row in some way or another greatly enhances the comfort of the hearth. I am glad I told Millett to turn down the lights."

"Yes, the glow of the fire seems the right thing. Lots of shadows and all sorts of unearthly noises. Just the time when one gets into a credulous mood, and can take in tales such as bards

In sage and solemn tunes have sung
Of tourneys and of trophies hung;
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear."

"By Jove! yes. Do you believe in ghosts? I can't say I don't; and I don't know that I very distinctly do."

"Not a very decided confession of faith," said I. "But, in truth, one must word one's creed carefully nowadays; for there are so many new-fangled ideas about the invisible world that you don't know

what you may be assenting to if you make a simple profession of belief."

"Yes; the terrible old sheeted spectre of our boyish days is very nearly exploded. I must say I rather regret it. Spiritualism seems to be the modern form of superstition."

"Oh, it hardly amounts to superstition. Don't call it so, Clifton. It is nothing but the most wretched, shallow charlatanry."

"Well, come, I don't know. Some of its phenomena are surely as well attested as the pranks of our old friends of the churchyard."

"Attested or not, I denounce it because of its utter uselessness. With all the wonderful powers which it professes to bring into action, do we get a bit wiser? I never heard of any of the spirits interfering for any good or reasonable purpose."

"Yes; you may take that ground. Whether there be anything astonishing about it or not, it does not repay the trouble of investigation."

"Of course not. The character of its professors pretty well explains what it is. A parcel of keen, designing fellows make money by it. It would be different if educated, disinterested persons thought it worth their notice."

"H'm, perhaps; but I can't say I think that argument so strong as the other."

"You surely admit that the credit of a science, art, — whatever you choose to call it, — must be very low when it is practised and preached chiefly by persons who do not otherwise enjoy a great reputation for accuracy or conscientiousness, perhaps quite the reverse."

"Of course I admit that a thing brought out under questionable sponsorship will justly be regarded with suspicion. But whatever we may suspect, nothing is proved for or against by the character of the agents or professors."

"I don't quite follow you. I think a great deal is proved."

"No," said Clifton. "Look here. If there be any truth in these things — spiritualism, clairvoyance, divination, fortune-telling, I don't care what you call them — there must be, behind the wizard, or medium, or somnambulist, some power greater than human. Now, then, why should such a power choose as we would choose? why should it select the learned, the wise, the good, to be the recipients of its revelations?"

"Well, of course, I can't answer," said I.

"More than that," said Clifton, rather warming in his argument, "if the powers

which tell these strange things be, as many would have us believe, evil spirits, is it not conceivable that they might, out of wickedness or wantonness, choose to make their announcements through some vile and contemptible channels?"

"You are miles beyond me in weird science. I shall only listen."

"Well, you haven't got much more to hear," said Clifton; "but you know it is just possible that spirits, from some motives of secrecy and mystery—just to avoid the inquisitiveness of minds accustomed to investigation—may reveal themselves through beings who do not half comprehend, and do not care to speculate on, the import of what they utter."

"May be so," said I; "but we are getting into very misty regions now."

"I think such an idea as that makes one understand how gipsies, spae-wives, and clairvoyants may sometimes utter oracles concerning things of which naturally they have no knowledge, and in which they feel no interest."

"Pardon me, Clifton," said I, "but you seem to me to speak as if you had some experience or other of such things."

"My dear fellow, everybody has had such experience, only some banish it from their minds. Think, now,—has something odd never come within your own knowledge?"

"By Jove! I do remember one or two strange, inexplicable things—coincidences."

"Yes; well, I have had knowledge of some coincidences too."

"Anything worth telling?"

"Well, of my own, no. But I have been thinking during these five minutes of something on record which I lighted on only a few weeks ago, and which has led me to ponder a good deal over these matters. By the by, it has something to do with the Madeira we are drinking; for our connection with the Spences, through whom my father obtained this wine, arose out of the circumstances of which I found the account."

"Just listen to that gust of wind. Well for you that your house is pretty solidly built, or we must have heard something crash before now. Suppose you stir the fire a little, or let me; I declare I am becoming quite nervous."

"Then help yourself to wine. I was hunting, you know, for something to throw light on that Ledyard dispute. It was imagined that my grandfather, having been so long in the regiment with old General Ledyard, might possibly have known some-

thing about his testamentary doings or intentions, and so I was requested to look among some heaps of old papers."

"Ah! and you were mysteriously guided to something explanatory of the whole secret. There's some sense in that."

"Not a bit of it. I couldn't find a word even bearing upon the Ledyard affair. But I found a little family narrative which seemed to have been carefully drawn up by some indifferent person who had the whole of the facts presented to him of an episode in the early regimental life of my grandfather. We have been accustomed to think of him, you know, as a superior officer in the great wars under Cornwallis and Baird in India, and afterwards under Moore and Wellesley in Spain. But this story shows him to us as quite a fresh ensign. I confess I read it with a good deal of interest."

"Already you have kindled a similar interest in me. I feel that the *horrentia Martis arma*, in connection with which we have been accustomed to think of the general, have just now shrunk into nothing beside the youthful ensign, *gracili modulatus avenâ*, or whatever was the fancy of his early romance. After thus rousing curiosity you cannot refuse to gratify it. The tempest, the hour, are in keeping with the recital of a strange legend."

"I don't want in the least to make a secret of the thing," answered Clifton; "only it's a longish yarn. I haven't got it up perfectly, or I would abbreviate it. 'Twon't be in the least tedious to me to go over it all again; so, if you still wish for the story after hearing that it's lengthy, I'll fetch it at once."

I persisted in my request, and Clifton, after a short absence, during which he was heard making a considerable noise with the bolts of locks, came back into the dining-room, bearing a manuscript on foolscap, which had turned yellow from age, and was spotted in places. The leaves were tied together with silk ribbon, which also had turned from white to yellow. It was written in an even round hand, such as a clerk's or scrivener's. The heading of the MS. was, "An Account of Some Passages in the Early Life of General Sir Godfrey Clifton, K. B.;" and it bore at the end the initials "G. C.;" but the story was told in the third person. Many times since that evening have I pored over its pages. I am two days' journey from Clifton now, so cannot give the exact words of the narrator, but if the reader will trust me he shall hear the substance of what he read, which is as follows:—

In the autumn of the year 1777, the freight-ship "Berkeley Castle," of six hundred tons' burthen, sailed from Deal for Montego Bay, on the north side of the island of Jamaica. It was hoped that she would reach her destination a little before Christmas, she being laden with supplies which would be required at that season. Her staterooms were not numerous; and it was only by the master turning out of his cabin and getting some accommodation rigged up for himself between decks, that she could take the few passengers who sailed in her. These were mostly, but not all, connected with a regiment at that time stationed in the neighborhood of Montego Bay. Travelling in Jamaica was not so easy a matter in those days as it is now; so those who were to serve on the north side found it convenient to be landed at a northern port. Dr. Salmon, a military surgeon, his wife, and his daughter Flora, aged eighteen, were a little family party; and, appointed to the same regiment to which Dr. Salmon belonged, there was Ensign Clifton, a young man of good family. The passenger, however, who sailed in the greatest state was a young lady who had been at school in Edinburgh, and was now returning home in charge of the master of the vessel. Every luxury that wealth could buy had been supplied to make the voyage agreeable to her; she was attended by two negroes; her dresses and ornaments were of a most costly description, and seemed inexhaustible. Miss Arabella Chisholm was evidently a personage of some consequence in her own land; and, let it be remarked, she could not have passed unnoticed anywhere. She was a remarkably pretty and well-shaped girl—a brunette, but such a splendid one as it was dangerous for young men to look on. Beside these there was a young man named Spence, also a Creole by birth, but a pure white.* He had been several years in England, had just taken his degree at Cambridge, and was now on his way back to his father's estate. Six, therefore, was the number of the cabin passengers, who, after a day or two (for they sailed in bright, calm weather), all showed themselves at the cuddy-table, and began an acquaintance which was to last, if all should go well, for more than two months. Two young ladies and two young gentlemen embarked together seemed likely enough to make the time pass pleasantly. The ensign had his seat at table

* *Creole* means "born in the West Indies;" thus Creoles may be of any color.

next to Miss Salmon, but he sat opposite to the lovely brunette, by whose side Mr. Spence was established, in right of an old acquaintance of their families, if not of themselves, and the neighborhood of their estates. And Miss Salmon was a young lady by whose side, in nineteen voyages out of twenty, a young officer would have thought it a great privilege to sit. She was very nice-looking, pleasant, and rather witty in her conversation, and quiet and ladylike in her manner. But on this occasion the blaze and animation of the Jamaica belle threw her a little into shadow. Their first dinner was a cheerful one, at which everybody showed a wish to be friendly. The weather-beaten skipper was most attentive to Mrs. Salmon, who sat on his right, and told her stories innumerable about the wonderful country to which she was going,—oysters growing on trees, crabs crawling about the hilltops miles from the sea, cabbages rising sixty feet from the ground—and so on.

They liked each other's company so much that they sat a good while after dinner on this first occasion, and it was too cold for the ladies to go on deck afterwards; so the gentlemen only walked the poop, and smoked in the twilight.

"You and Miss Chisholm have been acquainted before, have you not, Mr. Spence?" asked young Clifton, while they thus paced.

"It is very possible that we have," answered Mr. Spence; "but I have not the least recollection of her. It is nine years since I left Jamaica. I remember Mr. Chisholm, though not very distinctly; but could not have said a week ago whether there were children at his house or not."

"I fancy that your information will be much more accurate after you get home, eh, Dr. Salmon?" said the skipper. "By George, sir! old Sandy Chisholm, as they call her father, is one of the richest men on the island. I don't know how many estates he owns."

"Rich enough, I should think, by the style in which the young lady is appointed," answered the doctor.

"And I think I can tell you young men something," rejoined the skipper, in a confidential tone. "Mr. Chisholm is exceedingly anxious that this daughter should marry well, and will give a very handsome fortune to a son-in-law of whom he may approve."

"However much she may bring her husband, I think she will know how to spend it, ha, ha!" laughed Dr. Salmon.

"No, doctor, don't say so," returned the

skipper, who seemed a little jealous of the opinion entertained of his temporary ward. "Their habits appear more extravagant than those of people at home, without really being so. Their methods of spending money are restricted, and they lean a good deal towards dress and gewgaws. With an English education, such as my young friend has had, they make clever, sensible women."

"Perhaps so, perhaps so," conceded the doctor, somewhat grudgingly. "It would be as well, though, for a young fellow who might feel inclined to bid for the fortune, to consider how a handsome, extravagant wife might be disposed to deal with it."

"By Jove, sir!" said the gallant skipper, stopping short in his walk, and withdrawing his pipe from his lips with decision, "I only wish I was a smart young bache-
lor this day; if I wouldn't go, in and try my luck, there's no salt in sea-water."

"Bravo, captain!" said young Clifton.

"You know," pursued the skipper, calming down again, after his little burst of excitement, "her father insists upon her 'doing things in style,' as he calls it. The display and luxury may be set down to the old gentleman's account. Those two negresses, now, he sent home with me last voyage, and had 'em kept in England five months so that they might be ready to attend their young mistress on her voyage out."

"I wonder," put in Mr. Spence, "that he didn't frank some white married couple on a trip to England that they might return in charge of the young lady. I have known that done before to-day."

While the gentlemen were thus discoursing on the poop, the subject of their conversation was below showing a disposition to be very friendly with Mrs. and Miss Salmon. Those ladies, so affably encountered, were not long, one may be sure, before they made some observations on Arabella's rich dress and ornaments; whereat Miss Chisholm, far from being displeased, entered into descriptions of all the treasures contained in her voluminous baggage, and promised to gratify them with a sight of the same.

"But how can you do it?" objected Miss Salmon, whose prophetic mind foresaw a difficulty in the way of this gratification. "You cannot have all these packages in your cabin, and the captain's directions were that we were to keep with us everything likely to be wanted for use, as none of the heavy things which had been lowered into the hold could be disturbed during the voyage."

"The captain's directions!" echoed Miss Chisholm, with disdain. "What do I care for the captain's directions? There are plenty of sailors in the ship to pull things up and down, and when I wish to have my chests and trunks brought up they will have to bring them." Her look seemed to add, "Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young Creole princess, i' faith." This imperious demeanor somewhat astonished the military ladies, who had no experience of Creole princesses, and believed that before all things it was necessary that "disciplines ought to be used." Arabella was not half so fond of answering the other ladies' questions about her native island, as she was of talking about her life in England; which perhaps was natural. She had been a child in Jamaica, but in England had expanded towards womanhood, and acquired new sentiments, new ideas, new aspirations, all of which were foreign to her West India recollections. She said she would be delighted to see her father again, but she feared she would find the island dull; "and if so," she remarked, "I shall make my papa go home for good. He has wasted quite enough of his life in the stupid colony." Her new acquaintances, who hardly knew what it was to move independently, marvelled at all this wilfulness.

The Creole beauty was as good as her word about her baggage. The captain, although he yielded to her as to a spoiled child, calling her "My dear," and made as though he were spontaneously according these exceptional indulgences, did nevertheless let her have her way; and the tars were manning the tackle and shifting the luggage as often as, and for as long as, it pleased Miss Arabella Chisholm to require their services in this way.

Mrs. Salmon told her husband that there was something very frank and winning about the handsome Creole. She was good-natured too, and had forced upon Miss Salmon's acceptance trinkets and other treasures which the latter young lady had admired. "But do you know," added Mrs. Salmon, "her conversation is too free on some subjects — hardly what I call nice. When the two girls are alone, she says things to Flora about young men and love-making which it quite distresses our girl to hear, for she isn't accustomed to those subjects. I hardly know what to do about it."

"You can do nothing, I am afraid," answered Dr. Salmon; "Miss Chisholm means nothing wrong, I am persuaded; and we must impute to her tropical blood

and her early education among colored people this foreign style. Flora is too well principled to be hurt by it; and as she will not encourage it, Miss Chisholm will probably soon find that other subjects would be more agreeable."

"My dear, she will find nothing of the sort. She will allow nothing and do nothing but what she pleases. There never was such an arbitrary creature."

"Well, well," answered the doctor, "the voyage is not to last forever. Explain to Flora, that this is not an English young lady, and therefore that she does not deserve the censure which we should direct against a countrywoman allowing herself such license. As long as she has her mother to guide her, I feel quite easy about Flora's sense of propriety," — with which compliment to his wife's good sense Dr. Salmon closed the conversation, drew in his head and went to sleep; for they had been talking in their stateroom, where they lay in little berths one over the other, and the doctor, being in the nether compartment, had to put out his head to listen to the oracles which came to him from above.

The same night on which this conversation occurred there were minds occupied with Miss Arabella in other cabins than the doctor's. Mr. Spence, tossing in his berth, was reflecting that he, in right of his Creole origin and strong claims of family, was, under present circumstances, Arabella's natural ally, attendant, and sympathizer; and that she was bound to be a great deal more familiar and confidential with him than with that rather pensive and genteel ensign, whose natural affinity was with Miss Salmon. He did not venture, even in thought, to lay claim to more than this, though it is to be feared that neighborly frankness would have gone but a small way towards satisfying the craving of his heart. Like a turbulent patriot, who puts in a reasonable demand for toleration and equal rights, when in his heart he abhors both liberty and equality, and aims at tyranny, so the self-deluding Spence fretted himself about the rights of neighbors, while already it was an idea of exclusive rights which was making him so restless. The young fellow was considerably smitten.

However reasonable Spence might take his own notions and arrangements to be, Ensign Clifton could not help seeing things in a very different light. In that young officer's judgment, Miss Salmon and Mr. Spence appeared to be admirably fitted for each other. As for Spence pretending to

a lady so brilliant as Miss Chisholm, the idea was preposterous: it was a violation of the eternal fitness of things: it could not by possibility tend to promote the happiness of anybody, and might be productive of much misery. Now, for a calm bystander who could see all this mischief brewing, not to try and prevent it would have been gross dereliction of duty. And Clifton thought himself a calm philosophic bystander, laying claim to that character on the ground of a passion which he had entertained for a cousin some five years older than himself, who had thought him very clever when he was fifteen. For more than a year it was his dream to make this cousin his bride after he had raised himself to eminence; but the vision was disturbed by intelligence that a captain of dragoons, who considered himself already sufficiently eminent for the achievement, was about to marry her. The stricken youth mourned becomingly, then hardened his heart to study and ambition. He even grew to think that it would facilitate his future career to be thus early acclimatized to the trying air of love: he learned to set a value upon his scar, and to feel that the crushing of his affections gave him an immense advantage over even older men who were still vulnerable about the heart. So the ensign thought that while the voyage lasted it would be as well to obtain as large a share as he could of Miss Chisholm's attention, just to shield her (she being very young and inexperienced) from plunging into mischief. Once they were on shore his responsibility would be over. It would be another thing then; and her father being at hand to care for her, it would be the father's affair, and very unfortunate if she should form an imprudent attachment — that was all. And Ensign Clifton sighed deeply, and turned himself over in his berth, as he came to this conclusion.

Miss Salmon had her thoughts too, as the "Berkeley Castle," on this bright night, being now clear of the Bay of Biscay, walked steadily before the wind towards Madeira. And there was something in Miss Salmon's mind which coincided curiously with a thought which has been ascribed to Mr. Spence. Flora Salmon was beginning to see very strongly the natural affinity between Mr. Clifton and herself. They belonged to the same profession in a manner; at any rate they must have many ideas in common. Their lots might be cast in the same place for a long time to come. She, Flora, was perhaps a little more sprightly and *spirituelle* than the

ensign; but what of that? it only made her more fit to be his companion and complement. He was very nice and gentlemanly, if a little shy and silent. Flora didn't think at all the worse of him because he wasn't noisy and silly like many ensigns whom it had been her lot to mark; but why didn't he recognize the claims of his own cloth? It would not have been surprising if one of the brainless subalterns, of whom she had then two or three in her mind's eye, had been taken with the handsome person and not very reserved conversation of the sparkling Creole. They were incapable of appreciating any thing which did not lie on the surface; but of Mr. Clifton, who seemed to have a mind, better things might have been expected. It is just possible, too, that Flora perceived, or perhaps she had been informed, that Clifton was a youth of good family, and of a fortune that made him independent of his profession; but she didn't confess to herself that this had any thing to do with her grievance, which she rested on general, open, unselfish grounds. Yet Miss Salmon was hardly just to Arabella. The latter young lady was not merely a pretty compound of pretension and coquetry, notwithstanding her wilfulness and variableness, and the trivial matters which often seemed to occupy her. Her caprices were not without their charm, and sometimes, though rarely, they spirited her into moods of reverie and feeling which were but the more winning from their suddenness and rarity.

If tenderness touched her, the dark of her eye
At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye.
From the depths of whose shadow, like holy
 revelings
From innermost shrines, came the light of her
 feelings!

Miss Chisholm, while all these cogitations were going on, had fallen very happily to sleep. She had been accustomed to have her own way in most things, and there was nothing in the situation on board ship to hinder her sovereign will in the least. She may have been utterly indifferent about both the young men on board, or she may have preferred one to the other. However this may have been, she had not the least doubt about being able to please herself whenever she might ascertain what her own pleasure was. And so she dropped asleep tranquilly and early. A moonbeam, slanting into her cabin as she lay in her first slumber, glanced on the accurate moulding of an arm which, escaped from the loose nightdress, was

thrown high on her pillow, and wound over the crown of her head, beyond which the hand rested in shadow. The sheen played softly on the curves of the regular features, and caught the tangles of her luxuriant hair in such wise as to graze each tress with a streak of light. In the day her tresses were of a rich dark brown, very effective in their mass, though the strands were not particularly fine; but this *chiaroscuro* gave them an unearthly richness, and made the lace about her neck, which peeped between their folds, gleam like fretted silver. We hear sweet things said about the sleep of virtue, and the sleep of innocence, also of the slumber of a mind at peace with itself; but the slumber of a young lady entirely satisfied with herself and with her lot, wants nothing that goodness or purity or quiet conscience could give. It is a tranquillity which accident may scare from the pillow; but while it lasts it is excellent.

The voyage proceeded prosperously. Rolling down the trades is generally a not very checkered or perilous course; but the days, if uneventful, were not tedious to the passengers. Dr. and Mrs. Salmon had had too much of the bustle, and too many of the vicissitudes of life, to chafe at two or three weeks of calm, bright, listless days; and as for the rest of the company, they were all busily engaged in a little drama which was to reach its *dénouement* in other scenes; and the sameness was no sameness to them.

Flora and Arabella were in the latter's stateroom, rummaging among a profusion of jewels and ornaments. Flora had never handled so many treasures in her life; and though she had sense enough to be somewhat angry with herself for being so delighted, yet the woman was strong in her, and she revelled among the gems and gold. One article after another was taken up and admired, and pronounced to be the most beautiful that ever was seen, until the next came up for criticism, and was in its turn found to surpass all others. A Maltese cross had just been returned to the case with a glowing eulogium, and was now being utterly eclipsed by a set of emeralds which took away Flora's breath. "Well, I never saw anything like it," said she; "how lovely!—how very lovely!"

"Flora," said Miss Chisholm, "I shall leave those emeralds to you when I die."

"Oh, will you?" said Flora, who was quick at a joke; "then if I live to be ninety I may deck my ruins with emeralds."

"A shorter life than that may bring you the bequest. I wasn't trifling." Then, said Arabella, after an instant's pause, "Flora, do you believe in spirits?"

"Certainly," answered Miss Salmon, astonished.

"Do you ever see them?"

"See them! no. They cannot be seen."

"I see them," said Arabella, in a subdued, mysterious manner. "All my life I have seen strange things, and they impress me always with the idea that my life will not last long."

"Nonsense," said Flora; "you should not allow yourself to think of such things."

"They do: they make me sad, so that I almost wish to die. Is it not dreadful?"

"It is dreadful if you give way to it, my dear. You must be ailing. Will you speak to my father about it?"

"No, Flora, not for the world. I don't give way. But my heart is sore sometimes. You shall have the emeralds."

"Thank you," said Flora; "but don't encourage morbid thoughts. It isn't right."

"Very well, then, let's laugh;" and Arabella was immediately in a new mood.

The reader will scarcely consider his credulity too severely taxed if he is asked to believe that Ensign Clifton soon descended from his platform of exalted benevolence towards Miss Chisholm, and became her devoted admirer. He had not found it easy to come between her and Mr. Spence, except just when it was her pleasure that he should do so. She, and not he, pulled the wires; and after a little while he submitted to his fate and moved as he was impelled by the guiding power. Each young man got his share of sunshine, and neither could flatter himself long with the idea that he was preferred. Miss Salmon was hardly an unbiassed judge; but she (in bitterness of disappointment perhaps) thought that Clifton was the favorite.

One evening when they were approaching the Gulf of Mexico, Arabella was seated on a luxurious pile of cushions and wraps, looking over the ship's side. Clifton, who had managed to be in possession of her, was standing near, leaning on the gunwale. The girl was chattering earnestly about the grandeur of her father's house, his slaves, and his establishment, and declaring what great things should be done at home under her influence. When she gave him the chance of putting in a word, Clifton said it made him sad to hear of the

magnificence to which she was going. Of course the wily youth intended to provoke a question, in answer to which he was going to deprecate pathetically the distance which so much wealth would interpose between her and a subaltern of low degree. Her reply might possibly have given some comfort to his soul. But Arabella somewhat disconcerted him, by changing her manner suddenly and saying, "Yes; it makes me very sad too." His little plot thus foiled, it was now Clifton's turn to demand the meaning of what had been said.

"Well," answered Arabella softly, "money, and negroes, and a fine house, and ever so much gaiety, don't bring happiness, do they?"

Clifton wasn't ready with an answer; and, after an instant's pause, Arabella went on. "I feel sometimes, when I am thinking, as if I could be very miserable with all the comfort that I shall live in. There's something one wants that isn't in these fine things, isn't there? I don't know what it is, but it seems to be something far away, out of one's reach, you know; and I feel I shall never get it, and I shall be miserable among all my luxury."

"You desire sympathy, affection, Miss Chisholm," ventured Clifton, cutting in very cleverly for so young a player at the game. "Surely that is not a matter for *you* to be unhappy about. Your wealth is only fortune's gift, but you can command sympathy, and, and" — the boy hesitated, partly from want of courage, and partly from the fascination which her unwonted looks exercised. Her long lashes were drooping over her eyes; her features expressed gentle sadness; the lips were parted, and her bosom rose with a sigh which was almost a sob.

"No," said she, "it is something that I never shall obtain, — never, never. I know that I shall not live very long. I can't tell how I know it, but I do."

If Clifton thought his opportunity was now come he was mistaken. No sooner did he attempt to avail himself of her soft mood than she shook herself into a merry laugh, saying, while the moisture could be seen in her reopened eyes, "How foolish one can be! Mr. Clifton, you make me quite melancholy. Oh, come here, Mr. Spence, if you please, and say something amusing. I know you can be entertaining if you like."

This day's experience did not lighten Clifton's heart a bit. While he thought Arabella a thousand times better worth

winning than ever, he thought her a thousand times further removed beyond his reach. But he was making more progress than he knew of — indeed, more than she knew of either. Arabella was after a time conscious that she was rather pleased with the young man. But this, she was sure, was only a passing fancy. And teasing him passed the time so merrily! Yet she was venturing rashly.

At last the good ship reached her port. The north side of Jamaica showed itself one splendid evening, with its park-like slopes backed by the giant hills; all the colors of the rainbow smiled and glowed on its broken surface; and the beautiful town of Montego Bay, decked in white and green, lay a crescent on the shore, and grasped the bright glowing harbor in its span. The black pilot came off while they were all overcome with the glory of the sunset, but he thought it better not to go in to the anchorage at once. "Bettar lay off to-night, sar; soon as de daylight come, me will take you in." This was not an inconvenient arrangement for the passengers. The "Berkeley Castle" was recognized by those on shore before sunset, and there would be plenty of time in the morning to come down with a welcome from Blenheim, Sandy Chisholm's place; from Stubbs Castle, the abode of Mr. Spence's father; and from Elsinore, where lay the detachment to which Ensign Clifton would belong. Accordingly, when, soon after daybreak the next morning, the ship's anchor was dropped, boat-loads of demonstrative friends surrounded her berth. She was boarded first by two washerwomen, who stopped on the ladder to fight till the mate rope's-ended them, and who afterwards attempted to renew the combat on the quarter-deck. Then followed a troop of sable ladies and gentlemen offering mangoes, cocoanuts, star-apples, bread-nuts, *alligator*-pears (as they are called), spruce-beer, and a great assortment of island dainties which delight Jack after his voyage. While these were making their rush for the deck, Miss Chisholm recognized her father in a large barge, seemingly delighted at the sight of her; and Ensign Clifton saw the badge of his regiment on the dress of some persons in another and smaller boat. The skipper himself stood at the gangway to receive Sandy Chisholm. He did not take off his hat to that personage, because the fashion of that country is for everybody to shake hands with everybody; but he showed by his manner (as indeed Sandy Chisholm showed by his), that as long as the latter gentleman should

be pleased to remain on board, the whole ship would be at his commandment. Sandy caught his daughter in his arms, then he held her off to look at her, then pronounced her "bonny," and kissed her again: after which salutations, he issued orders about the barge and baggage to a henchman who attended, in that kind of style which we consider appropriate to the Great Mogul or the Grand Lama — orders which a troop of niggers, his own property, and all the sailors in the ship, hastened to execute. He then said a few patronizing words to the skipper, whom he thanked for bringing him this "bonny bit of mairchandize" (parenthetically kissing the "mairchandize" again), and whom he made free of Blenheim during the ship's stay. This done, Arabella said she must introduce her fellow-voyagers, with all of whom the great Sandy shook hands, and to each and all of whom he then and there offered unlimited hospitality. As for Mrs. and Miss Salmon, he insisted on taking them home with him until they could be joined by the doctor, who had first to go and report himself; and as for Mr. Spence, he said he was right glad to see his father's son. Ensign Clifton, of course, got a shake of the magnate's hand, and was enjoined to make his appearance at Blenheim to see his "auld messmate" (which meant his young idol) "as airly as poossible." Half an hour after that, the passengers were all on shore.

Clifton, after reporting himself to his colonel at Montego Bay, was ordered, as he expected, to Elsinore, which was a large country-house, unoccupied by the proprietor, and so a convenient place of sojourn for a detachment of troops which had been ordered temporarily to that region in consequence of some turbulence among the negroes. There is a great deal in the MS. concerning the impression made upon the pensive ensign by the magnificent scenery of the island, the details of which I omit, seeing that in these lettered days, they may be found elsewhere. Suffice it to say that the gorgeous colors, the ripe vegetation extending down to the tide-line and toppling over into the sea in the struggle for existence, the charmingly broken contour of the glorious hills, soothed in some degree the anxiety of his breast, and made him wonder how such scenes could be associated with pestilence and death.

It was Clifton's opinion at this period of his life that to come among a set of hearty, high-spirited comrades in a strange and beautiful country is the best possible

antidote for melancholy; but at the date of the MS. (some years after) he had modified this opinion, and thought that the monotony of a military life in quarters is in itself depressing. *Tempora mutantur*. It is, however, pretty plain that his jolly friends, and the novelties of the West Indies, delighted him greatly; and if absence made his heart grow fonder at odd times, when he found himself alone, their society prevented him from falling a prey to love-sickness. There was very little duty to do, and so these young heroes improved the occasion of their sojourn among the spurs of the mountains by roaming the country, looking after all that was worth seeing, which, according to their practice, included a great deal that was not worth seeing at all. However, the restlessness kept them in exercise, and that was a good thing.

One day, not long after Clifton's arrival, a member of the little mess announced at dinner that he had discovered an old witch; which announcement was received with derisive cheers and much incredulity. The discoverer, however, was not very seriously affected by the humor of his audience, but went on to say where he had heard of the old lady, and to tell of the marvellous things that she had done. She was a negress, and to be found at Higson's Gap, an estate belonging to that rich old fellow Sandy Chisholm. She had predicted marriages, shipwrecks, deaths, inheritances; had penetrated secrets which were supposed to be locked in one breast alone; had mapped out the destinies of certain individuals in oracles, which had been fulfilled to the letter; had held communion with *duppies* — that is to say, ghosts — and had extracted the knowledge which lay hid with them beyond this world. Of course, there was a superior man present who asked how a sensible being could believe such confounded nonsense. Of course, the discoverer of the old lady knew that the facts were too well attested to be treated as nonsense at all. Of course, the company disputed the matter as if it had been one of life and death; and very fortunately the dispute ended in a bet, not a fight. The property of five doubloons hung in the balance until the proof or the failure of the old lady's skill should incline the scale. An expedition to Higson's Gap, nine or ten miles distant, was arranged for the morrow by four of them; and all was good-humor again.

"I tell you what it is, Dix," said he who had first made mention of the sorceress the night before, "I had this from old

Henriquez, the merchant in town, and he wouldn't be likely to make more of it than it was worth; besides, he told me to use his name to the *busha** at Higson's Gap if I chose to go and try the old lady."

"Did he?" answered Dix. "I've a great opinion of Henriquez, you know. Cashes my bills. Knows some friends of mine. Devilish rich, liberal old boy. So, Marten, my good fellow, we won't dispute any more just now; we shall soon see what she can do. I'm glad you have an introduction to the busha, though, because he'll give us some second breakfast."

Spite of the heat the young men pushed on, pulling up at various houses to ask their way, and always receiving an invitation to drink as well as the information they demanded. At last they rode through a gateway without a gate, over a villainously rough road, where their horses with difficulty could be kept from stumbling, and got safely into what in England would be called the farmyard of Higson's Gap. On one side of this stood the busha's house, supported upon piers, obviously with the intent that there should be a circulation of air between the inhabitants and the ground. But this intent had been in some degree frustrated, because a large portion of the space below had been boarded in and turned into rooms of some sort. The busha, from his veranda above, saw the arrival of the strangers, and descended to meet them. He was standing on the steps as they rode up and called out, "Here, 'Kiah, Jubal! come, take the gentlemen's horses; cool them, and then come to me for some corn; hear?"

"Yes, massa," responded two darkies, appearing from somewhere about the premises; and when the young men had dismounted, they were hospitably invited to walk up and take a drink. Hereupon Marten pronounced the potent name of Henriquez, — said that he had told them of the fame of the old negress on the property, and that they had come to test her power, which seemed a most strange thing to them, they being officers not long out from England. And then the busha told them he was delighted to find that they were not mere passengers, but had come to pay a visit to himself; and he bade them all to second breakfast, but recommended, in the mean time, that they should refresh with rum and water. Ice never found its way to Jamaica in those days — they trusted to the porous goglets for cooling their water;

* Negro name for overseer; often used, also, as a slang name for the same.

and unless the domestics were careful to place these in the breeze, the cooling was but imperfectly done, and the comfort of the drink far less than it might have been. The busha was a tall, raw-boned young man, all over freckles except his long neck, which the sun had roasted to the color of new copper. A very civil, honest fellow he was, but he had unfortunately some idea that he was a beau. His breeches and boots, though decidedly the worse for wear, had evidently been moulded with some attempt at style, and there was a picture of him against the wall of his hall which exhibited some hopelessly depraved artist's idea of a *petit maître*.

"Another drink, sir; you've had a long ride," said he to Dix. But Dix required no more at present. Might it not be as well if they were to visit the old lady before second breakfast? Was she really as clever as was reported?

"Well, sir," answered the overseer, "I think I know a little about the sex; but I confess she puzzles me. A huge lot of what she says is right. I used to think she had agents among the people who brought her information; they're confounded cunning, you know, especially the women—but no confederate could help her to some of her guesses, or whatever you may like to call them. Now, there was my predecessor out there" (and he pointed through the jalousies to a tomb over against the house), "she told him he would make a black Christmas; and he died on Christmas-eve, and was buried on Christmas-day. Odd, wasn't it?"

"Does she work on the estate?"

"Well, no, sir; she doesn't work. She's been a person of some consequence when she was younger" (with a wink), "and now she's in an honorable retirement—sort of a dowager."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Bacchus, go see where Mammy Cis is," called the overseer; on which a tall, thin, cadaverous negro, presenting himself at one of the numerous doors, answered, "He dere, massa; me see him jes' now."

"Very well, then, gentlemen, what do you say? Shall we go on and see her while they're laying the cloth?" and he led them down the steps, taking a glance, as he went, at a small mirror in the veranda, and adjusting his hat to a becoming cock.

The young men having heard of a dowager, and seeing the busha's little reference to the glass, imagined that they were to be taken to a dower-house. But the busha's glance at his image or reflection

was habitual, being the nearest approach he could make to the luxury enjoyed by society at large of looking on the original. The dower-house was part of the boarded space under the room where they had been sitting. Passing round to the gable-end after they descended to the ground, the gentlemen saw an apartment, open at one end, in which perhaps a chaise might occasionally have been placed, or something which might be not of sufficient value, or not sufficiently small, to stand in the house, and yet not weather-proof; or it was a place where a job of carpentry might be wrought, or where the people might do a little indoor work on a stormy day. The farther end was closed by a partition with a door in it, and this door the busha opened, letting out a villanous smell of salt fish. He called,—

"Mammy Cis, come out a bit, will ye? Here's gentlemen come to see you. Smooth your ringlets, you know; and tighten your bodice and let down your skirt, for they're lively fellows." And here the busha, who had a pretty wit of his own, looked round, winked again, and laughed. As he did so, there issued through the door a stout mulatto woman of middle height. Her skin was greatly wrinkled, but her eyes were still bright, and her carriage good. It was impossible to guess how old she might be, for these colored people, when their youth has once passed, wax hideous in a very short time. She had a striped handkerchief bound round her head, with the ends depending behind; a short skirt was tied about her waist, and over it was a wonderful robe, just drawn together at one point, and made of some brightly flowered material which would have been all the better for a visit to the wash-tub. Stockings, which might by courtesy have been called white, covered her ankles, whereof one was neat and slim, and the other exhibited a leaning to elephantiasis. A pair of exceedingly misshapen slippers adorned her feet. Large bright drops hung in her ears, and a showy necklace was about her neck.

"Mornin', gentlemen," said the old lady, as she saluted the company with much dignity. Then she turned her glowing eyes upon the overseer, looked through him for an instant, and asked in a quiet voice, but with a very pointed manner, "Who is you making fun of, sar? Is dis your manners to a leady?"

The youth was embarrassed. He was evidently not disposed to incur the weird woman's vengeance, and at the same time he was anxious, before the young officers,

to maintain his superiority, and make good the sallies of his redundant wit.

"Accuse me of anything but that," said the gallant busha. "Ill manners to a lady I could never be guilty of. You mistake, mammy, I'm sure. I wish to treat you with the very highest respect." It was necessary to wink again, to make the irony of this apparent; but he gave a very timid wink, hardly daring to look toward the strangers.

"You tink it respeckful, sar, to talk to me about ringlets and about my skirt? And what you mean, sar, by bringing gentlemen to see me widout sending fust to inform me?"

"Really, mammy, I thought you knew everything so well without telling, that it was quite unnecessary to warn you."

"You know, sar, dat is not true. Gentlemen, doan't let dis young man persuade you dat I am fond of making a show of myself. He knows better. He knows well dat, poor old woman as I am, I have plenty to care for me, and all my relations is not old and poor. He knows, too, dat it is not wise to be talking too freely about dis and dat dat I knows."

At all hazards, temporal and spiritual, the busha was constrained to wink when he was accused of saying what was not true, that he might demonstrate the exquisite flavor of the joke; but he was not at all comfortable when the wise woman boasted about her influence in this world, and the indiscretion of talking of her dealings with the other. It was a relief to him when she turned to look at the group of strangers. Her eye fell on Clifton, and she uttered, with emphasis, the exclamation, "Hei!" He appeared in some way to interest her. But before she could speak to him, Dix, impatient for some sorcery, stepped forward, and said, "The fact is, old lady, that we heard you could do something in the conjuring line, and we were geese enough to take a ride through the sun to witness your art. It looks very like nonsense, I'm afraid."

"Perhaps so, sar," said the sorceress, very calmly. "I wish for nobody to tink me a conjuror, as you call it. Well for you if I am not."

Hereupon Marten, who had more patience, and, as he fancied, more tact than his friend, stepped up and put a silver dollar in Mammy Cis's hand, saying at the same time in a soothing tone, "Come now, old girl, that will make it right, I daresay. Now, please, tell me my fortune."

"Look he', sar," said the old woman, drawing herself up; "you tink I want for

you dollar? Chaw! I know where to get money in plenty if I want it. You is mistaken; for true you is. Take back de silber, and tank you all de same!" and she returned the dollar with a magnificent air.

It only remained now for the fourth of the party, whose name was Worth, to try his luck, and he fortunately chose to begin with a little fair speaking.

"Really, ma'am," said he, "I think we have been presumptuous in supposing that there was anything in the fortunes of ordinary people like us for spirits to care about. If there is nothing to tell, we must only regret having troubled you, but if anything occurs to you worth mentioning, and you would be good enough——"

"Dere is something to tell, sar; and since you is polite, I have de pleasure of informing you dat, before you sleeps to-night, you will hear of something dat will sweet * you greatly."

"Indeed! and what is it?"

"I can't say, sar, but you will see." Then turning to Marten again, with something like a smile, she said to him, "Since you is so kind as to offer me money, sar, I can't do less dan tell you dat some money is comin' to you, but instead of silber you will get gold. My king, you is lucky."

"A piece of good news, — a bag of gold," put in Dix sarcastically; "you know, old lady, we can get quite as good conjuring as this under a hedge in England. I can guess what the next announcement will be. You will promise me a princess for a wife; isn't that it?"

At mention of the princess, the busha eyed Lieutenant Dix much as a sportsman eyes a poacher. But there was not time for him to make a remark, for Mammy Cis sternly took up her parable and said, "It is not a princess, sar; and if your tongue didn't so long, I shouldn't speak to you at all. Come dis way, sar, and I will mention to you what I know privately. You can tell your friends or not, as you tink proper."

After hesitating a little, Dix, with a derisive ejaculation and gesture, withdrew in the direction to which the old lady pointed, and she began to make to him a communication in an undertone. It had not proceeded far when the bystanders saw the young man turn as pale as death. In a moment he stamped furiously on the ground and burst away, swearing that she was the devil.

"No, sar," said Mammy Cis; "I am not de debbil. It is de debbil dat put sich tings in your heart."

* Delight.

"What has she told you, Dix?" was the general cry.

"Oh, curse her! I can't tell you. Something disagreeable to listen to, but, of course, a lie."

The old lady did not speak in reply, but she glanced towards Dix, and "held him with her glittering eye" for a second; then released him. Dix, anxious for a diversion, then said, drawing Clifton forward, "Here, give him some of your wisdom. He's modest; he hasn't had any yet."

Instead of addressing Clifton, the prophetess, in a theatrical attitude, put her hands before her face, as if to shut out some disagreeable sight, and turned her head away from him. While her look indicated intense distress, she said, "Dis young buckra may bring much sorrow to me and mine; but I see noting clear; I can't tell what it will be. For true, sar, trouble will come between you and me. Myking! my king! But, sar, you doan't seem to mean wrong, and de trouble may pass. And now make me [*i.e.* let me] say what you will mind more than de griefs of an ole woman. You is prospering already in what is nearest to your heart; but where you want to bring joy you may bring a curse if you and others is not careful."

Clifton blushed at the first part of this prediction, and his heart bounded as it rushed to the interpretation. As to the second part, he could, in the pleasant idea which had been called up, find no place for it.

"By Jove! Clifton, you're in love. That must be it," exclaimed some of the youngsters; and the whole party laughed at his evident consciousness, while the overseer looked him over critically to discover what the devil there was about *him* that he should have a successful love affair. Meantime the sorceress called "Pinkie, Pinkie!" and thereupon a little negress issued from the interior apartment and stood awaiting the old lady's commands, while she improved the occasion by scratching her head. It seemed that she had been summoned only to give dignity to Mammy Cis's retreat; which Cis now accomplished, after dismissing her visitors in a stately manner, and giving a few more words of caution to the overseer.

Out in the air once more, the young men were soon laughing and chattering over a host of subjects, and the sorceress was for a moment out of mind. Their appetites reminded them, also, that they had breakfasted early, and they were not sorry to learn that the promised collation was

nearly ready. They went above again, where they were accommodated with a basin, a towel, and a bucket of water, and left to perform their ablutions as they could, each chucking the water he had used through the window. Meanwhile the busha got off his boots, and assumed a pair of silk stockings well darned, also a shirt with a frill and ruffles, and turned out quite a stunning figure.

If the second breakfast was somewhat rude, it was given with hearty good-will; and it was distinguished by some remarkably fine rum punch, the influence of which made the youngsters talk again of the visit to the fortune-teller.

"Now that old lady," observed Marten — "what humbug, to be sure! — is, I suppose, what is called an *obi* woman."

"Not at all," the overseer answered; "she uses no incantation, does nothing illegal,* and she abuses Obeah. I can't, either, call her one of the Myall people, who profess to undo the mischief of Obeah. She takes not the slightest trouble to impress visitors, and says she doesn't know how she comes by her knowledge."

"Knowledge, indeed!" echoed Worth. "I never saw a much poorer attempt at fortune-telling. I am to hear of some good luck before night, isn't that it? But I say, Dix, she seemed to astonish you."

"Curse her!" said Dix.

"I am to win gold," said Marten; "but as for you, Clifton —"

"My friend here," interrupted the busha, in an aggrieved, supercilious tone, "is going to win a lady."

And on that hint, and inspired by the punch, the busha turned the conversation on ladies; and it became very confidential — so much so, that the substance of what occurred up to the hour of the guests' departure, about four o'clock, never transpired, the only thing recorded being that they made the busha promise to come down and have an evening with them.

An orderly from Montego Bay was pacing before the door at Elsinore when the young men, powerfully refreshed, clattered up to the house. He had come up on an estate-cart most of the way, and been despatched by the adjutant.

"Holloa! what's up now?" sang out Marten, who was in front.

"Despatch for you, Worth; hope you're not to be moved."

Worth began to read the note carelessly,

* The practice of Obeah was illegal; perhaps is so still.

but his eyes soon expanded over it. "By Jove!" he exclaimed; "only think! Poor Rowley was this morning thrown from his horse against the angle of the barrack, and killed on the spot."

"You don't say so!" "Good heavens!" "Poor fellow!"

"And I get the company."

"By Jove! yes, of course. Glad of your luck, old fellow; but sorry for Rowley. Good fellow, Rowley."

No wonder that they were gloomy that evening. Felicitations for Worth would come hereafter when the promotion should be officially announced. They talked about Rowley, and kindly remembered all his good deeds, while most made arrangements for starting before daybreak to attend his funeral. In the midst of the regrets, Dix burst in with,—

"By George! Worth, that ugly old devil said you would hear of some luck before night."

"So she did; how odd!" said they all.

"And she promised you gold, Marten. Here it is; not a large fortune — only five doubloons," added Dix, with a bitter smile.

"But, my dear fellow, don't be precipitate. This promotion of Worth's is only a coincidence. I don't feel at all satisfied that —"

"Take the money," said Dix, with an oath. "It isn't Worth's good luck that has convinced me. The wretch" (and he turned pale again) "told me darkly of what could not, I thought, be known to any one in the island but myself. Curse her!"

"The devil she did!" was the general rejoinder.

Clifton's heavy baggage had not yet come up. It was at that time lying by the roadside, somewhere about midway between Montego Bay and Elsinore. In another week it was expected that it might make its appearance at the station. Clifton, therefore, could not get at his uniform, and could not conveniently appear at the funeral; which circumstance, as the others said, was not of consequence, as Clifton had never seen poor Rowley. So they arranged that he should remain about the station, which would enable all the others to go down; and to this arrangement Clifton readily agreed, because he had a little plan of his own which there would be now an opportunity of carrying out. He had scarcely mentioned Miss Chisholm's name, fearing lest his secret should be detected; and from the same shyness, he had refrained from making a visit to her. Noth-

ing, perhaps, could have helped forward Clifton's cause more effectually than his thus postponing his visit to Blenheim. Arabella, accustomed to have everything done for her, had all her time disposable, and from the day of her arrival found some of it hang heavy during the hot hours. She had many apartments appropriated to herself, and among these was a gallery, formed to catch the grateful sea-breeze. Here she would swing in a grass hammock, and think over the days of her voyage out, and wonder why she could not be as well amused here at home as she had been on board ship. It was nearly the same party. Flora was here, and there was an infinity of things strange to her to show Flora. Then Mr. Spence, though he did not live at Blenheim, seemed as though he couldn't live away from it. Why should this society be less entertaining on shore than it had been at sea? It began to strike her that she missed Ensign Clifton.

Now an imperious young lady like Arabella, when she has once formed a wish, is most impatient for its gratification. She desired to see Clifton. She was hurt that he did not come; it was presumption in him to be able to stay away from her so long. She doubted whether his wound might not prove to have been a scratch which was fast healing, and whether his comrades might not have introduced him to many a belle quite capable of supplanting her. She grew angry, and had that exceedingly threatening symptom of tenderly yearning for the young man's visit in one fit, and in the next vindictively devising against him those penalties and pains wherewith lovers are not seldom tortured by their mistresses. Arabella was very proud and very politic, and so kept her feelings to herself, or, at least, intended to do so; but it is not certain that Flora was unsuspecting of them.

While matters went thus at Blenheim, Clifton's comrades, as has been said, left him one day to his own resources.

Here was the lover's opportunity, and he used it. When they were all off in the direction of the coast, he got on a horse and made for Blenheim. The negroes whom he met directed him fairly enough, but their remarks about the distance did not enlighten him. Some, of whom he inquired "How far?" answered, "Far enough, massa;" and others, to the same query, said "Not so far, massa." However, he made his way thither somehow; and it may be inferred that his inner consciousness was very busy as he rode along.

for he does not, as he was wont, expatiate much on the appearance of outward things. He found Blenheim to be a large, rambling house, built principally of wood, well sheltered by trees, and surrounded by ground which there had been some attempt to make ornamental. The site commanded a splendid view, stretching down to the sea. There was an immense display of barbaric grandeur and profusion; and negroes and negresses of all ages swarmed about the place. Miss Chisholm's bright eyes sent forth an additional sparkle when she saw her visitor, who, however, could gather but small comfort from her looks; for he perceived that Mr. Spence was in the room with her, established, as it would seem, on very easy terms. The Salmon ladies, also, were still there, and they all welcomed their fellow-voyager with cordiality. Mr. Chisholm was away on business somewhere, and did not appear, but the ladies had plenty to say, and were full of a large ball which was to come off at Montego Bay in a few days, and to which the military were of course to be invited. Arabella was too grand to do anything for herself, but Miss Salmon was very busy in getting up a little millinery for her mother and herself, to be worn at the coming entertainment. Flora managed to get possession of Mr. Clifton, and seemed much to rejoice in his propinquity—a compliment for which he would have been more grateful had he not perceived Mr. Spence at the same time monopolizing Arabella. However, they found plenty to say about the past voyage and the coming ball, and the impression which the island had made on the new-comers. By-and-by Miss Salmon took occasion, guardedly, to hint that the affair between Arabella and Spence seemed very like a settled thing. "He is always here," said Flora, "and, I fancy, has plenty of encouragement to come." Perhaps she read in her hearer's features the pang with which the poor lad received this information, and perhaps Flora thought that he deserved for his perversity to feel the pang; she, however, tried to divert him from the subject by sprightly conversation, and when he offered to move away, pinned him to his place, by making him wind silk for her. A superior strategist, however, delivered him from this snare: for Arabella came to them and said she would take Clifton and show him the bloodhounds, which, when on board ship, he had often expressed a desire to inspect; and she commanded Spence to come and take Clifton's place as Flora's silk-winder. If this had been

intended expressly to favor Clifton's wishes it could not have been more craftily done, for Flora was in great fear of dogs generally, and could not possibly volunteer to be of the party to the kennel; so, with some chagrin, she accepted Mr. Spence's services, and looked happy, and talked pleasantly, while there was bitterness in her heart. Meanwhile Clifton's heart beat a little more happily when he found himself walking forth with the lady of his affections. Arabella looked more charming than he had ever seen her. She was richly and becomingly dressed, and the escape from the confinement of the ship had told most favorably on her appearance and spirits. She did not hurry towards the dogs, but by the way called Clifton's attention to numerous things about the place which must be quite new to him. After a time she asked him if he did not think Miss Salmon looking particularly well. Clifton said he thought she was looking very well, and that her spirits and wit seemed improved by her residence at Blenheim.

"She was in high glee a quarter of an hour ago, certainly," said Miss Chisholm; "but do you know, I don't think she'll be quite so merry just now."

"Indeed! I don't understand you."

"I daresay not. How blind men are! I mean that she won't thank me for taking you away from her."

"Me!"

"Yes, you. I have a suspicion that she thinks very highly of you."

"You are joking, Miss Chisholm."

"No—no joke at all; I have my reasons."

"Which are?"

"That she seems particularly anxious to promote a good understanding between Mr. Spence and me."

"Oh! does she? but how does that prove —"

"You are too tiresome, I vow. How shall I say it? Perhaps she thinks I might stand in her way a little, so she would like to see me disposed of."

The ensign would have said something very serious then and there, only his heart gave such a great jump at this plain speaking that his tongue refused its office.

"I only tell you now," went on Arabella, "what may be passing in *her* mind. Of course it is all nonsense. I wouldn't for the world cross her path, and she ought to know it."

"But tell me, Miss Chisholm, for heaven's sake —"

"Well, I never knew anybody so ab-

surd," said Arabella laughing heartily. "I wish I had never told you at all. Now do let us be reasonable, and talk of something else. There, now, what do you think of that horse? It is Wallenstein, and he won the Kingston cup the year before last."

"His limbs are too fine for hard work," faltered the baffled ensign.

"Yes, so my papa says; but he can go like the wind under a light weight. Now tell me what you have been doing since I saw you last."

And Clifton gave as good an account as he could of himself, taking care to make it appear that he had eagerly seized the first opportunity that offered of presenting himself at Blenheim. When he said that he had been the day before at Higson's Gap, Arabella turned sharply towards him, and asked what he was doing there.

"Well, we went to see an old witch," said Clifton.

Arabella bent her bright eyes on him with a look that pierced through the young man, "Well," asked she, "and did you see the old witch, as you call her?"

"Oh yes," answered Clifton, feeling as if something were wrong and not knowing what. "Oh yes, we saw her."

Miss Chisholm became silent and thoughtful after this. They saw the dogs and other things of interest beside; but the lightness of the young lady's manner had quite left her. At last, when they were nearly at the house again, she stopped and said, —

"Don't, Mr. Clifton, ever speak to anybody about that silly visit to Higson's Gap; I entreat you, I desire you."

Clifton said he would obey her, but he would like to mention that there were some rather extraordinary circumstances connected —

"No matter; nonsense; you are not to speak of it," said Arabella peremptorily.

The remainder of his visit Clifton does not appear to have thought worth recording. He could not wait for dinner and the return of Sandy Chisholm, because there was no officer at Elsinore, and he felt that he ought to return. And so he rode away pleased, distracted, puzzled, a conflict of emotions racking his breast. It was delicious to reflect upon Arabella's looks and words when she owned the consciousness that she might appear attractive to him; but her coolness about the subject, and the way she turned it off, presented less agreeable food for thought. And then the fuss she made about the sorceress. What on earth could it mean? On one point, how-

ever, he felt rather relieved. If Arabella had really felt a preference for Spence, she could not possibly, strange and wilful though she was, have spoken with such *sang froid* about her relations with him. Many doubts and fears, with just enough of hope lurking about his heart to exercise it pitifully, kept him perplexed and helplessly lovesick. He could not disburden his mind nor draw comfort from anywhere. But the ball was not far off; at present he lived for that.

From The Saturday Review.

A QUIET DAY AT HOME.

It is possible that much of what is said about the restlessness and bustle of modern life may be exaggerated; but nevertheless there can be little doubt that most people, be their occupations connected with business or pleasure, have an occasional longing for a quiet day at home. It does not necessarily follow that the wished-for quiet day would, when obtained, be devoted to absolute rest; indeed it is likely enough that it might be destined for study, or the arrangement of private affairs; but, whatever the way in which the person might desire to spend it, he would wish to have the time to do exactly as he likes with, just as a boy likes to have a sixpence which he can call entirely his own. Men with large incomes often complain that, after estate improvements, servants' wages, and tradesmen's bills have been paid for, they have very little money left to spend, as they call it, upon themselves; and, on much the same principle, men who are in no profession, and whose time is apparently at their own disposal, have often reason to lament the want of a quiet day at home. The so-called idle man in the country, for instance, not infrequently longs for a day to himself, with no special business or pleasure previously allotted to it — a day on which he will not be expected either to amuse or to be amused, to attend a county meeting, pay a visit to his lawyer, stay at a friend's house, or entertain guests at home. When there is a prospect of such a day, he thinks that he will thoroughly enjoy himself; he will read the best articles in the magazines — possibly he may write one; he will glance over the novels which are most talked about in society; he will refresh his too practical mind with a little good old poetry; he will go on with the picture which he has not touched for a couple of months; he will

have an hour or two's practice on the piano or harmonium, do a little carving, and balance his accounts. The plan for the new buildings shall be sketched out, the boys shall be given a riding-lesson, and a quiet walk shall be taken with his wife. The only likely drawback to the day will be its length, as there may be a part of it in which there will be nothing to do, and boredom may have a battle with the much wished-for *dolce far niente*.

Such is the picture of the quiet day at home, as drawn in anticipation. When it arrives, it brings with it a delightful sense of spare time, accompanied with a disinclination for early rising. An extra hour in bed helps to get rid of some of the superfluous time; and even if a man gets up early, he is apt to find that the stern regularity of his household arrangements—post-bag, prayers, breakfast, and the intervals between them—dispose of a good deal. On ordinary days the necessity of an early start to catch a train, to attend magistrates' or other county meetings, or to reach some rendezvous of sport, usually procures him exemption from the formal morning routine of his well-conducted family; and to a man accustomed to sit down to a free and easy breakfast followed by an early start, with a cigar in his mouth, in search of pleasure or business, the protracted ceremonies of a regulation family morning are likely to be slightly depressing. After an unusual interval between his last mouthful of breakfast and his tobacco, he at last emerges from the hall door, in the full enjoyment of a cigar; but a servant follows him with the announcement that "a young person" wishes to see him. He kicks his heels for a few minutes while inquiries are being made as to the business of this young person, after which he is obliged to return to the house, as his visitor wants a recommendation for a charity or some other document which necessitates a journey to a room where tobacco is tabooed. For this purpose the cigar has to be left upon a window ledge; and, when taken up again, it has gone out, while on being relighted it is found to be half spoiled. Moodily strolling towards the stable, smoking his much-deteriorated cigar, the spender of the quiet day finds himself waylaid by another "person" or two, eager to relieve him both of his time and his money. Arrived at the stables, he finds that his groom has taken advantage of a day when he is not particularly engaged to ask him to look over his book and to point out a few things which he describes as "wanting doing to"—*i.e.*

demanding the attentions of the bricklayer, the carpenter, the plumber, the glazier, the saddler, or the coachbuilder. A crisis has taken place in the malady of a horse which is a little lame, and the groom hopes his master will "see him out." Much time has thus been got rid of before the groom enters into a long conversation about "that young 'oss"—an animal that has been a source of annoyance and disappointment since the day he was foaled. Escaped at last from the groom, the master finds himself in the hands of his gardener, who avers that he has not seen him "this long time." He has much to talk about. Would his master mind "going as far as" this place and "stepping into" that? He has something to show him here and to point out there, and he has the plans for the new garden all ready in his house. He has evidently arranged a grand field day for his master's edification, and looks much disappointed when his victim leaves him in an hour on the plea of business of importance indoors. As his employer returns to the house he finds a policeman lying in wait for him with some summonses to be signed, or possibly a request to come to the county town to "hear a case." When the latter dire calamity happens he may as well bid farewell to his quiet day at once; for although he is requested to fix any hour which may best suit his convenience, and although the case itself may possibly last but a few minutes, much time is often lost in finding the witnesses, and, once in the county town, he is sure to be called upon to sign some papers or do some business or other.

But we will not imagine anything so unfortunate as one of these requests to "hear a case." Let us rather consider the policeman as disposed of in a few minutes, and the subject of our sketch safely arrived at the seclusion of his study. He looks at his watch and is surprised to find that it is twelve o'clock. Before beginning to amuse himself he thinks he will knock off his letters and balance his accounts. The correspondence turns out a more serious matter than had been anticipated. Several forgotten letters require answering, and by the way too there are those little matters to which the groom and gardener called attention, which entail letters to several tradesmen. He finds it very difficult to fill one sheet of paper with MS. for a ready-penned friend who lately sent him two, and a question which must be replied to seems hard to answer. Reference has to be made to a book in the library, where the volume is not in its

usual place, and a temper-trying hunt of a quarter of an hour's duration is the consequence. When the missing book is at last discovered, and the letter requiring its use half finished, an acquaintance is announced who has "called early in order to find him at home," on some business more or less trivial. Letters have now to be deferred until after luncheon, which is ready before anything satisfactory seems to have been accomplished. When the meal is over and he resumes his correspondence he feels unusually dull and sleepy. His letters, therefore, last him for another half-hour or so, after which he thinks he may as well just settle his accounts. It is seldom the nature of amateur account-books to balance very readily; but on this occasion they seem abnormally perverse. Just as our friend, after much labor, thinks he has caught a clue to the causes of divergence between the debtor and creditor pages, his wife comes in to inform him that his son and heir has "been naughty," and that a paternal lecture is indispensable. Having performed this unpleasant duty, he has re-established himself at his accounts, and almost added up a long column, when he is disturbed by some of those privileged callers whom he always professes himself so delighted to see, and who enter his sanctum without fuss or ceremony. These intimates have a habit of paying long visits; they want to see what has lately been done in the garden, and would like to have a look at the new horse. He thus gets no peace till within an hour of dressing time, when he determines that he will at any rate have a short period of enjoyment, and, casting all cares on one side, he takes up a favorite magazine and throws himself into a luxurious armchair by his study fire. But the worries of his accounts, the boredom of his callers, and the liberality of his luncheon and afternoon tea, have told upon him, and he has scarcely read a page of a philosophical article upon the immortality of the soul, before he relapses into a heavy but uncomfortable sleep, in which he remains until the dressing gong awakens him to consciousness, and to the fact that his quiet day has come to an end, with little apparent result, and still less enjoyment to himself. As he dresses for dinner, he probably reflects that had he been to his county town on business, he would have had two quiet half-hours with a book or newspaper in a railway carriage; that if he had been hunting or shooting, he would have had an undisturbed couple of hours on his return home; and that even when

staying at friends' houses it is possible to obtain a little time to oneself, if one is judicious; but as to a quiet day at home — let it not be mentioned in his presence again — the thing is simply a delusion and a snare.

Being fond of occasional quiet, we have given some attention to the various means of obtaining it; and, after considerable study of the subject, we have come to the conclusion that the only real method of securing quiet enjoyment is to be ill. We have tried many other plans, but they have almost always resulted in failure. When, therefore, a convenient day can be found a temporary indulgence in this luxury is highly desirable, and is a matter worthy of agreeable anticipation. When the happy day arrives we shall be able to lie in bed as long as we like, to get up when we like, and to breakfast when we like, without keeping others waiting, or, still worse, being kept waiting ourselves. We shall be able to have exactly what we like for dinner, without being tormented with dishes we do not want and with servants who watch every mouthful we eat. The privacy of our study will not be invaded; we shall be able to wear any luxurious attire that may suit our fancy; and we shall not be interrupted by callers. We shall be allowed to study theology, the arts and sciences, or the "Racing Calendar," as our tastes may lead us, without distraction. If our house is filled with guests they will not be permitted to molest us, and of course we shall be privileged to plead exemption from any visits for which we may be engaged. In looking forward to such a time can our feelings be otherwise than pleasant? When our self-enforced imprisonment begins to interfere with our health we shall be able to go out without being bothered by every person we meet. It will be an understood thing that none of our servants, either indoor or outdoor, are to trouble us; we shall not be expected to hunt or shoot unless so inclined; and the very policeman will be warned off the premises until we completely regain our health. "Persons who wish to see" us will be sternly denied that gratification, and our relations with the parson will be voluntary rather than compulsory. If we choose to go out hunting in our delicate state of health, we shall not be expected to ride in such a manner as to endanger our limbs, and we shall be entitled to canter about on a quiet hack, watching other fools tumbling on their heads or tails. Even when our enjoyable indisposition is almost worn out,

we shall yet be able to claim a few privileges. We shall not be expected to remain in smoking-rooms until the small hours of the morning, or to stay at balls until the last dance; we shall not be pressed to attend meetings, or be worried with county business; at country houses we shall be exempt from playing games which would make us unduly hot, and we shall have an excuse for staying quietly in or about the house when the rest of the party go to a ball, a lawn-tennis party, or a village concert. On the whole, we do not think it would be a great exaggeration to say that, in good society, it is only when people are supposed to be out of health that they are considered at liberty to lead a rational and moderate life.

From The Spectator.

THE IDEAL MEMORY.

THE accounts we have recently published of the late Mr. Bidder's extraordinary power of visualizing a memory, so as to obtain an extraordinary amount of extra confidence in the trustworthiness of its asseverations, have drawn out from other sources curious records of power of a closely related kind, and especially from a country contemporary an account of a Rochdale Dissenting minister of the last century—the Rev. Thomas Threlkeld—who could, as it is stated, on apparently very good authority, at once recite any text in the English Bible, when the book, chapter, and verse were named to him; and who had a profound and critical knowledge of nine or ten distinct languages, and a fair knowledge of no less than seventeen, without counting distinct dialects. One passage in this account of Mr. Threlkeld is very interesting as illustrating the *disadvantages* of a great memory. It is said that “the most distinguishing excellence of Mr. Threlkeld's memory lay in biography. He had long collected all the dates he could, not only concerning persons mentioned in history, but of every one of whom he could learn any facts. He had a passion for acquiring dates of events. To know when a person was born or married was a source of gratification to him, apart from the importance or otherwise of the person. He revelled in these “small-beer chronicles,” and was always happy in the acquisition of this minute knowledge. His taste for inquiries of this sort must sometimes have been mistaken for a desire to pry into family affairs, by those unable to

conceive of the pleasure to be derived from a simple knowledge of facts.” And again, it is added, “with all his prodigious knowledge, Threlkeld never made any contribution to literature; his power served no higher purpose than to excite the astonishment and admiration of a small circle of friends.”* And no wonder. Mr. Threlkeld's memory, so far from being a memory of the ideally advantageous kind, was one of a kind most likely to overwhelm him with the mere rubble of disconnected incidents. And the somewhat melancholy story of this huge and rather useless faculty,—this megatherion of a memory, which contributed nothing to the intellectual capital of the world,—directly raises the question what an ideal memory should be, what it should assist its owner to remember, and what (if we may be excused the paradox) to forget. For though it seems a paradox to speak of a good memory helping you to forget anything whatever, there is no more real paradox in it than in saying that a great imagination helps its owner to ignore those details which do not contribute to the effect he has in view, or that unusually keen sight helps its owner to be absolutely blind to features in the landscape which have no bearing on his purpose in gazing at it. The real use of a great memory,—at least, after the powers of the mind are fully defined and matured,—is to assist in the elaboration of those imaginative visions, or those intellectual judgments, or those illustrative evidences, or those moral or spiritual beliefs, or those human affections which will add most to the stock of beauty and truth and intellectual and moral power at the disposal of the rememberer. A great proportion of the fact that comes within every man's observation in life is, for his purpose, useless. To be obliged to remember, for instance, what one had had for breakfast and lunch and dinner and tea on every day of one's life, how many mouthfuls one had taken, how the food was dressed, and what sort of dishes it had come up in, would be not an advantage, but a curse to any man. Just conceive a man compelled by the morbid activity of his memory to recall all the puddles he had ever passed in his life, or all the black-beetles and all the centipedes and all the carrion and all the dust-heaps which he had ever beheld, or all the oaths and repulsive words which had ever entered his ears, and you would say that such a man would be almost glad to compound for his relief from so oppressive

* *Brierly's Journal* for January 25th, 1879.

a fate by parting with his memory altogether. And though a man whose memory ranges with harmless satisfaction over all the parish registers he had ever examined, is not exactly in such a miserable position as this, yet doubtless he is mentally and morally oppressed by the weight of his own memory; his memory is for most purposes a rubbish-heap, and only for very few purposes indeed a treasure to his neighborhood, a sort of walking dictionary of local dates.

An ideal memory should be a memory of which the leading principles, the guiding lines, are to be found in the strongest of the other faculties of the owner's mind, and should be strong in proportion to the strength of those other faculties. Thus a man with a great linguistic faculty should be able to remember all that bears upon the genius of language; one with a great gift for music should have a memory which recalls to him in a moment all the blended tones and expressive melodies which enter into the composition of particular strands of feeling. A great mathematician should, like Mr. Bidder, have a memory that enabled him to see at a glance the conditions of a problem which others could study only on paper; or if he were one who could add to the theory of his science, he should have a memory which would help him to range, in a moment, over all the most analogous and all the most contrasted methods of dealing with problems at all approaching in nature to that to which he was directing his powers. Again, all men and women, in proportion to the activity of their affections, should have memories tenacious of the facts which bear in any way on the happiness of those they love. In a word, the ideal memory for any man would be one which was strong in proportion to his other intellectual and spiritual powers, so that it might be guided by ideal clues, and contribute to the culture and satisfaction of the higher nature to which it belonged. A novelist should have a memory which treasured up in the same compartment all the traits by which men express the same class of aims and hopes and passions; and an orator should have a memory which always supplied him with the most persuasive and effective modes of expounding the convictions he had at heart. But nothing can really be much more impeding than a great memory which gathers up all the scraps of mere external detail, in relation to persons of whose

inner life and character the owner has no real conception, and whom he could not really serve, perhaps, even if he had. That is like the memory with which we are all plagued at times, when a fragment of rhyme goes round and round like a millwheel in one's head, till the interior jingle becomes far more intolerable than the perpetual sound of a baby's rattle, or of the street-organ under one's windows.

Unless memory be to some extent a sieve, — unless it drops its hold of irrelevant facts, while fastening its hold on those which are relevant to the stage of being in which we are, — a great memory is of no more use than a vast power of material acquisition is to a man who had no use for wealth, and no pleasure in it. To a certain extent, no doubt, to a young mind, which does not know the direction of its own power, an omnivorous memory might be of use, as providing a rich general field of experience from which ultimately some particular section will be selected for special development. But where no other power of mind of any value ultimately shows itself, or where it shows itself without any special concentration of the activity of memory on that particular field, a great memory is almost as likely to be a mischief as a good. Thus it is conceivable enough that a good man might have a memory which was nothing in the world so much as a source of temptation to him, — a vindictive memory, which insisted on recounting all the details of injuries he desired nothing so much as to forgive and forget, — or a tainting memory, which insisted on bringing back to him the foulest experiences of his life. It certainly seems as if some historians, of otherwise excellent judgment, were oppressed by a memory which overloads their minds and their pages with irrelevant minutiae; and as if some poets of great imaginative power were oppressed by a memory of disturbing associations, over which they tumble at given intervals almost as if they had deliberately piled up obstructions in their own way. An ideal memory is a memory whose principle of life is not in mere experience, but in the selective faculties which so sort experience as to make it contribute to a great intellectual, or moral, or spiritual end. It is a storehouse of illustrations for the higher mind, not a lumber-room of obsolete furniture, nor even a curiosity-shop of antiquarian taste.